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"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President
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to the February issue of MACLEAN'S and some of the good things that will be found in that number.

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Introducing some of the real characters of the Klondyke—the strange men who made up that wild and unparalleled camp.

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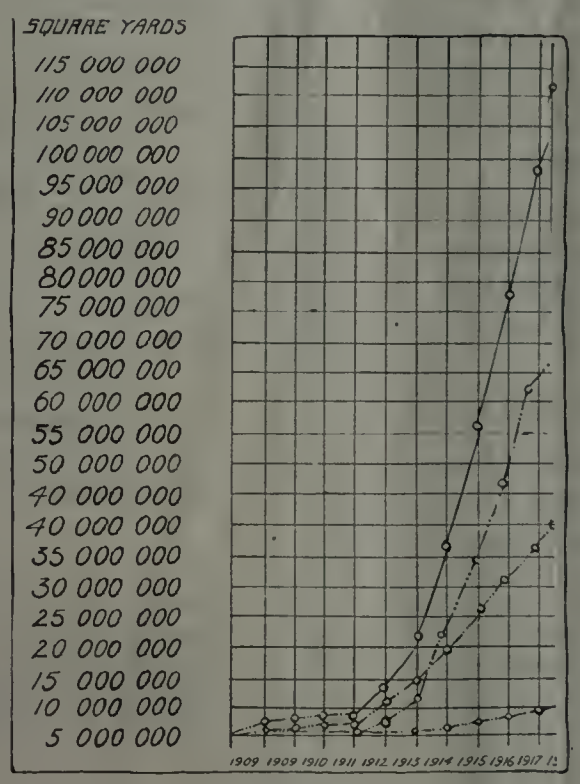

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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*

This is the idea of investment that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies.* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.*—THE EDITORS.

Some Investments Discussed

SINCE the answer to a lady inquirer in reference to several classes of investments appeared in the last issue I have received a number of others, and this feature of the department promises thus to develop into the most interesting of all. Now that the subject has come up I would like to open up for all readers of MACLEAN'S any information that is at my disposal in reference to the various securities that they may hold or consider investing in. Drop a card or a letter to the address given above and every effort will be made to secure the information that you may desire, and to clear up investment difficulties. Always bear in mind that behind any reply that you will receive will be the firm conviction that the prophet of speculative advances in the stock market is unwise in theory, and even if his prophecies do prove true, he is still unwise.

With space limited, one or two brief references to inquiries received must suffice. One was in regard to a stock mentioned before, the Bell Telephone Company. An inquirer who held several thousand dollars' worth of the common stock was alarmed at the big increase in wages already granted, and apprehensive lest the company's application to the Railway Board for permission to increase rates might not be refused in the face of almost unanimous municipal opposition. Such a result might imperil the present dividend of 8 per cent. as the net earnings last year were below 11 per cent. on the common stock. While higher 'phone rates touch all our pockets, yet the application for an advance must be regarded as a just one, and in a similar position to that of street railway companies. I believe that sufficient increase will be allowed to cover at least the advance in wages, and that the dividend on Bell Telephone is safe as at present paid for years to come. Nor is there in sight any weighty demand for the nationalization of telephones in Canada that might lessen the return to shareholders.

A reader has some hundreds of shares of Montreal Gold Fields, Limited. This mining stock (Rossland, B.C.) is of the vintage of 1897, but age has flattened rather than mellowed it. The broker that was one of those chiefly instrumental in floating it says that he is waiting for something to turn up in the shape of an adjoining company that may buy it. Meanwhile he himself is keeping it alive by paying taxes. It would take $200,000 to continue the development, and no one can be found to provide this. Meanwhile the scrip might as well be preserved. If not good, it may be near-good, some time. It costs nothing to keep, anyway.

Still another wanted to know whether he should sell out his shares of the Howard Smith Paper Mills Company (the common stock). This passed its last two dividends of 2 per cent., after meeting three quarterly payments. This company was a little unfortunate in some industrial changes that took longer than was anticipated, and possibly over optimistic in starting off with 8 per cent. on the common stock. But it is doing much better, has one of the ablest per-salesmen in Canada at its head, and should resume dividends some time this year. The writer can afford to hold his stock, and my advice would be to hold to do so.

The fluctuations of the stock market since the armistice was signed have only served to strengthen the conclusion reached at the outset of this period last month that so far as the common stocks were concerned they were a good thing to be afraid of. Not one was safe. The so-called peace stocks that responded in the first flush, reacted violently in most cases shortly afterwards, and the others had their chance. In Canada the banks are holding a tight string on their purse as in the United States, the situation is far more complicated with government ownership of the railways in the background of the Democratic progress, and Wall Street and the Republicans (heartened by the Congress victory) eschewing all appearances of what they regard as a public-owned evil. Then there is that intangible mystical bogey of the "readjustment," and the "reconstruction period," which one of these days the sound common sense of business life will shake soundly and eliminate as a factor of doubt, as was done towards the latter part of 1915 in Canada. One thing, however, is likely to act as a brake for the next four months or so. Much will Canada get in indemnity. Our war expenditure now has passed over $1,000,000,000. If all this returned to us the burden of taxation will be lessened immeasurably, and security values may be stimulated correspondingly.

But the readjustment period in the stock market should be a comparatively rapid one. As a New York financier said market will accomplish in a month what it will take the business world months to do."

The prediction that Victory bonds would sell at a premium very short time already been verified, when the issue that originally cost the subscriber one year ago is now listed at $101. What is, the 20-year bond due in 1937 is next in value to this are the 15-year bonds issued in connection with the Victory Loan, and the 10-year bonds due 1917, at 100¼. The present yield on the longest term bond is 5.42 per cent., 5.41 per cent. and the other two, 5.47 per cent. and 5.48 per cent. respectively. The pendulum has swung definitely now to the long-term bond, possible offering when the market is at its height. Conversely, the point has reached where Government borrowing to get along with short terms is as the more advantageous, to bondholders but to themselves. Here is one of the best known of United States investment houses states: "The passing of the Victory Loan, oversubscribed by over dollars, makes high world record financial achievement. The end of the war and the decision of the Government will make this the last of the Victory loans, and a long-term issue of United States Government securities must in time go to a

Continued on page 79

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. Costain, Editor,

Volume XXXII JANUARY, 1919 Number 1

PR 17 1920

JOCK *in a* JUGGERNAUT

An Article on Warfare in Tanks

By J. D. MARTINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

I VOLUNTEERED for the tank service while convalescing from a bullet chip in the leg. Just why I did it has never been quite clear to me because the two best friends I had in the world were back with the old battalion. Perhaps it was the monotony of trench life; I had seen fourteen months of it and had been through every variety of experience from being buried by a trench mortar to sleeping in a foot of water. Perhaps it was the desire for change that has been a master impulse with me all my life. Anyway, I volunteered for the tanks.

I remember how one of the other fellows in the hospital, who had been with the tanks and had been most painfully burned by falling against red-hot gears, looked at me when I announced it. He took a cool survey of my six foot two of lean and unlovely anatomy and grinned broadly.

"You're a fine kind of a fellow to go in for the tanks," he scoffed. "Just you wait."

I didn't understand what he was driving at then. But knowledge came to me later.

WELL, I was accepted and, as soon as my leg had healed up nicely, I got marching orders for Tank Headquarters. I was there a long time, several months altogether, learning how to run a tank. It was exciting work at first.

A tank photograph on the British front.

Somehow the sight of a tank had always given me a thrill. The first time I had seen one was in the chill dullness of an early dawn when we were "going over." We knew that a flock of "Willies"—tanks are always called "Willies"—were to go ahead of us; and for half an hour I had been straining my eyesight in an effort to pierce the gloom back of us for the first sight of the monsters. Finally, one did appear, a mysterious, hulking Juggernaut that loomed up against the murky grey of the sky and spraddled itself across our trench. That it could get over the top seemed impossible but over it went nevertheless like a monster armadillo, wheezing and straining and tearing a jagged groove out of the parapet. We followed in its wake and somehow I felt a degree of confidence and even of security such as I had never experienced before.

Well, the same thrill came to me the day I first stepped into a tank back at headquarters. You enter a tank by side doors, although there is a hole in the top turret which can be used for an emergency. The side doors are small slits through which an able-bodied man can barely wriggle. It was like stepping into a black pit—and a close, evil-smelling pit too. As soon as I got in I knew why my wounded tank friend had smiled. My head struck the top a terrific blow and I emitted a grunt of surprise and pain. A chuckle answered me from the darkness.

"Forgot to tell you, String-Bean," said a voice. "These comfortable little boudoirs are only five feet high. Never try to stand up straight."

I never tried it again. Always when in a tank I had to keep in a stooping position and I never failed to come out with a painful crick in the back. Men for this service should have been recruited by rights from the bantam class.

I had better give a description now of the inside of a tank. There are various kinds from the monsters which carry light field guns to the fast little whippets which are manned by two men only. It was always my desire to handle a whippet—they moved so rapidly and so noiselessly! It must be rare sport to chase a flock of scared Heinies in a whippet tank. However, my experience was limited to the bigger and slower Willies—in fact, to the female of the species which, if not more deadly than the male, are at least more speedy and effective. The difference between a male and a female tank is that the former carries a field gun while the lady carries only machine guns.

I was the last man to enter the black maw of the monster on this first occasion and the door was swung to after me. "All in?" I heard the voice of the instructing officer call. Then he switched on the lights. I looked about me curiously—and saw nothing! You see, the huge engine occupies the centre of the space. It is hooded securely and there is just enough space on either side for a man to squeeze through. At the front are seats for the officer in charge and the driver. They have narrow slits called "peepholes" in front of them with shutters to close when the bullets get too thick. There is no other means of outlook with the exception of pinholes—slits too small to admit a bullet and through which you can see only by flattening your face against the side. The officer in charge has a machine gun at his disposal and his map pinned up in front of him.

At the sides are turrets for machine guns and at the back are the secondary gears. Along the walls and above are all manner of racks and contrivances for the storing of ammunition and the almost endless supplies that a tank must carry. I did not observe all this at once for I was stationed in one of the side turrets and about all I could see was the hooded side of the engine.

Worse Than Jonah in the Whale

WELL, the officer gave the signal and, with a roar like the rat-tat of a dozen hammers of Thor, the engine came into action. The tank shook, heaved itself and moved forward.

The first sensation one experiences in a tank on the go, is a terrible one. At least, it was with me. The noise is indescribable. It is a rending and roaring sound, a fiendish pandemonium. Then the heat is stifling. The worst of it is that you can't see what is going on and the continual tossing of the tank keeps you in constant fear that it will go over. One thought flashed through my mind: "This is how Jonah felt when he was in the belly of the whale! He *couldn't* have stuck it three days!"

It was hard work getting acclimatized to the service. At first the close atmosphere created a tendency to nausea and when the old girl started to navigate bumpy ground and her progress became a series of ups and downs—well, it was not unlike the crossing of the English Channel. My companions and I were subject at first to severe headaches. But we got over it. We got so that we could move around inside the tank without damaging ourselves and to brace up against any unexpected change of direction or elevation. I could attend to whatever task I was on, even if it were that of throwing pails of oil on the gears and engine, when the tank was practically on its beam ends. The fact of the matter is that the human body can adapt itself to almost any conditions. After several weeks of daily incarceration in the tanks, I said to one of the other fellows: "Bring on your whale and I'll bet I can outlast old Jonah on the job."

I don't want to make this a technical article in any sense of the word but there is one more point it is perhaps necessary to explain. The tanks are not steered by a wheel. They move on caterpillar treads and a change of direction is effected by either stopping or slowing the treads on one side, thus causing the tank to slowly veer around. Necessarily the change cannot be made rapidly and the big tank is not able to manœuvre very rapidly. In this respect the whippets had a great advantage over us.

The First Time Over the Top

TO attempt to give anything like a detailed story of my experiences would be an impossibility in one article, so I shall confine myself to a few of the "highlights." First there was my initial sally across "No Man's Land," unquestionably the most poignant moment of my life.

We knew a week ahead of time that there was going to be a push of sorts and that the way was to be cleared by the Willies. I was attached to a scarred old warrior which had been over several times and which we h

affectionately dubbed "Gertie." All the tanks had names. There was "Constance" and "Blanche" and even "Zantippe," the latter so named because she was cranky and hard to handle and an awfully creaky old tub generally. "Gertie" was the best of the lot and our squad took a great deal of pride in her manifold excellences. When the word came that we were to head a real procession at last, we groomed "Gertie" up like a racehorse, polishing her plates and seeing to it that the engine was fit and reeking with oil.

The night before the Show we moved up to the station that had been assigned to us immediately behind the front line trenches. The procedure was as follows: A shell hole had been enlarged sufficiently to provide a reasonable degree of cover and concealment, the earth being carted off in sacks so that the enemy would not see what we were up to from the growth of a pile behind the shell hole. It was ready for us when we lumbered up and we guided good old "Gertie" in and left her there. Then two of the party went out on No Man's Land to set up marks for the tank to steer by. Finding your objective in a tank is a tremendous problem when all observations must be made through slits too small to permit ordinarily of the entrance of a rifle bullet. Consequently well-defined marks are very necessary.

At five minutes to four we got instructions to take our places. As second in command I was the last man in. I took my stand in the right turret. It was pitch black inside, as we did not dare show a light. I could distinctly hear the beating of my heart in the stillness. Not a man moved. It was a tense moment for us. The tank service has a higher percentage of casualties than any other branch and I expect that every man with me was more than half prepared for capture or a death of unknown horrors like a trapped rat. You see, when a shell hits a tank squarely it sets the petrol on fire. It is not often that any of the crew manage to get out when that happens. Talking matters over back at mess it had always been agreed that death would be very quick under the circumstances, as the fumes from the petrol would be overpowering in the confined space. Still—that was a theory. No one had survived to give any accurate data on the subject. Crouching there in the dark, waiting for the signal to go out, a sure mark, within the range of the enemy guns, such questions could not be entirely banished from the mind.

"All steady, there," I heard my superior officer say. He had been through it before and was as cool as a cucumber.

Suddenly the space outside was filled with a mighty roar. I gripped the bar in front of me.

"It's our guns!" I called in exultation, for the wait was nearly over. My voice was drowned in the uproar.

A FEW minutes later we started to move. When our own engine started, it did not take long for the roar of the guns to "die down and drone and cease." Nothing could compete with the terrific upheaval of sound that our complicated machinery provided. When or how we crossed our front line trench I don't know. There was one dip and bump which brought us forward on our faces a few moments after our lumbering Odyssey commenced and this I concluded must be the trench. Somehow or other we navigated it and a long bumpy period ensued as we crushed our way out on to pock-marked No Man's Land.

About this time, I began to see a little from the peephole in my turret. Dawn had come and, as the wreaths of smoke lifted and shifted, I could discern something of our progress. I saw when we passed in through a gap in the Hun's wire entanglements that our guns had made. I swung my "coffee-mill"—pet name for a machine gun—around a couple of times and crouched for action.

Then I could feel the rattle of hand bombs on our top and sides. Fritz was literally showering us with grenades. A well-constructed British Tank is quite impervious to bombing, however, and we came through without a dent.

"Gertie" went over the enemy parapet and down with a dip that brought us up sharply on the bottom. And there we stuck. The trench was narrow at this spot and we got ourselves wedged in so securely that not even the lifting strength of our four-hundred horse-power engine could get us out. However, we were in a commanding position for we could sweep the enemy trench in both directions. Forgetful of everything else, I swung my gun into action and sent a steady stream of bullets into the semi-darkness.

We were told afterwards that the Germans holding that particular bit of the trench were either wiped out or sought a hasty retreat in dug-outs from which they were afterwards extracted like winkles at the point of the bayonet. Our infantry had no difficulty in taking possession, once my coffee-mill ceased to play. But "Gertie" was stuck for the day and we did not gain our objective, which was a point in the rear of the German lines. Had the Huns been able to counter-attack successfully they would have taken her, bottled up there in the trench as she was, with her nose dug into the far wall. We left her and carried on with the infantry. Two of our fellows were killed before the attack slowed up.

Back at Headquarters we enquired eagerly about the rest of the tanks. All, it appeared, had gained their objectives safely but ours and "Zantippe." The Huns had registered a direct hit on the latter and she lay out there somewhere, a smoking, shapeless mass of riddled steel. There had been one survivor, a young fellow named Forsythe. I saw him later in the day. He had escaped unhurt but was in a state of mental fog.

"How did you manage it, Forsythe?" I asked.

"I don't know," he mumbled. "I can hardly remember—anything. The whole earth fell in on us. I tried to run, to get away—and suddenly found myself out—must have bumped against the door."

He was dazed for days after and never was able to give us any more information about his fortunate escape, or the fate of his comrades.

Under Water in a Tank

THEN there was the time that we were nearly all drowned. This occurred well back of the line where we were practising some manoeuvres. And, it was strictly my fault.

It was a rainy day, one of those mean Flanders drizzles which every Canadian soldier had learned to dread. I was soaked through and through when I obeyed orders by taking "Gertie" out for a turn. A bit of a fever had taken hold of me and my teeth chattered as I settled myself on my seat at the front.

"Let her go," I growled to the driver. And to myself I added: "If only old C—— (the Tank Commander) should get in the road I'd flatten him right out with pleasure."

We were grinding away over ground which had formerly been within range of the enemy guns and it was pretty well pitted up. I shoved straight ahead and made a pretty rough trip of it. Finally we approached a crater of unusual depth and, as far as I could see, it was a question whether we could make the grade or not. However, I decided to have a try anyway and went straight for it. At the last moment I did a thing that is usually fatal. I changed my mind and decided to go around.

Slowly the tank swung to the left. With a sense of alarm that quickly ripened into absolute funk I saw that we were too close to the edge to make a clear pivot. The caterpillar treads on the left side swung over the edge and the progress of the tank slowed up immediately. I felt the car tip over.

"Throw in your brake!" I called to the driver, a stolid big fellow named James.

He immediately obeyed. But it was too late. The pivoting motion could not be carried out fast enough to draw us away from the edge. We tipped—and tipped more—and then went right over.

What happened immediately after I do not know. The shock or concussion of the fall must have rendered me unconscious for a few moments. I was revived by sudden contact with icy water. The tank had fallen flat on its side in the water at the bottom of the crater. Afterwards we measured it and found that there was nearly four feet.

I had been thrown from my seat in the fall and James had come tumbling over on top of me. My first impression, after the feeling of strangulation that awakened me when the water poured in, was of his heavy body sprawling over me and seeming almost malignantly to hold me down. Struggle as I would his inert body pinned me under. Finally I did wriggle clear.

We were completely immersed and in an intuitive way I knew in what part of the tank we lay. To get out it would be necessary to climb around the engine and up to the hole opening out from the top turret. I butted my head strongly against a gun rack in negotiating the narrow aisle and gave myself a rather nasty cut above the eye. This I did not know until later.

On clambering up to the other side of the engine, I won free of the water, which was not deep enough to completely fill the tank. After a rest to catch my breath I went down again after poor James, who was certainly in a fair way to drown. I found him without difficulty, although he had rolled a little farther down the narrow aisle. He was still unconscious and for an agonized moment or two it seemed to me that I would never be able to drag his heavy body out of the water-filled passage and up to the air again.

But we finally won clear and, after another rest, I dragged him up through the opening. His head had been badly cut in the fall and he did not regain consciousness for several hours. I was delighted to learn that all the others in the party had escaped more or less without harm.

Five Times And Out

IN all I went over the top in a tank five times. We were singularly lucky right along. "Gertie" seemed to bear a charmed life. Shells fell all around her but never near enough to do more than scratch her much-scarred surface. We began to think that nothing could touch us and that the shell had not been made that could stop the relentless march of our Juggernaut car. But on the fifth trip things began to happen.

A friend of mine, Captain B——, was in charge that day. We made a bad start; "Gertie," in fact, refused to budge at first.

"Don't like the looks of it," said B——, shaking his head, "Something's going to happen to us to-day. The old girl doesn't want to get out there."

"Are you turning old woman all of a sudden?" I asked.

Nevertheless I did not feel comfortable about it myself. It required a lot of tinkering with the engine before "Gertie" would even shake her iron sides. We were behind schedule in starting, which made us all ugly-tempered and, in my case at least, apprehensive.

We had just nicely crossed our first line trench when the whole tank suddenly lifted and then settled down with a jolt that strained every plate in her. A shell had landed close enough to actually lift us up. It was a narrow squeak.

It was strangely and oppressively hot in the tank. We had become pretty well acclimatized to the usual atmosphere inside by that time, but this day it seemed different. No stoke hole in an ocean liner could have equalled this. I rubbed my face with an oily sleeve repeatedly, until the oil trickled down into my eyes. I would have given twenty years of my life for a glass of water.

"It's all up with us this time," I kept saying to myself. "The next shell that

A landship out of its element

comes over will be for us. If we must go— I hope it blows us to a million pieces."

I WAS worried also by the fact that I had made no provision for eventualities. For the first time I had neglected to put on a belt next my skin with a few pieces of gold to be used in the advent of my being made a prisoner. My mind finally settled on this piece of thoughtlessness and I berated myself roundly.

I was brought back to myself by a most sudden and sad occurrence. A bullet found its way through the porthole in front of Captain B—— and hit him between the eyes. He dropped from his seat backwards. Death, I imagine, was instantaneous. This made it necessary for me to climb forward into his place to assume charge.

His body was stretched over the seat when I got there. In order to operate the gun it was necessary to have the seat clear but we were so cramped for space that there was no place to dispose of the body unless it could be moved back to the spot I had vacated. In the position in which he had fallen it was impossible to raise his legs from within the seat so I took him around the waist and lifted him as gently as I could. His head fell over on my shoulder; so I had the experience a few hours later of scraping my friend's brains from my tunic. I do not think that modern warfare, terrible as it is, can offer any sadder or grimmer task than that.

Time did not permit the transferring of the body so we propped poor B—— in a half-standing, half-squatting position between the next man and myself—and carried on. The tank plunged ahead. When it dipped down, the body fell over against me; when we tipped up, it sagged back against the other man. Thus it kept up, until we were both of us covered with blood and our nerve nearly broken by the horror of the situation. Once the body fell on my shoulders, the head over one shoulder, an arm across the other. I was busy with my gun at the moment and had no opportunity to disengage myself. And so I sat there, dealing death to the Germans ahead with my machine gun, the body of the dead man clutching me the while.

Had anyone seen, it would perhaps have appeared to them that the dead man was directing the use of the gun on the enemies who had shot him down.

A Tilt With an Enemy Tank

THE trip came to a sudden and dramatic finish. Our objective was a sharp bend in a road that ran several hundred yards back of the enemy trenches. It was clearly marked on the map tacked up in front of me and I was steering according to the route mapped out for us when a new element entered into the calculations. Off to the right I caught a glimpse of an enemy tank, drawn broadside to along the line of the barbed wire entanglements. In this position it could enfilade the ground over which our men were advancing with machine gun fire and it thus became a real menace.

The Germans had made a serious effort to follow us in the matter of tanks but for once their imitative genius had been at fault. Their tanks never amounted to anything for offensive purposes. They were cumbersome monsters, slow in their movements and very prone to "stall." In the British tank service we had a wholesome contempt for them. For defensive purposes, however, the Huns often used their tanks to good purpose. When an attack in force was anticipated, they would send the tanks out to block any holes in the wire which the preliminary bombardment had made and to play across No Man's Land on the attacking force with machine guns. They had learned this trick from us, for our tanks were often used for the same purpose. With us it was a distinctly hazardous duty. The German guns, quite regardless of their own advancing infantry, would be directed on the tanks thus placed. I had several times seen one of our tanks beaten to pieces by enemy shells while their own infantry swarmed around it with the result that more Germans were killed than British.

Well, here was an enemy tank filling up a gap in their line and spreading death in all directions around it. There was no way of putting it out of commission until our men came up and surrounded it. Hold—yes, there was. I signalled back for a change of direction. We started head-on for the other tank.

We struck the German squarely and a little to the front. The shock nearly threw me backwards off my seat. Our tank quivered, paused and then started to move forward again. I could see nothing from out of the porthole in front of me, for we were tilted up and smoke-wreathed sky filled the range of vision. I judged from the movement that we had turned the German over on his side.

This was exactly what had happened. The German was standing still and we were moving so that the force of the collision sent him over and the last round fired from his machine guns were spent on the air above. "Gertie" proceeded to climb over the body of her prostrate foe and for a moment or two, it seemed probable that we should get right over. "Good old girl!" I exulted. "Over you go! Walk right over them!"

Then we stuck. Part way over, with our nose elevated at a sharp angle, we suddenly stopped and no amount of urging or forcing could move us either forward or back. We had overthrown the enemy but in his fall he had blocked our further progress. As our own men were all around us by this time and swarming into the German trench, I reluctantly gave orders to leave the tank and carry on with the assaulting force.

My own share in subsequent events was very brief. I had barely put foot to ground when suddenly everything went black. It was four hours later and at a dressing station that I recovered consciousness. A bullet had struck me in the neck, ploughing right through and missing a vital spot by the narrowest of margins.

So I was sent to "Blighty" and, after passing the convalescent stage, they had me up before a medical board. Here it was decided that I was not fit for further active service. I have not been in a tank since.

The End of a Tank

The other day, however, I was walking along a street in London when I ran into a familiar figure hobbling nimbly along with a cane. It was James, the driver that I had pulled out of the water that day.

We stopped to exchange news and I learned that the end of his active military career had coincided with the finish of poor old "Gertie." She had fallen a victim to a clever Hun stratagem.

After the failure of their own efforts to organize an effective tank branch, the Germans had contented themselves with schemes to hurt the effectiveness of ours. One plan that they adopted on several occasions resulted in the loss of a number of our tanks.

As James told it, an attack in force was on with half a dozen tanks in the lead. The German guns, oddly as it seemed, fired only a few rounds of shells which fell short. Then the tanks ran into a trench which had been dug perhaps fifty yards in advance of the German trenches and immediately a terrific bombardment descended upon them. They were all stopped and three were smashed to pieces, including "Gertie." James was the only member of the crew who escaped alive.

The German plan was a clever one. They dug the ditch and then had their guns registered directly on it. The first shells fired were filled with poisonous gases of a peculiarly deadly kind. Their idea was that these shells should explode in advance of the tanks and either kill the drivers or so fuddle them that they would be slow in extricating themselves from the ditch when they struck it. In either eventuality they would not get over before the guns registering on the ditch had a chance to pound them to pieces.

Canadian soldiers cheering Sir Robert Borden on the occasion of a visit to their camp.

The Function of the Tanks

AS a tank man I am perhaps inclined to overestimate the importance of the part that they played in the struggle that is now ended. It is universally agreed, however, that they constituted the outstanding development of the war. Every other feature of modern warfare had been known before and tried in some form or other. The airplane was an accepted fact and was in use right from the start. Poison gas had been mooted and it was generally understood that Dundonald's Destroyer — that mysterious weapon the secret of which was locked away in London Tower —was nothing more than gas. Liquid fire was used away back in the wars of earliest history.

But the armored tank burst upon the world like Minerva who sprang full grown from the head of Jove. It was a total surprise, a new force that had not been reckoned with in the German plans. The first tanks had a suggestion of the supernatural about them and the Huns ran from them screaming in terror. It was the most delicious touch of the war. The Hun, who had turned war into a conflict of iron against iron, a business of deadly machines, had been outdone at his own game!

Of course, the tanks did not live up to their high promise. After that first surprise, it was generally believed in the army that the war was won and that, as soon as enough of the machines could be turned out, we would all ride to Berlin, shoving the frightened Boches ahead of us, and parade our new monsters up and down Unter den Linden. They did not revolutionize warfare to that extent. Certainly, however, they played a big part in the ultimate victory and they kept down the casualty lists. No attack was as costly when the Willies cleared the way.

The function of the tanks in Foch's victorious offensive of 1918 was one of enhanced importance. That great genius replaced the element of surprise in allied plans. Instead of a huge concentration of troops and an attack in force after a sustained bombardment which advertised the show and enabled the enemy to hurry up reserves, Foch planned a series of sudden, sharp taps. His own troops seldom knew that they were "going over" until the night before. Mysteriously enough at the appointed moment, reserves appeared behind them out of nowhere. A short and sharp bombardment, a line of fast tanks to lead and then the attack.

The intensive bombardment of earlier offensives had leveled the enemy lines before the attack came. Foch's plan left a good part of the "mopping up" to the tanks. After a short bombardment they were sent over to throw the enemy defense into confusion before our infantry attacked.

The Tanks Are British

But the fact that most endears the tank to me is that it is British through and through. The British invented it and used it first. They developed it and brought it up to scratch. They used it to the best advantage at every stage of the fight. There was something of the bull dog in the machine itself—slow, steady, a bit of a plodder, even a muddler, but grinding ahead, going over everything that came in its way, hanging on grimly, and always getting there in the end!

THE MINX GOES *to the* FRONT

BY C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Joint Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Princess Passes," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

With her was a man—also in khaki.

SYNOPSIS. *Mrs. Henry Wayne, noted English writer, goes to France to secure material for a war novel, taking her niece, Kate, and her son who is unfit for military service. On the journey they meet Miss Nancy Mix, an American girl who is going to France to engage in war service work. Mrs. Wayne disapproves of the girl and dubs her the Minx, but it is only through the good offices of the latter that a permit is secured to visit the front and they leave as a party in an automobile which the Minx has secured from an officer friend. The engaging personality of Miss Mix wins the attention of French generals and officials. Mrs. Wayne begins to suspect that she has designs on her son, Henry.*

THEN we reached the far corner of the rubble-heap which was once a town, and it was a shock to the eyes suddenly to come upon a dozen or two houses—a whole street, in fact—spared from destruction.

"Here is the Hospice," said Monsieur Dufael. "I sent no word to Soeur Julie. Why trouble her to prepare? If she was ready to receive the Germans, she will not be fluttered by an unexpected visit from us."

He knocked at the door of a plain house, large but no more pretentious than its neighbors. It opened at once, as if someone had been in the act of coming out, and lo, it was Sister Julie herself! I recognized her at once from portraits I had seen in French and English papers, (for Soeur Julie, Matron of the Hospice and heroine of Gerbevillers is one of the great women of the war) but in flesh she put all her photographs to shame. They gave no idea of her really, for even the best represented a stout, honest, hard-faced peasant woman in the garb of a nun. She did not, in her picture, look remarkable in any way. One felt almost surprised that she should have risen to such heights of magnificence. But the instant one met the smile of her brilliant, brook-brown eyes and generous mouth, one saw that here was a woman made of courage and superb self-sacrifice. Her face is not hard, but strong. Into what class of life she chose to be born, I don't know. I know only that every unself-conscious gesture is that of a noblewoman. Her flaring white headdress framed her face finely, as the plain doorway, with a dim background of corridor, framed her capable, black-robed form.

IT was evidently an excitement to her, this unexpected visit from the great man of the Department with his friends, one of whom was a General. But as Dufael had prophesied, she welcomed us without fuss, and I soon saw that her respect for him came as much from the fact that he was a man of Lorraine—her own dear, native Lorraine — as from his important position. She and a smiling youthful nun or two gave us chairs in the Hospice reception room, which had no other furniture save a table. "Would you have refreshment?" she asked. No? . . Was there nothing she could give us?

"Oh yes, Madame, if you want to refresh our hearts, you will give us your story of the night when the Germans came!" cried Miss Mix. She said it in ridiculous French, but she clasped her hands, and made gladder eyes and dimples than I had seen her trouble to make for any man. At the same time Sidi B. escaped as he always does on such occasions, and bounded to Sister Julie, waving his white feather-tail like a flag of truce.

Perhaps Sister Julie had never seen two such creatures as Nancy Mix of Kentucky and Sidi Bishr of Egypt. They fascinated her. She took them to her large heart and beamed at them. "But, of course, I will tell the story," she replied, "though Monsieur Dufael knows it too well. It is not my story, Mademoiselle. It is the story of the soldiers. Only they are not here, and I am."

SO she began the history of what happened on August 23rd, 1914, at Gerbevillers on the river Mortagne, began laconically to shorten the tale for those who had heard it before, but soon forgot her restraint, and forgot everything except the eager eyes of the Minx. She talked to them; and her own eyes turned to shining topaz as she relived the drama of which she had been the heroine. Her great part had not been in the first act, a stern and terrible act played by fifty young French Chasseurs à pied, who defended the bridge and built barricades. Ah, so young, Mademoiselle! They were but boys. Yet they kept the bridge for eleven hours, instead of the five they had been ordered to hold it. At the end of that time there were none left standing. The defence began before dawn. Before evening they were all wounded or dead. We had thirteen of them here to care for, the sisters and I. Not one but was desperately hurt. We had not beds enough for them in this place, which is no more than an almshouse. They lay on the floor in this room where you sit, and we cared for them as best we could, in those terrible hours after the Boche's coming on from Luneville, had got into the town to burn the houses and murder the people. You have heard from Monsieur Dufael of the fifteen hostages they shot, and the women and children they killed? Ah, yes, it was a massacre; and all day as we worked news came to us of what was going on. We heard shots and cries, and smelt the smoke of the burning. They set fire to the houses and shops with petrol, and pastilles their learned chemists have invented for this industry. We could not tell when they would march up the hill, and our turn to suffer would come. But there was no time to think of that. We thought only of our wounded. Then, at last, our moment was upon us. There was a noise of shouting, and horses' hoofs, and the trampling of men's feet. We knew they were in the street—they would be at our door! We could not wait for that. We went to meet them, I at the head of the sisters. It was evening. The light from the burning town was redder than any sunset, with black, low-hung clouds of smoke; and in that light, Mademoiselle, I saw four officers on horseback heading a troop of soldiers—oh, but all our street full of soldiers, soldiers as far as eye could reach! They were big men in grey, and the officers, they were giants. I stood before them in the doorway, and I felt a small thing. Yet they would have to stop and kill me, and the other sisters, before they could pass.

"You are hiding Frenchmen here—French soldiers, I am told," the Captain said. The two tallest giants were a captain and a first lieutenant. They had their swords drawn. I thought they would run me through the body, but they did not. "We have thirteen soldiers here, wounded," I answered. "You are lying!" said the Captain. "Come in and see that I am telling the truth!" And, oh, Mademoiselle, what it was for a woman of Lorraine to bid a German enter her door, you others cannot understand.

"THEY tried to push past us, but we would not let them. We backed away from the door and down the hall to this room. 'You see all the men we are sheltering!' I pointed to our brave wounded, and not one of these boys flinched nor uttered a cry. Non-commissioned officers led a band through the Hospice to examine every room, but I had no fear of what they might find. Only the two giant officers came in where the wounded lay. You might have thought their hearts would soften at the sight, but no! The Captain drew out from his belt a queer knife like a dagger, and he rushed at one of our soldier boys who lay on a cot we had brought in. 'Coward of a nation of cowards!' he cried. 'You have torn out the eyes and cut off the ears of our Germans. I'll slit your throat to pay for some of that work!'

"Think of it, Mademoiselle, this to a man who could scarcely move, who had no longer a right arm to move.

"'No!' I said. And I put my two hands between the knife and the boy's bare throat. Ah, I was proud of that boy! He did not wink. He looked straight into the German's face."

As she spoke, Sister Julie looked into the face of Nancy Mix with that same brave look. It did not occur to her to be proud because she had offered her hands to the German knife blade. In describing the scene, she had made a beautiful gesture; and we could all see the beauty of these work-worn hands. They were large, like the hands given by Old Masters to their Madonnas, nobly shaped, singularly capable, and expressive of the woman herself. I thought that they had about them a spiritual motherliness; and instantly I understood how that "No!" and that gesture of protection had stopped the Bavarian captain. Even, long afterwards, in the bare room lit from one high window, the black-robed figure seemed suddenly to be wreathed in holy fire, and her "No!" rang out like a deep-toned bell. I saw how the wounded soldier on his cot must have been as safe behind those two hands as if a thick glass wall had been raised round him by magic.

"They touched none of our men," Sister Julie's beautiful voice went on, after a slight pause, "and they promised to spare the Hospice, if we would nurse their wounded with ours. I gave that promise, and kept it. Mademoiselle, our sisters had to sweep the blood out into the street—French and German blood together—before that night was at an end. And with those German men among ours, it was easier to win favor for the whole quarter. If the houses round us had been

fired, we should have burned too. So they spared us. And that is all my story."

She did not add the sequel: how she had been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for that night's work; but "Mademoiselle" and the rest of us knew already.

ON the way back to Nancy we heard exciting news. Big German guns were again bombarding the town; and Monsieur Dufael's thought was to get home as soon as possible. For a moment after the news was given him by a military motorcyclist, he forgot even Mademoiselle Mix, to say nothing of the other ladies. Both cars had stopped, and suddenly Dufael remembered that the ladies might be frightened. There was indeed some excuse for the stoutest hearts to beat the faster. These giant guns did far more damage than the aeroplanes. Whereas the latter could demolish a roof and an upper story, the naval guns could knock any house, or any hotel, into a cocked hat: and you never knew where the bombs might not fall.

"What will you do, Mesdames?" he asked the three ladies and looked at Miss Mix. "It is not necessary for you to go to Nancy at all. If you wish, you can turn and motor back to Luneville. You can spend the night there. I will have all your belongings packed and sent to you from your hotel. I do not disguise from you that there is no safety anywhere in Nancy during a bombardment except in a cellar, and only comparative safety there."

"But you are not afraid, are you?" said the Minx. "And the General; he won't give up the rest of his leave and go away from Nancy because it is being bombarded, I guess?"

Both men smiled. "General Rayières is so used to bombardments, he sleeps best while they're going on," replied Dufael. "Even I have ceased to have what you call the 'jumps'."

"I don't call them the 'jumps'," said Miss Mix, "but I 'spect I shall have them. I want to feel what they're like. I need to, for my *paper*, you know. Besides, I haven't face powder enough left to *camouflage* myself with for more than another hour, so I must go to Nancy and get the rest. Once I'm there, I'll be too lazy to move away."

As she spoke, she showed her depleted store of beauty ammunition (that mysterious bit of lace-bordered silk, with a puff in the middle) and everybody laughed, except Mother. To her, there was no humor in the thought of risking the loss of one's head, to assure a supply of rice powder for one's nose: there was only an appalling flippancy. I think, in unselfish fear of bereaving her million admirers, Mother might have considered it her duty to accept Monsieur Dufael's suggestion: but the British Public, with the American on top of it—like Osso piled on Pelion—formed too great a contrast with Nancy Mix's nose to be mentioned in the same breath. Mother announced therefore that our facing the bombardment went without saying. In these days, what men risked, women risked also. She looked very heroic when she said this, and beside her the Minx was a mere kitten at the feet of the Statue of Liberty.

OUR entrance into the town was simultaneous with the loudest noise I ever heard in my life. It sounded loud enough to blow up the world. But to my great surprise it didn't blow us up, or anything in sight. The beautiful Place Stanislas looked just as it had looked before, a strange thing, because I felt suddenly as if a hundred years had passed over my head since we left it in the morning. I knew now why Monsieur Dufael and General Rayières thought as little of enemy avions as of evil black birds. It was a weird sensation to hurry mechanically for shelter into the hotel, and yet to realize that its walls offered no more protection than an eggshell. I should have enjoyed being a girl, so that I could be comfortably frightened without shame; but Miss Mix took no advantage of her sex in this way, indeed had an air of happy excitement, as if she were going to her first ball. I saw Kate glance at her furtively, from anxious eyes bluer than ever in an ash-pale face, and stiffen up for the honor of England. As for Mother, her indignation against the horrible girl's frivolity grew into a still passion of rage which would have overmastered fear if she had felt it: so altogether our behaviour was creditable. And secretly I believed that as a family we owed something in this emergency, as in others, to the Minx.

Dufael and Rayières parted from us at the hotel door as they wished to learn what damage had been done and where. Half an hour later, however, a hastily scrawled invitation came for us all not only to dine at the house of Monsieur Dufael, but to spend the night. "I have a magnificent cellar," he explained, "and if the bombardment goes on you will be a large party there." He said "you" not "we," so it was clear that his duty, if not inclination, would call him elsewhere. This was not the first occasion. I remembered that Monsieur Raoul Dufael, the great man of Lorraine, had experienced a bombardment but more likely the hundred and first. Often there had been many victims as well as material damage: and I understood more and more why the dark, Latin eyes were tragic—when those of the Minx were not laughing into them.

WE accepted the invitation, and I shall never forget that dinner. It was as delightfully served as if war had never been heard of; and we talked. Sometimes we talked well. After dinner other people dropped in, husbands and wives, and children of various ages. We drank coffee, or tea, and for the first time I made acquaintance with *Camomille*: those who liked *tisanes* had only to choose. The bombardment went on, at the Germans' pleasure, and we were aware that it was a toss up whether the next house struck were ours or another. Yet somehow the moment never came to descend to the cellar. Several of the ladies took turns in playing patriotic airs on the piano, national hymns of the allied nations, but it was Nancy who made the hit, with negro melodies, the Star Spangled Banner, and Yankee Doodle.

At one o'clock precisely the Germans felt the need of sleep, and took it. The big guns ceased firing; and the town rested. Presently, when the inhabitants judged from experience that there would be peace for the remainder of the night, they prepared to depart for their cellarless homes in the neighborhood. We followed their example, and as we were the last to go, Monsieur Dufael, General Rayières and his aide-de-camp walked with us, in clear moonlight, to our hotel.

"Look," said the Minx to me on the way upstairs (we had dropped behind Mother and Kate for a moment)—"look at the reward of a naughty girl." She drew from under her evening cloak a bundle of beautiful lace, like that I had seen the women refugees from towns of Lorraine making in the barracks. "Isn't it lovely? There are yards and yards of it. That's what I get for being awkward and silly, and tearing my petticoat. Monsieur Dufael gave it to me to-night."

"To-night!" I echoed. "When did he find the chance to give you a bundle of lace without all the world witnessing the presentation?"

"To a brave man all is possible," answered the Minx. And I was not sure whether this were a covert cut at me, or a compliment for our host.

That was the sequel to the episode of our morning start, when it seemed that we had been young and happy!

When Mother stopped half-way upstairs to learn why we had lingered, nothing was visible under the Minx's cloak save the head of Sidi Rishr. I wondered what my parent would have said to a girl who accepted presents of lace for her petticoat from a man she had known for two days—introduced to him by her own dog. Naturally I was discreet in my answers to questions: but the next thing I heard about this same lace, was that it had been divided into three parts, Mother and Kate each receiving a third. I do not suppose that the name of Monsieur Dufael was mentioned in connection with it; but they "could not refuse, as it would be awkward to hurt the young woman's feelings while we travel in her friend's automobile."

Some explanations made by women seem far-fetched to men. But the lace was lovely.

Long, long ago the owners had been ordered out of Vec un to save themselves.

HER FOURTH STEP: VIA BAR-LE-LUC TO VERDUN

I FORGOT to say that General Rayières found an answer to his telegram when we returned to Nancy. The bombardment, though leaving my head intact, knocked out of it many ideas.

We were able to start for Verdun next day, bidding adieu to a Nancy as calm as if cellars had not been her inhabitants' most popular bedrooms. Monsieur Dufael and General Rayières were on the spot to bid us Godspeed, and they seemed to say no more to Miss Mix than to Mother and Kate. Yet I had my doubts. I could not forget that warning, "All is possible to a brave man." Afterwards I saw how, even then—but I have not nearly come to that part yet.

At Bar-le-Duc we were met by a polite lieutenant sent to us by the General in Command at Verdun; and soon our car whirled us into a vast hive of war bees such as we had not seen before—such as we should never have seen were it not for the Minx. There were great parks of artillery, and of aviation. The road was inches thick in dust, stirred into white clouds by motor camions crowded with soldiers or ammunition, huge vehicles with thick canvas roofs skilfully "camoufled" purple, green and red, to hide them from the sharp eyes of enemy aviators. Here and there was a village, with troops *en repos*; tired yet happy soldiers smoking or playing cards on wooden benches in front of little wine-draped houses where they were quartered for a few days rest "behind the lines."

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THE DANCE HALLS *of* DAWSON

Third Article in the Series of "Chronicles of the Klondyke"

By E. WARD SMITH

First City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor and Tax Collector of Dawson City

The Main Street of Dawson City

THERE was one phase of life in Dawson City that the novelists have not exaggerated—the night life. It is very doubtful if words could ever describe the bizarre setting, or the imagination of man conceive of situations as strange as the things that actually occurred. At night Dawson was aquiver with light and the saloons and dance halls were filled with the strangest company that the toss of fate could gather together. It was a riot of license, of course; but, looking back at it all from the prospective of years, the strongest impression left on my mind is not that of the wickedness of the dance halls. Rather, I see it as the primitive desire of primitive men to get quick realization on wealth that had been laboriously and painfully sought in the cold of the lonely creeks—a gathering together of simple fellows who longed for company and lights and the chance to spend their abundant gold in a showy way.

In the first place, however, it should be explained that the population of Dawson was divided into two parts. In the first, which was numerically a small one, were the Government officials and their families, the police, the lawyers, the doctors and some of the merchants. In the second, were the floating population, the miners, and all who catered to them. The night life of Dawson was for the almost exclusive benefit of the floating population and, to have a correct picture of actual conditions in the mining metropolis, it is necessary to remember that, back of the glare of the main street and the loud revelry of the dance hall, was a social setting resembling that of almost any other small place. The better class of people had their dinner parties and their church socials and even their lodge meetings. They did not, however, draw entirely apart from the picturesque show of the main streets. For one thing, while there was an opera house in Dawson for amateur performances, the only theatrical diversion that offered was the dance halls where small vaudeville shows were put on. Sometimes after dinner a hostess would suggest that her guests might like to take a walk down town and see what was going on. They would drop in at the Monte Carlo or the Shining Star or the M. and N. and watch the proceedings with all the interest that a visiting party of impeccable respectability can find in New York's Chinatown, for instance. They might see a turn or two in the theatre or watch a few numbers in the dance hall. Perhaps, they would see some acquaintance, who had dined with them the night before, seated at the faro game or trying his hand at the wheel. He would smile and bow and go right ahead with his game. It did not hurt a man's social standing if he gambled occasionally—money was so plentiful and the diversions so few.

In fact, standards were different in Dawson. There was no social intercourse between the two sections of the population, but there was nothing in the nature of class antagonism. The better people looked with amused tolerance on the orgies of the miners. Everybody knew everyone else, at least by sight. The substantial citizens were on speaking terms with Swiftwater Bill and Salt Lake Charlie and would share drinks with them. They could even speak to the Dutch Kid or Sweet Marie without imperilling their domestic peace.

Lost $22,000 in One Evening

THE main street was one long succession of saloons and dance halls, with fronts of weird and elaborate design. The Monte Carlo, for instance, presented the appearance of an Oriental mosque. Inside, these places were most elaborately fitted up. The bars were frequently of carved mahogany, the glassware was of the finest Venetian, the dance floors were of waxed and polished hardwood. Some of the more pretentious places had orchestras of from ten to fifteen pieces, made up of good musicians. High priced players were imported for the purpose.

Every dance hall had its gambling annex where the roulette wheel and the faro tables were kept going full blast. Stakes sometimes ran incredibly high.

One winter evening I was out for a stroll when a friend of mine came along and urged me to accompany him down town.

"Something big on to-night," he said; "Wilson of the N. C. Company is down at the M. and N. He gave it out he was going to beat the wheel to-night or lose his last red in the attempt. Come on down. This will be worth seeing."

Wilson was one of the best known men in the camp. He owned a big producing mine and spent his money with an easy-handed generosity that marked him even in that city of spendthrifts. He was an inveterate gambler.

So we went on to the saloon in question; and, sure enough, there was Wilson with the wheel all to himself, a pile of gold in front of him like a young Matterhorn and a ring of sympathetic lookers-on. Wilson had a set look in his face and his collar was beginning to wilt. He was out to accomplish the impossible—to beat the game.

Most people have heard of roulette wheels but few have a very clear idea of how the ingenious contrivances work. I may be pardoned, therefore, if I interpolate here a brief description. The wheel consists of a highly polished shallow basin, around which are thirty-seven openings or stalls. These occupy the full circumference of the wheel around the centre and are numbered. At the other end of the table squares are marked off and numbered from one to thirty-six, and there is also a square for 0 (zero), making thirty-seven squares in all.

The players take their stand at the end of the table and place their stakes on the number that they bet will win. Then the operator gives the wheel a sharp spin and throws a marble in the opposite direction. As it comes to a stop the marble will roll to the centre and finally drop into one of the stalls. Any of the players who have placed their money on the corresponding number on the table are paid in the ratio of thirty-five dollars to every one dollar bet. The stakes of the less fortunate players are gathered in.

As there are thirty-six stalls other than that into which the ball drops, the chances are thirty-seven to one against the player choosing the right number, but as he only receives thirty-five times the stake and his own money back if he wins, the advantage the bank has over the player is one in thirty-seven.

WELL, there was Wilson engaged in working out some elaborate system for beating the unbeatable game, with the crowd egging him on and offering a babble of advice. He would cover all numbers, putting as low as one dollar on some and as high as fifty on others. Thus he always won on one number and the idea was to so distribute the stakes that the one successful stake would outweigh the thirty-four that were lost. It was a strenuous game and Wilson was kept on the move building up his stacks of dollars and setting out his bets.

"How's it going?" I asked someone in the crowd.

"He's doing well," replied the other, never taking his eyes off the table. "I reckon he's only four or five thousand behind."

As far as I could make out Wilson kept losing steadily. Once a fifty dollar stake made good and the spectators cheered lustily as the croupier paid over seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Wilson found time to smile and then promptly proceeded to double up his bets. But it was not often that the luck came his way like that.

I stood around and watched for an hour or so before going home. Wilson was playing as strong as ever when I left. Next morning early I made enquiries as to how the contest had ended.

"Broke up an hour ago," said my informant. "Wilson lost a cool twenty-two thousand. He didn't turn a hair. Just stepped across the street to his office and brought back three bags of gold to square up."

"Hasn't it taught him anything?" I asked.

My informant grinned. "He says he guesses the old wheel can't be beat after all." Wilson then had learned something. The wheel cannot be beaten.

THERE was only one occasion when I took a chance at the game myself. I know nothing of cards and cannot as a matter of fact play a simple game of euchre. The gambling places never had any lure for me, therefore. This was, perhaps, fortunate, as it was necessary for me to visit them all frequently in my capacity, first as assessor, and then as tax collector. But on this one occasion I happened to be in a place run by a man named "Fritz." As I stood talking to the proprietor, a fellow with a villainous squint but a well-deserved reputation for good nature, I caught a glimpse of a friend of mine in the crowd around the wheel. He was, in fact, a fellow official with a weakness, as I knew, for gambling. I walked over to speak to him.

"At it again?" I asked.

"Same luck too," he muttered, half turning in my direction. I fancied his face looked pale and set and I recollected that someone had told me a few days

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My HOUR

By

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Who wrote "Songs of a Sourdough," "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

Day after day behold me plying
My pen within an office drear;
The dullest dog, till homeward hying,
I reign a very king of cheer.
A throne have I of padded leather;
A little court of kiddies three;
A wife who smiles whate'er the weather;
A feast of muffins, jam and tea.

The table cleared, a romping battle,
A fairy tale, a "Children, bed."
A kiss, a hug, a hush of prattle,
(God bless each little drowsy head!)
A cosy chat with wife a-sewing;
A silver-lining clouds that lower;
Then she too goes, and with her going
I come again into MY HOUR.

I poke the fire, I snugly settle;
My pipe I prime with proper care.
The water's purring in the kettle,
Rum, lemon, sugar, all are there.
And now the honest grog is steaming,
And now the trusty briar's aglow. . .
Alas! in smoking, drinking, dreaming,
How sadly swift the moments go!

Oh, golden hour! 'twixt love and duty,
All others I to others give;
But you are mine to yield to Beauty,
To glean Romance, to greatly live.
For in my easy chair reclining. . .

I feel the sting of ocean spray,
And yonder wondrously are shining
The Magic Isles of Far Away.

Beyond the comber's crashing thunder
Strange beaches flash into my ken;
On jetties heaped head-high with plunder
I dance and dice with sailor men.
Strange stars swarm down to burn above me;
Strange shadows haunt, strange voices greet;
Strange women lure and laugh, and love me,
And fling their tokens at my feet.

Oh I would wish the wide world over,
In ports of passion and unrest,
To drink and drain, a tarry rover,
With dragons tattooed on my chest;
With haunted eyes that hold red glories
Of flaming seas and crashing shores;
With lips that tell stupendous stories
Of streaming decks and gold mydores.

Till sick of storm and strife and slaughter,
Some ghostly night when hides the moon,
I slip into the milk-warm water,
And softly swim the stale lagoon.
Then through some jungle python-haunted,
Or plumed morass or woodland wild,
I win my way with heart undaunted,
And all the wonder of a child.

The pathless plains shall swoon around me;
The forests frown, the floods appall;
The mountains tip-toe to confound me,
The rivers roar to speed my fall.
Wild dooms shall daunt, and dawns be gory,
And death shall sit beside my knee,
Till after terror, torment, glory,
I win again the Sea, the Sea.

Oh anguish sweet! Oh triumph splendid!
Oh dreams, adieu! My pipe is dead.
My glass is dry, my Hour is ended,
It's time, indeed, I stole to bed.
How peacefully the house is sleeping!
Ah! why should I strange fortunes plan?
To guard the dear ones in my keeping—
That's fate enough for any man.

So though dim seas I'll ne'er go spoiling,
The red Tortugas never roam,
Please God! I'll keep the pot a-boiling,
And make at least a happy home.
My children's path shall gleam with roses,
Their grace abound, their joy increase. . .
And so my Hour divinely closes
With tender thoughts of praise and peace.

MR. CRAIGHOUSE *of* NEW YORK, SATIRIST:

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

Author of "The Man Who Scoffed," "The Man Hatter," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. J. DINSMORE

A RAW wind from the sea swept against the mammoth building of the *New York Monthly Journal*. The editor of that classic publication stretched his arms lazily, then crossed to the rattling window and looked at Broadway, far beneath. A few belated flakes of snow mingled with the dust that eddied about in little whirlpools of wind. Like gnomes, the people hurried on in an endless diverging torrent of humanity, slouch-hats of soldiers lending a strangely Western effect to the usual bizarre costumes.

The telephone rang, and the editor, Mr. E. H. Townsend, left the window to answer it.

"Yes!" he said. "Mr. Craighouse? Send him right in."

He took from a drawer a box of notoriously expensive cigars and laid them on his desk. The reasonings of Dr. Watson himself could hardly have failed to deduce that the visitor was of some importance.

A moment later a young man, in the uniform of a United States officer, knocked, and, in response to the invitation, entered the inner temple. Mr. Townsend offered him the armchair, and reached for the cigars.

"You look well in uniform," he said, after appropriate comments on the April weather had been made by both.

"Thanks. I received your note this morning asking me to call."

"Ah yes. By-the-by, you are sailing soon, I believe?"

"Any time now; naturally, we don't know to a day."

"What branch of the Service are you with?"

"The Engineers."

The editor thrust his hands into his pockets. "That is odd," he said. "Did you know anything about engineering?"

"A little." The young man's voice was abrupt, but not unmusical. His brain had always been alert, and army training was making his voice so. "I was a science grad. at Harvard."

The editor gazed out of the window again. "You are a remarkable combination, Mr. Craighouse," he said. "There is nothing more stifling to the artistic nature than a purely scientific training; in fact, the influence of this journal has always been used against absolutely technical schools. Almost the first requisite of any artist is a keen appreciation of the intangible; science deals only with things that can be proved. I often nurse along a young writer if he is incoherent, because, as frequently happens, his temperament is greater than his technique. Scientists always marshal their facts well, but they never soar to the heights."

Craighouse, from the hurricane deck, watched the amazing silhouette of New York.

THE editor tapped the window gently, while the young officer gazed quizzically at him. They were a strangely contrasted pair, the editor in the autumn of life, with the calm voice and bearing of one who had fastened routine to art, and become jaded with the process; the young man keenly alert, with eyes that never lost their restlessness, while thin, satirical lips mocked the high forehead of a philosopher.

"I am greatly interested in your writing," said the editor, after rather a lengthy pause.

The officer smiled. "Is that why you rejected my last two manuscripts?"

"Yes. Neither of them did you credit. Both of them betrayed rather a nasty cynicism in your style."

"I meant them for satire."

"Ah! there is a great difference. Cynicism recoils on the cynic; satire is always delightful, and is never offensive. However, I may say, in spite of their faults, if you survive the war you should become one of America's first writers."

The young man flushed with pleasure. "Thanks very much, Mr. Townsend."

"You have temperament and you have language," went on the editor, "and, though your emotions are artificial and your judgments too impetuous—that is a natural condition of youth—nature has to keep something to recompense us for growing old. But you have big moments plus some most promising incoherency, as I said before and when that chaos becomes cosmos, the world will acknowledge you. You have never been to England before, have you?"

The officer shook his head, a little puzzled at the abrupt descent from the abstract.

Mr. Townsend smoked reflectively for a full minute. "England," he said slowly, "is the paradox of the ages. In America we have the present and the future; England has the present and the past—principally the past. Inefficiency is often no bar to success there—as a matter of fact, an Englishman dislikes appearing efficient—but remember that the British Navy is the most thorough organization in the world. I have often thought that England's success in colonization was largely due to her utter inability to understand the temperament of the people she governed. Look at Canada. There was never an Englishman who really appreciated the restless independence of the Canadian; yet when the old land goes to war, Canada sends and maintains a mighty fine army corps to help her. Listen, my boy. I want you to go to England with your pores open; receive impressions and make a note of them. I want a series of articles explaining England to America—not as it is being done by these polished gentlemen who visit us from London, but by an American for Americans. Don't send me a description of the Strand nor Westminster Abbey, nor your thoughts on first seeing the Thames. Go deep. I want a series of articles that rises above journalism. I want the psychology of England written up in a light satirical vein by a clever man with red blood in his veins. You will be there for some time, I suppose?"

"Very likely, as we are the first of the vanguard."

A half-hour later the young officer rose to go with a contract that promised him generous remuneration, in return for which he had agreed to write ten articles on England. He stood, facing the older man, and smiled slightly. He had removed his cap, and his black hair, struggling into an unruly curl, combined with his dark, brilliant eyes in an appearance of arresting virility.

"You are very encouraging, Mr. Townsend," he said. "I had no idea that an editor could be so—so nearly human."

"My son," said the older man, "we are literature's midwives, toiling year in and year out in the hope that some day we shall assist at the accouchement of a masterpiece."

"But how is it that you don't write yourself?"

The editor shrugged his shoulders. "Why does a hangman never commit a murder?" he said.

THREE weeks later a great ocean liner, known since the war as H.M. Transport No. —, dropped gracefully down the river towards the open sea. Craighouse, from the hurricane-deck, watched the amazing silhouette of New York, as her mighty buildings stood outlined against the darkening sky-line. From the wharf came the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and hundreds of handkerchiefs fluttered in farewell.

A British cruiser was lying at anchor, and a thousand bluejackets roared three mighty British cheers for the new crusaders. A bedlam of shouting from the transport acknowledged the compliment, and one American soldier, whose constant attendance at baseball matches had produced stentorian qualities within him, boomed out the words, "Good old Roast Beef!"

Every one laughed. Why not? Men always laugh readily when their emotions are playing leap-frog with each other.

The strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" sounded fainter; the handkerchiefs were blurred into a fluttering white cloud. A French battleship lay a quarter of a mile from them. As they passed it a bugle sounded on board, followed by a salvo of cheers from the crew. Craighouse noticed that the French cheers were a full third higher in pitch than the British.

Another roar came from the transport, and all eyes were turned towards the stentorian. He took a deep breath.

"Good old Froggy!" he bellowed, and two or three soldiers laughed. To America, France is the martyr of the ages, and there is a strange sense of the feminine in the affection which the Old World republic inspires in the New. Truly, the ways of an extempore humorist are unhappy.

They passed the battery, and, nearing the open sea, received the blessing of the statue of Liberty beckoning her welcome to all those who are weary and discouraged.

Craighouse felt a thrill of patriotism, and, feeling that he must express it in language, turned to his nearest neighbor, who happened to be a British officer. "That's an inspiring sight," he said.

"Which?" said the Englishman briefly.

"The statue of Liberty," answered Craighouse with the tone of a 4th of July orator. "That is the spirit of America—equality for all, freedom of thought and action, liberty for every one."

"Oh yes—splendid," commented the Englishman politely.

There was silence for a moment, and then, in a burst of inexcusable chauvinism, Craighouse said, "You haven't anything like that in England, have you?"

"No," he said casually; "but we had an army in France two weeks after war was declared. I say, do come and have a drink."

THREE months later the editor of the *New York Journal* received a letter from Craighouse. Adjusting his glasses, he settled comfortably into his chair and read it.

"My Dear Patron,—I hope you have not been disappointed at my lack of articles, but, to be candid, I have not struck the proper mental balance yet.

"England is delightful; England is absurd. I was on a bus yesterday, and the conductress gave the signal to go ahead by hammering the side of the fare-box. It fascinated me. *En passant*, the girls have wonderful complexions over here, but they do not dress as cleverly as ours. I know you will say it is war-time, but nothing is powerful enough to interfere with anything so fundamental as a woman's clothes." ("A bit labored, but quite good," muttered the editor.)

"The country, as you know, is like a garden, with all a garden's charm and limitations. I don't feel yet that I can take a deep breath. There are woods; but the trees seem to huddle together for lack of space, and one always feels that just the other side of the woods there is a town or village. England is lovely, but I feel the lack of immensity. To me, the whole effect is that the country is complete; there is nothing more to do. Everything that can be built has been built." ("And well built, too," muttered Mr. Townsend.) "In fact, I don't see what there is over here to employ to the full the brains, the nerves, and the imagination of a full-blooded *homo*. Again I return to the garden simile. Is the task of maintenance big enough for the splendid specimens of manhood that England rears?

"I feel that there is something wrong with the public-school system. Not that it is inefficient, but rather that it is too thorough in its results. Judging superficially, of course, it seems that the public school ignores the fact that every one is born an individual, and proceeds to turn out type. To use a vulgarism, it is a high-class scholastic sausage-machine. It takes in variegated ingredients, and turns out uniformity of product. It instructs the youth of the land in the manly virtues of past ages, but appears to ignore the creative instinct. Public-school men are the Greek chorus of England's national drama; they seldom supply either the dramatist or the principal actors.

"My biggest disappointment has been the English stage. I know our 'playsmiths' are futile enough, but we would never endure in New York what is put on at many first-class London theatres. At a time when her grandsons from the four corners of the world are paying, in most cases, their first visit to the Old Country, England offers them the spectacle of a once classic stage given over to inanity and vulgarity. Of course, there are two or three producers who still maintain a standard of art, but in the majority of first-class London theatres one finds a coarseness of innuendo, an utter lack of refinement, and an almost total elimination of humor. In their musical shows the producers still go in for the type of comedian known on Broadway as 'hard-boiled'—the kind that carries his own jests in a valise, and whose *piece de resistance* is the word 'damn,' which seldom fails to convulse the audience. If I may coin a phrase, I would say that the aim of some London producers appears to be 'to be vulgar without being funny.'" ("I wonder if that is original," observed the editor.)

Mr. Watkins carefully placed a pitcher of hot water on the stand.

"I like the restraint of the better English newspapers, and there are still five or six monthly journals that demand a high standard of writing from their contributors. Some of the popular English magazines, however, publish stories that would hardly do credit to a blushing schoolgirl's first attempt at authorship. I remember my mother used to say to me, 'Out of nothing, nothing comes.' She had obviously never seen one of these fiction magazines.

"Judging by the advertisements in these publications and in the society illustrated papers, I would say that manufacturing women's underwear, or 'undies,' as they are coyly called, is the greatest commercial industry here. The advertisements state that an officer can send a lady a complete set of these garments with his regimental crest on them. I am still trying to gauge the mental attitude of an officer who would do so.

"The political situation puzzles me. Lloyd George looks like a mighty big man, but he has to spend most of his time dodging snipers from behind. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, but a certain section of the English House goes in for absolute symphonies while Britain is locked in the death-grip with Germany. But she's a dear old country, and her people are as brave and cheery as in the days when she was Merrie England, and not England of Many Sorrows.

"To hear her people talk, you would think that the Canadians and Australians had done all the fighting, and that the United States was the saviour of the world; but I know there's hardly a home in England or Scotland that hasn't lost a son—and often the last son too. And when the old families send their boys, it's right into the trenches, not back on the lines of communication.

"There—you can see why I have not written before. Incoherency alone is hardly sufficient. I haven't seriously sorted my impressions as yet. As you would say, the chaos has not yet become cosmos.

"By-the-by, the British Navy mothered us from the coast of Ireland like an eagle with her young.

"Every one is most cordial, and invitations are showered on us from every quarter. I'm going to-morrow to visit the Earl of Lummersdale, who seems to want to entertain a real, live American. As I have six days' leave, I'm going to let him. They tell me he comes of a very old family, so look out for an article on the aristocracy.

"This letter is rambling most aimlessly. I suppose you are bored to tears. Just a minute, till I read over what I have written. . . . Yes—I might add in my comments on the English theatre that a chap named Beecham is doing opera in English, and it's pretty nearly the finest opera I have ever heard. Then, of course, Barrie produces a play every now and then, just to show that he hasn't lost his genius of tenderness and whimsical charm.

"Perhaps my visit to the

Two American officers sat by the side of a road in France and watched a stream of refugees go by.

Earl of Lummersdale will crystallize some of my vagrant impressions. Good-bye, dear patron. — Faithfully yours, Lawrence Craighouse, (Lt.), (c/o American Officers' Club, London.

"P.S.—We're working like beavers getting things ready for the American Army which is coming. It looks slow, but when Uncle Sam's men are ready, Fritz is going to enjoy a real avalanche. This I promise you. L. C."

They were young—and in the heart of youth there is always spring.

NEXT morning a south coast train contained a first-class compartment which was shared by Lieutenant Craighouse, U.S.A., and a timorously proper gentleman who read the *Times* for twenty minutes, and then stared at nothing very intently—an art highly developed amongst those who worship at the shrine of good form.

Craighouse was silent also for over an hour, which was a feat of the first magnitude for him. He was thinking of some official figures shown to him, in confidence, a week past—figures which gave the totals of England's manufacture of munitions and guns, her construction of aeroplanes and tanks, her production of all the minutiæ of war essentials, in quantities which his brain could hardly grasp.

Judged by any standard, the achievement was amazing. For a nation at peace it would have been stupendous; but, in addition, this country that amused Americans, this nations of obsolete methods and lack of organization, had held the seas open, frustrated Germany's plans on land. He wondered if he had been a fool—if, after all, the English were not the most efficient race on earth. Just then an advertisement, conspicuously placed beside the mirror in the compartment, smote his eye, and he gasped.

"How many people ride in a carriage like this in one day?" he asked abruptly.

The well-bred one cleared his throat and shook his head. They had never been introduced; and, besides, he didn't know.

"Ten—twenty—forty—say thirty?" said Craighouse.

"Very probably—oh yes—rather—quite." The words were decorously languid.

"Thirty people a day," went on Craighouse rapidly; "say a thousand a month. In a year that would mean, roughly—oh, put it at ten thousand. Am I right?"

The Englishman shifted uneasily. "Very probably—oh yes—rather—quite."

"The war has been going on for three years." The American was warming to his subject. "Three years mean approximately that thirty thousand passengers have travelled in this compartment since the beginning of the war, eh?"

His companion reached for his cigarettes. "Very probably," he said. "Oh yes—rath"——

"How many of these carriages are in use?" interrupted Craighouse. "Two hundred—four hundred—say three hundred?"

"Very probably—oh yes"——

"I may be short or long on that estimate, but putting it at three hundred, this line has had about—well, roughly, nine million first-class passengers. Is that correct?"

"Very pro"——

"Then, great Scott! look at the advertisement behind you, the most prominent one in the compartment. This line has had a chance to have a heart-to-heart talk with nine million average, well-to-do passengers. From the standpoint of propaganda, figure out the national importance of that. From the commercial point of view, estimate the value of that space; and yet, after three years of war, it says that the steamship line from Newhaven to Dieppe is the shortest route to Austria, south Germany, and Spain; and it gives a map! Austria, south Germany, and Spain"—— The American's tirade ended in a splutter of indignation.

The train stopped at a junction station, and both men emerged, the Englishman proffering his cigarettes.

"Thanks very much," said Craighouse, taking one. "Good-morning." And he disappeared into the crowd.

The Englishman paused to light his cigarette.

"What extraordinary people these Americans are!" he said to himself—which recalls the well-known saying of a Quaker to his wife. "Every one is queer but thou and me; and thou be a little queer."

WHEN one passed the lodge which guarded the entrance to the Lummersdale estate, all sense of present-day responsibilities fell away like a cloak. Decades made no impression upon Oaklands; centuries made very little. The family was surrounded by traditions; the past pointed the way to each succeeding family, as sign-posts direct itinerant motor-cars upon their course. A Lummersdale never was forced to plan his own future, and there is no record of one ever having done so. Whoever bore the proud title felt that his children did not really belong to him; he was but a pruner, and they were branches to be trimmed to an absolute uniformity. A Lummersdale must resemble nothing so much as a Lummersdale; the associations of Oaklands and a judicious period spent at a public school succeeded admirably in effecting the required standardization.

Suddenly he sat up in bed. "Look!" he cried.

To this home Lieutenant Craighouse, of the U.S.A. Engineers, brought his ultra-modern and Western Hemispheric personality. Like all men born in a republic, he had instinctive leanings towards Socialism; like most men of artistic tastes, he was distinctly susceptible to luxury. He snorted disapprovingly when the castle-like turrets of Oaklands appeared, but he drank in the green of the lawns and the colors of the flowers like a desert traveler who finds a pool in his path.

The earl and his wife welcomed him with simple dignity, spoke of the pleasure it afforded them to entertain an American officer; and the butler then took charge of him. He made a facetious remark to that gentleman as they went upstairs, but received no encouragement. Within the precincts of his chamber he made another attempt with creditable *bonhomie*, but Mr. Watkins reply was not stimulating.

"Your bath, sir, is next door, and will be ready for you immediately. The family breakfasts at nine; lunch is at one-thirty; tea at five; and dinner is served at eight-fifteen. The gong is sounded, and the family assembles in the salon."

Whereupon, with an air of deferential superiority, Mr. Watkins cruised from the room with no apparent physical effort whatever.

LUNCHEON produced Second Lieutenant Viscount Oaklands, the twenty-year-old son and heir, who was leaving that afternoon to join the —th Horse Guards in France. He was of good, athletic physique, and had a high, clear complexion which spoke not only of an out-of-door life, but a clean one as well. He was rather languid, and, in an amiable, impersonal way, appeared somewhat bored. The second son, on three days' leave from Dartmouth, was two years younger, but differed very little from the viscount in any other respect.

There was also a daughter. (Craighouse felt instinctively, if the countess had been enumerating her family, that she would have said, "I also have a daughter"). She was apparently twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, possessed of an exquisite skin, eyes which were both blue and deep, and a golden luxury of hair. With all these fundamentals of feminine beauty, her appearance was rather disappointing—a lack of animation in the eyes, a stolidity about the mouth. Craighouse felt, like Pygmalion, that if his statue could only come to life she would be irresistible.

The conversation at lunch consisted of flattering questions about America's preparations—questions to which Craighouse, who was never an economist in words, did full justice. They all said that it was perfectly splendid of America to come into the war; in fact, they didn't know what Britain would have done without her.

"I know," blurted Craighouse. "She'd have gone on fighting until every family was drained to the last man; and, by Jove! I believe the women would have carried on then. America is going to make victory possible, thank God; but England never would have been beaten."

He stopped, surprised at his own vehemence. The Earl of Lummersdale protested that he was too generous. The countess echoed her husband's opinion. The officer and cadet sons supported their parents' protests languidly. The daughter, in acknowledged order of precedence, ended the chorus by the statement that it was ripping of him to say so. Had they been discussing the commentaries of Cæsar they could not have shown less enthusiasm. Craighouse pictured a similar situation at home if an English officer had paid a corresponding compliment. He had not learned as yet that carrying emotional moderation to excess is part of the English paradox.

AT four that afternoon a trap drove to the door, and the kit of Viscount Oaklands appeared, followed a moment later by that young gentleman himself. He kissed his mother, and gave his sister a half-embrace; then he shook hands with his paternal progenitor, and

"Good-bye, old man," he said, shaking hands with Craighouse. "Look me up if you ever get near the regiment, won't you?"

For a few minutes every one spoke of the military situation, the delightful fellow-officers he would have, and other things which well-bred people talk of. Amidst all this the trap started, then stopped at a sign from the viscount.

"I say, dad."

"Yes, Douglas?"

"Do tell Edwards to see that the hounds get some exercise this week.—Cheer-o, mater!" And thus the eldest son and heir to Oaklands, which he was never to see again, went to the war.

DAZED at the bloodlessness of the scene, feeling his heart torn by the apparent lack of depth in the most primeval of all emotions, the parent love, Craighouse strolled away, to find that the daughter was by his side.

"You will miss your brother," he said.

"We shall," she said, "though, as a matter of fact, I haven't seen much of Douglas the last three or four years."

"How is that?"

"Oh, he was at Eton, and only home during the holidays. I was always away at those times; and, of course, he's been training for the last year."

"He is joining the —th Horse Guards?"

"Yes. The eldest son always goes into the army until he succeeds to the title."

"And the second son?"

"The navy."

A smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. "Supposing the second son proved a bad sailor, what then?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose he would stay on shore, and probably go to the devil."

He stooped to pick a blade of grass, and munched it meditatively. "And what happens to the girls?" he asked, after a pause.

Her lips, which were like pomegranates, straightened into a line. "The girls are not of great account," she said, a note of suppressed tension in her voice, which he quite failed to sense. "We are educated in a sort of a way, introduced to the arts, but not allowed to pursue the acquaintanceship; then we marry, if at all, some one of our set, and everybody says, 'Didn't she do well to get him?' "

"And then?"

Again she made a pretty shrug with her shoulders. "Then we move into our new homes, which are much the same as the old ones, and we bring up a family of descendants for our husbands. When the husband dies, the eldest male child takes over the estate, and his wife rules in the mother's place."

"And she leaves, in her declining years, the home which, naturally, she has grown to love?"

"Yes. Why not?"

FOR several moments neither spoke. Always hasty in his judgments, his brain was fired with a rankling sense of injustice. He thought he saw the explanation of the bloodless good-bye to the viscount. The mental inertia of the sons and the emotional placidity of the girl were natural consequences of a hereditary system which dulled personalities and drove initiative into the scrap-heap of tradition. It was monstrous that one's future and entity should be planned like that of a hot-house plant; it was no longer a puzzle to him that England's real leaders and thinkers sprang from obscurity. He thanked "whatever gods there be" that he was born in a country which had only one tradition—that it once rebelled against the past.

He turned towards the girl and gazed argumentatively into her very deep and very blue eyes; then he gasped, and a far-away look crept into his own dark, restless ones.

"*Galatea*," he said, "*is coming to life.*"

Subconsciously she had caught his spirit of resentment, and, being a woman, she thrilled to the sense of rebellion in his nature. With the unlocking of her emotion had come the sparkle in the blue depths of her eyes, and the animation which had lit at once the dormant radiancy of her beauty—and his sudden admiration. In addition—a totally unnecessary one—the mellowing sun lingered on her hair till it seemed like strands of gold.

"You look like a wild rose," he said irrelevantly, then dashed on into a sea of words. "Are you content with this? Do you never feel a divine restlessness in your nature, urging you to be the architect of your own fate? Are you satisfied to be a mere link in the chain of generations? Surely the individualistic instinct is not dead in this country?"

He paused, rather astonished, but quite pleased with his burst of oratory.

"What would you have me do?"

"Anything—everything that expresses your own personality. Be yourself, and get away from type."

"I have done a little."

"What! appeared in a few charity *tableaux vivants?* Posed for your photo in the *Sketch* as a woman interested in war work?"

"I am sorry," she said demurely, "that you disapprove of me."

"Great Scott!" he said, thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of defiance, "you are one of the most charming women I've ever seen." He drew himself up to his full height. "But before I succumb to the beauty of these surroundings and the—the—loveliest"——

"Yes? Please don't hesitate."

"You are mocking me."

"Not at all, Don Quixote. Only why shy at the windmill?"

He surveyed her carefully with his head cocked to one side. "I believe you have a sense of humor," he said.

Continued on page 60

The INTERCEPTING SPARK

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

I only have to shut my eyes to see the bandaged head
Of "Dickie" fresh from reeking Ypres, his one eye seeing red,
His tongue unloosed — a raconteur to hear and hear again:
Once heard, up-piling glory to his country's fighting-men.

* * *

Quoth he, "The coolest man that day (I had it from his aide
Who wished himself a mole or hare he was so d—— afraid)
Was Mercer, tow'ring statue-still, a blinking match in hand,
The fight-glow on his weathered cheek. Men thrilled to see him stand!

"The lids were off inferno, but he paused in open field
And lit his pipe, thrice lit it, while the earth heaved up and reeled,
And heaven cri-sped like parchment on a blasting Judgment Day—
And the Huns had only Canada between them and Calais!

"You know, the gas fumed mountain-high, all yellow-green and brown;
It caught the Allies unawares. We gasped like men who drown,
The Turcos shrank like troops of leaves before a blighting frost
And broke. Our men filled up the breach—we know now what it cost!

"Shells screeched, and shrapnel bounced like hail, the serpent-woods spat red;
The living fought like spectres, strangely tall among the dead;
Yet there shone Mercer's match and bowl as at his own hearth-side,
That every man who saw it kindled hot with racial pride.

"They say there was a chap in Greece who stole Hephæstus' coals
And fired up the human race to be more worthy souls:
Where Mercer got his lucifers let advertisers tell,
I only know he struck a light to thwart the smiths of hell.

"Ah, deem not our Commander but a braggadocio:
The fellows tell a better tale who saw his pipe aglow!
That smoke was censer-holy 'mid the fireworks display
Of Satan at his revels and the Kaiser at his Day.

"Its light was white as tapers and as red as sacrament—
A flame of hero's heart and soul in quiet passion blent.
The man shone High Exemplar of the grace of keeping cool
And drilled us little-boys-at-war in Valor's Upper School.

"Each man caught fire, became a brand, touched up the conflagration
And spent himself—a vital spark of glory to his nation:
For we scorched and singed the Bosches and they say we saved the day
When Canada was all between the Kaiser and Calais!"

* * *

So Dickie wound his story up, the while I dressed his head,
Poor Dickie, gassed and gashed and game! I see him on his bed,
A turkey-cock with one good eye and half a smile to boot
Cut off mid-way by bandages. Those Huns know how to shoot!

MAJOR-GENERAL MERCER
Killed in Action, June 2, 1916

"One chap had seen General Mercer, with his aide-de-camp by his side, crossing a fire-swept field, deliberately stop in the middle of it to light his pipe. Everybody agreed that the General was the coolest man in sight that day. The aide himself assured me that it took several matches to light the pipe and that the matches were the slow burning variety; he said that it seemed to him to have taken about an hour to light that pipe, and all the time he was wishing himself in the shelter of a ditch. It had not been mere bravado on the General's part but a deliberately planned act to steady his men."—NEWS STORY.

WHY LAURIER WILL WAIT

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The Power of the West," "The Rank and File," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

AS you sit in the gallery and gaze on His Majesty's loyal Opposition there come to you some of the reasons why it might be called "The Silent Minority." For the tidal waves that washed the Union Government into power left a number of mighty voices stranded on the reefs and shoals with which the political sea is so thickly strewn. Glance down that first row and ask yourself: "Where are the giants of Yesteryear?"

Gone is Hon. William Pugsley whose merry quip helped to lift the load of many a monotonous afternoon. Hon. George Graham's great voice is hushed and he no longer joins in the laughter created by his own jokes. Hon. Frank Oliver has carried his chronic grouch back to the fastnesses of his native Edmonton. "Ned" Macdonald of Pictou has quit pawing parliamentary air in the athletic exercises of Nova Scotian eloquence. Yea, even George Washington Kyte of Richmond, who could make more noise for the amount said than any other man in public life, has faded into obscurity. Do you wonder that the silence you can feel has descended on what were once considered the fighting forces of Laurier?

But there is another and a sterner reason that the Liberal battle cry is hushed. That reason is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All last session he curbed the fiery eloquence of his French followers and held in leash the fighting Irishmen and dour Scotch Presbyterians in his retinue. "The time is not yet," was the motto that hung on the walls of the Liberal caucus rooms. And right here and now, and at the risk of being called a political prophet, I am going to venture to state that that motto will not be taken down during the coming session of Parliament. To put it in yet plainer English there is every evidence that, if the Union Government goes to pieces during the coming year, it will not be because of any act or wish of one Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The old Warrior is in his seventy-eighth year. But he is still more politician than statesman. There is mighty little of the martyr in his make-up.

. . . . . calmly expecting to step into power over the ruins of a Government.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not the only politician who feels that the coming year will be a trying one for the men who hold the reins of government. Some of these politicians go so far as to declare that the party that carries out demobilization and struggles with the first stages of reconstruction will be smashed beyond recovery for twenty years to come. It is quite possible that to some extent Sir Wilfrid Laurier shares this belief—or would you call it premonition? At any rate the whispers that come from the inner Laurier circle indicate that, though he may be advanced in years, he is not yet too old to wait, that he will let his opponents do the work and take the condemnation, calmly expecting to step into power over the ruins of a Government leaning against a background of utter failure. For it must be remembered that there is in Liberal circles no tendency to over-estimate the timber of which the Union Government is built.

Of course Sir Wilfrid realizes that he owes a duty to his country in this her hour of need. He will help his country too—with that mythical something or nothing called constructive criticism. But if his followers advance to a charge that menaces the life of the Government, watch Sir Wilfrid step into the breach and by timely word and stately courtliness rescue his enemies that they may complete the work he wishes them to do.

So, as they were the "Silent Minority" last session when it was necessary that the Unionists should be left alone to fight among themselves, they must for yet a little longer remain the "Silent Minority," that the after-war storms may be avoided and the Liberal ship embarked on a calm and peaceful voyage.

Looking Them Over

WITH this promise that the Laurier Liberals will be seen but seldom heard for some months to come cast your eye over the flock and let us see if we can discern the amount of latent ability Sir Wilfrid is so cleverly covering up. We have run down that front row before without uncovering very much to go into ecstasies over. There's Lemieux who in the early summer of 1917 led the bitter fight that finally influenced the wavering Sir Wilfrid to turn down coalition and conscription and cling to his own French-Canadian people. He's a politician after a fashion and the same kind of an orator. But he spoils both by trying to look like a statesman.

Besides him is John Sinclair of Guysboro. A few centuries ago he would have fitted into that harsh Presbyterianism of which John Knox was the head. To-day, he is a lawyer. That D. D. MacKenzie was chosen to sit beside Laurier as leading representative of the Scotch wing of the Liberal party proves that the Scotch, true to their traditions, have taken more interest in the war than in politics. For D. D. doesn't rank with the great Scots who have carried the Grit banner in other and better days. His attack on Sir Joseph Flavelle last session did the baronet more good than anything that has happened since that famous "to hell with profits" speech first broke into print.

Then take those two Irishmen at the next desk, Hon. Chas. Murphy and Emmanuel Devlin. You feel charitably disposed towards both of them. For Mr. Murphy certainly made a good job of Hon. Wesley Rowell and, though Mr. Devlin has a whine like a local preacher, he's really a good child of the church. But when you try to say anything very complimentary as to the statesmanship of either your pencil is blunted by truth and a stern sense of the duty you owe the public.

A Good Pair From Quebec

But those two Frenchmen in the next pew are different—Ernest Lapointe of Kamouraska and Hon. Jacques Bureau of Three Rivers. Each is in his way typical of a peculiarity of his race. When Lapointe first came to Parliament his knowledge of English was extremely limited. Now he is one of the ablest debaters on the Opposition side and he has a command of the English language that puts most Anglo-Canadians to shame. So it is with other Frenchmen who enter the House. The time and work they give to acquiring a fighting allowance of English is remarkable. As for Jacques Bureau, he lived long in the West, and he both talks and reasons well in English while he still retains all his French characteristics. For instance Jacques has a son who only recently became of military age. True to his ideas on conscription, Jacques fought for exemption for his boy—and got it. But no sooner had he won his fight than he turned to the boy with a curt:

"Now go and enlist."

And the boy went right joyfully and joined the Royal Air Force. All of which shows the Frenchman's hatred of orders from a dominant race.

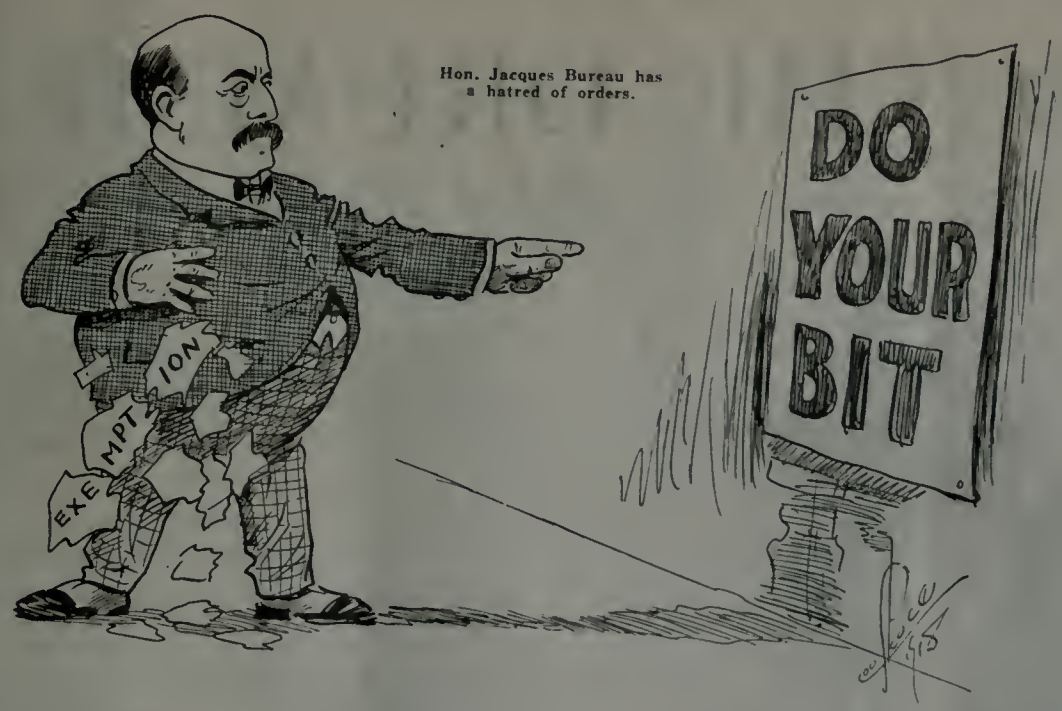
Also, both these Frenchmen find time and opportunity for jokes and laughter. In fact they look on the world with a twinkle in each eye. You couldn't help liking them if you tried.

AND behind that front row is a mixture of races and creeds that promises little at present though who knows but that some day some or many of them may hear the call of the Cabinet maker and become great in their own eyes and the eyes of a benighted country. For most of them are young and all, or nearly all, have ambitions. That man you hear calling "louder," and wearing a bland smile under a bald head, is McMaster of Brome. He is a Montreal lawyer who started out well by breaking up whispered conversations between the Ministers and the front row of the Opposition with a voice well tuned to the purpose. But in a moment of weakness he consented to become financial critic. His chief contribution to financial literature was a suggestion that the Government should borrow money to provide a sinking fund to pay the war debt.

This novel method of paying debts were perhaps suggested by his desk-mate, Sam Jacobs of Montreal who is a bit of a humorist as well as an authority on bankruptcy. Sam is a little dark man who shocked Parliament by telling funny stories in his maiden speech. It will take him some time to recover his lost ground for at Ottawa an owl-like dignity is the first attribute of greatness. But Sam will come back. For he has a native Hebrew shrewdness tacked on to the ability to make friends.

Just beyond them sits a business-like chap with his hair nicely combed and a necktie that speaks careful selection. That is W. C. Kennedy of Essex and there are those who predict that, when Hon. Charlie Murphy no longer leads the Irish wing of the Liberal party, one William Kennedy will be found in his place and

The motto that hung on the walls of the Liberal caucus rooms.



Hon. Jacques Bureau has a hatred of orders.

stead. William made a success of the gas and oil business by close study and application and an ability to use what he learned. Just at present he's putting that same study and application into politics and procedure channels. Last session he only spoke once but he made the House sit up and listen. It might be as well to keep an eye on William. Though he was elected as a Laurier candidate, he is said to have dallied with the Unionists long enough to get the appointment of his own returning officers and enumerators before making his final decision. And appointments such as these are said to have been somewhat of an advantage even in a pure election such as only the blotting out of party lines could bring.

Why M'Coig Couldn't Be Beaten

However, Mr. Kennedy may owe some of his early political astuteness to his friend Archie McCoig of Kent. Archie does not pretend to statesmanship but he knows Kent County, what Kent County wants, and how to get the votes of the Kent County electors. He had a tough proposition on his hands at the last election for in his riding are a sizable French vote that hated conscription, a worth-while negro vote that feared conscription and a big Scotch vote that wanted to win the war and didn't care how. Archie's job was to retain all three if he was to be elected. He did it. For he talked Kent County, and down with the profiteers, and did not hang Laurier's picture in his committee room windows till after the endorsations had been handed out without the Borden brand appearing on either himself or his opponent. As he had previously voted against the referendum and for the M.S.A. he was armored at all points and came through with flying colors. Archie's friends tell him he wears a horseshoe on every corner but privately they admit he has the ability to take advantage of every lucky turn of the wheel. Also his speeches in the House contain a lot of hard common sense. He may belong to the class called rural politicians but he is at the head of his class and a much more valuable man to his country than many of our near-statesmen.

OF another very distinct class is Lucien Cannon of Dorchester—that pale, dark, slight, rather clever-looking young chap. He is the most striking of a group of young French-Canadians who replaced the Nationalists at the last election. Others of the group who give promise are Archambault of Chambly-Vercheres and Vien of Lothiniere. Cannon is a fiery orator, though he stumbles as yet when the Orangemen across the way start to heckle. He'll either grow out of that or talk himself into a nuisance. You never can tell the first session just where these young fellows are going to land.

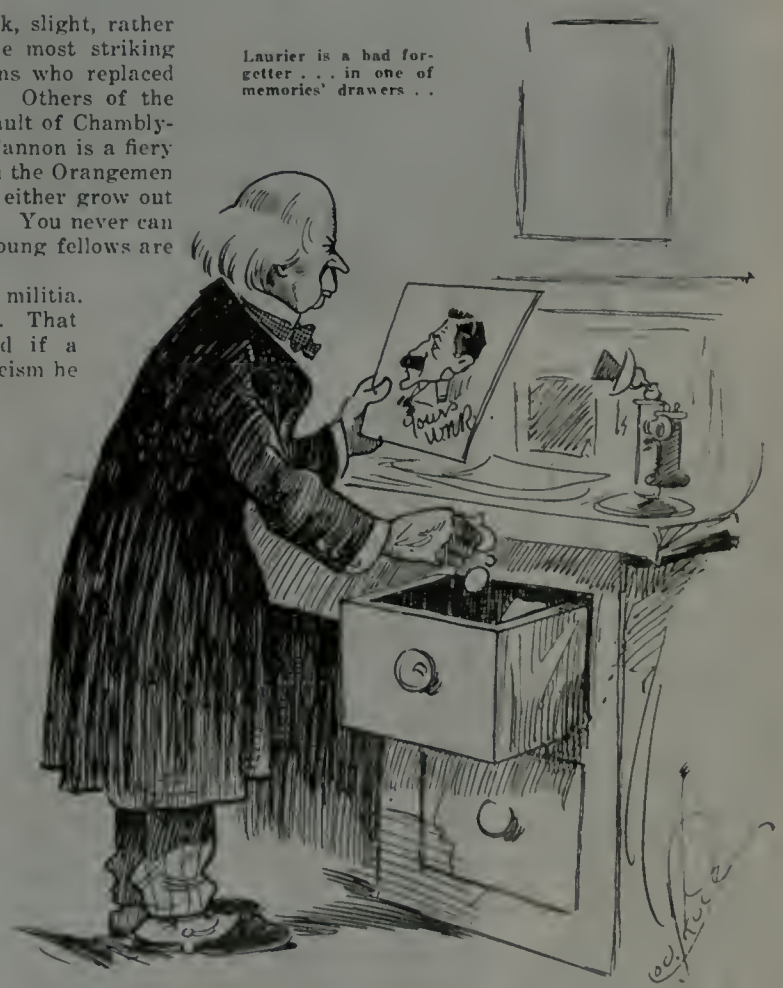
Vien is a lawyer and a major of militia, who twice volunteered to go overseas. That qualifies him for military critic and if a persistency in asking questions is criticism he qualifies for the job. He performs like a plodder and you know how far Hon. Sidney Fisher got with nothing else to recommend him.

Archambault sprang into the spotlight the day the overseas voting charges so carefully prepared by W. T. R. Preston were called to the attention of Mr. Speaker. Arthur Bliss Copp of Westmoreland did the calling in a little over four hours of oratory. Mr. Copp, who talks like a graduate of a correspondence school for auctioneers, so smothered the charges with details that they got lost entirely and were about to be laughed out of the House when young Mr. Archambault came to his feet and told how the officers and men at St. Johns had done their voting. He added on a few charges of perjury, etc., that were so clear and concise that the laugh left the Government aisle and settled on Opposition faces. There was nothing left for the Government to do but promise an investigation. They did it. And since that night the House has paid a little more attention to Joe Archambault.

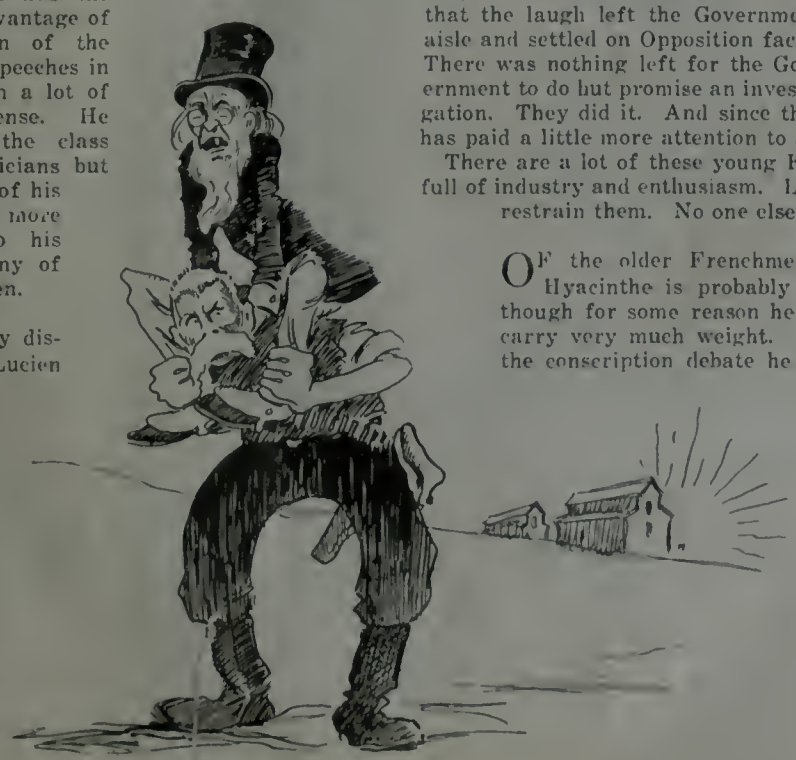
There are a lot of these young Frenchmen all chock full of industry and enthusiasm. Laurier can probably restrain them. No one else could.

OF the older Frenchmen, Gauthier of St. Hyacinthe is probably the ablest debater, though for some reason he does not appear to carry very much weight. You'll remember in the conscription debate he startled the House with the statement, "Quebec will use the law to fight the law." It was not till the conscription Order-in-Council was brought down last session that it dawned on the assembled statesmen just what he meant. Then he said: "The Militnry Service Act was an exemption act—and Quebec obeyed it. This order is a conscription act—and Quebec will obey it." Mr. Gauthier spends part of his spare time fighting prohibition. When it was urged in the House on patriotic grounds he said: "It is wonderful how many of us are prepared to serve our country by sacrificing our neighbors' appetites." These samples show that Mr. Gauthier is worth listening to; but many a man does more damage with an uncouth sentence or two.

BUT to get away from the classes and their representatives, take a quick run over what's left and see what a strange mixture is gathered together behind the White Plume. That big auburn-haired chap who looks the part is Dr. Chisholm from Inverness. He's a Highland Scotch Catholic with a laugh and heart to match his body. You don't wonder that he is unbeatable in his constituency. That rotund, self-satisfied fellow with the thinning hair is Verville, the Montreal Socialist who talks like a labor agitator. That thin, fussy little man is Pedlow of Renfrew and he is a strange combination— a dry goods merchant, a Quaker and the only Honorary Captain in captivity. Aside from that and the fact that he just can't keep from making speeches, he is probably all right. Then there is Euler of Waterloo, that neutral-tinted chap. He's the only member of German descent in the House. But nobody would hold that against him if he would tire of his own oratory as fast as his audience does. That big husky rancher is "Nobby" White of Victoria, Alta., who claims to be the only member of the Opposition who owes his election to the Wartimes Election Act. That act was passed for the benefit of Unionists but in Victoria it worked backwards. There are a lot of Americans in that riding who got angry over the alien clauses and voted against the Government. That's why Nobby rides on a pass when he comes to Ottawa.



Laurier is a bad forgetter . . . in one of memories' drawers . .



Hon. Frank Oliver has carried his chronic grouch back to his native fastnesses.

An Ancient Mariner in the House

But hold on a minute. There's Captain Read of Queen's, P. E. I., coming to his feet and the House is getting ready to laugh. For both sides laugh with—but not at—the Ancient Mariner. He was a sea-captain before he became an orator and a statesman. He made his first voyage across the Atlantic along about '63 in a sailing vessel and—whisper—a large part of the cargo was whisky. But the Captain is now a staid manufacturer whose favorite sport is raising potatoes. He took the House into his confidence anent the good qualities of those island potatoes one night and not a member but went home hungry.

Continued on page 59

MARS AND THE DRUMMER

By ADAM HAROLD BROWN

Who wrote "The Spanish-American Prisoner," "Hannibal Helps," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Why argue about it?" asked the President.

"I NOTICED about three lines in a paper the other day," observed Lieutenant Heney, home from France on leave, "that the revolutionists in Salvomalia are at it again. Isn't that the republic you used to frequent, Lacey?"

His companion, a handsome big fellow in khaki, laughed easily. "Ye, gods, yes," he said. "How little I realized a few years ago what a grim business war was! I used to see the comic side to those revolutions, but then I hadn't had the pleasure of lying wounded in a shell hole, listening to the music of machine guns. I wonder if old President Alveraz is still alive? If so he must have a vastly different idea of Serbia these days. He declared war on that gallant little country once."

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I precipitated the declaration myself. That was where I met my wife, Jack. She saved my life, turned Salvomalia upside down and ended the war all in one stroke. She's a better soldier than I am, Jack—and she's going back to France with me—as a nurse, you know. But she ought to have the supreme command. She'd show them how."

So, of course, Heney demanded the whole story. After some hesitation Lacey went ahead with his yarn. And I, the silent third party at the table, am retelling it and reconstructing it somewhat from Lacey's rather bare narrative.

IT began with a triple coincidence. On the very day that old Hank Griswold, president of the Serbian Shoe Polish Co., greedy for new worlds to conquer, told Harry Lacey, his crack salesman, that he was sending him to South America to establish a connection down there, Miss Jane Anson took her first spin on the palatial new yacht that her father, old "Crœsus" Anson, had purchased and fitted out for her. And at the very moment Jane said to her father, "Look here, old boy, you need a holiday. Let you and I go for a long cruise on this bully old boat. We'll go—to South America somewhere," a rather dyspeptic-looking individual in a rusty, but gorgeous uniform sat in the president's room in the Government House at San Salvomal, the capital of Salvomalia, and smiled ecstatically at nothing in particular. This was Alveraz, newly elevated to power on the wings of a successful uprising and his very apparent satisfaction was due to the completion of a little deal by which a large share of the treasury funds of Salvomalia had been transferred to Paris in his own name.

And now comes still another coincidence. On the day that Harry Lacey, fresh from a successful trip through the Argentine and Brazil and other points, breezed into San Salvomal with his trunk full of samples and Serbian Polish literature, the *Albatross*, with the Ansons, father and daughter, on board, came steaming majestically into the narrow harbor. Further, at the very moment the yacht dropped anchor, a group of gloomy men sat around the president's desk at Government House and discussed ways and means. The treasury of Salvomalia was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and the people were in such a state of discontent that new taxes would mean the speedy upset of the Alveraz *regime*. Two questions were under discussion: Where had the money gone and where was more coming from?

So there they were, all three of the principal actors in the drama that was to be enacted, President Alveraz, Harry Lacey and Jane Anson, brought together by the far-reaching hand of coincidence.

HARRY LACEY spent a busy morning in the business section of the town and returned at noon to Antonio O'Sullivan's American bar full of deep discontent.

"A fine place this, I don't think!" he told Tony. "There's no business here. Just a lot of tumble-down shacks and not a dollar in the place. Can't sell shoe polish to a population made up of those who don't wear shoes and those who're too dirty to polish what they've got. I'll journey on to the next place on my list."

"The merchants are a poor lot. Taxed to death," explained Tony. "This here Alveraz is the king-pin of looters. Any money that shows itself in the town—*plunk!* Alveraz gets it. And what Alveraz doesn't get us American business men manage to meet up with. I'll introduce you to the bunch. They're a good lot."

Lacey had lunch with Paddy Breckon, who owned an asphalt concession, and a couple of travelers named Purvis and Bronson. He drank a cocktail or two and tried a glass of aguardiente, the national drink of Salvomalia. Then he issued forth alone for another look at the town. He didn't see much of it for his gaze centered almost at once on the dainty figure of a girl strolling leisurely in front of him along the shady plaza. The girl saw him at the same time and cast a provocative glance over her shoulder. She was pretty and piquant and with the blackest of black eyes. Lacey followed.

After the first glance the girl paid no attention to the cavalier in her wake, but continued her way serenely along until she reached a rather pretentious looking house, into which she vanished; pretentious in that it was less dilapidated than most Salvomalian houses and boasted a balcony. A moment after Lacey caught a flash of laughing dark eyes spying upon him from an upper window. So he decided to wait.

His vigil was interrupted by a picturesque person who could have stepped into any male operatic chorus and been right at home—a rangy Salvomalian with a toreador costume and venom in his eyes. The newcomer hissed an order at Lacey accompanied by a motion of his arm that signified his desire to see the American elsewhere.

"What's the idea?" demanded Lacey.

The stranger, brother or lover of the dark-eyed one, erupted a vehement string of language. Lacey did not understand a word of it, but the native's meaning was clear enough. It was distinctly unfriendly. Lacey gave him a light tap on the jaw which sent him spinning backward and then turned for a leisurely retreat.

Almost immediately the drowsy serenity of the early afternoon was broken in a most sudden and disturbing way. Men poured out of the houses on every hand and proceeded to take an interest in the matter. Lacey found himself the centre of a ring of gesticulating and belligerent Salvomalians. Being of a fighting breed himself, he knew of only one argument under the circumstances and had effectually laid out half a dozen or more of his opponents before they got his arms pinioned and marched him off to the cartel.

JUSTUS ANSON was of a portly order and nothing could budge him from his hammock under its comfortable awning on the deck of the *Albatross* that warm afternoon. He promptly vetoed his daughter Jane's suggestion that she would take a look at San Salvomal by herself, and warned her that South American towns were not safe places for unprotected girls. It was not long, however, before a steady rumble from beneath the awning gave notice that the head of the Molasses Trust was sound asleep. Jane promptly ordered out the boat and went ashore.

She found the city most delightfully romantic and picturesque. There was a glamor about the crooked streets and the tumble-down houses; and every ragged, cigarette-smoking resident she passed seemed to have stepped out of a Richard Harding Davis story. They found her apparently quite as interesting as she found them, if one were to judge by the leers that followed her trim figure. Any other girl but Jane Anson would have felt some sense of alarm. She was alone in a comic opera town and the male caste seemed made up exclusively of villains. But Jane never gave it a thought.

The plaza, which served as the centre of the town with the Government House fronting on it, was deserted at this hour. Jane gazed about her with frank delight. It was book-perfect to the last detail, an ideal spot for the sanguinary revolutions and the ardent love-making that, as every reader knows, constitute life in any South American republic.

"Hello, there! Would you mind undoing the bolt?"

The voice, unmistakably American, proceeded from a building behind her, a tumble-down and rather dirty place with one door and a glassless but securely barred window. A face, also unmistakably American, was pressed against the bars, wearing an ingratiating smile.

"Who are you?" she asked, in surprise. "Where are you?"

"I'm in jail!" said the voice with greater cheerfulness. "I'm an American—Harry Lacey, at your service. A whole mob of these dagoes set on me for some reason or other. I dished a few of them but they got me here finally. They're very careless jailers though. All that stands between me and freedom is that one bolt. Unfortunately I can't reach it from this window. Would it be asking too much for you to take a couple steps to the right and just raise your hand——?"

Jane glanced around her cautiously. There was no one in sight. She took a step toward the door and then paused irresolutely. Another step and she was within reaching distance of the door. Lacey was waiting there when she drew the bolt that held the door closed. He swept her a low bow as he stepped out.

"A thousand thanks!" he said. "You certainly are game! For all you know I may be a hardened criminal; a murderer or something. And yet you let me out. Well—that's the Yankee of it, I guess!"

He looked well fitted for the background from which he had just emerged. His hair was tousled, his collar

was ripped away, his coat was torn, his hands bruised and swollen. Jane regarded him doubtfully for a moment. Then she caught his smiling blue eye and doubts vanished.

"I think you're safe to be at large all right!" she said. "Anyway a jail like that is not fit for any American! I'm glad I let you out."

"So am I!" declared Lacey, fervently. "Not because it was muddy and dripping and—er, inhabited by orders of creation repugnant to my delicate sensibilities, but because it has brought me into your notice, little Miss Liberator! I feel that a tremendous honor has been done me. But—pardon my curiosity—by what strange chance do you happen to be in this corner of the earth? Fifth Avenue come to the Amazon!"

"Father's yacht is in the harbor," explained Jane. "He fell asleep so I stepped out alone for a look at the town."

"Of course. That's exactly what you would do," said Lacey. Then he added in full seriousness, "But it is really dangerous, you know. These people are treacherous, not to be trusted. I'm going to see you safely back to the dock. In the meantime, if you could just wait a minute, I would slip over to Tony's and make myself presentable. I'm not fit to be seen with you as I am—and I won't let you get away alone."

In ten minutes he was back in clean raiment and with his face washed and courtplastered and beaming. Jane regarded him with astonishment. The ragamuffin she had rescued from the decrepit jail had been transformed into a trim, six-foot American who was distinctly presentable and even handsome. Jane was a brown-haired and brown-eyed young lady, not so very tall, and with a preference for men who were big and blonde. Lacey fitted the picture perfectly.

They spent a pleasant afternoon in a tour of the city, quite undisturbed by Lacey's erstwhile jailers who apparently had forgotten him. And, when he saw her safely off from the dock it was understood that he was not going to leave San Salvomal by the steamer sailing that night. He was, in fact, to have lunch next day on the *Albatross*.

LACEY returned to O'Sullivan's where he had dinner with such members of the American colony as happened to be on hand. He retailed the story of his wrongs so effectively that, after a round or two, the idea gained foothold that something ought to be done about it. Americans in Salvomalia regarded themselves as privileged characters. The cartel was for natives only and each man present regarded it as a more or less personal insult that a visiting American had been incarcerated therein, even for so short a time.

"We can't take this lying down!" declared Paddy Breckon. "It's a case where we've got to show these greasers what's what. We'll carry it right up to old Alveraz himself."

"A demonstration — that's the idea," declared Purvis, who was a husky Irishman, with shocky, red hair and a fighting blue eye.

The idea was discussed over a few more rounds. Gradually, however, the enthusiasm boiled away. Most of the recruits drifted off to bed until finally only three were left—Lacey himself, Breckon and Purvis. The trio decided to make the demonstration by themselves.

"We'll go over and smash up the jail anyway!" said Breckon, thickly. "It's up to us to see that no more good 'Mericans are put in that —— beastly hole. Whaddye say?"

"We'll do that," declared Purvis, getting to his feet rather unsteadily. "We won't leave one stone standing on another."

"It's a frame shack," said Breckon.

"Then we'll burn it," declared Purvis.

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Lacey, struck with a sudden idea. "I can get some advertising out of this stunt, too. I have some big lithographs of our shoe polish and I'll put one on a pole. We'll carry it along as a banner. See the idea? They insulted the company and the product we sell when they put me in jail. So we'll conquer in the name of Serbian Shoe Polish!"

"Great! It'll be a real demonstration, this!" agreed Breckon. "Now if I only had my Oddfellow regalia here! Purvis plays a trombone—dig it out, Purv, and we'll have some music. No demonstration's complete without a band."

So Purvis went for his trombone and Lacey got out one of his big posters. Everyone knows the kind—a picture of a ferocious-looking Oriental gentleman wearing a pair of those Arabian Nights shoes that curl up at the toes, said shoes having a most resplendent shine and said Oriental gentleman holding up a tin of shoe polish with the words lettered big, "Serbian Shoe Polish Does the Trick." The business of the Serbian Shoe Polish Co. had been built up on that poster. Lacey borrowed a curtain pole from O'Sullivan and attached the poster to it. In the meantime Breckon had improvised a uniform out of a red table cloth and Purvis had returned with his trombone.

"We'll need an axe," said Breckon.

An axe was procured, and they sallied forth. Most of the people of San Salvomal had gone home, but when the first raucous blast from the trombone split the silence of the plaza, interest began to manifest itself. People flocked back by the score and gaped at the three demonstrators as they made the round of the plaza, Lacey in the lead with his banner and Purvis laboring noisily in the rear with his wheezy instrument. When they halted in front of the cartel, there were probably a hundred Salvomalians trailing after them.

Breckon stood on a stone and made a speech about the rights of visitors, not a word of which was understandable but which his audience punctuated with shrill cheers. They might not understand English but any kind of a demonstration was every-day fare to them. They sympathized on general principles.

But when Purvis took the axe and began to work on the cartel door, uneasiness manifested itself. The natives looked apprehensively around and many quietly and unobtrusively faded away into the darkness. If the soldiers from Government House should come over they would probably do a little promiscuous shooting and the Salvomalians knew by experience how dangerous was the role of innocent bystanders.

A SQUAD finally did come over to see what it was all about, with a fat and tightly trussed-up little officer in the lead, no less a personage, in fact, than the Minister of War, General Hannibal Julep y Tableaux del Taxidermist—or words to that effect. The crowd melted away. Only the demonstrating trio stood their ground, Breckon still orating, Purvis axe in hand, and Lacey waving his banner.

Lacey doesn't remember very well what happened after that. In fact, he had been kind of hazy all evening; he was neither acclimatized nor aguardienteized as were Breckon and Purvis. He remembers that there was a scrimmage and that his two companions vanished, where or how he could not tell. Then a berserker rage mounted in him and he charged forward at the squad of noisy soldiers. He remembers using his banner after the manner of a lance with such good effect that General Hannibal Julep, etc., etc., suddenly doubled up with his arms clasped over his stomach, gasping and choking out maledictions. A vicious sweep of the pole took two of the squad off their feet but the rest closed in on him and the balance of the incident remains in his mind only as a long and painful nightmare of blows and kicks and thumpings about and rippings of clothes. When his mind cleared he was being hauled by two ragged soldiers into a big room with gilt pillars and dirty walls. The Minister of War, quite recovered from the effects of the blow he had intercepted, confronted him with a consciousness of triumph that quivered in his sharply up-turned moustaches, and tilted his chin at a belligerent angle.

Lacey was searched and his pockets rifled of the mass of letters and sales literature that he carried. The tattered

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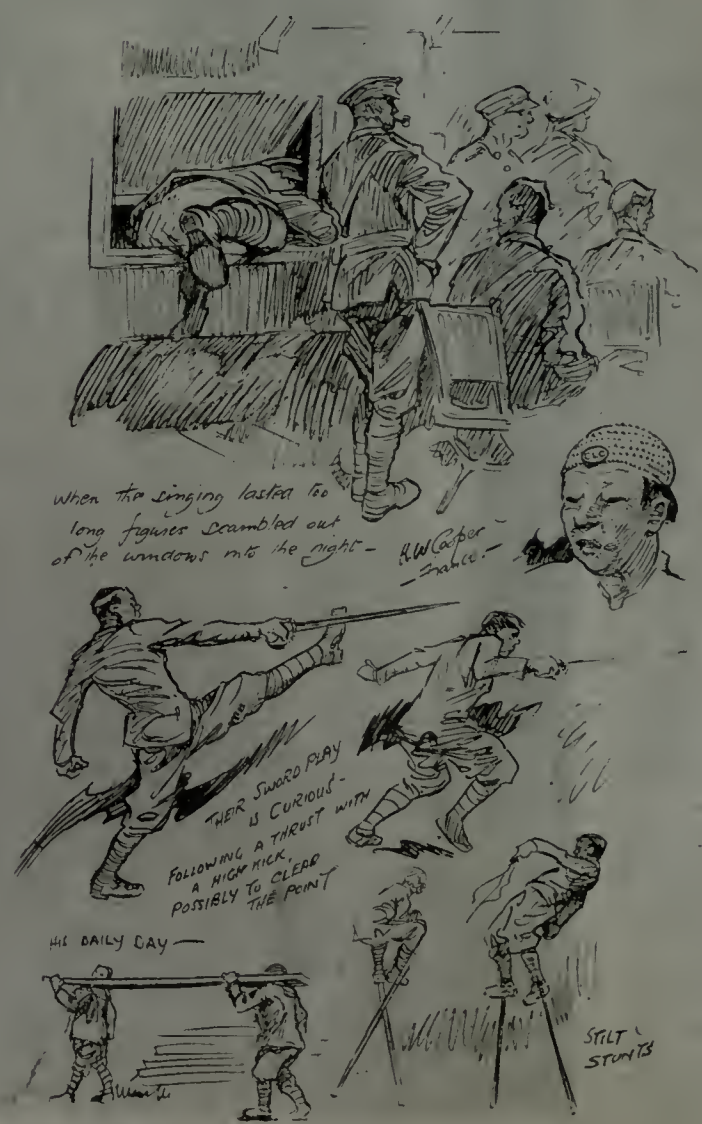
"I thought the pig was an American," he said. "It is clear, however, that he is Serbian."

Final Days *in* France

Sketches by a Canadian Artist

DRAWN FOR MACLEAN'S BY HERBERT W. COOPER



THE GRAVE DANGERS *of* PEACE

Germany is Still Making War by Propaganda

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Hudson Bay Co.," etc.

I HAVE a great deal more fear for the good relationship among the members of the Allies now that the war is over than during the contest. Now, if ever, is the time for the League of Nations to materialize in world peace and world brotherhood. Brothers of the same family will stand together when menaced by a common foe; but if after the common danger, they break out in the old feuds, it is like an old wound irritated into a second sorer rawness.

Now—please get it clear in your mind—while German propaganda in the sense of a Bernstorff as paymaster passing out surreptitious bribes to press, pulpit, lecture platform, and publishers of school books—while German propaganda in the old sense is scattered to penitentiaries and other hiding places, there is a subtler German propaganda at work right now beating like a wave against the good-fellowship of the Allied Nations; and that wave had begun beating before the Second Peace celebration was well past.

It does not require much thought to trace the source of this movement, which is not so avowedly pro-German as anti-British. Unless history utterly discounts the lessons of the past, the junkers and capitalistic class of Germany will be forced to find refuge outside their own land. If Germany goes the way of Russia, the Reds will force them out. If Socialism pacifies Germany in order and keeps the federated principalities united, taxes will force them out. In any case, the von Tirpitzes and all their crew will be forced to leave Germany. Boas and Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line foresaw all this the first year of the war and fell from favor by warning the Royalists; and both men died of broken hearts before the end of the war.

In any case, the Junkers and capitalistic class of Germany have to go. In fact, they are in process of speedy flight now. To Russia—where the Reds would slit their throats, or bury them alive in wells? I fancy not! To Switzerland? Switzerland has no scope for a new commercial life, which these men must build up. To Holland, the asylum of a woman, where the crimes against womanhood have stigmatized the name "Hun" with a brand which oblivion cannot erase? There remain North and South America; and in the United States are relatives, banking agencies of German alliance, great trade houses whose very existence depends on the resumption of commerce with Germany. Consider who are the big fur trade houses of New York! Who controls the breweries? Where did the Jewish bankers come from? Whose was the dye industry with all its by-products? Those things are strong powers in votes, in Congress, in subtle undeclared sentiment that trade must be resumed with Germany.

"How?" they ask, "are we going to pay the indemnities if you don't facilitate the reconstruction of our trade?"

Subtle—isn't it? But go a step farther!

Circulating Lies About England

WHAT nation has always been the great trade rival of Germany with the United States? Great Britain. So you find politicians with pro-German constituencies interpolating questions in the Congressional Records as to "whether the League of Nations will affect our Republican tariff."

Got that and the significance of it? It is subtler and more dangerous than any twist Bernstorff and Dernburg ever gave to German propaganda. In other words—the country has none Republican as to Senate and House. Wilson and the Democrats are for the League of Nations. Very well, then, force the line up of the Republican party for 1920 against the League of Nations!

A scene in New York during the celebration of Peace

Then come the Pacifists, pro-German from the first and financed by Germany from the first.

"Let us be as we were before," they plead, as though a world that has gone through hell for four years and buried ten millions of its manhood and maimed twenty millions more, could ever be as it was before.

Subtly and without being able to trace them, you hear the most astounding insinuations and lies fomented to hurt good relations among the Allied nations. The Peace Conference is not yet in session and no one knows what will come out of it. Yet mysterious innuendoes come out regarding England presenting an ultimatum to the United States about increases to the American Navy; about France wanting "to hog all the money in indemnities"; about England coming out of this war with all of Africa and all of Asia, etc., etc.; and against this stream of subtle mental poison Great Britain has the most inept Bureau of Public Information that ever disgraced the cause. I say disgraced and I would like to underline that word. If you want to know what it means, ask yourself why men unfit for military service, men inept mentally, or underbred socially, or who have lost a limb—however deserving they may be for that—are especially qualified for the highly delicate diplomatic mission of diffusing information about Great Britain among Americans noted for acumen.

And so the first Peace Jubilation had hardly merged into the Second Victory Celebration, the week had not passed, before editors, theatres, movies, had put the soft pedal on the League of Nations; before purveyors to press, pulpit, platform, theatres and movies had been quietly told "to cut out this war stuff—the public are sick of it—we want all-American now." And this has not been said in a spirit of selfishness. The United States has nothing to get out of this war. It has been said because a poison subtler than paid propaganda is now a menace.

Troubles at the Peace Conference

AT time of writing, the Peace Conference is slated for early in January.

As a people, independent of party, Americans regret their President has decided to attend that Peace Conference in person. In the first place, a ruler with many times the autocratic power of "the late Mr. Romanoff," or of "the late Dis-Count Hohenzollern" has a big enough job at home without attempting to rule the world. When Mr. Wilson's own peculiarly personal organs such as the *Times* and *World* of New York condemn their President's presence at the Peace Conference, there is no doubting the mind of the nation. In the second place, why go to Europe?

Your guess as to peace terms is as good as mine, but what will probably happen will be along lines of this sort: France will get back her lost provinces, perhaps more. Belgium will get what cash indemnities can be got, possibly a strip of territory as well. England and Australia will get colonies if they want them. Japan ditto. Russia will get a whale of a licking and straightening out, with concessions to her pacifiers. Canada will get—I don't know what unless ships, or Imperial Credits to pay her war costs. As for the Balkans—they are in the lap of the gods. Italy and Austria will settle their own Christmas carving of the European Turkey.

Now, what is the United States to get out of it? She avowed before the whole world that she went into the war for no material gains; and she will abide by that avowal. She went into the war because the lives of her citizens were flouted and imperilled by land and sea. She went into the war "to make the world safe for Democracy," and having attained that aim by help on the last fourth lap of the race, she will be content without any material indemnities. She had in fact—and we are dealing with facts, not your prejudices or mine—she had in fact got her indemnities and material gains in undreamed profits to factories and factory workers, to financiers and shipping interests and ranchers and farmers and lumbermen—during the first three years of the war. American foreign trade to-day is the largest volume of foreign trade in the world. The United States is to-day the banker of the world. The United States is to-day at least 50 per cent. of the world's food storehouse. The American merchant marine before the war had scarcely a flag on the sea. To-day, the United States owns at least the second largest merchant marine afloat.

All these are big enough national gains to compensate the United States for her twenty-four billion war loans, or for ten billion more if she needs them. I know I am not misrepresenting the sentiment of this people among whom I live and whom I love when I say the United States will demand no material indemnities out of this war. She may ask for an open door to the Orient, or something of that sort; but if she does, it will be no more than all the other nations of the Allies will ask. Or she may have a small bill of damages against Germany for American ships sunk, or American factories confiscated in Germany; but the combined bill of damages for both will scarcely be a bubble on the wave of the other nations' demands. Take ships! It is said during the war, there were some 138 to 140 ships flying the American flag torpedoed by submarines. If you valued those ships at a million each—and many insignificant freighters did not cost $100,000—the total U.S. ship loss bill would not exceed one hundred and fifty millions. Then there are great American factories confiscated in Germany during the war. Few of these exceed in value hundreds of thousands, and their compensation is amply covered by alien property seized and sold in the United States; so I repeat—the United States compensation bill is a mere bubble compared to the other nations' claims.

Asking almost no material indemnities, what is America to get out of the Peace Conference? What people are fearful of is—a Pandora Box—a New Year's gift of scrappy quarrels that will react on her seventy million aliens, or alien descendants.

Points Where Danger Lies

THERE are going to be some unholy possibilities of ugly scraps at that Peace Conference; and again I am uttering not your prejudice or mine, but facts. As an example, take the Holy Land as the pivot of the Far East! You are aware the Jews are a great, silent, powerful force in this nation. You know why Lord Reading was appointed to succeed Spring-Rice. He was appointed because he drew and held the friendship of the great banking interests of this country; and the great banking interests of this country saved the financial day for the Allies. Nor am I telling you anything you don't know when I add that the great Jewish banking interests of this country are above reproach. Take the names—Kahn, Kuehn, Loeb, Seligman, Morgenthau, Schiff, Strauss, Speyer—I could add twenty more. They represent an integrity flawless and a conservatism founded on the eternal rocks.

All right—go back to Palestine at the Peace Conference! You know the Jews want Palestine as a free oasis under an Allied protectorate, as a pivotal point for the world brotherhood. Do you think they are going to get it?

Or take the whole terrible question of Armenia! One of the best friends I have in New York, as well as one of the most cultured scholars I know, was a young Arab leader of the Turkish party in revolt against German domination. This anti-German Armenian party has an enormous following among the merchant classes in the United States, Mexico and South America. They are literally the itinerant merchants of the world, the successors of the Carthaginians, of the men who sent caravans across Asia in the days of Marco Polo. We see them in Canada only as poor peddlers, or fruit vendors; but in warmer climes, they are merchant princes wherever they go; and still send their caravans from Egypt and Abyssinia through Persia to India. They are half Turkish, half Semitic, the half-way ground between Mohammedanism and Christianity; and they hold the fate of Armenia in the hollow of their hands. They wanted Armenia to have an independent autonomous government. Considering what power dislodged the Turk from the Far East, do you think the Armenians are going to get what they want?

Or take the possibility of other scraps closer home to us all!

The United States at a cost of billions—I don't know how many billions, but certainly four or five, before we have paid costs of operation—has built up a tremendous and extravagantly costly merchant marine. Good—you say! The seas are wide and free. Where is the scrap in that? Right here is the scrap in that. There is a Seamen's Law in the United States, which the Labor Unions will never permit to be repealed. It compels more shifts, shorter hours, higher pay than any other merchant marine in the world permits. That is—these other merchant marines can run their ships 40 to 60% cheaper by the day or the year, by government subsidy or open competition. They can underbid American ocean tariffs and capture the world ocean traffic and run the Stars and Stripes off the seas as they did before the war. Under the stimulus of war tariffs and sky-high charter rates—I know a line that chartered its ships at more a month than it cost to build the ships and finally sold all of its twenty or more ships in depreciated condition at five times their cost—under the stimulus of war, the United States could pay its seamen higher wages for shorter hours, and yet keep the Stars and Stripes afloat over the waves; but when war rates drop, the United States cannot pay these wages for these hours, and stay on the ocean map. She cannot without subsidies to ships; and to subsidies for ships the people of the United States are forever and unalterably opposed.

U.S. Wants to Standardize Pay

WELL, where is the scrap at the Peace Conference on that? Just here is the scrap! Chairman Hurley of the Emergency Shipping Board has gone with Mr. Hoover to the Peace Conference to ask the other nations of the Allies "to standardize," "pool," or unionize all seamen's wages to the same figure. If the other merchant marines consent to that, the American merchant marine can compete against rivals on an even keel. Do you see the other rival nations' merchant marines consenting to that? Even if the other governments consented—and so negatived the effects of their government subsidies—do you think the private ship owners of Great Britain and France and Italy would consent and so wipe themselves off the map? What Chairman Hurley is really asking is the socializing and government operation of all sea traffic. Do you think the other nations are going to consent to that? Would Canada with her big merchant marine expansion policy?

Or take the problems of feeding a starving world. Herbert Hoover has also crossed the ocean to be within call at the Peace Conference. Of course, Canada and Argentina and India and the United States have to feed the world all this year and a good deal of next and a good half of 1920. We have to feed the world next year till the devastated countries have grown for themselves a supply of seed; and in 1920 reaped a harvest from that seed. We are even going to feed the Hun; and it sounds perfectly beautiful; but I wish we had a small boy iconoclast in our publicity audience to heave a brick bat through our fool platitudes. We are going to stoke up empty stomachs everywhere; but *who* and *how?*

GOMPERS has just said after an important conference that the Unions are going to stand for all they have gained during the war; of high wages, eight-hour day, double pay for overtime. Good! Perfectly blessed! A bonus for everybody! Easy as A B C on paper! Excuse me asking such a fool question amid such a huzza of dead easy unanimity on paper.

But please tell me—

First—did you ever know of a wheat farm that could be run on an eight-hour day? And wheat is one of the chief fillers for these multitudinous empty stomachs.

Second—did you ever know of a dairy farm that could be run on an eight-hour day? And milk is needed for "the dying babies" and butter fats are needed for the famine phantoms of Europe.

Third—did you ever remotely hear of a beef ranch, or sheep ranch, that could be run on an eight-hour day? And beef is needed for the hungry, and wool is needed for the naked.

Can you controvert any of these facts?

And the farmer can hold his workman only by paying wages equal to the factory; and he can pay these very high wages only by being sure he is going to have high prices guaranteed for his year's output. Now that the war is over, who is going to guarantee that price? And who is going to pay it? The Government! In a world democracy, you and I are the Government; and what is the consumer going to say about high prices guaranteed? The consumer is howling now. Pray God, he may not howl in red riot before we are out of this world hunger era. The farmer can no more pay high prices for his labor and take low prices for his food, than you can pay out $2 a day and take in $1, and not go broke.

And then there is the danger of all dangers in every Democracy—the reaction on the vote. The presidential election of 1920 will be very close. Terms easy to Germany in the first settlement might produce an ugly schism in the 1920 elections. The tariff between the United States and Germany will not only determine how much trade resumes with Germany but how much indemnity Germany can pay. It is going to be mighty knotty. Impose too high a tariff on goods going to Germany, or coming out of Germany, and Germany will not have a national income to pay any indemnities. Impose too low a tariff, and you swamp the nations, that have been bled white financially by the war, with cheap German-made goods. You permit Germany to regain by commerce what she has lost by war. Also you project in the 1920 campaign a bitter tariff fight before the American people will ratify the Peace Conference.

I name only a few of the simplest problems coming up at the Peace Conference. Do you see any scraps ahead? It is these scraps the American people would forefend. They don't want to mix in on those scraps. Now that Democracy is safe—however much or little this country has done for the cause—the American people think they can do the most for the world by not mixing in European quarrels, but by saying nothing and sawing wood and staying home and keeping their own household "swept and garnished and in order."

Now against the reasons for the President participating in the Peace Conference stands one supreme reason for his going. Is this really to be the last war? Is the world to be federated into a League of Nations for perpetual peace? Are Arabia and China and Japan and the far-flung empires of the outer seas to sit in this federation? Are we really going to materialize into something tangible the dreams of a universal brotherhood? Are we going to prepare the way for a millennium of nations? Are we going to forget divisions of tariffs, of capital and labor, of black and white, of sect and sex? Is Democracy going to be not only Won but One? Is the star of a new day, a new era, a new faith and fellowship, slowly arising in the East over the smoke and blood and sacrifice of battlefields and outrage and massacre? Are we going to establish Right as Might for all time at an international tribunal which no nation can gainsay? Is the Kaiser, like fallen Lucifer, to whirl through eternity, the type of the outcast from love and decency and fellowship, because he, himself, has branded himself as apart from humanity? Have we downed the Brute Beasts of the Apocalypse to welcome the Dawn of a New Day?

League of Nations the Great Hope

That is the hope, like the brooding of morning light, in the hearts of millions? That is the one end to justify the awful holocaust of youth and love in this war. It is the one great and all compensation for the sacrifice. It is the germ thought inside the League of Nations. If the President can contribute to bring about that League of World Nations, the American people will endorse him—man, woman and child will endorse him—as a member of the Peace Conference: but could he not be as effective a member, remaining right in Washington? Remember the essential difference between American Democracy and British Democracy is a very subtle thing, but a thing which statesmen can ignore only at their own peril, as the best President the United States has had in recent years—Roosevelt—found out when he tried to dictate "my policies." *The American people elect their President to represent them; and he must not exceed their delegated authority. If he does, they will relegate him to private life and then permit his successor authorized by them to carry out those very policies.* This has happened again and again. Policies, which were considered radical in Roosevelt's day—such as Government operation of National Forests, or Government shipbuilding—have been carried out by Roosevelt's successors. Wilson's excuse for not going into the war sooner was that the people had elected him to keep them out of the war; and now the people are turning on him his own doctrine. If he is to represent the American nation at the Peace Conference, how is he to know the sentiment of the American nation unless he stays here on the job and submits to the nation the terms of the Peace Conference as they come up and are made public over the cables? And there is a still sorer spot. The cables are to go back under a still stricter censorship pending the Peace Conference. This nation hates secret diplomacy. It considers secret diplomacy one contributory cause to the war. How can the public know the trend of the Peace Conference unless they are given facts pending negotiations?

I said the U.S. was not keen on going into this Peace Conference for fear of involving its national policy in "scrappy quarrels." At time of writing, it looks as if the first bitter scrap would be right at home; and yet if out of the welter Wilson can help to materialize, to actualize, to embody a workable League of Nations, in spite of scraps domestic and foreign, he will go down to history one of the great Presidents. I do not say he can. I personally do not believe he can. I personally think we have not finished our job as to Europe. The United States has fought. It will fight more if needs be; but the great need now is not so much the fighter as the prophet, the vision to embody the fine spiritual ideals for which the world was

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NOTE.—*There is one thing that we must secure for the world and ourselves as an outcome of peace—the permanence of the alliance between the Anglo-Saxon nations. The greatest good would come from the permanent welding of the bonds formed in the face of a common danger; and the efforts now being made to draw John Bull and Uncle Sam apart constitute a great menace to the future peace and progress of the world. As Miss Laut points out, everything possible must be done to maintain the present close alliance for all time to come.*

THE THREE SAPPHIRES

By W. A. FRASER
Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

A Story of Mystery and War Intrigue

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING

"Bribery is for monkeys," said Finnerty.

SYNOPSIS.—Lord Victor Gilfain and Captain Swinton, presumably his guide but in reality Captain Herbert of the secret service, visit Rajah Darpore, who is suspected by the British authorities. Herbert finds that the Rajah is plotting to collect three sacred sapphires, in order that he may use to his advantage a Hindu superstition that the holder of the jewels is the true Buddha and will rule all India. One of the sapphires that has been found around the neck of a wandering elephant is stolen by Darpore from Major Finnerty, keeper of the elephant keddah. A second has been set for the Rajah by a jewelry firm but is stolen by natives from a Bengali intrusted with its delivery, Baboo Dass. A third is in the possession of Captain Swinton himself. A native is found murdered in front of the compound where Gilfain and Swinton are quartered and no motive can be found for the deed. Later an effort is made to kill Swinton. A cheetah suddenly springs from the side of the road as he passes in a dog cart, but he escapes. That night the third sapphire is stolen by a native from the hills. Swinton and Finnerty receive word that the Rajah is to meet a woman at night who is supposed to be a German agent interested in running guns into India. They go to the rendezvous and find the woman there—with Lord Victor instead! Swinton gets home before Lord Victor and feigns ignorance of the other's doings. Next day Swinton, Finnerty and Lord Victor set out to track the black leopard which has escaped from the Rajah's zoo.

IT WAS now past noon, and Finnerty said: "We'll have tiffin, a rest-up, and, with Mahadua, make a wide cast toward the hills to see if we can pick up tracks of the leopard; he's both ugly and hungry, so will do something to betray himself. We'll leave Moti here with the party—the tie-up will quiet her—until we return."

A leg chain was fastened from one of Moti's front feet to a hind foot, which would shorten her stride should it so happen that by any chance she broke away again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAHADUA, the hunter guide, led the three sahibs always in the direction of Kohima, sometimes finding a few pugs in soft earth. About three o'clock two natives overtook them, their general blown condition suggesting that their mission was urgent.

"I am Nathu, the shikari," one said, "and the Debta of Kohima has sent for the sahib to come and destroy a black leopard who has made the kill of a woman, for my gun—that is but a muzzle-loader—is broken. It is the man-eater who was taken from Kohima by the rajah, and is now back; he has cunning, for a spirit goes with him, sahib. Three women were drying mhowa blooms in the sun, and they sat up in a machan to frighten away jungle pig and deer who eat these flowers; perhaps they slept, for there was no outcry till the leopard crawled up in the machan and took the fat one by the throat and carried her off."

"How far is Kohima?" Finnerty asked.

"It is but a few hours' ride. But if the sahib comes he will find the leopard at sunset, for he will come to where the body of the fat woman lies on a hill. Now in the daylight men with spears are keeping him away till I bring the sahib for the kill. The sahibs can ride to Kohima, for there is a path."

When they arrived at Kohima, the village sat under a pall of dread, and their advent was hailed with delight. An old woman bent her forehead to Finnerty's stirrup, wailing: "Sahib, it is the daughter of Sansya who has been taken, and an evil curse rests over my house, for before, by this same black devil, was taken a son."

"We'll get busy because night will soon be upon us," Finnerty said to his companions.

THEY were led on foot to an almost bare plateau, and Nathu, pointing to the spearsmen fifty yards ahead, said: "The body is there, sahib, and as the sun goes behind the hills the leopard will come back to eat. He is watching us from some place, for this is his way. Here he can see without being seen."

They beheld a gruesome sight—the body of the slain woman.

"This black devil has the same trick of devouring his kill in the open as the Gharwalla man-eater had," Finnerty declared; "but I see no cover for a shot." He gazed disconsolately over the stony plateau with neither rock nor tree breaking its surface. "There is no cover," he said to Mahadua, and when the shikari repeated this to Nathu, the latter answered: "*There* is cover for the sahib," pointing to a thick clump of aloe with swordlike leaves, twenty yards away. "My men will cut the heart out of that so that the sahib may rest within. Even if the beast is wounded he will not be foolish enough to thrust his body against those spears."

Nathu spoke, and two men came forward from a group that had lingered back on the path, and with sharp knives lashed to bamboo handles cut an entrance and a small chamber in the aloe.

Finnerty laughed. "That is a new one on me, but it will probably deceive even that black devil; he would notice anything new here the size of a cricket bat."

"Huzoor," Nathu advised, "the leopard is watching us from some place, but, cunning as he is, he cannot count; so, while we are all here, the one who is to make the kill will slip into the machan and we will go away, leaving the woman who is now dead beyond doubt. And as to his scent, sahib, I have brought a medicine of strong smell that all of his kind like, and I have put some where the woman lies and within the aloe machan, so his nose will not give him knowledge of the sahib's presence."

"It is your game, Lord Victor," Finnerty said. "We'll go in a body to the aloe, and you, taking my 10-bore, slip quickly into your cubby-hole. Squat inside as comfortably as you can, with your gun trained absolutely on the body, and wait till the leopard is lined dead with your sights; don't move to get a bead on him or he'll twig you."

Nathu followed the sahibs, dropping on their trail from a bison horn a liquid that had been decocted from the glands of an otter for the obliteration of the sahib scent; the taint of natives would not alarm the leopard, experience having taught him that when he charged they fled.

AS Gilfain sat behind the saber-leafed wall of aloe he bent down a strong-fibered shoot to obtain a good rest for the heavy 10-bore, and an opening that gave him a view of the dead body of the woman. Beyond the plateau the jungle, fading from emerald green, through purple, to sable gloom as the sun slid down behind a western hill, took on an enshroudment of mystery. A peacock, from high in a tamarisk that was fast folding its shutter leaves for the night, called discordantly. A high-shouldered hyena slouched in a prowling semicircle back and forth beyond the kill, his ugly snout picking from the faint breeze its story of many scents. Closer and closer the hyena drew in his shuffling trot, till suddenly, with head thrown up as if something had carried to his ear, he stood a carved image of disgusting contour against a gold-tinted sky shot with streamers of red. Then, with a shrunken cringe of fear, he slipped away and was gone.

The wrens, with squeaks of alarm, rose on beating wings.

From the jungle something like a patch of its own gloom came out upon the blurred plateau. As the thing turned to sweep along the jungle edge the fading sky light glinted on two moonstones that were set in its shadowy form.

The watcher now knew what it was. His heart raced like a motor. At the base of his skull the tightening scalp pricked as though an etcher were at work. His tongue moistened parchment-dry lips. His fingers beat a tattoo upon the triggers of the gun. It was not fear; it was just "It," the sensation that comes to all.

More wily even than the ghoulish hyena, the leopard worked his way toward the spot of his desire. Belly to earth, he glided for yards; then he would crouch, just a darkening patch on the surface; sometimes he sat up—a black bowlder. Thirty yards across from the body, he passed beyond it to catch in his nostrils the gently stirring wind that sifted through the aloe blades to where, once more flat to earth, he waited while his sixth sense tabulated the taints.

LORD Victor's eye, trained along the barrels, saw nothing definite; he felt a darkening of the ground where the woman lay, but no form grew in outlines. Suddenly there was a glint of light as if from a glowworm; that must be the leopard's eyes. Then—Gilfain must have moved his gun—there was the gleam of white teeth fair in line with the sights as the leopard snarled with lifted head.

Inspiration pulled the triggers—once, twice! The gun's roar was followed by the coughing growl of the writhing leopard. With a dulled, automatic movement the man jammed two cartridges into the gun, and with foolish neglect of sense scrambled from his cage, the razor edge of an aloe leaf slitting his cheek, and ran to where, beside the woman's body, lay dead the one who had slain her.

An instinct rather than reason flashed across Gilfain's still floating mind, a memory of Finnerty's precaution at the death of Pundit Bagh, and, holding both barrels cocked, he prodded the still twitching black body; but, now released from trivial things, the leopard lay oblivious of this.

Torches flickered in wavy lines where the village path topped the plateau, and a crunch of hurrying feet was heard. To reassure them Lord Victor cried a cheery, "Hello! Whoop-ah!"

When Finnerty and Swinton arrived at the head of a streaming procession a soft glow of satisfied victory loosened Gilfain's tautened nerves, and he babbled of the joy of slaying man-eaters till cut short by the major's: "Well, this net is finished, so we'll get back."

Mahadua was already busy. The leopard was quickly triced to a pole, and they were back in Kohima. Then there was ritual, for the hillmen of the jungle have their ways, and the killing of a man-eater is not of daily habit, and Mahadua, knowing all these things, had to collect a levy.

The slain one was deposited in front of the Debta's house, and Mahadua, with some fantastic gyrations supposed to be a dance, collected a rupee from the headman, also from the villagers flour and ghee and honey, for that was the custom when a man-eater was slain.

Six strong carriers, each armed with a torch, were supplied by the Debta to bear the trophy, slung from a bamboo, down to the next village, which was Mayo Thana.

For the sahibs milk and rice cakes and honey were supplied, and their praises sounded as demigods. Lord Victor, as he sat on a block of wood that was a grain mortar, found his knees in the thin, bony arms of an old woman whose tears of gratitude splashed upon the

hand with which he patted her arm. She was Sansya, the slain woman's mother.

AS they left Kohima, the carriers waving their torches in rhythmic lines of light, the leader sent his powerful voice echoing down the slope in a propitiatory song to the god of the hills, which also conveyed an order to Mayo Thana to prepare a relay of bearers.

Weirdly mystic the torch-lighted scene, the leader's voice intoning the first line, and the others furnishing the chorus as they sang:

"God of our Hills!
Ho-ho, ho-ho!
The leopard is slain!
Ho-ho, ho-ho!
To thee our praise!
Ho-ho, ho-ho!"

To the flowing cadence of this refrain the six bearers of the leopard trotted down the mountain path in rhythmic swing.

At Mayo Thana, a mile down, and at Mandi, half a mile beyond, thrifty Mahadua collected his tithe as master of the hunt, and obtained torch-bearers, the lot from Mandi having the task of shouldering the burden till the elephant party was reached.

For an hour they traveled among, heavy-bodied creepers and massive trees when, through the solemn stillness, echoed the far-off tinkle of a bell. Without command, Mahadua stood silently in the path, his head turned to listen. Five seconds, ten seconds—the sahibs sitting their saddles as silent as their guide, and again, now unmistakable, to their ears floated the soft note that Finnerty had likened to the clink of ice in a glass.

Mahadua, holding up his torch so that its light fell upon Finnerty's face, turned his eyes questioningly.

"It is Moti's bell?" Finnerty said, query in his voice.

"Yes, sahib; but it is not on Moti's neck, because it would not just speak and then remain silent, and then speak and then remain silent, for in the jungle her pace would keep it at tongue all the time."

Then, listening, they waited. Again they heard it, and again there was silence.

"Easy, easy!" Finnerty commanded, and, moving with less speed than before, they followed Mahadua.

AS they came to a break in the forest where some hills had burst through its gloomed shroud to lift their rocky crests into the silver moonlight, Finnerty heard, nearer now, the bell, and, startled by its unfamiliar note, a jackal, sitting on his haunches on the hilltop, his form outlined against the moonlit sky, threw up his head to send out a faint, tremulous cry. The plaintive wail was caught up as it died away by another jackal, and then another—they were like sentinels calling from posts in a vast semi-circle; then with a crashing crescendo of screaming yelps all broke into a rippling clamor that suggested they fled in a pack.

"Charming!" Lord Victor commented. "Topping chorus!"

In the hush that followed this jackal din, Finnerty could hear the tinkling bell. "Does it come up this path?" he asked the shikari.

"Yes, sahib, and I thought I heard Moti laugh."

The major turned to Swinton. "I've got a presentiment that somebody—probably the man that stuck a knife into Baboo Dass' thief—having the bell, has got Moti away from my fellows and is leading her up this path to the hills. I'm going to wing him." He slipped from the saddle, his 10-bore in hand. "Of course, if I can get my clutches on him——" He broke off to arrange action. "Put out the torch, Mahadua, and have your match box ready to light it in a second. You two chaps had better turn your horses over to the grooms. With Mahadua I'll keep in advance."

MAHADUA, putting his little hand up against Finnerty's chest, checked at a faint, rustling, grinding sound that was like the passing of sandpaper over wood. Finnerty, too, heard it. Perhaps a leopard had forestalled them in waylaying the one who had signaled his approach; or perhaps the one had stilled the telltale sapphire tongue, and was near. No, it tingled, a score or more yards beyond. The shikari's hand clutched spasmodically in a steadying grip of Finnerty's coat; there was a half-stifled gasp from its owner as two lurid eyes weaved back and forth in the black depths in which the path was lost.

Finnerty's iron nerve went slack; his boy days of banshee stories flooded his mind in a superstitious wave as those devilish eyes hovered menacingly ten feet from the ground.

"A spirit!" Mahadua gasped as he crawled his way behind the major.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" The sound came just below where the eyes had gleamed; then a smothering cry—the crunching, slipping sound of sandpaper on wood; a rapid clatter of the bell; a noise like the hiss of escaping steam mingled with the crunch of breaking bones; and again the gleaming eyes cut the darkness in sinuous convolutions.

A gasp—a cry of: "Gad, what is it?" came from behind Finnerty, and beyond there was a heavy thud, the clatter of a bamboo pole, as, with cries of horror, the men of Mandi dropped their burden and fled, gasping to each other: "It is the goblin of the Place of Terrors, and if we look upon his eyes we shall become mad!"

In front of Finnerty the jungle was being rent asunder. With a wild trumpet note of battle, drawn by the bell clangor, an elephant crashed through impeding limbs and seized the evil-eyed goblin.

"A light!" Finnerty grabbed the torch, and as it flared to a match that trembled in Mahadua's fingers he thrust it back into the guide's hand, cocking the hammers of his 10-bore.

THE resined-torch flare picked out against the gray of Moti's neck a white-and-black necklace, the end of which was wound about a swaying vine, and in the coils, drawn flat like an empty bag, was a man from whose neck dangled a clanging bell.

"A python!" Finnerty cried as he darted forward to get a shot at the wide-jawed head that, sway-

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"A python!" Finnerty cried, as he darted forward to get a shot.

SPEEDING *the* CANADIAN SPEARHEAD

The Men Who Headed Our Army

By H. F. GADSBY

ILLUSTRATED BY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

"I AM very glad indeed that you came out to France and were lucky enough to see a real operation carried out, though the taking of Monchy-le-Preux was just a runner up to the big show when we smashed the Drocourt-Quéant line. You know what it is in a football game when things are at a crisis and the star full back gallops out to buck the scrimmage line? That was us, and all the smaller fry in both flanks got a great big ready on to follow us through. To give the devil his due, when our impetus had broken the ungodly line, the enemy tackled us high and low but we dragged him along kicking, squealing and biting until we scored our touchdown, and next morning the opposing line tumbled back on a front of twenty miles. We repeated the performance at Bourlon Wood and again at Cambrai and now at Valenciennes. Our only real difficulty is in getting troops on our flanks to prevent the Hun tackling us foul as we smash our way in.

"I view with alarm the fact that this perfectly fine war is drawing to its close. And I point with pride to the fact, while yet touching wood, that since the Canadian Corps came to Europe to mingle in these rowdy proceedings, *its Infantry have never retired a foot and its Artillery have never lost a gun. That record carries the diamond belt of the Western front.*"

General Mewburn talking to Canadian troops at the front.

This letter, written to me by a Canadian general shortly before the Armistice was signed, fairly illustrates the invincible spirit of our army at the front. And, moreover, it shows how magnificent was the Canadian record. It was not my privilege to follow the Canadians in the last triumphant Push that cleared France of the Hun, but I spent a month at Canadian Headquarters in the earlier stages when the offensive was planned that swept the Hindenburg Line like a rain-washed ford; and I brought back a deep impression of the magnificence, nay the dominance, of the Canadian Army. It was the finest spearhead ever forged in the red furnace of war, a spearhead that was fleshed repeatedly at vital spots. Canada thrilled as the news came over that her army had taken the strategic points one after the other. Having seen the spearhead in the preliminary stages of the final offensive, I understood why so many rich prizes fell to its lot.

When Hon. N. W. Rowell was at the front this summer, he asked a certain prominent British general:

"Would you give me a frank and unreserved estimate of the Canadian Army from a military standpoint?"

The general pondered for a moment and then replied:

"If it's a case of holding a position and taking punishment indefinitely, I would put most reliance in the Guards—matter of long discipline. But if it's a case of taking a position, or executing a movement requiring courage and dash and skill, of doing things on time and to the letter, I would sooner have the Canadians than any other army on earth."

No wonder our army acted as a spearhead on so many occasions, when it could cut so sharply and clearly! It is said of Sir Arthur Currie that he knew exactly what his men could do.

"Can you take Hill 70?" he would be asked.

"Yes, we can take it."

His was a higher degree of courage still, for on occasions he protested that the Canadians could not do what had been marked out for them, that flesh and blood could not prevail against the odds.

Headquarters Moved Fast

The last time I saw the general who wrote the letter quoted above was at six o'clock in the morning of a golden August day. He was getting in an hour and a half's work before breakfast and he was smoking a pipe on an empty stomach which is a habit generals who live on their nerve get into. It does not seem to interfere with their digestion. On the contrary it gives the "morning hate" a relish.

WHEN I reached the front it was my luck, as the general's letter remarks, to impinge on the "war of action." Digging in was all over and the object now was to keep the Hun on the move. The initiative had been taken out of Fritz's hands and we were now coming back with "hates" of a quality and quantity not dreamed of in the Kaiser's lexicon. There were morning hates, afternoon hates, evening hates and midnight hates. There was no rest for the wicked. The harried Hun was supposed to sleep between hates and when he thought he had them timed so as to be able to snatch forty winks he would be caught napping by our barrage and wake up, as Pat says, to find himself dead.

In the closing days of the great war there was little sleep for anybody at the front and a little less than that for the General Staff at Corps Headquarters. My half-past-six-in-the-morning general was only one of a dozen brass hats who had got up with the lark to do their before-breakfast bit toward catching the Hun worm before he had crawled too far backwards. With three half-hour intervals for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, he would be working till midnight—practically an eighteen-hour stretch, a sufficient commentary on the popular theory that a Staff Job is a soft snap.

At six-thirty in the morning my general was working by sunlight in a tent in the park of the chateau while our drum fire, which he called his alarm clock, was thudding somewhere near Arras. At midnight he was still on the job, but he was doing his work by candlelight in the chateau cellar while an air raid raged overhead. When "Corps" comes home it will miss its bombs dreadfully. Bombs were its lullaby, just as drum fires, harassing fires, and barrages—not to mention other cacophonous outbursts—were its matins.

Every Headquarters enjoyed these serenades and aubades. Air raids and barrages were part of the Headquarters hospitality. Staff considered that it had not done the casual guest sufficient honor if it did not furnish him a little deadly excitement. One night I dropped into a British division at Headquarters for a belated dinner which we beguiled with conversation and politics until half past ten o'clock.

"Stick around half an hour longer," said the general to my right, "and you'll see some fun."

"What fun?" I asked.

"Oh, Fritz bombs hell out of us every night at eleven o'clock."

Needless to say I did not linger. My trusty car was at the door and I was soon miles away from this British sense of humor. I don't say it by way of boasting but I do claim that I can see a joke as quickly as the next man and I don't need a Hun Gotha to drop half a ton of Hell on my head to make it penetrate. Besides I could get all the bombing I fancied with my own folks at Corps. Too much is enough.

"CORPS" I may explain is the army abbreviation for Corps Headquarters. The Canadian Corps is the fighting unit and the General Staff, which is never more than ten miles at the rear of the front lines and often nine miles less than that, is its brains. The brains may be housed for the time being in a chateau, a barn, or a dugout, but wherever they are they are always on the heels of the fighting men, taking every chance the brains of an army shouldn't take and then some.

With the Hun jumping about like a wicked flea, Corps Headquarters had to be a nimble institution to keep up with him. One might leave Corps in the morning and come back at night to find it not there at all. Somewhere in the course of the day the big motor trucks had come and gathered up the baggage, the tents, the desks, the pots and pans, and the provisions, and silently stolen way. The glittering generals had moved on with their brass hats and their limousines and their brisk young aides; and Lieutenant Watt and I had to chase our dinner. Usually there was a Staff Officer left behind to tell us where we were going to play the next three-night stand, but sometimes there was nobody. Then we went hungry. I can remember three times that I didn't eat dinner because I couldn't find my dinner to eat it.

That was five months ago. "Where is Corps?" was a lively game of hide and seek, but it became more so as the battle waxed and the Headquarters venue changed from day to day. It would not surprise me to learn that in the last fierce spasms of the war, Corps shifted its spot every twelve hours. What other Headquarters may do I cannot say but I do know that our Corps had a reckless habit of sticking its nose right into the battles it framed up and staying there, shot and shell be damned. Staff was always taking chances with its excellent outfit of brains by inspecting its strategic plans at close quarters. Staff always wanted to see how its plans worked out and the Oak Pip it chose for a bird's-eye view was not always the safest place in the neighborhood. No doubt that gallant soldier, General Lipsett, met his death just that way, courting a danger that he might have easily avoided.

Currie and His Staff

LET me describe a day at Canadian Corps Headquarters—that eighteen-hour day which began at six in the morning and ended at midnight, if Fritz would let it.

The sleepy little village is Noyelle-Vion. The Corps troops are billeted in the farmsteads and orchards round about. Staff occupies the chateau and overflows into the park. The guns are growling in the near distance. The birds are trilling in the trees; the battle will need to be a great deal closer—there will need to be no trees left—before those merry little birds will cease singing. The war is six miles away—the day is all blue and gold—so why should a bird worry?

Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie has taken his stroll in the park, has given his pet charger Brock his morning lump of sugar and is now seated at his desk in the big room which was once the guest chamber of the chateau. Four camp chairs and an iron cot make up

the furniture of the apartment. The wall decorations are severe—maps—more maps—then more maps. Mapping is one of the most persistent activities of the Staff. Every battle means new maps—barrage maps, divisional maps, tactical maps, maps of the enemy terrain showing trenches, brooks, woods, hills, valleys, barbed wire entanglements, guns, batteries, ammunition dumps — everything that will help in the fight, and sealed to a foot. The staff maps are marvels of accuracy, and clearness, and when one considers the dangers that must be met to accomplish such tidy results they become more marvelous than ever.

Sir Arthur Currie

To General Currie comes a dapper young aide with another map—the aeroplane "mosaic" of the next enemy terrain to be overrun. It is made by piecing together the photographs taken by our scouting planes and then applying Intelligence to the data collected by the camera. Interpreting these lights and shadows, these blots and blurs recorded by the sensitive films is a big part of Intelligence's job and vastly well he does it. Intelligence at Corps Headquarters is under the direction of Colonel McAvity whose staff has been clicking away in the big drawing-room down stairs ever since sun-up. Intelligence is the whispering gallery of the army. It does more than read photographs. It collects and boils down information from many sources—news of the war from London, movements and victories on other fronts—hints of waning morale among the Huns drawn from the talk of prisoners and the diaries of captured officers—good cheer for the Allies wherever it is to be found. Intelligence boils down the facts and the gossip and ladles it out to Tommy in the shape of bulletins which are read to tatters before they have gone the rounds. Intelligence is the Managing Editor in a brass hat. Intelligence is the Ears of the Army—and the Mouth—just as the aeroplane is its Eyes.

TO get back to Sir Arthur Currie, intelligence has just laid before him a map and the daily news bulletin. The General runs them over with a quick, appraising eye, says "All right" and turns to other matters. The General is giving me a look in. As I smoke my pipe I cannot help admiring the ease and despatch with which this big man with the boyish face and the prematurely white hair disposes of this tremendous business. His is the directing brain, which co-ordinates detail, makes decisions and energizes action. No Napoleon is General Currie, no flashing military genius, but a capable administrator, cool-headed, even-tempered, and sound of judgment. He has surrounded himself with a capable staff whose counsel he shares and whose advice he takes. He is the last man in the world to stick by his own plans when better ones offer. So far as tactics go he is the first among equals, for such is the way Staff works. Gentle by nature, General Currie knows when to be firm even when the consequences are drastic. I call to mind here how he stamped out disaffection in a certain regiment; but that story cannot be told until the war is over a long time.

In Close Touch With Haig

By the time lunch is called Sir Arthur has confabbed with half a dozen heads of departments and has helped to solve as many problems. His afternoon sees a flock of distinguished visitors. There is a stir at the chateau gate. Field Marshal Haig dismounts from his limousine, General Horne from his and General Byng from his. The guard presents arms and General Currie prepares to receive callers by buttoning his tunic—he has been shirt-sleeving it all morning.

The War Lords go into council and there they remain for two hours, after which the visiting generals depart with due ceremony. The guard salutes, the limousines dash away in a cloud of dust and Corps is down to brass tacks again.

These calls between G. H. Q. and C. H. Q. were of frequent occurrence at that time, the big drive necessitating much comparison of maps and strategy. When the British generals were not visiting Corps, Corps was visiting G. H. Q., which was only a few miles away. The Canadian Corps is a part of the British Third Army, which explains General Sir Henry Horne's presence at these councils and the Canadian Cavalry is under command of General Sir Julian Byng, which accounts for his presence. Field Marshal Haig as commander-in-chief of the British Armies in the field is of course *de facto* and *de jure* director of any war council on the British front. The Field Marshal is a typical cavalry general—tall, florid, blue-eyed, white moustached—in his youth a *beau sabreur*, and right now the handsomest general and the best tailored in the British Army.

After dinner it was General Currie's custom to relax for an hour, smoke a couple of pipes, and talk to the correspondents. He was particularly keen to gauge the newcomer and find out what the people at home were thinking and saying. It runs in my head that some time or other Sir Arthur Currie will go into politics, in which case he may play to some extent the role General Grant did after the Civil War.

Meanwhile he finds plenty to do riding that whirlwind known as the Canadian Corps. He and his Staff have perfected its organization to the highest degree and I can well understand their opposition to a Fifth Division which would have created friction in the High Command and generally upset a well-balanced arrangement. As the Canadian Corps stood through that last grand push, it was a fighting unit composed of four permanent divisions, who had made their place on the field of battle and whose officers had likewise been tested and proved in the same fiery ordeal. That the Canadian Corps was a permanent unit, whereas in other corps the divisions were constantly changing, accounts largely for its distinguished success. Nothing had happened to scatter or confuse its *esprit de corps*.

> NOTE:—*The war was carried on with a degree of secrecy in regard to army operations never equalled before. As a result, how many Canadians can give the names of the generals in command of the Canadian divisions? Who had charge of the Canadian guns? Under which British generals did the Canadians serve? These questions are answered for the first time by Mr. Gadsby, who spent a month at Corps Headquarters.*

The Canadian Generals

As it worked out General Currie's councils with Field Marshal Haig and his army commanders usually took place in the afternoon, leaving his evenings free for consultations with his own divisional commanders. They were all—I speak of last August—within easy motoring distance of Corp Headquarters, the farthest away being Major General Macdonell, who held a quiet section near Amiens, some fifty miles to the south-east. The favorite hour for conferring was ten o'clock and from that time till midnight General Currie and his major-generals of division were usually in deep discussion. They were quite a glittering lot when they were all assembled — Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Major-General Sir Henry Burstall, K.C.B., C.M.G.; Major-General Sir David Watson, K.C.B., C.M.G.; Major-General A. C. Macdonell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major-General F. O. W. Loomis, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Certainly they represented a considerable congestion of the alphabet.

I give these honors as recorded in the official list, but if I added all the stars and ribbons General Currie has had given to him by the Allied powers I would have to string this out another paragraph. Only three of them were professional soldiers before the war. General Currie was in real estate and General Watson was a newspaper proprietor at Quebec with a Garrison Club connection. They had, of course, made good in the militia. Speaking of decorations, General Currie has about the finest bunch I have seen—next to Field Marshal Haig's, and the only mean thing I ever heard said about him was by an Argyll House brigadier who remarked under his breath one day: "Currie must be going to get another medal—the boys are in a hot spot again." That was a blow below the belt because no commander could be more chary of his men's lives than General Currie, who put the boys in hot spots only when it was absolutely necessary that the hot spots should be taken. Cambrai was such a hot spot—we had thirty-five thousand casualties there—but anybody who looks at the map will know why Cambrai had to be taken. Only thus could we smash through the Hindenburg Line and, although the carnage was ghastly, we must admit that the butcher bill was not out of measure when we consider what a rattlesnake's nest of German machine guns Cambrai was. Our Canadian generals may have set store on medals and orders but they set more store on their men's lives and, if they come out of the war with a necklace of stars and crosses, we must account it for merit that they did for these stars and crosses, such feats of derring-do as men less brave would not do for millions of money.

I noticed that it was always at the end of one of those crowded days—when he was full of his subject—that General Currie wrote his manifestoes to the troops. He wrote them himself—did not leave it for Major O'Connor or Captain Shaughnessy to do—and they were always in that exalted Egyptian pyramid style. He probably caught it from reading the life of Napoleon, of whom he is a diligent student.

How the Army Was Handled

THE work at Corps naturally fell into four main departments—General Staff, Artillery, including machine guns, "A and Q," and Engineers. The work of each department was closely involved with that of the other departments and it was due to the splendid co-ordination and co-operation of all that such good results were obtained. Consequently General Currie's war council always included Brigadier-General E. W. B. Morrison, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., head of the Canadian artillery; Brigadier-General Brutinel, Corps Machine Gun Officer; Brigadier-General W. B. Lindsay, C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief Engineer, and Brigadier-General Farmer, seconded from the Imperials, Quartermaster-General. Brigadier-General Embury, *liaison* officer between G.H.Q. and C.H.Q., might be reckoned an extra mural member of the council. General Embury was stationed at Montreuil near Boulogne and his duty was to keep in hand our detached or loaned units, forestry, railway, and army service corps, so that he could call them to the colors and turn them into combatant units at a pinch. It was with this brave rag, tag and bobtail that the Canadians helped to plug the gap when the Fifth Army fell back last summer.

General Embury
Liaison Officer of the Canadian Forces

Brigadier-General E. W. B. Morrison is so popular that he has achieved the dignity of a nickname, which is the last mark of favor with his brother officers. Although General Morrison always had a slant toward the guns it was not till the Boer War that he ever fired anything angrier than an Ottawa Citizen editorial. It was then he laid down his editorship to make a name as one of the briskest war correspondents and most brilliant artillery officers in South Africa. He came out of that affair Lieutenant-Colonel, sojourned during the quiet interval in the Militia Department, and now he emerges from this war Brigadier-General, with a reputation as a gun man that even the British War Office takes off his hat to.

During the last year of the war General Morrison had on his mind fifteen brigades of field artillery and six brigades of heavy, making a total of three hundred and sixty field guns and one hundred and seventy heavies. Altogether five hundred and thirty guns—which is some load for a general to carry. Sometimes he had more guns than that. On that beautiful sunny morning when I smoked a pipe with him he was figuring how to crowd seven hundred guns into a three and a half mile

sector so that each and every one of them would have elbow room to shoot Hell into the Hun. The additions were, of course, Imperial batteries.

Artillery in support of Canadian Corps varied from time to time according to operations undertaken. At Vimy the barrage was five miles long and two and half miles in depth and our artillery strength was 624 field and 224 heavy—personnel 457,600; Passchendaele, 507 guns; Hill 70, 466 guns; March-April, 1918, 564 guns —personnel varying from 23,000 to 37,000. At Passchendaele we shot off 2,100,000 shells, which, loaded on cars, would make a train seven and a half miles long.

The distribution consisted of 6-inch and 9.45-inch trench mortars near the front line, throwing 52-pound and 150-pound bombs a distance of 1,200 and 2,400 yards respectively; anti-aircraft batteries, five sections, ten guns, fifteen pounders, mounted on motor lorries; field guns about 3,000 to 3,500 yards; heavy and siege guns from 60 pounders to 9.2 for harassing fire, demolition, counter battery work and gas shelling, ranges from 10,000 to 14,000 yards. Super howitzers and guns were often in support of Corps. These were twelve-inch and fifteen-inch howitzers firing shells weighing 750 pounds and 1,400 pounds respectively; nine-inch guns firing shells weighing 500 pounds, and six-inch Mark VII guns firing shells weighing one hundred pounds.

I am not able to give the number of machine guns. At first we had all too few. At the last we had plenty and to spare and our machine gun tactics were considered the smartest on the Western front. These tactics were due largely to Brigadier-General Brutinel, a French officer of the regular army, who was in Mexico at the outbreak of the war. He hastened to Ottawa to offer his services to Canada. His offer was accepted, with the result that General Brutinel has added lustre to his own name and also to that of his adopted country.

The Hard Worked Department

Brigadier-General Lindsay, a graduate of the Permanent Forces, took part in the Corps councils as Chief Engineer. His work had to do with defences, roads, tramways, water supply, mining and tunneling, bridging, the supply and manufacture of the necessary engineer stores, and accommodation for troops and horses. Defences included wiring, and also the construction of trenches, deep dugouts, machine gun emplacements, infantry subways, infantry and mule tracks, roads, camouflage for the guns, battalion brigade and divisional headquarters and other jobs too numerous to mention.

Defences must take care not only of sectors actually held but also of movements to the rear in case of an enforced retirement. Roads in the forward area were generally built at night and under great difficulties. In case of a retreat General Lindsay had to see that his roads and bridges were demolished as the army fell back. The Corps tramways began where the army light railway left off—which was at the point where they could safely deliver in bulk by steam at daylight. All in front of this was carried by General Lindsay's tramways, which looked after ammunition for the guns, working parties, brigade reliefs, evacuation of the wounded to dressing stations and countless other

Racey, in Montreal "Star"
DROPPING THE PILOT
—From Tenniel's famous cartoon

chores. The tramways carried about 2,000 tons of stuff a day into the forward area, all of which would otherwise have had to go by horse transport and pack animals or be carried in by hand.

General Lindsay's main problem was to provide for the existence of what is practically a "moving city" of anywhere from 105,000 to 160,000 people and from 25,000 to 60,000 horses—the whole or part of which might shift on short notice. This involves the necessary accommodation for officers and men, shelters for the horses, sanitary appurtenances such as ablution tables, latrines and incinerators, and the necessary accommodation for the supplies, rations, forge and ammunition provided by "Q." The water supply was a big job in itself—not only for cooking, drinking and washing for the men—but also for the horses, which must all be watered three times a day at approximately the same hours.

Engineer stores could not be procured in a country as thoroughly stripped as France so they had to be ordered from outside sources at least six weeks ahead. The stores included articles as various as cement, corrugated iron, felt roofing, steel joints and rails, posts and wires for entanglements, steel shelters, wire netting, expanded metal, hurdles, canvas and frames for riveting, trench boards, bricks, baths, stoves, iron mongery, timber of all sizes, electrical supplies, water pipes, pumps and so on. The Canadian Engineers also took care of the Signal Service—a vast and intricate system of wireless, telegraph and telephone communication carried out by the Canadian Engineers under the A.D. Signal. The operation of an Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Company also fell to the Engineers. To assist him in carrying out his business of Briareus, Argus and Company, General Lindsay had an Engineer Brigade of three thousand men which was divided for convenience into a headquarters and four companies, three of which did general engineering work and the fourth tunneling and mining.

Orders for moves and operations were issued by the General Staff but all administration arrangements were carried out and co-ordinated by "Q," who is one of the busiest men at Corps Headquarters. All arrangements must be made days in advance as supplies are packed at Base four days before they are consumed by the troops. The supplies were delivered at Standard-gauge Railhead by army and taken by Corps in lorries or by narrow-gauge railway to "refilling points," then by horse transport to units and manhandled on to the front line.

Ammunition was sent up by the army as required and handed over to Corps, either at Railhead or at Army dumps, where there was always a reserve. Corps delivered to Divisions at "Ammunition Re-filling Points" and maintained Corps Dumps, where any surplus was stored as a reserve. Almost all Corps ammunition was handled by light railway in normal times, thus saving mechanical transport. Division un-boxed the ammunition at re-filling points and sent it forward by the horse-wagons of the Divisional Ammunition Columns, which were fitted to carry it in individual compartments. Rifle ammunition for the infantry was handled in the same way, but was comparatively small, by weight, as compared to gun ammunition.

Another very busy man at Corps was the A.D.O.S., who was responsible for the location and arrangement of the ammunition dumps and for their preservation. For this purpose he had at his disposal one or more ammunition sections detailed from the army, each consisting of one officer and nine of other ranks. The A.D.O.S. also has a staff consisting of one officer, one sergeant and two clerks—all of whom are kept pretty well on the hop.

The legend that Staff has an easy job has gone a long way and it is about time the truth overtook it. No laboring man here in Canada is asked to work one-half as hard as a brass hat at Headquarters.

And look at the results. The Canadian Army was, and is, perhaps the finest machine that war has ever created. It was used to "buck the line" and many of the winning touchdowns can be marked up to its credit—Vimy, Lens, Cambrai, Valenciennes, Mons. Now that the war is over, Canadians may well scan the record of their army overseas with a sense of exultation, of swelling pride. Canada's part in the last Big Push was a mighty one.

THE GIFT *of* 1918

By Ida Randolph Spragge

The hour had struck and through the hall
Echoed the summoning angel's call:
"Enter, your race is run, O year,
The Lord awaits your presence here.

Hastening then at this command,
Before the Throne to take his stand,
The old year tattered, torn and grim,
But yet triumphant, knelt to Him.

"I labored long, O God, to find
The door of Peace for all mankind,
That hideous war on earth should cease
And freedom, bound, find swift release.

"My task is done Thou bidd'st me do,
A world from chaos springs anew,
A world where people worship Thee
In love and deep humility.

"For when the thundering guns were hushed
And evil beasts were beaten, crushed,
With bursting heart and brimming eye
The earth gave thanks to Thee on high.

"So take this gift I bring to-day,
Nor from it turn Thy face away—
The hearts of men who worship Thee
In love and deep humility."

The STRANGE ADVENTURE *of a* RIALTO RAIN-STORM

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Peril," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

"Does this happen to be it? I asked.

I LIFTED my face to the sudden pelt of the rain-shower, feeling very much like a second edition of King Lear as I did so. Not that I had lost a kingdom, or that I'd even been turned out of an ungrateful home-circle! But something quite as disturbing, in its own small way, had overtaken me.

I had been snubbed by Mary Lockwood. While I stood watching that sudden shower empty upper Broadway as quickly as a fusillade of bullets might have emptied it, I encountered something which quite as promptly emptied my own heart. It was the cut direct. For as I crouched back under my dripping portico, like a toad under a rhubarb-leaf, I caught sight of the only too familiar wine-colored landaulet as it swung about into Longacre Square. I must have started forward a little, without being quite conscious of the movement. And through the sheltering plate-glass of the dripping hood I caught sight of Mary Lockwood herself.

She saw me at the same time that I saw her. In fact, she turned and stared at me. I couldn't have escaped her, as I stood there under the street-lamp. But no slightest sign of recognition came from that coldly inquiring face. She neither smiled nor bowed nor looked back. And the wine-colored landaulet swept on, leaving me standing there with my sodden hat in my hand and a great ache of desolation in my heart.

She must have seen me, I repeated as I turned disconsolately back and stood watching men and women still ducking under doorways and dodging into side-streets and elbowing into theatre-lobbies. It seemed, during the next few moments, as though that territory once known as the Rialto were a gopher-village and some lupine hunger had invaded it. Before the searching muzzles of those rain-gusts all pleasure-seekers promptly vanished. Gaily cloaked and slippered women stampeded away as though they were made of sugar and they and their gracious curves might melt into nothing at the first touch of water. Above the sidewalk, twenty paces from the empty doorway where I loitered, an awning appeared, springing up like a mushroom from a wet meadow. In toward one end of this awning circled a chain of limousines and taxicabs, controlled by an impassive Hercules in dripping oil-skins. And as a carrier-belt empties grain into a mill-bin, so this unbroken chain ejected hurrying men and women across the wet curb into the light-spangled hopper of the theatre-foyer. And the thought of that theatre, with its companionable crush of humanity, began to appeal to my sodden and rain-swept spirit.

Yet I stood there, undecided, watching the last of the scattering crowd, watching the street that still seemed an elongated bull ring where a matador or two still dodged the taurine charges of vehicles. I watched the electric display signs that ran like liquid ivy about the shop fronts, and then climbed and fluttered above the roofs, misty and softened by rain. I watched the ironic heavens pour their unabating floods down on that congested and overripe core of a city that no water could wash clean.

Then the desolation of the empty streets seemed to grow unbearable. The spray that blew in across my dampened knees made me think of shelter, I saw the lights of the theatre no more than twenty paces away. It was already a warren of crowded life. The thought of even what diluted companionship it might offer me continued to carry an appeal that became more and more clamorous.

A moment later I stood before its box-office window no wider than a mediæval leper-squint, from which cramped and hungry souls buy access to their modern temples of wonder.

"Standing room only," announced the autocrat of the wicket. And I meekly purchased my admission-ticket, remembering that the head usher of that particular theatre had in the past done me more than one slight service.

Yet the face of this haughtily obsequious head usher, as his hand met mine in that free-masonry which is perpetuated by certain silk-threaded scraps of oblong paper, was troubled.

"I haven't a thing left," he whispered.

I peered disconsolately about that sea of heads seeking life through the clumsy lattice of polite melodrama.

"Unless," added the usher at my elbow, "you'll take a seat in that second lower box?"

Even through the baize doors behind me I could hear the beat and patter of the rain. It was a case of any port in a storm.

"That will do nicely," I told him and a moment later he was leading me down a side aisle into the curtained recess of the box entrance.

Yet it was not ordained that I should occupy that box in lonely and unrivaled splendor. One of its chairs, set close to the brass rail and plush-covered parapet that barred it off from the more protuberant stage box, was already occupied by a man in full evening dress. He, like myself, perhaps, had never before shared a box with other than his own acquaintances. At any rate, before favoring me with the somewhat limited breadth of his back, he turned on me one side-long and unmistakably resentful stare.

YET I looked at this neighbor of mine, as I seated myself, with more interest than I looked at the play-actors across the footlights, for I rather preferred life in the raw to life in the syrups of stage emotionalism.

It startled me a little to find that the man, at the moment, was equally oblivious of anything taking place on the stage. His eyes, in fact, seemed fixed on the snowy white shoulders of the woman who sat at the back of the stage box directly in front of him. As I followed the direction of his gaze I was further surprised to discover the object on which it was focused. He was staring, not at the woman herself, but at a pigeon-blood ruby set in the clasp of some pendant or necklace encircling her throat.

There was, indeed, some excuse for his staring at it. In the first place it was an extraordinarily large and vivid stone. But against the background where it lay, against the snow-white column of the neck (whitened, perhaps, by a prudent application of rice powder) it stood out in limpid ruddiness, the most vivid of fire against the purest of snow. It was a challenge to attention. It caught and held the eye. It stood there, just below where the hair billowed into its crown of Venetian gold, as semaphoric as a yard-lamp to a night traveler. And I wondered, as I sat looking at it, what element beyond curiosity could coerce the man at my side into studying it so indolently and yet so intently.

About the man himself there seemed little that was exceptional. Beyond a certain quick and shrewd alertness in his eye movements as he looked about at me from time to time with a muffled resentment which I found not all to my liking, he seemed medium in everything, in coloring, in stature, in apparel. His face was of the neutral sallowness of the sedentary New Yorker. His intelligence seemed that of the pre-occupied office-worker who could worm his way into an ill-fitting dress suit and placidly approve of second rate melodrama. He seemed so without interest, in fact, that I was not averse to directing my glance once more toward the pigeon-blood ruby which glowed like a live coal against the marble whiteness of the neck in front of me.

IT may have been mere accident, or it may have been that out of our united gaze arose some vague psychic force which disturbed this young woman. For as I sat there staring at the shimmering jewel, its wearer suddenly turned her head and glanced back at me. The next moment I was conscious of her nod and smile, unmistakably in my direction.

Then I saw who it was. I had been uncouthly staring at the shoulderblades of Alice Churchill—they were the Park Avenue Churchills—and further back in the box I caught a glimpse of her brother Benny, who had come North, I knew, from the Nicaraguan coast to recuperate from an attack of fever.

Yet I gave little thought to either of them, I must confess. At the same time that I had seen that momentarily flashing smile I had also discovered that the jeweled clasp on the girl's neck was holding in place a single string of graduated pearls, of very lovely pearls, the kind about which the frayed-cuff garret-author and the Sunday "yellows" forever love to romance. I was also not unconscious of the quick and covert glance of the man who sat so close to me.

Then I let my glance wander back to the ruby, apparently content to study its perfect cutting and its unmatchable coloring. And I knew that the man beside me was also sharing in that spectacle. I was, in fact, still staring at it, so unconscious of the movement of the play on the stage that the "dark scene," when every light in the house went out for a second or two, came to me with a distinct sense of shock.

A murmur of approval went through the house as the returning light revealed to them a completely metamorphosed stage-setting. What this setting was I did not know, nor did I look up to see. For as my idly inquisitive glance once more focused itself on the columnar white neck that towered above the chair-back a second and greater shock came to me. Had that neck stood there without a head I could have been scarcely more startled.

THE pigeon-blood ruby was gone. There was no longer any necklace there. The column of snow was without its touch of ruddy light. It was left as disturbingly bare as a target without its bull's-eye. It reminded me of a marble grate without its central point of fire.

My first definite thought was that I was the witness of a crime as audacious as it was bewildering. Yet, on second thought, it was simple enough. The problem of proximity had already been solved. With the utter darkness had come the opportunity, the opportunity that obviously had been watched for. With one movement of the hand [illegible] ace had been quietly and cunningly remove[illegible]

My next quick thou[illegible] hat the thief sat there

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in my immediate neighborhood. There could be no other. There was no room for doubt. By some mysterious and dexterous movement the man beside me had reached forward and with that delicacy of touch born of much experience had unclasped the jewels, all the time shrouded by the utter darkness. The audacity of the thing was astounding, yet the completeness with which it had succeeded was even more astounding.

I sat there compelling myself to a calmness which was not easy to achieve. I struggled to make my scrutiny of this strange companion of mine as quiet and leisured as possible.

Yet he seemed to feel that he was still under my eye. He seemed to chafe at that continued survey; for even as I studied him I could see a fine sweat of embarrassment come out on his face. He did not turn and look at me directly, but it was plain that he was only too conscious of my presence. And even before I quite realized that he was about, he reached quietly over, and taking up his hat and coat, rose to his feet and slipped out of the box.

That movement on his part swept away my last shred of hesitation. The sheer precipitancy of his flight was proof enough of his offence. His obvious effort to escape made me more than ever determined to keep on his trail.

And keep on his trail I did, from the moment he sidled guiltily out of that lighted theatre foyer into the still drizzling rain of Broadway. Stronger and ever stronger waves of indignation kept sweeping through me as I watched him skulk northward, with a furtive glance over his shoulder as he fled.

HE was a good two hundred feet ahead of me when I saw him suddenly veer about and dodge into a doorway. I promptly threw decorum away and ran, ran like a rabbit, until I came to that doorway. I saw, as I passed through it, that it was nothing more than the Broadway entrance to the Hotel Knickerbocker. Complex and intricate as the paths of that crowded lair of life might be, I felt that under the circumstances he would not remain within its walls. And I was right in this, for as I stepped into its pillared rotunda I caught sight of my quarry hurrying out through one of the doors that opened on Forty-second Street.

I gained the open just in time to see him dodging down into the kiosk of a subway entrance. He was through the gate before I could catch up with him. I had no time to turn back and buy a ticket, for guards were already slamming shut the doors of a south-bound "local."

"Buy me a ticket," I called to the astonished "chopper" as I tossed a dollar bill over the arm which he thrust out to stop me. I did not wait to argue it out, for the car door in front of me was already beginning to close. I had just time to catapult my body in between that sliding door and its steel frame. I knew, as I caught my breath again, that I was on the platform of the car behind the jewel thief.

And I stood there, carefully scrutinizing the line of car doors as we pulled into the Grand Central station. I did the same as we passed Thirty-third Street and the same again at Twenty-eighth Street. The man had given no sign that he actually knew I was on his track. He might or might not have seen me. As to that I had no means of being certain. But I was certain of the fact that he was making off in a panic of indeterminate fear, that he was doing his utmost to evade pursuit.

This came doubly home to me as the train stopped at Twenty-third Street, and I saw him step quickly out of the far end of the car, look about him, and dart across the station platform and up the stairway two steps at a time.

I was after him, even more hurriedly. By the time I reached the street he was swinging up on the step of a cross-town surface car. To catch that car was out of the question, but I waited a moment and swung aboard the one that followed it, thirty yards in the rear. Peering ahead, I could plainly see him as he dropped from this car on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue. I could see him as he hurried up the steps of the Elevated, crossed the platform, and without so much as buying a ticket, hurried down the southeast flight of steps.

I had closed in on him by this time, so that we were within a biscuit toss of each other. Yet never once did he look about. He was now doubling on his tracks, walking rapidly eastward along Twenty-third Street. I was close behind him as he crossed Broadway, turning south, and then suddenly tacking about, entered the Bartholdi Hotel. There he exactly repeated his manœuvre of the Knickerbocker, circling around to the hotel's side entrance on Twenty-third Street.

EVEN as he emerged into the open again he must have seen the antediluvian night-hawk cab waiting there at the curb. What his directions to the driver were I had no means of knowing. But as that dripping and water-proofed individual brought his whip lash down on his steaming horse a door slammed shut in my face. Once more I so far forgot my dignity as to dodge and run like a rabbit, this time to the other side of the cab as it swung briskly northward. One twist and pull threw the cab door open and I tumbled in—tumbled in to see my white-faced and frightened jewel-thief determinedly and frenziedly holding down the handle of the opposite door.

His face went ashen as I came sprawling and lurching against him. He would have leaped bodily from the carriage, which was now swinging up an all but deserted Fifth Avenue, only I caught and held him there with a grimness born of repeated exasperation.

He showed no intention of meekly submitting to that detaining grasp. Seeing that he was finally cornered, he turned on me and fought like a rat. His strength, for one of his weight, was surprising. Much more surprising, however, was his ferocity. And it was a strange struggle, there in the half light of that musty and many-odored night-hawk cab. There seemed something subterranean about it, as though it were a battle at the bottom of a well. And but for one thing, I imagine, it would not, for me, have been a pleasant encounter. It's a marvelous thing, however, to know that you have Right on your side. The panoply of Justice is as fortifying as any chain armor ever made.

And I knew, as we fought like two wharf rats under a pier-end, that I was right. I knew that my cause was the cause of law and order. That knowledge gave me both a strength and a boldness which carried me through, even when I saw my writhing and desperate thief groping and grasping for his hip pocket, even when I saw him draw from it a magazine revolver that looked quite ugly enough to stampede a regiment. And as that sodden-leathered night-hawk went placidly rolling up Fifth Avenue we twisted and panted and grunted on its floor as though it were a mail-coach in the Sierras of sixty years ago, fighting for the possession of that ugly firearm.

How I got it away from him I never quite knew. But when I came to my senses I had him on the cab floor and my knee on his chest, with his body bent up like a letter "U." I held him there while I went through his pockets, quietly, deliberately, one by one, with all the care of a customs inspector going through a suspected smuggler.

I HAD no time to look over his wallet (which I remembered as being as big as a brief-bag) or his papers, nor had I time to make sure how much of the jewelry he wore might be his own. The one thing I wanted was the pearl necklace with the pigeon-blood ruby. And this necklace I found, carefully wrapped in a silk handkerchief tucked down in his right-hand waistcoat pocket—which, by the way, was provided with a buttoned flap to make it doubly secure.

I looked over the necklace to make sure there could be no mistake. Then I again wrapped it up in the silk handkerchief and thrust it well down in my own waistcoat pocket.

"Get up!" I told the man on the cab floor.

I noticed, as I removed my knee from his chest, what a sorry condition his shirt-front was in and how his tie had been twisted around under his ear. He lay back against the musty cushions, breathing hard and staring at me out of eyes that were by no means kindly.

"You couldn't work it!" I said, as I pocketed the revolver, and having readjusted my own tie, buttoned my overcoat across a sadly crumpled shirt front. Then for the first time the thief spoke.

"D'you know what this'll cost you?" he cried, white to the lips.

"That's not worrying me," was my calm retort. "I got what I came after."

He sat forward in his seat with a face that looked foolishly threatening.

"Don't imagine you can get away with that," he declared. I could afford to smile at his impotent fury.

"Just watch me!" I told him. Then I added more soberly, with my hand on the door knob: "And if you interfere with me after I leave this cab, if you so much as try to come within ten yards of me to-night, I'll give you what's coming to you."

I opened the door as I spoke, and dropped easily from the still moving cab to the pavement. I stood there for a moment, watching its placid driver as he went on up the Avenue. The glass-windowed door still swung open, swaying back and forth like a hand slowly waving me good-bye.

Then I looked at my watch, crossed to the University Club, jumped into a waiting taxi, and dodged back to the theatre, somewhat sore in body but rather well satisfied in mind.

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Taking up his hat and coat, he slipped out of the box.

Is Bolshevism Brewing *in* Canada?

By THOMAS M. FRASER

BOLSHEVISM is reaching out to grapple the whole world and the tentacles of its propaganda are extending to the far corners of the globe. It is hinted that the campaign is financed by the gold that was taken from Russian banks. Be that as it may the fact stands out for a perturbed world to see that Bolshevism is not a purely Russian condition; that it has set itself the task of tearing asunder the fabric of modern life in every country under the sun.

Has the campaign extended yet to Canada, this thrice-blessed and most calmly peaceful corner of the old earth? Some months ago I was commissioned by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to investigate that question. To-day, with a mass of information in front of me so great that I can give only the merest digest of it, I can answer most emphatically that Canada has not been overlooked. There is a bold, systematic and dangerous effort being made to lay the fuse of Bolshevism from one end of the Dominion to the other.

So far the campaign has been one of propaganda, for the most part. It is true that there have been cases of wilful sabotage in British Columbia to which I shall refer later. It is true that the other day a report drifted in to a certain police official that forty boxes of dynamite had disappeared in a large mining camp and the supposition was entertained that this explosive supply had been stolen and secreted. Despite a few such indications of a desire to put theory into practice, I feel justified in stating that so far the movement is one of propaganda, of preparation if you will. I do not desire to appear an alarmist, and, therefore, I want to make it clear at the outset that the situation is not yet serious enough to constitute an immediate threat. The cloud of Bolshevism that has drifted up above our Canadian horizon is as yet *no larger than a man's hand.* But the cloud is shaped like a man's hand and in that hand is an incendiary torch!

The object of this article, in brief, then, is to tell what is going on to-day beneath the surface, in order that the people of Canada may be informed and *prepared.* The idea must be taken to heart that Bolshevism even in its mildest form, even in its present perhaps innocuous incipiency, is a menace. Canada must be on her guard.

The Birth of Bolshevism

IN MARCH, 1916, came the revolution in Russia, with the inept and bewildered orator, Kerensky, thrown to the top by the upheaval. Lenine, who, as a banished nihilist, had been living in Switzerland, returned home by way of Germany within a few weeks. Early in that Spring, the world outside began to learn the spelling and pronunciation of the word "Bolsheviki," and wondered what it meant. Before the following year they knew. Kerensky had vanished, and Lenine and Trotzky were sleeping in the Czar's bed. Bolshevism, which was Maximalism, or extreme Socialism run mad, had arrived; and with it the reign of terror. It gave a new word to the language of the world, a new concept of freedom which, with bewildering rapidity, degenerated into unrestrained license. It electrified the energies and fortified the courage of the exiles from Russia, Finland, Austria, Germany, England, and of the wandering Jews, who by the way have proven the brains of the movement in Russia; exiles either by force or voluntarily, who have spread themselves all over the continent of America, and carried their hatred of society with them.

Trotzky and Lenine had been in Canada and the United States some time before. The former took ship from New York as soon as the news of the Russian Revolution reached the world. The ship put in at Halifax and there the shocky-maned Maximalist was closely questioned.

"What's your name?"

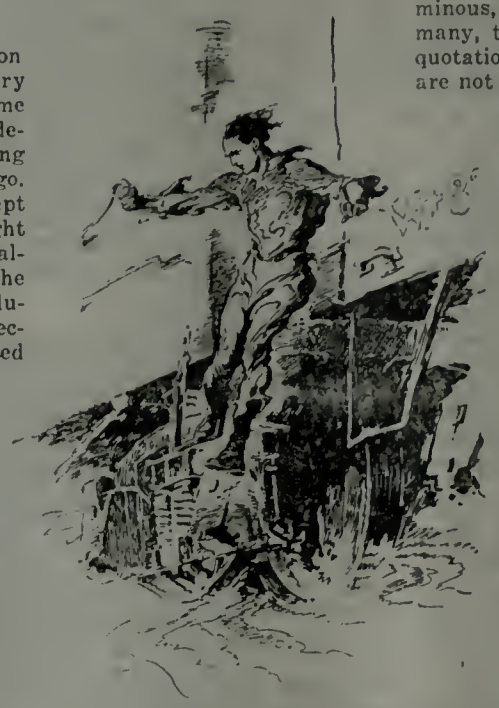
"Leon Bronstein," he replied. Such was the name under which he had lived in extreme poverty in New York. Some say it is his real name.

"Where are you going?"

"To Sweden."

"On what business?"

His answer to this last question did not prove entirely satisfactory and he was held up for some time pending enquiries. As nothing developed that warranted his being held, he was finally allowed to go. If he had been interned and kept there, the politics of Europe might be different to-day; but he was allowed to proceed, and became the Robespierre of the Russian Revolution. As a sequence of the connections he formed in the United States and Canada, it was not long before he despatched his emissaries to this side of the water to spread their propaganda.



The Purpose Not Concealed

THE outstanding feature of all revolutionary propaganda is the brutal frankness of it. They say: "We intend nothing less than to destroy existing society and to take possession of the whole world." And they mean it.

Strangely enough, so used has the world become to the duplicity of diplomacy, that frankness is the most successful subterfuge. Clausewitz, Treitschke, and von Bernhardi told us in the plainest possible language what Germany would do when she cut loose; and we laughed at their vehemence. A gentle Finlander was caught by the police at Cobalt the other day, carrying on his person literature showing marks of careful study, from which the following is an extract: "Ropes and daggers, sticks and sabres, the works of our hands, come to their destruction. They will slaughter their masters on the meadows, hang them in orchards and fields; but then we shall kill and hang them." Another Finnish publication, directed against recruiting in Canada, says: "The return of peace in Europe means war in America. It will be a merciless war. No volunteers will be called for it. Every man who works for wages will be called to the battle. There is no rescue from that." The revolutionary Socialist has issued his warning to the world as frankly as did the German prophets of frightfulness; but the world believes him not.

Everyone is conversant with what Bolshevism has accomplished in Russia and Finland and the other parts of Europe where the disorganization of war has allowed it to acquire power; what we have not yet grasped is the impetus which its success in those countries has given to the cult all over the world. The philosophy of the average man runs, roughly, somewhat like this: "What has never yet happened, never can happen; or if it has happened elsewhere, it never can happen to us." We explain the outbreaks and excesses of Socialism or Bolshevism in Europe by pointing to oppressive conditions there which we know do not exist here.

It is the same old story of the colored man who was instructed to handle a mule, which was guaranteed perfectly safe.

"Yes, Boss," he said; "you know he's safe, an' I know, but de mule doesn' know."

INVESTIGATION of the subject was induced by the fact that industrial establishments, particularly such industries as mines, which in Canada are frequently remote from established forces of law and order, were in many instances living in a state of uncertainty. They realized that some new spirit of unrest entered into their men, particularly those of foreign nationality, soon after the successes of Bolshevism in Russia and Finland became known to the world. The spread of Bolshevik and anarchistic propagandist literature suddenly became noticeable everywhere. "Tons" and "wheelbarrow loads" were the expressions used by constables in different sections, with regard to seizures they had made.

The information regarding this Bolshevik propaganda which has been acquired in the course of this investigation is so voluminous, and the instances of sedition so many, that only a few typical facts or quotations can be used here. But they are not to be taken as isolated instances set down to make a sensational story. If the records of the Dominion, Provincial or city police, or of the Department of Public Safety at Ottawa could be seen, they would disclose at much greater length how widespread this disaffection has become. The country has been stripped of much of the good old Anglo-Saxon stock, and its place has largely been taken by workmen of foreign extraction, many of them of enemy nationality. That is the root of the whole matter.

Take, for example, the case of the Ruthenians in Canada. There are many thousands of them, particularly in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. A book, published in Montreal, has been widely circulated among them, which tells them, among many other disturbing things, that "the hands of the Government have been pulling away from the mouth of the working class his piece of black bread, and pulled off his last shirt." This refers not to the Russian Government, but to the Canadian Government—any Government. If the reader were to see some of the Ruthenians in the Province where they are most numerous—Saskatchewan—he would take little stock in this about the black bread and the ultimate underwear. The Ruthenians have a convention every year in Saskatoon. Nobody but themselves knows exactly what goes on, because their language consists mainly of "x" and "zz," and is too difficult to follow. But they are clothed in fur-lined coats, and eat at the best hotels. In Summer they usually arrive in automobiles. These exiles from the plains of Russia to the plains of Canada, the steppe-children of the Czar, have acquired in Canada a degree of prosperity which they could never hope to enjoy in the land from which they came. Many of them are loyal Canadians. But, nevertheless, the voice of the agitator has succeeded in creating a degree of unrest among them.

Societies Under the Ban

The societies of unrest and revolution in Canada are admittedly hard to define and localize. They have many aliases. Order-in-Council 2384, dated October 1st, 1918, declared the following organizations to be unlawful while Canada is engaged in war:

The Industrial Workers of the World,
The Russian Social Democratic Party,
The Russian Revolutionary Group,
The Russian Social Revolutionists,
The Russian Workers' Union,
The Ukrainian Revolutionary Group,
The Ukrainian Social Democratic Party,
The Social Democratic Party,
The Social Labour Party,
Group of Social Democrats of Bolsheviki,
Group of Social Democrats of Anarchists,
The Workers' International Industrial Union,
Chinese Nationalist League,
Chinese Labour Association.

We are supposed to have specimens of them all in Canada and it is hard to say where innocence ends and guilt begins in any such organization. The Government undertook to give a clean bill of health to the Social Democrats and the Order-in-Council, in so far as it applied to them, was repealed. This was done against the advice of the police authorities.

As Finland and Russia are the two countries of the world to-day where Bolshevism has freest sway, and as we have large numbers of Finlanders and of the different nationalities of Russia in Canada, it is, perhaps, natural that we should find the greatest activity here among the immigrants from those countries. The Executive Committee of the Finnish Socialistic Organization of Canada has or had its office

in the City of Toronto with an enterprising secretary, who was a very active propagandist. Both in the membership cards and their literature they seem very closely linked to the Social Democratic party, the one recently whitewashed by the Government. A letter written to a "comrade" at Sudbury, on the stationery of the Social Democratic party of Canada, says that out of 43 branches of the Social Democratic party recently organized in Canada eight were English, 29 Ukrainian, three Finnish, two Lithuanian, and one Russian. The activities of the Finns and Russians seem out of proportion to their numbers. The Social Democrats have been very active in the organizing of branches among the alien elements of the population, and in the circulation of literature among them. "Who Needs the War" is a very inflammatory pamphlet, strongly anti-British in tone, which was published in Toronto and circulated by the Ukrainian branch of the Social Democrats. Other criminal and seditious literature emanating from the same source is "The Good Soldier," "Brockaway's Defence," and "The Price We Pay." There are branches of the Social Democrats, English or foreign, in Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Kitchener, Sudbury, Port Arthur, Fort William, Vancouver, Timmins Mines, and in numerous other places in Ontario, as well as in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are revolutionary societies of one sort or another, the names of which will be found in the list printed earlier in this article, at Montreal, Lachine, St. Catharines, Walkerville, Ford City, Copper Cliff, Garson, South Porcupine, Shawinigan Falls, Hamilton, Brantford, Galt, Guelph, London, Coniston, Welland, Sudbury, Creighton Mines, Winnipeg, Edmonton, and many other places. There is scarcely a mining centre in the country but has its revolutionary group. The police estimate that there are at least fifteen hundred members in Toronto. Montreal, Winnipeg and the Soo are full of them. In October, 20 of them were arraigned at Stratford as dangerous Socialists, and having the literature of Lenine and Trotzky in their possession.

The Mouthpiece of the Finns

THE Finnish branch of the Social Democratic party of Canada is an interesting study. It seems to have a close connection with a similar society in the United States. At Port Arthur it published a paper, *Vapaus*, which is found among Finns everywhere in Canada. There was a bookstore in connection, where the rankest kind of revolutionary literature was sold freely. They were, apparently, owned by the Tyomies Publishing Company, Superior, Wis., and the Finnish Socialistic Publishing Company, Fitchburg, Mass. One-third of the profits of the concern went to the Finnish Socialistic organization in Canada. Cobalt, Sudbury, Soo, and Port Arthur were leading centres for the distribution of this literature, which was all of a nature tending to the inciting of class hatred.

Vapaus and the bookstore were suppressed at Port Arthur, and transferred their activities to Sudbury. The paper contained appeals for the Bolsheviks in Finland, with antagonistic statements about the Allies for their opposition to the Bolshevik movement.

I was told on good authority that when the National Anthem was sung, the Finn Bolsheviks around Sudbury and Copper Cliff adopted a clever method of nonconformity. They were too crafty to walk out, so they sang words of their own to the air, a free translation being somewhat as follows:

(Air: God Save the King)

"This mighty country,
Of Liberty reputation,
Is still a land of slavery;
A land of rich men's might,
A land of graft by trusts,
Honors, and might of gold,
Justice is not obtainable."

In one mining camp, the foreigners, who are numerous, are admittedly Bolsheviks. They preach revolution, anarchism, atheism, free love, and every other Bolshevik doctrine. They are frankly sensualists. They are anti-British, and anti-everything else pretty much. I was told that on Sunday they gathered the children into a hall there of unsavory reputation, and conducted a sort of Bolshevik Sunday school, where atheistic and anarchistic doctrine was taught. Just here let me quote what is certified to be a correct translation of the Bolshevik decree on the status of the new woman, under the Bolshevik regime in Russia:

"Every girl who has reached her eighteenth year is guaranteed by the Local Commissary of Surveillance the full inviolability of her person.

"Any offender against an eighteen-year-old girl by using insulting language or attempting to ravish her is subject to the full rigors of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

"Anyone who has ravished a girl who has not reached her eighteenth year is considered a State criminal and is liable to a sentence of 20 years' hard labor unless he marries the injured one.

"The injured, dishonored girl is given the right not to marry the ravisher if she does not so desire.

"A girl having reached her eighteenth year is to be announced as the property of the State.

"Any girl having reached her eighteenth year and not having married is obliged, subject to the most severe penalty, to register at the Bureau of Free Love in the Commissariat of Surveillance.

"Having registered at the Bureau of Free Love, she has the right to choose from among men between the ages of 19 and 50 a cohabitant-husband.

"Remarks: (1) The consent of the men in the said choice is unnecessary; (2) the man on whom such choice falls has no right to make any protest whatsoever against the infringement.

"The right to choose from a number of girls who have reached their eighteenth year is given also to men.

"The opportunity to choose a husband or wife is to be presented once a month.

"The Bureau of Love is autonomous.

"Men between the ages of 19 and 50 have the right to choose from among the registered women, even without the consent of the latter, in the interests of the State.

"Children who are the issue of these unions are to become the property of the State."

Efforts have been made through *Robitnyk Narod*, published in Winnipeg, to have Soviets formed in every town and city in Canada where there are Russians and Finns living, such Soviets to take the place of the existing consular authority, which would no longer be recognized.

I have already given extracts from some Finnish publications found in circulation in Canada. There are many more which might be given. For example, a drama was presented at the Soo, by the dramatic club of the Finnish Social Democratic organization. It was dedicated to "The Silent Heroes of the Russian Revolution, those who, incessantly and without rest, are doing revolutionary work, printing secret bills, or organizing processions and indignation meetings, executing bomb-firings, and so forth. Ring the Blood Bells, Brothers." Hot stuff; too hot for a cold country like this.

A few days ago a manufacturing firm in Guelph found the following sign attached to their premises in the morning:

"Workers of the World, unite.
You have nothing to lose but your chains
And the world to gain."

The Activity of the I. W. W.

THE Industrial Workers of the World, the "I.W.W., or I Won't Work," as some people call them, are probably better known to the average individual in Canada than any other Socialist organization. They seem to court publicity, for one thing, and they have always been more reckless in their speech and actions. Many of the police authorities believe that they are back of a great deal of the agitation now going on in Canada. They have been more prominent in the West than in the East, for several reasons. In the first place, the I. W. W. is composed chiefly of unskilled or semi-skilled workmen, such as farm-hands, lumbermen, and others whose employment is largely seasonal. They are nomadic, and move about much more than any other class of workmen, following the seasons. Then, they have always been very strong on the Pacific Coast, particularly in Washington, whence they drift up to British Columbia and thence on to the prairies and to the mines of Alberta.

Their idea is to seize control of all industries, and abolish the wage system. Their maxim is: "The Working Class and Employing Class have nothing in common." The nucleus of their organization is made up of the following unions: Marine Transport Workers, Metal Machinery Workers, Iron Workers, Lumber Workers, Shipbuilders, Agricultural Workers, Railroad Workers, Metal Mine Workers, Coal Mine Workers, Textile Workers, Oil Workers, Construction Workers, Bakers. They are also said to have organized a union of Domestic Servants on the Pacific Coast. There is also a Recruiting Union, to take in members with no particular occupation or wherever there is no industrial union. They claim over 75,000 members, but their strength lies in the large number of unattached men they attract to themselves. Their membership fluuctuates widely. Every member is an organizer. They are the stormy petrels of labor.

NOTE.—The daily press is filled with hints of trouble in all parts of Canada arising out of the activities of the adherents to the Bolshevik idea. People have begun to ask: What is the extent of this movement? and what is the purpose behind it? In the accompanying article, Mr. Fraser answers these questions by showing what the movement is and who the people are who are behind it. Only a small proportion of the material that he secured is given in this article, the idea being to indicate the nature and scope of the movement.

Their idea of the strike is not for higher wages or shorter hours, but to make labor so expensive for the employer that he would eventually be obliged to let his workers take the plant. Being international in its scope, it has always fought earnestly against the sentiment of patriotism. It is anti-political, being utterly opposed to the ballot. It has conducted a strong anti-military campaign, and was most active in the United States just before that country entered the war.

The great weapon of the I. W. W. is sabotage. In the flood of literature which they distribute there are several books on the subject, one of the best known being by Walker C. Smith. He defines it in this way:

"Sabotage is the destruction of profits to gain a definite, revolutionary, economic end. It has many forms. It may mean the destroying of raw materials designed for a scab factory or shop. It may mean the spoiling of a finished product. It may mean the destruction of parts of machinery or the disarrangement of a whole machine where that machine is the one upon which the other machines are dependent for material. It may mean working slow. It may mean poor work. It may mean missending of packages, giving overweight to customers, pointing out defects in goods, using the best of materials where the employer desires adulteration, and also the telling of trade secrets. In fact, it has as many variations as there are different lines of work."

In British Columbia the police have several times been in conflict with the I. W. W., and examples of sabotage were common there. Forests were burned, and spikes were found driven into logs, so that when the saw came in contact with them it would fly into a thousand pieces, bringing death to anyone within range.

The I. W. W. got a hard knock in November, when Haywood and 195 other active members were given long terms of imprisonment and heavy fines. Included in the list were two Canadians, Herbert Mahler and Archie Sinclair, and 29 Englishmen, of whom one, James Rowan, was formerly secretary of the I. W. W. in Edmonton. A leading light in the I. W. W. is said to be in Canada at the present time. He is an Englishman by birth, but lived in Canada some time, and is reported to have once been a member of a Canadian regiment.

A large number of I. W. W.'s are said to have come to British Columbia when they were chased out of Seattle and elsewhere in Washington for carrying on their propaganda. Like all the forces of disorder, they are strong among the miners in Alberta.

A good deal of the Canadian propaganda material appears to have been printed in Detroit and Seattle. It is found everywhere the police make a raid of suspected premises. In the West many Galicians, who claim to be Ruthenians or Ukrainians but are mostly Austrians, are I.W.W.'s and the doctrines of Lenine and Trotzky are rampant among them.

IT WOULD be unfair to lump together all Socialistic bodies with the I. W. W. under the general name of Bolsheviki. It must be stated, however, that the

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OTTAWA MAKES A DISCOVERY

By WILLIAM BYRON

IT was during the last annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Montreal that two men of quite considerable prominence in the world of industry stood together in the rotunda of one of the large hotels.

"The war has had some remarkable effects," said one of them. "It has thrown business into a new stride and I question if we'll ever drop back into our old jog trot."

"You're right," said the other. "Now, for instance, take advertising. I mention advertising because I'm especially interested in it. I follow our advertising closely and I've really studied the subject as intently as a man in my position can. It's a tremendous force—and a strange one, too. Full of all sorts of possibilities.

"Well, the war which started out as though it would put advertising into its grave—a temporary grave, perhaps, but deep and cold nevertheless—ended by demonstrating the power of advertising as nothing else could have done. A few days after war was declared, the advertising agent who handles our account came to me to discuss what we meant to do about it. He looked like a ghost but, when I told him we believed in business as usual and would go right ahead with the campaign he had planned for us, he chirped up a bit and even smiled. 'The best news I've had since this awful business started,' he said. 'A week of war and seventy-five per cent. of our business gone! Yes, it's as bad as that. Every mail has brought cancellations. I'm afraid to answer the telephone any more'."

"Were things really so bad?" queried the first speaker.

"They got worse," asserted the other. "Some agencies lost as much as ninety per cent. of their business. Publishers were deluged with cancellations. It took a long time for things to come back."

"But I don't understand what you mean about the war demonstrating the power of advertising."

"Do you realize that the British army was raised two million strong—on advertising?" said the other. "Do you realize that the Canadian Government has used advertising as the lever to direct the activities of the whole country? That the Victory Loan campaigns were, in reality, glorified advertising stunts? That whenever anything needed to be done it has always been done in the one way—by advertising?"

"You're right," said the first manufacturer. "I knew all that, of course, but I had never given it any thought—not just in that way."

Raising Kitchener's Army

THIS statement of claim on behalf of advertising may be a little flamboyant but it strikes closely along the lines of actual fact. Advertising received a body blow in August, 1914, but, as the war progressed, opportunities soon arose to show how truly potent a force advertising is. War created the need for close organization in all belligerent countries. The Central Powers were already organized with every man, woman and child at the beck and call of constituted authority. On the other hand, the service of the British citizen to the state had to be voluntary and so the various British Governments faced the necessity of educating people to what was needed of them. This education had to be sharp and effective; and it inevitably worked down to one factor—advertising.

The earliest, and outstanding, instance was the campaign that raised Kitchener's army. The first Expeditionary Force had been sadly depleted in the gallant rear guard action from Mons to the Marne before the people at home realized that a huge citizen army would be expected of Britain. There was never any talk at that time of conscription. Every man who came to the colors would come of his own free will as a free man should. But persuasive force was necessary and Kitchener, utilizing the brilliant services of Sir Hedley le Bas, an advertising expert, caused Britain to blossom out into bill-boards that preached patriotism. The story of that most remarkable of all advertising campaigns has often been told. It is an old story now, but it serves as a firm foundation on which to build a story of what has happened in Canada.

With reference to Canada, it must first be made clear that the Dominion Government had never done any advertising. The more or less large sums that had been spent each year for insertion of calls for tenders and statutory notices of one kind and another had never been regarded as advertising. It was done for either one of two purposes—compliance with regulations or the distribution of patronage. That the day would come when the Government would actually plan a campaign to get a certain idea home to the people, had never entered the minds of any of the more or less exalted personages who made up the Government.

The first move came early in the fall of 1914. The apple crop was particularly heavy that year, but with export trade absolutely cut off and business conditions bad in the extreme, the market sagged and the price of apples fell to a point where it held little inducement for the farmer to even pick his crop. A study in contrast loomed up—people suffering for food in the cities and a grand crop of apples rotting on the trees.

An official of the Canadian Press Association—a rather powerful body made up of the publishers of the country and representing their interests—conceived the idea of having a special writer prepare a series of articles on the apple situation to be published in newspapers all over the country—articles that would serve the double purpose of stirring up the farmers to the task of bringing the apples to market and then of creating a demand for them when they got there.

The plan was rather slow in working out and, before it had progressed very far, the official in question had thought of a better plan. Why shouldn't the Government put on an advertising campaign? He could see just exactly how it would be done—big, smashing advertisements in every publication from one end of Canada to the other, pointing the people of Canada to the picking and consuming of apples as a patriotic duty. The fact that the Government had never done such a thing before did not daunt him. He prepared a plan and went down to Ottawa to sell it.

The Minister Was Enthusiastic

AND then a curious thing happened. Cabinet ministers as a general rule are hard to get started, especially on anything new. The rules of diplomacy are against quick decisions. And then there is the time-honored political custom of "passing the buck"—shunting the visitor from one department to another and then back and forth between officials and so on. There may have been something of this at first in this case, but the decision came fast as soon as the right parties got together. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Martin Burrell, was the responsible party in this case and, when the facts had been laid before him, he quickly visioned the possibilities of the idea.

"I'll do it," he declared emphatically. "The department has never attempted anything of the kind before. As a matter of fact, we have no appropriation to cover this. But it is war time and food must be conserved. We'll do it."

And then another thought struck him.

"This is a case where quick action is necessary," he said. "Apples are rotting on the trees now. Let me see, to-day is Thursday. Let's start this campaign on Saturday. There's not a moment to be lost."

The Association man, who knew all about the difficulties and delays of writing copy, making and shipping plates, catching forms and so forth, gasped. He started in to explain. Advertising took time. It had to be done right. Drawings couldn't be made over night and the engravers would need at least a day for the simplest plates. But the now thoroughly enthused Minister of Agriculture was not to be held off by purely technical difficulties.

"Let's get started," he said. "We can't let those apples rot on the trees while your ad. writers polish up their phrases. We'll have to break some records."

So a long distance telephone message went through inside of ten minutes to an advertising agency in Toronto and the head of the agency himself took train that night for Ottawa surrounded by a staff of copy writers and artists. They were given a room in the department next morning and told to get started on the copy.

Preparing copy for papers of all kinds from one end of Canada to the other is a task of considerable magnitude. It means writing at least half a hundred advertisements, from various angles. It means providing "lay-outs" for them, making drawings, having plates made from the drawings, having the type set around the plates and finally having "mats" made from the perfected advertisements to be sent out to the various papers. Ordinarily this procedure takes several weeks. The first ads. in the Government Apple Campaign appeared on the following Monday!

That initial campaign was not only done rapidly but it was done well. It consisted primarily of vigorously worded appeals to the farmer to market his apples and to the consumer to buy them. Backing up the heavy artillery of the big-space appeal, was a steady barrage of practical suggestion which took the form of readers and booklets on the uses of apples.

The campaign was a success. It had perhaps never occurred to the farmer that the marketing of his apple crop was anything but a commercial matter and a purely personal one, at that. That it was his patriotic duty to sell apples was a new thought. It was at least equally novel to the city family to be told that they could help win the war by eating apples. But the appeal "went over"—both ways. It is impossible to state in figures just how many million bushels were sold as a result of the prompt Government action but there were instant evidences of an apple boom. The farmers picked them and the city folks ate them and a grave economic loss was avoided.

The Government Had Discovered Advertising

THE success of the scheme was sufficiently great to implant a new thought at Ottawa: The Government could make advertising profitable just as well as any industrial concern. It had found a new way to exert any desired influence on the people as a whole. The Government had discovered advertising!

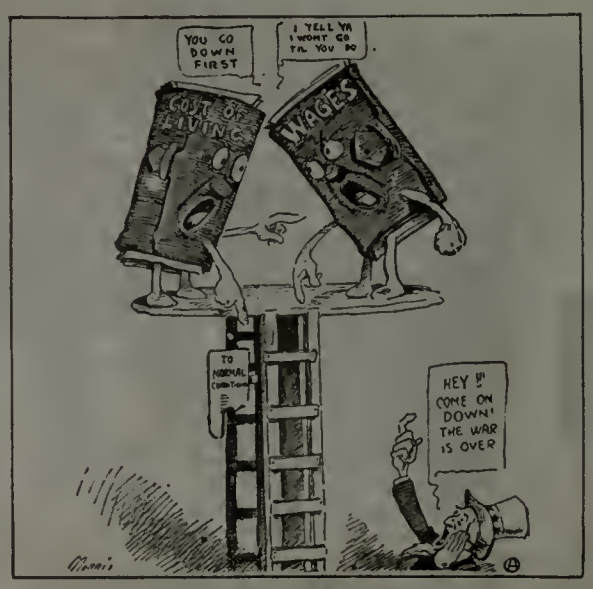
There followed a series of campaigns of one kind and another. They were all aimed to achieve the one purpose—the education of the people of Canada. In many cases the advertising was backed up by editorial support—that is, the newspapers and periodicals called upon the public in their editorial columns to respond—but it would be a complete mistake to assume that any of the advertising was done as a "sop" to the press. Each campaign was planned on exactly the same lines as any private advertising enterprise.

The advertisements were sent to certain classes of papers on a commercial basis. Any support that these papers saw fit to give was purely voluntary. Refusal to co-operate was never accepted as a reason for cutting any publication off the list.

Discussing this point the other day an advertising agency man remarked that he had been surprised at the businesslike way in which the Government had handled the various campaigns.

"The heads of the departments showed a remarkable degree of business capacity," he said. "They went into things as thoroughly as the president or advertising manager of any private concern would do. I'm convinced that they were just as anxious to get full value for the Government as any private business man."

There can be no doubt that the various departments at Ottawa began to take advertising very seriously. It was soon discovered that the old system of advertising was all wrong. It had been conducted on the basis that advertising was just a form of patronage. The newspaper which had fought the good fight and had kept the faith deserved a "bit"; and so advertisements were sent out in the form of calls for tenders, home-



WHY NOT GO DOWN SIMULTANEOUSLY?
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

steading regulations and so on — announces which could be set in the smallest and sloppiest of type and put in any old place at all, in fact used as "filler."

Well, the Government discovered this and when, in the spring of 1916, it was decided to do some national advertising to inculcate the ideas of Production and Thrift, the King's Printer was put in charge and he proceeded to improve methods. Party considerations were not allowed to enter.

This point is mentioned as an evidence of the fact that the Government had begun to accept advertising as a matter of business and to recognize the necessity of handling it in a thoroughly business-like way.

IT was early in 1917, however, that advertising was accepted by the Government as a great war-winning force and utilized to the utmost. A rapid succession of campaigns was put on. The first was inaugurated by the Department of Naval Defence and Marine to encourage the enlistment of Canadians in the naval forces. The second was an important campaign launched in March by the Militia Department to stimulate recruiting. The situation at that time with reference to recruiting was critical. Men were not coming forward as freely as the need demanded and it was beginning to look as though the voluntary system had nearly run its course. At the same time the word "Conscription" was one that could be uttered only behind closed doors. Nevertheless it was seen in official circles that the time was coming when the dreaded plunge would have to be taken.

The idea of advertising was presented to the Militia Department and accepted by the heads as a last resort.

"Sooner or later," it was pointed out to them, "you will have to resort to Conscription. But are you justified in taking this drastic step until you have adopted every measure and tried everything that might avert that necessity? When the time comes for putting the Military Service Act into force, it must be possible to say to the people of Canada that every stone has been turned."

So a campaign was put on to encourage enlistment in the Canadian Defence Forces, so that overseas forces might be released for service abroad. It was effectively done and unquestionably helped to fill up the ranks. There was no way that results could be checked but the situation was relieved until the time when Conscription finally went into force in the fall of that year.

It is not intended to relate in full the object behind each of the various campaigns inaugurated since that time. In April 1917 the National Service Board undertook a campaign to increase the sale of War Saving Certificates; in September the Military Service Campaign was put on; in November came the first Victory Loan campaign; in March 1918 the Finance Department explained the War Income Tax through a series of advertisements; in March and April the Food Controller did some valuable educational propaganda work; in May the Canada Registration Board explained the conditions of the registration act through a series of advertisements; in October and November the second Victory Loan campaign was carried on. There was other propaganda work done in the form of advertising, but the more important have been listed. It is almost superfluous to say that the results in all cases justified the measures taken. The public realized this. It was readily seen that this new method was getting the desired idea into the public mind more rapidly than it could have been done in any other way.

Here is a case in point. In the fall of 1917, the Department of Agriculture found itself facing the problem of producing more pork during 1918, to be shipped overseas for our Allies. Hon. T. A. Crerar had just taken over the reins in that department and, being a farmer himself, he was a strong believer in consulting the men who would be called upon to produce the increased supply. So a conference was quietly arranged and representative farmers from all parts of Canada were sum-

A Delicious Dessert

No matter how big a meal you serve, your family or guests will not refuse pie made of

WETHEY'S
CONDENSED MINCE MEAT

The most economical form in which mince meat is sold.

Sanitarily wrapped and contained in the well-known red carton.

Write us direct if your grocer cannot supply you,--- giving us his name. We will make sure you are supplied

J. H. WETHEY, Limited
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Only Cleans

IN washing dishes, as in all personal and household cleaning, Ivory Soap does nothing but clean. It can not injure your hands because there is nothing in it that can do harm. It is pure, high grade soap in the strictest sense of the term.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

moned to Ottawa to "sit in." They came—hard-headed, practical farmers who had made agriculture a business and who knew just what could be done and what could not.

Well, it was a satisfactory, albeit, a lively meeting. The farmers agreed that the necessary increase could be secured, but they wanted a guaranteed price from the Government. This could not be given, but finally it was settled that the farmers would undertake to raise more hogs and, patriotically, take whatever risk might be involved.

"Now," said one farmer from the West, "it's all right for us fellows to get together here and say that we'll raise more hogs, but how about the men who've got to actually undertake this? There will have to be about five hundred thousand farmers throughout the country just as enthusiastic as we are if this thing is to go through."

"We have a plan to do some advertising," said the Minister. "Do you think it would be necessary?"

"I certainly do," replied the man from the West." Make it clear that every farmer from Lands End to jump Off has got to be in on this. Hammer it home good and hard."

This was the tenor of the whole conference. These men believed it would be necessary to use the trip-hammer force of printers' ink to get the necessary enthusiasm stirred up throughout the country. It was a striking evidence of the innate public belief in the value of advertising.

A campaign accordingly was instituted in the agricultural press. At first it was thought advisable to include the country weekly newspapers as well but in the end the scope of the campaign was not broadened. More than a year has now passed and it is possible to state that the campaign was a complete success, for the *increased demand from overseas was met during* 1918.

The Victory Loan campaigns were, in the final analysis, wonderfully well organized advertising propositions. It is true that it was the patriotic sentiment of the people of Canada that made the great success of the loans possible; but advertising was the furnace in which that sentiment was worked up to a white-heat pitch. Some people have said that the same results could have been obtained without so much effort being put into the publicity end of it. They little understand the psychology of the public.

During the last day of the campaign last fall in a small Ontario town a widow walked into headquarters and spoke to one of the dishevelled committee men in charge.

"I want to buy a thousand dollars worth of these Victory bonds," she said. "I didn't know I could buy bonds from the Government until I read it in the paper last night."

The committee man was astonished.

"Didn't you know this campaign was on before?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the widow, "I had seen and heard about it. But I didn't think it had anything to do with *me*."

This case, one of countless others by the way, demonstrates the truth that publicity efforts had to be raised to the *nth* degree in order to drive the lesson home to everyone. Remember this, that the Victory Loan had to be sold to hundreds of thousands of people who had never bought bonds before, many of whom did not know just what bonds were and nearly all of whom had at least one good excuse for considering themselves exempt. A course of education that ordinarily would have taken a generation had to be crammed into the short space of two months.

The moral of it all is that since Ottawa has made a discovery, the truth should be put into application in the present and future. If a national advertising was found to be an important factor in solving the problems of war time, the same force should be utilized to help in the equally trying and equally important problems of Peace and Reconstruction. If national consciousness could be spurred to the great sacrifices that were necessary to win the war, the same response can be secured now in regard to a proper handling of peace problems. The Government faces a number of very big problems to-day, some of which may be enumerated as follows:

1. The Repatriation of our Overseas Soldiers.
2. The maintenance of employment and the finding of work for returned men.
3. The building up of Canadian export trade.
4. The encouragement of immigration from abroad.

All of these problems, clearly, are such that the co-operation of the public is required. If the repatriation of the soldiers is to be carried out with the least possible upsetting of business conditions, if the returned men are to be given a fair chance, the chance they have more than earned, the public must be tuned to a certain viewpoint. The co-operation of the manufacturer, the merchant and the farmer must be obtained. Employers must be prepared to fall in with such plans as are found necessary. Employees must also be prepared to accept such conditions as are laid down to make room for the returned soldiers. All of this will require a great deal of readjustment. There is plenty of dry tinder in the situation and class antagonisms might very easily burst into flame. A thorough understanding, running all through society from the capitalist to the day laborer, is needed. The Government has in its hands a weapon that has been thoroughly tested and proved in the heat of war—education by advertising. Let it be used.

That such will be done seems already assured. The Government has been "Sold" on advertising, sold to this extent that a few weeks ago a member of the Cabinet—and an influential member too—sought out some men prominent in publishing circles and asked their co-operation in handling certain extensive advertising campaigns. The Government Mahomet does not wait for the publicity mountain to come to him any more—he goes to the mountain.

It is possible to say also—and very gratifying it is too to be able to say it—that business men throughout the country have learned this lesson just as thoroughly as the legislators at Ottawa. Business was frankly panicky when war broke out. Before the term "Business as Usual" had been coined, or the sentiment underneath it had become general, business staggered and wobbled. To-day, with just as grave a period of reconstruction facing us, Business is serenely confident. Business has sensed its strength. Likewise, there has been no flurry of cancellations of advertising contracts. Business has learned the tremendous value of that weapon which it has always had at its disposal but perhaps never before fully appreciated.

Support the Salvation Army

THE Salvation Army which has taken a magnificent part in all war efforts, is launching a Million-Dollar Dominion-Wide Demobilization and Reconstruction Campaign. The exact purpose of this campaign can perhaps best be set forth by quoting from an official explanation that has been issued:

"The Salvation Army realizes the immense problem facing the Government at this critical time. It desires to co-operate with every department of the Government to the utmost extent, in meeting the urgent needs of the returned soldiers, their families, and the working classes, during the reconstruction period, and especially during the coming winter.

"The purposes of the Campaign will therefore be:—

(1) To establish hospitals for returned soldiers who are discharged and in need, until re-absorbed into industrial life.

(2) To provide emergency receiving and maternity homes for soldiers' wives, widows, and dependent children in need.

(3) To continue, during the demobilization period, in England and France, the equipments and comforts already provided by the Salvation Army for the Canadian soldiers overseas."

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Germany Can and Must Pay

The German People are Responsible and Must Themselves Pay the Penalty

A FEAR lest the German People should escape the consequences of their own infamy is voiced by H. F. Wyatt in the *Nineteenth Century*. No other course than that she be made to pay in full for their crime will establish the proposed League of Nations on a sound footing.

Is it not time, and more than time, to put aside the miserable rubbish talked about our not being at war with the German people? There is hardly a soldier in France, British, American, or French; there is hardly a live man or woman anywhere in the Entente countries, possessed of ordinary sense, who is not aware that such a statement is unutterably false. If we, the Allies, are not at war with the German people, no nation has ever been truly nt war with another since the world began. That German people with its whole brutal heart and its whole bestial soul has supported those who planned and prepared for the War from the moment and before the moment of its inception up to the hour when defeat became imminent. In the vernacular, the whole German people "has been in it up to the neck." There has not been an infamy anywhere which, when known to it, it has not applauded. It yelled with delight over the idea that London was being blasted out of existence by zeppelins and aeroplanes. It roared with joy over the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Murder, rape, arson, torture, have been clasped to its foul bosom from the beginning of the huge world-outrage even up to now. These are the people with whom we are "not at war." These are they against whom we must not nourish "a spirit of revenge." These are the living emanations from hell who are not to be held responsible for the deeds which the Kaiser and the military chiefs (whom, while these were victories, they acclaimed and gloried in) have chosen to perform.

Must we live for ever in a mist of lies? Can the real truth never be spoken even at a moment when mankind's fate is hanging in the balance and the souls of the nobly dead might be thought to be heard speaking to the living? Perish this foul fiction of the irresponsibility of the German people. By all that is sacred to man, they are responsible and they shall be held responsible.

The righteous punishment of Germany is that she should be made to pay—pay for the whole cost of the war, pay for all the devastated lands and the ruined towns, pay for every house she has bombed in London, in England, or in Europe, pay, by the enforced surrender of every merchant ship and by further outlay for any balance still due, for the shipping which she has sent to the bottom of the sea, pay for the arrest of the industries of peace, and for the expenditure which she has compelled on those of war. This would be justice. This would prove the League of Nations to be something more than a phrase or a pious aspiration. This would establish it, as no other course could, on the firm basis of right and at once make world-law operative amongst men.

But how, it will still be asked, is this to be done? "Ex nihilo nihil fit." How can an exhausted and bankrupt Germany find the vast sum requisite to make good the economic mischief she has wrought? By payment in kind spread over a long series of years. Other pens have already pointed out the possibilities. The Westphalian coalfields alone have been estimated to be worth $400,000,000,000. The German supplies of potash offer another source of payment. By the efforts of a generation of German workers a great part of that wealth might be extracted for the benefit of Germany's creditors. Let the whole labor of Hunland for thirty years at least to come be devoted to the discharge of her debt to mankind, reserving only for them the means necessary to their existence. Had Germany conquered Britain, she intended, according to some of her writers, to make us pay an indemnity of $100,000,000,000 and to force our whole population to work under the lash until this sum had been obtained. Her actual treatment of the inhabitants of the conquered districts of France and Italy and Rumania and Serbia and Southern Russia, and elsewhere also, lends not merely credibility but actual certainty to the forecast of the kind of treatment which in her own mind she had reserved for us. For us she hated not less but more than she hated those others, and with us she would have dealt, had the heavens permitted us to come under her power, in modes of sustained and deliberate cruelty surpassing our imagination. Not so, the way in which we should deal with them. Outrage of women, torture of men, mutilation of children, wilful infliction of starvation, are not numbered amongst the methods of an Englishman. But "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." As the Huns intended to treat us, so with those crucial differences let us treat them.

Was There Tenderness for Germany in the Cabinet?

English Periodical Charges Government Leaders With Fondness for Foe.

A DISTRUST of British diplomacy, as exemplified in the Asquith Government and later by Lloyd George, has been the keynote of many articles in *The National Review*. The editor, Leo J. Maxse, is afraid that the representatives sent by the Empire to the Peace Conference will fail to acquit themselves by interpreting the real wishes of the people and in an article headed "Can Downing Street Save Germany?" he recites some instances from the past that account for his fears. He writes:

Sunday, August 2, 1914, was the fateful day when International Finance made its final effort on behalf of Pan-Germanism, having worked overtime throughout the preceding week to constrain Mr. Asquith and his colleagues to desert France. I feel sure from a conscientious study of the situation, however much it may irritate some readers of the *National Review* to be told so, that the Prime Minister of the day was instinctively loyal to what he regarded as our moral obligation to support the French. A similar observation applies to Sir Edward Grey. Their defect lay in their dread of the Potsdam Party, that had grown to monstrous proportion throughout the Radical ranks and now dominated the Cabinet. For this sinister phenomenon the supineness of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary must be held primarily responsible, as in the face of the growing German danger they had no right to encourage or permit their colleagues or their country to remain in the Fool's Paradise, in the development of which the deterioration of British foreign policy between Agadir and Armageddon—inspired by Lord Haldane—was no inconsiderable factor. The panic during the last week of July, which had been stoked up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's threats and fears, was accentuated on the Sunday morning (August 2) by his production in Downing Street of one of our biggest international financiers—needless to say a Jew and of German origin and affinities—who, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, made Ministerial flesh still further creep. It looked like a hopeless debacle, with every stage of which we may be sure the enemy was intimately in touch, as Downing Street was a whispering-gallery owing to the unrestrained indiscretion of some who lived very near the rose, if they were not the rose itself. These must have helped German diplomacy, as we learn from the Memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky, which contains this suggestive sentence: "During the critical days of July, Mrs. Asquith repeatedly came to us to warn us, and in the end she was quite distraught at the tragic turn of events."

I should be loath to introduce any lady's name into this question were it not there already in a semi-official publication, issued under the auspices of the Foreign Office. It will be generally felt that it was hardly the place of the wife of the Prime Minister of England to "warn" the Ambassador of a hostile Power of what was transpiring in Downing Street. Such warnings could scarcely fail to convey useful information, as ladies were notoriously allowed to know too much of matters which were at one time confined to Cabinet Councils. The country is indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George for restoring a more wholesome regime.

It must be said that all appearances were against British intervention until it was too late for us to count. We have since been told that at the magic word "Belgium" the scales fell from all eyes, and our twenty Ministers—minus only Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns—saw things as they really were and unhesitatingly sprang to arms. We may "leave it at that" and trust the future historian to deal faithfully with all the facts, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice. It must, however, be insisted, in justice to our own people, that the immense majority of King George's subjects at home and abroad drew none of these subtle Liberal distinctions between an attack on Belgium and an attack on France. Outside Ministerial circles both were equally regarded as for all practical purposes part of ourselves, to whose support it was our bounden duty to rally by every obligation of honor and every dictate of interest the moment either was attacked by the common foe. No Government would have been permitted to repeat the tragic experience of 1870 in 1914. It was not a question as to whether we should stand in or stand out, but whether we got in in time, i.e., whether British Patriotism could stampede British Pacifism before Civilization succumbed. Better predispositions inside the Government, represented by Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Winston Churchill—who was stout-hearted at this crucial moment—stood in urgent need of reinforcement from the outside, which they received in the shape of the appeal from Belgium to honor our own signature, the insistence of France that we acknowledge what is described by Mr. Lloyd George to-day as an obligation of honor, and the moral support of the Unionist Party in the shape of Mr. Bonar Law's historical letter. Nevertheless, precious hours and days were wasted, and but for the valor of the King of the Belgians and a sufficiency of his gallant subjects, the Beauchamp faction would have played Germany's game to the point of placing Paris and Calais in possession of the Kaiser "according to plan," for, as is known, Mr. Asquith was reduced to promise his colleagues, in the first instance, that our support of France would be limited to the Navy, on which crippling condition alone our Wait-and-Sees wobbled into war.

All that need concern us for the moment is that there was a deliberate and determined effort, of which Downing Street was the centre, to save Germany and to lose England, in August 1914. As we can all now see, if successful, it must have involved the extinction of every liberty throughout Europe. It was only frustrated in the nick of time—the British Navy was already at war stations, thanks to the provident patriotism of Prince Louis of Battenberg and Mr. Winston Churchill. After Lord Haldane had been ejected by Lord Northcliffe from Whitehall, the Expeditionary Force that Schopenhauer would have detained in these islands was allowed to cross the Channel. It might have been supposed that after such blood-curdling escapes of catastrophe Downing Street would be thoroughly disinfected of all Potsdam proclivities, and that henceforward every political energy would be bent upon the supreme task of overthrowing Prussian militarism, which was now our proclaimed policy. A serious investigation of this proposition would necessitate recapitulating the history of the war. Suffice it to say that from that day to this, despite Ministerial changes and the ever-growing solidarity of public opinion as the full proportions of the German menace and the hideous mien of modern Germany became revealed, Downing Street has never succeeded in convincing the country—it can hardly be said to have tried—that its grit is anything like equal to that of the nation or that it shares the national determination to fight out the Great War to the only conclusion which would justify the appalling sacrifices and sufferings of the British and Allied peoples for the sake of securing our common civilization. The war never seems to have been conducted by any of the three British Ministries that have held office as though they wanted to win in the popular sense of that term, while their policy has been a perpetual blister to the public through its incorrigible weakness upon every Anglo-German issue. It is this, and this alone, which is responsible for the agitation against "the Hidden Hand," so embarrassing to every Cabinet that cannot explain its incomprehensible tenderness towards our repulsive foe, its strange reluctance to hurt and humiliate the German Empire, all sections of which, from the All-Highest to the all-lowered of the tame Socialists, are not merely sworn to our destruction, but to treat these Islands, should they ever get in here, so as to make the occupation of martyred Belgium and the "convict settlement" of Rumania seem a joke. Belgians or Rumanians or the inhabitants of invaded territory elsewhere have received one answer from the enemy to every complaint

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GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

"21 Jewelled" Tires

When the jeweller lays two watches on the counter before you, you don't choose the cheaper one just because it is lower in price. You look at the movement---the number of jewels---the case. It's *service* you are buying---not just something to fill your pocket.

Then, in the name of real Economy, buy Tires the same way.

Price alone is no gauge.

It's miles-per-dollar. It's freedom from trouble. It's comfort and satisfaction.

On just this basis we build and sell Goodyear Tires. On this basis we have won the friendship of a great majority of the world's tire users.

Every notable development in the tire field fostered by Goodyear has aimed at a real reduction in the cost of motoring. Every year has seen Goodyear Tires built to go farther and so cost less.

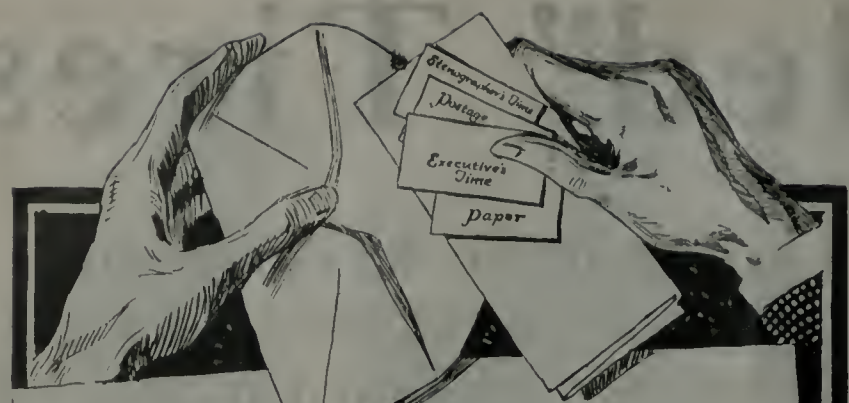
Noteworthy is Goodyear's latest contribution to lower motoring-costs---the Goodyear Cord Tire. It has already won a dominant position through very practical virtues of service and final economy.

You will be surprised at the number of your friends who use complete Goodyear equipment---for economy's sake. The Goodyear Service Station Dealer is as much at your service as at theirs.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA



4 Cost Items
go into every letter

Save on one and you ruin the effect of the whole

Into every letter you write, there goes such thought as will result in that letter creating the desired impression on the man who receives it

You dictate it with care to a stenographer, then you affix several cents' worth of postage.

The paper on which the letter is written is the fourth item of cost. By using a cheap paper you cannot save more than a small fraction of the total cost.

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is Canada's standard high grade Bond Paper. The famous "R" Shield Watermark insures that strength, texture and bright "color" which enables a printer or lithographer to do his best work. Sample sheets on request.

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High Grade Paper Makers
MONTREAL

We manufacture a bond paper for every purpose. Look for the famous "R" Shield Watermark—it guarantees you Rolland Quality.

Superfine Linen Record — Empire Linen Bond
Earnscliffe Linen Bond — Colonial Linen Bond

Men and Women Wanted

The present demand for MacLean's and Farmers' Magazines makes necessary more representatives. To young men and women of good address and ambition—students, teachers, young people in business—bank and law offices, we offer a real opportunity.

The work is permanent, we help you, co-operate with you. Your earnings are very liberal. If you are genuinely interested, write us at once.

Agency Division

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, 143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

against outrage: "This is nothing to what we shall do when we get to England." We have no desire that our national spokesmen should imitate German bluff or German bluster, but it is common knowledge that their apologetics and half-hearted measures are largely responsible for the contemptuous cruelty suffered by Englishmen and Englishwomen lying at the mercy of the Bashi-Bazouks of Prussia.

Occasionally there has been a "strong" declaration in Parliament or the platform, almost invariably, however, qualified so as to destroy its effect, as though Ministers were afraid of meaning what they said. Mr. Lloyd George at one moment adopted the Northcliffe policy of the Knock-Out, expressed in the only language which the Boche understands. But almost every action of every British Cabinet, whether consisting of Twenty-three or Five, has been incompatible with the Knock-Out spirit. Many of us have been reluctantly constrained to the conclusion that statesmen who during many years dallied with the Blockade, who have made no serious effort to protect our prisoners of war, who favor the German plutocrat in our midst, who shy at every practical step to stop German peaceful penetration, who have labored to prevent our people from appreciating the true character of the enemy and from drawing the legitimate consequences, who had to be kicked into bombing Germany, who are terrified of every strong action—will not smash the enemy if by hook or by crook they can avoid it. This may not be the anxiety in Mr. Bonar Law's mind when he warns the City of London of some unspecified danger to the national cause located off the Battle Front. But it is the nightmare of 99 Englishmen out of 100, and of 999 Englishwomen out of 1,000. It may be the misfortune of Ministers to convey this most deplorable and discouraging impression, but I believe it to be entirely their fault.

They can talk about winning till the cows come home, but the will to win is painfully lacking in the Right Hon. Faintheart, the Lord Feebleguts, and Mr. Coldfeet, and as the hour of inevitable victory approaches—despite the politicians—Downing Street will become an ever-increasing danger.

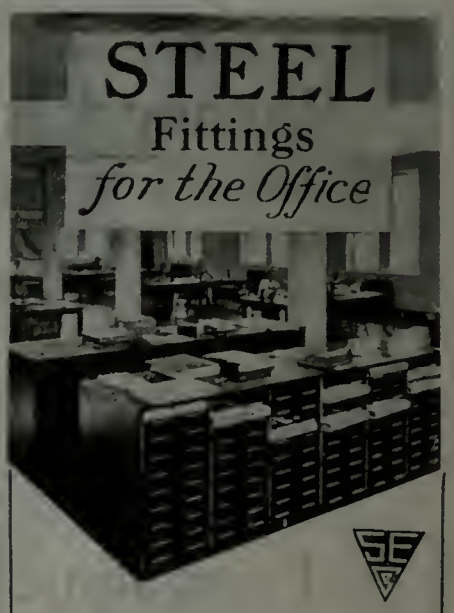
How the Hand of Austria Was Forced

Aged Emperor Was in Hands of German Clique.

IT has become the custom, and a splendid custom, too, in these days when "secret diplomacy" is an abomination in the eyes of the world, for the U.S. ambassadors to publish their impressions. The stories of Mr. Gerard on Germany and Mr. Morgenthau on Turkey were valuable and illuminating, especially the latter. Frederic Courtland Penfield, who was U.S. Ambassador to Austria-Hungary from 1913 to 1917, maintained a long silence, broken at last by an article in a recent issue of *The Independent* in which he gives a story of the true inner happenings in that country prior to the outbreak of war. He pictures the old Australian Emperor, Francis Joseph, as a catspaw in the hands of an unscrupulous clique who played Germany's game. Another interesting point that he brings out is that the power of the doddering old Emperor was more absolute in reality than that of the Czar of Russia.

But could the dreaming old sovereign be influenced to play Wilhelm's game and handle his cards in a manner keeping Potsdam and Berlin from being suspected as the instigator? The Hohenzollern believed this might be accomplished, and he well knew that Francis Joseph ruled more autocratically than the Louis of France who was convinced that he alone was the state, and Wilhelm also knew that the Hapsburg chief was very proud as well as very old. It was the comment of habitual courtiers that at the age of eighty-four Francis Joseph's mind was as keen and alert as that of the average man of forty, yet there were many competent people who were convinced that the mind of the doyen of European rulers was bordering upon decay, like the intellects of men not born in the purple. The great Hapsburger had no parliament to bother him, for not in many months had it been in session and then only to break up in a row with the conflicting races throwing books and inkstands at each other. Further the Cabinet of the Emperor was made up of fawning aristocrats whose judgments had not in years differed an iota from those of their imperial master, and only semi-occasionally were these statesmen summoned to the council table to express approval of measures that the gentle old man believed were to benefit his discordant peoples.

The absolutism of the Czar of All the Russias was pegs below that of the old



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Emperor of Austria, for the autocrat of the north had a Duma that on occasions he had to pretend to consult. Astute Wilhelm well knew this and must have thought the conditions ideal for getting Francis Joseph to set things going by springing a war of vengeance against Serbia. True, the Hapsburg chief had not made war upon Italy when a crazed Italian murdered his beautiful Empress at Geneva—that was another matter, and then Francis Joseph was twenty years younger, and had not learned to run a government controlling 52,000,000 persons of eight or ten distinct races as a one-man affair. Progressive Germany already had easy-going Austria fettered by political and military alliances, customs agreements, trade understandings, secret and open contracts and treaties of every known character, few of which contained any modicum of equity for Austria.

It was a sad fact that the coffers of the Austrian Government had for months been in so depleted a condition that financial experts of the Emperor were displaying genius in keeping the truth from the people. Two disquieting wars in the neighboring Balkans had almost paralyzed commerce in Austria and in Hungary. Wilhelm obviously knew this, but doubtlessly hoped that Francis Joseph would not think of a matter so unimportant in declaring war.

With half an eye Wilhelm must have perceived the ease with which the dreaming recluse might serve his purpose and this safely accomplished by absent treatment. In Vienna the Kaiser had for Ambassador a keen-witted Saxon whose zeal for the Fatherland and its ruler was boundless, and this functionary would be the very man to organize and conduct a cabal influencing Francis Joseph to do anything. It would not be safe for the German Government to have to do with so sinister a program, while it would be sufficiently safe for the hint to come from the All Highest and be carried to the Austrian capital by trusted militarists of the Crown Prince's clique.

Well, the suggestion from high quarters was all that the diplomatist required to organize the cabal to halt the aged Monarch's prayers for peace, and to so work upon his pride and probably weakening intellect that he would play Germany's game by hurling a surprise ultimatum and war declaration against the Serbian Government, whose people he had long detested. There were not more than six or seven men in this band of schemers; there were military high officials who had long wanted war for their own purposes, and one or two were Hungarian statesmen saturated with the Pan-German idea, one of whom had the Emperor's ear to the exclusion of advisers of higher positions.

One by one these conspirators journeyed to the Imperial villa at Ischl and remained until convinced he had furthered the project of war, and in this specious manner Francis Joseph was influenced into assuming the outward responsibility for the world's master crime.

The original intention of calling for an apology from Serbia, the punishment of certain agitators against Austria-Hungary, and promises of better conduct thereafter, was departed from piecemeal by the substituted ultimatum drafted *con amore* in the Vienna Foreign Ministry by a diplomatist of Hungarian birth intimately knowing Serbia through official residence at Belgrade. The formal declaration of hostilities following the ultimatum was wholly unnecessary, for the ultimatum adroitly meant to be unanswerable had all the force of a declaration of war. The unreasonable time-limit of forty-eight hours for replying to the demands made a clash absolutely certain—it could not be avoided, in spite of the conferences held day and night at St. Petersburg, London and Paris.

And this is the true genesis of the starting of the world cataclysm, already killing four or five millions of innocent mortals, maiming twice as many, and devastating half of Europe. In all faith do I believe that the responsibility for the war rests in Germany, and that the irresolute Francis Joseph was influenced into his murderous action by the cabal of men doing Wilhelm II's bidding.

When Germany Lived on Turnips

Food Shortage Was at Its Worst in 1917

NOW that the veil is lifted it is seen that Germany really suffered intensely from lack of food. The British blockade was effective. There can be no doubt about that now. Writing in *Leslie's Weekly*, Oswald F. Schuette deals with the food problem in a comprehensive way, showing among other things that the shortage reached its apex in 1917. There was one time, in fact, when Germany lived on turnips. He writes:

As the last of the American correspondents to leave Berlin, I was in that capital throughout the spring of 1917 when the food conditions of Germany reached their lowest point in the war. The potato crop which had saved Germany in the winter of 1915-16, and saved it again in the winter of 1917-18, proved a failure in the fall of 1916. Statistics showed that it would not outlast the winter. But the German bureaucracy which ran the food departments was confident. In October, 1916, it announced that 10,000,000 tons of rutsbaga turnips had been stored in East Prussia, to be rationed out as soon as the potatoes vanished.

Had they been as infallibly wise as they like to believe they were, they would have begun at once to adulterate the weekly potato rations with generous admixtures of turnips. For their later experience demonstrated that the human system cannot live on a steady turnip diet, and there was a serious epidemic of stomach trouble in the spring that almost forced Germany's surrender.

But the scientists did not foresee this, so Germany ate up all her potatoes before the turnip rationing began. This was about the middle of February, 1917. Suddenly the potato supply vanished, as though it had blown away overnight. Out came the turnips—coarse, yellow roots that in peace times had been devoted to cattle-feeding. It all seemed easy enough—at first. Yet one difficulty began right at the start. Potatoes had not vanished alone. Everything else seemed to disappear synchronously, as the poets say. Flour was exceptionally short, and the potato meal that had always helped out was no longer available. So the Germans tried turnip flour. It proved a sorry substitute. Despite this, the turnips had to do duty as substitutes for about everything else on the calendar of foods. At that time my meals in the Hotel Adlon, in Berlin, ran about like this: For breakfast there was a coffee substitute. Real coffee had disappeared in 1915. Cereal coffee was equally out of the question. So they made a coffee substitute by roasting dried turnips. Brewed by a master chef—for the Adlon was a splendid hotel—the result at least looked like coffee. I can't describe exactly how it tasted, but its resemblance to coffee ended with its looks. Cream—I mean milk—was out of the question; that was reserved for children under two years. Sugar was similarly forbidden in hotels, so you sweetened the coffee with coal tar saccharine. With it came two slices of bread—on bread cards. That is they called it bread. There is everything in a name. But for that, you might have mistaken it for a sliver of asphalt pavement or a cross between faded oilcloth and ruined sponge. It was made out of turnip flour and seemed to boast of its lowly parentage. After some experimenting, I found that it could be eaten if sliced to a waferlike thinness and toasted to a crisp.

There was no butter, and no real marmalade. But there was "jelly" in profusion, such as it was. There seemed to be no limit to the choice. The waiter always beamed as he recited the list cherry, raspberry, pineapple, crabapple, strawberry, grape, apple, quince, plum and all the rest. Only it was all camouflage. They were all the same in reality turnip mash, sweetened with saccharine, flavored with coal-tar flavors and colored with coal-tar dyes. The German physicians insisted that they were harmless, and I, at least, never suffered from their consumption. Maybe that was psychology, too. I don't profess to know. If you wanted it, you could have "artificial honey" instead of "jolly." But it was made in the same way—turnips and coal tar. Only it was riskier than the jams. If it hadn't been made just right, it smelled and tasted outrageously like bookbinder's paste.

So much for breakfast. For luncheon there was a real menu. It started in with soup. Until the use of paper napkins was made compulsory, it was the thinnest thing on the menu, although occasionally there was a flake of turnip to thicken it. On Sundays they always had two kinds of soup—with turnips, "puree"; without turnips, "consomme." They seemed to like French words on their menus. Next came a piece of fish, about the size of a middle-aged hickory nut, flanked by two little turnip balls that masqueraded as potatoes, and three generous sprigs of parsley to make it look like a plateful. Then came the meat course. If you still had a bit of meat card left—three-quarters of a pound per week per person—you could get a sliver of fatless meat, boiled. If you had eaten up

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your weekly allowance, the versatile chef aforesaid helped out with a croquette. That is, it looked like a croquette. With the naked eye you couldn't tell it from genuine hash. But the tongue knew better. For it was made out of a sister of the turnip that had furnished the breakfast coffee and had decorated the fish plate. A little kitchen camouflage had done the rest. With this meatless, turnippy croquette there was served a dish of turnips for potatoes, another item of turnips for vegetables and a third for salad.

But as it was a $3.75 meal, the hotel felt that it had to offer a dessert. So it did. More turnips. With proper administration of coal-tar flavors, colors and saccharine, it was not difficult—only it looked so much like the breakfast jelly that some unwary patrons tried to spread it on their bread. So the cook had to guard it against such desecration by putting on a cover of meringue. Of course, real meringue out of eggs or cream was a penitentiary offense. Therefore some culinary wizard invented a substitute. He found that by boiling a couple of tablespoonfuls of farina briskly for an hour, with a dash of coal-tar lemon juice, the result could be beaten into a frosty foam. Then it was browned into a meringue that in its appearance, but not its taste, would have made Delmonico jealous. A little black turnip coffee, with saccharine—for an extra 25 cents—finished it up in fine shape. The evening dinner differed only in price—50 cents more. So you can see how important it was to have plenty of psychology to make these menus taste like meals.

At that time, the weekly government ration gave each Berliner 3½ pounds of bread, 2¼ ounces of butter and fats, 4 pounds of potatoes or turnips, 6 ounces of sugar and 12 ounces of meat. Eggs came at the rate of one every three weeks. Take this home and try it on your stove.

Yet the German people did not starve. The aged, the young and the sick suffered and thousands of them died. One physician told me there was no use trying to save a man over sixty who fell ill; patients who had typhoid, pneumonia or other severe diseases rarely convalesced—they couldn't on one egg in three weeks. But they weren't in the trenches or the munition factories, and their loss made little difference in the nation's military strength

How Ferdinand Betrayed Bulgaria

How She Was Forced Into War.

THE inside story of the circumstances which contrary to the natural inclinations of her people led Bulgaria into the world war against the Allies is related in the *Contemporary*. The writer says in part:

Bulgaria was the first of the Central Powers to ask for terms of surrender, and although these were declared to be unconditional she at once accepted them. In this she showed an independence which has characterized the nation since it existed. Every well-wisher to the peasant State is glad that she is out of the war. She ought never to have been in it. The blundering of diplomats had much to do with her entry, but King Ferdinand had more. Many causes brought about her exit in the first week of October. Ferdinand's abdication was the best thing he ever did in the interests of Bulgaria. Three facts ought not to be overlooked as contributing to her recent action.

1. Russia was the deliverer of Bulgaria and both deserved and received the gratitude of the Bulgarian people. The Russian War Party made it transparently clear that their intention was to make of Bulgaria a Russian province. That party was both obstinate and persistent in carrying out this design.

2. That Austria acquiesced in this project, but apparently always on condition that she should be allowed to do what she liked with Serbia. The two Great Powers plotted one against the other for many years, and in 1897 an understanding was come to between them that Bulgaria should be left within the sphere of influence of Russia, while Austria was to have a free hand in Serbia.

In other words, the two most despotic Powers in Europe had agreed that Bulgaria might be forced by the Czar to become a Russian province. Each wished to employ a small Balkan State as a pawn for its own purpose. The next quarter of a century saw a long diplomatic and selfish struggle between Russian and Bulgaria.

3. The third fact to which I call attention is that Bulgaria had reason to believe in the desire of England, France, and the United States to do her justice.

The essential features of Bulgaria's history must be briefly recalled. A people long oppressed under the tyranny of the Turks attempted, in 1876, to rise against their oppressors. The knowledge that such an attempt was contemplated led to Moslem atrocities in which sixty villages were burned and 12,000 men, women, and children were massacred in cold blood. When the news reached England popular indignation drove our Government to enquire into the truth of the reports which had been sent. A Conference met in Constantinople in December, 1876, in which every Power in Europe was represented. Its object was to persuade the Porte to adopt reforms for the benefit of Bulgaria and Serbia, and prevent the recurrence of massacres. Russia declared war on April 24th, 1877, and after a year's hard fighting Turkey was beaten. Bulgaria was established as a Principality by the Treaty of San Stefano which was revised by arrangement between Great Britain and Russia and the Treaty of Berlin took its place.

The Bulgars were to choose a prince. They chose Alexander, a good but weak man. An infamous Russian intrigue expelled Alexander in 1887. Then it became necessary to choose a successor. Russia put forward her candidate. But the people would not have him. A deputation was appointed by the Sobranje, the Bulgarian Chamber, to find a prince. They selected Ferdinand, as yet an unknown Austrian officer. Russia was once more disappointed, and from that time onward she became the enemy of Bulgaria.

Two influences must be noted as having great importance from that time up to the present upon Bulgarian history, the first is that England steadily supported the independence of Bulgaria and opposed the Russian intention to force its people to accept her yoke. The second influence to which I allude is that of the United States. As my readers have probably noticed the United States has never declared war upon Bulgaria. The explanation is that Bulgaria has received from America more aid in finding her soul than from all other countries. This influence came mainly from the great American institution known as Robert College in Constantinople. Every year saw a number of graduates in the College of various races, but notably Bulgarian, who were hard students and whose minds had been trained to accept the ideals of America. Stambuloff, though not himself there trained, spoke in very high terms of the value of its work. His successor Stoiloff was a graduate and a man greatly respected both in Bulgaria and in England. The only other Robert College Prime Minister who may be mentioned is Mr. Gueshoff whose conduct in refusing to continue in office when King Ferdinand, probably at the dictation of Austria, sent new terms to be added to those already settled betwen him and Mr. Passitch, the Serbian Premier, gives him a notable place in the history of the last six years. Mr. Gueshoff emphasizes the fact that no meeting of ministers had taken place and that the new terms were those of King Ferdinand alone.

When in August, 1914, war was declared, Ferdinand found the sentiment of his people favorable to the Allies. Bulgaria, as it appears to me, had a real grievance in the refusal of the Powers to carry out the arrangement which had been entered into in February, 1912. The British Government, several months after the World War commenced, was approached with the suggestion that the Allies should promise that if Bulgaria remained neutral this grievance should be redressed. A promise was given and the Bulgarians asked for it in writing. Time was lost and the Bulgarians claim that representations which they made to our Minister at Sofia were never transmitted to England. When the answer came it is said to have been different from the promise which had been made. One Power was against the suggested arrangement. I believe that Power was Serbia herself. A well-informed observer, Mr. Noel Buxton, who was in Belgrade in December, 1914, states that it was his impression that Passitch was waiting to be ordered by the Powers to make the concession demanded. If such an order were given he could have told his constituents that it was in their interests to comply with it, but as it was never given, the war party, urged constantly at Sofia by the representatives of Berlin and Vienna, decided that Bulgaria should throw in her lot with the Central Powers. Finally, partly as a result of the vacillation of diplomacy, the King had his own way, but the feeling in the army as well as in the country generally was in favor of England and the Allies, and it soon became recognized that if they could get rid of their king who had never been popular, their best course would be to act as they did in the beginning of last month.

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however, from Mr. Ward Price tells ugly stories of the brutal treatment of Serbian prisoners by the Bulgarians. The acts of savage cruelty by Bulgarians on Serbians and to a less extent the hostility between Bulgaria and Greece, while demanding the strongest condemnation on the part of all civilized powers is especially lamentable on the part of Bulgaria, for by such acts she is diminishing her chances of a favorable settlement of a real grievance.

Failure of Ludendorff

A Correct Estimate of the Prussian Commander.

LUDENDORFF was a tremendous figure in the eyes of the world at one time. He seemed almost the personification of the German Superman—efficient, ruthless, almost omnipotent. The matchless organization of the Teutonic nation was ascribed to him and his directing hand was felt behind every German success. Then came the reaction. With the falling back of the Hun armies and the resignation of Ludendorff, his reputation collapsed like a punctured balloon. To-day the world is finding it easy to believe that Ludendorff was an overrated man, a bluffer, a butcher.

The truth is somewhere between. Perhaps the most satisfying estimate that has yet appeared is found in The *Nation*, (London) shortly after his fall. History will accord Ludendorff about the measure of greatness that this article has estimated:

Successful generals are not dismissed unless they have made themselves undesirable citizens. Von Moltke was set aside when the original plan failed. A theory died with von Falkenhayn. But with Ludendorff a phase and a spirit pass. For he was a typical Prussian general, and he had been more intimately associated with the Germany Army than any other soldier. Behind the scenes he *was* the army. In him was its hope. He was its expression, and policies failed which had not his countersign and approval.

Yet Ludendorff was not a great man, and it is improbable that history will rank him among the great generals. His career is a reminder of the triviality of human judgments, for he won his opportunity by his share in a minor operation, and his one incontestable victory was almost immediately counter-balanced by an almost equally gigantic defeat. He commanded his brigade at Liege at the outbreak of war, and took part in storming those weakly held spaces between the Brialmont forts. There was little scope for a mere brigadier in such an operation, and presumably he was selected as chief of staff to Hindenburg simply as a competent soldier who could well be spared. In East Prussia he had to defeat a much more numerous enemy who was already defeating himself. When Fear and Folly take the field, Competence comes to its own. While Rennenkampf fought with an eye over his shoulder towards Petrograd, and Samsonoff with both eyes fixed on Berlin, Ludendorff with his attention on the immediate foreground of the Masurian lakes, worked out his clever little plan, and all went well. He cleared East Prussia, and his fame was founded upon the impregnable rock of holy property. It is true that the army sent to pursue Rennenkampf to the Niemen came to grief. But von Schubert (Hindenburg's successor) was quietly lost, and by that time the great German and Austrian armies were strung out across Poland. It was Ludendorff who fought the Eastern campaign right up to the final attempt to cut off the armies east of Vilna. It was Ludendorff who, aided by incompetence and treachery at home, put Russia finally out of the fight. But apart from the first victory near Gorlice over the defenceless Russians, the strategy was obvious. General Dimitrieff has been criticized for his failure to conatruct supporting lines. But in point of fact, he had no *front* line. He had a numerous army armed with a third of a rifle per head and appropriate ammunition; and any atrategy can win laurels against such opponents. It is in the broader lines of the campaign we see Ludendorff at his best, but it was a best that was never equal to that of the Russians. The victories in Russia were great achievements; but history will measure them against the resistance offered, and noting that the Russian armies, ill-equipped as they were, ever eluded the German grip, will not find in them any claim to military genius. The mere size of an effect is not the criterion of its greatness. The standards of the present war are all gigantic; but this does not constitute all the commanders giants.

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piece of work; but the detail was that of von Falkenhayn. Ludendorff by this time had become the virtual commander of all the German armies in the field, and he had to bear the brunt of the battle of the Somme and the Allied offensive last year. It was he who determined to make an end in the West by a huge offensive. Once more he was seizing upon a chance gratuitously offered him. The battle of March 21st was lost in Whitehall long before it was lost north of St. Quentin. Again Ludendorff achieved a great effect. Some critics suggest that if he had been right in trusting the assurance of his naval advisers who said there were practically no Americans in Europe he would have defeated the Allies. But to base plans upon a vast incapacity for criticizing one's own wishes is not generalship but unqualified folly. And the conduct of the campaign revealed Ludendorff's weakness in a pitiless light. He marched to Amiens; but with the prize before him, wavered. What a sigh of relief went up on the Allied side! He had still at least thirty divisions to use, but he carefully removed his thrust from the point he had most skilfully selected and threw the forces into another area so that the sensitive line before Amiens might heal and grow strong! This was one of the most colossal blunders in military history. It is quite possible that Ludendorff could not have won his goal by mere persistence before Amiens. But if it were to be won at all that was the place and the time. He failed because he has never had the general's vision. His only contribution to warfare is the purely Prussian contribution—exaggeration. He raised everything to the *n*th. Never was concentration so secret as his, never so great. Never was any accumulation of guns so great. He attempted to fly to victory on two wings: size and persistence. But whereas he always began with a superfluity he always ended with a dearth. And he persisted just up to the moment when persistence was about to bear fruit. Then he turned aside. He seems to have been the victim of the generalization that warfare is a science. He never rose above that fallacy. It is possible he merely became the slave of the mechanical side of war in which indeed he was a genius. He had a colossal mind for detail, and he had a gift for the salient facts of a situation. But he never possessed the capacity for making a leap in the dark.

And so there passes with him that limited Prussian military ideal of blood and iron. It is an apt description since the antithesis to intelligence is so well emphasized. It has had its day and the passing of Ludendorff is its curfew. It was Ludendorff who suggested an armistice, and then when he found his armies escaping one trap after another he wished to put his fortunes to the test. It is also stated that he objected to the subordination of the Army to the Reichstag. But he has gone, and whoever succeeds him there will be no new figure with a prestige comparable with his. He has had more to do with the shaping of the war than any other figure, but with one exception he has won no more than half-victories and he has brought his charge to complete defeat. He has never been more than a great Quartermaster-General. Falkenhayn in chief command with Ludendorff as assistant might have done great things. It has been Germany's misfortune that she had to depend for her executive command upon one who had only a colossal power for clerical work.

Greatest Triumph of History

Military Critic Places This Estimate on Allied Victory.

IN estimating the importance of the military triumph of the Allies, Frank H. Simonds, writes in *The American Review of Reviews* that it is the greatest in world history. He says:

Measured by its consequence, the German defeat is more complete and disastrous than was the Austrian defeat at Sadowa or the French collapse at Sedan. It was Napoleon not France, which suffered after Waterloo. But it is Germany which must suffer now, as Prussia paid the price of Jena. Her Emperor has gone into exile like Napoleon, although his exile is not a prison; but there is nowhere any disposition to deal with Socialistic Germany as Europe a century ago dealt with a France restored to the Bourbons.

We have won the war in the only way that could be worth while. We have broken the legend of the invincible Germany army. Militarism has brought to Germany a greater harvest of suffering than defencelessness could ever bring. It has brought the invader, not halted him. While it flows back a broken and disintegrating mob, French, British and American troops are advancing on German soil and for many months and perhaps years, hereafter, alien armies will dominate the Rhine and the Moselle.

It was Waterloo which shattered the French dream of world power. In the Hundred Days of Foch from the Marne to the Sambre, Prussian militarism has been broken as completely as the Napoleonic. The nation collapsed behind the army; but the army was already beaten and the German fleet, which was to dispute the mastery of the sea with Britain, mutinied rather than engage in battle with the foe. The Armistice of Senlis is, then, one of the great landmarks in all human history. It marks the failure of one more effort to dominate the world by the sword. It testifies to another militaristic failure, the greatest, perhaps, in all human history. It reveals the "downfall" which Bernhardi told us was the alternative to German world-power.

And there is one circumstance in the present campaign lacking in the Napoleonic history. Europe conquered Napoleon, but he left his last battlefield with the assured reputation of unrivaled greatness as a soldier. Waterloo could not extinguish the glory of his Italian victories, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Friedland and of Wagram. Beaten he still conquered as a soldier. But no such fortune remains for the German military leadership. It has not merely been beaten; it has yielded to a greater commander than it was able to produce. If Ludendorff was the ablest German general of the war, his defeat at the hands of Foch is as complete as that of any beaten general in any war. Nor is this all. If Foch's victory over Ludendorff was absolute, the successes of Petain over Falkenhayn at Verdun, and of Joffre over the younger Moltke at the Marne, were only less decisive. In all three of the great tests, German generalship has succumbed to French. The legend of Sedan and Sadowa has been extinguished at the Marne and the Meuse.

The Inside Story of Armenia

American Ambassador Tells of the Wholesale Massacres.

EVEN though the war in Turkey is a thing of the past and all that is left is the carving of the bird, intense interest can still be found in the narrative of Henry Margenthau, U.S. Ambassador, now running in *World's Work*. The current instalment deals with the Armenian situation and is full of dramatic incidents. Only a few extracts here and there can be given from this historically important narrative:

Technically, of course, I had no right to interfere. According to the cold-blooded legalities of the situation, the treatment of Turkish subjects by the Turkish Government was purely a domestic affair; unless it directly affected American lives and American interests, it was outside the concern of the American Government. When I first approached Talaat on the subject, he called my attention to this fact in no uncertain terms. This interview was one of the most exciting which I had had up to that time. Two missionaries had just called upon me, giving the full details of the frightful happenings at Konia. After listening to their stories, I could not restrain myself, and went immediately to the Sublime Porte. I saw at once that Talaat was in one of his most ferocious states of mind. For months he had been attempting to secure the release of two of his closest friends, Ayoub Sabri and Zinnoun, who were held as prisoners by the English at Malta. His failure in this matter was a constant grievance and irritation; he was always talking about it, always making new suggestions for getting his friends back to Turkey, and always appealing to me for help. So furious did the Turkish Boss become when thinking about his absent friends that we usually referred to these manifestations as Talaat in his "Ayoub Sabri moods." This particular morning the Minister of the Interior was in one of his worst "Ayoub Sabri moods." Once more he had been working for the re-

lease of the exiles and once more he had failed. As usual, he attempted to preserve outer calm and courtesy to me, but his short, snappy phrases, his bull-dog rigidity, and his wrists, planted on the table, showed that it was an unfavorable moment to stir him to any sense of pity or remorse. I first spoke to him about a Canadian missionary, Dr. McNaughton, who was receiving harsh treatment in Asia Minor.

"The man is an English agent," he replied, "and we have the evidence for it."

"Let me see it," I asked.

"We'll do nothing for any Englishman or any Canadian," he replied, "until they release Ayoub and Zinnoun."

"But you promised to treat English in the employ of Americans as Americans," I replied.

"That may be," rejoined the Minister, "but a promise is not made to be kept forever. I withdraw that promise now. There is a time limit on a promise."

"But if a promise is not binding, what is?" I asked.

"A guarantee," Talaat answered quickly.

* * * *

He was altogether in a reckless mood. "*Gott strafe England!*" he shouted—using one of the few German phrases that he knew. "As to your Armenians, we don't give a rap for the future! We live only in the present! As to the English, I wish you would telegraph Washington that we shall not do a thing for them until they let out Ayoub Sabri and Zinnoun!"

Then leaning over, he struck a pose, pressed his hand to his heart, and said, in English—I think this must have been almost all the English he knew:

"Ayoub Sabri—he—my—brudder!"

Despite this I made another plea for Dr. McNaughton.

"He's not American," said Talaat, "he's a Canadian."

"It's almost the same thing," I said.

"Well," replied Talaat, "if I let him go, will you promise that the United States will annex Canada?"

"I promise," said I, and we both laughed at this little joke.

"Every time you come here," Talaat finally said, "you always steal something from me. All right, you can have your McNaughton!"

* * * *

One day Talaat made what was perhaps the most astonishing request I had ever heard. The New York Life Insurance Company, and the Equitable Life of New York had for years done considerable business among the Armenians. The extent to which they insured their lives was merely another indication of their thrifty habits.

"I wish," Talaat now said, "that you would get the American life insurance companies to send us a complete list of their Armenian policy holders. They are practically all dead now and have left no heirs to collect the money. It, of course, all escheats to the state. The Government is the beneficiary now. Will you do so?"

This was almost too much, and I lost my temper.

"You will get no such lists from me," I said, and got up and left him.

* * * *

Talaat's attitude toward the Armenians was summed up in the proud boast which he made to his friends: "I have accomplished more toward solving the Armenian problem in three months than Abdul Hamid accomplished in thirty years!"

* * * *

Enver tried to mitigate the barbarity of his general attitude by showing mercy in particular instances. I made no progress in my efforts to stop the programme of wholesale massacre, but I did save a few Armenians from death. One day I received word from the American Consul at Smyrna that seven Armenians had been sentenced to be hanged. These men had been accused of committing some rather vague political offense in 1909; yet neither Rahmi Bey, the Governor General of Smyrna, nor the Military Commander believed that they were guilty. When the order for execution reached Smyrna these authorities wired Constantinople that under the Ottoman law the accused had the right to appeal for clemency to the Sultan. The answer which was returned to this communication well illustrated the extent to which the rights of the Armenians were regarded at that time:

"Technically, you are right; hang them first and send the petition for pardon afterward."

From England to France by Tunnel

Discussed for 116 Years, English Channel Tunnel May Be Built at Last.

FOR upwards of a century the fear of war has thwarted the men who have had the plan for a Channel tunnel at heart. The war, however, has changed England's viewpoint and the eventual success of the idea seems now likely to be realized. Some interesting details with regard to the project are given by Waldemar Kaempffert in *Popular Science Monthly*, in an article from which the following excerpt is taken:

"This is one of the great things that we could do together."

Napoleon was the speaker. The man to whom he addressed himself was the English statesman, Charles Fox, who visited the First Consul in France after the treaty of Amiens had been signed in 1802. What was the great thing "that we could do together"? Build a tunnel under the Channel to connect England and France—the proposal of Mathieu, one of the foremost French engineers of his time. England steadfastly opposed the tunnel. For centuries she had been an island. She had developed political liberty after her fashion partly because she was cut off from the Continent; she was safe from invasion because she was surrounded by stormy waters. Direct physical connection with the Continent was a military menace.

Yet there were broad-minded men in the English government who saw that England had much to gain by the building of a tunnel. In 1875 England and France signed a treaty which defined the tunnel rights of the two countries, provided for the flooding of the tunnel in time of war, and empowered a British and a French company to begin the work of excavation. Shafts were sunk on both the English and French sides seven years later, and tunnels were driven from these shafts out under the sea for a dstance of six thousand feet. Then Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of the Home Department, stepped in and, with the assistance of the courts, stopped the work. Both the French and British companies moved heaven and earth to recommence operations. Wolseley bombarded Alexandria in 1882, thereby hardly improving the feeling of England and France for each other. Wolseley, a popular hero after his Egyptian triumph, branded the whole Channel enterprise as insane, and voiced the opinion of conservative England when he argued that the tunnel would destroy the military isolation that had saved England from invasion for centuries.

England invaded and conquered! The idea alarmed even such cool-headed scientists as Thomas Huxley and Herbert Spencer, with the result that they carried in person to the House of Commons an enormous petition, signed by tens of thousands, protesting against the resumption of work on the tunnel. A Parliamentary committee decided against the tunnel companies in 1883. The tunnel was dead. Nearly every great English engineering project for improving the means of communication with the Continent has met with similar absurd opposition.

Strategists who are now fighting in France realize what a stupid mistake the military advisers of the British government made in objecting to the tunnel. England must henceforth be able to reach Liege or Antwerp as quickly as a rail-borne German army. Besides, England is no longer isolated, in the old sense. The submarines and the airship have destroyed her insularity. To be sure, no invading troops have been landed on English soil; on the other hand, the sea, England's mightiest bulwark, has not been able to prevent attacks on her shipping by submarines or the bombardment of her towns by aircraft.

According to Albert Sartiaux, engineer for the French tunnel company, 20,000,000 passengers have crossed the Channel since the outbreak of the war, and millions of tons of munitions and supplies. A tunnel would have released for Atlantic service 1,500,000 tons of shipping and an army of dock-laborers. He estimates that 30,000 troops and 30,000 tons of supplies a day could have been transported by a Channel tunnel, on the basis of six trains an hour for twenty hours. Think what this would have meant in the early days of the war, when hours were precious! The tunnel can be built for $80,000,000. It has cost England more than that for the lack of a tunnel.

The latest plans, for which Sir Douglas Fox of England and Albert Sartiaux are responsible, and which will in all probability be carried out after the end of the war, provide for two tunnels, each eighteen and one half feet in diameter, to be driven undtr the Channel, from Shakespeare Cliff, near Dover, to Sangatte, between Calais and Boulogne.

The distance would be about thirty-seven miles, twenty-four of which would lie under water. At their lowest point the rails are to lie 325 feet below water-level. For a short distance the maximum grade is ninety-six feet a mile; the prevailing grade is

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life**; for if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down sky-scrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling", especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; consitpation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 74, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40 St., New York City. You should order the book to-day. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

twenty-six feet a mile. At about every two or three hundred yards there are to be connecting passages between the tunnels.

The digging of the tunnel would be marvelously easy compared with the driving of the tubes under the Hudson and East rivers or tunneling under New York to provide an aqueduct for Catskill drinking water. England and France were at one time connected. The evidence of that connection is to be found in the similarity of the geological strata in southern England and northern France.

Machines will burrow into the bed and discharge the material excavated on endless traveling belts that discharge their load directly into cars. There will be no manual labor—no shoveling.

First, a trial tube of about eleven feet diameter is to be run from Dover to Sangatte. It will carefully test the ground to ascertain the precise location of any fissures or faults. It will be used as a drainage tube, and will rise up to the centre of the Channel, so that water will flow down in each direction and be pumped up at Dover and Sangatte.

It will take four years to construct this tube, but it will reduce the time required for the entire work. By its means chambers will be excavated in the middle of the Channel, and from these chambers it will be possible to drive the tunnels both from the shore ends and backwards from the centre, and to carry off the excavated material through the tube.

Core of the World Trouble

Mr. Wells Attributed the Muddled Condition to the Great Power Theory.

WRITING voluminously on all the big problems of the stupendous present, H. G. Wells maintains a very complete and radical adherence to the ideal of the League of Nations. In The *New Republic*, he deals at some length with what he conceives to have been "the core of the trouble"—the Great Power idea which has dominated and obsessed Europe. Mr. Wells believes that the time has come when people must put the welfare of the world ahead of the welfare of the particular power to which they belong as citizens. This idea, which is a development of those he expressed in a series of articles in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE last spring, he expounds as follows:

What is the essential idea of the Great Power theory? It is that one's own state is forever in conflict and competition with other states, trying to best them and gain advantage over them, trying if possible to overcome and consume them, and making no alliance except alliances of defense and attack against rival states. This idea rose to prominence in Europe towards the close of the Middle Ages, and you can find it expressed quintessentially in the two great works of Machiavelli, in his Prince and in his Art of War, which latter book closed the era of the feudal levy and inaugurated the era of the trained standing army. The history of Europe from his time onward goes more and more to the Machiavellian tune, with variations when an Emperor, or a States-General, or a Lord Protector takes the place of the typical Prince. The history of Europe centres about great princes like Henry VIII, Louis XIV and XV, Frederick the Great and Catherine the Great, and about their ministers, the Wolseys, the Burleighs, the Richelieus, the Bismarcks, and so on. Every state is conceived of as a Power, either already a great Power or as a little sly, watchful state, waiting for its chance to become a Great Power. All the proceedings of a state under this obsession are shaped by something called a Policy, which is no less and no more than a scheme to grab some coveted advantage, to sow dissensions between dangerous rivals, to undermine some powerful antagonist. The Great Power theory absolutely ignores and repudiates the idea of a common welfare for mankind. From such ideas your states broke away, but these are the ideas that have shaped this Europe to which you have come, and which dominate it to this day and this hour. This Great Power idea is only a little more active in Berlin and Sofia than it is in any of the Allied capitals. Europe is all built on these ideas. Every Foreign Office in Europe and every diplomatic service has been organized in the past primarily and completely to serve the "Policy" of a Great Power. Every War Office and every Admiralty has been planned to carry out the Great Power dream. If it serves any other end, any wider end, it does so against its own nature.

The Best of the Series

The February number will contain one of the most intensely interesting and entertaining articles in the "Chronicles of the Klondyke" series. Mr. Smith deals with the outstanding characters of the camps—Alex Macdonald, known as "The King of the Klondyde", Dick Low, Count Charbonneau and many others.

Britain's Wonderful War Effort

Showing Some of the Things the Empire Has Accomplished in the War for Civilization

DURING the war there has existed on this continent a clique of anti-British propagandists who have ceaselessly conducted a campaign in the United States to belittle the military, naval and industrial effort of England; to make the world at large believe England has been using the people of other lands as a cat's-paw while shielding her own sons and daughters and protecting her own material wealth.

Collier's in a recent issue refutes these calumnies by giving as quoted below various facts and figures which have been supplied by the British Government Bureau of Information:

That August day, 1914, when the war broke out, the British navy had a tonnage of 2,500,000, and a personnel of 145,000 officers and men. To-day it has a tonnage (including the auxiliary fleet) of 8,000,000, and a personnel of almost 500,000. This does not include the mercantile marine, or patrol vessels, mine sweepers, etc., in the auxiliary fleet. There are 50,000 men serving in these, and not less than 10,000 in this branch have given their lives for the sake of human liberty. Of Britain's great army of civilian workers not less than 1,000,000 are exclusively engaged on work for the navy.

There are certain articles which Germany cannot produce or cannot produce in sufficient quantity, and which she is compelled to have in order to continue warfare. The principal items are raw cotton, copper, sugar, wool, hides, meat. Germany's imports of these indispensables, from 1910 to 1914 (the outbreak of war), averaged as follows:

Raw cotton, 405,000 metric tons; copper, 181,000 metric tons; sugar, 4,771,000 metric tons; wool, 189,000 metric tons; hides, 239,000 metric tons; meat, 1,919,000 hundredweight.

Up rose the Lion, that fateful August day, 1914, threw back his great head, shaking his tawny mane, and uttered a roar of defiance. And Germany'a importations of the necessities of war, as quoted above, fell with a crash down to nothing at all, excepting for pitiful driblets here and there, smuggled in at long intervals. Also shut off was the supply of rubber, and of coffee which Germany had imported nt the rate of 181,000 metric tons per annum.

Unmoved by heedless criticism, by sneers and worse from some who imagined themselves to be masters of military strategy, Great Britain kept armies in Saloniki, Mesopotamia, Palestine—and the unconditional surrender of Bulgaria, with its immeasurable consequences, proves the worth of that "divine folly." In like manner Britain never, for a single hour, relaxed her sea grip on Germany's throat. What happened as one result? On a certain October day the German Chancellor cabled President Wilson, virtually admitting that the game was drawing near a close, so far as the Hun was concerned. And the next week came word from Washington that this initial surrender by the Kaiser's Government was due largely to shortage of raw material for ordnance that in a two days' engagement preceding October 8 about sixty German shells out of each hundred falling in a certain area failed to explode, and merely dropped to the earth as harmless "duds."

"The Silent Navy"—that is what they who know it best term the British Lion's huge machine for marine warfare. In four years and a little more it has convoyed in excess of 13,000,000 men, of whom only 2,700 were lost through enemy action; 2,000,000 horses and mules; 500,000 vehicles; 25,000,000 tons of explosives; 51,000,000 tons of fuel, including oil. And it has kept the highways of the deep open for British ships which have carried 130,000,000 tons of food and other supplies for use of the Entente Allies and the United States. We, in this country, are justly proud of the valor and skill of our own navy, and of its glorious deeds. But we should not forget that of all the Allied forces that have been fighting German submarine piratea in Atlantic waters 80 per cent. are British, 14 per cent. are American, and 6 per cent. are French; while of Allied submarines that have been hunting enemy submarines in those same waters, 78 per cent. are British, 17 per cent. French, and 5 per cent. American.

What has Britain achieved in aerial warfare? In August, 1914, the Lion had in service 130 aircraft of all types and 900 men. It is not possible to tell exactly how many aircraft Britain now has, or the numbers in its personnel, because loss of aviators and machines is a varying quantity. But some idea may be gained by the official statement that in a single month British airmen dropped 7,886 bombs on the western front, fired 209,000 rounds of ammunition from the air, and took 15,837 photographs from above the earth, all being taken under heavy shell fire. In one week—from August 8 to August 15, 1918—British air forces brought down 339 German machines and dropped 320 tons of explosive bombs on enemy batteries and ammunition dumps. *During the night of August 21, alone, British aviators bombed five German towns, dropping 194 tons of bombs.* Today Britain maintained the largest air forces of all the Allies. During the night of August 24 two of the Lion's air squadrons attacked Constantinople; while his air squadrons have taken the lead on the French front, the Italian front, on the Balkan fronts, in Persia, Palestine, and Mesopotamia.

So much, briefly, for what the Lion has done by sea and in air. How about "Britain's contemptible little army" of whom 100,000 arrived in France by the middle of August, 1914, and coming with all speed at the most critical moment in modern times unquestionably saved France from certain and speedy defeat? When Europe was thrown into convulsion of war, four summers ago, the British army consisted of 250,000 regular troops, 200,000 reserves, and 250,000 partly trained volunteers composed of "Territorials" who since have done such heroic service; in all, a total of 700,000 trained soldiers and partly trained volunteers With these men the Lion had to safeguard his vulnerable isles and his enormous Indian possessions.

It was on August 8, 1914, that Kitchener sent forth his call for the first hundred thousand"—and they volunteered within a fortnight. A month later 175,000 had been enrolled, of whom 30,000 enlisted in a single day. At the end of the war's first year 2,000,000 had joined the colors; toward the close of May, 1916, King George made public announcement that more than 5,000,000 men (all volunteers) had entered the army and the navy. Yet, instead of diminishing, the stream of British manhood became a veritable flood, so that in August of the present year Lloyd George was able to state that the British Empire had raised for the army and navy a total of more than 8,500,000 men. Of this grand total India had contributed 1,500,000; the British dominions, 1,000,000; Great Britain itself, 6,250,000!

"To-day," says a statement from the British Government's Bureau of Information, "*every third male of any age* in the *British Isles* is in some war service"—that is to say, one out of every three in a male population which includes men of eighty, ninety, and over, as well as boy babes in arms.

And what has been Britain's sacrifices in life thus far according to the latest obtainable official figures—which do not include the results of recent furious fighting?

The first expeditionary force called forth by Kitchener, that handful of 100,000 men hastily mobilized and somehow sent across the Channel, was almost annihilated. A single division lost 10,000 men out of 12,000, while out of 400 officers only 50 escaped casualty. By December, 1915, sixteen months after Britain entered the war, British casualties had mounted to practically 78 per cent. of the entire original land forces. An official statement made in London, on August 15, 1918, announced that up to that date 900,000 British soldiers and sailors had suffered death since the war began. More recent losses bring the total of British dead well up above 1,000,000. It must be remembered that British forces have been fighting not only in France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Siberia, and the Balkans, but also in Kiaochow, New Guinea, Samoa, Mesopotamia, Egypt, the Sudan, Cameroons, Togoland, East Africa, Southwest Africa, Aden, Persia, and along the northwest frontier of India. It is probable that at no time have more than 1,750,000 British troops actually been engaged on the French front and in lines of communication connected therewith.

As for the fleet, we have the authority of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, for the remarkable statement, publicly made by him at a recent Pilgrims' Dinner in New York, that the British navy has lost 230 warships, big and little, and in addition 450 auxiliary ships, such as mine sweepers, etc.

Clinch Your Point Without Leaving your Desk

Brown said you were wrong.

You *knew* you were right.

But where was that letter from the Montreal office with the exact figures—to back your contention? In the files, you thought; but didn't the file clerk, after a 15 minutes frantic search, report that "it couldn't be found—must have been mislaid some where?"

Nothing to it! You were left in doubt—or reluctantly had to concede Brown his point.

How many executives go through this harassing procedure every business day—submit to the delays and embarrassments of long waiting periods while important letters are being "hunted up" in the files!

How much better to keep all those vital business documents—those papers you're liable to want at any minute in the day—right at your fingers' tips where you can get the one you need *without delay*. The "Office Specialty"

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Yet to-day that wonderful fleet is bigger and stronger than ever!

At the same dinner, by the way, the First Lord of the Admiralty also made the unqualified statement that from January 1, 1918, down to date the British forces—military and naval—had sustained 750,000 casualties, which would be, roughly, at the rate of about 83,000 casualties per month; and that this was a larger number than the total casualties suffered during the same period by all the other Allies combined!

Every American who has visited England within the past four years comes back filled with admiration and wonder at the tremendous achievements of British womanhood, and the British Government dispassionately ranks those achievements alongside the deeds of heroic men in the field. It was Lloyd George himself who declared, after the great German offensive: "If it had not been for the splendid manner in which the women have come forward . . . . often in daily danger of their lives, Great Britain and, I believe, all the Allies would have been unable to withstand the enemy attacks of the last few months."

From the beginning, in August, 1914, until August 14, 1918, the war is estimated to have cost Great Britain $27,000,000,000. Yet the British Government has loaned to its Allies more than $8,160,000,000, while the British public voluntarily subscribed in excess of $8,000,000 for relief in France, Belgium, Serbia, Italy, Poland, Montenegro, and Russia, besides providing homes in England for half a million destitute refugees. Great Britain has supplied her Allies with enough grain, for example, to make a loaf of bread as high as the Woolworth Building, and as long and deep as the average loaf is in proportion.

If the American reader wishes a sharp, clear idea of what Great Britain has suffered in the war, let him remember that, with regard to relative population, the United States would not equal Britain's sacrifice of life until approximately 2,400,000 American soldiers were dead; until Americans were paying $8,000,000,000 in taxes each year; until 12,000,000 American women were engaged in work formerly performed by men.

New York City has a population about equal to that of London. And from London 1,000,000 men have gone into the British army and navy.

The Lion has suffered deeply; his heart has been sore and torn with anguish.

Generations, perhaps, will pass before Britain's staggering war indebtedness can be repaid. But the Lion is stronger to-day, more powerful, more determined than ever on the upholding of law, the preservation of order, and the maintenance of international honor.

Madness Caused by Infected Teeth

Tooth Extraction Effects Permanent Cures in Cases of Insanity.

ACCORDING to a recent official report of Dr. H. A. Cotton, medical director of the New Jersey State Hospital for the Insane at Trenton, infected teeth are a frequent cause of insanity. As a result of experiments continuing for over eleven years he claims to have effected permanent cures by extracting teeth after examination with X-rays, removing infected tonsils and clearing up the digestive tract.

Dr. Cotton, as quoted in the New York *Times*, says:

"We are able to cure early cases in a very short time, prevent the disease from becoming chronic in a large number of cases, and restore a certain number who have been in the hospital for as long as nine years. This we are doing daily. We have found that infection of the chronic type and the resulting toxemia are the basis of many mental disturbances. These chronic infections are known as focal infections and may be present for years without their existence becoming known to the patient, and until quite recently the physicians and the dentists have been ignorant of their existence.

"We are practically prepared to state that this infection originates in the teeth, as we find the same organism in the abscessed teeth, tonsils, stomach, and duodenum, and in no case have we been able to eliminate the teeth as the origin of the infection. We have had five acute maniacal cases who died within a short time after coming to the hospital. Formerly the cause of death was considered due to exhaustion from excitement but a bacteriological study in these cases showed all the organs practically infected. We feel that we have established a very important fact as applicable to general medicine as to nervous and mental diseases, that is, that the infection originates in the teeth, and after some years infects the organs through the lymphatic system.

In making routine examinations of the blood we found a great number of our patients who gave a positive reaction, showing that they were suffering from a chronic infection. At first the teeth and tonsils were thoroughly investigated. In many cases the infected teeth were extracted, producing, gratifying results in some cases, but in the majority no improvement was noted. Some twenty-two of these cases had their infected tonsils removed, and again we noted a marked improvement and even recovery in one-half of these cases. The next point of attack was the gastro-intestinal tract, for many of the patients showed evidence of a chronic gastro-intestinal infection. Finally, in April of the present year we were able to utilize a method of accurately determining the infection of the stomach and duodenum by making direct cultures from these organisms."

The Strange Story of a Polish Liberator

How Pilsudski Fought Against Russia and Ended in a German Jail

THE Polish question has proven one of the most perplexing at all stages of the war. Now, of course, with the collapse of Russia, Austria and Germany—the three countries which partitioned and oppressed Poland—the solution is quite simple. In the earlier stages, when Russia was on one side and the Germanic powers on the other, it was a grave question for the patriotic Poles to decide their sympathies. One party, headed by Pilsudski, believed Russia the arch enemy and fought against her. The other party, which believed that the only real hope for Polish liberty rested with the democratic allies, was under the leadership of a young Polish noble named Dnowski. Now that the situation has cleared, however, a remarkable story of the high purpose and bravery of Pilsudski is told in the *New Republic*. It is well worth reproducing:

Pilsudski is now in a German jail. Dnowski is now chairman of a group of Poles commonly known as the "Paris Committee" to which the conversations of the Allies on Polish matters are addressed. The Paris Committee, in practice, is the official organ of contact between Poland and the Allies. In the meantime, back in Poland, Pilsudski is Kosciusko's successor in the role of Polish national martial hero.

Pilsudski is a nobleman, of a family for many centuries noble. He is also a Socialist. In his youth, at his university, he joined a revolutionary society and was exiled by the Tsar's government to Siberia. After five years, seeming likely to die of consumption, he was released. Not dying, he was later again arrested. He simulated insanity and was placed in a hospital for observation. A friend of his contrived to become his attending physician. One day both patient and physician were absent and did not return. Thereafter Pilsudski retired from Russian Poland into Austrian Poland and prepared the movement which was to bring him back to Warsaw in triumph.

Pilsudski's principle, laid down long before the war, was as follows:

A great war is inevitable between Austria and Russia. The Poles in Austrian Poland are relatively well treated—an admitted fact. The Poles in Russian Poland are barbarously ill-treated—also an admitted fact. Russia, therefore, beyond Austria, beyond Germany, is the first enemy to be fought. The Romanoffs, beyond the Hapsburgs, beyond the Hohenzollerns, are mediæval night. And that night will be shattered by the war. The Tsaristic government is as inefficient as it is murderous. Therefore let Poland, in the coming great war, help to fight Russia and help to drive Russian mediævalism out of Poland forever. Then, with the new strength and the new self-confidence of the Polish people, won by Polish deeds on the battle-field, let all Poland turn to defend its unity and its free independence against the imperialisms at Vienna and at Berlin.

This principle was not novel. It was practised by Kosciusko himself. Pilsudski adopted it and began to organize secret units of fighting men pledged to follow him against Russia as soon as the great war should begin.

This principle was also adopted by the leading Poles of the United States. In the year 1912 at Pittsburgh there came into being an organization known as the Polish "Committee of National Defense." It included representatives from all the most important and most influential American Polish societies, and Bishop Rhode became its honorary President. It pledged itself to "assist by all means the revolutionary movement against Russia, the greatest enemy of Poland."

The war came. Pilsudski crossed at once from Austrian into Russian Poland and, with his followers gathering about him and forming themselves into the troops subsequently known as Pilsudski's Polish Legions, placed the eagles of Poland in the forefront of the battle against the Tsar. For the first time since 1863 there was a Polish armed force in the field, with Polish uniforms, Polish words of command, Polish officers. In 1916, when Pilsudski entered Warsaw, he entered it in drifts of flowers through which his carriage passed drawn by the hands of his cheering fellow-citizens. He had announced that his policy for a free Poland was that it should be a Poland with equal rights for all—for all citizens and for all races. Socialist and soldier, great democratic leader and great military commander, he was indeed, in the manner of his times, a Washington. He was the statesmanship of freedom and its sword together.

At this time his enemies spoke of him as pro-German. His conduct was soon a sufficient reply to that charge.

Following his predetermined principle, he now demanded from the Germans and the Austrians a Polish government on Polish soil. When they hesitated, he stopped recruiting for his legions and began to organize new military groups underground. He resigned from his Brigadier-Generalship. In time the Germans and Austrians reluctantly consented to the establishment of a Polish "Council of State." They foresaw, and they have experienced, the inevitable anti-German development of any such body. Pilsudski became the military arm of the new "Council of State" and proceeded to form a Polish national army. The Germans and Austrians then demanded that all Polish soldiers take an oath of allegiance not only to Poland but also to the two Emperors at Vienna and at Berlin. Pilsudski's soldiers were drawn up to take this oath. They refused it. They were interned. And Pilsudski was jailed. First at Wesel and now at Magdeburg he proved and he proves, by exile and imprisonment, his complete loyalty to a Poland completely united and completely independent. He remains the centre of the military pride of all Poland and the centre also of the political hope of certain frankly democratic Polish groups.

Settle the Kaiser in London

A Facetious Suggestion From Famous British Playwright

SIR JAMES BARRIE indulges in some characteristic fun at the expense of the ex-Kaiser and Willie and the erstwhile dentist of the "All Highest." The latter, Dr. Davis, has published his recollections of Wilhelm in book form but they ran serially first through the London *Times*. The day after the last instalment had appeared, Barrie published in the London *Daily Mail* what purported to be an extra chapter. He located the Hohenzollerns in London, to be explicit in Shepherd's Bush, and gave a facetious picture of them in their new life through the spectacles of Dr. Davis, who drops in to see them—about 1920. The Kaiser is seen to have become quite cockneyized.

"'Davis,' he said, 'this wonderful Britain saved me; this land of the free proved itself incapable of malice; the democratic spirit of Britain cried out that every one had a right to live if he worked for his living, and that no exception should be made of me and Willie.' I noticed that the old arrogant 'I and you' had gone from his talk; he always now said 'You and I,' or 'He and I,' except when speaking of Willie. When speaking of his son he continued to say 'I and Willie.'

"'I and Willie took the British at their word and came over here without molestation, once we had left German shores. No obstacles were put in our way; we were told that if we could find a way of making a living we might settle down and be comfortable, and we have found a way. Davis'—here he grasped my hand—'I am now in the dentist line myself. I had learned so much of the business from you, during our stirring talks while I was in my chair, that I decided to be a dentist. Of course, I can never have such a position as yours, Davis, for I am not qualified, but this is a poor neighborhood and they don't mind that. If you would like me to have a look at your mouth, Davis—'

"But I excused myself, and he continued: 'Though I don't pretend to be the best dentist in Shepherd's Bush, there are people who say I am the second best; and, at any rate, I am doing well.' He looked at me longingly. 'I don't suppose, Davis,' he said, 'that you would consider a proposal for our going into partnership?' I had to nip this suggestion in the bud, and, to change the conversation, asked him about Willie.

"He frowned a little. 'Willie had a bad time at first,' he admitted, 'but it was his own fault; there was so little he could do. Also he sulked a bit. I don't know if you ever noticed it, Davis, but Willie's tendency was to be a lazy fellow. I hadn't been here a month myself before I got a job, but Willie used to sprawl about smoking, and saying it was *infra dig.* for him to work. Of course, we weren't set up so comfortably then as we are now. We were digging in a second-floor back, and at last I had to tell Willie that I would fire him unless he paid for his own keep.

"'After that he got an occasional shilling by running after cabs and the like; but I was against it, Davis; the glorious spirit of democracy had sprung to life in me, and I looked on Willie's hand-to-mouth way of living as little better than cadging. I made him go to the newspaper offices and look over the advertisements, and after many disappointments he at last got a place as a clerk in the Dental Emporium. He gets thirty-five bob a week, Davis, and was complimented by his master last Christmas. It has been the making of Willie; a more sober, industrious lad you wouldn't meet anywhere. And it's English democracy that has done it. England, oh! my England!'

"I hastened to say that though all had turned out so well for him he could not, strictly speaking, call this land his England, but he took me up stoutly. He told me that he now was an Englishman, for those hospitable people had allowed him to become naturalized. He had also dropped the name Hohenzollern (by letters poll) and taken that of Holly. He gave me with not unnatural elation one of his business cards, with 'William Holly for the Guinea Jaw' on it. He told me that he had voted for Havelock Wilson at the last election."

At this point we are introduced to Willie, who arrives home from his job:

"I saw him first from the window, as he walked smartly up the two-yard garden, and I thought him the beau-ideal of a brisk London clerk. He was in silk hat, black coat, and dark gray trousers, with neat paper cuffs, and carried a little black bag. His lackadaisical manner had quite gone, and he was cheery and friendly. He received me warmly, and asked me to leave my card with him, as they made a hobby of collecting visiting-cards. 'They impress the neighbors,' he explained, and he showed me a saucer containing already nearly

twenty cards. I willingly added mine to the saucer.

"While he changed his coat and cuffs he talked to me freely of his situation and work, and especially of the stamp-licking part of it, at which he is evidently an adept, for his hours are largely confined to it. 'My chin never gets in the way,' he said simply. I asked him if he was happy in the new life, and he assured me he had never been so happy. 'It is so satisfying,' he said, 'to have at last found something that I can really do well.'

"He was as enthusiastic as his father about the British, and I noticed that in any reference to the Germans he always added parenthetically, '*Gott strafe them!*' I pointed out that they were now a very harmless people, and he replied heartily, 'True, Davis, true; but still *Gott strafe them.*' He and his father were on the best of terms, but during supper, to which we presently drew in, they had a few momentary tiffs, in which I noticed that they called each other Huns.

"I was particularly pleased with the frankness with which Willie spoke to me of his only trouble at the office. Only one of the bad old ways sticks to him, he said: he still finds it difficult not to pick up and take away with him any little articles of value that he sees lying about the office. He does not take them consciously, but somehow they find their way into his bag.

"The firm have been very considerate with him in the matter, and have made an arrangement that 'the girl' is to search his bag every evening and return anything it contains that was not there when he set off in the morning. There are seldom articles that he would have cared to take in the old days, he said—'the clock would not go into my bag'—chiefly pen-wipers, pieces of india-rubber or sealing-wax, and the like. 'I suppose I have an instinct, Mr. Davis,' he said thoughtfully, 'against arriving back absolutely empty-handed.'"

Thomas Masaryk

Some Account of the Political Work of the First President of the Republic of Bohemia

THE election of Professor Masaryk to the Presidential Chair of the Bohemian Republic is an event of outstanding importance to the Czecho-Slovak nation. The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some interesting details in connection with Masaryk's political activities and teachings:

Professor Masaryk is one of the great figures of the Slavonic world. During his exile in London for the four years of the war he impressed himself upon all who met him, not only as a profound student of political philosophy, but as a statesman of rare qualities. Those who attended his all too infrequent lectures at King's College, while at first they may have been somewhat disconcerted by the apparent impassivity of the lecturer, gradually came to realize that his was one of the foremost minds in Europe. And before long they understood why Professor Masaryk was not only an honored citizen of Bohemia and the chief guide of its young progressive politicians, but also the political mentor of countless young Slavonic idealists.

Masaryk's political work in Austria-Hungary made his name famous throughout the Slavonic world, and brought students from all parts of Central and Eastern Europe to his lecture room in Prague. In this way he exercised a twofold power. From his place in the Reichsrat he delivered his message as an unsparing critic of Austrian policy, and the remarkable part which he played in exposing the famous—or infamous—Friedjung forgeries made him a figure of European significance. But it was from his Chair in Prague that his true influence radiated across Central Europe. By the political teaching of his lectures he moulded the whole habit of political thought in generation after generation of young Slavonic politicians who returned from Prague each to his own country with a broadened outlook upon human affairs.

Masaryk, indeed, stood as the interpreter of Europe. He sent each successive generation of students back to the political tasks of their native lands with that sense of the indestructible community of thought among civilized humanity which is the mark of the good European. In his teaching there was nothing parochial; and thus he made pupils feel that beyond the pressing political demands of the moment there was a region of high principle with which they would lose touch at their peril. No young man full of burning political aspirations—as were all these Slavonic students at Prague before the war—could fail to respond to Masaryk's appeal or to carry away with him good reasons for the faith that was in him. Masaryk was no trafficker in mere words; his message was sustaining and full of meat; and those who have read his great works on Russia or have heard him discuss contemporary political problems, such as the position of the Jew in Europe, must have been impressed by the penetration of his mind.

The following sentence from the pen of Mr. Wickham Steed gives ample testimony to Masaryk's position in the Slavonic world: "A distinguished Austrian writer, who some years ago set out on a voyage of discovery in Dalmatia, Croatia, and other Southern Slav lands, remarked with astonishment that wherever in South-eastern Europe he found a man of high principle and lofty political sense, that man almost invariably proved to be one of Masaryk's pupils." "Professor Masaryk," says another writer, "has for many years been known throughout Europe and the United States as the foremost representative of that true and tolerant Slav spirit which, when adequately understood in this country, will promote a fruitful communion of ideals between the Anglo-Saxon and Slav races." It has been the good fortune alike of Great Britain and the Slavonic world that such an interpreter should have lived in our midst during these critical years of war.

In Masaryk, as in Wilson, we see "The Scholar in Politics." As he enters on his duties of the Chief Magistrate in Bohemia, his grateful compatriots will remember how, both in the sphere of domestic politics in Bohemia and in the larger field of Austro-Hungarian affairs as a member of the Austrian Parliament, he labored unceasingly during the darkest hours in the cause of the unredeemed small nations of Central Europe. There could be no more fitting crown to the achievement of liberation than Masaryk's rise to power in his own native city. I do not think it fanciful to see in this event a pledge, not only that the manifold problems which beset the immediate future of the Czecho-Slovak nation will be tackled in a courageous, far-sighted, and tolerant spirit, but that Bohemia herself may take the lead in creating upon the ruins of the Hapsburg Monarchy a new Liberal Commonwealth, in which all the liberated peoples clustering round the Danube may find a wider and happier scope for their creative energies.

No Sinecure to be a Queen

Marie of Rumania Writes of Her War Experiences

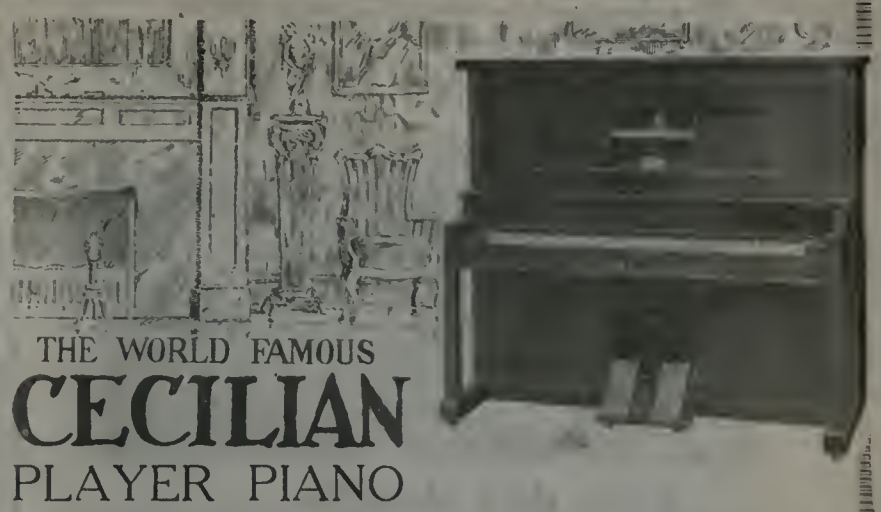
QUEEN MARIE of Rumania, who is of English birth and who, moreover, is both beautiful and good, has not found the work of being consort to the King of a war-torn land an easy one. In the course of an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* she says:

I was hardly seventeen when I came among my people. I had left a home I loved and all the faces that had been familiar to the days of my childhood. At first it was not easy. I had to steal my way into hearts that were foreign to me, to get accustomed to strange faces, to strange habits, to a foreign tongue. It was years before I felt at home.

Yet from the very beginning I loved the land and its people. I understood the country's varied beauties. I was in sympathy with its silent peasants, its vast fields, its deep forests and its rocky mountains. At first I was much too young to comprehend its soul and, with it, its needs and its longings.

Like all beginners of life I cared more for joy than for speculatinn. I sought action rather than thought. I was inclined to skim lightly over the surface of truth rather than to sound its depths, and it was only by degrees that I felt the real desire to work.

Unlike my predecessor, Carmen Sylva, I had been brought up to joy and sunshine, not to sorrow and sacrifice, and I imagined that I could carry all the buoyant vitality I had as a girl into my new life. I thought I had come to Rumania for easy victories and for a happy time!



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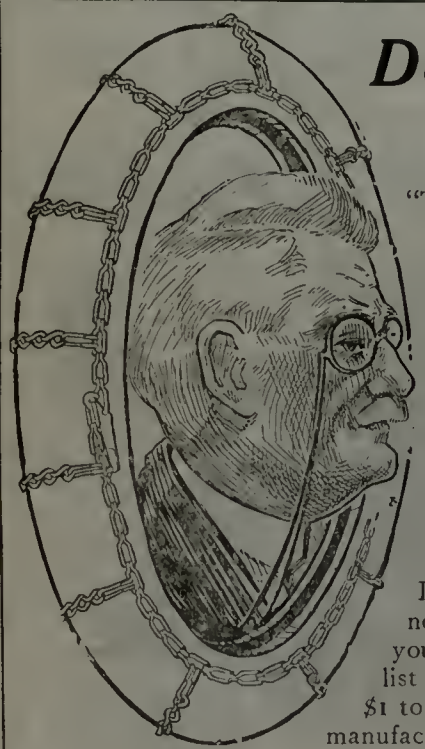

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Very soon, and somewhat harshly, I had to learn the difference between reality and dreams, but the splendid health with which nature had blessed me gave me sufficient spirit and energy to overcome trials and disappointments, bestowing on me the power to turn each hard experience into gold for days to come. Thus little by little, year by year, did I learn the lesson of abnegation and sacrifice. I learned very early the meaning of the words "*noblesse oblige*," and having learned them, my life became useful to those to whom I had come from so very far.

We came to the throne at an hour when three-quarters of Europe was already in flames, so that from the first we had to stand up courageously, face a horizon black with storm clouds that were moving gradually our way. We were quite new to our task. To rule a people is always difficult, but doubly so when such heavy responsibilities met us on the very threshold.

I soon found out that it was all work and no play! The days of light-hearted happiness were left far behind in the past. But I was not afraid. I felt strong and confident, because I was full of love.

Even before Rumania entered the war, during our strenuous two years of neutrality, I moved much among my people, going from town to town, dividing money among the poor, so that there were few corners of the country where my face had not been seen. I became a reality to my people, not merely a queen by name.

Then war was declared and, although I had always felt myself as belonging to those who win, from the first I did not believe in an easy victory for my country. Having shudderingly realized the horrible earnestness of modern war I was astonished with what illusions my people gayly entered the strife. But our hour had struck; and bravely we had to go down into the arena, for better or for worse!

And until now it has been for worse!

Our capital was a favorite object for Zeppelins and air raids. As we had no adequate defense it was easy work, involving no risk for the attackers. Therefore, they came often, mercilessly slaughtering women and children in the streets. The first days, before the population quite realized that death could thus be hurled from the skies, the losses were terrific and the terror great.

During these raids, which generally took place when the sky was most gloriously blue, it was necessary to make show of iron nerves, to uphold with smiling face those around one, especially in the hospitals, so that panic should not spread. One of my principal duties during all this time of stress has been never to show the slightest outward sign of giving way, no matter how great the danger nor how hard the repeated blows.

All eyes were turned my way. I was constantly watched for every expression, everyone tried to guess my emotions. A thousand sorrows and fears hovered daily around me. I had to learn to receive unflinchingly every new tidings of disaster with head high and without any outward show of dread.

It was a hard task, for there were many days when my heart died within me. But the smile on my lips had always to be there! Strange and fearful indeed are the ways of God! At that hour of crisis, when all my courage was needed to uphold others, at that very hour did God choose to strike me with the greatest of all human griefs by taking from me my youngest child!

At a moment when our frontiers were crumbling, when our heroic defense was proving vain, when the enemy was invading the country from all sides at once that hour did God choose, the unhappy hour when we were helpless—when it was apparent that no one could or would come to our rescue—at that hour of hours did God let my child pass away.

Like all mothers who have to live through such agony, I wrestled with death. With all the strength of my faith I fought the great shadow. I tried to beat him, but He it was who won. I had to lay my little one, my baby, my last-born, under the ground. And, then, hardly had the grave closed over my baby boy when I had to leave my capital, my house, my home!

A darkness so great lies over those days that, looking back on them, I wonder how I ever struggled through it back to light!

I think it was the extraordinary need of my suffering people that gave me courage at that hour not to break down. Almost immediately afterward I took up my burden again. I worked and worked.

I allowed myself three days—three short days—to live for my own grief alone. Then I turned to the griefs of others.

With the loss of our capital and of three-quarters of our land, most of the hard work accomplished had to be done all over again, and this time with reduced means. Our army retreated in the middle of winter, and most of our material was left in the enemy's hands. Yet the sick and the wounded had to be tended, the hungry to be fed, the naked to be clothed.

And all this, while the cannon were ringing in our ears and with further invasion as a constant dread.

Britain Deserves a Reward

So Writes an American Magazine Editor

EARLY in the past year the British Government arranged for a party of American magazine editors to go to England and France. One of the party was Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the current issue of that publication he gives a most admirable series of impressions. The most vital paragraphs deal with the relationship between Britain and the United States. On that point he writes with a rare understanding of Britain's position. He says, in part:

The change which revealed Englishmen to Americans came very suddenly. I think it came the 21st of March. On that day, England was in peril. The unbreakable front had been broken, and the worst defeat in British military history had been incurred at the very climax of the war. England did not despair. She would die fighting, but for the first time the thought would not down that she might not win. In September, 1914, the peril may have been as imminent, but the Empire had not then begun to put forth its strength; nor was it universally known that a bad defeat could not be retrieved. That burly self-confidence which in the affairs of the world has been perhaps the best inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon was shaken to its foundations, and in that instant of wild doubt a new sense of faith was born in a larger but a divided destiny.

It is of the complete acceptance of America that I speak. The tide of confidence in us had been rising ever since that April evening in 1917, when the President pledged all that we are and have to the Allied cause. But at that time the straitening resources of British finance, the desperate shrinkage of British shipping, were imperfectly understood except by a few. The map of empire sprawling red over the globe brought in those days a comfort almost physical to British households. It was the tragedy of the Fifth Army, which, like a lightning-stroke, showed the situation as it was.

How remote those terrible March days seem now! No wonder the fire of idealistic enthusiasm has burned lower.

Consider, too, the human argument. The danger is past. How natural to think that, perhaps, after all it was never quite so present as it seemed! At any rate, it is France and England who have fought, and, great God, how they have suffered! At the very end, America enters. Her fresh strength tips the scale, and she is able to buy with money what has cost her sister nations tears and blood. And now it is America, with armor almost undented, who offers to dictate the peace, who counsels moderation, who talks of the danger of future wars as if this one did not suffice to fill the full horizon of her thoughts. And this America, who buys at bargain rates the leadership of the world, still stands aloof from those who fight beside her. She will be their associate, but not their ally; their friend, but not their brother.

This sentiment, less formulated than felt in England, has standing neither in morals nor in logic. We have the highest precedent for that; but to those who wrongfully sympathize with the laborers who have borne the burden and heat, but receive every man a penny, even as they who have come in at the eleventh hour in the comfortable coolness of the twilight—to those the argument comes home. I would not labor the point; for to do so would be to falsify the impression of true and cordial fellowship, which Britain offers and which every American must feel. But plainness is what we want.

When the time for the discussion of peace-terms comes, let us remember that the British are a tired people, who have suffered all and more than all that a race should be called upon to bear, and who through the miraculous success of the last few months see within their grasp a reward for their labors more tangible than the justice and security for which they have waged this way. Let us remember that for more than four years of terrible and desperate circumstance, they have kept their courage and their faith.

Is Bolshevism Brewing in Canada?

Continued from page 35

Socialists on this continent have been frankly outspoken in their sympathy for the Bolshevik cause in Russia. At a Socialist mass meeting in Chicago on November 17th, 1918, at which there were over thirteen thousand present, all the speakers praised the Bolsheviki, and sneered at American soldiers and sailors. Such mottoes as the following were displayed: "Socialism is raging over Europe—Make Socialism the rage of America." "Chicago Socialists are with Liebknecht, Longuet, Lazzari, Lenine, and Trotzky."

They Do Not Seek Prosperity

THE mistake we are likely to make regarding these agitators and the possibility of trouble with them here is the failure to realize that it is not prosperity, wealth, and contentment they are seeking. Frank H. Simonds, the well-informed military critic of the New York *Tribune* and latterly of the London *Times*, pointed out recently that "the thing Americans as a mass do not and cannot understand is that to the German and Russian Socialists the American form of democracy seems more hideous than their own expiring autocracies. The men who now control the German and Russian revolutions are as hostile to the form of representative democracy under which we live as we should be to the Hohenzollern or Hapsburg rule, which was for them but an intermediate stage between slavery and complete liberation."

The great bulk of the people of Canada will never be capitalists. Still less likely are they to join the revolutionary element. They now constitute the great majority who grumble at taxes but pay them, who long for limousines but have no ambition to heave a rock through the window at the man who sits comfortably inside of one. Nevertheless, the middle class is as much the target of the revolutionary as the "malefactor of great wealth." The middle class must "go." The middle class, which includes so large a proportion of the population of Canada, should understand this.

I have said before that I do not want to make this an alarmist article in any sense of the word. The facts would not warrant such an effort. It is important, however, that the situation as it exists should be generally understood.

The success of the Bolsheviki in Russia has given a fillip to revolutionary advocates the world over. Hope has been whipped up almost to a frenzy by the spectacle of the unlettered proletariat seizing the reins of power. It is the Russian situation which accounts for the present agitation in Canada.

But it is in the Russian situation after all that our assurance of immunity also lies. The world is learning that Bolshevism spells something more than the freedom of the masses, that out of it arises bloodshed, chaos, starvation, the breaking down of moral standards, that even the liberty it aims to bestow is found to be license of the wildest order. The lesson of Bolshevism is being driven home to the world by the spectacle of once mighty Russia in the throes of anarchy.

What Has Been Done—and Not Done

SO FAR little has been done by way of coping with the situation. Some months ago a Department of Public Safety was created at Ottawa and C. H. Cahan, a very able man indeed for the purpose, was appointed as director. His duty has been to investigate enemy and other criminal activities in Canada which are offences under Federal laws. Mr. Cahan's hands have been tied, however, by lack of machinery and funds to proceed with the work; and it is understood that he has resigned.

Clearly it is time that something was done. The propagandists are numerically few and confined largely to the foreign laboring classes. As such they may not seem dangerous; but, with the Russian example before our eyes, we cannot afford to overlook the sedition that is going on under the surface.

Strange Adventure of a Rialto Rain-Storm

Continued from page 33

A PECULIAR feeling of superiority possessed me as I presented my door-check and was once more ushered back to my empty box. During the last hour and a half that pit full of languid-eyed people had been witnessing a tawdry imitation of adventure. They had been swallowing a capsule of imitation romance, while I, between the time of leaving and re-entering that garishly lighted foyer, had revelled in adventure at first hand, had taken chances and faced dangers and righted a great wrong.

I felt inarticulately proud of myself as I watched the final curtain come down. This pride became a feeling of elation as I directed my glance toward Alice Churchill, who had risen in the box in front of mine, and was again showering on me the warmth of her friendly smile. I knew I was still destined to be the god from the machine. It was plain that she was still unconscious of her loss.

I stopped her and her hollow-cheeked brother on their way out, surprising them a little, I suppose, by the unlooked-for cordiality of my greeting.

"Can't you two children take a bite with me at Sherry's?" I amiably suggested. I could see brother and sister exchange glances.

"Penny oughtn't to be out late," she demurred.

"But I've something rather important to talk over," I pleaded.

And Benny *would* like to get a glimpse at Sherry's again," interposed the thin-cheeked youth just back from the wilds. And without more ado I bundled them into a taxi and carried them off with me, wondering just what would be the best way of bringing up the subject in hand.

I found it much harder, in fact, than I had expected. And I was, as time went on, more and more adverse to betraying my position, to descending mildly from my pinnacle of superiority, to burning my little pinwheel of power. I was like a puppy with its first buried bone. I knew what I carried so carefully wrapped up in my waistcoat pocket. I remembered how it had come there, and during that quiet supper hour I was inordinately proud of myself.

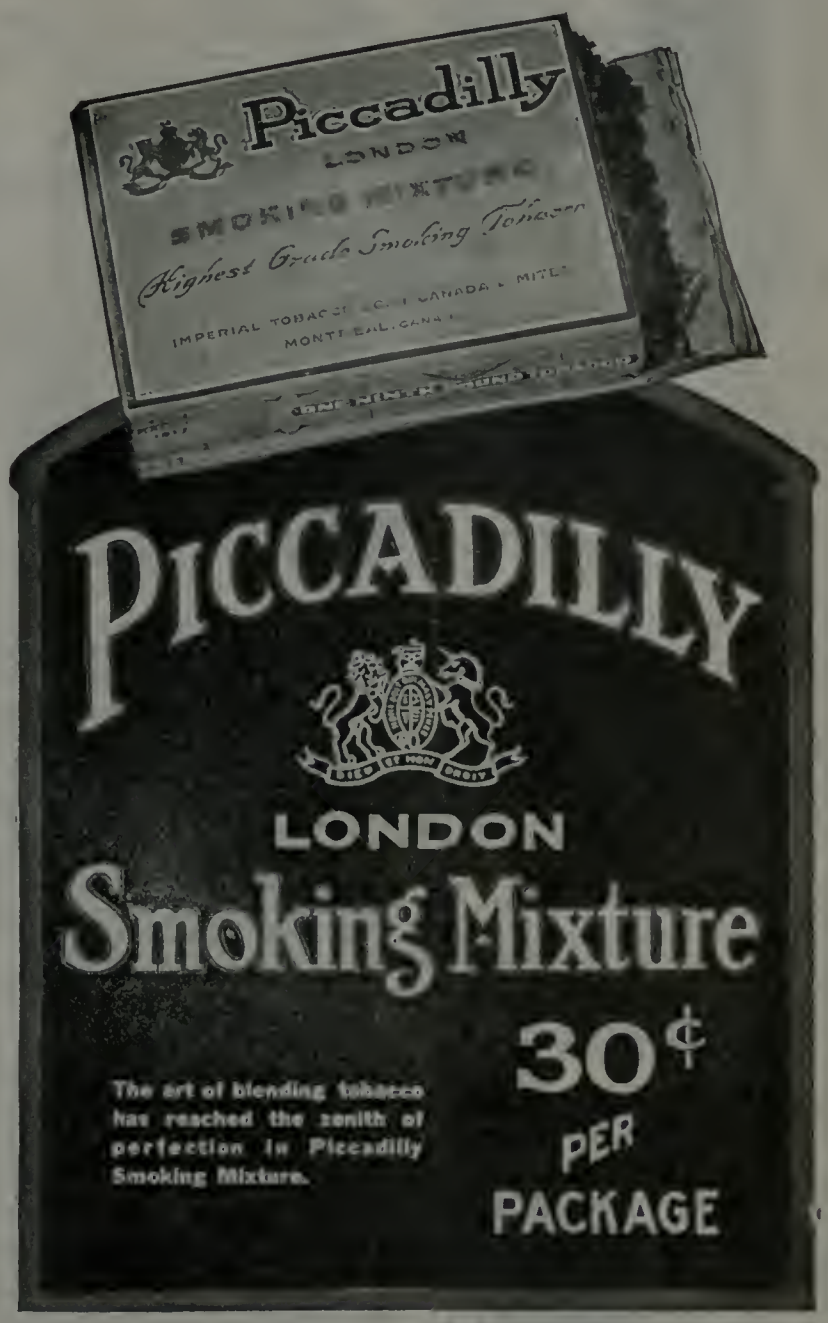
I sat looking at the girl with her towering crown of reddish-gold hair. She, in turn, was gazing at her own foolishly distorted reflection in the polished bowl of the chafing-dish from which I had just served her with *capon a la reine*. She sat there gazing at her reflected face, gazing at it with a sort of studious yet impersonal intentness. Then I saw her suddenly lean forward in her chair, still looking at the grotesque image of herself in the polished silver. I could not help noticing her quickly altering expression, the inarticulate gasp of her parted lips, the hand that went suddenly up to her throat. I saw the fingers feel around the base of the compactly slender neck, and the momentary look of stupor that once more swept over her face.

She ate a mouthful of capon, studiously, without speaking. Then she looked up at us again. It was then that her brother Benny for the first time noticed her change of color.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, his thin young face touched suddenly with anxiety.

The girl, when she answered him, spoke very quietly. But I could see what a struggle it was costing her.

"Now, Benny, I don't want any fuss,"



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she said, almost under her breath. "I don't want either of you to get excited, for it can't do a bit of good. But my necklace is gone."

"Gone?" gasped Benny. "It can't be!"

"It's gone," she repeated, with her vacant eyes on me as her brother prodded and felt about her skirt, and then shook out her crumpled opera cloak.

"Does this happen to be it?" I asked, with all the nonchalance at my command. And as I spoke I unwrapped the string of pearls with the pigeon-blood ruby and let them roll on the white damask that lay between us.

SHE looked at them without moving, her eyes wide with wonder. I could see the color come back into her face. It was quite reward enough to witness the relieving warmth returned to those widened eyes, to bask in that lovely and liquid glance of gratitude.

"How," she began a little weakly, as she reached over and took them up in her fingers, "how did you get them?"

"You lost them in the theatre-box during the first act." I told her. Her brother Benny wiped his forehead.

"And it's up to a woman to drop forty thousand dollars and never know it," he cried.

I watched her as she turned them over in her hands. Then she suddenly looked up at me, then down at the jewels, then up at me again.

"*This is not my necklace,*" were the astonishing words that I heard fall from her lips. I knew, of course, that she was mistaken.

"Oh, yes, it is," I quietly assured her.

She shook her head in negation, still staring at me.

"What makes you think so?" she said.

"I don't think it, I know it," was my response. "Those aren't the sort of stones that grow on every bush in this town."

She was once more studying the necklace. And once more she shook her head.

"But I am left-handed," she was explaining, as she still looked down at them, "and I had my clasp, here on the ruby at the back, made that way. This clasp is right-handed. Don't you see, it's on the wrong side."

"But you've only got the thing upside down," cried her brother. And I must confess that a disagreeable feeling began to manifest itself in the pit of my stomach as he moved closer beside her and tried to reverse the necklace so that the clasp would stand a left-handed one.

He twisted and turned it fruitlessly for several moments.

"Isn't that the limit?" he finally murmured, sinking back in his chair and regarding me with puzzled eyes. The girl, too, was once more studying my face, as though my movement represented a form of uncouth jocularity which she could not quite comprehend.

"What's the answer, anyway?" asked the mystified youth.

BUT his bewilderment was as nothing compared to mine. I reached over for the string of pearls with the ruby clasp. I took them and turned them over and over in my hands, weakly, mutely, as though they themselves might in some way solve an enigma which seemed inscrutable. And I had to confess that the whole thing was too much for me. I was still looking down at that lustrous row of pearls, so appealing to the eye in their absolute and perfect graduation, when I heard the younger man at my side call my name aloud.

"Kempton!" he said, not exactly in alarm and not precisely in anxiety, yet with a newer note that made me look up sharply.

As I did so I was conscious of the figure so close behind me, so near my chair that even while I had already felt his presence there, I had for the moment taken him for my scrupulously attentive waiter. But as I turned about and looked up at this figure I saw that I was mistaken. My glance fell on a wide-shouldered and rather portly man with quiet and very deep-set gray eyes. What disturbed me even more than his presence there at my shoulder was the sense of power, of unparaded superiority, on that impassive yet undeniably intelligent face.

"I want to see you," he said, with an unemotional matter-of-factness that in another would have verged on insolence.

"About what?" I demanded, trying to match his impassivity with my own.

He nodded toward the necklace in my hand.

"About that," he replied.

"What about that?" I languidly inquired.

The portly man at my shoulder did not answer me. Instead he turned and nodded toward a second man, a man standing half a dozen paces behind him, in a damp overcoat and a sadly rumpled shirt front.

I felt my heart beat faster of a sudden, for it took no second glance to tell me that this second figure was the jewel thief whom I had trailed and cornered in the musty-smelling cab.

I felt the larger man's sudden grip on my shoulder—and his hand seemed to have the strength of a vise—as the smaller man, still pale and dishevelled, stepped up to the table. His face was not a pleasant one.

Benny Churchill, whose solicitous eyes bent for a moment on his sister's startled face, suddenly rose to his feet.

"Look here," he said, with a quiet vigor of which I had not dreamed him capable, "there's not going to be any scene here." He turned to the man at my shoulder. "I don't know who you are, but I want you to remember there's a lady at this table. Remember that, please, or I'll be compelled to teach you how to!"

"Sit down!" I told him. "For heaven's sake, sit down, all of you! There's nothing to be gained by heroics. And if we've anything to say, we may as well say it decently."

The two men exchanged glances as I ordered two chairs for them.

"Be so good," I continued, motioning them toward these chairs. "And since we have a problem to discuss, there's no reason we can't discuss it in a semi-civilized manner."

"It's not a problem," said the man at my shoulder, with something disagreeably like a sneer.

"Then let's not make it one," I protested.

THE man behind me was the first to drop into the empty seat on my left. The other man crossed to the farther side of the table, still watching me closely. Then he felt for the chair and slowly sank into it; but not once did he take his eyes from my face. I was glad that our circle had become a compact one, for the five of us were now ranged sufficiently close about the table to fence off our little white-linen kingdom of dissension from the rest of the room.

"That man's armed, remember!" the jewel thief suddenly cried to the stranger on my left. He spoke both warningly and indignantly. His flash of anger, in fact, seemed an uncontrollable one.

"Where's your gun?" said the quiet-eyed man at my side. His own hand was in his pocket, I noticed, and there was a certain malignant line of purpose about his mouth which I did not at all like.

Yet I was able to laugh a little as I put the magazine revolver down on the table; it had memories which were amusing.

The quick motion with which he removed that gun, however, was even more laughable. Yet my returning sense of humor in no way impressed him.

"Where'd you get that gun?" he inquired.

I nodded my head toward the white-faced man opposite me.

"I took it away from your friend there," was my answer.

"And what else did you take?"

There was something impressive about the man's sheer impersonality. It so kept things down to cases.

"This pearl necklace with the ruby clasp" I answered.

"Why?" demanded my interlocutor.

"Because he stole it," was my prompt retort. The big man was silent for a moment.

"From whom?"

"From the lady you have the honor of facing," I answered.

"Where?" was his next question.

I told him where. He was again silent for a second or two.

"D'you know who this man is?" he said, with a curt head-nod toward his white-faced colleague.

"Yes," I answered.

"What is he?"

"He's a jewel thief."

THE two men stared at each other. Then the man at my side rubbed his chin between a meditative thumb and forefinger. He was plainly puzzled. He began to take on human attributes, and he promptly became a less interesting and a less impressive figure. He looked at Alice Churchill and at her brother, and then back at me again.

Then, having once more absently caressed his chin, he swung around and faced the wondering and silent girl who sat opposite him.

"Excuse me, miss, but would you mind answering a question or two?"

It was her brother who spoke before she had time to answer.

"Wait," he interposed. "Just who are you, anyway?"

The man, for answer, lifted the lapel of his coat and exhibited a silver badge.

"Well, what does that mean?" demanded the quite unimpressed youth.

"That I'm an officer."

"What kind—a detective?"

"Yes."

"For what? For this place?"

"No, for the Maiden Lane Protective Association."

"Well, what's that got to do with us?"

The large-bodied man looked at him a little impatiently.

"You'll understand that when the time comes," was his retort. "Now, young lady," he began again, swinging back to the puzzzled girl, "do you say you lost a necklace in that theatre box?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes, I must have," she answered, looking a little frightened.

"And you say it was stolen from you?"

"No, I didn't say that. I had my necklace on when I was in the box—both Benny and I know that."

"And it disappeared?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I noticed it was gone when I sat down at the table here."

The dominating gentleman turned round to me.

"You saw the necklace from the second box?" he asked.

"I did," was my answer.

"And you saw it disappear?" he demanded.

"I saw *when* it disappeared," I retorted.

THE jewel thief with the crumpled shirt front tried to break in at this juncture, but the bigger man silenced him with an impatient side swing of the hand.

"When was that?" he continued.

"What difference does it make?" I calmly inquired, resenting the peremptoriness of his interrogations.

He stopped short and looked up at me. Then the first ghost of a smile, a patient and almost sorrowful smile, came to his lips.

"Well, we'll go at it another way. You witnessed this man across the table take the necklace from the young lady?"

"It practically amounts to that."

"That is, you actually detected him commit this crime?"

"I don't think I said that."

"But you assumed he committed this crime?"

"Rather."

"Just when was it committed?"

"During what they call a dark change in the first act."

"You mean the necklace was on before that change and gone when the lights were turned up again?"

"Precisely."

"And the position and actions of this man were suspicious to you?"

"Extremely so."

"In what way?"

"In different ways."

"He had crowded suspiciously close to the wearer of the necklace?"

"He had."

"And his eyes were glued on it during the early part of that act?"

"They certainly were."
"And you watched him?"
"With almost as much interest as he watched the necklace."
"And after the dark change, as you call it, the lady's neck was bare?"
"It was."
"You're sure of this?"
"Positive."
"And what did this man across the table do?"
"Having got what he was after, he hurried out of the theatre and made his escape—or tried to make his escape."
"It embarrassed him, I suppose, to have you studying him so closely?"
"He certainly looked embarrassed."
"Of course," admitted my interrogator. Then he sighed deeply, almost contentedly, after which he sat with contemplative and pursed-up lips.
"I guess I've got this whole snarl now," he complacently admitted. "All but one kink."
"What one kink?" demanded Benny Churchill.
The man at my side did not answer him. Instead, he rose to his feet.
"I want you to come with me," he had the effrontery to remark, with a curt head-nod in my direction.
"I much prefer staying here," I retorted. And for the second time he smiled his saddened smile.
"Oh, it's nothing objectionable," he explained. "Nobody's going to hurt you. And we'll be back here in ten minutes."
"But, oddly enough, I have rooted objections to deserting my guests."
"Your guests won't be sorry, I imagine," he replied, as he looked at his silver turnip of a watch. "And we're losing good time."
"Please go," said Alice Churchill, emboldened, apparently, by some instinctive conclusion which she could not, or did not care to explain. And she was backed up, I noticed, by a nod from her brother.

I ALSO noticed, as I rose to my feet, that I still held the necklace in my hand. I was a little puzzled as to just what to do with it.
"That," said the sagacious stranger, "you'd better leave here. Let the young lady keep it until we get back. And you, Fessant," he went on, turning to the belligerent-lipped jewel thief, "you stay right here and make yourself pleasant. And without bein' rude, you might see that the young lady and her brother stay right here with you."
Then he took me companionably by the arm and led me away.
"What's the exact meaning of all this?" I inquired as we threaded our course out to the cab stand and went dodging westward along Forty-third Street in a taxi. The rain, I noticed through the fogged window, was still falling.
"I want you to show me exactly where that man sat in that box," was his answer. "And two minutes in the theatre will do it."
"And what good," I inquired, "is that going to do me?"
"It may do you a lot of good," he retorted, as he flung open the cab door.
"I feel rather sorry for you if it doesn't," was my answer as I followed him out. We had drawn up before a desolate-looking stage door over which burned an even more desolate-looking electric bulb. The man turned and looked at me with a short ghost of a grunt, more of disgust than contempt.
"You're pretty nifty, aren't you, for a New York edition of Jesse James?"

AND without waiting for my answer he began kicking on the shabby looking stage door with his foot. He was still kicking there when the door itself was opened by a man in a gray uniform, obviously the night watchman.
"Hello, Tim!" said the one.
"Hello, Bud!" said the other.
"Doorman gone?"
"'Bout an hour ago!"
Then ensued a moment of silence.
"Burnside say anything was turned in?"
"Didn't hear of it!" was the watchman's answer.
"My friend here thinks he's left something in a box. Could you let us through?"
"Sure," was the easy response. "I'll throw on the house-lights for youse. Watch your way!"
He preceded us through a maze of painted canvas and what looked like the backs of gigantic picture frames. He stepped aside for a moment to turn on a switch. Then he opened a narrow door covered with sheet iron, and we found ourselves facing the box entrances.
My companion motioned me into the second box while he stepped briskly into that nearer the footlights.
"Now, the young lady sat there," he said, placing the gilt chair back against the brass railing. Then he sat down in it, facing the stage. Having done so, he took off his hat and placed it on the box floor. "Now you show me where that man sat."
I placed the chair against the plush-covered parapet and dropped into it.
"Here," I explained, "within two feet of where you are."
"All right!" was his sudden and quite unexpected rejoinder. "That's enough! That'll do!"
He reached down and groped about for his hat before rising from chair. He brushed it with the sleeve of his coat absently, and then stepped out of the box.
"We'd better be getting back," he called to me from the sheet-iron covered doorway.
"Back to what?" I demanded, as I followed him out through the canvas-lined maze again, feeling that he was in some way tricking me, resenting the foolish mystery which he was flinging about the whole foolish manœuvre.
"Back to those guests of yours and some good old-fashioned common sense," was his retort.

BUT during the ride back to Sherry's he had nothing further to say to me. His answers to the questions I put to him were either evasive or monosyllabic. He even yawned, yawned openly and audibly, as we drew up at the carriage entrance of that munificently lighted hostelry. He now seemed nothing more than a commonplace man tired out at the completion of a commonplace task. He even seemed a trifle impatient at my delay as I waited to check my hat and coat—a formality in which he did not join me.
"Now, I can give you people just two minutes," he said, as the five of us were once more seated at the same table and he once more consulted his turnip of a watch. "And I guess that's more'n we'll need."
He turned to the wan and tired-eyed girl, who, only too plainly, had not altogether enjoyed her wait.
"You've got the necklace?" he asked.
She held up a hand from which the string of graduated pearls dangled. The man then turned to me.
"You took this string of pearls away from this man?" he asked, with a quick nod toward the jewel thief.
"I assuredly did," was my answer.
"Knowing he had taken them from this young lady earlier in the evening?"
"Your assumption bears every mark of genius!" I assured him.
He turned back to the girl.
"Is that your necklace?" he curtly demanded.
The girl looked at me with clouded and troubled eyes. We all felt, in some foolish way, that the moment was a climactic one.
"No!" she answered, in little more than a whisper.
"You're positive?"
She nodded her head without speaking. The man turned to me.
"Yet you followed this man, assaulted him and forcibly took that necklace away from him?"
"Hold on!" I cried, angered by that calmly pedagogic manner of his. "I want you to un——"
He stopped me with a sharp move of the hand.
"Don't go over all that!" he said. "It's a waste of time. The point is, that necklace is not your friend's. But I'm going to tell you what it is. It's a duplicate of it, stone for stone. The lady, I think, will agree with me on that. Am I right?"
The girl nodded.
"Then what the devil's this man doing with it?" demanded Benny

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LOOK FOR THE SIGN

Churchill, before any of us could speak.

"S'pose you wait and find out who this man is!"

"Well, who is he?" I inquired, resolved that no hand, however artful, was going to pull the wool over my eyes.

"This man," said my imperturbed and big-shouldered friend, "is the pearl-matcher for Cohen and Greenhut, the Maiden Lane Importers. Wait, don't interrupt me. Miss Churchill's necklace, I understand, was one of the finest in this town. His house had an order to duplicate it. He took the first chance, when the pearls had been matched and strung, to see that he'd done his job right."

"And you mean to tell me," I cried, "that he hung over a box rail and lifted a string of pearls from a lady's neck just to——"

"Hold on there, my friend," cut in the big-limbed man. "He found this lady was going to be in that box wearin' that necklace."

"And having reviewed its chaste beauty, he sneaked out of his own box and ran like a chased cur!"

"Hold your horses now! Can't you see that he thought *you* were the crook? If *you* had a bunch of stones like that on you and a stranger butted in and started trailin' you, wouldn't you do your best to melt away when you had the chance?" demanded the officer. Then he looked at me again with his wearily uplifted eyebrows. "Oh, I guess you were all right as far as you went, but, like most amateurs, you didn't go quite far enough!"

It was Benny Churchill who spoke up before I could answer. His voice, as he spoke, was oddly thin and childlike.

"But why in heaven's name should he want to duplicate my sister's jewelry?"

"For another woman, with more money than brains, or the know-how, or whatever you want to call it," was the impassive response.

I saw the girl across the table from me push the necklace away from her, and leave it lying there in a glimmering heap on the white table. I promptly and quietly reached out and took possession of it, for I still had my own ideas of the situation.

"That's all very well," I cried, "and very interesting. But what I want to know is: *who got the first necklace?*"

The big-framed man looked once more at his watch. Then he looked a little wearily at me.

"I got 'em!" he said.

"You've got them?" echoed both the girl and her brother. It was plain that the inconsequentialities of the last hour had been a little too much for them.

The man thrust a huge hand down in the pocket of his damp and somewhat unshapely overcoat.

"Yes, I got 'em here," he explained as he drew his hand away and held the glimmering string up to the light. "I picked 'em up from the corner of that box where they slipped off the lady's neck."

He rose placidly and ponderously to his feet.

"And I guess that's about all," he added as he squinted through an uncurtained strip of plate glass and slowly turned up his coat collar, "except that some of us outdoor guys'll sure get web-footed if this rain keeps up!"

THE THREE SAPPHIRES

Continued from page 28

ing back and forth, struck viciously with its hammer nose at Moti's eyes.

The jungle echoed with a turmoil that killed their voices; the shrill, trumpet notes of Burra Moti had roused the forest dwellers; a leopard, somewhere up in the hills, answered the defiant roars; black-faced monkeys, awakened by the din, filled the branches of a giant sal and screamed in anger.

Great as was the elephant's strength, she could not break the python's deadly clasp; she was like a tarpon that fights a bending rod and running reel, for the creeper swayed, and the elastic coils slipped and held and gave and gathered back, until its choking strength brought her to her knees.

For a second the serpent's head was clear—a yard above, and the 10-bore spat its lead fair into the yawning mouth. The coils slipped to looseness; the big elephant neck drew in the cooling air, and Moti, wise as a human, knew that she was saved. A grunt of relief rippled weakly from her trunk, and Finnerty, slipping up as she lay still bound in the python's folds, patted her on the forehead and let her hear his voice.

"Put the bell on her sahib," Mahadua advised, "for now that she is tired she will be at peace."

Mahadua's call to the carriers was answered far down the trail; but reassured of his cry of, "The big snake is dead!" they came back. More torches were lighted, their flickering glare completing a realistic inferno.

Down on her bended legs like a huge, elephant-faced god, a dead man, clad in the snuff-colored robe of a priest, laced to her neck by the python coils and surrounded by black-skinned torchbearers, Moti might well have been taken for some jungle fetish.

THE men of Mandi carried little axes in their belts, and with these the serpent cable was cut and uncoiled. He was a gigantic brute, thirty feet long and thicker than a man's thigh. The mottled skin, a marvelous pattern of silver and gold and black, looked as though nature had hung out an embellished sign of "Beware!" Or, perhaps, mothering each of its kind, had, with painstaking care, here limned a deceiving screen like the play of sunlight or moonlight through leaves on the dark limb of a tree.

As the priest's limp body flopped to earth a jade-handled knife fell from a leather girdle. Swinton picked it up, saying: "This is familiar, major."

"There are two of them," Finnerty answered, stooping to reach another that still rested in its sheath.

The strap that held the sapphire bell wound twice around the priest's shoulders, was evidently intended for Moti's neck, and with a continuous stream of low-voiced endearments, Finnerty buckled it to place.

Touching the iron chain that still held in its stride-shortening grip Moti's legs, Finnerty said: "That's why they came along at such a slow pace, and it will help us shoo the old girl back; she'll know that she can't cut up any didos."

Mahadua, though he didn't understand the English, realizing something of this, said: "Sahib, Moti will be like a woman that has had her cry of passion; she will now bear with her friends. I will go in the lead with a torch, and if the sahib will spare one of the bridle reins, holding an end and allowing Moti to take the other end in her fingers as she might the tail of an elephant, she will follow the horse."

It was soon arranged thus. At a word from Finnerty, Moti lumbered heavily to her feet, while he stood with uplifted whip, ready to cut a stinging blow to her trunk should she show signs of temper. Quite understanding this threat, Moti gently thrust her trunk toward the major's face and fumbled his chin with her thumb and finger as though she would say: "I know a friend when I find him."

AS they neared the compound encampment, Moti, catching the sound of Bahadar's ears fanning flies, rumbled a soft message of peace; but there was no expected noise of greeting from the natives, no bustle of sleepers rising to greet the sahibs. They came right into the camp before some of the men, who had slept with their heads rolled in the folds of turbans or loin cloth, sat up groggily or struggled to incapable feet. The mahout reeled up from somewhere near Bahadar and salaamed drunkenly, a foolish, deprecating leer on his lips.

The sight of Moti partly sobered him, and his mind caught up the blurred happenings of the night. "An evil spirit, sahib," he babbled, "caused us to fall heavy in sleep, and we were wakened by the breaking of the rawhide nooses that bound Moti; then she fled to the jungle."

This fool is drunk!" Mahadua declared angrily. "If the sahib will beat him with a whip he will tell who brought the arak."

Gothya repudiated Mahadua's assertion, but a firm tap of the riding whip on his buttocks, with threats of more, gradually brought out the story of their debauch. A party of native liquor runners, men who smuggled arak across the line from Nepal, had stumbled upon the party and had driven a thriving trade.

"That accounts largely for the stealing of Moti," Finnerty declared. He had in his hand the rawhide noose, showing that it had been cut close to the elephant's leg. Evidently the priest had been able to crawl right in to the camp, the drunkards having let their fire die.

The mahout, salaaming, said: "Sahib, the jungle is possessed of evil gods tonight. Just when it was growing dark we saw passing on a white horse the one who gallops at night to destroy."

"Was that before you became drunk, or since?" Finnerty asked sarcastically.

"At that time the wine had not arrived, sahib. We all saw passing yonder in the jungle where there is no path the white horse."

"Gad! It has been the girl coming down out of the hills," Finnerty said to Swinton. "There must be something about to materialize when she waited so late. We'll camp here," he added to Mahadua. "Send a couple of these fellows into the village to tell Immat to bring out his tusker, with a couple of ropes."

The men were sent off, a fire built, the tent pitched, and Finnerty's servant, who had been brought in charge of the commissariat, prepared a supper for the sahibs.

Bahadar, seeing that Burra Moti had overcome her waywardness, knelt down for a restful night, but Moti, true to her African elephant habit, remained on her stalwart legs, fondling her recovered sapphire trinket.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE the aftermath of a heavy storm, the night held nothing but the solemn forest stillness; the tired sahibs lay in its calm creatures of a transient Nirvana till brought from this void of restful bliss by the clarion of a jungle cock rousing his feathered harem.

A golden-beaked black "hill myna" tried his wondrous imitative vocal powers on the cock's call from the depths of a tree just above them, and when this palled upon his fancy he piped like a magpie or drooled like a cuckoo; then he voiced some gibberish that might have been simian or gathered from the chatter of village children.

The camp stirred; the natives, shame in their hearts and aches in their heads, crawled into action. Amir Alli, the cook, built a fire, and brewed tea and made toast.

Lord Victor was filled with curiosity over the cock crow, and when it was explained that there was wild fowl about he became possessed of a desire to shoot some.

After breakfast Finnerty loaded a gun and sent Mahadua with Lord Victor after the jungle fowl. They were gone an hour, for the beautiful black-red jungle cock had led them deep into the forest before falling to the gun.

UPON their return Finnerty fancied there was an unusual diffidence about Lord Victor; he seemed disinclined to dilate upon his sporting trip; also Mahadua had a worried look, as if he held back something he should unfold.

A little later, as Finnerty went to the spot where Moti and Raj Bahadar were feeding upon limbs, the men had brought, he heard Mahadua say to Gothya: "Does a spirit leave hoof-prints in the earth as big as my cap, believer in ghosts? And does it ride back to the hills in daylight?" Then Gothya caught sight of Finnerty, and the wrangle ceased.

When the major had looked at the elephants for a minute he drew Mahadua into the jungle, and there said: "Now, shikari man, tell me what has entered through those little eyes of yours this morning?"

The face of Mahadua wrinkled in misery. "Sahib," he begged, "what am I to do? I eat master's salt, and yet ——" He was fumbling in the pocket of his jacket; now he drew forth a rupee and tendered it to Finnerty, adding: "Take this, master, and give it back to the young lord sahib that I may now speak, not having eaten his salt to remain silent."

Finnerty threw the silver piece into the jungle, saying: "Bribery is for monkeys. And now that you serve but one master what have you of service for him?"

The man's eyes, which had been following with regret the rupee's spinning flight, now reverted to his master's face. "Going I saw in soft earth the print of hoofs, the front ones having been shod with iron; they were not small ones such as Bhutan ponies have, nor a little larger like the Arab horses, but wide and full, such as grow on the *Turki* breed."

By the "Turki breed" Mahadua meant the Turcoman or Persian horse, Finnerty knew, and the gray stallion Marie rode was one such. He asked: "Was it the track of the white horse Gothya thought carried an evil spirit?"

"Yes, sahib; for as we went beyond after the jungle hens the mem-sahib who rides the gray stallion passed, going up into the hills, and a road bears its burden both coming and going."

Finnerty jumped mentally. Why had Lord Victor given Mahadua a rupee to say nothing of this incident? "But she did not see you nor the sahib?" he queried.

"She did not see your servant, but the young man spoke with her."

"And he gave you a rupee?"

"He put a finger on his lips and closed his eyes when he passed the rupee, and thinking the going abroad to eat the air by the mem-sahib of no importance to master I said nothing."

NEITHER did Finnerty say anything of this to either Lord Victor or Swinton. But he made up his mind that he would also go up into the hills that day. It was his duty.

Persistently his mind revolted at the thought of denouncing the girl. In some moments of self-analysis his heart warmed in confessional, but this feeling, traitorous to his duty, he put in the storehouse of locked-away impulses. He had never even whispered into words these troublous thoughts. It took some mastering, did the transient glint of pleasing womanhood into his barren jungle life, for the big man was an Irish dreamer, a Celt whose emotions responded to the subtle tonic of beauty and charm. Ever since he had taken Marie in his arms to put her in the howdah he had felt her head against his shoulder; had seen the heavy sweep of black hair that was curiously shot with silver.

Finnerty could see an uneasy look in Lord Victor's eyes as that young man watched him coming back out of the jungle with Mahadua. Why had the youngster talked with the girl on the gray stallion—why had he not let her pass? Why had he given the shikari a rupee to say nothing of the meeting? There was some mystery behind the whole thing. She had come back late the previous evening, and now she was going up into the hills at this early hour.

The elephant Finnerty had sent for had not arrived; perhaps the half-drunken messengers had lain down in the jungle to sleep off the arak. But at last the tusker appeared. It was during this wait that Finnerty proposed to Swinton that they should go up into the hills. He saw Lord Victor start and

look up, apprehension in his eyes, when he broached the matter, but though the latter advanced many reasons why they should not make the journey he did not accept the major's polite release of his company; he stuck. Indeed, Finnerty was hoping Gilfain would decide to return to Darpore, for the young man's presence would hamper their work of investigation.

He knew that the gray stallion's hoofprints would be picked up on the path that led to the hills when they came to the spot where the girl, having finished her detour, would swing her mount back to the beaten way, so he rode with his eyes on the ground. He first discerned them faintly cupping some hard, stony ground, but he said nothing, riding in silence till, where the trail lay across a stretch of mellow, black soil, imprints of the wide hoofs were indented as though inverted saucers had cut a quaint design. Here he halted and cried in assumed surprise. "By jove! Somebody rides abroad early this morning!"

But his assumption of surprise was not more consummate than Gilfain's, for the latter's face held a baby expression of inquiring wonderment as he said: "Floaty sort of idea, I'd call it, for any one to jog up into these primeval glades for pleasure."

Swinton, who knew the stallion's hoofprints from a former study of them, raised his eyes to Finnerty's, there reading that the major also knew who the rider was.

Now by this adventitious lead their task was simplified, and Finnerty clung tenaciously to the telltale tracks. This fact gradually dawned upon Lord Victor, and he became uneasy, dreading to come upon the girl while with his two companions.

THEY had ridden for an hour, always upward, the timber growing lighter, the ground rockier, and open spots of jungle more frequent, when, on a lean, graveled ridge, Finnerty stopped, and, dismounting, searched the ground for traces of a horse that had passed.

"Have you dropped something, major?" Lord Victor asked querulously.

"Yes," Finnerty answered, remounting; "I think it's back on the trail."

Swinton followed, and Lord Victor, muttering, "What the devil are you fellows up to?" trailed the other two.

A quarter of a mile back, where a small path branched, Finnerty picked up their lead and they again went upward, now more toward the east. The presence of Lord Victor held unworded the dominating interest in Swinton's and Finnerty's minds, they rode almost silently.

It was noon when they, now high up among hills that stretched away to the foot of Safed Jan, whose white-clothed forehead rested in the clouds, came out upon a long, stony plateau. Finnerty, pointing with his whip said: "There lies the Safed Jan Pass, and beyond is the road to Tibet, and also the road that runs south through Nepal and Naga land to Chittagong. I've never been up this far before."

"If this trip is in my honor, you're too devilish hospitable," Lord Victor growled; "mountain climbing as a pastime is bally well a discredited sport."

Here and there on the plateau the damp-darkened side of a newly upturned stone told that the gray stallion had passed on the path they rode; but at the farther extremity of the plateau they came, with startling suddenness, upon a deep cleft—a gorge hundreds of feet deep, and yet so smooth to the surface that at fifty yards it was unobservable. There the path ended, and on the further side, twenty feet away, perched like a bird's nest in a niche of the cliff, was a temple, partly hollowed from the solid rock and partly built of brick. To one side, carved from the rock, was an image of Chamba.

WITH a rueful grin, Finnerty cast his eye up and down the gorge whose one end was lost between mountain cliffs, and whose other dipped down to cut the feet of two meeting hills. He dismounted and prowled up and down the chasm's brink. There were no hoofprints, no disturbing of sand or gravel; absolutely nothing but the quiescent weathered surface that had lain thus for centuries.

When Finnerty returned, Swinton, amused at the intense expression of discomfiture on his face, said: "Our early-morning friend must sit a horse called Pegasus."

Finnerty, raising his voice, called across the chasm. He was answered by an echo of his own rich Irish tone that leaped from gorge to gorge to die away up the mountainside. He seized a stone and threw it with angry force against the brick wall of the temple; the stone bounded back, and from the chasm's depths floated up the tinkle of its fall. But that was all; there was no response.

Somewhat to Finnerty's surprise, Swinton said: "Well, we've given our curiosity a good run for it; suppose we jog back? When we get in the cool of the jungle we'll eat our bit of lunch."

Finnerty did not voice the objection that was in his mind. Certainly the girl had passed that way—was still up above them; why should they give up pursuit because the trail was momentarily broken?

Back across the plateau Swinton had assumed the lead, and fifty yards in the jungle he stopped, saying: "I'm peckish; we'll have a good, leisurely lunch here."

WHEN they had eaten, Lord Victor, saying he was going to have a look at the bald pate of Safed Jan, strolled back toward the plateau. When he had gone Swinton spoke: "If we stay here long enough, major, the girl, who of course rode that horse whose tracks we followed, will come around that sharp turn in the path, and, figuratively, plunk into our arms. We are at the neck of the bottle—the gateway. There's a mighty cleverly constructed drawbridge in the face of that temple; that brickwork hides it pretty well."

Finnerty whistled. "And the girl, you think, vanished over the let-down bridge?"

"Yes, and probably sat there eyeing us all the time."

"By Jove, they saw us coming on the plateau and drew up the bridge!"

"Yes."

"And what do we do now?"

"Wait here. We'll see her face to face, I'm certain; that will be something. Whether she will have with her what she searches for I don't know."

"Some companion she expects to meet here?"

"It must be, and I'm going to search him."

"Unless it's too big a party."

"When do we start?" Lord Victor queried, returning; but he received only an evasive answer. He grew petulant as an hour went by.

And now Swinton had disappeared up the trail toward the plateau. After a time he came back, and with a motion of his eyebrows told Finnerty that some one was coming. They could hear an occasional clink of iron striking stone as a horse, moving at a slow walk, came across the plateau, and then a gentle, muffled, rhythmic series of thuds told that he was on the jungle path.

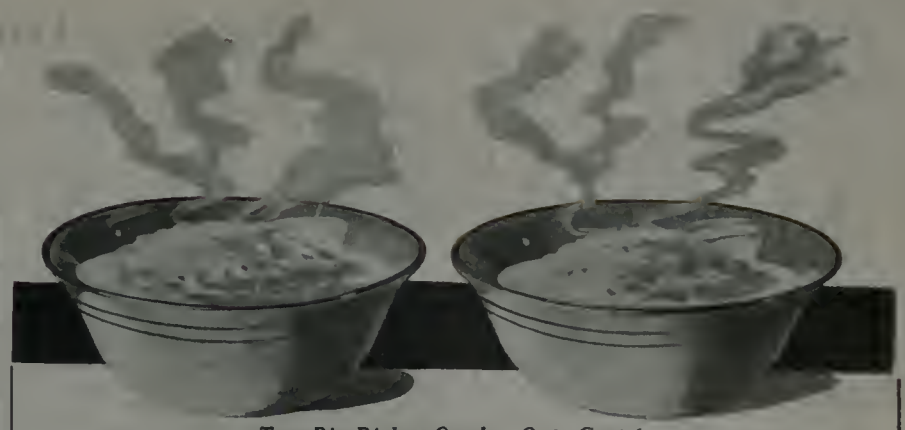
Finnerty had laid his heavy hand with a strong grip on Lord Victor's forearm, the pressure, almost painful, conveying to that young man's mind an inarticulate threat that if he voiced a warning something would happen him; he read its confirmation in a pair of blue Irish eyes that stared at him from below contracted brows.

A gray horse suddenly rounding the sharp turn came to a halt, for Swinton was sprawled fair across the path.

A heavy veil, fastened around the girl's helmet, failed to release at her trembling, spasmodic grasp, and her face went white as Swinton, leisurely rising, stood just to one side of the stallion's head, his implacable, unreadable eyes turned toward her. She knew, perhaps from the man's attitude within reach of her bridle rein, perhaps from the set of that face, perhaps from blind intuition, that the captain had recognized her.

Finnerty came forward, lifting his helmet in an interference of blessed relief, for he, too, sensed that there was something wrong—something even beyond the previous suspicion.

To be continued.



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Two-thirds cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (sift in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or butter milk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt, add this to Quaker Oats mixture, add melted butter, add eggs beaten lightly, beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

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The Grave Dangers of Peace

Continued from page 26

crucified, in a resurrected and renewed spiritual life.

If Wilson could do that—and he could do it better at home than abroad—he would go down to history, not one of the great Presidents, but the greatest.

Where Do the People Stand?

AND now where do the people of the United States stand? Where are their hearts in the face of the many problems that are arising and the insidious propaganda that is being waged to poison them against the Allies? I have formed my conclusions on several outstanding things.

The Peace Jubilation of Thursday, November 7, in New York City will go down to history as one of the most delirious demonstrations of all classes, ranks and nationalities united in one wild outburst of intoxicated joy ever witnessed in any age.

"The blasted fools," exclaimed a man just back from the devastated areas of France, "what do they think they are yelling about? They didn't win the war even if the news were true."

But that man was a bubble on a maelstrom swept along by the engulfing floods of five million people insane with joy, and he, too, had presently bashed his top hat in, clapped it on a fellow member of a Fifth Avenue Club and, linking arms with aviators, plumbers, dignified millionaires, white-haired ladies, one-armed Anzacs and Little Blue Devils just over from France, paraded with the mob, yelling loud as all the rest. His reason said they were wrong, but a something deeper than his reason flung him into the tide and swept him along with the solid mass of humanity, that went mad that afternoon in New York.

And the mob was right.

Monday's news proved the war was won. Democracy had triumphed. Autocracy was down forever under the heel of the Allied Victory; and the pent emotions of five million people curbed for four years, told "to keep cool," "not to rock the boat," "to be neutral," "to go softly and say nothing" for fear of creating national schism amid a population of mixed aliens—the leashed furies of an outraged patient people held under curb and bit, burst in the most terrific emotional explosion history has ever witnessed. The Monday celebration and the week following it lacked the fine spiritual quality of Thursday's. In one case, the people were intoxicated with spiritual exaltation. In the other case, the exaltation was from another kind of spirits; and I confess I asked myself a good many times—*had the world made its great sacrifice for this reversion to the grossest form of materialistic wallowing?* I have lived in New York now fourteen years, and I know its moods from the Bronx to the Battery; and I have never seen anything that gave me quite the same feeling of gross *abandon.* I am proud to say I did not see one Canadian or one Anzac forget what his uniform stood for. I wish I could say the same for the other men in uniform; but I can't. It was all a part of the subtle counter-current that began to run when the last gun had been fired. And it is that subtle counter-current makes me ask—*are the finest fruits of Victory to be missed?*

AGAIN and again during the past four years walking down Fifth Avenue at the noon hour, when the sweat shops disgorge their hordes of foreign rabbles, when you can sometimes go from 14th Street to 42nd and hear hardly one word of pure English spoken, I have asked myself the very questions that have engendered compromise and fear in the hearts of the diplomats and the politicians. In case of a great national emergency, what would this foreign rabble do? Much of it was mud. Much of it was worse than mud. It was slime conceived in the gutters of Old World iniquities. If it takes two generations to turn mud into a man, many of these peoples still have the sweat of the gutters in their souls and their bodies. Would we one day see pure American democracy swamped in the red riot of Bolshevikism? How dare we trust democracy to the majority vote of these people—who are in the majority—when they had not fought for democracy and won the right to it with their own blood? If ever this rabble broke loose, wouldn't the French Revolution look like a pale pink? Was Wilson right after all? Hadn't we to go softly for fear of unchaining a monster that might destroy Americanism? When the *Lusitania* sank, why did we not go in? Because we were afraid of blowing up more than the *Lusitania*, of blowing up our whole American democracy in a volcanic explosion of riot. That was on what Germany counted.

Well, the monster burst its chains. The foreign population of New York went mad. It burst so suddenly the first day that the police were powerless as feathers in a cataract. I saw big blue coats wedged in the living mass, punched in the ribs, festooned with showers of colored streamers, kissed, jostled, crowded so close they could not have struck with the arm of authority if they had tried. From the Battery to the Bronx one mass of millions surged north on the east side of the avenue, one mass surged south on the west side, singing, shouting, dancing, waving flags, blowing horns, and when the supply of horns ran out, commandeered every tin pan, shovel, coal scuttle, bell and noise maker to be got; and that went on from one o'clock mid-day when the news broke to one o'clock in the morning, when champagne was flowing in such floods the city itself became afraid and stemmed its own torrents.

The Heart of the People is Sound

THE spectacle was of a people transfigured—human nature at its high tide, at a moment reached, not once in a lifetime but once in a century. It brought up the lines of the Battle Hymn—"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Never again shall I call the foreign masses "a rabble," or doubt the essential germ of democracy, though it be implanted in mud that was conceived in slime. The Peace Jubilation was the greatest testimonial to the soundness of the American people—foreign and native born—that ever rebuked timorous politicians and ambidexterous diplomats.

We have been told to keep quiet so long. We have been blown hot and we have been blown cold. We have been drugged and doped and supersaturated with fake news. We have been lied to and cozened and coddled, and told we were disloyal if we wanted facts, that our part was "to fork up" and "shut up." Well, we've "forked up" and "shut up" till we couldn't stand it any longer. Then, we burst—that's all; and it is the biggest surprise the politicians ever received in all their lives. If the politicians would ever consent to see facts, instead of the wires they want to pull, the Republican Victory should have forewarned them they were handling a time fuse about due to blow up. It is a political axiom "not to swap horses crossing a stream," or not to change the party in power in the middle of a war. The Outs don't want to come in and assume blame for all the mis-spendings and mismanagement of the Ins; so we "forked up" and we "shut up," and we put over the Fourth Liberty Loan, and backed an Administration that first told us to keep out and then told us to jump in. We backed the Administration independent of party, independent of capital, independent of labor. We were going to see this war through to victory, though we were getting deadly sick of muzzled news and doped news, especially as to big expenditures when we were "forking up." Then along came an official request asking the country to vote Democratic. Now the American people have a peculiar psychology. Lay the facts before them. Get their judgment, and you can govern through the pronounced judgment; but they will not tolerate being told what judgment to give, and for four years they have been told not only what they were not to do, but pretty nearly what they were not to

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think; but when they were told what they were not to vote they didn't say a thing. They just went to the polls and with less rallying by the leaders than I have ever seen, reversed their last Presidential mandate, and presented the Democratic President with the most unwelcome twins a President ever had handed to him—a Republican Senate and a Republican House.

"There, Mr. Administrator," the vote of Tuesday said plainly, "if you don't particularly object we'd like you to know we won't have politics projected into the settlement of this war. We are running this show. We are giving our money for it, and our sons for it, and we would have gone in and settled it far sooner if you would have let us. Now, we'll have you know, we, the people, are governing this nation, and you are there to obey what we tell you to do."

That was the meaning of the Republican victory of Tuesday. Then came the fake news of Germany's surrender, and the emotions which we have not been allowed to express for four years, burst in the most terrific popular explosion ever witnessed.

Did the United States care? Did it? Ask yourself that question! Cared so much that the people refused to be leashed and held back and curbed and hushed, and doped with lying anodynes a moment longer. Long as there was war, we would "fork up" and "shut up."

AND now comes up a question which I know is rankling in many Canadian minds. If the United States really cared so very much, why didn't they go in sooner? Why didn't they go in when the *Lusitania* was sunk? Why not, indeed? That is what the people asked and answered to the terror of the politicians in this Peace Jubilate. I can only answer that question by telling two incidents.

Scene, first, before the war, the House of Lords, Westminster. An acrimonious debate on increased armaments for the navy having ended in a defeat for the increase, a little old man is led half sobbing, half crushed to the seclusion of a caucus room where he breaks down utterly, crying like a child.

"They will not see—they will not understand—they refuse to believe—they will not prepare till it is too late and Germany has destroyed half Europe," he sobbed.

The little old man sobbing in despair was Lord Roberts, and the place was England, less than a day's journey from Germany, less than an hour by aeroplane across the Channel. Now, the United States was 3,000 miles away from the scene of action, and German money was spent in the United States in floods to misinform the American people, and—will you please underscore this statement in your mind and then double score it again; for I trust every Canadian is a good enough sport to want to know facts—up to two years ago, neither Canada nor Great Britain raised a hand to counteract German propaganda in the United States.

Now, when Canadians ask why didn't the United States go in sooner, I answer that the United States, 3,000 miles from the scene of action, did not go in sooner for the same reason England an hour by air route from Germany did not prepare sooner. *The United States did not go in sooner, and England did not prepare sooner, plainly,* brutally and right between your eyes, *because we were boobs and simpletons in the hands of German duplicity.* But all that is past.

The other episode occurred at a rotary club in a pro-German middle western city. It was a public dinner, and I suppose the speakers were feeling pretty chesty and trying to jolly one another up, for one good fellow was swelling out in flowing congratulatins on what "our boys were doing over in France" when another speaker got to his feet and gravely interrupted.

"Men," he said slowly, "nobody is prouder of our boys over there than I am. Two of my own boys are over there, and I had rather they made their graves in Flanders than we had failed as a nation in this crucial hour; but men, I want you not to forget something you are forgetting—England has more men under the sod in Flanders than we have above the sod; and it is up to us, now, not to boast, but to make up in the last lap of the race, in payment of costs and remission of debts and reconstruction, what we failed to do earlier in the war."

And the men at that dinner didn't clap. They rose reverently to their feet as the band played the Star Spangled Banner.

That is the spirit of the United States to-day; and I wish Canada would brood over it, brood over it deeply, brood over it for the good of the world after the war. In the readjustment of things after the war, of tariffs, of shipping, of debts, of finance, of world policies, of new boundaries, it would be a tragedy beyond telling, it would be a triumph to the devilish subtleties of German diplomacy, if any rankling, if any resentment were permitted to create a schism between the two great English-speaking families. We are going into a new world, a new era. We serve the same God. We treasure the same ideals. The whole world—Persia, China, Arabia, Armenia, Mexico, South America—looks to these two great nations for leadership. United we stand. Divided, we might lose what the war has won, which is the Universal Brotherhood of Man; and there are dangers enough of Bolshevikism on the horizon to bid us beware of division in the family of nations.

Why Laurier Will Wait

Continued from page 21

Also he talks with much earnestness as well as considerable humor on many other subjects. If you took a vote of the press gallery on the greatest recent acquisition to the House I make bold to say the Captain would win by a large majority.

Then there is Turgeon of Gloucester. He is a little old gentleman who walks with a limp and a cane. He's an Acadian—not a French-Canadian mark you—and his specialty is a speech of more than average length tricked into every debate and in which his hands do a large part of the talking.

That rather ponderous looking person too is Davy Lafontaine of Montreal who holds the long distance talking championship of the House. He won it in the naval debate when he kept going anywhere from 5 to 12 hours according to the memory of the man who tells you the story. Yes, that sour-visaged man is Frank McRea of Sherbrooke. His specialty is owning pulp and paper mills and his mournful expression does not come from class meeting though he is a Methodist. It is probably caused by a wonder as to how many more millions he could make if publishers and Government did not combine to rob the poor struggling owners of pulp limits. And that young fellow with the crippled arm is "Chubby" Powers, the crack Quebec hockey player. He got a German bullet in that arm while fighting in Picardy and his face wears a curious grin when some super-heated Tory orator declares that the Opposition are not interested in the war.

But we almost overlooked Robb of Huntingdon. He is a miller as well as chief Opposition whip and is doing quite nicely in both capacities. Both parties say that James Robb is a decent fellow and, as both have considerable to do with him in his official capacity, the verdict seems well considered and worthy of acceptance. Moreover he carries some ability in a quiet and unassuming way, and if he does not prove too valuable in his present position, may go further up in the fat days every Liberal feels in his heart are close at hand.

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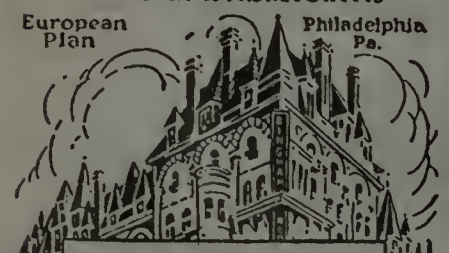

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leadership and passes on to well-earned rest he would leave behind him not only friends comfortably placed in the seats of the mighty but enemies and pretenders safely planted under the political sod. The Old Warrior is a bad forgetter. And he has a few scores to settle. For instance in one of memory's drawers lingers a picture of a Toronto delegation that descended on him and proposed that in the interest of uplift, he should hie himself hence and make room for Newton Wesley Rowell. In another he sees Frank Broadstreet Carvell slipping forward in the summer of 1917 as a new saviour of the Liberal Party. He may not believe that James Calder intends to be the power behind a throne occupied by Willie Martin but this is no time to take chances. And as for Arthur Sifton—well past experiences with brother Clifford do not bind him closer to the Laurier heart. Sir Wilfrid was seventy-seven years of age on the 20th of November but he looks good for some years to come. He would pass out of politics even as he has lived in politics—the absolute ruler of the Liberal party. He would smash alike the open enemy and the enemy who, according to Liberal beliefs, has stung the gentle hand that caressed and coerced him. He sees the way lying open to the accomplishment of all his purposes. If he is half the politician his friends believe him he will sit and smile and wait—yet a little longer.

Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist

Continued from page 19

"The daughter of an earl humorous?" She laughed gaily, and her beauty was exceeding good to look upon.

An uncomfortable feeling that, though armed with the broadsword of masculine self-assurance, he was being worsted by the stiletto of feminism, crept into the mind of Lawrence Craighouse, officer and satirist. His embarrassment, however, was broken by the approach of a servant.

"Pardon me," said Lady Dorothy. "It's the mail."

She took from the salver a letter, which bore the stamp of the Red Cross, and opened it.

"I am so glad," she said, looking up at him; "I have been accepted for France."

"As what?"

"As a V.A.D., my dear knight. I have been one for two years."

He began to think that his broadsword was decidedly worsted, but he made one final and thoroughly masculine attempt to retain the pedestal of superiority.

"I suppose you soothed a great many convalescent and gallant second lieutenants?" he said airily. It was a lamentable attempt, but he felt a sudden jealousy of all wounded subalterns.

She pirouetted daintily.

"I was in a Tommies' hospital," she said; "and when I wasn't scrubbing floors I was waiting on the nurses at table—and you have no idea what cats some of them were."

Whereupon Lawrence Craighouse of New York handed over his sword and surrendered unconditionally.

THREE days later Craighouse wrote another letter to Mr. Townsend. That gentleman read it with great interest, and noted particularly these passages: "They have a library, but nearly every book I have opened has uncut pages." "The daughter, Lady Dorothy Oaklands by name, is quite good-looking, but mentally and emotionally she is asleep." "The old boy showed me the portraits of his ancestors this morning. I made the mistake of asking what each one *did*. It appears that they merely *were*." "I am trying an experiment in feminine psychology—I am acting Pygmalion to Lady Dorothy's Galatea."

"The earl appears to be very rich, but quite respectable." "We had some titled women to lunch to-day. I have at last found out what countesses talk about—how to secure exemption for their gardeners. It has quite done away with the former vice of gossip." "Lady Dorothy plays the piano rather nicely, but with no soul." "Have I mentioned the daughter, Lady Dorothy? She is refreshingly beautiful at times." "I do like the speaking voices of English women when they are not putting on side. Lady Dorothy has a contralto lilt in her voice that is rather pleasing." "Dinner is a tremendous affair. A prune may constitute a course, but nothing reduces the ritual performed by the high priest and his assistant."

That evening Mr. Townsend looked over the table at his wife.

"My dear," he said, "what happens when an American young man falls in love with the daughter of an English earl?"

"Why, both families object, naturally," said the companion of his joys and sorrows.

IT was the last evening before his departure, and Lady Dorothy had played for him for an hour; played little melodies from *La Boheme*, lesser gems from *Chu Chin Chow*, and twice had explored the delightful memories of Gilbert and Sullivan. Once he sang very softly to her accompaniment, and when they finished she turned abruptly to him.

"You have a voice," she said.

"You play beautifully," he answered.

"It is easy to play when an artist is listening."

"Have you found that, too?"

She turned to the piano and softly fingered the opening strains of Rudolpho's aria in the first act of *La Boheme*.

"It is just a matter of personality," he said softly. "One woman chokes a man's artistry; another reveals the heights which are in his soul. I suppose it is the same with men?"

She played on in silence for a few moments, then murmured, "What happened to the statue when it came to life?"

"You mean Galatea?"

She nodded her head.

"I don't know," he said pensively. "I have quite forgotten the ending."

She went on playing, and in the soothing light of the music-room she made a picture that lingered for months in the memory of the American.

"Some day I will tell you," she said suddenly. "Here are mother and dad."

That night, while in the act of disrobing, he heard the calm knock of Mr. Watkins at his door.

"Come in," he said. "I am going at seven to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Watkins carefully placed a pitcher of hot water on the stand.

"Are you married, Watkins?"

The butler considered deferentially. "No sir," he said, after mature reflection.

"You ought to be," said the American.

The butler carefully drew the window-curtains together. "Are you, sir?"

"No," said Craighouse with great energy; "but when I do marry, it will be with some girl born in the United States of America."

Mr. Watkins drifted towards the door. "Your bath will be ready at six, and breakfast at six-thirty," he said.

What Mr. Watkins had taken for persiflage was in reality another American declaration of independence.

IT was late in March, 1918, that two American officers sat by the side of a road in France and watched a stream of refugees go by in an endless pageant of misery. Old men crawled along on bleeding, ill-shod feet; women were carrying grotesque bundles and leading absurd ponies that drew household goods on rickety carts; and there were girls, half-women, who bore infants in their arms, and who looked neither to right nor left, but followed on in mute fatigue and tearless agony.

Craighouse, who wore the badges of a captain, swore softly to himself. His companion bit his lip.

"I hear the Germans are smashing through everywhere," said the latter.

"God! I wonder if we have been too late."

Several ambulances passed in rapid

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succession, their bandaged and bleeding occupants lying crowded together.

A girl, less than eighteen years of age, dropped to the ground opposite to them. In a bound Craighouse was by her side and had lifted her to her feet. For a moment his strong hands gripped her arms tenaciously as though he would transmit some of his strength to her.

Without a word, without a look at him, she freed herself and staggered on, her face livid except where a slight flush showed beneath the black hollows of her eyes.

Craighouse went back to the other officer, but his face was gray and drawn, while his clenched fists drove the nails into his palms until they bled. His companion cursed blasphemously.

The roar of the guns grew louder, like a storm that is driven on the wings of a hurricane. They heard the snorting of engines behind them, and looking quickly, they saw a long line of London omnibuses crowded with English soldiers. They were shouting encouragement to the refugees, and waved gaily as they passed the Americans.

"Those chaps will be in action in an hour," said Craighouse, and swallowed noticeably. "Simpson," he went on, "do you realize that it's little England who has kept this thing from us for three and a half years? It's England who stood by her word; and now that she's drained of her men and boys, she doesn't reproach Russia for letting her down; she hasn't uttered a word of impatience for our slow arrival—asking nothing for herself, blaming no one. It's little England that is gathering the spear-points into her breast that your children and mine may live like human beings!"

His companion rose to his feet, and his jaw stiffened ominously. He felt for his revolver-holster, and adjusted his haversack.

"Tell the O.C. I've deserted," he said grimly. "I'm going up the line to join the first bunch that'll take me. There's some vermin up there that I reckon need exterminating."

Craighouse muttered something about discipline.

"To hell with discipline!" said Lieutenant Simpson, ex-mining engineer of Colorado, "I'm going"——

A corporal had halted before them and saluted. "O.C.'s compliments," he said tersely, "and the company is to go up the line as auxiliary infantry. Parade falling in now, sir. We move off in an hour."

WHEN the officers reached their headquarters they found a scene of bustling activity. Gas-masks were being inspected, ammunition supplied, first-aid packages given out where they had been lost, rifles cleaned and inspected, and all the accoutrements of war checked and shortages replaced.

Craighouse strode up to his section, ignoring the sergeant's salute. "We're going into this scrap," he said quietly, though his voice vibrated oddly, "and I want every mother's son of you to see red. There's a girl out on that road who is dying of fever, and it's fear of the Hun that is driving her on, and before night she'll be lying dead by the side of the road. She's somebody's daughter—somebody's sister—and, by Heaven, we'll make the Hun pay for it! What do you say, you Yankee sons o' guns?"

They cheered him to the echo, and some of them swore, and some of them laughed (but the laugh had a cruel ring to it), and some of them felt the salt tears stinging their eyes—but every one saw red.

Craighouse slowly walked over to his hut to superintend the packing of his own things. In his heart was a great exaltation and a mad love for the men who looked to him for leadership. In the seclusion of his hut he did what he had not done for years. He knelt for a moment by the side of his kit and prayed that he might quit himself like a man.

There are moments in war when men's very souls are touched by a nobility, by a compassion, by a reverence that rises above all creeds. Out of the depths they have risen to heights supernal.

In a private ward at Abbeville an American officer lay in great pain, and tossed restlessly in a delirium of fever. A young woman in the uniform of a V.A.D. watched by his side, and, sponging his palms and forehead, sought to soothe him with a gentleness and tenderness that a mother would show to her child. The man was badly wounded in his chest and leg, and exposure had brought a fever to torment his sufferings. Once he sat up and glared wildly at her.

"Did the guns get away?" he cried. "Did they get away?"

"Hush!" she said softly. "You must not talk. You are very ill."

He sank back on the pillows and laughed. "There's a girl lying dead on the road," he said; "but there's a crowd of Huns who are answering the roll-call in hell this morning."

He was silent for several minutes, then frowned heavily. "Look here," he said sternly; "I wish you would stop driving nails into my knee. Who do you think I am—Hindenburg?"

He laughed again, then groaned, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his brow. The woman ministered to him with the gentle firmness of her sex that rises to its best when face to face with suffering. She smoothed his pillows and shifted his position so that he would not irritate his wounds; and, as if soothed by her presence, he sighed weakly and broke into a little negro melody:

'All dat I got on de whole plantation,
All dat I love in de whole creation.
In de big roun' worl' or de deep-blue skies,
Is dat fat li'l feller wid his mammy's eyes,
Li'l feller wid his mammy's eyes.'

His voice was very low and soft. Then he suddenly sat up in bed and pointed past her. "Look!" he cried. "The cavalry! The cavalry! By Heaven, how they ride! Look at that officer! Great Scott! it's Oaklands!—Good old Oaklands!—Come on, men—one last fight.—Get those guns away—d' you hear? Get those guns away—*now!*"

Weak from the effort he had made, he sank back with a moan; and the woman stroked his brow, and kept back the tears which welled to her eyes. For half-an-hour he did not speak; then he went through the pantomime of lighting a cigarette.

"The reason I can't marry her," he said abruptly, "is the same reason that East is East and West is West. What can I offer her? She can't dress on two manuscripts a month; and, besides, she knows nothing of building bridges. If I made a great success I might come to her, but—as I am now—no—no." He solemnly shook his head and flicked the ash from the imaginary cigarette. "Can you picture Lady Dorothy in a pretty little cottage outside New York, helping me to write—my constant inspiration—the mother of my children? Can you picture her sharing my discouragements, telling me I can write if the whole world says I cannot; believing in me when I've lost belief in myself? Can you see her motoring into New York with me, and the two of us dining at Rector's to celebrate the acceptance of a play? Would she be happy in such a life? No—no—no; as Euclid says, 'It is absurd.' By the way, my dear fellow, you might shift the grand piano, will you? It is resting on my knee."

His voice trailed into silence, and he sank into a slumber. Twilight was throwing its cloak over the earth when he spoke again. His hand reached out, and she took it in both of hers.

"I thought I was dying," he murmured. "I think I would have died there—in that ditch—but Dorothy—Dorothy—was beside me. . . . . She held my hand when everything went dark—she wept a little. . . . It was only a dream, I know, but I lived. She must never know I loved her—because"—

"Lawrence!" The words were low and soft. "Lawrence!" That was all. Then she leaned over and kissed his lips. *Galatea had come to life.* . . . . .

THE first darkening shadows of an August night crept over the lawns of Oaklands, and settled about the turrets of the house like a mist. Inside, in the music-room, a pale American officer was telling some story—a story that kept his listeners silent and made the distant cry of a hawk sound strangely

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eerie and loud. He had three auditors—an elderly man, who held an unlit cigarette in his fingers; a woman, with gray locks, who sat, motionless, with folded hands; and a young woman, whose brown hair was like gold, and in whose deep-blue eyes there was a mingled look of pain and love.

"We knew when dawn broke," went on the American, "that we were outflanked, and we tried to get the guns away; but the Huns saw our move, and came at us with bayonets. We formed a line in front of the guns, Scots and Englishmen, and the few of our fellows who were left, and we did our best to give the gunners a chance, but they were on us too soon. Everything looked over, when we heard the cavalry coming. God! how our men shouted as they saw the squadron—for that is all there were—bear down on the Germans! Their officer seemed to bear a charmed life, for he parried and thrust and cut like a demon, while his commands rang out above the whole shock and crash of the fight. The Germans fell back, and this officer wheeled about, shouting instructions for the guns and rallying his men. For the first time I saw his face as he rode up to me. It was your boy."

There was a deathly silence for a moment, unbroken by a sound from his hearers, though a solitary tear fell slowly on the older woman's cheek.

"We contrived to get the guns started back, and we retreated to a sunken road which gave us protection. It was on the way there that I was shot in the knee, but managed to keep up, when a shell lit between two guns and killed some of the horses. We had to leave them, and went on; but a few minutes later we heard a shout. The Germans were surging about the guns, and the little group of cavalry had turned and charged right into the centre of them. Then I was hit again, and dropped; but Simpson, one of our officers from Colorado, led our men back to their assistance, and they fought till only Simpson and eight others were left. Then he fell dead beside the body of your lad who had led the cavalry."

There was a long silence, broken finally by the voice of the older woman. "I am glad that Douglas died bravely," she said, and her voice was low and calm, "and I am proud that he lies in France beside a very gallant American gentleman."

As if by mutual consent, every one rose, and the two women left the room together.

The old nobleman stood by the fireplace and gazed wistfully at the undulating lawns that showed from the windows in the deepening shroud of night. "It was good of you to tell us that," he said; "it will make my wife's sorrow more easy to bear." He walked slowly to a window and passed his hand wearily over his brow. "Sometime," he went on gently, "I must show you his room. We are keeping it just as it was."

Craighouse said nothing, but in his heart was a great understanding.

The first silver rays of the moon were dancing on the grass, when the earl spoke again. "It is hard for my wife," he said; "but she will be proud to know that she gave everything she had for—for England."

The American's heart sank. "Everything?" he stammered. "You mean"——

The older man's head was bowed with the simple dignity of his grief. "I have not told her yet," he said, "but I received an Admiralty message to-day that my second son's destroyer has gone down. He is reported 'missing.'"

IT was nearly an hour later, when Craighouse was wandering about the lawns in the glistening moonlight, that he heard the rustle of skirts behind him. It was Lady Dorothy, and her eyes were shining like twin-stars.

"I thought you would be here," she said. "It is a night that draws one to it."

"It is a night for memories," he said quietly. "What bitter-sweet things they have become since we had war!"

"Yes"; and she sighed.

For a little time they spoke of the sorrows and tragedies of their world; they talked of Oaklands, which would pass from her family because there was no heir; they played on the minor chords of life, and in their voices the melancholy elegy for beautiful things that had died found expression in their hushed and murmuring tones.

But they were young, and in the heart of youth there is always Spring; and the witchery of a moonlight night was calling to it. The minor strains trembled into silence, and the melody of hearts that are young took its place. She had deep-blue eyes that were never meant for tears, and he had a nature that responded to the beauty of life like an æolian harp to the moods of the wind.

As men and maids have done for generations, they talked of themselves. (A dangerous topic when the moon is making fairy-rings upon the grass.) They traced their friendship from his first visit, and lightly touched on the weary hours when she watched by his bedside in France. They laughed, they sighed, and once their fingers touched by accident, and he felt a thrill as the hot blood rushed to his cheeks. He experienced a sudden resentment against her wild-rose coloring, the marble fullness of her throat, and the luxury of silky, brown hair which held a vagrant moonbeam in a lingering caress. It was the protest of the brain to the senses against the allurement of beauty.

"We must never meet again," he said severely.

"You are right," she answered wistfully, and something like a smile lurked mischievously in the corners of her mouth. The moon plays havoc with men, but lends great discernment to the daughters of earth.

Another half-hour passed, full of words that meant so little and silence that meant so much. Then, with a quick contraction of his shoulders and a deepening frown, he turned and faced her squarely.

"I came to your home," he said, "to gather material for satire. I found it in your parents—in your brothers—in you. In my room are ten completed articles which I am going to send to New York. They are my impressions of the English. They will be published as the psychology of England studied under the microscope of a satirist.

"And I form one of your satirical studies?"

"Yes. I referred to you as Galatea, and to myself as Pygmalion. You supply the feminine interest which is so necessary. I pictured you as a statue amidst stifling conventionality, and I was the artist who tried to bring you to life."

"With what success?"

He thrust his hands into his pockets, and his shoulders drooped listlessly. "The artist," he said, "fell in love with her the moment the marble became human. He was a fool."

"I am so sorry," she said gently; and for a brief moment—a very brief moment—her hand rested in his. Whereupon the moon was constrained to disappear behind a cloud to hide her smile. "And what happened to her?"

"Oh," he said, "being a woman, she decided to torture Pygmalion. She came out on the lawn at night with him, and, by the music of her voice and the charm of her beauty, inflicted an hour's exquisite pain. I am like a man," he said, with an abrupt descent from the impersonal, "who knows that on the morrow he will be stricken with blindness, and is looking for the last time on a sunset."

WHEREUPON Captain Craighouse sighed like the classic furnace, and Lady Dorothy Oaklands smiled again, though her eyes were glistening with a mysterious dew. "To-morrow morning," he went on, "the sculptor, sometimes known as Don Quixote, is going away to forget about the statue. It is the only thing he can do."

Her eyes were lowered to the ground, and her breast rose and fell with her trembling breath. "The woman—Galatea," she murmured—"she just forgets, I suppose."

"Women forget easily," he said, and thought he spoke the truth.

"Listen," she said, and her voice was so soft that he could just make out the half-whispered words; "let me tell you the real story of Pygmalion and Galatea. When the marble became life, she loved

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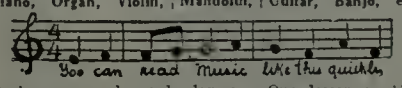

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the artist who had created her soul. But he didn't return her love; it has been an experiment with him. And so the woman in her froze and died, and Galatea became a statue again."

He caught her hands in his, and his eyes flashed like brilliants. "Dorothy!" he cried, "you are not jesting? You are not just—cruel?"

She said nothing; but, oh, what eloquence sometimes lies in a woman's silence! Then did Captain Craighouse of New York say many things which would look absurd in the cold medium of print, but which sounded like sweet music to his companion on that moonlight August night. He likened her to a motif that remained in his life, as a melody that haunts the memory. He told her he would scale the heights of fame to cast its laurels at her feet.

"You stupid boy," she laughed caressingly; "as if anything you could ever do would be finer than just this—that you are fighting for your country."

In some mysterious way his hands reached her shoulders; and in an equally inexplicable manner she was suddenly in his arms, and her hot cheek was against his.

"Lawrence dear," she murmured, "Galatea only knew one thing about Pygmalion—that he had brought her into being, and so she loved him. That was all."

And the moon, feeling that her evening had been a complete success, disappeared behind a cloud, and stayed there.

A RAW wind from the sea swept against the mammoth building of the *New York Monthly Journal*. The editor of that classic publication crossed to the rattling window and looked at Broadway, far beneath. A few drops of rain mingled with the dust that eddied about in little whirlpools of wind.

In his hand he held a long letter from Craighouse, and, after a pause, he reread the ending. . . . "and so I crept downstairs in the early morning and built a fire of my articles in a grate. I am sorry to have failed you; but, if one would ridicule England, first let him go to the sea and watch the men that go out in ships—and the men that never come back from the sea. If he would scoff at the simple folk of England, first let him stop at a farm I saw, where an old man of seventy is toiling in the fields, that the King's horses and men may be fed; while his four sons sleep in France. If he would laugh at the old families of England, let him come to the old homes where every son went without a murmur, and where, too often, the last one fell beside his brothers, because England had called for men.

"If he would make the mothers of England a study for satire, first he should mock the woman at the foot of the Cross, for her love and their love, her grief and their grief, are one."

Like gnomes, the people on Broadway hurried on in an endless diverging torrent of humanity.

Mars and the Drummer

Continued from page 23

standard was brought forward and examined. A sample tin of shoe polish that one pocket had yielded up was examined gingerly. It looked like a bomb and accordingly was safely deposited in a pail of water. The Minister of War frowned dubiously and examined the pile of sales literature.

"I thought the pig was an American!" he said. "It is clear, however, that he is Serbian. It is my duty as Minister of War to look into this. Why should Serbia attempt to overthrow the power of the great Alveraz?"

LACEY was led away to a small room and locked up. The Minister of War, pompously aware of the new importance he had attained by his promptness in smashing up the latest plot against the administration, walked into the office of the President and told of the uprising in lurid terms. Alveraz took the news with unconcern.

"So," he said. "It wouldn't have mattered much. We are nearly through, anyway. The people murmur against my rule. The army is dissatisfied because I do not pay. The treasury is empty! Sooner or later we go, and whether it is by Serbian agency or the will of our own people, what is the difference?"

"Never, as long as I am Minister of War," spluttered General Hannibal. "My soldiers are devoted to me. I can suppress any uprising as easily as I pricked the bubble of Serbian aggression this very night!"

"Yes, yes," replied the President, wearily. "But it would be more to the point if you could find some way to raise money. Power—bah, I am tired of it. But money—we all need it, General."

"A whisky tax—" began the General.

"No, dolt!" interrupted the President. "The last whisky tax nearly cost us our lives. You can trample all over our beloved people on every other point but you can't interfere with their drink."

The Minister of War thought hard and long.

"If we were at war we could levy a war tax," he said.

"Our neighbors are too powerful," said Alveraz, testily. "You know that as well as I do. They would smash your little army like an eggshell and stand you and me up against a wall, General. We only exist on their forbearance now."

General Hannibal indulged in more thought and then suddenly emitted an exclamation of triumph. With nervous haste he drew a map from under the President's desk and ran his stubby forefinger over it.

"See here, Excellency!" he cried, "this green spot, Serbia—that I have my finger on—is an inland country!"

"I am not exactly a fool," said the President. "What of it?"

"Being an inland country," answered the Minister, "it will have no navy!"

"That does not follow," the President put in. "We haven't a navy ourselves, although Salvomalia is on the waterline."

"But an inland country can't have a navy," the General persisted.

"Why argue about it?" asked the President. "Granted that it cannot have a navy, what then?"

"Serbia has been guilty of aggression against us!" orated General Hannibal. "We are justified in declaring war on Serbia, Excellency! As our enemy is thousands of miles away and has no fleet we are perfectly safe. It will be a bloodless war—but taxes will have to be raised nevertheless. Our people will rise to vindicate the honor of their country. We shall become patriots. Our popularity will come back to us and the money will roll into the treasury for the strengthening of the army!"

There was silence in the room for full two minutes.

"A wonderful idea," said President Alveraz. "It is remarkable how I think of these things, how fertile I am in the expedients of popular government. Yes, I think it would work. Honor, glory, perhaps—but taxes, surely it will work there."

"But, your Excellency," twittered the Minister, "remember that I—"

"Oh yes, you will have the honor of carrying out my plan," said the President. "I shall now write the ultimatum of war."

The next morning Justus Anson, sitting at breakfast on the deck of the *Albatross*, glanced dubiously over the water at San Salvomal.

"What's up?" he demanded querulously of the steward, who was serving him his usual substantial breakfast of ham and eggs. "Has the place gone crazy all of a sudden? They've been shouting and firing off guns for the last half hour!"

"It may be another revolution," suggested the steward.

"I think I'll go ashore," said Anson. "Hold on, though, I'll finish breakfast first. I've got to have my breakfast if all the governments in South America go smash in the meantime. And see here, steward, you see that that daughter

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of mine doesn't get ashore while I'm away. Your job depends on it. Tie her up if necessary. Understand?"

So Anson went ashore while his daughter, Jane, fretted and fumed on deck and unmercifully bullied the abject officers. In two hours' time the Molasses King returned. He was half amused and half perturbed at what he had learned.

"Of all the blanketty-blank fools!" he exploded. "For sheer ignorance and stupidity, these people have anything on earth beaten five thousand feet in the mile! They've declared war. And of all countries—by gad, it's incredible—of all countries on earth they've picked on Serbia!"

"Serbia!" Jane pricked up her ears. Her new friend, Harry Lacey, was with the Serbian Shoe Polish Co. Could there be any connection?

"Some fool drummer went and spilled the beans!" declared her father. "Worked up a demonstration last night—in order to advertise Serbian Shoe Polish, as far as I could learn. So they clapped him in irons and declared war. I saw some of the American residents and they say it is just an excuse to levy a war tax, but they're worried just the same. They think this young idiot of a Lacey may come to some harm in the excitement."

The American residents were not the only ones who worried over the possibility. For half an hour Jane paced the deck with an anxious frown. Then she went to her father and told him what she had decided must be done. She first told of her encounter the previous day with Harry Lacey.

"Dad, I have a confession to make," she said. "I like this Mr. Lacey. You've always got me everything I asked for, Dad. Well, I want you to get him for me. You must rescue him first and then—well, it's just possible I may decide to marry him. I'm not quite sure about that but—I think I will!"

"Huh!" grunted Anson, uneasily. "I've spoiled you. Ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper you've done the—the *damndest* things, Jane. But this is going too far. This Lacey, from what I can learn about him, would make a pretty good husband for a she-wildcat, but when it comes to grafting in on my family tree—"

"The main thing is to get him free," interrupted Jane, unmindful of her father's objections. "We can discuss the other part later. Now, Dad, I have a grand plan. You remember how you said this boat could be made any way I liked, and then kicked like an obstinate old mule when I insisted on having a couple of guns put in for emergencies? Well, this is just the emergency I had in mind. We can mount those guns and start in to shell the town. That will bring them to their senses!"

"The h——l we will!" exploded Anson. "Girl, you're crazy, plumb crazy. Do you know what would happen if we put a shell into that town? For one thing we would kill some people and have to face the consequences for that. And then there would be international complications and a peck of trouble that wouldn't clear up in a lifetime."

"But, Dad, this is not a *real* country," persisted Jane. "Any place that would declare war like this deserves to be shelled anyway. We would only threaten to shell the place if they didn't give Harry—Mr. Lacey—up to us. That would bring them to their senses. We could say we were—the flagship of the Serbian navy!"

HOW Jane ever managed to convert her father to the idea I don't know. But the fact remains that the *Albatross* up-anchored that very morning and steamed out of sight, only to come back late in the afternoon with a new name painted on its prow in foreign letters and with two dinky but business-like guns poking their black muzzles over the railing. Then old man Anson, ceremoniously togged out in frock coat and very red in the face, went ashore.

At this point Lacey's narrative becomes very vague and in my work of reconstructing the tale, I have had considerable difficulty in bridging the gap. You see, Lacey was himself in bondage at the time and has no first-hand knowledge as to what old man Anson did. Most of his information, I imagine, comes from Jane; and Jane believes that her father went in to see President Alveraz and, representing himself as an envoy of the King of Serbia, threatened to shell the town if Lacey were not released and the declaration of war withdrawn. This was Jane's plan. Lacey tells it that way. But what I imagine really happened was something entirely different. And so I am telling it my own way.

Justus Anson had no difficulty in getting an audience with the President. He walked in and sat down solidly in one of the President's decrepit chairs and looked Alveraz straight in the eye.

"President," he said, "I'm a business man, an American business man. I want to talk business with you!"

"Good," said Alveraz, who knew how to come to the point? In his way he was a business man himself. "What can I do for you?"

"I have a big yacht out in the harbor with two guns capable of shelling this town and there's a Serbian name painted on it," went on Anson, dryly. "My name is Justus Anson of New York city, but it might be in the interests of both of us if the impression were allowed to get out that my yacht is a Serbian ship and that I'm a representative of that country."

"How so?" asked Alveraz.

"You know and I know," said Anson, "that a declaration of war was all that could save the Alveraz administration from bankruptcy. Well, you've got your declaration off your chest and I suppose the war tax is being levied briskly to-day. But see here, Mr. President, you've got to crawl off some time. I offer you the opportunity. We can fix up an honorable peace between us—for the benefit of your people. You can be declared the victor. Serbia will never hear of it. The outside world needn't get a word of the sanguinary war that has been waged. Serbia might even agree to pay a small indemnity."

The president winked. Yes, slowly and joyously his shrewd black eyes closed for a fraction of a second.

"I comprehend," he said. "I am well agreeable to what you say. But what I do not understand is—where do you, oh, business man of the U.S., come in yourself?"

"I'll arrange the indemnity," said Anson, "but you might even it up by slipping me a nice little concession in exchange. Anything would do—asphalt, or hardwood, or anything. In addition, I want young Lacey released now—*pronto*. He's a friend of my family!"

"And the amount of the indemnity?" asked the President.

From this point on Lacey's narrative was complete and authoritative. You see, he had personally taken a hand in what followed. I quote him almost verbatim.

ANSON and Lacey returned to the yacht together. Lacey was a little subdued by his day's confinement but the millionaire was quite jubilant.

"*Some* diplomat!" he boasted to Jane when they got on board. "Brought home the bacon—and your young man friend. Here he is. The war is off and the town is quieting down already. Trust a business man to settle a little squabble like that."

Jane shook hands with Lacey. He was a little the worse for wear but I guess he still looked pretty good to Jane. She's one of those kind who always know what they want and who can't be changed. They looked and looked into each other's eyes, those two young people, until old Anson broke it up with an indignant snort.

"Huh!" he said, "I see where it's going to be necessary to make a place for you in the molasses business, Lacey."

But—would you believe it?—Jane was not entirely happy. There was a shade of disappointment in the back of her busy mind. It came out at dinner that evening.

"You're too good a diplomat, Dad," she averred. "I was kind of anxious to see how those guns would work!"

The Minx Goes to the Front

Continued from page 13

Motor cyclists rushed past, white as plaster statues; officers in grey automobiles flashed by, staring at the unexpected vision of women in our car, and nearly twisting their necks off to catch a second glimpse of the Minx. We saw no civilians save in the villages, or working in the fields. On the road we were the only persons not in uniform. It was well, said our lieutenant, that we possessed a khaki car. Nothing else, save military grey, would be permitted on this road, or at Verdun itself, where we would soon arrive.

"Verdun itself, where we would seen arrive!" It seemed incredible. I had to pinch myself. I should have felt it no more wonderful to be told that we should soon arrive before the gates of Troy, and see the Wooden Horse. To me—as to all the world in these days—there could be no name more thrilling, no name more classic than Verdun.

Headquarters was at a distance—I won't say where; but thence, after a few formalities, a few politenesses, we were passed on as quickly as possible. "You are expected to lunch in the citadel," we were told.

Lunch—in the citadel at Verdun! I must be dreaming, I thought. Yet if so, I had somehow stumbled into a dream that belonged not to me but to Nancy Mix. Everything in it began to centre round her, from the moment we passed through the gate that the Germans will never pass. She was a bright blossom, blooming more vividly in contrast to the grey desolation of her background, a golden rose on the breast of a skeleton.

ANOTHER officer—a Captain this time—met us inside the gates where history has been made and unmade, and made again, ever since the year 843 when Charlemagne divided his empire between his three sons, in the Treaty of Verdun. He too, (not Charlemagne but the Captain) got into the khaki-colored car, and was visibly thrilled by the khaki-clad girl. We drove slowly through the ruined streets, which had ceased to be streets, save that the military authorities kept them cleared for thoroughfares. Nothing that I had seen yet of devastation struck me such a blow over the heart as the wreck of Verdun. The traces of vanished life were more intimate and personal, more dramatic. In the towns we had visited before Nancy and after, the Germans had pillaged and burned the houses. Here, they had never come: they had only bombarded, and the inhabitants had deserted their homes, leaving all they had, except such small treasures as could be carried off in haste. Fronts of houses had been smashed in, showing pitiful interiors like the setting for stage scenes: bedrooms, abandoned in the night, with coverlets thrown back, clothing hung over chairs, or fallen on the floors; dining-rooms with tables laid for a meal never to be eaten: libraries with books on the shelves and desks wide open; ladies' boudoirs with vases of withered flowers on the chimney pieces; daintily framed pictures and mirrors askew on satin-papered walls, and work-baskets with scattered embroidery on the plaster-littered carpets. Long, long ago the owners of these books, and dishes, and pictures had been ordered out of Verdun, to save themselves. Where now were the faces which had smiled into these mirrors, the hands that had stitched the mildewed embroideries, where the babies snatched from tumbled cradles? They were far away, in the homes of others, and before their longing eyes must float always the vision of these rooms, sacred and private, before German bombs bared them to the eyes of all who passed.

On a terrace, which must once have been a beloved promenade, we got out of the car and gazed over the river Meuse. It seemed, as I stood there, as if my mental eyes re-read a hundred "communiques" of the past: "Desperate Battle on the Meuse": "Slight German Advance on the Meuse": "French Counter Attack and Victory on the Meuse." Our two officers pointed out spots famous for their fierce fighting, and told us how a few months earlier or perhaps a few weeks later a fiery furnace would have been as safe a viewpoint as our present one. But I hardly listened. Thoughts like ghosts crowded round me, whispering. I saw the Bishops of olden days who reigned at Verdun as Kings. I saw men of the 12th century building the Cathedral, and laying the steps that still led up to its ruin, at the top of the hill. I saw pale English prisoners taken by Napoleon, and kept in the citadel for eleven weary years. I saw the fourteen fair ladies sent to the guillotine by the Tribunal of the Revolution, because they had dared beg the King of Prussia to respect the town. I saw the French soldiers of 1870 repulsing the enemy and spiking their guns, till irresistible German reinforcements came; and above all I saw the soldiers of to-day driving the Crown Prince back again and again, and forever.

From the terrace up to the top of the piled town we walked, along the shattered streets up to the height of the citadel, and looked down over the hazy landscape where for months the Germans fought in vain to conquer Verdun. Through a gauzelike white mist a red fire seemed to glow, like a flame running low along the earth between the French and German lines.

"Coquelicots!" said one of our guides. "Poppies, I think you call them in English. They are no redder than the blood which has flowed where they grow. It is as if that blood gave the flowers their color, is it not? Can you guess what they hide. Thousands of bodies that neither we nor our enemies have ever been able to bury. When the poppies are gone we shall see them again as we have seen them before, the flat, crumpled bodies huddled in the shell-holes and maybe there will be many more. We have seen worse sights, but—the view is more cheerful for us while the poppies bloom."

OF that dream of Verdun, our lunch in the subterranean dining-hall belonged most of all to the Minx. She was queen of it, and no wonder. It was months since some of our splendid hosts had seen a woman. They had almost forgotten that the Creature existed. The news that three ladies were to be their guests had upset their nerves as no bombardment had ever done. Perhaps they had fancied that all three would be young and beautiful; but if Mrs. Henry Wayne and Miss Whitley were a disappointment, Miss Mix generously made up for that.

It seemed that the officers had been preparing since the arrival of General Rayières telegram requesting hospitality for us. An underground "cell" belonging to a Major had been "touched up" as a dressing-room for the divine trio. Flower-vases and a rug had been borrowed from a quite newly bombarded house (only borrowed, as the property of the refugees is sacredly guarded); a few flags decorated the wall, and the lieutenant who met us at Bar-le-Duc had been commissioned to buy every kind of first aid to beauty. He had returned with packets of pins and hairpins of all sorts, powder and rouge, harasfeet and powder-puffs. He had even remembered a fashionable make of soap, a sponge soft enough for a baby's skin, an ivory-backed brush, several sorts of scent, and a vaporizer. The Minx it was who told me the tale, with tears in her eyes; and to show that these delicate attentions were appreciated, she issued from the cell pink and white as a doll, smelling of perfumes imported from Araby the Blest.

Even more pains had been taken in decorating the vaulted banqueting hall, where we had two principal hosts and many minor ones. The walls and the motto "They shall not pass" were draped with bunting and banners. The long table was adorned with flowers, not poppies, thank heaven, though brought from heaven knows where. The most conspicuous of the big electric lamps which lit the big, low room were covered with thin yellow paper, to give a

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THE MINX GOES TO THE FRONT

Continued from page 65

gayer light. And the menu was marvellous.

"Oh, we have never suffered for food here, even at the worst," laughed one of the two great men who were our hosts. "You see, it was like this. Before the civil population of Verdun was evacuated, they had a scare of a long siege, and conceived the brilliant idea of hoarding food. They sent to Paris for everything of the best, and a great deal of it. All the shops displayed food. The jewellers showed hams in their windows where collars of pearls and diamonds used to glitter. The perfumers piled up glass jars of preserved fruit or vegetables instead of the latest eccentric fashion in scent bottles, and the wine-cellars were filled with the good wine of France. Then, clap! came the order for evacuation. The food hoarders were glad to sell out their stores to the army at cost price; so, while the German papers, and even Italian ones (Italy was neutral then) printed the news that we at Verdun could not hold out long because we had no meat save rats, we were eating the fat of the land—when we had time to eat at all!"

"But," I said, "the food-hoarders of 1915-16 hadn't got in their larders the Ostend oysters and wild boar I see on our menu this day of 1917. Even on ice, they couldn't last till——"

Our host laughed again from across the long table, where Mother sat at his right hand and Nancy Mix on the side nearest his heart. "Have no fear!" he cheered me, "Les huitres d'Ostende are a bluff; but you will find them a good bluff, I hope. As for the *sanglier*, two of our young madmen went out and shot him. They missed getting shot themselves! But they wanted to give you something original for your déjeuner."

"Ah, if they had not come back!" gasped Nancy.

"In that case, Mademoiselle, they would have missed the happiest occasion of their lives!"

After luncheon we were taken through a network of passages and vaulted rooms, all lit with electricity. We saw the hospital, the operating theatre, and store places for ammunition. Then, last of all, we descended from the Citadel into the old trenches which had once defended Thiaumont. There was no danger there now, because the Germans had been pushed back—far back; but we saw the dugout and shelters where the heroes of Verdun had lived through long months; and when in the later afternoon we bade the place good-bye (with a car-full of souvenirs) we understood well why the Germans could not pass, why they will never pass.

HER FIFTH STEP: PARIS TO SENLIS; COMPIEGNE AND NOYON.

"I HAVE made up my mind to one thing," said Mother to me the day after we returned to Paris, "and that is, *not* to be burdened again with Miss Mix when we go to the Noyon Front."

"Burdened" was good, after all that had happened at Nancy—and especially Verdun. But when I was tempted to remind Mother of these circumstances, I bit my tongue and refrained.

"I realize that you are not to be trusted where the Minx is concerned," she went on, "therefore I myself have been to a garage this morning and ascertained that we can hire a car. It will be costly, but, thank heaven, my earnings have increased rather than diminished since this terrible war." (Mother invariably uses this adjective in mentioning the war) "So I am justified in incurring the expense, particularly as it is to gain material for a book. All you have to do, Henry, is to go to the Rue Fréderic Premier and remind the authorities of their promise to give us permits for the Noyon Front — the last favor we need ask of them, since the bombardment at Soissons and Rheims is too severe for civilian visits. The bombardment at Nancy will fortunately supply me with copy, and it would be tempting Providence to risk a worse one, even if permitted. I hope you will start at once and interview our kind friends at the Bureau."

I wasn't sure if they were so much our kind friends as Nancy Mix's, but I obeyed Mother as usual. A deep depression weighed me down in my with-difficulty-obtained taxi. I was so accustomed now to seeing Fronts with the Minx, that I could not imagine what they would be like without her—and with Mother and Kate. After what she had done for us, to go off and leave her in the lurch would be vile ingratitude. Serpents' teeth would be nothing compared to us! All the way to the Rue Fréderic Premier I racked my brain for some excuse, no matter how lame, to save our faces in the eyes of the dear Minx. But, though there was an interval before they ushered me into the Presence, my mind remained a vacuum.

"I am pleased to hear that your party had an interesting glimpse of Verdun," said the Authority, when we had bowed and touched fingers.

"You have heard already!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, of all your adventures. If Mademoiselle Mix writes as well as she talks, it is not strange they value her on that grand journal of hers. She is wonderful!"

I agreed. "She has been here this morning?"

"No. Last night. She telephoned. I-er happened to be working late in my office. You were fortunate — Madame your Mother, Mademoiselle your cousin and you—to have shared the acquaintance of General Rayières with this beautiful and intelligent American, who has so little the air of a journalist, yet is it apparently to perfection."

I agreed again, but was pricked by my conscience to find a change of subject, and jumped to Noyon.

THE Man of Authority looked politely sad. "Ah, Monsieur, I regret that you are too late in making this request," he replied. "No new applications to visit that Front can be granted at present. We have just received notice from Headquarters that only those already approved can be considered for some time."

"But," I argued, knowing that Mother would blame me for a weakling if I yielded without a struggle, "ours is not a new application. We made it before starting for Nancy."

"Pardon, Monsieur, you did not make it. You mentioned your intention of making it on your return. No date was fixed. If it had been——"

"How could it be, when we didn't know surely when we should get back to Paris?"

"You might have telegraphed from Nancy, before leaving for Verdun."

"In the midst of a bombardment? Who would think of such a thing at such a time?"

"Mademoiselle Mix."

"Good heavens! She telegraphed?"

"She did, Monsieur, one of those long telegrams regardless of expense which are so American—and so delightful. She confirmed her request to visit the Noyon Front, asking leave to go to-morrow if convenient to the authorities, and send me the personal regards of General Rayières and Monsieur Dufael, who are friends of mine. There was barely time to hurry the application to General Headquarters and have the trip arranged for Mademoiselle. As the telegram specified 'friends' I imagined that your party was referred to. Last night again, in our conversation, I took this for granted. But now, as you come to me separately, to ask permission for yourself and your family, I see that I was mistaken. This is rather awkward, as I gave Headquarters to understand—but there is still time to clear up the 'muddle,' as you English say."

It was already clear to me. That warm-hearted Minx had been scheming for us, while we schemed against her. I felt my face turning the latest fashionable *couleur de tomate*, as I stammered my conjecture. Possibly Miss Mix *had* meant us, when she mentioned friends. We had not liked to take this for granted. My Mother was not used —etc., etc. The upshot was that the question must be settled at once between Miss Mix and my "party," otherwise the affair would become too complicated, and none of us would go to Noyon.

"Please let me know by telephone," the Authority finished with polite severity, rising; and I bowed myself out of the Presence trailing a weight of guilt. It was mostly my Mother's guilt, but none the less heavy.

I went home and explained things, not without a secret, sullen triumph. "So there it is, you see," I said. "History repeats itself. To go with Miss Mix—if she chooses to take us—or not to go. Which is nobler to the mind of Mrs. Henry Wayne?"

Mother looked baited. "Forever dogged by this Minx!" was the cry wrung from her soul.

"That doesn't sound right zoologically," said I. "And anyhow, perhaps she isn't dogging us. Why should she want to cart us about from front to front——"

"Of course, she wants to," said Mother. "Because we are Who we Are, foolish boy. With us, she shines in reflected glory."

"I see," said I. "It's fair exchange. Her car for our glory!"

"The favor is on the right side. Car or no car, how could she travel all over France unchaperoned? I suppose there are some things which even a Minx cannot do."

I, FOR my part, supposed that to a brave Minx all things were possible. But, the burning question was not so much what a Minx could do, as what we were to do. There was no time to lose before settling it, and seeking the telephone. For once, however, Mother hesitated. "I feel," she said, "that we are in a vicious circle. There is no way out. It is all that girl's fault! I hope never to meet her like again!"

"You never will!" I muttered.

"I have half a mind to put dignity in my pocket and go myself to the Rue Fréderic Premier," said Mother.

"To do any good, you would have to go to headquarters," suggested Kate.

Mother groaned. The circle was growing more vicious every minute, when tinkle, tinkle went the bell of the telephone. Kate flew to it. "I'll speak to my cousin," she replied after an instant of worried attention. Holding the receiver, she turned to us. "It's that Girl," she announced. "They've called her up from the Rue Fréderic Premier. She wants to let Mrs. Wayne know that *of course* she meant us when she telegraphed about Noyon. She forgot to speak. The bombardment and Verdun made her head feel like a 'prize package,' in her refined expression. She hopes that to-morrow is all right for us. What shall I answer?"

Mother swallowed heavily. Pride and many other emotions passed down with that gulp. "Answer that we can make it convenient," she said. And then to me, as Kate obeyed: "What did I tell you? She depends upon us."

Dear, generous Minx! She was not born to be understood by women like Mother. She was born to be loved—by men like me. And others.

OUR headquarters during the trip of the next three days was to be—the General Headquarters of the French army; or, less grandiloquently, we were to leave our luggage and spend our nights at Compiègne. Our actual headquarters would be a hotel precisely opposite Army Headquarters, in the Château famed in history, and beloved by monarchs from Clovis to Napoleon III. We had plenty of sight-seeing mapped out for the first day, and planned an early start. Mother fixed the hour, hoping, I felt, that the Minx would be late, and give her a grievance. But the Minx, though she looks of the type to keep people waiting, is generally on the spot before anyone else: and this was no exception. When I followed the luggage to see that it fitted into the right places, there was the Minx in her smart khaki clothes, standing in the hotel lounge, her hands in her loose, side-pockets—the fashion of to-morrow. With her was a man—also in khaki; and my heart flapped like a fish as I recognized the British officer of the boat—Lord John Hatte. They didn't notice me—they didn't notice anything except each other. Nancy's back was turned to me, but through a glass partition I saw Lord John's face and knew that he was proposing.

I had never (then) proposed to anyone; but should I do so, I would wear that expression during the act. Especially if I proposed to Nancy Mix.

"It's all up with the trip," I thought. "If she accepts him, she won't want to go. If not, she won't feel like accepting the car and refusing him." Suddenly I realized how eagerly I had been picturing these days of wonderful sight-seeing with her, perhaps the last days I should ever have in her society, unless—— But, of course, in spite of what Kate and Mother foolishly thought, there couldn't possibly be an "unless"!

I hated Lord John, as I walked out to his automobile just drawing up before the hotel. What use ordering the porter to stow away our luggage, since whatever happened, it seemed certain that we should not go?

NANCY'S suitcase was already in the place (a modest one) it had occupied before. But that meant nothing. It had doubtless been put into the car before Hatte's bombshell arrival. What to do, I did not know, and I still didn't know when Mother's voice sounded behind me.

"Two minutes past eight," she said, "and Miss Mix not here!"

"Didn't you see her in the lounge?" I asked.

"I had no occasion to glance towards the lounge. You know my principle never to look at people in whom I am not interested, when it can be avoided. *It is so bourgeois!*"

"*I* looked." Kate admitted. "She's talking to Lord John Hatte."

"Ah!" said Mother. I met her eye. It was unusually bright. She appeared pleased that he had come! I tried not to hate her, as I hated Hatte.

"Hadn't we better wait before letting our things be put in?" I asked, with repressed spite.

"No. We must go. It is certain that Lord John, a British officer, cannot accompany us to a French Front. He will lend us his car, if Miss Mix chooses to stop behind and flirt with him. She will lose her time if she does, I think. His father wishes him to marry Lady Lydia Lamb."

As if any man who had a chance of winning a Minx would let a Lamb be thrown at his head! I did not make this fatuous remark to Mother, but I roared it mentally, as she gave orders where to stow our handbags.

They were all three in, and coats were following, when Miss Mix and Lord John appeared together. Hastily I searched his face, but could read nothing in its bronzed sangfroid which might mean stolid British satisfaction, or brave resignation.

Nancy introduced us, and volunteered the information that her friend had arrived, not at this unearthly hour of the morning, but last night. "It was too bad," she said, "but I'd gone to bed, so as to be fresh for our early start. If they'd told me, I'd have dressed, but he wouldn't let them wake me. Isn't it good of him, he's going to lend us his car just the same?"

"Rath-*er!*" Lord John backed her up. And with a smile which might mean happy triumph or the calmness of despair, saw us off.

"Those are very pretty flowers you have pinned onto your dress," said Mother, adding, with sarcasm, "I suppose they are wild flowers from Havre?" (They were orchids, of the most sophisticated sort.)

"From the provinces." Nancy replied, "but not from Havre."

Somebody had sent them. But whobody? Was it Rayières or Dufael, or another, in the background? Was she engaged to Lord John, or had she offered to be his sister? I would have given much for an answer even to one of these questions. Yet despite my doubts I felt a restricted happiness. The Minx and I were side by side, if for the last time, our backs to Mother and Kate, and our faces turned—when not towards each other—towards that river-girdled haunt of romance, "L'Ile de France."

THEY were turned also towards Germany as when we set out for Nancy; and this time the road would be of still more poignant interest, for it was that by which the Germans had marched gaily in September, 1914, to take Paris. A little later they had marched back faster than they had come, and Paris found the gaiety the Germans lost en route.

We gazed at the toy-like fortifications of which Paris was proud sixty years ago. We saw the grass-grown trenches, and spider-web remains of barbed wire with which Paris desperately prepared to keep back the enemy in those dark days of danger. We passed close to the basin of the Canal of the Ourcq, where the Capital was once before desperately defended, a century ago. We slipped through Bourget, the village where Napoleon stayed for a few hours, after Waterloo, not to enter Paris by daylight; and found it dwarfed in interest as in size by its immense new neighbors, green-roofed aerodromes big as circus tents for Titans. We flashed by bomb-sheds, wireless stations and observation posts. We slowed down for a few seconds, to stare at a gigantic "saucisse" reposing on the ground, under a disguising green cover; and so before long we reached the cross-road which marked the end of the German advance. Uhlans had ridden along the road from Senlis, as far as this junction, and had been turned back by French fire. We thrilled as we thought of it, all the more because of the exquisite peace which blessed the scene. Just as it looked to us, so it must have looked to greedy German eyes that September day, with silver scarfs of mist, dew-sequinned, sparkling over meadows of grain, and fragrant clover, and the long lines of poplars, tall and straight, like Nature's sentinels guarding France. Those galloping Uhlans had come to break the peace, but instead, they had themselves been broken; and the tree-sentinels had quietly watched them turn back defeated.

Before we came to Senlis, girdled with three forests, soldiers stopped us and cautiously examined our new pass. Then they gave the word to go on, but we went no further than Senlis itself, for not only is Senlis a centre of beauty and a jewel of historic souvenirs, but it has now become in its ruin more than ever a *monument historique*. We had started early from Paris on purpose to spare time for Senlis; and when we had left the car in front of the old hotel du Grand Cerf, once a hunting lodge for kings, Mother was armed with a new notebook and a freshly filled fountain pen. Nancy Mix had a book also, which she showed ostentatiously, with one of her side glances for me. I had given it to her, in derision, the day I had learned of her connection with that much-circulated paper *Home Talk*. It was like everything of the Minx's, most frivolous in appearance; indeed, I had chosen it for that. The cover was of gold brocade, and the pencil attached by a coquettish gold cord and tassel was gilded. I was certain that she had never written a line in the tiny volume, and never would write one; still, it was a neat bravado to flourish the dainty trifle under Mother's nose. Had Mother known that I was the giver, no explanation as to a sarcastic motive would have appealed to her as an excuse.

THE Minx, however, noted everything with her eyes. I fancy she missed little during the couple of hours we spent in the beautiful old town whose walls were built by Roman hands. Mother generally interrupted *têtes-à-têtes* between Miss Mix and me; but while she and Kate listened spell-bound

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

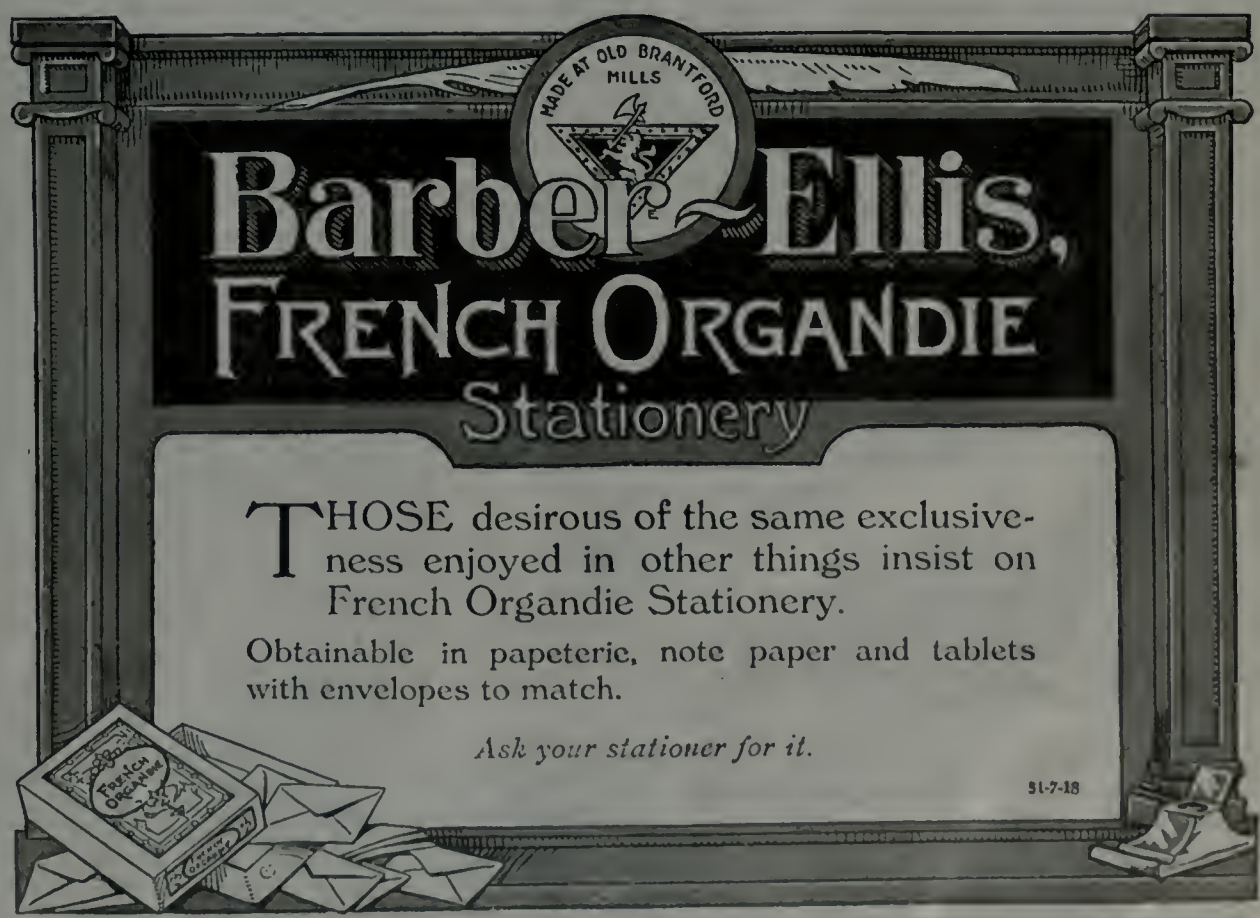
is literally "The sweet of Empire," for its fame has spread over the Seven Seas.

OWING to War conditions very little of anything can be shipped from England, and it is a matter of real regret to us that we are unable to send full supplies to Britain Overseas, for our Empire trade has to us a sentimental value not less than a business one. What little of our Toffee there is in the Country is of course soon snapped up, and for a time you may find a difficulty in obtaining it regularly But as soon as the War is victoriously won we shall quickly alter this.

Meanwhile, if Mackintosh cannot go to the Empire, the Empire can (and does) come to Mackintosh! Your fighting boys—so greatly admired by us all—show that the admiration is mutual, particularly where Toffee de Luxe is concerned!

Below we reproduce a few of our advertisements which have been appearing in the English newspapers. Toffee de Luxe for Soldiers de Luxe!

Made by JOHN MACKINTOSH, Ltd. ——— Toffee Town, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.



KEATING'S POWDER

Keating's Powder kills with ease, Bugs, Cockroaches, Moths and Fleas.

Be sure you get KEATING'S

Sold in tins only. 10c. 25c. 35c.

CHILBLAINS POSITIVELY CURED

Sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores throughout Canada

Do not poultice your chilblains. **Grasshopper Ointment** draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box, and see if it does not do so in your case. **Grasshopper Ointment** contains no injurious substances. Please refuse all substitutes.

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for the Home.

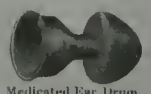
A nourishing food drink for All Ages. Anywhere at anytime. Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.

Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear.



Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

Address

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
20 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

"Your Home's On Fire"

How would that news affect you? Would it mean the loss of all you have worked and struggled for? Or would a London Mutual Fire Policy protect you from losing one cent?

At such a small cost it is folly to go without proper protection for your property.

See our local agents to-day or write us direct regarding our different policies. Ford car owners should get particulars regarding our special auto policy.

London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada

33 Scott Street Toronto

A. H. C. CARSON, *President* — F. D. WILLIAMS, *Managing Director*

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

The woman's magazine of the Dominion, and official organ of the Women's Institutes of Canada.

The January number of the Canadian Home Journal will brilliantly demonstrate the elaborate preparations that have been made for a year of wonderful literary production in the columns of Canada's greatest home magazine.

Contributions, the very gems of authors, rare for their ability to discriminate, will predominate in every issue of the New Year, presenting to Canadian Home Journal readers a collection of bright and crisp stories, abundant with inspiration and emotion.

"Who Goes There?" by Robert W. Chambers, three chapters of which appeared in the December number of the Canadian Home Journal, is a vivid war picture by a master story writer. Full of human interest and exalted ideals, the stories of Robert Chambers and many other Home Journal writers have won their way into the hearts of the reading public.

The wonderful collection of short and serial stories that will appear in the 1919 issues of the Canadian Home Journal places in store for the readers of this publication a rich literary treat every month in the year. Articles by Nellie McClung, Isabel Ecclestine MacKay, Katherine Hale, Anna Steese Richardson, Archie McKishnie, and others, assures an abundance of variety in both style and character.

Starting in the January number, there will be at least eight pages of pictures printed in sepia added to the Canadian Home Journal. Note that we say added, for this section will be inserted over and above the ordinary size of the magazine. Pictures of particular interest to Canadians will be shown on these pages, as well as those of international interest.

Right now is the time to book an order for next year. Subscription price, $2.00 per year, postpaid.

Canadian Home Journal,
Richmond and Sheppard Sts.,
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed please find $2.00, for which forward to the address below the Canadian Home Journal for one year.

Name .....

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Use This Form for Your Order

to an amateur guide, who had remained in Senlis during the two days' occupation (September 2nd and 3rd) Nancy and I escaped. We almost ran out of the highway (the Rue de la République, first bombarded and then burned) through strange, tortuous old streets whose names recalled kings and centuries long dead; and to my surprise the frivolous one knew more about the beginnings of Senlis than I knew. Of course, she must have "read the place up," to order, but she could have given points to me—perhaps even to Mother. I remembered that nearly every king of France since Clovis, up to Henry of Navarre, had lived in the old Château the Romans began, and hunted wild boar and stags in the three encircling forests of Chantilly, Ermenonville and Hallate. I knew vaguely, too, that Jeanne d'Arc, "dear daughter of Lorraine," had had something to do with saving Senlis. But it was Miss Mix who gravely drew details from her inner stores of knowledge, without a hint that she had lately filled them up. "Why, it was in the old Château here that your Henry Fifth married 'bonny Kate' of France," she said. "That was what made the English masters of Senlis, and it was the Duke of Bedford whose army fought against Jeanne d'Arc when she helped the king of France to get the town back. But I bet you don't know *who* helped her — Bluebeard! (Wasn't he the Maréchal Rais?) They say that even now, they show a path, lost in the forest, that Jeanne took, leading her men, when she came."

I, in my turn, told Nancy how Prussians and Cossacks rushed triumphantly into Senlis in 1814, and how it was again invaded in 1870. Despite the little rest it had had during centuries, the few streets where the bombardment and burning of 1914 had left no trace, looked as peaceful as the castle town in the enchanted forest of the Sleeping Beauty. It was good to see them first, before rejoining Mother and Kate (luckily they hadn't noticed our absence) to visit the ruined regions.

The Germans pretended that they had been fired upon from the shop of a tobacconist after the bombardment and their entrance into the town. Thereupon they proceeded to "punish" Senlis in their usual fashion, shooting the inhabitants and burning as many beloved monuments of history as possible before their army was suddenly and mysteriously called away. They did much and important damage, which Mother had been noting in her black book; but the saddest thing to my eyes was a fairylike little Château, all destroyed save the façade, still decorated by a trellis, on which roses once more bloomed. Within the closed gates of beautiful wrought iron we could see (as we passed out of Senlis in the car) a bent old gardener at work on a patch of lawn which fallen stones had not buried. This made me hate the Germans so fiercely that I rejoiced at the sight of prisoners in grey, piling up faggots of wood under guard of French soldiers, in the dim green reaches of the forest — the forest of Compiègne.

MOTHER had thought it unnecessary to wire news of our coming to the hotel at Compiègne. As it was so hard to get permission for the war zone (said she) why should anyone be asking for rooms save ourselves? As a matter of fact no one else was asking; but that may have been because all the rooms were already taken. The place was a dépot for the Women's Emergency Fund, a humming hive of industry. We could only be accommodated if we chose to sleep on sofas and tables in the drawing-room. The Minx laughed and clapped her hands, welcoming the suggestion as "a grand adventure"; but Mother, looking from her to me, from me to Kate, vetoed the idea sternly.

"We will walk around Compiègne and find lodgings," she said.

We did walk around Compiègne—ancient Compendium, where the Romans stored their arms. We saw quaint timbered houses four centuries old. We saw the two great bridges blown up by the French to stop the Germans from crossing the Oise, a little below its junction with the Aisne. We saw the modern looking monument to Jeanne d'Arc, who was dramatically taken prisoner at a gatehouse not far off, and then sent to John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English. We saw all we might see of the Royal Palace built by Louis Fifteenth, added to by Napoleon First, for his bride, Marie Louise, and made more interesting than ever before by its conversion into General Headquarters for the World War. On this our day many grey, military cars were drawn up in front of the long, classical façade; and among the things we saw (the best things, said Nancy) were uniforms of visiting American officers. But — we saw no possible lodgings; and our fate for the two nights to come were still unsettled when we started for Noyon.

Yet what mattered it where we slept, or whether we slept at all, when we had this adventure before us for to-day—going to Noyon When we had other adventures, more thrilling, perhaps even a little dangerous, for to-morrow? I thought that Nancy owed it to herself and me to be happy, but she was absent-minded for the first time, and wore an expression of wistfulness which turned her into a new type of girl, more dangerous than the one I knew—the one I loved. What could be the reason for this abrupt transformation? Was it Lord John? Was it Dufael? Was it Rayières? Or had those distant American uniforms made her homesick? I determined sooner or later to find out. For to tell the truth I could not stand the suspense. We were going to see Noyon, beloved Noyon, where the French joyously tell each other the Germans no longer are. That was for to-day; and to-morrow we were promised Roye, Nesle, Jussy, Ham, Chauny, and even Coucy le Château if the German cannons happened to give it a rest. The mysterious preoccupation of a mere Minx should have been a trifle light as air to me, in the face of such an amazing prospect; but those troubled brown eyes kept floating between me and the most newly evacuated towns of France.

If the way from Paris to Compiègne had been exciting, the road from Compiègne to Noyon blazed with interest. Here the road was warm still from the flying feet of routed Germans. The ruins they had left behind them had scarcely ceased to smoke; the graves of the dead soldiers were not yet green. It seemed but yesterday that we had read with joy the news of Lassigny's liberation. Now, we were free to pass through Lassigny, or what the Germans had left of it: a few crumbling walls which showed that once a village had lined the road—a new, white road, remade by the French in magic haste for their pursuing army to pass. There was St. Dives. We remembered that, too—a mere mention in the papers; yet here was a Château with a turret almost as old as history, and a charming façade of early Renaissance art, of pale pink brick—where it had not been burnt black by the fire Vandals. Here were fresh shell holes, by the sides of the new road, full of water, like blind eyes brimmed with tears. Here were the French trenches; third line, second line, and first line, with their black patterning of barbed wire, stretching as far as we could see, yet ending always at the road, to leave it free for traffic. It was only when we reached the German lines that the road had been broken and interrupted by trenches. We got out of the car and went into them, penetrating into great dugouts. Here was the German trench furniture, which they had left behind in the "Hindenburg Strategic Retreat," and the French had stacked up according to category: tables, chairs, stoves, iron pots, tin utensils and rolls of new barbed wire never used. Here, by the roadside, were piles of aeroplane bombs, lining the way, covered for protection; and here were formidable ammunition dumps. Oh, this was no place for a spy to come prying! We wondered less that permission for Noyon was given but to a few, and many questions asked!

THE wattle-screens, with "camouflage" of green branches, which had hidden passing cannons and military cars from enemy guns, still rose certain parts of the route, like queer, high fences: for

this road until lately had been exposed to fire from vast forests which clothed the commanding heights to our right, where the German line had run—where it ran, even now though further away and out of range. At cursory glance, these forests looked like green haunts of peace; but fix your eyes on any given spot, and they could never fail to find a black and riven tree-trunk, where the living made a brave show, and tried to hide the dead by spreading out their new, green skirts. In the orchards between ruined villages, young apple and cherry trees had been stricken down, and lay with their heads on the ground, some not yet corpses, but dying slowly, their spring garlands blooming and fading on the earth; others making a brave fight for life, in thankfulness to rescuers who had bound gaping wounds with bandages. In the villages, on the broken walls of houses, notices and orders in German were not yet effaced. Frenchmen had contented themselves with rival writing, wittily profane, or withering in scorn. In Carleport—birthplace of Charlemagne—they had let the grapevines or roses trail long branches over the hated signs of German arrogance and German occupation.

Coming into the ancient town of Noyon was like coming into a place one has seen in a dream. Just before leaving London I had taken Kate to a moving picture theatre where the first entrance of the French, after the German retreat, was shown. It was almost ghostly to motor into the street I recognized at a glance, and come out into a quaintly beautiful *Place* I seemed to know as well as the close of my College at Oxford!

Yes, rising far above the steep, slate roofs of old, old houses were the strange, unfinished towers of the cruciform cathedral I recognized, with their wooden tops and picturesque spirelets! There, in the Place itself was the famous Hotel de Ville of the fifteenth century, with its marvellously decorated front; and waving over it the folds of an immense flag; just one flag, without a rival, not even the tricolor. The wind billowing out its graceful folds, it showed the stars and stripes of "Old Glory," as Nancy called it: the flag of the land which has "adopted" Noyon, and will make her reconstruction its own.

"What a beautiful compliment to America, not to have even the French flag!" said Nancy, that curious change in her becoming more apparent than ever—almost alarming.

Mother said nothing. She considered her book sales in America of importance; but "new countries," like children or servants, ought, she thinks, to know their place. They should not send flags and Minxes flying all over France.

At first sight, we hardly realized the devastation of Noyon. Like the war-stricken forests, she wore a brave face, and tried to hide her scars; but when we'd picked up the lieutenant officially appointed as our guide, we began to see how Noyon had suffered.

LITTLE cared the Catholic Germans that Charlemagne was crowned king of Austria in some early beginning of the Cathedral. Little cared the Protestants among them, that Calvin was born in one of the narrow old streets whose houses they sacked and burned, taking away stones and time-seasoned timbers to reinforce trenches outside the town! Many houses had been destroyed as punishment for some fancied crime of the inhabitants of certain quarters, and not one, rich or poor, in the whole city had escaped pillage. Into street after street the Germans had come "by order," with big army wagons, and had emptied the houses of everything worth taking, even to dishes, and pots and pans in the kitchens. "How the people lived, heaven knows!" said our guide. "Noyon was crowded and overcrowded with the populations of small towns and villages which the Boches destroyed utterly, during their eighteen months' occupation. These poor creatures—those they left in France—had to live somewhere, so they drove them into Noyon. Instead of of six thousand inhabitants, Noyon had ten: four thousand refugees, who were housed anyhow. Nobody had furniture, not even beds to lie on, much less forks and knives to eat with. The Germans had taken all — all — even towels and blankets. There was no coal or wood to cook with, or oil for lamps. Night and day, summer and winter, all doors had to be open. No man, woman or child could stir outside without special permission, and it was hard to get. Do you wonder that when the French came riding into the town at last—ah, yes, you will have seen it in the moving pictures!—the poor people were stupid, unable to realize their freedom? For days we could not persuade them that they might walk in the street without danger, that they might shut their doors if they chose, that they could expect to sleep through the night without being roused by a surprise visit from a Boche sargeant with his men? Even now it is not safe to clap an elderly man of Noyon on the back, if you do not want to risk his falling in a fit!"

It was twilight when we finished exploring the oldest city of the Ile de France, and rain still marched across the landscape, with a million crystal spears. Somehow, running back to Compiègne, we lost ourselves. The driver took a wrong turn, and we could find no sign-posts. Darkness had fallen and our acetylene would not work. The lamps were "a little queer," too, as Lord John's chauffeur cheerily announced, explaining that, as we never travelled after dark, he had neglected them.

We were not quite so cheery, for we had still to seek shelter for the night at Compiègne, and the outlook for getting there was not brilliant. True, we couldn't be far from the town, as we had left Noyon a good hour and a half behind us. But, having various roads to choose from, and no lights to see them with, we might spend more hours in finding the right one.

"If we could enquire at some house!" said Nancy.

"Some house!" echoed Mother, whose scorn of suggestions from that quarter was embittered by hunger. "As if the Germans had left any houses standing for us to enquire at!" She spoke as though the enemy had levelled villages out of sheer spite against the powerful propaganda of Mrs. Henry Wayne.

"Well, anyhow, I see a light," mildly persisted Miss Mix. "It may be a witch light, or a will o' the wisp, but it's *something*—over there, behind that clump of trees." "Fawcett," she added, addressing the chauffeur, who still hopefully tinkered at a lamp, "suppose we go and see what there is."

Fawcett left the lamp, and made as if to start the motor, but the motor would not start.

"We was goin' a bit queer before I stopped 'er, to 'ave a look at the lights," he remarked; and having rummaged an electric torch from among his stores, he proceeded to poke his head under the car's bonnet. Nothing out of order there! Further searchings in all sorts of places, nameless to non-motorists like me. Shrugs and snorts on the part of Fawcett, and then an inspiration—apparently a gloomy one—which necessitated the whole party descending in the rain.

"Would you mind 'elpin' me to give 'er a push, sir?" he asked.

I PUT my shoulder, figuratively, to the wheel. The big car refused to budge. Nancy, Kate, and even Mother, joined the rescue party, but with the same result. "Ah, I thought as much!" pronounced Fawcett, after another exploration of various parts. "Ball broken in the ball race. That means we shall be 'ere till midnight, at best. Well, it's worse in the trenches!"

(He knew that better than we. He had been there, and lost a leg. He was very proud of his "American artificial.")

Nancy proposed to go on foot and look for the light, while Fawcett worked at the car. Short of fainting, Mother could not detain me; and a Mrs. Henry Wayne never faints. The Minx and I set forth together. I believe Mother thought the girl capable of having broken that ball in the ball race, to obtain a *tête-à-tête* with Harry Wayne, and there's little doubt that she expected the worst on our return: the announcement that we were engaged. Well, it

When You Entertain—

You must have enough tables, and you cannot afford to use your good furniture—it is often marred.

The "Peerless" Folding Table

is so Handy

The Peerless Folding Table is a Gaming, Serving, Writing, and many other kinds of table all in one.

Small as a crokinol board when folded; light as a camp chair, yet strong enough to support a half ton by actual test.

ASK YOUR DEALER. If he should not have the "Peerless", write us direct for catalog of various styles.

Hourd & Co., Ltd., Dept. 2, London, Ont.

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers

Cash Prizes for Recipes

How do you use Bowes Peanut Butter? You probably are using this delightful food product in a variety of attractive dishes.

Now, we have several good recipes on our files, but are desirous of adding to our list. We are, therefore, offering three cash prizes for the three best recipes submitted to us and which comply to the very simple rules of the contest.

FIRST PRIZE - - $20
SECOND " - - - $15
THIRD " - - - $10

The first prize will be awarded [illegible] contestant who, in the opinion of certain judges appointed by us, submits the best recipe. The second and third prizes will be awarded in the order of merit. By "best" is meant those recipes which are most practical, most original and afford the greatest economy.

In addition to these prizes each contestant whose recipe is considered useful to us will be given a signed order on her grocer for a jar of Bowes Peanut Butter and every contestant, whether a prize winner or not, will be supplied with a copy of the recipe book containing the accepted recipes.

Note: If your grocer does not stock Bowes Peanut Butter, he can easily get it for you.

RULES OF CONTEST

1. The coupon at the bottom of this advertisement must be filled in and accompany the recipe or recipes submitted.

2. All recipes with this attached coupons must be addressed to "Contest Manager" The Bowes Company, Limited, Toronto, and must reach us not later than January 31st, 1919.

3. The decision of the judges must be accepted as final.

4. The contest is open to all except employees of the Bowes Company, Limited.

You should not fail to enter this contest. You stand as good a chance as anyone to win one of the prizes offered.

This coupon must be accurately filled in

I have used Bowes Peanut Butter in making the attached recipe and wish to enter my name as a contestant.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

My Grocer is [illegible]

His Address [illegible]

Canada Food Board License Nos. 7-187, 14-170

McL.

Becoming a Bigger Man

WHAT is the difference between some men you know and others known to you? Why are some men earning $3,000 a year and some $30,000? You can't put it down to heredity or better early opportunities, or even better education. What, then, is the explanation of the stagnation of some men and the elevation and progress of others?

We are reminded of a story. A railroad man, born in Canada, was revisiting his home town on the St. Lawrence River. He wandered up to a group of old-timers who sat in the sun basking in blissful idleness. "Charlie," said one of the old men, "they tell men you are getting $20,000 a year." "Something like that," said Charlie. "Well, all I've got to say, Charlie, is that you're not worth it."

A salary of $20,000 a year to these do-nothing men was incredible. Not one of the group had ever made as much as $2,000 a year, and each man in the company felt that he was a mighty good man. Charlie had left the old home town when he was a lad. He had got into the mill of bigger things. He developed to be a good man, a better man, the best man for certain work. His specialized education, joined to his own energy and labor sent him up, up, up. To put it in another way: Charlie had always more to sell and the world wanted his merchandise—brain, skill and ability. Having more to sell all the time, he got more pay all the time.

Charlie could have stayed in the old home town; could have stagnated like others; could have been content with common wages. In short, Charlie could have stayed with the common crowd at the foot of the ladder. But Charlie improved himself and pushed himself, and this type of man the Goddess of Fortune likes to take by the hand and lead onward and upward. Almost any man can climb higher if he really wants to try. None but himself will hold him back. As a matter of fact, the world applauds and helps those who try to climb the ladder that reaches towards the stars. The bank manager in an obscure branch in a village can get out of that bank surely and swiftly, if he makes it clear to his superiors that he is ready for larger service and a larger sphere. The humble retailer can burst the walls of his small store, just as Timothy Eaton did, if he gets the right idea and follows it. It is not a matter of brain or education so much as of purpose joined to energy and labor. The salesman or manager or bookkeeper or secretary can lift himself to a higher plane of service and rewards if he prepares himself diligently for larger work and pay. The small manufacturer, the company director, the broker—all can become enlarged in the nature of their enterprise and in the amount of their income—by resolutely setting themselves about the task of growing to be bigger-minded men. Specialized information is the great idea. This is what the world pays handsomely for. And to acquire specialized information is really a simple matter, calling for the purposeful and faithful use of time. This chiefly.

One does not have to stop his ordinary work, or go to a university, or to any school. One can acquire the specialized information in the margin of time which is his own—in the after-hours of business. Which means: If a man will read the right kind of books or publications, and make himself a serious student at home, in his hours—the evening hours or the early morning hours—he can climb to heights of position and pay that will dazzle the inert comrades of his youth or day's work.

IF business—BUSINESS—is your chosen field of work, we counsel you to read each week THE FINANCIAL POST. It will stimulate you mentally. It will challenge you to further studious effort. It will give you glimpses into the world of endeavor occupied by the captains of industry and finance. With the guidance of the POST, and with its wealth of specialized information, you, a purposeful man, aiming to go higher in life and pay, will find yourself becoming enlarged in knowledge and ambition, and will be acquiring the bases and facts of knowledge which become the rungs of the ladder you climb by.

It is the first step which costs. But this cost is trivial—a single dollar. We offer you the POST for four months for a dollar. Surely it is worth a dollar to discover how right we are in our argument. If you have the will to go higher in position and pay, sign the coupon below.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
Dept. MM., 143-153 University Avenue, Toronto.

Send me/us THE FINANCIAL POST for four months for one dollar.

Money to be enclosed/remitted

Signed .....

.....

wasn't my fault that she expected wrong!

It was so dark that we held hands to keep together in the road, but Nancy's hand was friendly and unflirtatious as that of a child. When I squeezed hers, she squeezed mine. We "swung arms." To have made love to her would have been like making love to a merry little schoolboy. Ah, what a different Nancy I could imagine her being, at the right moment, to the right man!

When we drew nearer the light, we saw that it shone from the windows of a very large house, or a very small Château, in a grove of trees. There was a big, open gateway, with the image of the Virgin above it. Ah, not a Château, then, but a convent!

Having fixed upon this idea, we were astonished when we had found our way along the grass-grown avenue, and rung an old-fashioned bell at the front door, to have this door opened by a soldier in French uniform.

(To be Continued.)

The Dance Halls of Dawson

Continued from page 14

before that he had been losing more then he could afford.

"Drop it and come on home," I advised.

"Can't!" he snapped. "I came in with a hundred and I've only got fifteen left. I can't quit now—I've got to get it back."

"You'll lose the fifteen too," I predicted.

"You're a regular sunbeam, aren't you?" he said, impatiently. Then a sudden idea struck him and, wheeling around, he seized me by the arm, "Look here, Smith, you never gamble. Stake once for me and you may have beginners' luck. I'll go over and get a drink—I need one, by gad—and you try your hand while I'm away."

He vanished before I could refuse, and left me standing in front of his meagre pile of dollars. I made up my mind I would not be responsible for losing any more of his money so I stood and waited for him to come back without making a move. Fritz had followed me over and had heard what he said, however. He tapped me on the arm impatiently.

"Loosen up," he said, "Try your luck. You may make something for him after all."

I shook my head. Fritz snorted and raked five dollars off the pile. These he stacked up on number seventeen. Then he walked up to the other end and manipulated the wheel himself. As it spun around and around I watched it with fascinated interest. I understood for the first time how it was that men could stand there by the hour and gamble away the earnings of years.

The unexpected happened; the marble ran slowly toward the stalls and dropped into number seventeen!

"See!" said Fritz, shoving a fine stack of dollars toward me. "Now try it again."

I pocketed the pile slowly. Then I turned on my heel. "No thanks," I said. "My friend happens to need this money."

I did not see my friend again until next day. He had taken a drink too many and gone home. I found him next morning in bed and too sick to take much interest even in the pile of money that I emptied out for him.

"Beginners' luck!" he groaned. "I'd better stop and then start all over again."

He started over again but I never heard that his luck changed.

Fortunes Made in Dance Halls

THE dance halls were conducted in an orderly way. They had to be, in fact, for the mounted police kept a watchful eye on them. In the larger halls the owners had look-out men seated in raised chairs where they could see everything that was going on. These men watched the operators closely to make sure that they did not cheat either the customers or the house. They watched the "weighers-in"—men who stood in cages like bank tellers and weighed in the gold dust of the customers—and kept a close eye on the dance floor as well.

I honestly believe that many of the dance hall proprietors were square enough in their way. Of course, they had standards that we could not understand; but, such as they were, they lived up to them. There was "Nigger Jim"—I forget his real name—a tall, slender fellow from the Southern States who opened and owned the first dance hall in Dawson. Jim got his nickname from his swarthiness and his soft southern accent but he was white and, I believe, a rather mild, likeable character. He made his pile and went back to "Old Virginny" to enjoy it.

Then there was "Curley" Munroe, an old sourdough and tip-top fellow with a blonde mane and a yellow, tangled beard that covered his breast. Hence the soubriquet. In addition to his Dawson property, Curley had several good claims up on Hunker Creek and he was literally rolling in money. His reputation around the camp was that of a dangerous man, largely owing to the rumor that he had killed his man on three separate occasions in American mining camps. I don't suppose that Curley ever denied the story—it gave him a standing that no men with a spotless reputation could aspire to—but I always had my doubts. He was not a gun man and he hadn't an enemy in Dawson. Whenever I approached him on the matter of taxes, he would wave me away.

"Use me fair and square and I won't kick," he would say. And he never did.

Now I must tell something about the dance hall girls. The story writers, who lay their tales in the Yukon, always have a dance hall girl as the heroine and I notice that she is invariably beautiful, with a sad past and a high purpose. Well, I don't know. Some of them were not even beautiful.

But they were not all bad, not by any means. Their part was to be on hand in the dance hall, gorgeously attired, to dance with the miners and to encourage the process of imbibing. I believe that they got half of what their partners spent, the other half going to the proprietor. It was the custom in some places to bottle up fermented cider and serve it as imported champagne at ten dollars a pint. In the roughest places, the use of knockout drops was quite a common expedient. The unfortunate miner would waken up next morning and his aching eyes would settle at once on a row of perhaps a dozen bottles. Soon after an attendant would come in with a bill for the lot, say one hundred and fifty dollars. The miner, remembering only one or two bottles, would be puzzled.

"Great guns!" he would ejaculate. "Did I drink all that last night?"

"Sure. Say you were certainly *lit up*. Never saw anything like it around these diggings!"

And the miner would settle the bill, perhaps even with a certain tingle of pride. The girl, who persuaded him to buy the bottle or two that he had actually had, would receive seventy-five dollars for her share.

Some of these girls were unquestionably pretty and they were always dressed in the most extravagant magnificence. They wore for the most part gowns imported direct from Paris. There was, in fact, a French modiste named Madame Aubert with a shop on Second Avenue. She went out and across to France twice a year and always brought back a most remarkable assortment of dresses and hats. The best and most expensive of these were sold to the denizens of the dance halls. The respectable women of Dawson also patronized Madame Aubert but they could seldom purchase the more elaborate models which were sold at prices that ranged from five hundred dollars up.

Received Her Weight in Gold

I do not desire to lay too great a stress on this phase of Dawson life but there

are several stories relating to dance hall girls that I desire to tell—partly because they have a humorous twist and partly also because they give an interesting sidelight on the conditions that existed. First, there is the story of the love affair between little Chris Johannsen and Cecil Marion.

Chris was a Swede who owned a dozen or more rich bench claims on the right limit of Hunker Creek. They were so rich, in fact, that he was one of the recognized plutocrats of the camp. It was so easy for him to secure all the money he needed that he became lazy and indifferent. When funds ran out he would go back to Hunker and turn the water through his sluice boxes until in a short time he would have a wash-up of several thousand dollars. Then he would go back again to Dawson to spend it. "It comes as easy as rolling off a log," he would say.

Chris was a dapper little fellow with wiry hair that stuck out from his head in queer twists and gave him the appearance of always having just rolled out of bed. He was as lively as a cricket, however, and his hobnailed shoes could beat a smart tattoo on a dance hall floor.

Cecil Marion was quite a young girl from Southern California with a skin as white as marble and eyes of languorous blackness. She was one of the beauties of the place and Chris would have given any one of his claims up on Hunker Creek for a smile. He proposed to her every day and offered her everything that money could buy.

Finally, one day he said: "If you'll marry me, Cecil, I'll pay you your weight in gold."

They were standing out on the floor when he said it and the music had just come to a stop. Cecil looked at the earnest little miner for a moment and then held up a languid hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced, "I want you all to witness that Mr. Chris. Johannsen has asked my hand in marriage and has offered to give me my weight in gold. I am going to accept the offer."

There was a loud outburst of applause and everyone on the floor rushed over to shake hands with the delighted Chris and thump him on the back. Someone hurried out and came back dragging a set of scales. The scales were set up with considerable ceremony in the centre of the floor.

"Settle it now!" the crowd yelled.

Cecil smilingly assented and the prospective bridegroom was, needless to state, only too glad to hurry things along. Bets were taken on all sides as to what the languid beauty would weigh, the estimates running all the way from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Finally the girl stepped on the scales and all business in the place was suspended, while the official "weigher-in" proceeded to put a hundred-pound weight on the bar.

Nothing doing. One hundred and ten—nothing doing. One hundred and twenty—still the bar did not stir. One hundred and thirty—it dipped a little at that. The weigher added another weight and bent to study the scale.

"One hundred and thirty-eight pounds!" he announced.

Someone in the crowd got a pencil and began to figure it out. It took quite a time for the miners were never handy with figures. Finally, however, a total was arrived at and the slip of paper handed to Johannsen. He owed his new partner thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars!

There was quite a gathering when Mr. and Mrs. Johannsen started off for Hunker Creek on their honeymoon. Chris was in transports and Cecil swathed in rich furs, had a smile for everyone. She was to receive the money on their arrival.

Inside of a week she left him and came back—bringing her weight in gold with her.

It is perhaps not necessary to add that Chris finally ran through all his money. The last seen or heard of him was when he hiked from Dawson looking for new mining fields to conquer.

The Adventures of Swiftwater Bill

Now let me tell of the experience of Swiftwater Bill, a story that has to do with three pretty sisters and the purchase of two thousand seven hundred eggs at a price of a dollar an egg. His name was William Gates, but he had been given the name of "Swiftwater Bill" because on his first trip in he had insisted upon shooting the rapids in Myles Canyon. It was a wicked bit of water and no one had ever dared attempt it alone, preferring to make a four-mile portage. Bill came in with three companions and all three elected to tramp around. Bill, however, said he could get through and off he started in spite of their protests.

"That's the last of Bill Gates," said his companions as they began the long tramp. When they reached the lower end of the Canyon, there was Bill, calmly smoking his pipe on the river bank. So they gave him the nickname of "Swiftwater" and it stuck for the full length of his stay in the Klondyke.

Bill made three fortunes, big ones all of them, and saw them all dwindle. He was regal in everything he did. He was the acknowledged Beau Brummel of the place and always wore a long, black Prince Albert, a shiny silk hat, patent leather boots that came to the knee and a starched and frilly white shirt. In fact, he was a regular Bret Harte dandy.

Well, Bill fell in love with a pretty blonde girl named Bertie Lamoine, who had two younger sisters just as pretty as she was and a mother who was something of a belle also. He married her but it soon dawned upon him that the second sister, who was dark and vivacious, was more to his liking. Just what machinery of the law he employed, or whether the law entered into the matter at all, I do not know. The fact remains, however, that before long the second sister became Mrs. William Gates.

Bill was a fickle fellow and his gaze then turned on the youngest one of the three, who was auburn haired and a tremendous favorite in the dance halls. He began to court her assiduously, but this member of the family did not respond as readily to the charms of the handsome Swiftwater Bill. In fact, she expressed her determination not to be the third wife of any man. So Bill resorted to strategy.

Bella Lamoine—I think her name was Bella—had a great liking for fresh eggs. It was in dead of winter and fresh eggs in Dawson were the greatest luxury one could have. They cost one dollar apiece. Bill set out on a round of the stores, hotels and restaurants and dickered for eggs.

"How many have you?" he would say. "I'll take the lot." And he would pay a dollar for every egg in the place. By the time he got through he had twenty-seven hundred and there wasn't another egg in Dawson City. Bill had a corner on the market.

And then he took the whole twenty-seven hundred and laid them at the feet of the adorable Bella, you ask? Not much. Bill put them under lock and key and Miss Lamoine could not get a fresh egg anywhere. She was impressed with the ardour of the determined Mr. Gates and perhaps also daunted by the prospect of a whole winter without a single egg to grace her board. At any rate she became Mrs. Gates and the corner on eggs was lifted.

The climax of the matrimonial chapter in his life came, however, when he left Dawson finally. The mother went down the river with him as Mrs. William Gates the fourth!

Some of the dance hall girls made quite considerable fortunes. There were three who came up from 'Frisco one summer. One of them, who became known as "Sweet Marie," had been private secretary to a prominent official in 'Frisco. They stayed in Dawson about two years and then went back again with twenty thousand dollars apiece. Some of the girls married wealthy men in the Yukon. There was "Diamond-Tooth Gertie," so called because she had a diamond set into the face of one of her front teeth, who married a young lawyer in Dawson. I remember a case also where a girl married an old fellow named Jim Hall, a former Seattle cab driver—who owned a rich claim but was rapidly running through every dollar's worth of dust that he

Continued on page 74

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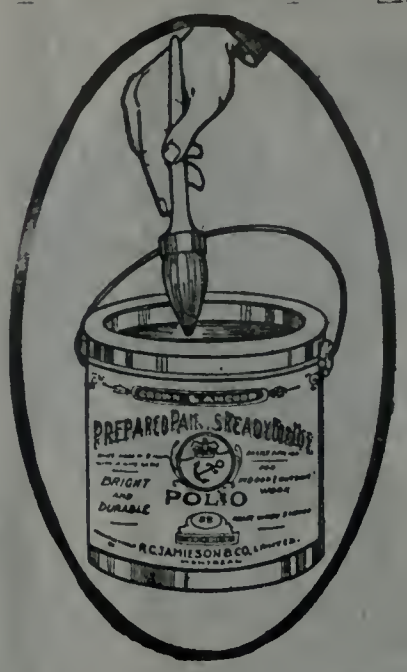

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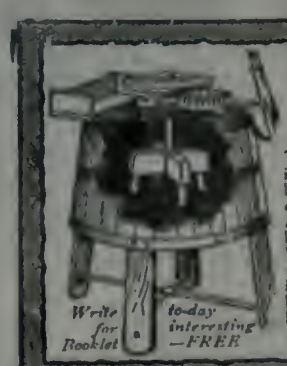

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THE BEST BOOKS

The Best Seller

ROBERT J. C. STEAD is a Canadian author who has already achieved an international reputation. His new novel, "The Cow Puncher," (Musson Book Co.) is better than any of his previous books and has been spoken of by one critic as "a Canadian David Harum." At the opening of the tale we meet David Elden at the age of eighteen, cow punching on his father's ranch. The life does not appeal to him and he finally goes to the city with a view to acquiring an education. This he gets in more senses than one, becoming a millionaire real estate operator and later loses his wealth when the boom collapses.

David himself is a refreshingly simple youth and his meeting with the opposite sex and the unfolding of their attachment to him make a story combining both humor and romance and culminating in a note of patriotism as high as any the war has sounded.

Some of the Best Reviews

Philo Gubb. Ellis Parker Butler. (Thomas Allen). Ellis Parker Butler made his fame with "Pigs is Pigs" and, although he has written much and various since, he has not maintained the level of popularity that he reached with that well-known story. For instance, he has been supplying spasmodically to a popular magazine a series of comic detective stories, the adventures of one Philo Gubb, a correspondence-school detective, who makes his living at paper-hanging. Gubb is a forlorn zany who literally interprets the rather cryptic instructions of the Rising Sun School of Detectives and the various ways in which he stumbles upon the solutions of various mysteries are laughable. The stories have never, however, attained the standard of being really funny, except to those who like their fun of the broadest burlesque.—T.B.C.

The Young Diana. Marie Corelli. (Wm. Briggs). Marie Corelli achieves her old effects by new methods. "The Young Diana" is a story of mysteries beyond the ken of everyday life and knowledge. It differs, however, from her earlier books in that the mysteries are accomplished by scientific means. In other Corelli books certain things are taken for granted and used—a tangible life beyond spirits good and evil, soul migration, double identity, astral influence, reincarnation. "The Young Diana" is a story of the discovery of the secret of perpetual youth, but the man who finds the long sought elixir does not call any supernatural powers to his aid. He uses immense electrical devices and all the intricate paraphernalia of scientific research. Needless to state he needs a subject to operate upon and Diana May offers herself—Diana who had lost the bloom of youth and was settling down into a drear spinsterhood with unsympathetic parents and a stuffy home. The story reaches a high stage of interest when the actual experiments start and the body of Diana is placed in a sort of scientific crypt and is left there to be played upon by the mysterious forces of nature which the scientist has discovered and harnessed. The story has at this stage all the darksome fascination that attached to the earlier books of this singular author and the rather tepid opening sections are worth navigating for the intensity of suspense that is here achieved. It is not a typical Marie Corelli story but her readers will find it satisfying.—T.B.C.

While Paris Laughed. Leonard Merrick. (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto.) Mr. Merrick's work is not as well known on this side of the Atlantic as it deserves. "While Paris Laughed" is the latest fruit of his nimble pen and is a further evidence of his right to fame. The book is a collection of anecdotes dealing with the adventures of one, Tricotrin, his friend the composer and all the out-at-elbows philosophers who come within the circuit of their acquaintance. For sheer drollery there is nothing to equal the ridiculous situations that crop up in the daily life of these high-spirited members of the "quartier." Rarely if ever has an Englishman so exactly caught the spirit of Montmartre; never has one so faithfully portrayed the "joie de vivre" and "naiveté" of these children of nature. Indeed Tricotrin himself is a creation to banish care and these stories of his various escapades, either as poet, playwright or gallant, are just as light as thistledown and as exhilarating as a glass of champagne. One closes the book with the feeling of having spent the week end in Paris and of regret that one could not have stayed there longer.—C.M.A.

Elizabeth's Campaign. Mrs. Humphry Ward. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto). One of the chief attractions of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work is its timeliness. Hitting upon some vexed problem of the hour she threshes it out in masterly style, loosening the Gordian knot with a dexterity born of inspiration. At present the old regime versus the new is the issue at stake and Mrs. Ward's handling of the situation leaves nothing to be desired. She makes it apparent that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new" and that the new order has come to stay.

Squire Mannering's attitude towards the war is that it is a deliberate imposition of the Government. He is not exactly a pacifist, nor yet a conscientious objector but merely an egotistical, hot-tempered individualist passionately antagonistic to war and war measures and ready to fight the world in defence of the old regime. "If it hadn't been for a pack of idiots called diplomats making mischief abroad, and a pack of incompetents called politicians unable to keep their heads at home, there'd have been no war"—such are his sentiments. The proposal on the part of the County War Committee that he give up fifty acres of his park to be ploughed for planting he considers an outrage. In his estimation it is not merely a question of food production but of liberty versus bondage and he declares stoutly that if we can only survive as slaves then it would be preferable to be wiped out. To these views he introduces Elizabeth Bremerton, his new secretary, who, besides being his amanuensis, chaperones his motherless daughter and manages his household. Her task, as may be imagined, is not an enviable one but like a true Britisher she sticks to her guns and ultimately succeeds in bringing order out of chaos. Next she turns her attention to the poorly managed estate till muddle and waste give place to thrift and economy. But the changes have to come gradually and it is the hand of Grief that finally brings the Squire to face his duty and "do his bit."

The unfolding of the narrative affords a remarkable picture of the many sacrifices that were being made for the great cause contrasted with the selfish indifference of the few who, like Squire Mannering, adhere to the old regime at all costs. The story deals with an extremely critical moment of the war—the spring of 1918—when England was fighting with her back to the wall. Even then Elizabeth does not for a moment doubt the ultimate issue. "England will never yield," she declares, "till Germany is on her knees."—C.M.A.

The U-Boat Hunters. James B. Connolly. (Frederick D. Goodchild, Toronto.) The author, who has had unusual opportunity for observing the navy from the inside, tells here of the activity of

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American destroyers against the U-boats and describes the part played by Uncle Sam's navy in the Great War. The chapters dealing with U-boat hunting prove the sterling qualities of the capable officers and courageous men who make up the American navy of to-day. There are chapters which have nothing to do with U-boat hunting but have much to do with the navy. As the navy will always be the first line of defence for America the need for interesting in it the younger generation is most important. The business of hunting U-boats is a grim one but those engaged in it do not care to dwell on the hard side of it. Here are stories in lighter vein telling of its humorous side.—C.M.A.

My Brave and Gallant Gentleman. Robert Watson. (McClelland Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" by Robert Watson is a distinctly new type of Canadian story by a new Canadian author. The story begins with the younger son of an aristocratic English family as the leading figure involved in a tangle of affairs in which his sense of honor is tried against the security and ease of an inheritance of the family estate. He is ordered to leave his father's house and after some rather thrilling experiences he crosses the ocean, locating on the coast of British Columbia. Here he meets one of the most charming heroines of modern fiction, a girl who proves to have been mysteriously linked up with the trouble that caused his leaving the old land. A charming romance follows. In this novel Mr. Watson has succeeded in a unique way in weaving through a tale of adventure and action and love a strong thread of cleanness, of sentiment without sentimentality, a virile appreciation of active outdoor life, and a high regard for honor through the most trying experiences. There is nothing overdone in the story. His people are real people with very human problems to meet, but there is enough of the picturesque in the characters to give a catching dramatic effect. The writer's sense of humor is another of his winning qualities; the funniest situations crop up in the most unexpected places and disappear again without breaking the more serious trend of events.—E.M.C.

RECORD NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Adventures of Bindle. Herbert Jenkins. (Gordon & Gotch, Toronto, $1.50). This is the third book of the "Bindle" Series. Mr. T. J. O'Connor says that Bindle is the greatest Cockney that literature has brought to life since Dickens wrote Pickwick Papers.

The Valley of the Giants. Peter B. Kyne. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.40). A story of life and love in the open. It tells of the men and women who hewed the pathway of civilization through the trackless depths of the Northern California redwood forests.

The World to Live In. W. Carey Wonderly. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). Tells of a young business woman who seeks as her destiny the good things of life but who, in the working out of her own particular fate, is brought to realize the futility of wordly things.

The Three Strings. Natalie Summer Lincoln. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.40). A story of international intrigue, Washington life, and present-day mystery.

The Young Diana. Marie Corelli. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.35). An unusual story of the rejuvenation of youth, accomplished from an entirely new standpoint, and with the to-be-expected results.

Once on the Summer Range. Francis Hill. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.50). Tells how Matt Hainlen, driven West by bad health, soon finds himself herding sheep in Montana. He is called to the aid of a damsel in distress and is, thereby, brought into difficulties requiring drastic action. Some unusual situations arise before events come to a happy conclusion.

The Spinners. Eden Phillpotts. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.60). Tells of the deep inborn hatred of a boy for his father. One of the big industries acts as a background against which is told a compelling human story with a powerful climax.

In the Heart of a Fool. William Allen White. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.60.) The reader is presented with a striking character and around this central figure is woven a picture of the whole of the Middle-west and its development from an agricultural settlement to a flourishing industrial community.

Connie Morgan with the Mounted. James B. Hendryx. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.25). The story of a real boy who through pluck and daring acquires a place in the North-west "Mounted"—a position in which he makes good.

The Red One. Jack London. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.40). A collection of short stories of which the settings vary from the tropics to Alaskan fields with plots both tragic and farcical.

Pink Roses. Gilbert Cannan. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, $1.60). A story of London in war-time, telling of the part played by a young lawyer whose health prevents him taking a share in the fighting.

The Clutch of Circumstance. Marjorie Benton Cooke. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, $1.35). A mystery story telling how Roberta Traske, of German and American forbears, marries a member of the British Cabinet and becomes involved in a tragedy which stupefies not only England but her Allies.

Out of the Silences. Mary E. Waller. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). A story of the times with its scenes laid just across the border in Canada and having for its central character an American.

Political

The Suicide of Monarchy. Baron de Schelking. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $2.00). Being the Recollections of a Russian Diplomat. The author was formerly Secretary of the Russian Embassy in Berlin and the Monarchies referred to are those of William II of Germany and Nicholas II of Russia, both of whom are here shown in their true colors.

Ireland: A Story in Nationalism. Francis Hackett. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, $2.00). The facts, the explanation and the way to reconstruction. An aid to the understanding of the present situation in Ireland.

The Eclipse of Russia. Dr. E. J. Dillon. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, $4.00). The story of Russian autocracy and its preparation for anarchy. It tells of the secret dealings of Tsar and Kaiser, of Rasputin and the Russian Court and of the twisted workings of the old discredited diplomacy.

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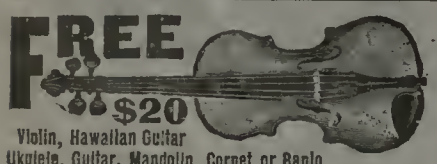

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The Dance Halls of Dawson

Continued from page 71

could dig out of the ground. His first washup was $109,000. He blew it in in three months and went back for more. She married him and made him save every cent he had left. When the wealth of his claim had been exhausted, she took him down to Seattle and I believe they are living there yet. Unquestionably she saved the remnants of his fortune for him.

The Mystery of Mary C——

THERE was one girl at Murray Eads' dance hall, who was somewhat of a mystery; so much so indeed that she became quite a topic of discussion in the town. I shall call her Mary C———. She came suddenly and then, after a year or so in the camp, she disappeared just as abruptly as she had come. No one knew anything about her and no one knew where she went.

The girl kept the reputation in Dawson of being above reproach. She made no acquaintances with the men except on the dance hall floor. Plenty of men were infatuated with her but none of them made any impression.

It was the custom in all the dance halls to give what was termed a free "layout" on New Year's Eve. The proprietor would set out tables with the most expensive food and anyone and everyone was free to sit down. It was open house with a vengeance. Champagne corks popped by the score and the fun would wax fast and furious. One year Murray Eads sent a special invitation to a number of the officials to have supper with him on this occasion. A party of us accepted and he led us to a small room overlooking the dance hall, where a most tempting table had been set for us. As we ate, we could watch what was going on below. For our special benefit the proprietor arranged a grand march.

All the girls were dressed in handsome creations that Madame Aubert had imported direct and they made a very dazzling spectacle. But even in that brilliant throng the attention of everyone there focused on the mysterious Mary C———. She was very tall and graceful with the blackest of hair and the bluest of eyes. Her gown was a princess affair of white satin with an overdrape of black lace and a train several yards long. What is more she had dignity and poise and one could not help thinking that her past had been cast in an entirely different social order. The proprietor informed us that her gown had cost eight hundred dollars.

"Look at that girl," said Murray Eads. "She's a mystery if ever there was one. No one around here has ever been able to get a word out of her about where she comes from. She may be a duchess for all we know—wouldn't be surprised myself. There are two men, worth a million each at least, who'd marry her to-morrow if she'd say the word. But she won't look at them."

Mary C——— left the Yukon on the first boat out that spring. I imagine she had made a good stake. The commonly accepted story was that she belonged to a good but impoverished family and that her excursion to the Yukon had been made in the hope of repairing the family fortunes. It may have been a good guess.

The End of the Dance Hall

THE end of the dance halls came suddenly. They had been getting rougher all the time and stories of miners being drugged and robbed became of almost daily occurrence. The better citizens of Dawson began to complain. The interests behind the halls, however, were powerful and we used to wonder if anything really could be done about it.

It happened that a friend of one member of the Yukon Council was robbed of a fairly considerable amount. This friend went to the next meeting of the Council determined to do something about it.

"Have you the power to close these iniquitous places?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the Commissioners.

Without much debate the Council decided that the time had come to act. Characteristically they decided to act at once.

Next morning the word got around town that an order had been passed that no liquor could be served in the dance halls. "That means the end of them," men said to one another, as they stood around and discussed the news.

The proprietors were thunderstruck but there was no clamor about it. They knew that the law in the Yukon was stern and unyielding. There was some grumbling at the fact that the law went into effect that day but they had little time for discussion. Within an hour after the announcement got out the staffs of every gambling and dance hall in the place were at work building partitions around the bars. They hoped to get around the law in this way.

It did not work out, however. The police watched every saloon day and night and not a drop of liquid refreshment could be conveyed from the bars to the gambling halls and the dance floors. The zest went out of the proceedings. The miners did not care for dancing when they were sober. Gradually, one hall after another closed up and the cobwebs grew over the doors. The girls scattered to the four winds and the gamblers packed up their wheels and layouts and went down the river in quest of more congenial quarters. The dance halls of Dawson were no more.

Seeing the Midnight Sun

Life in Dawson for the respectable part of the population flowed along in tranquil channels but there were some picturesque phases of it. There was always an annual excursion on the night of June 21st to the Mountain top behind the city to see the midnight sun. Strictly speaking it was never possible to see the sun at midnight. At twenty minutes to twelve the sun would dip beneath the horizon and at twenty minutes past the hour it would rise again. The nearest point at which the orb could be seen at midnight was the Arctic Circle, 108 miles north.

Still it was quite a ceremony and large numbers always went along. Newcomers invariably included themselves in the party.

To the outside world the Yukon is a land of continual cold and it will perhaps surprise many to learn that the weather in the middle of summer becomes quite hot and that vegetables grow in abundance and with a suddenness that would amaze Easterners—due, of course, to the fact that they have sunshine day and night the whole season through. I was fond of gardening myself and every summer I raised a grand crop of cabbages, beets, peas and beans. It was the most satisfying kind of work; the vegetables grew literally over night.

Then there was a custom that became a matter of very great moment indeed in the camp, the making of pools on the breaking up of the ice on the Yukon River in the spring. Everybody was interested in it. Excitement became intense as the time of the break up approached.

The ice on the river freezes in a normal winter to a depth of above eight feet. When the cold has been especially severe the ice is considerably thicker. It will readily be seen, therefore, that it takes a long time for the river to break up.

Along in the month of April pools were opened in all the saloons and gambling halls and even in some of the stores, hotels and offices. The rule was to set up a box in a prominent place with a slit at the top, after the manner of a post office box. Anyone wishing to take a chance paid five dollars to the man in charge—five was the minimum charge, I believe—and received a card. On this he would write the day, the hour and the minute he thought the ice would go out, sign his name and slip it into the box, along with the money

As the signs multiplied that the ice was getting ready to break up, a flag pole, with the Union Jack floating from it, was planted in the middle of the stream. A wire was attached to this. The wire was then carried ashore and attached to the handle of the whistle at the electric light plant, which was situated on the shore. Thus, as soon as the ice started to move, the flag would be pulled down stream and the tug on the wire would cause the whistle to blow.

All Dawson, literally speaking, stood around watch in hand, waiting for the whistle to blow. With the first blast pandemonium would break loose. Even if the strategic moment came in the middle of the night, a few minutes would see the streets jammed with excited people. For one thing, the sight presented by the ice in motion is a wonderful one. The thick crust heaves up with mighty groans and sudden cracks like the roar of dynamite or the giants of the fairy tales at their skittles. After much straining and jamming, there is a sudden rush, then another stoppage and more grinding and heaving. Finally, away it goes, rushing and roaring, a torrent capable of sweeping away the sturdiest embankment that man could build.

After this excitement was over, there was a rush to the various places where the pools had been held. Committees were appointed to open the boxes. Each guess was noted and the man who came nearest to the exact minute got the whole amount paid in, minus ten per cent. for expenses.

I always took a few chances. Everybody in Dawson did for that matter, ladies and all. The nearest I ever got to winning it was when I loaned a five dollar bill to a friend who was temporarily hard up and yet wanted to be in on the excitement. He bought a chance with my five and showed me his guess. As closely as I can remember it now, he fixed the time at five minutes after midnight on a certain day.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by the sudden blast of the whistle and, after fumbling in the dark for a match, looked at my watch.

"Midnight!" I said, "Jim will just about win it this time."

When I got downtown I met Jim in a condition of what might be termed mental intoxication.

"I won!" he roared at me. "It was a big pot too. Puts me right on my feet. Here, I can pay you back your five now."

He had won fourteen hundred dollars!

No, life in Dawson was never dull, not even for the peaceful citizens, who did not haunt the dance halls nor start out on the continuous "stampedes." It was full of color and excitement. It was a life such as perhaps we shall never see again. I would not have missed it for all the wealth that was washed from the sands of El Dorado. To-day I look back with longing on those days when fortunes were made and lost so easily and when the elements of the strange and sordid mingled so inextricably in all phases of the life with that which was heroic.

Mr. Smith's next article will be "Wild Miners I Have Met," and will introduce some of the outstanding characters of the Dawson camp.

Next month a well-known Canadian author who has never before been in this magazine, makes her bow to readers of MacLean's, *Onoto Wantana. Her novels, "Me," "Marion" and "A Spanish Nightingale," have been extremely popular.*

A March Across a Continent

How the Cecho-Slovaks Marched to Vladivostok from the Eastern War Front.

THE story of the indomitable pluck exhibited by the Cecho-Slovaks in their journey from the Austro-Russian front to Vladivostok is told by William Hard in the *Metropolitan*. He relates how there were thousands of them both in the Russian and Austrian armies and continues:

On a morning, at eight o'clock, there is an attack. An Austro-Hungarian battalion comes running across no-man's-land. Of a sudden, within itself, there is a battle. It is a battle of a minute. At the end of that minute every officer in the battalion is dead. The officers were Germans. They are dead. And the privates, all Cecho-Slovaks, throw down their rifles and hold up their hands and leap into the Russian trenches and ask for Russian uniforms and Russian rifles and cartridges.

By battalions, thus, and by regiments, the Cecho-Slovaks come into Russia. And they come also one by one.

So by ones and by thousands the Cecho-Slovaks are in the Russian lines and they ask to be permitted to fight against Austria.

But they are not permitted. The Czar's Government does not like them. They have revolted against their Emperor. They are revolutionists. They are democrats. Even, they are socialists. They are not safe. And the Czar's Government sends them into the middle of Asia, into Turkestan, where they die in thousands by disease. And the Czar's Government sends them to the Arctic Coast to make the new steel track to the Arctic Coast, and they die there in thousands by disease and by starvation, and the Murman Railway is built on their bones. Of 200,000 Cecho-Slovaks in Russia, perhaps 100,000 die.

Yet by much asking they get one Cecho-Slovak battalion. And then, by much more asking, and by going around many rules, and by making holes in many rules, they get, by the end of 1916, three Cecho-Slovak regiments fighting on Russia's side.

Then comes the Russian Revolution and the Cecho-Slovaks are pounded from pillar to post in their endeavor to reach Vladivostok en route for the Western front, till it is at last plain that the Bolsheviks directed by Germans and Magyars have decided to fight against them.

By Irkutsk runs a river. On one side is the town. On the other side is the railway station, with side-tracks. Above the railway station is a hill.

The first Cecho-Slovak trains, the first few, go through Irkutsk. They have much argument, but they go through. Then comes the train of the Second Artillery Brigade. It pulls up on a sidetrack. The soldiers in it get out. And they look.

On the station platform are five machine-guns pointed at them. In the second story of the station building, in the windows, are other machine-guns pointed at them. On the hill are six cannon. And on the hill and in the station are troops of Red Guards.

The commander-in-chief of the Red Guards steps out. He has an order. The Cecho-Slovaks must give up their remaining arms. They must have no arms at all. It is an order. And they may have ten minutes for deciding what to do.

The Cecho-Slovak officers speak together. In eight minutes they hear, from among the Russians, a word of command. But it is not a Russian word. It is German. "Schiessen!" "Fire!"

It has begun. And the Cecho-Slovaks begin. They level their few rifles. They pull their hand-grenades from their shirts. They pull their knives from their pockets. They run for the red machine-guns. They stab the red gunners. They throw grenades into the windows of the second story of the station building and kill the red gunners there. They storm the hill. In ten minutes they are chasing the Red Guards over the bridge across the river into the town of Irkutsk.

It is the twenty-sixth of May of this year. It is the beginning of the outright war between the Cecho-Slovaks and the Bolshevik Government. On that day, back along the whole railway line westward from Irkutsk, wherever there is a Cecho-Slovak train, there is a fight. Sometimes the Red Guards begin it. Sometimes the Cecho-Slovaks, knowing now about Trotzky's telegram, begin it themselves. In every case the Red Guards are fully armed. In every case the Cecho-Slovaks have little but their hand-grenades and their pocket-knives. And in every case the end is the same. The Cecho-Slovaks have the town; and their bare hands are filled again with rifles and machine-guns, with the rifles and the machine-guns of the Red Guards; and the Red Guards are dead or fled.

Often when the Cecho-Slovaks capture a Russian Red Guard, they take his munitions away from him and they twist him by his shoulders to about-face and they say: "Your mind is dark. Go home." Always when they find a Magyar or a German Red Guard they kill him. They say "You know," and they kill him. Russians are their enemies by mistake. Once Russia was, and again will be, Holy Russia and Mighty Russia for all Slavs. Never out of the minds of Cechs or of Slovaks can go their veneration for the Russia of their long longing. But who are these Germans and Magyars fighting with the Russians?

On their bodies the Cecho-Slovaks find orders in German and in Magyar from home telling them to fight the Cecho-Slovaks. They are not fighting for Russia. They are fighting for Berlin and Vienna and Budapest. And the Cecho-Slovaks who shot the Cecho-Slovak wounded through their heads at Tarnopol now shoot every armed German and Magyar they find in Siberia.

But the unarmed Germans and Magyars, prisoners-of-war who have not become Red Guards, they spare. And they hold their captured railway-line and their captured towns till they can see if the way is clear now to Vladivostok. But an order comes—an order out of Europe and out of the Cecho-Slovak National Council. It is a strange and terrible order. It is made necessary by strange and terrible times.

Let the Cecho-Slovaks in Siberia send trains of men back into Russia to join the trains still there. Let the Cecho-Slovaks mass themselves into Russia. And let them make what front they can there against the Moscow Government.

They have thought to come out of Russia, away from annihilation. Now it is ordered to go back into Russia— to what?

They go. Their regiments which already have passed through Irkutsk toward the Pacific cannot help them. Those regiments will have to fight Bolsheviks on the Ussuri River. But west of Irkutsk they still have perhaps 60,000 men. With these 60,000, with all of them who can be taken from the guarding of railway-track, they go back into Russia. They concentrate at Cheliabinsk and go north and capture Ekaterinburg and Perm. They concentrate at Samara and go south and capture Orenburg. They open a fan of concentrations and make a sort of front of captured scattered centres against the Moscow Government. They break up into little groups in the face of a Government bearing rule over a hundred million people. And every group must fight.

The fighting becomes costly. After all, there are many Red Guards. And there are many German and Magyar prisoners-of-war becoming Red Guards. Sixty thousand men cannot stand forever perhaps before a Government able to keep itself on top of a hundred million people. Such a Government, after all, has resources. It uses them to the full against the Cecho-Slovaks. And the Cecho-Slovaks are forced to give a little ground. And the fighting becomes very savage.

And November comes. In June the Allies sent them into Russia. And they would send help after them. And the Allies begin to land at Vladivostok. But they land in handfuls. And by November, after five months, the nearest help to the Cecho-Slovaks in Russia is a British advance-unit in western Siberia at Omsk. And a message comes from the Cecho-Slovaks in Russia. It wishes the Allies to know:

We came here because we were ordered to come here. We stay here. But if we perish it must not be thought to be our fault. We have done what we could. And we ask that if we perish it be recognized that by ourselves we could not do more.

In that rear-guard still fights the regiment of Procop, who would not come to terms and died in arms.

And on the River Ussuri still fights the regiment of Masaryk. It passed through Irkutsk. It goes along across a land of cattle. It comes to the valley of the Amur. It goes along the north bank of the Amur. There are great forests here. And there are great fires. And, leaping before these fires, there are tigers, larger than the tigers of Bengal and able to live in winter-snow. And the regiment of Masaryk, the regiment going first, comes to the great bend of the Amur and turns south. It goes along beside the River Ussuri. Here it will fight. But now there seems to be safety. The train proceeds. It comes near to Vladivostok. And it is night.

Of a sudden the train stops. Captain Hurban looks out. He sees much water. It is a great body of water. His men look out. They see the water and a great moon shining over it and glistening upon it. It is a water of fable. The men rush to it and stride into it. They scoop it up in their hands. They taste it. It is salty. The sea, they have read, is salty. This is salty. It is the sea. It is the Pacific. They have come to the Pacific. And they stand in it and lift their red-and-white-ribboned hats to America and to France.

Then the world heard them. Then the world knew them. Then the world saw Cecho-Slovakia.

CANADIAN COURIER

"Pen Pictures Without Parallel"

A Letter to Mr. Editor of the Canadian Courier.

Montreal, December 3rd, 1918

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I have read the war experiences of "Prisoner 5-1-11" and believe Canadians are indebted to Mr. Laird for pen pictures that are without parallel among the narratives that so far have been printed. If it were possible for a Canadian to experience the slightest regard for anything that comes under the name "German", I feel sure that Mr. Laird's vivid and comprehensive relation of facts would entirely obliterate it.

I congratulate you for having secured for publication in your magazine this very interesting article.

Yours truly, L. B. ABBOTT.

"PRISONER 5-1-11" ran in four instalments. Written by a Canadian prisoner of war, for Canadians, circulated in a paper covering all Canada, we knew it would be a revelation. The testimony quoted above is but one of many concerning this story.

Now the war is over, we are faced up with new issues at home. The country is waiting for political leadership as never before.

Ottawa is a Political Enigma

Every new squad of wise men telling Government what to do makes the enigma so much worse. Government will soon have to build barricades to keep out the experts. Leaders are wanted. If you have not seen our issue of Dec. 21, 1918, get a copy and read the Article: Wanted—a Lieutenant. This is a start on getting other people to give our readers a line on political leadership—as they see it.

And Great Parties Are Needed

If great men are not to be had, then the great party with the interests of the whole nation sincerely at heart must take the stage. If we can't have great men, let us at least have big men. If we can't have the political millennium, let us at least have strong, statesmanlike, patriotic parties, the aim of whom is

Some Sort of National Unity

Big men are wanted. Who and where are they? If they are not both patriotic and bigger-minded than Sinn Feiners, Bolshevists, Sectionalists or Stand-Pat Bourgeoisie sometimes known as the Big Interests, then the Lord save us, for we shall not be able to save ourselves.

Canadian Courier proposes to study the men who will be most active in politics before the next election. We propose to get as many angles on these men as possible and to tell, without fear or favor, what these men and their issues really are.

Get a copy of the December 21st issue and read what J. Addison Reid has to say about Hon. J. A. Calder. In the issue of January 4th read what the editor has to say about Ottawa, illustrated by a Canadian artist. In the following issue see what we have to say about Hon. Arthur Sifton.

Human Interest in a Great Country

In the January issues we shall have stories by famous authors; an illustrated article on Rebuilding Halifax, by Archibald MacMechan; good music popularly treated; more about the movies of the future; Christian Science vs. Suggestion; a size-up of Montreal's Municipal Affairs by one who is on the spot and has been.

This is a big country. We intend to keep on focusing as much as possible of its variegated life into the pages of a paper whose motto is, **All of Canada For All Canadians.**

TWENTY SIX ISSUES FOR ONE DOLLAR

Certain mechanical changes which will be effective with the issue of January 4th, makes it possible for us to continue the One Dollar price to paid-in-advance subscribers, and at the same time, greatly improve the general appearance of the magazine.

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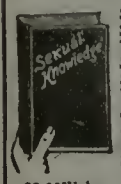

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Restoration Work for Women

JUST what part are women going to play in the next big world movie, the rebuilding? The little surface agitations here and there, the temporary bewilderment of women standing outside the door of closing munition plants, the question of whether the woman who has taken a man's position will be ready to give it up gracefully when he comes back, are only the bubbles bound to rise when a current turns, and just as sure to disappear. When we think of the needs of the world just now—the starving to be fed, the homeless to be housed, the desolate to be comforted, the widows and the orphans, the crippled and the blind to be tended and taught and the thousand wheels to be speeded to catch up with the industries pushed aside while the army needed shells and guns and motor-lorries, we know that as far ahead as the farthest-visioned can see there will be plenty of work for everyone, *provided everyone including all the women citizens and voters as well as the workers appreciate the need of keeping things going.*

The woman worker, the professional or industrial or business girl will meet her new problems very directly because the system of any big working concern will set them squarely in her path. And she will do her reconstructive work by doing her best at her particular job, which is more important than it was four years ago since the war has taken such a heavy toll of trained workers. She will become more and more indispensable in the world's economics too, and here is where someone sees another danger. "How can our national reconstruction go on with our young women going into offices and factories instead of into homes?" "How can a young man earning even double the salary his father did at the same age support a girl who has been making nearly as much herself and spending it largely as she went along?" "Aren't these unnatural conditions making the girl so independent that she will look the marriage prospect over rather critically?" Strange that we should think the human instincts standing for some eight thousand years could change in five. The war has wiped out the possibility of some fifty thousand Canadian homes that might have been; but there will be a woman for every possible worth-while home to be—maybe not this or that particular woman for this or that particular home as it would have been five years ago, because the growth and vision gained through larger experience have made some women not ready to accept conditions with which they would have compromised a few years ago—an attitude which will be one of the cornerstones in the nation's rebuilding.

Then there are the homekeeping women who have given unsparingly of their time and effort to war work. Will they go back to their way of living before the war? Will those of comparative leisure begin again to fill their weeks with a programme of afternoon parties? Will those of more domestic inclinations turn their Red Cross habits into knitting their husbands' socks as we have heard men inquiring? It isn't likely. Women who have learned some new world history while they worked with their Red Cross supplies will know that there are things more important at the moment than hand-knit socks. They may give more time to their homes, but it will be to create a place of simplicity and beauty and rest and inspiration. The grooves and frills that the war has taught us to dispense with will not come back just because the Government has raised the restriction on iced cakes. The diversion of bridge and tea-cups is not likely to satisfy women whose hearts have followed their men folk into countries stripped of every vestige of comfort or luxury or pleasure, who know the sacrifices, the meagre way of living of the women of these countries, from the peasant to the most delicately-reared. And if they get the vision, these women who have given so much time to war work, who have disciplined themselves to concentration and industry, it is going to mean a powerful force to turn in other directions.

ONE thing we all have to learn at the beginning—the reconstruction must begin in ourselves, it must be personal. We have to learn the truth that "the kingdom of heaven is within you"—not near the orchestra at the very nice restaurant or in the trying-on room of the expensive dressmakers, or in the biggest house on the avenue or the columns of the evening paper or even in the placid calm of contentment with things as they are. Anything we may want to do will be useless unless we get the unselfish, far-reaching spirit of helpfulness that comes only from a vision of the Christ. In that is all wisdom, sanity and health; it alone can bring order and restoration to a bewildered and broken world.

It will work out in very practical ways, the restoration work by women who have the right ideal of service. It will begin with the simplest and most vital things, the nation's homes and children, for whether she has a home of her own or not it is the mission of every woman to make the whole world homelike, and whether she has children of her own or not there are a lot of children who need mothering. Back of every woman's movement will be the welfare of the children—prohibition because the children must be fine and strong and happy; mothers' pensions because mothers must be free from poverty that they may have the strength and time and means to feed and mother their children; better marriage laws that the children of tomorrow might have their right inheritance. And when it comes to actual motherhood, women must work together, to establish an ideal that war always tries to break down. Napoleon said: "France needs more mothers." The Kaiser Teutonized the idea. Brutal as it sounds both men were hard pressed for cannon-fodder. Women know that life is too serious a thing to be handled lightly for the sake of the perpetuation of any particular race. They know now that the world's need is for godly mothers, women whose sons carrying their memories with them would not have treated the women of a conquered territory as the German soldiery did in Belgium.

THE men returning have seen women of other countries, women in whom the suffering and the need about them has brought out the most heroic qualities—courage and sacrifice and tenderness and simplicity and the most practical usefulness. May they not expect more than they did when they went away? May they not find something wanting in the woman who is less than the best she can become?

Nor is the welfare of her own home and family enough for a woman's interest if she is to take her full responsibility in the nation's rebuilding. Even her additional work in philanthropic causes does not make up all that is required of her. Whether she wanted it or not she has been given a voice in making the laws of the country, the general administration of affairs. She cannot shift the responsibility by being neutral or some less intelligent voter's judgment will go unchecked. She has to think and study and learn about things which never interested her before; it is a duty which she cannot conscientiously neglect any more than she could neglect the needs of her baby.

The new world that others have died to save for us will not be an easy gift to handle. It will be full of distresses crying for relief, of ambitions wrestling for mastery. Capital will be looking for the money it invested in the war; labor will be trying its best to keep up wages; business will be feeling its way out of the meshes of supervision and Government direction that war needs have forced upon it. Every thinking man and woman will have to consider which is of most concern, the resumption of pre-war conditions of thinking and living and drifting, or the highest, most honest living the world has ever known.

What Should Children Read?

Has Fiction Any Value Other Than Entertainment?

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

THE stories which the child hears at home and on the streets, the dime novels and the penny-dreadful, the stories of Indians and pirates and detectives that he smuggles into his desk and under his pillow—these are the only food which the worshippers of the Three R's provide for the development of his noblest faculty—imagination. No wonder he gulps them down with ravenous indiscrimination as a thirsty child would muddy water, or a starving one half-cooked food.

TO the serious-minded the value of fiction as a diet would seem about equivalent to that of froth as food. They will assure us that we might as well endeavor to grow fat by snuffing up the east wind, like the Scriptural wild ass of the desert, as to build up mental or bodily power upon a diet of fiction. But some of the apparently most useless things in the world are the most necessary to life. We cannot eat froth or digest the air that its bubbles contain, but nearly half the bulk of our most important single food, bread, the Staff of Life, is composed of it. A loaf is a bubble of flour froth and owes much of its digestibility and wholesomeness to the spongy, porous form which its gas content gives it. Plants cannot eat air, yet one of the principal aims of scientific tillage is to keep the soil bed well stirred up so as to be porous and full of air down to the very tips of the roots of the crop, so that chemical and bacterial changes, without which no plant can live, can take place freely.

Food for the fancy may neither directly strengthen the intellect nor enrich the memory, but neither of the latter can either grow or keep healthy without it, any more than other living things can without the sunshine and fresh air—those most ethereal and unsubstantial of things.

A dwarfed and starved imagination is almost as bad for the health and future efficiency of its possessor as a crooked spine.

One of the most extraordinary things about our amazing system of education is that, while it concentrates its gravest and most ponderous attention upon the memory, the reason and the intellect, it leaves the cultivation of the imagination largely to chance. The stories which the child hears in the home and on the streets, the romantic and highly improbable accounts of his own adventures which he constructs and recites to his fellows, the dime novels and the penny-dreadful, the stories of Indians and pirates and detectives that he smuggles into his desk and under his pillow—these are the only food which the worshippers of the Three R's provide for the development of his noblest faculty. What wonder that he gulps them down with ravenous indiscrimination as a thirsty child would muddy water, or a starving one half-cooked food.

From the point of view of bodily health as well as mental efficiency, you might as well let your liver go to sleep as your imagination. Only get a child or a man to read and enjoy reading, and form the habit of it, and you have taken the longest single step toward leading him to think and to act for himself.

It is not a question of whether we will feed this faculty of ours or not, but simply on what and how it will feed itself. If it cannot get wholesome food it will eat garbage, but primarily and fundamentally it prefers sound food, and nothing but the absence of it will drive it to devour trash and offal.

Happily in childhood, Nature provides food for the imagination in such profusion that all our stupidity and perversity can scarcely succeed in starving the flame. The glory in the grass, the wonder in the flower, the light that never was on sea or land, touches and gilds the smallest and commonest of everyday things about us. No matter whether the things themselves are attractive, or even useful or not, their mere existence is gilded by the magic of our childish vision until it becomes a source of pleasure in itself. As Stevenson, with that wondrous insight into the very heart of the child mind, sang:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And, heaven be praised, we are, unless some "grown-up" positively goes out of his way, whether by endeavor or neglect, or scarcely less often by well-

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meant interference and instruction, to prevent it! His delight in myth and legend and fairy tale, which is just beginning to be recognized even by educators, is nature's royal road to learning, wondrous romances which he will construct either of his own adventures, presumably in some previous incarnation, or of the habits and doings of some imaginary friends and playmates of his who come to him in the dusk! His vivid transformation of a walking-stick into a prancing charger, of a couple of chairs on the nursery floor into the Flying Dutchman, and fat old Fido into any kind of ravenous beast required by the artistic necessities of the situation, from a Jabberwock to a "pole-bearer," all show his power of developing his highest single faculty—that of putting two things together and out of them creating a new and different third.

Even here his unspoiled taste is sound. He would rather have stories of birds and butterflies and flowers and grass and trees, of sun and wind, than stories of ghosts and demons and gods and goddesses. Give him plenty of happy, breezy, wholesome and intrinsically true stories of the living world about him, and he will not crave, in fact will be positively repelled by, those morbid echoes of jealousy, murder and lust which play so large a part in myth and legend and folk-story and Old Testament story.

While many of these myths and legends are of the keenest interest and enjoyment to the child, I frankly confess that I cannot help feeling that their indiscriminate use can easily become a source of harm and that they should be most carefully selected and modernized for the use of the child. Most of them are tinged with that profound melancholy of the earlier ages of mankind which still exists in savages.

A large minority of these myths and stories, whether Greek, Norse or Hebrew, are unfit to be told to a clean-minded child, and another considerable percentage of them are so utterly unjust and unfair as to shock his native sense of right and justice. The story of Hector and Achilles for instance, of Esau and Jacob, or of Baldur and Loki take an immense amount of decidedly sophisticated explanation and befogging before he can be induced to regard them as fair or even decent.

I can conceive of no better means of riveting in his mind the firm conviction that trickery will always vanquish honesty, favoritism conquer merit, and error be stronger than truth than an indiscriminate course of these tales and stories.

But when the magic carpet of reading is placed at his command, his immediate surroundings become too limited, too prosaic, and he begins to fly hither and thither, sitting cross-legged upon it to the uttermost parts of the earth; he sails the Spanish Main, leaps over reeking bulwarks and steps over stones slippery with blood, with his bosom friends and ideals, the pirates.

They are not usually men "of much moral principle," as Mr. A. Ward apologetically remarks, but they are not a pin worse, even in the yellowest of the yellow-backs, than the gentlemen adventurers of the sixteenth century, and they are three whole grades in the rogue's gallery above any-god or goddess yet invented. The same is true of the Boy Outlaw and the Terror of the Everglades. The heart of these swashbuckling heroes is always in the right place, even if their heads and heels indulge in some strange capers. The desperado who is the bravest, the most generous, the most faithful to his friends, and most magnanimous to his enemies, the most chivalrous to women and the kindest to the poor, is the one who emerges triumphant in the long run, eight times out of ten.

No less romantic and less vivid are the imaginings of the mind of the girl, but her fancy takes a gentler and softer turn. The dignities and delights of housekeeping and of home making, the care of wondrously beautiful and brilliant children, the charm of diamonds and silk dresses and beautiful carriages and princely romances. Later the discovery, the wondrous revelation of the prince beautiful, with the raven locks and the marble brow and the soulful, piercing eyes. He will probably have a snub nose and freckles and hair like a shoe-brush when he comes, but he will be the prince beautiful just the same. It is not too much to say that a boy's ideals, his standards, his notions of what success really consists in and what is best worth while, his attitude toward women, his attitude toward the nation and the race is as largely moulded and determined by the fiction that he reads and delights in as by any other single factor.

The same is equally true of the girl and her ideals. They both will dream dreams and build castles in the air, and construct their ideals out of some sort of material. The question is, What kind of raw material are you furnishing for the fabric of these visions? Or are you letting them go out into the highways and hedges and glean for themselves? It is as cruel and as injurious to deprive a growing boy or a budding girl of an abundance of sound, wholesome, enjoyable fiction as it is to debar them from butter on their bread and sugar on their porridge.

Seasonable Receipts

SPICED PRUNES

2 cups cooked prunes
¼ cup chopped cranberries
½ cup juice in which prunes were cooked
2 tablespoons sugar
Juice of 1 orange
Few gratings orange rind
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Stone prunes, cut in small pieces, add other ingredients and simmer twenty minutes. Serve with cold meats.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

2 eggs or the whites of four
1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
½ cup milk
2 cups flour
2 cups raisins seeded and cut
1 teaspoon baking powder
4 tablespoons lemon peel

Cream the butter and sugar, add the raisins and peel. Sift the flour and baking powder together. Beat the eggs light and add to the milk. Add the flour and eggs and milk alternately to the sugar and butter. Bake in a moderate oven.

CRANBERRY PIE

1½ cups cranberries
½ cup raisins
1 cup sugar
½ cup water

Cook until the fruit is soft and slightly jellied, line a pie dish with paste, turn in the cooked fruit and cover with strips of paste or with a whole crust, or bake without a top crust and when done cover with a meringue, (stiffly beaten egg white) and brown in the oven.

BAKED CRANBERRY PUDDING

2 cups soft stale bread crumbs
¼ cup butter
1 cup chopped cranberries
1 cup sugar
½ cup Sultana raisins
¼ cup boiling water

Mix crumbs with melted butter; add cranberries, sugar and raisins and put into a greased baking dish; add water and bake in a slow oven one hour. Serve warm with a caramel sauce.

ECONOMY CAKE

1½ cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter or dripping
1 package seeded raisins
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups cold water

Boil together for five minutes and cool. When cold stir in 3 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda.

NUT BREAD

½ cup sugar
1 egg
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 scant cup milk
1 cup shelled walnuts
½ cup chopped dates.

Beat the egg, add sugar and milk. Sift two cups of the flour with the salt and baking powder. Combine the two mix-

tures. Add the dates rolled in the remaining flour and the nuts. Bake in greased pans or baking powder tins. If baking-powder tins are used the bread cuts in attractive, round slices.

MINCE MEAT

4 cups cooked beef, chopped
2 cups chopped suet
8 cups chopped apples
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups molasses
1 cup chopped cranberries
1½ pounds seeded raisins
1 pound currants
1 pound shredded citron
2 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon mace
1 teaspoon clove
1 teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon pepper
1 quart boiled cider, grape juice or syrup from sweet pickles

Mix and cook slowly about two hours, stirring frequently. Store in jars or in a stone crock.

Women in Reconstruction

The Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association has published a most interesting pamphlet on Women and Reconstruction. It is an appeal for the co-operation of Canadian women in solving economic and industrial problems, and an examination of the relationship of homes to national business. The writer says: "Expectation of intelligent help from Canadian women in the problems of reconstruction is justified....It is a natural conviction that enfranchised Canadian women will apply themselves intelligently and with energy to the basic economic problems of national existence, production, the development of natural resources, the compensating balance of industries, national solvency, export trade, education and a fair economic standard of living for all, which cannot be secured except through the solution of the first named problems. It is only through the help of women that the future can be made secure."

Some Investments Discussed

Continued from page 6

decided premium. And the Canadian Victory bonds have the advantage of 1¼ per cent. on top of this!

Too strong emphasis cannot be placed on the advisability of investing in a long-term issue, as one that will produce the greatest average yield over a period of years, and in addition, provide the greatest likelihood of an appreciation in the original cost price. One of the best known examples of this is the War Loan issued early in 1917, maturing in 1937, and paying 5 per cent. A few months ago this was selling under $94, and now is finding a ready sale at $96 to 96½. Still earlier this year the price was only 91½. This factor should prove an important incentive to purchase, (as well as the assured yield of many bonds), as a form of investment. Many of the industrial bonds also are working up to higher levels since the war ended. One of these rose from 82 to 88½. But of them all the highest class investment to-day would be the 20-year Victory bond issued in 1917, and so highly is this considered that bond dealers have been unable to fill their orders since the two years' issues began to be handled once again by the special committee. Second on the list should be placed the 15-year bond.

In the near future there will be a number of issues by municipalities and possibly one or two Provinces, the former at least of the long-term class. Investors should study these carefully, especially as to the security behind the promise to pay. Bond holders in Canada promise to grow rapidly. Nor should the purchase of thrift stamps be neglected. These should prove a valuable kindergarten course in investments.

SHALL WE AFFILIATE OURSELVES AGAIN WITH THE WOMEN OF GERMANY ?

Will the women of the Allied Nations again hold out to German women the friendly hands of Sisterhood? Can they place confidence again in the word of women whose nation has ruthlessly betrayed every trust? Shall German women be made to pay for their nation's crimes of war lust? Or will the women of the Allied Nations remember the German women's reply to the French protest against German air raids and the wanton murder of children and wounded: "We are one with our men in this war"? These are not idle questions—they are vitally important questions facing the women of Canada and her Allies. Are you or are you not going to receive German women as equals in the Sisterhood of Nations? Every woman must make up her mind whether she stands for or against German women. Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, composed of National Councils of every country, presents a most timely article, "The Women's League of Nations," in the January issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Side by side with Lady Aberdeen's article the opinion of leading public women are quoted. Mrs. Huestis, President of Toronto Local Council of Women, states that she will not sit under a German woman office holder. Where do you stand on this burning question of the day?

THIRTY LEADING FEATURES IN JANUARY ISSUE

My Lady Caprice
By Jeffery Farnol, of "The Broad Highway" popularity.

The Gay Old Dog
By Edna Ferber. One of the snappiest stories yet written by this feminine O. Henry.

A Pilgrim
Robert Chambers, at his best in a tale of romance eternal.

My Four Years a Prisoner in Belgium
By Jeannette Beland Mathieu, daughter of Hon. Dr. Beland. The first installment of a graphic and thrilling personal narrative.

What is Your Son's Ambition?
Illustrated with a life sketch of E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Great Unrecognized
Where fame hid and where she found Marcella Craft, the famous American Opera Singer.

My Lady of the Orient
Featuring Norma Talmadge, her gorgeous gowns and popular self in her latest photoplay, "The Forbidden City"

(Confidentially) Do you approve of the powder puff?
Whether you do or not, it is worth a mere man's time to read about it.

An Apple a Day
—you know the rest. Twenty new and delicious ways to disappoint the High Cost of Living.

The Hands of a Lady
An illustrated sketch on the care of the hands

Odds and Ends of a War-Riddled Wardrobe
"Hand-me-downs" and last year's styles designed into clever and serviceable make-over ideas for the whole family.

The Silver Lining of the Pentecostal Petticoat
Five pages of advanced styles for a fashion-hungry feminine world.

Festive Frocks for Feminine Fancies
Showing newest styles in afternoon and party frocks.

Smart Service Dresses for Home Wear
Attractive and serviceable about-the-house styles

Fashion's Newest Lines for Easily Made Gowns

Personality Sketches.
I Join the Chorus.
Personality vs. Paper.
Let Us Solve Your Health Problems.
Have You An Accumulation of Wheat Substitutes?
Recipes that show you how to use them up.
'Tween You and Me—By Joan Blewett
Sleeping Garments for Winter Health.
Hush-a-Bye Land.
Menus for Mid-Winter Days.

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is not only the leading woman's magazine of Canada, it is 100 per cent. Canadian, owned, edited and published by Canadians for Canadian women. Canadian thoughts, customs, opinions, habits and ideals are all faithfully represented.

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Robert W. Chambers
Jeffery Farnol
Jeannette Beland Mathieu
Helen Cornelius
Kathleen Elizabeth Steacy
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And when the war came, intensifying human suffering and the need for bodily and spiritual help in a thousand ways, the Salvation Army was *ready*.

The entire Salvation Army has always been organized on a military basis—inured to hardship, sacrifice, and service. It is always in action, day and night.

And so the twelfth day of the war found the Salvation Army at work behind the lines in Belgium. Since then, it has maintained 197 Huts, 96 Hostels and 40 Rest Rooms, 1,200 uniformed workers and 46 ambulances at the front—in addition to taking care of the problems which arose here in Canada, as a result of the departure of our soldiers.

Hostilities have ceased, leaving vast and complex problems—human problems—that call expressly for the sympathetic and ardent workers trained by and organized into the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

January 19th to 25th

The war work of the Salvation Army has been conducted without any general appeal to the public for funds. While it could "carry on" without appealing, it did so. Now a crisis has arisen. The budget has been prepared for essential work during the coming year, and it has been found that a million dollars must be raised to continue the after-the-war activities, including:

Hostels for Soldiers.

For our troops "consolidating" the victory in Europe; for soldiers in France or England awaiting transportation; and for returned men landing in Canada, the Salvation Army Hostels provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldier can afford to pay. The service of the Salvation Army, founded on sacrifice, demonstrates the true spirit of the Master and is directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependents and Orphans of Soldiers.

The Salvation Army operates Emergency Receiving and Maternity Homes for the care of those whom the soldier leaves behind him. The widows and orphans alone present a vast and complex problem that needs the human touch of the Salvation Army.

Visitation of War Families

The misery endured by helpless families of our soldiers by reason of debt, sickness, and misfortune is alleviated by the relief work of the Salvation Army workers, who realize that immediate action is necessary to provide for the present need and to prepare for future need.

Demobilization

Through its Hostels maintained throughout Canada, the Salvation Army is already assisting vitally in the repatriation of our soldiers, especially those who have returned with no homes to go to, and those who are looking for a new start in civil life. The discharged soldier must not be turned adrift, and the Salvation Army has already proven indispensable in dealing with phases of the situation not provided for by the Government or any other organization.

Your earnest co-operation is needed. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and out for God. It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves RESULTS.

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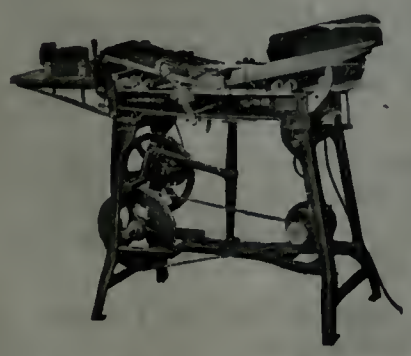

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MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President
H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager

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WHAT "Mac" doesn't know about running a car isn't worth knowing. He can hit a pace of 60 miles, or slow down to a walk, without one of his six cylinders missing a stroke. "Mac" knows the importance of humoring a car---he can sense the trouble in an instant, if any sign of weakening develops anywhere---and acts accordingly.

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And he knows that the best way to forestall trouble is to leave all his tinkering to a qualified mechanic, and to shift the care of his starting and lighting system onto the broad shoulders of the Prest-O-Lite Service Man down the street.

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What he *does* know is that his Prest-O-Lite battery carries the necessary stored-up energy to feed his head-lights and spin his engine under conditions that would force any other battery to lay down on the job;

---that every Prest-O-Lite Service Man is a battery engineer---an expert---well qualified to pass on the condition of any make of Storage Battery, and apply the simple treatments necessary to keep it up to its rated capacity;

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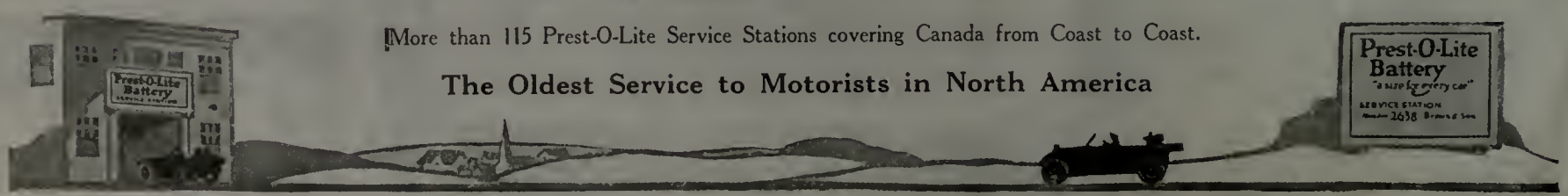

Advertising to Prevent War

The Place Advertising Will Take in World Politics After The War

THAT each nation should advertise to explain its aims and ideals to the other nations of the world is the contention of Bruce Barton in *Collier's*. Thus would the people of the world come to know each other and knowing would ultimately like each other.

He argues on the following lines:

Looking forward to the day when our fighting men will be coming home again, I have been wondering what their attitude will be when they arrive. That it will be an attitude of interrogation I have no doubt. And the question which will come most frequently to their lips, in my opinion, will not be: "Why were you not with us over there?" That question they will be likely to leave for each man's conscience to raise and answer within himself. Rather they will ask: "What did you do while we were away? What plans have you made for this cleaner and finer world that we have brought back to you? What kind of a world is it to be anyway?"

It will, of course, be a different world from any of the worlds of the past, even as this war has been different from any other war. And the point of difference that strikes me first of all, because I am a writing and an advertising man, is this—*that it will be a world in which, for the first time, the pen will be actually greater and more powerful than the sword.*

Long ago the pen began to enjoy a kind of grudging recognition from the sword. Even Caesar knew the value of propaganda in breaking down the enemy morale. When his soldiers were engaged in blockading Pompey it was their pleasant custom to hurl taunting messages over the front-line trenches. "But Pompey took what care he could that the words should not reach his men, who were out of heart and despondent." But it remained for this war to give the pen its real chance: we have seen it accomplish victories which the sword alone would have been powerless to achieve. It was German propaganda, not German arms, that brought on the great disaster in Italy; it was the activities of the German advertising department that laid Russia prostrate. We Americans, who pride ourselves upon our leadership in advertising, were compelled to learn from our adversaries the importance of this weapon—as of most of the other weapons of warfare which were our original invention. But having been shown, we were quick to appreciate and employ. It is a fact which should make every advertising man feel proud that President Wilson was willing to delegate practically every other function of his governmental business except the advertising. His notes to Europe, which are our advertisements to the world, he kept securely in his own counsels, drafting the copy and revising the proofs with his own hand.

And those advertisements lifted the whole war—yes, and the thinking of mankind about the war and the conditions that are to follow it—on to a higher plane. By the selling force of that single campaign the intellectual and spiritual level of humanity has been permanently raised.

In an old and very wise book it is written: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks." That was the old ideal of ending wars. As a matter of fact, each man usually did return to his own little farm—to his own isolated existence—and took up again the tasks of peace. And not until new misunderstandings had arisen, calling him into a new war, did he have any further dealings with either his former allies or his former adversaries. We shall go a step farther after this war: we shall beat some of our swords at least into electrotypes. The war has taught us the magnificent advantage of knowing the English and the French and the Italians and the Japanese, and of having them know and understand us. It has forever broken down the old rail fence that ran around America, shutting us inside with our own individual plowshares. It has taught us the value of talking across that fence by the spoken word and the written message, and of visiting much in the plowed fields of our neighbors.

Surely no one of the Allied nations will be so blind as not to read the lesson of these last four years. Surely England must appreciate that she could not possibly do anything greater for the future of the British Empire than to maintain over here a stalwart bureau to advertise England to Americans. Italy must know that $25,000,000 could not possibly be spent anywhere else so well as in constantly explaining Italy to America. And we, it is to be devoutly hoped, have learned our lesson just as well.

It would cost us a couple of billion dollars a month to have a war with Japan, to say nothing of the other losses that are too sacred to be computed. For two million dollars a month spent by ourselves in Japan and by Japan with us we could in ten years create a mutual respect and regard between the peoples of the two nations that would make a future war utterly unthinkable.

I would write it into peace terms—if I were President Wilson—something like this:

ARTICLE 114

WHEREAS, The pen has played an honorable part with the sword in winning victory and bringing peace; and,

WHEREAS, The permanence of that peace can only be secured by the extension of international understanding and regard; therefore be it

Resolved, That each nation attaching its signature to this treaty does by that signature pledge itself to the annual expenditure of at least 1 per cent. of its present war costs in international advertising, explaining to the rest of the world its own achievements and ideals; and seeking to eradicate from the character of its own people those characteristics which are a source of irritation to their neighbors.

I should carry out the provisions of that treaty very liberally; I would by no means confine America's advertising to the printed word. I would send to each of the great countries of the world a hundred of our best young newspaper men to work in their newspaper offices, and bring back an equal number of their newspaper men to work for a year in ours, so that the editorial writers of the future, when they write of international relationships, will have some basis for their writing besides the encyclopedia. I would exchange clergymen and college professors and representatives of organized labor and of every other group which has in its power the shaping of public opinion.

In all these ways—plus the regular use of the printed word and the motion picture—I would make the people of the world to know each other, knowing that ultimately they would come to like each other.

It would have seemed impossible five years ago; to-day the war has taught us to forget that there is such a word as impossible. It has taught us to begin to think internationally. And we can be led a great distance along that road provided our rulers are wise enough to read the signs. Provided, in addition to beating our swords into plowshares, they beat a certain proportion of them into printing presses and motion-picture films and electrotypes.

"Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid magazine you publish. Each issue seems to surpass the previous one. You cater in its pages to a great diversity of tastes and interests, which I am sure is thoroughly appreciated by your readers."—Rev. L.T.H.

The Conservation of Space in Your Office

With the cost of floor space, in metropolitan business districts ranging anywhere from $1.50 to $3.50 per square foot, the need for conservation is vital. No more must unwieldy and clumsy equipment be allowed to dig so deeply into the profit account—to contribute in such unjust proportion to "office overhead." Nor must those cumbersome and space-wasting old counters occupy valuable office space out of all proportion to the single purpose they serve.

Waste space or misused space piles up office overhead just as idle machinery or mismanagement piles up factory overhead.

Waste in office equipment, and particularly in its arrangement, must give way to Economy, the one outstanding word to-day in the lexicon of business. "Office Specialty"

COUNTER HEIGHT SECTIONS

are, as the name implies, the approximate height of an ordinary counter, about forty-five inches. At the same time they function as cabinets for filing any and every kind of business record. They are double purpose sections—they serve all the purposes of a counter and a filing cabinet, with the added advantages of finer appearance, economy of floor space, and saving in first cost.

If you knew of a way to cut your investment in office equipment in half, and at the same time increase your available floor space 50 per cent., you would investigate. That's why we'll be glad to send you Folder No. 1946, illustrating and describing "Office Specialty" Counter Height Sections. A postcard to our nearest Service Store will do to-day.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED
Home Office NEWMARKET Canada

Filing Equipment Stores at
Toronto Montreal Ottawa Halifax Hamilton Winnipeg Regina Edmonton Calgary Vancouver

OFFICE SPECIALTY
FILING SYSTEMS

Every Document at Your Finger Tips

Office men, school teachers or anyone who may have important papers or correspondence which they would like to keep at home or in their office in a systematic, convenient place will appreciate this new patent filing method.

The Busy Man's Friend

Made from selected quartered oak and fully guaranteed.

Price, $24.00; with ten sets of alphabetical indexes, $30.00.

Size—30 in. high, 24 in. wide, 24 in. deep.

Each drawer will hold 30 folders containing upwards of 1,000 sheets of paper.

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Manufacturers
ORILLIA - ONTARIO

THE A. S. HUSTWITT CO. STATIONERY SPECIALTIES
42 Adelaide Street, West
TORONTO-ONTARIO

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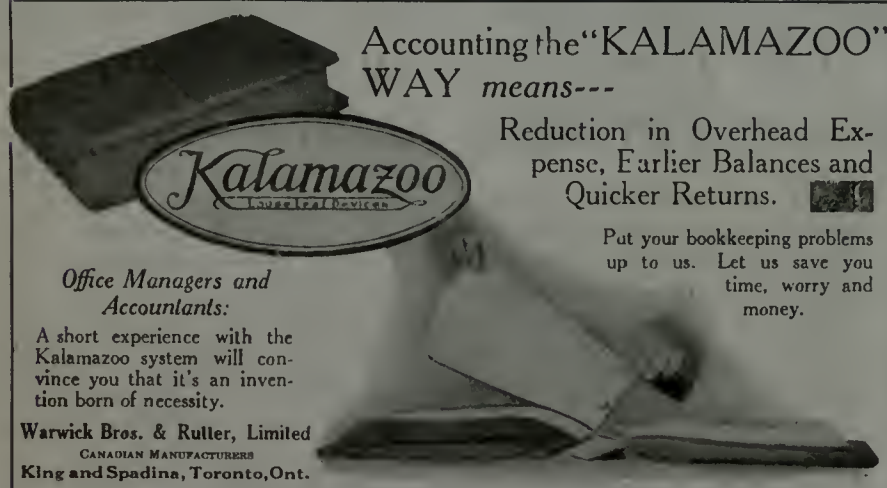
Standard Envelope Sealers.
Standard Stamp Affixers.
Lightning Letter Openers.
Velour, Sealbrand and Whitedge Carbon Papers.
Office Supplies.
Vortex Individual Drinking Cups.

Write for particulars of any of the above lines.



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Wholesale and retail merchants find it valuable because they are interested in market tendencies and market factors, not only as applied to their business, but also as applying to business in general. They need to know conditions local and remote. They need information to enable them to buy right and sell safely.

And the knowledge they need they can have for the insignificant sum of $3 annually.

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.....

M.M. .....

The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor of *The Financial Post*

This is the idea of investments that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies.* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.*—THE EDITORS.

Bank Stocks and Victory Bonds Advance

THE outstanding feature of the investment market this past month has been the upward movement of bank stocks. During the period of the war practically every bank stock declined, partly in common with the universal downward trend of all securities, partly due to the enforced lower profits that the banks were showing through the need for their keeping a large portion of their liquid assets ready for Government requirements. During the year 1918 profits in most cases again passed the former figures, owing to the remarkable developments in the business of the banks, and they are now advancing to new high figures for the present year. Not only was the disposal of their surplus cash restricted during the war, but by an agreement with the Minister of Finance they were not allowed to extend at their pleasure into new territory. Since the armistice, the "lid" is off, and there was a wild rush the last couple of months as into new gold fields, and scores of new branches were opened up, especially in the West. Already the keenest of competition has developed among the various banks, and it is hinted that some rather warm interchanges have taken place between general managers at what they regarded as "invasions" of the ground they had held for years before. Indeed in one case I was chatting to the head of one bank when another high official came in to announce that such and such a bank was proposing to open up in a certain town in opposition. "Tell ——— that if he does we will open up in some town where he has a branch." To me it was a delicious piece of human nature, almost unbelievable in bank men; that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; that sort of square, face-to-face fight one loves, and I felt like patting that bank chief on the back—but didn't. Surely it strikes away the props from those who are always suspicious of the existence or creation of what they term a "Money Trust" in Canada. The reduction in the number of Canadian chartered banks to nineteen, two less than one year ago, has served only to intensify the competition for business, and for serving the commercial interests of the country, that exists among those that survive. It has, on the other hand, added strength to the banks not only to cover domestic demands, but to stretch out along international lines and open the way for the extension of Canadian trade in Europe, South America and the Orient. In England recent amalgamations have taken place among the bitterest of rivals, with little opposition even from the extreme radical sections, in order that there might be what has been termed "concentration of credit," and that the group of institutions might be the stronger to help in the development of export trade, retain for London the title and place as the world's financial centre, and provide credit as in the past for the greater part of the world's international trading.

As the banks are shaking free of wartime restrictions so the values of their securities are appreciating. Within a very few weeks, the selling price of one bank stock has gone up 17½ points, another 25, another 10; another 13; and so on. And yet the present prices are far below pre-war levels. Twelve of the bank stocks have declined in the four years a total of 208 points, an average of a little over 17 points each, even allowing for the recent advances. As interest rates decline bank stocks will tend to advance; and this movement will be accelerated by the increases in the earnings which should be the experience of the most of the Canadian banks in the next few years. Another factor that will tend to strengthen the hold of a bank stock as an investment is the condition under which future increases in capital stock are likely to be made. In the case of one bank, the Royal, shareholders can take an allotment of the new stock at $150 a share on the basis of one share for each seven they already hold, the present market price being $64 a share above the issue price, and the President intimates that future issues will be equally advantageous. The Union Bank in a new $3,000,000 issue does not hold out an equal bonus inducement, but the stock of this bank has risen in the past few months at a rapid rate. As in the case of the Royal, this bank is advancing into the foreign field of trade, and announces a subsidiary corporation designed primarily to develop trade with the far East, with offices in Yokohama, and other Eastern centres. Writing of the proven stability of the Canadian banking system, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor says: "The system as it stands is, without doubt, adequate to meet any possible demands arising during the reconstruction period and for years thereafter." Indeed the centralized, branch system of Canada is fast becoming the desire of many financiers of the United States, who recognize increasing elements of weakness in the de-centralized system of that country, with its five thousand and more separate institutions. The international aspect of Canadian banks holds forth infinite possibilities and will create a new interest among investers.

The other day I was talking to the head of a leading banking and brokerage house in Montreal about the listing of Victory bonds on the Exchange, where in the main they had met with strong support. He remarked: "One

Continued on page 80

The invitation given to readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *to avail themselves of any information at the disposal of the writer in regard to investments they have made, or are contemplating, is being acted upon. Before me from the same postal delivery are inquiries from a town in Ontario, and New York City, one dealing both with a department store stock and a coal mining proposition, the other with a gold mine. All inquiries are answered personally, and are treated as confidential. These should be addressed to the editor of this department of 128 Bleury Street, Montreal.*

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. Costain, Editor

Volume XXXII. FEBRUARY, 1919 Number 2

WANTED—A NATIONAL POLICY

By SIR GEORGE BURY

Formerly Vice-President of the C.P.R.

THREE things in my railroad experience come to my mind in these days when "reconstruction" policies are the talk of every smoking room.

The first of these is the story of a wealthy old lumberman who was seized with a fancy to build a line of railway through his timber limits. He was not—I may say at once—Mr. J. R. Booth. He declined to have an expert survey made by a railroad engineer, but built the road after his own fancy and with no particular destination in mind. His steel arrived finally in a blind valley from which there was no escape, and his railway died, like one of the Babes in the Wood. I may add that the old gentleman made a fortune, but not from his railroad. It failed because it had not been planned properly or rather because it had not been planned at all; and what makes one think of it now is the apparent lack of any plan—even a tentative plan—for the building of the Dominion of Canada. We are going somewhere—but where? Speech-makers assure us we have "a glorious destiny," but what is it? The country seems to be full of phrase-making and cloud-snatching, but to be devoid of *direction!*

Say, if you will, that nations are matters of growth, of evolution, of slow development. Point, if you like to the European nations, some (one of them at least) like bright diamonds coined by the terrific heat and pressure of European political history. But Canada, which was an arbitrary grouping of diversified and often hostile interests under the paper seals of Confederation, is essentially an artificially-created country—not a normal, unconscious growth or evolution. And Canada must be forwarded toward its destiny by the abnormal and conscious labors of real nation-builders.

But what is that Destiny? And how can we know that the things we do are the right things unless we know the object of our nation building? We lack a plan and to my mind we need one, badly.

Sir George Bury

What Are Our Peace Terms?

WE send a representative to a Peace Conference. At that Conference agreements are to be made which will profoundly affect the life and the prosperity of every nation. Yet does Canada's representative know what Canada wants at that Conference? Or, what is more important, what Canada NEEDS? If the whole world rose up and said to that representative—or to Mr. Rowell or any other Cabinet Minister to-day: "Canada! We've decided that you are to have first say about everything and first choice of the best things the world affords. You have this one opportunity. Choose *now!*"—could he answer?

Could you?

Or I?

Or the Lord's Day Alliance of Ontario? Or the Trades and Labor Congress? Or the Grain Growers' Grain Company? I think not.

Other nations would not be quite so embarrassed. Australia, for example, has a pretty clear and level head when it comes to saying what she wants from her neighbors. She has definite notions about the Japanese and Chinese. She has fairly clear ideas about the United States and about the British Empire. When Australia speaks she speaks at least like one with a mind of her own, a consciousness of her ultimate interests and a clear desire to stand by those interests.

Or Great Britain? *She* knows what she needs and what she must have. A guarantee among other things of certain raw materials to maintain her industries! Control, among other matters, of certain naval bases! Such and such privileges in the Far East and in the Balkans!

France knows. Knows where she wants to sell her wines and where she must get coal and iron! How she must foster her silk industry! And how maintain her position in Africa!

The United States has even an American dream of an American destiny. A bit pompous perhaps. A trifle grandiloquent—arbiter of the rights of the weak, protector of the western hemisphere! She may not be as greatly concerned about raw materials as the older nations, but she is not one whit less eager about markets for her exports.

So with Germany, and even Bulgaria and Serbia. They have a consciousness of their destiny and their needs. But we have no such consciousness in Canada.

THE second item out of railroad work that has, I think, some interest at this time is what we call on all the railways of North America: the Boomer.

The Boomer is a railroad man who won't stay with his road—an itinerant railroader. Some of the best engineers, yard-masters, firemen, mechanics and telegraph operators, are "boomers." They have to be the best because only good men could rely upon finding employment wherever they choose to work. For example, Mr. Boomer Engineer takes a fancy to California, quits his job, gets a lift from one friendly conductor after another—the camaraderie of railroadom is marvellous—till he reaches some California railroad centre that suits his taste. He shows his union card, meets the foreman or superintendent, starts in and makes good!—the Boomer can usually make good.

But he will not stay long. Spring comes and some newspaper item makes him hungry to see the prairie again! Or to smell the Ontario northland. He quits and wanders north once more. Sometimes it is the poetic instinct of the wanderer that moves him. Sometimes it is debt—or domestic trouble—or melancholia. The Boomer is the hope and the despair of the railroad official.

And to my mind the Boomer—taking now the Boomer in any and all trades or walks of life—is the hope and the despair of Canada. If it were not for the wandering instinct, or for those other things which make men restless, Canada might never have had an immigrant. For that matter America might never have been discovered. If it were not for "boomers" in the trade of law, or medicine, or farming or butchering or paper-hanging, the prairie would never have flowered with sod huts, and Vancouver might never have had a Granville Street. The Boomer—I am still speaking in the wider sense of the word—gives to the place that knows him, things that the dull stay-at-home could never give it. The stupid man dare not be a Boomer. His hold on life is weak. He is not in demand. He finds his place and clutches it tight. It is the Boomer who dreams and dares and does!

But we must anchor the Boomer.

Consider the Canadian "Boomers" who heap up a few thousand dollars in the profession of law and then fly away to the south of England to spend it. Making their sons as nearly like Englishmen as they can. Sending them to English schools. Depriving the soil that really bore these sons of its first return—to wit, their labor and affection. Consider the brilliant member of the British Government whose whole fortune was won in this country—employing his brains on behalf of another community when Canada is so much in need of statesmanship. One of the most terrible items of export from the Dominion of Canada, an item not recorded in the reports of the Department of Trade and Commerce, is the hundreds of Canadian young men, trained in Canadian Universities, aided by the Canadian tax-payer, who are now working in foreign countries.

We must anchor Canadians in Canada. If we did that I think you would see then more interest being taken in a "plan" for Canada's destiny. We must make men see that they are not living just for themselves, but for their children, and not for to-day only, but for generations. That is your good English family point of view—or Scotch, Irish, French or Italian for that matter. The man of the moment, however brilliant, is not so necessary as the citizen with a stake by which he intends to stand. We cannot evolve plans for Canada or a Canadian consciousness without anchoring the "Boomer."

PERHAPS in that connection the story of a certain district on the Canadian Pacific Railway may be of interest. It is a district of which I myself was once General Superintendent—one of the hardest, I should almost say, of any railroad district in North America.

Continued on page 70

More About GERMANY FROM WITHIN

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

I had never seen a Bolshevik before, but I knew at sight that he must be one.

TWO years ago as my readers will remember, but of course they don't, I made a secret visit to Germany during the height of the war. It was obviously quite impossible at that time to disclose the means whereby I made my way across the frontier, I therefore adopted the familiar literary device of professing to have been transported to Germany in a dream. In that state I was supposed to be conducted about the country by my friend Count Boob von Boobenstein, whom I had known years before as a waiter in Toronto, to see GERMANY FROM WITHIN, and to report upon it in the Allied press.

What I wrote attracted some attention. So the German Government feeling, perhaps, that the prestige of their own spy system was at stake, published a white paper, or a green paper, I forget which, in denial of all my adventures and disclosures. In this they proved (1) that all entry into Germany by dreams had been expressly forbidden of the High General Command; (2) that astral bodies were prohibited and (3) that nobody else but the Kaiser was allowed to have visions. They claimed therefore (1) that my article was a fabrication and (2) that for all they knew it was humorous. There the matter ended until it can be taken up at the General Peace Table.

But as soon as I heard that the People's Revolution had taken place in Berlin I determined to make a second visit.

THIS time I had no difficulty about the frontier whatever. I simply put on the costume of a British admiral and walked in.

"Three cheers for the British Navy," said the first official whom I met. He threw his hat in the air and the peasants standing about raised a cheer. It was my first view of the marvellous adaptability of this great people.

I noticed that many of them were wearing little buttons with pictures of Jellicoe and Beatty.

At my own request I was conducted at once to the nearest railway station.

"So your Excellency wishes to go to Berlin?" said the stationmaster.

"Yes," I replied, "I want to see something of the People's Revolution."

The stationmaster looked at his watch.

"That Revolution is over," he said.

"Too bad!" I exclaimed.

"Not at all. A much better one is in progress, quite the best Revolution that we have had. It is called—Johann, hand me that proclamation of yesterday—the Workmen and Soldiers' Revolution.

"What's it about?" I asked.

"The basis of it," said the stationmaster, "or what we Germans call the Fundamental Ground Foundation, is universal love. They hanged all the leaders of the Old Revolution yesterday."

"When can I get a train?" I inquired.

"Your Excellence shall have a special train at once. Sir," he continued with a sudden burst of feeling, while a tear swelled in his eye. "The sight of your uniform calls forth all our gratitude. My three sons enlisted in our German Navy. For four years they have been at Kiel, comfortably fed, playing dominoes. They are now at home all safe and happy. Had your brave navy relaxed its vigilance for a moment these boys might have had to go out on the sea, as they had never done. Please God," concluded the good, old man, removing his hat a moment, "no German sailor now will ever have to go to sea."

I PASS over my journey to Berlin. Interesting and varied as were the scenes through which I passed they gave me but little light upon the true situation of the country: indeed I may say without exaggeration that they gave me as little, or even more so, as the press reports of our talented newspaper correspondents. The food situation seemed particularly perplexing. A well-to-do merchant from Bremen who travelled for some distance in my train assured me that there was plenty of food in Germany, except of course for the poor. Distress, he said, was confined entirely to these. Similarly a Prussian gentleman who looked very like a soldier but who assured me with some heat that he was a commercial traveller, told me the same thing. There were no cases of starvation, he said, except among the very poor.

The aspect of the people too, at the stations and in the towns we passed, puzzled me. There were no uniforms, no soldiers. But I was amazed at the number of commercial travellers, Lutheran ministers, photographers and so forth, and the odd resemblance they presented, in spite of their innocent costumes, to the arrogant and ubiquitous military officers whom I had observed on my former visit.

But I was too anxious to reach Berlin to pay much attention to the details of my jouney.

Even when I at last reached the capital, I arrived, as I had feared, too late.

"Your Excellence," said a courteous official at the railway station, to whom my naval uniform acted as a sufficient passport. "The Revolution of which you speak is over. Its leaders were arrested yesterday. But you shall not be disappointed. There is a better one. It is called the Comrades' Revolution of the Bolsheviks. The chief Executive was installed yesterday."

"Would it be possible for me to see him?" I asked.

"Nothing simpler, Excellency," he continued as a tear rose in his eye, "my four sons—"

"I know," I said, "your four sons are in the German Navy. It is enough. Can you take me to the Leader?"

"I can and will," said the official. "He is sitting now in the Free Palace of all the German People, once usurped by the Hohenzollern Tyrant. The doors are guarded by machine guns. But I can take you direct from here through a back way. Come."

We passed out from the station, across a street and through a maze of little stairways and passages into the heart of the great building that had been the offices of the Imperial Government.

"Enter this room. Do not knock," said my guide. "Good bye."

IN another moment I found myself face to face with the chief comrade of the Bolsheviks.

He gave a sudden start as he looked at me, but instantly collected himself.

He was sitting with his big boots up on the mahogany desk, a cigar at an edgeways angle in his mouth. His hair under his sheepskin cap was shaggy and his beard stubbly and unshaven. His dress was slovenly and there was a big knife in his belt. A revolver lay on the desk beside him. I had never seen a Bolshevik before but I knew at sight that he must be one.

"You say you were here in Berlin once before?" he questioned, and he added before I had time to answer: "When you speak don't call me 'Excellency' or 'Sereneness' or anything of that sort; just call me 'brother' or 'comrade.' This is the era of freedom. You're as good as I am, or nearly."

"Thank you," I said.

"Don't be so damn polite," he snarled. "No good comrade ever says thank you. So you were here in Berlin before?"

"Yes," I answered, "I was here in the interests of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, writing up *Germany from Within* in the middle of the war."

"The war, the war!" he murmured, in a sort of wail or whine. "Take notice, comrade, that I weep when I speak of it. If you write anything about me be sure to say that I cried when the war was mentioned We Germans have been so misjudged. When I think of the devastation of France and Belgium I weep."

He drew a greasy, red handkerchief from his pocket and began to sob. . . "and the loss of all the English merchant ships!"

"Oh, you needn't worry," I said, "It's all going to be paid for."

"Oh I hope so, I do hope so," said the Bolshevik chief. "What a regret it is to us Germans to think that unfortunately we are not able to help pay for it; but you English—you are so generous—how much we have admired your noble hearts—so kind, so generous to the vanquished. . . "

His voice had subsided into a sort of whine.

BUT at this moment there was a loud knocking at the door. The Bolshevik hastily wiped the tears from his face and put away his handkerchief.

"How do I look?" he asked, anxiously. "Not humane, I hope? Not soft?"

"Oh no," I said, "quite tough."

"That's good," he answered, "that's good. But am I tough *enough?*"

He hastily shoved his hands through his hair.

"Quick," he said, "hand me that piece of chewing tobacco. Now then. Come in!"

"I never see that uniform without it giving me the jumps," said Von Tirpitz.

The door swung open. A man in a costume, much like the leader's, swaggered into the room. He had a bundle of papers in his hands, and seemed to be some sort of military secretary.

"Ha! Comrade!" he said, with easy familiarity. "Here are the death warrants!"

"Death warrants!" said the Bolshevik. "Of the leaders of the late Revolution? Excellent! And a good bundle of them! One moment while I sign them."

He began rapidly signing the warrants, one after the other.

"Comrade," said the secretary in a surly tone, "you are not chewing tobacco!"

"Yes, I am, yes, I am," said the leader. "Or, at least, I was just going to."

He bit a huge piece out of his plug with what seemed to me an evident distaste and began to chew furiously.

"It is well," said the other. "Remember, comrade, that you are watched. It was reported last night to the Executive Committee of the Circle of the Brothers that you chewed no tobacco all day yesterday. Be warned, comrade. This is a free and independent republic. We will stand for no aristocratic nonsense. But whom have you here?" he added, breaking off in his speech, as if he noticed me for the first time. "What dog is this?"

"Hush," said the leader, "he is a representative of the Foreign press, a newspaper reporter."

"Your pardon," said the secretary. "I took you by your dress for a prince. A representative of the great and enlightened press of the Allies, I presume. How deeply we admire in Germany the press of England! Let me kiss you."

"Oh, don't trouble," I said. "It's not worth while."

"Say, at least, when you write to your paper, that I offered to kiss you, will you not?"

Meantime, the leader had finished signing the papers. The secretary took them and swung on his heels with something between a military bow and a drunken swagger. "Remember, comrade," he said in a threatening tone as he passed out, "you are watched."

The Bolshevik leader looked after him with something of a shudder.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, "while I go and get rid of this tobacco."

HE got up from his chair and walked away towards the door of an inner room. As he did so, there struck me something strangely familiar in his gait and figure. Conceal it as he might, there was still the stiff wooden movement of a Prussian general beneath his assumed swagger. The poise of his head still seemed to suggest the pointed helmet of the Prussian. I could without effort imagine a military cloak about his shoulders instead of his Bolshevik sheepskin.

Then, all in a moment, as he re-entered the room, I recalled exactly who he was.

"My friend," I said, reaching out my hand, "pardon me for not knowing you at once. I recognize you now. . . ."

"Hush," said the Bolshevik. "Don't speak! I never saw you in my life."

"Nonsense," I said. "I knew you years ago in Canada when you were disguised as a waiter. And you it was who conducted me through Germany two years ago when I made my war visit. You are no more a Bolshevik than I am. You are General Count Booh von Boobenstein."

The general sank down in his chair, his face pale beneath his plaster of rouge.

"Hush!" he said. "If they learn it, it is death."

"My dear Boob," I said, "not a word shall pass my lips."

The general grasped my hand. "The true spirit," he said. "The true English comradeship; how deeply we admire it in Germany!"

It was merely a further proof of German adaptability.

"I am sure you do," I answered. "But tell me, what is the meaning of all this? Why are you a Bolshevik?"

"We all are," said the Count, dropping his assumed rough voice, and speaking in a tone of quiet melancholy. "It's the only thing to be. But come," he added, getting up from his chair, "I took you once through Berlin in war time. Let me take you out again and show you Berlin under the Bolsheviks."

"I shall be only too happy," I said.

"I shall leave my pistols and knives here," said Boobenstein, "and if you will excuse me I shall change my costume a little. To appear as I am would excite too much enthusiasm. I shall walk out with you in the simple costume of a gentleman. It's a risky thing to do in Berlin but I'll chance it."

THE Count retired and presently returned, dressed in the quiet bell-shaped purple coat, the simple scarlet tie, the pea-green hat and the white spats that mark the German gentleman all the world over.

"Bless me, Count," I said. "You look just like Bernstorff."

"Hush," said the Count. "Don't mention him. He's here in Berlin."

"What's he doing?" I asked.

"He's a Bolshevik; one of our leaders; he's just been elected president of the Scavengers' Union. They say he's the very man for it. But come along and, by the way, when we get into the street talk English and only English. There's getting to be a prejudice here against German."

We passed out of the door and through the spacious corridors and down the stairways of the great building. All about were little groups of ferocious looking men, dressed like stage Russians, all chewing tobacco and redolent of alcohol.

"Who are all these people?" I said to the Count in a low voice.

"Bolsheviks," he whispered. "At least they aren't really. You see that group in the corner?"

"The ones with the long knives?" I said.

"Yes. They are, or at least they were, the orchestra of the Berlin Opera. They are now the Bolshevik Music Commission. They are here this morning to see about getting their second violinist hanged."

"Why not the first?" I asked.

"They had him hanged yesterday. Both cases are quite clear. The men undoubtedly favored the war: one, at least, of them openly spoke disparagement of President Wilson. But come along. Let me show you our new city."

We stepped out upon the street.

How completely it was changed from the Berlin that I had known!

MY attention was at once arrested by the new and glaring signboards at the shops and hotels and the streamers with mottoes suspended across the street. I realized as I read them the marvellous adaptability of the German people and their magnanimity towards their enemies. Conspicuous in huge lettering was HOTEL PRESIDENT WILSON, and close beside it CABARET QUEEN MARY: ENGLISH DANCING. The street itself, which I remembered as the Kaiserstrasse, was now renamed on huge sign boards THE AVENUE OF THE BRITISH NAVY. Not far off one noticed the RESTAURANT MARSHAL FOCH side by side with the ROOSEVELT SALOON and the BEER GARDEN GEORGE V.

But the change in the appearance and costume of the men who crowded the streets was even more notable. The uniforms and the pointed helmets of two years ago had vanished utterly. The men that one saw retained indeed their German stoutness, their flabby faces and their big spectacles. But they were now dressed for the most part in the costume of the Russian moujik, while some of them appeared in American wideawakes and Kentucky frock coats, or in English stovepipe hats and morning coats. A few of the stouter were in Highland costume.

"You are amazed," said Boobenstein as we stood a moment, looking at the motley crowd.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"One moment," said the Count. "I will first summon a taxi. It will be more convenient, to talk as we ride."

He whistled and there presently came lumbering to our side an ancient and decrepit vehicle which would have excited my laughter but for the seriousness of the Count's face. The top of the conveyance had evidently long since been torn off leaving only the frame; the copper fastenings had been removed; the tires were gone; the doors were altogether missing.

"Our new 1919 model," said the Count. "Observe the absence of the old-fashioned rubber tires, still used by the less progressive peoples. Our chemists found that riding on rubber was bad for the eye-sight. Note, too, the time saved by not having any doors."

"Admirable," I said.

WE seated ourselves in the crazy conveyance, the Count whispered to the chauffeur an address which my ear failed to catch and we started off at a lumbering pace along the street.

"And now tell me, Mr. Boobenstein," I said, "what does it all mean, the foreign signs and the strange costumes?"

"My dear sir," he replied, "it is merely a further proof of our German adaptability. Having failed to conquer the world by war we now propose to conquer it by the arts of peace. Those people, for example, that you see in Scotch costumes are members of our Highland Mission about to start for Scotland to carry to the Scotch the good news that the war is a thing of the past, that the German people forgive all wrongs and are prepared to offer a line of manufactured goods as per catalogue sample."

"Wonderful," I said.

"Is it not?" said Von Boobenstein. "We call it the *From Germany Out* movement. It is being organized in great detail by our *Step from Under* Committee. They claim that already four million German voters are pledged to forget the war and to forgive the Allies. All that we now ask is to be able to put our hands upon the villains who made this war, no matter how humble their station may be, and execute them after a fair trial, or possibly before."

Continued on page 65

THE BETTER HALF OF THE CABINET
Mrs Carvell
Mrs N W Rowell
Mrs A L Sifton
Mrs S C Mewburn
Mrs J A Calder
Mrs C J Doherty
Lady White
Lady Borden
Lady Kemp
Mrs Albert Sevigny
Madame P E Blondin
Mrs G D Robertson
Mrs Arthur Meighen
Mrs Martin Burrell
Lady Lougheed
Lady Foster
Mrs T A Crerar

Lend Me Your TITLE

By ONOTO WANTANNA

Author of "Me," "Marion," "A Japanese Nightingale," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*A few years ago a remarkable novel "Me" appeared anonymously, and much speculation followed as to the identity of the author. It is now possible to announce that it was the work of a well-known Canadian author, Onoto Wantanna. The story which follows is the first to appear in* MACLEAN'S *from the pen of this gifted writer.*

"I'll make the best Japanese gent you ever capped eyes on."

I—PROPOSAL

"KITTY! . . . . . Is it truly you!"

. . . . . .

"Go on, Hawley, without me. ——Er——no——I'll finish another time. Kitty, do you know I ——"

. . . . . .

"Why haven't I been around lately? Well. I like that, after the message you sent me by your mother."

. . . . . .

"What! You n——— I knew —— just fairly knew you weren't responsible for all that dashed snubbing. But when your mother said ———-"

. . . . . .

"Yes, that's true. But let's forget it. The main thing is you're here ——— we're here —— together! —— Alone at last! The first time in centuries."

. . . . . .

"Knew I was going to play to-day, and came on purpose! Listen to me, Kitty. *I love you.* I'm perfectly crazy about you. I ———"

. . . . . .

"I don't care who is watching us. It's none of their business."

. . . . . .

"Let him keep his eye on his ball. There! Served him right. Do you see where it landed? But, Kitty, I'm proposing to you, and here you are up to your old tricks again —— sidestepping the issue."

. . . . . .

"Oh, hang it all, I'm not such a *dashed* golf enthusiast that I'm going to watch a ball in the middle of the only proposal I ever made in my life. Oh, Kitty, will you—— What are you turning your head for?"

. . . . . .

"Overlapping grip! Why, of course, anyone can do it. I'll show you ——— What did you pull your hands away like that for? One would think I had burned you. Anyhow, the overlapping grip isn't practical for such little hands as yours. It'll strain your wrists. Don't try it. But I'm not going to talk about overlapping grips. I don't care anything about them —— or anything connected with them."

. . . . . .

"Now, look here, Kitty, this is the first chance I've had to see you alone for ages. Listen to me like a good girl. Look at me like an angel."

. . . . . .

"I don't think so. He tee-ed it up too high. He'll not make —— but Kitty, for the love of Mike, turn your back on that blank tee. Look at me, won't you? Will you ——— Kitty! My God You don't mean ——— n———"

II—REJECTION

"DICK, I'd love to marry you, indeed I would. Don't! Don't! ——— Richard Bradley, if you don't let go my ——— Now listen to me, and don't interrupt."

. . . . . .

"I'm not a flirt, you know that as well as I do, and I'm giving you an answer right out of my heart."

. . . . . .

"Well, if you won't hear me out, I'm going to finish the course. That's right. Now, keep there, and don't interrupt. Dick, I would marry you if I could. Oh, *don't* bounce up like that. Just see how you made that man pull, so his ball is away to that side. I wish this bench wasn't so near the tee."

"No —— not the woods. I prefer to speak right here."

"I can't, Dick! I can't! I wish I could."

. . . . . .

"Oh, there's a reason —— a very big one indeed. I c—can hardly tell it to you, but when I do, even you, dear old Dick, will see that we aren't for each other."

. . . . . .

"I'm n—not crying! Well, you may hold it then —— under the clubs; but you're not to come an inch nearer. Oh Dick, you're so *poor!* Mother says we'd starve on your income, and just think what a large family we have, and the boys starting in to college and ———"

. . . . . .

"That's just it! You see, if I married you, you'd have to support us all—eight of us, besides Mamma."

. . . . . .

"Rich? We? Oh Dick, so we seem, so we are in fact, but there's a horrible string to it all. That's why I can't marry you."

. . . . . .

"No, I can't! I *can't*, I say. You promised not to interrupt. Do you remember Uncle Dan Fisher?"

. . . . . .

"Yes, it's his money we're living on in such grand style."

. . . . . .

"Y—yes —— n—no —— yes ——— at least, no, he *didn't* exactly leave us his money. Give me a chance to explain. Do you remember how perfectly crazy he always was on the subject of titles?"

. . . . . .

"But it *has* got something to do with this—everything, in fact. Dick, I can't talk if you are going to put your arm there ———. Oh! Oh! Those horrid little caddies saw you. There, they've told that man. Kick his ball into the brook. He sent it over here *on purpose*. That woman with him comes here just to take her fat down. Isn't it absurd to wear a narrow skirt on the links! Keep still!"

. . . . . .

"No, not here! I think you —— er —— sent it off there. It sliced off in *that* direction —— just about five feet from where you drove."

. . . . . .

"Not at all! ——— Did you see his face? *She* could have bitten me!"

. . . . . .

"Yes, I'm coming to it. Where was I up to?"

. . . . . .

"Yes, titles. Well, when Uncle Dan was a cattleman out West, the Englishman who was his partner and had roughed it with him and been through all sorts of hardships with Uncle Dan turned out after all to be a real 'ginooine' Lord! Uncle Dan went over with him to England to help him claim the title—and he got it too, after all sorts of legal trouble."

. . . . . .

"Yes, yes, don't be so impatient, Dick. Well, from that time on Uncle Dan became simply crazy on the subject of titles, and indeed Mamma's almost as bad."

. . . . . .

"Oh yes, they are good Canadians, but the Englishman proposed to Mamma before Papa did, and in Uncle Dan's case it was a monomania—an obsession with him. So much so that when he died, leaving an estate of ten million, he left it all to me ———"

. . . . . .

"Yes, indeed, I'm Uncle Dan's sole heiress, under certain conditions. Why Dick, how white you look. ——— Wh-why you've let go my hand."

. . . . . .

"Did I? I th—thought I said not to, while those people were looking. Oh Dick, I can't marry you, I'll lose all the money if I do!"

. . . . . .

"Oh! Oh! Glad! Prefer me penniless! But what of the others? Not only I —— but my eight little brothers and sisters. And you wouldn't want to see all that money, that Uncle Dan worked so hard to make, go to found a home for Destitute and Indigent Men of Titles, would you?"

. . . . . .

"Y—yes, that's exactly what he's done in his will. We're to have the income only till I reach the age of twenty-one, and then, *unless I marry a man of title*, it is all to revert to that horried home for Destitute and Indigent Men of Title!"

. . . . . .

"Your ten thousand? Oh Dicky, you are the loveliest, dearest, most generous boy on the face of the whole globe; but I couldn't —— *we* couldn't do it. Don't you see, I've got to think of the others too, and of Mamma?"

. . . . . .

"But I can't. I've given Mamma my word of honor. Yes, it's come to that —— a matter of honor now."

. . . . . .

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick, how *can* I?"

. . . . . .

"Why, it's wicked to talk in that way."

. . . . . .

"No, there is no hope. I —— I'm sorry, Dick. Forgive me ——— I never thought you'd ever t—turn your back on *me!* Please —— p—please sh—shake hands with me anyhow, j—just to show you don't h—hate me!"

. . . . . .

"Yes, I know you don't."

. . . . . .

"Yes, I agree with you. Let us go then. It's getting late anyhow. No, you drive first. I'm always nervous when anyone drives after me ——— Oh! wh—what a long, long drive! I—I—I'll be miles behind you, Dick. Please don't wait for me I'd rather drive ———"

. . . . . .

"Oh, very well then. ——— There, I've sent it right into the bush."

. . . . . .

"I don't *want* you to. I *told* you to drive first on purpose. I—I put my ball — th—there on purpose. Don't you understand? This is —— good-bye! ——— Dick! Dick! Oh, he's *running* after his ball! Dick! ——— I—I am g—going after mine now. No one will see me there, and I've *g—got* to cry, or I shall—die!"

III—A MAN OF TITLE

"WHAT do you call this, huh?"

"S-s-s-s-s-s——— Thas honorable pancake roll wiz jelly on honorable insides."

"Take it away."

"Yaes sir. Ss-s-s———aexcuse. Ss-s———"

"Well, what's the matter? What are you hissing about now?"

"S-s-s-s-s-s——— You god a pain on those honorable haed!"

"Well, rather. I made a night of it, Taku."

"Also ad you honorable insides?"

"If you mention the word 'insides' I'll ———"

"How you lig' piece of honorable pie ———!"

"Pie! . . . . Hang it all, Taku, I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm a blanked pig! Here you've gone on serving me with the faithfulness of a slave now for the past six months, with just this sort of thankless thanks a reward."

"S-s-s-s-s-s——— At one hundred dollars each end per month."

"One hundred dollars! What's that? Why, one can't live on ten thousand a year in this country. A girl told me that yesterday, Taku."

"Ad Japan, one hundred dollar lots moaney. Many —— exalted Prince not have so moach moaney!"

"Well, I'd rather have less than one hundred cents and be the exalted Prince all the same!"

"Ss-s-s-s-s— Yaes. Aexcuse. Sertinly. All Canadians admire those Prince —— yaes?"

"No, none of them do. You bet we don't. That is — well, some fools do, Taku. Now, my case for instance. If I were a Prince or even a dinky little Baron, I'd not be sitting here barking at you and throwing cups at your good old head. No! I'd be in clover, Taku —— with the girl I love!"

"Ss-s-s-s-s-s——— She — those girl you loave, loave also those title? Aexcuse!"

"She's got to, Taku. She's got to marry one within six months. It's a cruel, cursed shame, a damned outrage perpetrated by a shortsighted, pigheaded, blind old title worshipper. Just think, Taku, in six months some stuttering, stammering sprig of alleged nobility will be marrying my girl ——— when she really cares for me —— too!"

"Ss-s-s-s-s——— aexcuse. Why you don't mek marry wiz her?"

"I thought I told you why. I'm nothing but a commonplace, everyday, plain Canadian. I couldn't have a title even if I earned it."

"Aexcuse! Ss-s-s-s-s——— Too bad! Too bad! Aexcuse! Title velly common ad Japan. Me? I am got those title!"

"You! Do you mean to tell me that *you* —— even you —— old Taku! are a man of title?"

"Ss-s-s-s——— aexcuse. Yaes. Me got mebbe one tousan' grade ancestor ad Japan."

"Good Heaven! Then what are you working here for as a valet and butler?"

"Ole family ad Japan vaery poor sinze Restoration. We *got* worg, else we starve. Some those family mek defy ad Mikado one time. They mek fight for Shogun. So-o-o, now —— they velly poor. God nudding. Got worg. Ss-s-s-s ———No worg degrade—ad some udder country! Plenty moaney ad those America. One hundred dollar each end per month —— thas lots moaney ad Japan. Tangs. Aexcuse. Ss-s-s-s-s-s—— By'n by mebbe got lots moaney ad those bank. Tangs, Misterer Bladley."

"Well, and what is your real name then — and title?"

"Aexcuse. Ss-s-s-s-s———"

"Quit kowtowing. It isn't becoming in a man of title. What's your name, Taku?"

"Ss-s-s-s-s-s——— Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"For the love of ——— That'll do. What do they call you?"

"Count Ichi."

"Well, this beats the devil. Just to think, while I've been fairly eaten up with desire for even the smallest sniff of a title, you —— my valet and butler—have a great long handle to your name like that. Lord, I wish I were you, Taku!"

"Tangs. Yaes! Ss-s-s-s-s——— aexcuse. Much 'bliged."

"*I* know what I'd do if I had your title. I'd be uptown inside of two minutes, ringing at No. 8910 Fountain Drive, and two minutes after I'd —— Oh, what's the use? What's the use? Hell! What's the use. Instead of drivelling here, I'd better be heaving myself over into some watery grave. Suicidal instinct doesn't mean insanity at all, Taku. The alienists are dead wrong. I never saw a chap yet who'd been turned down by his best girl, who didn't feel like jumping off the face of the globe. Stop your kowtowing."

"Ss-s-s-s——— Mr. Bladley — aexcuse. I lig' do you those favor. Much 'bliged. What I kin do?"

"Quit kowtowing and hissing. Let my head alone, Taku. I can hold it myself. I want to think a minute. I want to figure some way out of this tangle."

"Ss-s-s-s——— aexcuse. Thas too bad! I velly solly you not got those title. Me? I nod care 'bout those title. Thas no good unto me."

"Count Dum-te-dumtedum-te-dum de Ichijo! I wonder ——— By Jove! By Jehoshephat! By Jerusalem! By——— No, I'm not going crazy. I'm just holding my head to prevent it whirling off. Count Dum-te——— Why not? All's fair in love and ——— Why not? Why not? Why not? Taku! You're an archangel sent down from the highest heavens. Now look here. You think one hundred dollar each end per month a lot, eh? How about two? How about three, huh? Well, it's yours —— see —— for a loan!"

"Ss-s-s-s-s ——— aexcuse! S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s."

"Lend me your title, sabe! Don't explode. Don't explode! It's all right. There! There! You'll come to in a minute. Stop sputtering! There you are. How about it?"

"Ss-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s———"

"Exactly. Now remember, *you* can do it. You've got to turn me into a Jap, sabe."

"Ss-s-s-s-s-s———"

"It can be done. Take off this red mop of mine and dye it. No, that won't take the kink out. Clip it to scalp and get me a wig."

"Ss-s-s-s-s——— Aexcuse —— I got! Wait!"

"No, no —— not a queue. You know —— a wig. We'll get one made if it costs a thousand dollars —— one that comes nice and tight over the forehead. Get busy, Taku, and get my moustache off."

"Te-e-e-e-ee-ee-ee-ee———!"

"Stop your cackling. That's right. Can you fix my eyes? Clip the eyebrows off ——better shave 'em."

. . . . . .

"By Jove, but shaven eyebrows give an Oriental cast to one's face all right. What's that ———"

"Tee-ee-ee-ee-ee-e-e-e-e-e—!"

"Dry up. You can't work if you're going to cackle like that."

"Ss-s-s-s-s-s——— You mek nize Japanese gents. Te-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!"

"I'll make the best Japanese gent you ever capped eyes on. Stop your cackling. You haven't lied to me? That title's O.K.?"

"Before the gods, Misterer Bladley. You ride unto those Consul. He tellin' you."

"Got any ancestral estates?"

"Ss-s-s-s——— Honorable Shiro (mansion) four hundled year ole ad Echizen."

"Fine. Anyone living there now?"

"Jos' honorable rats, an' bats. Tas all. He got no roof, Misterer."

"Hm! That's pleasant. Got a Jap dictionary? No, wait a bit. We'll go into that later. Good Heaven! You're not making of me a Jap, but a baboon! What on earth is that evil-smelling varnish you're rubbing on my face now?"

"Tee-ee-e-e-e—! S-s-s-s——— Thad mek you nize an' lellow. Aexcuse. Te-e-e-e-e! Now you loog lig' unto me!"

"Don't flatter yourself! By Jove, I do look the limit all right. It's that bald pate gives the nightmare look. You hustle out and get the wig. Go to ——— Here, I'll get the address out of the telephone book. Write it down for you . . . . . There you are. They make a specialty of these things. Run along, I want a few hours to study Japanese in."

IV—A LESSON IN JAPANESE

"ALL I want is a string of Japanese words that are easy to pronounce to spring at them on occasions. You stand there and listen. And stop your cackling. How's this:

"Hi, fu, mi, yo, if, na, ya, ko!"

"Stop your teeheeing. Now we'll have a bit of rehearsal. Say, I can't bow like that. How's this? Now! You're supposed to be Mrs. Collins. I'll speak for you. Mrs. Collins: 'How are you, dearest Count Ichi?' Count Ichi: 'Hi, fu, mi, yo.' In other words: one, two, three, four. Spoken expressively, Taku, with deep salaams, and with that charming and characteristic Japanese indrawing of breath and hissing expulsion of same, which this honorable Japanese history tells me always accompanies every remark of a cultivated Japanese, and as I have had ocular evidence in you."

. . . . . .

"Exactly. You see, I've been watching you pretty closely lately. I've even got your giggle. Listen: Te-ee-ee-e-e-e-e—! Ss-s-s-s——— You'll crack your face if you don't look out, Taku. What's there so funny about it?"

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"Listen to me, like a good girl."

SATURDAY'S CHILD

By MARY E. LOWREY

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

I AM beginning with Miss Fothergill because, while she is not the heroine, she happens to come first in the story.

Of all the girls in Dean College, Miss Fothergill possessed perhaps the largest proportion of what a well-known playwright describes as "that dem' charm." Tradition holds that she averaged two proposals a week during the academic year, but in matters of this sort tradition is usually inclined to be generous. Also that she had only to assume one of a dozen becoming attitudes and regard her victim with an indifferent yet somehow provocative eye and the mischief was done—*facilis descensus Averni.* It is certain that any one of her affairs, successfully launched, proceeded to its climax with a speed and smoothness which caused girls whose gifts lay in other directions to regard her with a wonder that was little short of superstition. There were those who claimed that to accomplish all this Miss Fothergill depended solely upon her undeniable looks; being, in fact, so beautiful that she didn't find it necessary to be entertaining or sympathetic or even good-natured. But this scarcely seems likely, for certainly the average young man will not remain content indefinitely with the contemplation of his mistress' eyebrow, and plenty of average young men took a great deal of pleasure at various times in Miss Fothergill's society. No, it must have been something more,—an extraordinary *flair* for romantic entanglements; a sort of rare acquisitiveness where men were concerned that did not depend entirely on mere pulchritude. Take the case of Charles Clark Williams.

Charles fell into the basilisk toils one evening at the close of the Michaelmas term. It was on the night of the Senior Dance, and the night of the Senior Dance was the one night of the year when Dean College set itself resolutely to prove to the world that it was a democratic institution. Everyone came to the Senior Dance—the girls who came to college exclusively for the sake of education and the ones who came exclusively for the sake of co-education; the serious young men who usually spent their evenings reading Catullus in small back bedrooms, and the splendid idlers who never dreamt of reading Catullus until the second last week of the term. Everyone came and there was a great deal of crowding on staircases and jostling in corridors and confused conversation and good-natured discomfort.

CHARLES was a senior at this time; a large, pleasant young man of twenty-two, with the sort of manners that established him at once with older people and an air of engaging shyness that was nothing less than a social endowment. On this occasion someone, bent upon upholding the democratic tradition of Dean, had seized upon him early in the evening and had introduced him to a large number of the socially obscure girls who emerged from their academic retreat once only during the year and who persuaded themselves that they were quite content just to sit and look on. And Charles accepted this disposition of his evening with his usual amiability until, happening to glance across the room, he caught, for the flicker of an eyelid, the indifferent glance of Miss Fothergill, who had just come in.

The glance, while indifferent, held a hint of invitation, a faint significance. It was at once casual and compelling—an unreadable glance. Unreadable, that is, to Charles, who was only twenty-two, and had no means of knowing that behind it Miss Fothergill, quietly vigilant, had marked him for her own. Hastily rescuing his programme he made his way across the room and in five minutes had secured an introduction and the only remaining number on her card.

It was the fifth number, but when it came they did not dance. Under the staircase was a retreat, dimly lighted, lavishly cushioned, and thither Miss Fothergill led him in. And there she seated herself, crossed her silken ankles (this was in the remote period when the majority of girls went to parties unostentatiously shod in lisle), rested her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand and regarded him with an eye that was indifferent yet distinctly provocative.

Charles was enchanted. From the far-away world outside came the faint sweet stirrings of the orchestra, harp, violin and bassoon engaged in heavenly harmony; came also the hum of gay voices and the pleasant sliding of feet along the polished floor; came later—much later—"Ham" Allan, justly incensed, to claim Miss Fothergill.

"Two dances and an intermission!" said Ham indignantly, "I don't see what they see in you, Charlie."

HAM bore the lady away and Charles stepped blinking into the outer world. Not until then did it occur to him that he had in the meantime defrauded some other girl of a dance. On consulting his card he discovered the other girl to be a Mary Brown. And as he did not know Mary Brown, he had noted after her name, for her future identification: "Dark brown dress, beads."

He did now what a wiser man would not have done—set out conscientiously to "make things right" with Mary Brown. And he had no difficulty in finding her, for in all that gay assembly she was the only person wearing either a dark-brown dress or beads. She was discovered to be a quiet little thing of the type that is invariably described by other girls as "not *pretty* exactly" and she had a manner that was shyer than Charles' own.

"I don't want anything to eat," he said. "I just came to talk to you."

The natural result of his making things right was that Mary Brown was strengthened in the conviction that had been growing upon her all evening: viz., that she was a social and sartorial impossibility, and that she had better go home and devote herself exclusively hereafter to the study of English and Political Economy (with Classic Option). She faced him, however, smiling brightly and steadily above the confusion of his apologies; and then went back to her boarding-house and cried herself to sleep.

THIS was the beginning of Charles' enslavement. From that moment he had eyes for no other than Miss Fothergill. It was the real thing, he told himself. It was love at first sight; the passport to all the glory and romance that life would ever hold, absolutely non-transferrable and no stop-overs. But while pleasurably exciting it was not an entirely satisfactory affair. For, if he was unhappy when he was away from her, he was often acutely uncomfortable when he was with her. And this was because—curious affliction in a lover—he never could find anything to say to her.

I do not want you to think of Charles as a dull person. He was indeed more than ordinary full of enthusiasm and pleasant spirits. But in Miss Fothergill's presence he was no better than a pricked balloon. He was self-conscious and inarticulate. When he meant to be funny he was ponderous and when he meant to be serious he was sometimes rather funny. His mind worked backward or it did not work at all, and he could no more control its involuntary mechanism than he could the process of his own digestion.

Miss Fothergill in the meantime, while regarding him with a total lack of interest, did not altogether discourage him; for Charles was recognized as a "nice young man" and there are plenty of uses for nice young men besides marrying them. As for Charles, he had a romantic conviction that her indifference was no more than a high hedge that stood between the sleeping princess and the world; the enchanted princess who would wake some day to life and warmth with the releasing kiss. In pursuance of this theory, and in a spirit of pure investigation, he did kiss her one evening shortly after they became acquainted, and then stood back and watched expectantly to see her flush to life. But the experiment had proved disappointing after all; Miss Fothergill merely withdrawing herself at once and remarking dispassionately that of course if he were going to start that *sort* of thing....

WHEN he was away from her he got along on the whole very much better. For then his fancy transformed her into a being possessing the most extraordinary qualities of heart and imagination; a hypothetical lady whom he had evolved out of his own inner consciousness and to whom he wrote letters so unlike the Charles she knew that Miss Fothergill was convinced that he had them out of a book. She did not understand him in the least, and he never succeeded in pleasing her. When his letters came they annoyed her because they were not like himself; and when he appeared himself she was frequently disappointed because he was not more like his letters.

Charles in the meantime continued to cling doggedly to the ideal he had created, and was constantly grieved and surprised because his Galatea refused to take on life. The affair was the most famous of the college year, and was spoken of long after they had both left Dean, which they did that spring; Charles graduating in June, and Miss Fothergill dropping out very quietly at the end for reasons best known to the examining board.

After that their paths began to diverge a little, Charles going on a newspaper which absorbed all his days and most of his nights, and Miss Fothergill travelling her tranquil way with an eye single to Society. He continued to see her as frequently as possible, but little by little he was finding the glory of his romance beginning to fade. And already he had begun, sub-consciously, to suspect the real reason that he could find so little to talk to her about. Namely, that Nature, that admirable fairy godmother, while endowing Miss Fothergill lavishly with beauty, had sought to balance matters by limiting her mind.

It never occurred to him to lay the heart more or less definitely rejected by Miss Fothergill at the feet of a less captious young woman. And this was partly because her indifferences stirred some stubborn quality in his spirit, and partly because she had by this time become a habit with him. He argued that the affair, having proceeded so far, might well proceed a little farther. Crudely expressed, he had put a good deal of time on this girl, and it would be a pity to begin the expensive experiment over again.

It would seem, indeed, that romance was already dead in Charles' heart. He proposed to Miss Fothergill at frequent intervals (usually because he couldn't think of anything else to say to her), and Miss Fothergill, while placing no insurmountable barrier in the way of his declaring himself as often and as eloquently as he chose, always contrived, with a sort of masterly ambiguity, to cloud the issue so that the subject could be re-opened on a subsequent occasion. And while part of Charles rebelled against this humiliating state of affairs, part of him, of which he was only vaguely and fitfully aware as yet, drew a deep, quiet comfort from the fact that he was still his own man.

THIS was the situation one week of a flaming August, when, at the invitation of Miss Fothergill, he went to take his vacation at the Royal Pines, Sunset Harbor.

Sunset Harbor is the most exclusive resort in the northern lakes and Royal Pines its most expensive hotel. "Here," runs the prospectus, "you may find, on any summer day, one hundred and fifty happy people who, escaping from the blinding glare and breathless

heat of city life have found in this spot a place of refuge and enchantment."

Charles, setting forth to join himself to the hundred and fifty happy people, encountered at the station Ham Allan, who also wore a holiday air.

"Hello, Charlie," said Ham, "going to see Alice?"

It seemed that Charlie was. Was Ham?

"Uh-huh," said Ham, good-temperedly, "I'm going to marry Alice one of these days, Charlie. I'm getting tired of seeing you round."

They climbed aboard, found a seat and settled down together. And as the train swept them through the breathless country side toward Sunset Harbor, place of refuge and enchantment, they chatted in friendly fashion (for they were on excellent terms in spite of the long rivalry that existed between them) of many things; chiefly of the things that concerned Ham. Ham had acquired a large brokerage business and considerable success since leaving college and he thoroughly enjoyed talking about it.

"I always get what I go out after," he said contentedly. "Don't know how exactly. I'm like that, I guess."

There was a hearty egotism about Ham which no one ever thought of resenting. Charles listened interestedly and reflected in a detached and speculative manner that it was true; Ham always had acquired what he had gone out after. Only what he went out after was not invariably good for him. He had acquired all the best offices at college and had had to repeat his course. And since college he had acquired prosperity and was already beginning to exchange his ruddiness for floridity and his youth for girth. No doubt in the end he would acquire Miss Fothergill.... Being, nominally in love with Miss Fothergill himself Charles did not push the analogy any further (unless indeed, in that hidden and subsconscious part of his being to which I have somewhere else referred), but sat and listened good-naturedly, throwing in a monosyllable now and again, but lazily content, for the most part, to let his companion bear both ends of the conversation.

Arriving about ten o'clock that night, they parted at the hotel desk.

"Well, good luck, Charlie," said Ham with a grin.

"Good luck," Charles answered heartily and followed the boy to his room.

If, after travelling one hundred and fifty miles to see the lady of your affections, you can go to bed without so much as a glimpse of her and sleep very comfortably almost half way round the clock; and if on getting up in the morning you are able to order a breakfast beginning with oatmeal porridge and two fried eggs and extending over practically the whole range of the menu, then you may be sure that there is something the matter somewhere, the measure of true love being the degree to which it affects one's sleep and digestion.

Something of the sort occurred to Charles the following morning. He was very late in getting down to breakfast, though five minutes in advance of Miss Fothergill. And having had himself directed to her table, had just got as far in his order as the oatmeal porridge and the two fried eggs when she appeared.

"Hello, Alice," he said, looking up from the menu and returning to it immediately.

"Hello, Charles," replied Miss Fothergill without warmth. "When did you get here?"

"Last night," answered Charles, and added merely as a matter of habit: "Thought I'd run up and see when you were going to marry me."

Miss Fothergill regarded him with a complete lack of interest.

"If you're going to start being silly the very first thing!" she said.

"All right, we won't mention it," said Charles amiably. "It just happened to occur to me."

Miss Fothergill was stirred by a faint sense of annoyance. To tell the truth she sometimes thought that Charles bore his lot with a shade too much philosophy. She did not expect him to make a scene in a room full of strange people, but it seemed to her as though a little urgency at this point might not have gone beyond the limits of good taste. One expects the least impetuous of lovers to show signs of suppressed emotion at times, and Charles never did. He sat now quite unmoved, and his expression denoted nothing but a lively expectation of the oatmeal and the two fried eggs.

"I don't believe you're in love with me at all," she said with sudden sharpness.

Charles did not reply. It occurred to him at that moment that Miss Fothergill was not quite so beautiful as he had expected. He wondered whether it was because a little of the sharpness of her voice had crept into her eyes and about the corners of her mouth; or whether it was merely because she was wearing a hair net. He detested hair nets.

Very slowly, no larger at first than the palm of a man's hand, a doubt began to grow and spread across his mind.

MISS Fothergill divided her day meticulously into three parts. The mornings she devoted to Charles, the afternoons to Charles and Ham, and the evenings to Ham. And she introduced them both to a number of "awfully nice" girls of carefully reckoned attractive power.

Charles was made aware of this arrangement the morning after his arrival. After breakfast he and Miss Fothergill went sailing; and she was a very good sailor—much better than Charles, to whom she gave a great deal of very good advice, which he listened to politely and carefully avoided following. In the afternoon the three went round the golf course. But after dinner Miss Fothergill and Ham retired definitely to a far corner of the verandah and Charles was left to his own devices.

He wandered rather disconsolately down to the lake; wandered back to the hotel and into the big living-room, where he danced for awhile with two of the "nice girls" who happened to be there; wandered finally through one of the open French windows and down a path that wound away from the hotel through the thin starlit woods; a tiny path that did not appear to be going anywhere but kept on winding just the same.

It did go somewhere, however. Very abruptly he emerged at a little dock on the edge of the lake. And on the dock sat a girl in her bathing suit, washing her hair.

He had never seen a girl washing her hair before, and he stood and watched her interestedly. She rubbed it vigorously with soap and presently she began to grope about for the towel which lay at the other side of the dock. And, just as Charles was preparing to withdraw, he was halted by an unexpected voice.

"Would you mind finding my towel for me?" said the voice, "My eyes are full of soap."

He advanced and handed her the towel, and she thanked him and dried her eyes. Then she stood up, flung back her hair, and tipping her palms together above her head, disappeared into the water with scarcely a splash.

She emerged a dozen feet away.

"Please come back," said Charles pleadingly. "You haven't had a chance to see whether you like me or not."

She faced him, treading water.

"I like you very much," she said politely. "I can see you quite nicely from here."

HE went and sat down on the edge of the dock, swinging his feet just above the level of the water.

"Do you always come here to swim?" he asked, "all by yourself, 'at the moth hour of eve?'"

"'At the moth hour of eve,'" she repeated after him. And she had the pleasantest voice he had ever listened to—a voice that lingered continually on the edge of laughter. "That is very pretty, isn't it? Is there more of it?"

It seemed that there was more of it. He had always been a little ashamed of his fancy for poetry, but here apparently was someone who would not think any the less of him for it.

"And the moth hour went from the fields."

he quoted,

"And stars began to peep.
They slowly into millions grew,
The leaves stirred in the wind,
And God covered the world with shade.
And whispered to mankind" . . . .

She seemed to have forgotten him altogether. (But she hadn't, you may be sure). She lay floating quietly in the path of the moon, her eyes on the wide silent peace of the evening sky.

"Do you come here every night by yourself to swim by the light of the moon?" Charles went on patiently. "Please pay attention, the gentleman is asking you a question."

He could not see her face very clearly, but the faintly discernible curve of her cheek was reassuring.

"Every night," she answered dreamily, "'at the moth hour of eve.' And sometimes I float about on a strip of moonlight and watch the stars grow out of the sky—millions and millions of them—and sometimes I sit on the shore and improve my shining tail—you probably didn't observe that I have a tail; and sometimes strange young men come down and recite poetry to me—"

"You are trifling with me," said Charles with dignity, "when all I wanted to know was whether you are likely to be here every night at this time. Because if so," he went on, raising his voice as she began to move slowly downstream, "if so, I thought I might—"

"No," she said, looking back over her shoulder and shaking her head at him. "No, I think you'd better not."

"I'm coming back anyway," he replied, undiscouraged, "and if you aren't here to-morrow night I'll come the next night, and if you aren't here the next night I'll come the n—"

"Good-bye," she called softly. She had reached the bank a little farther down and she turned and waved a gay hand in farewell. The next moment she had vanished in the darkness.

Charles, twice abandoned, returned sadly to the hotel and went to bed.

IT must be admitted that Miss Fothergill's success with the admiring sex made her a little careless at times. And certainly her neglect of Charles at this time was a piece of gross mismanagement. The fact was that it never occurred to her to look upon him as a likely subject for romance. She had known him so long that she had grown to regard him with the confidence that usually comes after a protracted and uneventful period of matrimony. Indeed it was this quality of premature

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. . . while regarding him with a total lack of interest did not altogether discoursge him.

The CAMPAIGN AGAINST BRITAIN

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Hudson Bay Co.," etc.

PEACE was not one month old before many of us, who have given every moment of our time since the war began to combat and defeat German propaganda, became conscious of a subtle and subterraneous influence running insidiously under cover of innuendo and rumor, like the red line of a prairie fire ready to fan to flame on the first whiff of wind.

You could hardly call it German propaganda. It wasn't—at least, not in the open, but only by indirection. You heard it everywhere and saw evidence of it everywhere. Sometimes it masqueraded under the German catch-phrase—"Freedom of the Seas." "Was England to be permitted to continue her tyranny over the seas?" "Were the United States to be bluffed out of building a navy one whit less powerful than England?" Or else a huge head-line in some pro-Irish daily insinuating that England's "dog-in-the-manger policy was starving Europe because she prevented the surplus wheat of Australia and India reaching the starved nations of Europe." (It was a representative of the Australian Government who drew my attention to this gross and mischievous misrepresentation.)

Prominent Peace Makers—Marshal Foch, Premier Clemenceau of France, David Lloyd George, Premier Orlando of Italy and Baron Sonnino, Italian Foreign Secretary.

Now there is not a school child in any English-speaking nation who does not know that, since the war of 1812, the seas of the world have been as free as air to any ship, flying any flag, in any port, on any sea route. True, during this war, Great Britain established a blockade against Germany; and that blockade maintained by the British Navy really won the war. But, true also—and there isn't an American school boy who does not know it—that, during the Civil War, the North established a similar blockade against the South; and that blockade maintained by the North broke the power of the South.

Neither blockade has the slightest bearing on the Freedom of the Seas maintained by the British Navy for exactly a hundred years. Yet the phrase—Freedom of the Seas—invented by German propaganda during 1915, and put out in a book by an American professor paid by the Germans—is now being used as a red rag to inflame the Irish bull of hatred for the British.

The insidious campaign of lies could hardly be called German Propaganda; for the German paymasters were off the map. Yet it was distinctly anti-British; and it was anti-British at a stage in preparation for the Peace Conference, when if a wedge could be driven between the two great English-speaking races, all the good effects of victory in the war would be lost to the world.

Some Facts For Canadians

TO show you just exactly where all true Americans stand on this question, I purpose laying before Canadians some inside facts; and if after examining those facts and convincing themselves they are true, all Canadians—all Canadians without exception of a single political jingo—do not take the same stand with face of flint against any and all misunderstandings between the two great nations, then we may as well accept the inevitable that the good effects of the war will be lost to the world.

Within a few days of the evidence of this anti-British propaganda being under way, two very quiet luncheons were held in New York City, and in less than twenty minutes at one luncheon $35,000 was subscribed towards the two British Empire days. This luncheon, as far as I know, was attended exclusively by Americans; bankers, big labor leaders, civic authorities, employers. The two British Empire days—let us acknowledge facts; not what we want to be facts—were not an enthusiastic success. They were flat and a bit lame. Why? Because they were not backed by Englishmen and Canadians with the same enthusiasm that they were backed by Americans; and while Americans will go a full half way in a festival of friendship, they can't go *all* the way. They particularly can't go *all* the way during a Peace Conference, when certain loud and strident voices in their own country are screeching to High Heaven an anti-British propaganda. Within less than twenty-four hours from one of these luncheons, I left for Canada to see if we could not arrange an interchange of representative Americans to speak in Canada and representative Canadians to speak in the United States, in order to maintain crystal clear good understanding between the two countries.

If German propaganda no longer has a royal paymaster, whence comes this sinister, dangerous, subtle anti-British propaganda? And what is its object? And what influences are secretly engineering it?

I cannot answer these questions definitely. That is—I cannot answer them with facts established with the certainty of evidence in a court of law; but I can trace the currents that are running counter to good relations between Great Britain and the United States; and you can trace those currents back up to their turgid head waters for yourself; and when you have reached those turgid pools, I want you to recall the sayings of a Polish philosopher, whom the Germans claimed as a German, though he has put on record his hatred of all things German, especially all things Prussian. He said that dishonest people had a crafty trick of stirring up mud puddles to conceal the snakes in the bottom of the pool. The philosopher was Nietzsche, who hated Prussianism as His Satanic Majesty is reputed to hate Holy Water.

M. Venizelos, the Greek Statesman, who will be an important figure at the Peace Conference.

Whence comes this sinister, dangerous, subtle anti-British propaganda?

First, comes the Irish vote; and don't forget the late Mr. Parnell declared that the Irish-American politician was far more anti-British than the Irish-Irishman. He is anti-British for the most self-evident reasons. It elects him to power as a boss; and it provides him with an exhaustless purse of campaign funds that never reaches Ireland. When Jeremiah O'Leary, who is now under indictment by a Federal Grand Jury for his pro-German activities, was conducting a campaign early in 1915-16 against the Federal Reserve Banks to try to prevent the first big American Loan to the Allies, all under cover of the American Truth Society, I was asked by the Governor of one of the Federal Reserve Banks to drop casually into O'Leary's office and try to find his motive. O'Leary may have mistaken my name for German, as some other pro-Germans did on a very comical occasion, whereas the name is really a perversion of Loche—the people of the lakes in Scotland and Wales. Anyway, I found O'Leary in a Broadway office close to Veireck and Dernberg. There was, however, no visible connection; but when I asked O'Leary how the organization, established solely in the interests of Truth, then trying to prevent loans to the Allies, was financing itself, he opened his mouth and spread his feet wide apart and roared at me in the gentle accents of a bull, that it was solely sustained by voluntary contributions from loyal sons of Ireland; and he showed me a sheet of the contributions for that day, which totalled $50. The fact that the most of subscriptions were in $1 amounts identified the character of the poor gulls. The American Truth Society was doing a land boom business under the masquerade of anti-British.

The Case of Roger Casement

Or take the mass meetings to raise funds in the sacred name of the martyr, Sir Roger Casement. I knew exactly the brand of martyr Sir Roger Casement was. I knew why the Englishmen, who first signed a petition for the commutation of his sentence, afterwards withdrew their names from that petition. I was offered a *verbatim* reading of the documents, though I was warned I would need disinfection and fumigation after the reading. Mass meetings to collect funds in his name were coming on. I went to every single big editor of New York *likely to act* and begged them to expose the fake. They refused point blank, and for perfectly legitimate reasons. To make these charges without the documents to sustain them would only antagonize the Irish vote; and if the British Government would not give out the documents and stop the fake proceedings, why should American editors suffer loss for what the British Government would not do? I then prepared to issue an expurgated statement in a magazine, which I happened to be editing at the time, when the owner of that magazine, whose lawyer chanced to be the lawyer for certain Irish political leagues, came to me personally and asked the very same question—why should we do what the British Government was not doing? So the mass meetings for the martyr, Casement, went on. How much was raised in those meetings—I do not know. One Irish leader, furious at the dishonesty of the whole proceedings, told me not less than $275,000. The thing finally reached the proportions of such a scandal that

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THE MINX GOES *to the* FRONT

A Story of the Reconquered Districts of France

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Joint Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Princess Passes," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

I EXPLAINED our plight, and that we had come to beg "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine. If this were a hospital, perhaps the médécin major. . . ."

"But no, Monsieur," answered the man in blue. "This is the château of the English and American newspaper correspondents for the French front. They live here, in the companionship of two French officers, and a few servants including myself. Alas, all are away to-day, at—but I must not mention the place! All, that is, except Monsieur Hood, who stays to entertain the visiting American officers when they arrive to-morrow."

"Hood!" echoed Nancy—which was intelligent of her, as he had pronounced it "'Ood." "There's an American named Ellery Hood, who writes from France for the New York *Universe*. I've read his things."

"It is our Monsieur. He is Ellery 'Ood," said the soldier.

"And the American officers who're coming to visit to-morrow must be the lot we saw going into the Palace at Compiègne," Nancy added to me. Then, in her best French: "Will you tell Monsieur Ellery Hood that his compatriot, Miss Nancy Mix of Kentucky, and the son of the world-wide Mrs. Henry Wayne are calling upon him?"

As I wondered what Mother would think of the description, we were ushered in and shown into a pretty little reception room decorated with spoils of the chase. A minute later, and a tall, thin, brown young man in khaki bounded into the room, as excited as if we had been a battle to be reported. But it was not the world-wideness of Mrs. Henry Wayne which roused his emotion. It was the Kentuckiness of Miss Mix, and (when he had seen her in broad electric light) her Nanciness, which heated his blood.

He shook hands with her in a way to break her rings, with me to crack my finger-joints, and told us in good American that he hadn't been as pleased since he took mumps and had to miss school. Except from his brother correspondents, he hadn't heard the English language for months, and he was tired of their way of talking it. After this, for a few moments, there was a sort of firework competition of American slang; and out of it, on Hood's side, was forthcoming an invitation to dine and spend the night.

"The boys won't get back till day after to-morrow morning, even if they motor all to-morrow night, for things are pretty hot where they are—good copy!" he explained. "There's room and to spare here, and lots of food. By Jove, maybe the ladies'll help me entertain our American chaps (half a dozen officers), who're coming from Compiègne to dine to-morrow evening! That would be great for me—and for them! You see, the call for our boys to go didn't come till the invitation had been accepted, so the only thing was to let the guests turn up, and me do my best. I got a bit of shrapnel in my leg the last time I had a stunt to do, and the doc. made me stay at home, so I was on hand all right as host, you see. And the château's a show place. Everyone who blows along wants to have a look round, and we couldn't let the Americans get away from us. They've gone to Roye and Nesle and Ham and Coucy-le-Château to-day. To-morrow they'll be at Noyon till it's time to come here; and the two nights they spend at Compiègne."

(No wonder we had not been able to find rooms in the hotel! But I didn't grudge them to our new Allies).

"They'll go crazy to find ladies in the château to receive them," he went on. And Nancy, far from appearing to think that result deplorable, promptly accepted the invitation in Mother's name as well as her own.

"The boys" had taken the one big auto which the correspondents possessed, it seemed, but there was a little "sabot" that was used by the chef for marketing, and Mr. Hood would himself drive to the scene of the accident. He would rescue Mrs. Henry Wayne and Miss Whitley, and send later to Compiègne for the luggage. When the chauffeur had repaired our car, he could bring it to the château garage, and be ready to start out for our trip in the morning. But we must promise to return in time to grace the "party."

I rejoiced that there was no room for me in the "shoe." I preferred that it should be the brave war correspondent, rather than her son, who broke to Mrs. Henry Wayne the news that Nancy Mix had accepted an important invitation in her name.

There must have been something winning about the man, or something singularly tactful, for when Mother arrived, she was benign though moist. She had consented to "play hostess" for the officers, who would, she was convinced, prove to be members of her special American Public.

Her Sixth Step—Roye; Nesle; Ham; Jussy; Coucy-le-Chateau, Chauny: and the Castle of Dreams

AS with Silverhair in the House of the Three Bears, everything was to our liking in the castle of the absent correspondents, from the dinner to the beds. We started early next morning, with a rejuvenated car, and the adjurations of Ellery Hood to be back by seven p.m. Our guide had to be picked up at Noyon once more, but we went by a different way, and saw more trenches, more devastated villages and more ruined châteaux. The lately repaired road was crowded with artillery, coming to the "back of the front" for repairs, and "camouflaged" *camions* crowded with soldiers bound for a few days' repose.

After Noyon, the way had a sadness for which all we had read and all we had heard could not prepare our minds: the sadness of murdered trees.

Here and there we had seen them chopped down, brought to their knees, but not in legions; not wide orchards laid in waste, without the youngest sapling spared; not long lines of noble elms and poplars, which had shaded generations of travellers, hacked to pieces or blown to splinters with gunpowder. It was a sight, especially in the sweet summer time, to wring the heart. My eyes were wet, and I heard myself utter low cries of agony and rage. I had not known that I loved trees so dearly, so intimately, but I felt as if I had been led past the bodies of fair young women and little children, struck to death on some fête day, when they had been dancing in gala dress.

Deep in conversation with her was an American officer.

If the retreating Germans had cut down trees to block the roads behind them, and so delay the enemy, it would not have been so bad. But not a tree was found lying across the road, said our guide. Many had not even fallen when the French and English came, but were hacked so cruelly that they would have crashed down in the first storm. The one great consolation was that the older trees, which once had made long, shady avenues, were used to mend the roads; and so the Allied troops passed on in pursuit of the enemy with a dash that would have been impossible had not the trees helped in death, as they had pleased in life.

BETWEEN the murdered orchards, surrounded by waste-land which had been meadows, lay vague traces of vanished farms and hamlets wiped out of existence. So we came to Roye, which was of immense impressiveness in ruin. Once it had been a rich little town of four thousand souls, trading in sugar and grain, proud of its fine old church, St. Pierre, whose 16th century glass archaeologists came from afar to see. Now, it is one of those many Pompeiis which Germany has given France. The windows of St. Pierre—the few that are left—are eyeless sockets, that stare as from a gigantic skull. We got out of the car, and climbed a hill of stone, which once had been the church walls. Sliding and stumbling we crawled over masses of débris towards the high altar which alone remained untouched by fire and bombs. Standing on that height, we could see the dismantled organ, which had been famous. All the brass and metal had been torn off when the treasures of the church were stolen. German mines had blown up half the streets. We saw old men and women wandering desolately, as if uncertain where their own houses had stood. Nesle, where next we arrived, was in the same tragic state. Germans had done particularly brilliant work in sapping and mining there! The church of Nesle was built in the 12th century, and many years had gone to its furnishing and decoration. A few hours, a few Germans, a few pounds of dynamite had reduced it to a heap of shattered stones, in the enlightened 20th century. But the great drama of Nesle had been enacted in the burial ground.

In old days (all days before the war are old) it was a peaceful resting place for the earthly remains of peace-loving people. There were charming trees, and flowers, and some fine old family vaults, as well as many humbler graves carpeted with grass pinks and "pansies for thought." But the Germans came, and opened the vaults. What was worth taking, they took. The bodies they flung on the ground. Other bodies they dug up, to make place for German dead; and at their leisure they carved elaborate yet unconsciously grotesque monuments for their fallen officers. Then, by and by, the British appeared, and drove the "Huns" out of Nesle. When they found the cemetery littered with skeletons of French men and women and children, the Tommies were enraged. They could not be content with respectfully re-burying the scattered bones. They avenged the desecration by smashing the pretentious German monuments. They chopped off stone and plaster heads of fiercely mustached colonels and majors, but they left the graves of simple soldiers intact. By and by a famous French statesman visited Nesle, and the cemetery whose tragic drama had set Paris talking. Seeing the havoc wrought upon German officers' tombs, he shook his head, doubting the righteousness of such revenge.

"I am not sure that any wrong justified this," he said, "and I do not think our soft-hearted *poilus* could have done it. After all, friend or enemy, the dead are the dead!"

Then he was taken to a neighboring town, where the unearthed and despoiled French bodies still lay by their own grave-sides, or tumbled in heaps to make way for the Germans buried in their place. The blood of the statesman boiled in his veins at this sight. He saw red, and before the crimson cloud had time to fade, he had torn down thirty of the aggressors' tombstones with his own hands.

An old man walked with us through the graveyard, a very old man of Nesle. So long had he lived there, that when the houses of his native town were blown up or burnt down, still he could not tear himself away. He hid in the ruins. He dodged death a dozen times an hour during the days of destruction; he contrived to hide a gun and ammunition, "in case of the worst," when he would make the Boches pay high for his life if it came to the selling. Now, he haunts the ghost-town; a ghost among ghosts, the keys of his vanished house in his ragged pocket, waiting for "un de ces nobles américains" to adopt Nesle as they have adopted Noyon. Then the fallen stones will be removed from his cellar, and he will find the little bag of money he buried there—ah, no need yet to tell just where!

Meanwhile I saw Nancy Mix give him "something to go on with."

IN the historic little town of Ham, we lunched hastily in a hotel which the Germans had made their headquarters for months. The old landlady who had been forced to serve them served us, and poured out stories as she poured out wine. Oh yes, the Boches had made themselves comfortable at Ham! It was a pleasant place to stay, with the canal for their traffic, and the river Somme for their fishing. They boasted that when they chose to go, they would destroy the historic castle. At last the day came. If they were not precisely "anxious to go, the Allied armies were ready to make them." Notice was therefore given to the unfortunate town-dwellers: "Take two days' food and your families into the church. Stop there, on peril of your lives, till your *monument historique* has been blown up and ceased to exist. When the moment comes for you to leave your houses, the signal will be given. Be ready!"

So the people were ready, having learned the horrible lesson that it was wise to obey without argument, without even a sign of grief. They were ready for days and nights, never daring to take off their clothes lest the summons should be given while they slept, according to German humor. But their masters had thought of something even funnier than rousing them in the small hours for a march to the church. This was, to forget the signal. At two o'clock one night the great château of Ham was blown up, with an explosion which seemed to rend the world. Houses of the town cracked like eggshells, and many fell, burying whole families in this collapse.

WHEN we had listened for an hour to the landlady's tales, we were burning with interest to see what the Germans had left of the stout old castle, which centuries ago defied British onslaughts.

Never, at its best, could it have been more picturesque than now, and I told myself that more pilgrims will travel over land and sea to worship at the ruined shrine than ever came in the prime of its magnificence. Still the round tower or *donjon*, one hundred feet high and one hundred feet round, rears its majestic, pale rose bulk against the blue. The thick walls of the square built château (walls which, if they spoke, could tell tales of romantic or princely prisoners, from Jeanne d'Arc to Louis Napoleon) have fallen into astonishing picturesqueness of shape, as bits of broken glass in a kaleidoscope take new forms of surprising beauty. It seemed worth while to have journeyed from England to France just to see how the proud old Château of Ham bears itself in adversity; and I wondered if Louis Napoleon (who escaped from its dungeons, dressed as a mason) would feel now that he had got poetical justice for his six years of imprisonment.

On from Ham we spun to Jussy, only three or four miles behind the first line of the front. It was what our lieutenant called a "quiet day," but now and then the roar of cannons from one side or the other shook the earth, and the low horizon was dull grey, with a brooding cloud of smoke. There was nothing left of Jussy but vague heaps of stone where streets had existed, and the astonishing remains of what a few weeks before had been a huge sugar distillery, among the most important of France. The evil magician of war had touched it with his fiery wand, and left a wild whirlpool of twisted girders rising high against the sky in iron waves, or writhing like rust-red snakes over a pile of blackened bricks and nameless rubbish. But, though Jussy the town had been blotted out with all its industries, an extraordinary armed camp had sprung up on the outskirts of its ruin. This was indeed "the Front!" Even the German trenches on the other side of Noyon, with their dugouts and cupolas, had not given me the thrill of war that this place gave. Wherever there were not piles of cannon balls, there were cannon. I longed to caress their backs as if they had been a pack of hounds gathered round me. There were queer little mushroom buildings, with high board walks leading to them—to avoid the hideous white mud only just dried by the summer sun. Overhead floated two or three giant *saucisses*, observing the enemy lines; and when Miss Mix inadvertently called them *saucissins*, our guide laughed as if there were no war, and she had uttered the record witticism of the world.

I caught her hands . . . "Nancy, dear Nancy . . ."

JUSSY, he warned us, was under bombardment when the Germans turned their thoughts that way, but no obus had come for some days. Coucy-le-Château was another affair; and even Chauny was somewhat dangerous. We must choose whether or no we cared to risk a shell on the road to Coucy, and to be chased out of Chauny by the Taubes that flew over each afternoon to "catch" the military automobiles. As for him, it was all in the day's work. Shell-shock had kept him at the "back of the front" for months, but he was himself again, and would soon be taking his regiment over the top on the *Chemin des Dames*. Yesterday he had brought the American officers — splendid fellows, *gentils garçons!*—within fifty yards of Coucy-le-Château. Perhaps he would bring someone else to-morrow. What, then, was our decision? If we preferred safety, he'd take us at once up to the observation summer house, built by Prince Eitel Fritz to gaze at St. Quentin and at Soissons. Then we could run back to Noyon on our way home.

"Where those American boys went we *must* go, or be cowards!" decided Nancy. "I'm not afraid! Are you?"

The challenge was to Mother. Even with the whole British and American Public urging her to live for them and future generations, Mrs. Henry Wayne could not confess herself less brave than a Miss Mix of Kentucky.

"We will go," she said. "That is, if Lord John's chauffeur consents to risk himself and his master's car."

Fawcett asked nothing better. It made him feel, he said, as if he'd his two feet again. So we dashed on, to meet any adventure that might be waiting.

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THE FARMER *in* POLITICS

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "Why Laurier Will Wait," "The Power of the West," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

Prices are still soaring.

IS the farmer about to enter into his kingdom? Shall the hand that swings the cradle rule this Dominion? Is the horny-handed yeoman who earns his bread by the sweat of the hired man's brow about to make the Government bow the knee before him and manufacturers eat out of his hand? These are added entries to the long list of problems which politicians have to solve. They must be settled even before demobilization is accomplished or the foundations of reconstruction are laid. For, to work on the latter, the Union Government must live. And a mobilization of the farmer forces in the House of Commons for a frontal attack on the tariffs might so embarrass the powers that be that they would find it impossible to do anything except to get ready for a general election. That is, if the Laurier Opposition are prepared to throw in with the men from the farms and prairies who are demanding free trade in no undecided way. And in this connection it is always well to remember that the Laurier Opposition always did profess free trade, even when it practised high tariff.

Be that as it may, anyone with half an eye can see that this recent tour of the West by the Unionized Cabinet Ministers has thrown a farmer scare into a Government that has frequently been accused of being capitalistic in its tendencies. Some well-informed people even insist that a compromise has been reached between the powers at Ottawa and the farmers of the West; that the long waited for free agricultural implements are to come in over the border in return for the support that will enable Sir Robert Borden and his henchmen to continue the work of bringing home the boys, putting the war industries on a peace basis, and incidentally spending that $686,000,000, minus commissions, that the Victory Loan brought into the Dominion treasury.

You may have noticed that a little over a month ago the apparently suspended animation of the Cabinet came back with a rush. General Mewburn appeared in Toronto with a speech that told of Canada's great work in the war and even ventured on some hazy outlines of demobilization policy. Sir Thomas White also jumped into the spotlight with a fairly well camouflaged reconstruction statement; while Hon. Wesley Rowell, to make sure the plain people would not think he was sulking in his tent because he did not get to the Peace Conference, hopped down to his constituency and did a partial defence of the Murphy charges of last session. That was the beginning of a flood of publicity which would lead the public to believe that the Union Government is at last a well-oiled machine that hums with a new harmony, nor pauses to ask whether the sun or the street lamps furnish the light without. Also, about the same time, the cries that the next session would see the finish of Canada's great War Time Cabinet commenced to die away. And in their place came subdued whispers which gradually formulated as follows:

(1) The War Times Election Act will not be repeated for the present at least.

(2) The duty on farm implements will disappear in the first step towards bringing about a better feeling between the farmer and his ancient enemy, the manufacturer.

(3) Some agreement has been reached to secure the farmer against any sudden shrinkage in the value of wheat.

Security for Another Session

THESE slight concessions will secure to the Union Government security through probably another session at the cost of silence. The Ginger group will howl their heads off at the raid on the first line of protective defences. But what matters a little noise? Said Ginger group will never vote Laurier into power, even if the latter could be persuaded to alienate the West by voting against something he has sometimes promised even if he fell short of ever giving. So you see that, even if Sir Wilfrid wanted to bring on an election this year—and his friends say he doesn't—he couldn't do it with any degree of safety.

So Sir Robert Borden is once more the favorite of a set of circumstances that promise to prolong his public career. Calder, Sifton and Carvell, who joined the Cabinet to escape the War Times Election Act, must stay with it, because though all dressed up they've no place else to go, and they've worked out a little arrangement that makes their portfolios paying propositions for at least another year. And a lot of things can happen in a year.

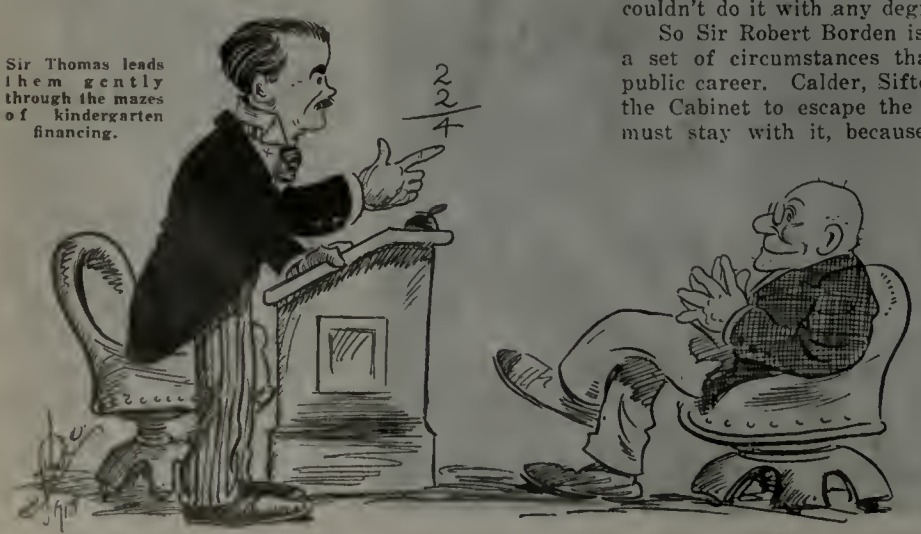
But to get back to the farmers who have furnished the possibilities for this arrangement, which for the present promises to please everybody except the Ginger Conservatives. The trouble, of course, started in the Western provinces, the "pivot states" of the Dominion. It is not necessary to go into the history of the farmer organizations there. Whole books have been written on their rise from struggling institutions to a joint organization, the Canadian Council of Agriculture, with over 100,000 members between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. It, or rather they, started as a purely business organization and by rising early and working late have come to be Canada's foremost industry. Saskatchewan is their stronghold. The Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association has a membership of 60,000, of whom 20,000 were added during the past year, while the Saskatchewan Co-Operative Elevator Co., which is merely a district concern, controls 350 elevators. Then Alberta adds 30,000 to this gathering of amalgamated farmers, while Manitoba, which is more like Old Ontario in its farming and farmers, contributes a miserly 12,000 to the total.

There are 3,000 local societies in the three Western provinces. Ontario is also affiliated with the Council with a claimed membership of 25,000 United Farmers. But the old Province has yet a lot to learn from the West in regard to syndicating agriculture. That Western body was established on business principles. It first mastered the details of small business. Then it studied Big Business with the result that it has now out-capitalized the Capitalists—beaten him at his own game, as it were. Why, it has handled grain in such quantities and so advantageously that its first war profit tax check is said to have approached the million mark! Its very size probably earned the respect of the Government, for it lay in Ottawa for about six months without being cashed and was then cancelled by the men who wrote it. How much that check accomplished in the way of turning the eyes of the politician to the West will probably never be known. But what everybody knows is that politicians respect people who have money and have a strong partiality to organizations that control votes. No one will doubt that, when the United Grain Growers demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that they counted their money by millions and their votes by tens of thousands, the politicians took off their hats and stood to prayerful attention.

Is he about to make Governments bow the knee and manufacturers eat out of his hand?

Indirect Control of the West

BUT mark you, those Western farmers have learned more of the ways of Big Business than the simple piling up of the profits on their wheat. They have kept their eyes open and among other things have seen that the big business man seldom lets his ambitions lead him into Parliament. He sends his attorney instead. Or, if his interests are large enough, he casts his bread upon the waters in the shape of contribu-



Sir Thomas leads them gently through the mazes of kindergarten financing.

They are all dressed up but have no place else to go.

tions to the campaign funds of one or both of the parties.

Of course an occasional misguided manufacturer or semi-capitalist wanders from the beaten path that leads to worldly wealth and is numbered among his country's statesmen. But he isn't what you would call a success. Sir Thomas White is probably the nearest thing to a prominent politician that financial Canada has furnished. But it is well to remember that Sir Thomas was a lawyer, and harbored a suspicion that he was an orator, before an accumulation of dollars and financial experience justified him in dallying with the nation's future. And even he does not inspire all factions in the House with confidence in his statesmanship. He knows probably from early experience the limitations of lawyers when it comes to questions of dollars. His lectures to his colleagues on the fundamental principles of finance are a source of constant joy to the press gallery. He starts in somewhere about "twice two are four" and leads them gently through the mazes of kindergarten banking. He knows that constant dropping will wear through the thickest ivory, so over and over again he repeats his most simple formula. He does it with the utmost good nature, emphasized by the most benign smiles. But it is feared that many of the members do not appreciate his condescension. In fact it is whispered that his figures figure as one of the most serious obstacles that lie between the greatest of our financial statesmen and the Premiership of what the rural member is prone to describe as "this fair Dominion."

Then there are others, like Frank McCrea of Sherbrooke, who wails about the way the poor paper manufacturer is being oppressed till his fellow members are tempted to bludgeon him into silence by putting a legislative crimp in the price of paper. But on the whole the manufacturer is content to keep on manufacturing and leave to the lawyer the making of the laws out of which he must make his living. And the financier keeps right on financing, keeping a separate column for the cost of the legislation he needs in his business.

So, profiting by the experience of those who have made a success of commercial politics, the Western farmers have not branched out into politics as a party. They have nominated no "farmers' candidates." They have drawn up a platform, of course. It is essential that the folks at Ottawa should know what are the united wishes of these thousands of men and millions of money. But having made their platform, they stand back and say to the political parties:

"Here you are, gentlemen! Here is a nice place to stand while you ride to power. You can see the terms on which you can ride."

To be sure the scramble to make the Union Government has brought to Parliament, and even into the Cabinet, some prominent members of the big farmers' union. Hon. T. A. Crerar is one. Probably no man is more responsible for the financial success of the Western farmer movement than the head of United Grain Growers' Limited. But it was as a Unionist and not as a farmer that he came to Ottawa. It is an open secret that he early discovered that his talent did not lie along political lines. No one ever tried harder than the Minister of Agriculture to master the Parliamentary game. He might have succeeded too if his colleagues had not kept him so busy ducking his head to keep it from being hit by the passing buck. He knows now that he is out of his element and will soon quit. If necessary he will go out on the crest of a wave of indignation raised by the continuation of high tariff. But he'll go anyway. He's had enough. And mark you, the tariff planks in the last Winnipeg platform of the Canadian Council of Agriculture are exactly the same now as they were when Mr. Crerar entered the Government. The only changes in the recent platform from its predecessor call for the repeal of the War Times Election Act and no increase in the centralization of Imperial control. In all other respects the text form remains as it was. In other words those same farmers knew what they wanted two years ago. They want those same things still. And if certain additions have been made it is probably just because further experience has taught those farmers that, when dealing with politicians, it is always better to have something you can throw off to help along the dicker.

Their president, R. H. Halbert, has a wonderful hold on his audience.

The Movement in Ontario

SO much for the Western farmers. Recognizing the right of manufacturers to form the Canadian Manufacturers' Association you cannot deny them the privilege of getting together on a similar basis. And the Canadian Council of Agriculture is to the farmer organizations just what the C.M.A. is to the manufacturers. But wait, you say, the United Farmers of Ontario are also affiliated with the C.C. of A. And you are right, even if you have to admit that the Ontario body is built on different lines and is viewed with a certain amount of suspicion by its Western sisters. The Westerners have business as their basis and are gaining strength because they demonstrated their building powers. The U.F. of O. are largely founded on discontent and are out with their axes to smash everything in sight. They do a little business in the way of buying binder twine and coal, but their weakness is best put in the words of an experienced Westerner: "They don't sell anything." Nor is it certain that they will develop along business lines. They are too busy assuring each other that the political salvation of the country is their special mission in life. Also their leaders have at least one eye always straying towards political preferment. Their president, R. H. Halbert, can talk farmer grievances with great fluency and he has a wonderful hold on his audiences. He went into the North Ontario Convention an outsider and comparative stranger and walked away with the Federal nomination for the constituency, though probably twenty-five per cent. of the delegates present wanted that nomination for their own individual selves. And in the December convention in Toronto he managed to do most of the talking himself, though nearly all the fifteen hundred delegates wanted to talk nearly all the time. Halbert doesn't look much. But his Irish voice carries high and far, and he has a peculiar kind of magnetism that appears to appeal to the farmer—and more especially the farmer with a grouch.

They are out with their axes to smash everything in sight.

But right there lies the main weakness of the Ontario farmer movement. It is all or nearly all an appeal to the farmer with a grouch. And in these days of $2.26 wheat and farmers' automobiles, the farmer with a grouch is not so numerous as he might otherwise be. The United Farmers of Ontario have 615 clubs and claim a total membership of 25,000. But remember that the total number of farmers in Ontario is between 175,000 and 200,000. Also bear in mind that of the 25,000 members of the farmers' clubs not all are prepared to get out and shout in order to advance the political fortunes of some of their leaders.

Furthermore, 10,000 of the U.F. of O. members have been added since the famous excursion to Ottawa last April. That excursion was made up of farmers whose sons had been promised exemption from Military Service by the Union Government, and who had later been called to the colors by Order-in-Council. They were a mad lot of farmers who swooped down on the capital that April day, and their tempers were not improved by having to sleep in chairs in hotel corridors that night. They didn't get much satisfaction from

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THE STRANGE ADVENTURE *of the* THUMB-TAP CLUE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Peril," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

I WAS being followed. Of that there was no longer a shadow of doubt. Move by move and turn by turn, for even longer than I had been openly aware of it, some one had been quietly shadowing me.

Now, if one thing more than another stirs the blood of the man who has occasion to walk by night, it is the discovery that his steps are being dogged. The thought of being watched, of having a possible enemy behind one, wakens a thrill that is ancestral.

So, instead of continuing my busily aimless circuit about that high-spiked iron fence which incloses Gramercy Park, I shot off at a tangent, continuing from its north-west corner in a straight line toward Fourth Avenue and Broadway.

I had thought myself alone in that midnight abode of quietness. Only the dread of a second sleepless night had kept me there, goading me on in my febrile revolutions until weariness should send me stumbling off my circuit like a six-day rider off his wheel.

Once I was in the house shadows where Twenty-first Street again begins I swung about and waited. I stood there, in a sort of quiet belligerency, watching the figure of the man who had been dogging my steps. I saw him turn southward in the square, as though my flight were a matter of indifference to him. Yet the sudden relieving thought that his movements might have been as aimless as my own was swallowed up by a second and more interesting discovery.

It was the discovery that the man whom I had accepted as following me was in turn being followed by yet another man.

I waited until this strange pair had made a full circuit of the iron-fenced inclosure. Then I turned back into the square, walking southward until I came opposite my own house door. The second man must have seen me as I did so. Apparently suspicious of possible espionage, he loitered with assumed carelessness at the Park's southern corner. The first man, the slighter and younger-looking figure of the two, kept on his unheeding way, as though he were the ghostlike competitor in some endless nightmare of a Marathon.

I sat there blinking up at her, for it was Mary Lockwood herself.

MY contemplation of him was interrupted by the advent of a fourth figure, a figure which seemed to bring something sane and reassuring to a situation that was momentarily growing more ridiculous. For the newcomer was McCooey, the patrolman. He swung around to me without speaking, like a ferry swinging into its slip. Then he stood looking impassively up at the impassive November stars.

"Yuh're out late," he finally commented, with that careless ponderosity which is the step-child of unquestioned authority.

"McCooey," I said, "there's a night prowler going around this park of yours. He's doing it for about the one hundred and tenth time. And I wish you'd find out what in heaven he means by it."

"Been disturbin' yuh?" casually asked the law incarnate. Yet he put the question as an indulgent physician might to a patient. McCooey was of that type which it is both a joy and a temptation to mystify.

"He's assaulted my curiosity," I solemnly complained.

"D' yuh mean he's been interferin' wid yuh?" demanded my literal friend.

"I mean he's invaded my peace of mind."

"Then I'll see what he's afther," was the other's answer. And a moment later he was swinging negligently out across the pavement at a line which would converge with the path of the nervously pacing stranger. I could see the two round the corner almost together. I could see McCooey draw nearer and nearer. I could even see that he had turned and spoken to the night walker as they went down the square together past the lights of the Players.

I could see that this night walker showed neither resentment nor alarm at being so accosted. And I could also see that the meeting of the two was a source of much mystification to the third man, the man who still kept a discreet watch from the street corner on my right.

McCooey swung back to where I stood. He swung back resentfully, like a retriever who had been sent on a blind trail.

"What's he after, anyway?" I irritably inquired.

"He says he's afther sleep!"

"After what?" I demanded.

McCooey blinked up at a sky suddenly reddened by an East River gas flare. Then he took a deep and disinterested breath.

"He says he's afther sleep," repeated the patrolman. "Unless he gets her, says he, he's goin' to walk into the East River."

"What's the matter with the man, anyway?" I asked, for that confession had brought the pacing stranger into something very close and kindred to me.

"'Tis nothin' much," was the big man's answer. "Like as not he's been overeatin' and havin' a bad night or two."

And with that my friend the patrolman, turning on his heel, pursued his way through the quiet canyons of the streets where a thousand happy sleepers knew nothing of his coming, saw nothing of his going.

I stood there, looking after him as he went. Then I crossed to the north-west corner of the iron-fenced inclosure and waited for that youth whom the arm of wakefulness was swinging about like a stone in a sling.

I deliberately blocked his way as he tried to edge irritably about me.

"Pardon me," I began. He looked up, like a somnambulist suddenly awakened. "Pardon me, but I think I ought to warn you that you are being followed."

"Am I?"

"Yes; and I think you ought to know it."

"Oh, I know it," was his apathetic response. "I'm even beginning to get used to it."

HE stepped back and leaned against the iron fence. His face, under the street lamps, was a very unhappy looking one. It carried a woe-be-gone impassivity, the impassivity which implied he was so submerged in misery that no further blow could be of consequence to him. And yet, beyond the fixed pallor of that face there was something appealing, some trace of finer things, some touch which told me that he and the nocturnal underworld had nothing in common.

"But are you getting used to the other thing?" I asked.

"What other thing?" was his slow inquiry. I could see the twin fires of some dull fever burning in the depths of his cavernous eyes.

"Going without sleep," I answered. For the second time he stared at me.

"But I'm going to sleep," he answered. "I've got to!"

"We all have to," I platitudinously remarked. "But there are times when we all don't."

He laughed a curious little mirthless laugh.

"Are you ever troubled that way?" he asked.

We stood there facing each other, like two kindred ghosts communing amid the quietness of a catacomb. Then I laughed, not so bitterly, I hope, as he had done.

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"I've walked this square," I told him, "a thousand times to your one."

"I've been doing it here for the last three hours," he quietly confessed.

"And it's done you up," I rejoiced. "And what we both need is a quiet smoke and an hour or two with our feet up on something."

"That's very good of you," he had the grace to admit, as his gaze followed mine toward the house door. "But there are a number of things I've got to think out."

He was a decent sort. There was no doubt of that. But it was equally plain that he was in a bad way about something or other.

"Let's think it out together!" I had the boldness to suggest.

HE laughed mirthlessly, though he was already moving southward along the square with me as he began to speak again.

"There is something I've got to think out alone," he told me. He spoke, this time, without resentment, and I was glad of it. That unhappy-eyed youth had in some way got a grip, if not on my affection, at least on my interest. And in our infirmity we had a bond of sympathy. We were like two refugees pursued by the same bloodhounds and seeking the same trails of escape. I felt that I was violating no principle of reticence in taking him by the arm.

"But why can't you slip in to my digs," I suggested, "for a smoke and a drop of Bristol Milk?"

I was actually wheedling and coaxing him as a stubborn child is coaxed.

"Milk!" he murmured. "I never drink milk."

"But, my dear man, Bristol Milk isn't the kind that comes from cows. It's seventy-year old sherry that's been sent on a sea-voyage to Australia and back. It's something that's oil to the throat and music to the senses!"

He looked at me as though the whole width of a Hudson River flowed between us.

"That sounds appealing," he acknowledged. "But I'm in a mess that even Bristol Milk won't wash me out of."

"Well, if it's that bad, it's worth forgetting for an hour or two!" I announced. He laughed again, relaxingly. I took a firmer and more fraternal grip on his arm.

And side by side we went up the steps and through the door into the quietness of that sober-fronted house which I still called by the empty name of home.

In five minutes I had a hickory log ablaze in the fireplace, the library chairs drawn up, and Criswell, my captive, with his hat and coat off. At his side stood a plate of biscuits and a glass of Bristol Milk. But he seemed to find more consolation in sitting back and peering at the play of the flames. His face was a very tired one. The skin was clammy and dead-looking; and yet from the depths of that fatigue flared the familiar ironic white lights of wakefulness. I think I knew about how he felt.

We sat there without speaking, yet not unconscious of a silent communion of thought. I knew, however, that Bristol Milk was not in the habit of leaving a man long tongue-tied. So I turned to refill his glass. I had noticed that his hands were shaky, just as I had noticed the tell-tale twitch to one of his eyelids. But when his uncontrolled fingers accidentally knocked the glass from the edge of the table it gave me a bit of a start.

He sat there looking studiously down at the scattered pieces of crystal.

"It's hell!" he suddenly burst out..

"What is?" I inquired.

"Being in this sort of shape!" was his vehement response. I did not permit myself to look at him. Sympathy was not the sort of thing he needed. Seventy-year old sherry, I felt, was more to the purpose.

"Especially when we haven't any excuse for it," I lazily commented, passing him a second glass, filling it, and turning to watch the fire.

"Warming stuff, that Bristol Milk," he said with a catch of the breath that was too short to be called a sigh. Then, laughing and wiping the sweat from his forehead, he went on with an incoherence that approached that of childhood.

"I've *got* an excuse."

I waited for a moment or two.

"What is it?"

"That man you saw trailing me around the square, for one thing."

"Even that isn't altogether an excuse," I maintained.

"But it's what he stands for," protested my visitor. He sat staring into the fire for a minute or two. I sat beside him, again conscious of some inarticulate and evasive companionship.

"How did it begin?" I finally asked.

He took a deep breath. Then he closed his eyes. And when he spoke he did so without opening them.

"I don't think I could explain," was his listless answer.

"Make a try at it," I urged. "Let's ventilate the thing, canalize it. Let's throw a little light and order into it."

HE moved his head up and down, slowly, as though he had some vague comprehension of the pyschology of confession, some knowledge of the advantages of "exteriorating" secret offences. Then he sat very still and tense.

"But there's no way of ventilating this. There's no way of knocking a window in it. It's—it's only a blank wall."

"Why a blank wall?" I inquired.

He turned and looked past me, with unseeing eyes.

"*Because I can't remember*," he said in a voice which made it seem that he was speaking more to himself than to me. He looked about him, with a helplessness that was pitiful. "I can't remember!" he repeated, with the forlornness of a frightened child.

"That's exactly what I wanted to get at," I cried, with a pretense at confident and careless intimacy. "So let's clear away in front of the blank wall. Let's at least try a kick or two at it."

"It's no use," he complained.

"Well, let's try," I persisted, with forced cheerfulness. "Let's get at the beginning of things."

"How far back do you want me to go?" he finally asked. He spoke with the weary listlessness of a patient confronted by an unwelcome practitioner.

"Let's begin right at the first," I blithely suggested.

He sat looking at his shaking fingers for a moment or two.

"There's really nothing much to begin at," he tried to explain. "These things don't seem to begin in a minute, or an hour, or a day."

"Of course not," I assented as I waited for him to go on.

"The thing I noticed at the time, about the only thing I even thought of, was that my memory seemed to have a blind spot—a blind spot the same as an eye has."

"Ill?" I asked. "Or overworking?"

"I guess I'd been pounding away pretty hard, I know I had. You see, I wanted to make good in that office. So I must have been biting off more than I could chew."

"What office?" I asked as he came to a stop. He looked up at me with a stare of dazed perplexity.

"Didn't I tell you that?" he asked, massaging his frontal bone with the ends of his unsteady fingers. "Why, I mean John Lockwood's office."

"John Lockwood?" I repeated, with a sudden tightening of the nerves. "Do you mean the railway-investment man, the man who made so many millions up along the North-west coast?"

THE youth in the chair nodded. And I made an effort to control my feelings, for John Lockwood, I knew only too well, was the father of Mary Lockwood. He too had exploited the Frozen North, but had exploited it in a manner very different to mine.

"Go on," I said, after quite a long pause.

"Lockwood brought me down from the Canadian Northern offices in Winnipeg. He said he'd give me a chance in the East—the chance of my life."

"What, were you in his office?"

"I suppose you'd call it private secretary. But I don't think he knew what I was himself."

"And he let you overwork yourself?"

"No, I can't say that. It wasn't his fault. You see, his work this summer kept him out at the Coast a good deal of the time. He had an English mining engineer named Carlton looking over some British Columbia interests."

"And you carried on the office work while Lockwood was out West?"

"I did what I could to keep my end of the thing going. But, you see, it was all so new to me. I hadn't got deep enough into the work to organize it the way I wanted to. There were a lot of little things that *couldn't* be organized."

"Why not?"

"Well, this man Carlton, for instance, had Lockwood's office look after his English mail. It had to be sent on from whatever point he reported from."

"Well?"

"When Lockwood was away from the office he deputized me to look after this mail, sign for the registered letters, re-direct telegrams, see that everything went through to the right point. It was quite a heavy mail. Carlton, I guess, was a man of importance, and beside that he was investing for friends at home. Looking after it, of course, was simple enough, but—"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "Has this mail anything to do with our blank wall?"

He looked at me as though he had seen me for the first time, as though all that while he had been merely thinking aloud.

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He seemed to find more consolation in sitting back and peering at the play of the flames.

THE VEINS *of the* GREAT WAR GOD

By Corporal Herbert Forder

ONE of the most remarkable features of this war is the record of The Canadian Railroad Troops.

You can imagine the Frankenstein of War not unlike a monstrous human being. The brain is General Head Quarters, the heart is G.H.Q. Railroad Troops; the arteries and veins are the endless lines of track supplemented by the roads department and the mechanical transport which take the place of capillaries, or smaller veins on the surface of the war god; the stomach, liver and kidneys are the Army Service Corps producing and distributing nourishment; the battlers are the blood corpuscles fighting along the veins and arteries; the lungs are the Red Cross, the Army Medical Corps, the hospitals, convalescent homes and rest camps, cleansing and renewing the blood; the nerves are the engineers with their wires, telephones and wireless, overhead, along the tracks and underground. The morale of the army is its soul or spirit, dependent upon its General Condition of Health. Keep that in mind and you will see the importance of the work of the Railroad Troops. When the body is attacking or being attacked the outcome hangs in no small degree upon the unbroken transportation of nourishment to every part and more particularly to the part in danger.

A pile of wreckage behind the line—work for the Canadian Railroad Troops.

The Imperial War Office, in one of its flashes of perception or intuition, gave the building and maintenance of these arteries and veins to the Canadian Railroad Troops, now numbering fourteen battalions under the headquarters command of Brigadier-General J. W. Stewart, C.M.G.

THE first battalion to carry on this work was the Canadian Overseas Railroad Company, all skilled railroad men with high rates of pay, recruited from Canadian railways. This company put in some splendid work at Dickeybush in April and May, 1916. The units and details were recruited in Canada and shipped to the Canadian Railroad Depot in England, where they were drilled and trained till a battalion was formed, or they were sent as drafts to augment the strength of battalions already in France.

These troops were armed and equipped in the same manner as their military cousins, the Engineers. They carry the Webb equipment, rifle, bayonet, ammunition and gas mask. Their own mechanical and mule transport are responsible for their tools. A square red patch with a square hole planted square between the shoulders of the tunic is their distinctive badge; the same being the cause of many a witty remark and much profane comment on the part of these strenuous troops.

At the beginning they were composed of specially recruited officers and men with railroad experience. Later the ranks were filled up with Canadian casualties. Quite a number of these recruits wore the blue shoulder straps indicating that they were men of the first contingent. Sometimes they wore two, three and even four gold stripes, speaking worlds of praise for our modern surgery and hospital system, while bearing mute witness to the stamina and spirit of these peerless soldiers.

As far as possible the Officers were selected from men with railroading careers behind them. Advancement by merit was often rapid. In the 5th, for instance, was a young officer, Lieutenant L——, a Canadian, whose home is in Puyallap, on Puget Sound. He came from Canada with the rank of corporal and reverted to the ranks according to the rule on arrival in France. He was made full corporal two weeks later, a sergeant in six weeks, and in three months was sent up for his Commission.

Another lieutenant, an experienced railroad man, was found digging a latrine in the honorable capacity of a sapper. A general, walking over the job, recognized him, came over, shook hands, and sent him up for his Commission on the spot.

There were more promotions from the ranks in the Canadian Railroad Troops than in any other branch of the service. This was one of the secrets of their wonderful efficiency, for they fulfilled the Napoleonic maxim and "make them out of mud."

AT time of writing (shortly before the armistice was signed) they had laid something over 2,000 miles of track, almost equally divided between standard and narrow gauge.

The standard gauge branched everywhere from the main French lines, alleviating congestion which had become chronic, releasing the central arteries of traffic for the business which is keeping France the least injured of the Allies outside her frightful battle grounds, maintaining the farms, the mines, the credit and the industry of La Belle France.

From these tracks, immediately behind the lines, stretched out a veritable cob-web of narrow gauge, feeding the guns, the troops, the trenches, and carrying the wherewithal to every sector of this complicated war machine.

The power on the narrow gauge was mostly petrol motor, aided by a number of dinky locomotives of about 15 tons. The cars on the light track were nearly all open, while the ammunition trucks were of special build with a sunken hold in the centre.

When the Canadian Railroad Troops were at work on standard gauge lines they were similar to any civilian gang at work. But when laying narrow gauge, sometimes right across No Man's Land, and often under fire, they were armed and ready with a machine gun squad for each company, stretcher bearers and a Red Cross sergeant.

This was the most dangerous kind of work, for the enemy guns were promptly trained on any spot where rail-laying activities were noted. It was particularly dangerous when an advance had been made and our lines of steel had to be extended over the conquered territory; for, then, the enemy strove furiously to hamper "consolidation" and rained shells on us.

Consolidating an Advance

TO illustrate what happened when it was necessary to build in the wake of an advancing army I shall tell of the events under the German guns at the first battle of Cambrai.

The astonishing victory of General Byng on November 20th, 1917, gave the army under his command a vast amount of shattered terrain, from Bullecourt to Villars, twenty-six miles across.

Over this ground the cobweb of steel was immediately spun. The night we started work was bitterly cold and frosty. The hoar frost hung like a mantle of crisp wool over every living and inanimate object. The Fifth C.R.T. had the job and D Co., in advance on twenty little cars, dropped off at midnight about a mile from the slag heap at Hermes. The chug-chugging of the petrol motors ceased—only the bellow of the big guns near at hand made the night hideous.

A momentary chaos was reduced to a semblance of order as the C.R.T. moved from the steep embankment under a multitude of burdens — stores, canteen and quartermaster's tools, tents, grub, a blacksmith's shop, an orderly room, officers' tents, field kitchens, and blankets. Tent floors wriggled in grotesque contortions through the black drop curtain of the night. Dawn broke upon a camp in the being — the tents standing above circular holes, making a three-foot shelter with a surrounding bank to afford some protection from shrapnel.

The men secured a breakfast of hot tea, bacon, bread and butter, jam and hard tack, and, as they ate, they took a keen first survey of their new location. Just above them on the ridge was a cemetery buried in foliage. A large brown cross and the eternal figure of "The Man of Sorrows" dominated the view. Behind them were rolling ridges of red soil, ploughed, harrowed and hacked by shell-fire. On the far horizon to the right was Bourlon Wood, a sepia blanket laid over the loins of a white horse. To the centre was Fontaine Noyelles with its red roofs and one tapering grey spire, then L'Escaut straggling between its rows of poplars.

Their speculations were broken by the ascending scream of a high velocity shell.

"*Krrupp*" came the report—a geyser of earth rose and fell two hundred yards away. Fritz was seeking that big gun battery beyond the last ridge. Again, and once more came the scream and the thud of shells. The Hun was distributing his punches like a drunken man in a bar-room.

"*Brrraap!*" and up went a section of the mule transport.

"*Brraap!*" A hut held by an Imperial Labor Battalion was demolished and scattered like chaff on the storm wind.

"Stretcher bearers on the double!" came the cry.

So D Co. gobbled its last morsel of bacon, tipped up the final drain of tea, and silently and sadly proceeded to move camp. Once more the circus act was repeated. A thousand pieces of material were hauled across the ridges and along the hollows on the stalwart shoulders of grunting and cussing sappers.

Three times that day they moved to escape destruction. By nightfall they had made a fairly safe pitch near a disused trench line and several old German dugouts. In the meantime, of course, nothing had been done in the matter of tracklaying. But the following morning réveille sounded at six-thirty, and at seven, with dawn breaking clear, they were off to lay the first mile of the narrow gauge.

D Co. was split up into its component Platoons, Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16. Sixteen was put at grading, Fifteen at laying out ties, rails, bolts and spikes, Fourteen at bolting and spiking. Thirteen, "the mechanical gang," were put at cutting rails, laying frogs, points and switches.

The ground was good just here, despite the enemy bombardment. The surveyors had done their work well. We decided that D Co. could lay a mile of track per day. A Co., coming along behind, would unload ballast and attend to the lifting and lining of the track. B and C Cos. were working on another three miles across the Demicourt Road.

THE morning was a clear, sparkling blue and the enemy's observation balloons seemed quite near. The sappers bent to their task, however, and paid no

attention. Snatches of song drifted by on the morning breeze and spike mauls rang lustily against the steel. The songs they sang were not the songs you have heard at home. They were all comic with a queer and tantalizing twist—railroad songs that helped along the work and that had something of the swing of the deep-sea "chanties."

Here is a verse and chorus for sample, led by Corporal D——, the comedian and football centre of D. Co.:—

"One day our Uncle Sammy, he had a war with Spain,
Not all the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
They were not killed by bullets. Oh! not by any means,
For most of them that died, were killed by Pork and Beans."

Chorus—
Stung right! Stung right! S-T-U-N-G.
Stung right! Stung right! Easy mark was me,
Oh! when the war is over and once again I'm free,
There'll be no more "Trips around the world" for me.

That was the metal of their morale. After four years of war they were laughing at the worst Fritz could do—and many of them were twice and thrice wounded veterans.

In the meantime the enemy observation balloons above L'Escaut had given the tip to the batteries in Bourlon Wood. *"Brraap." "Brraap," "Brraap!"* big stuff came reaching out for the track. A pelting shower of earth, stones, and shrapnel fell among the men at work. Platoon by platoon they "downed tools," and ducked for the Imperial advanced trenches.

No one was caught that time.

The cooks made tea in the trenches, and the men ate their lunch of bully beef, cheese, bread and butter and jam. After half an hour of this Fritz turned his attention to the Howitzer batteries in the sunken road, so D Co. sallied out and to work again.

By five o'clock the first mile was down. All the guns had gone to supper. The little cars were humming down the track and the tired troops sprang aboard and off they went for "home."

Repairing a Blow-out

BUT the day was not over yet. Half a mile towards Hermes they met a "blow-out." A high velocity shell from the northern sector of the German lines had tossed the track into a junk pile.

The tired troops looked at the mess with disgust.

"Well, guess we're in for it," said a sergeant. "One platoon can attend to this job though."

The choice fell on No. Thirteen. "Might of known it!" growled the men, as they unloaded their tools again. "Always unlucky! Let's have our number changed."

The other three platoons went on. The men of Thirteen started to work with a will. Broken rails were unbolted, the spikes drawn, and the twisted mess flung over the embankment. The shell hole was next blocked and filled with dirt from outside the ditch. Spare ballast was scraped up and new ties were inserted. Mauls and wrenches were then applied to the task of tightening up. Rails had been carried from up the track — and in a jiffy the track was repaired. Three rails in twenty-three minutes, gauged, lined and ballasted! Thirteen followed their comrades with the knowledge of a job well done.

It was a happy crowd that swarmed round the hot mulligan dixies that night—a gang of big school boys, ages running from nineteen to fifty-seven, tired but happy and hungry as wolves in view of a solid meal. To make things complete the orderly corporal arrived with arms full of mail. The great big event in every Tommy's life was the mail—parcels with toothsome candies, fruit cakes, cigarettes, books, tobacco, socks, handkerchiefs, letters from mother, father, sweetheart, wife and dear sweet bairns.

Shells, wounds, cold, hunger, hardship, the grisly paw of Death ever near, the fretful sergeant and the haughty officer, and a month's pay lost on the Crown and Anchor board—all were forgotten. The man who received a letter or a parcel hurried away, a glad light in his eyes, a warm glow in his heart, for he has come to "the end of a perfect day."

BUT this was not the end, not on this particular night. The "Last Post" had just blown and the boys were all beneath the blankets and a rosy glow worm in the dark was the cigarette of each tired and contented sapper. Suddenly overhead sounded the unmistakable organ hum of a big Fritzy plane.

"All lights out" was given by three blasts on the sergeant-major's whistle. The droning of the motors came very near and the troops held themselves still in breathless suspense, for this was not the first time they had met hell from German aircraft. The sound died away. Fritz was climbing the air lanes above Lillers. Then out of the vast and silent sky came *"brraap"* and bellow upon bellow of aerial torpedo.

The men rushed from their tents in their night clothes. Half a mile away the station at Lillers was ablaze. Petrol tanks were flaming into the dark in vast flashes of flame and smoke. Ammunition of every calibre was exploding. The warehouse was on fire.

"Fall in" sounded. The C.R.T. sprang into their clothes. Tools were snatched up and off they went. When they reached *la gare*, or the station, they saw thousands of French civilians leaving their little homes and flying to the open fields or the nearest dugout. Old women, old men, young women and children in every article of night attire were scurrying away from the dreaded air raid. Wherever possible the sappers helped them along and told them "Fritzy part tout-de-suite" and, as though supporting their strenuous western optimism, the anti-aircraft opened a terrific barrage. The big *"blopping"* of the Archies was broken by the racket of the machine guns.

The station was like a scene from Dante's "Inferno"—only more so. Grotesque mushrooms of black smoke blotted out the moon and stars. Red, purple and yellow flames played in fantastic wreaths along the avenues of hell. Little figures rushed hither and yon like manikins in torment. And every minute a hot shell exploded with a dull, far-off roar amid the conflagration.

Two petrol tanks had been destroyed and an ammunition train blown up. A Red Cross clearing station had been struck, and the huge warehouse levelled with the tracks.

Everywhere writhing blue and gold snakes of petrol marked the path of danger. As they died out and flickered into blackness, the sappers rushed in regardless of the hot shells ready to blow up at every point any second, and began to clear away the mounds of smoking debris. This was part of their work.

A hospital siding, with two rails blown clear away, was repaired. The crater was filled in, new steel laid on new ties and the whole line spiked and bolted up in half an hour. The men toiled like ruddy fiends in the afterglow of Hades. A Red Cross train from the main track was shunted into the new siding. It contained the bodies of two Red Cross nurses with their delicate white hands folded meekly over their courageous hearts in death.

The men of the C.R.T. by this time had reached the wreckage of the ammunition train. It looked as though some monstrous upheaval of Nature had tossed it into a forest of twisted girders, hanging shreds of timbers and the burnt skeletons of wagons, tipped in weird gestures of destruction. The sappers tackled it with a cheer. From the south side a wrecking crew of French engineers were removing the large pieces with a powerful wrecking crane and windlass. The worst of the junk was heaped about a vast crater made in the centre of the main line by an aerial torpedo.

Dawn broke with the work still being carried on. Carloads of ballast were shot into the cavity. As the grade was made level the new steel was laid, and the wrecking train moved up and hauled away the awful junk piles. In the meanwhile a company of C.R.T.'s had rolled all the hot shells off the track. And as they toiled at this dangerous task, protecting their hands with wet mitts and gunny sacks, they kidded one another along.

"Look out there, Bill. That blinking nine point two is going up!"

"Aw! Quit yer kidding. I don't want a Blighty now. I'm due fer a Paris leave." And the lad would go on, rolling the hot shell down the track.

"I wonder some guy wouldn't come round with a drink of rum—Gee! I'm all in," says one.

"All you need is something to warm your cold feet," replies his pal, in spite of the obvious fact that both their boots are burning on the hot track.

"Hell! I wonder them French Pollies don't come through with a bottle of Vin Blink?" queries another.

"Close it, you dud!" says the next one. "You make a noise like a lamb."

By nine a.m. the great northern road was clear. The new rails were fast and straight. The immense traffic of the Chemin de Fer du Nord rolled on toward the battle lines and tired Canadian Railroad Troops sought their blankets for a game of "shut eye" till two o'clock p.m., when the work up under the guns would begin again.

AND so the days and months went by. First it was a case of laying narrow gauge right up under the guns with every kind of shell plopping around. Then, if they were lucky, it was standard gauge away back—which meant Y.M.C.A. concerts and lectures, sports, baseball and football, maybe some boxing, and all "the mental and moral pabulum" which has built our splendid morale.

Filling a Gap in the Line

No one has heard the history of the C.R.T. when the German advance last spring swept through the Lys salient. The Portuguese Division retreated after four days and nights of gas shelling when human flesh and blood could stand no more. Merville and its three all-important bridges over the canal were left undefended. Into this breach the general in command plunged three companies of the 11th C.R.T., the only available troops during those momentous hours. This was a strategic point of the utmost importance for, if it fell, Lillers would be in danger and the whole British line from Arras to the sea threatened by a flanking and rear attack. These troops held the bridges with machine guns, bombers and riflemen till the Jocks and the Australians came up on either flank of the retreating Portuguese.

A little later when the line was bending at La Bassee, Bethune, Locon, three battalions of the C.R.T., the third, the fifth and the seventh, were held in reserve, thus releasing Imperial battalions for the front lines. The fourth and the sixth fought hand to hand battles with the Hun in the Cambrai salient, November, 1917. The first day the sixth lost their field kitchens, their equipment and their tools. The second day they went after Fritz and took some of his field kitchens before Bourlon Wood. The scrap the sixth put up was largely instrumental in checking the German waves before Marcoing and Gouzeaucourt. And again the sixth was caught in Velu wood during the spring advance this year, and again they fought their way clear of the surrounding Huns.

The C.R.T. are the "handy

Continued on page 54

Laying steel behind the British lines.

THE ANGLICIZATION *of* KATRINA

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE MACLAREN

Here is an instance new to me
Of the triumphs of modern surgery.

KATRINA VON SCHULTZ was young and fair
As a lotus-bud, with plaits of hair
That shone on her brow like a coronet,
And eyes that made a man forget
That Gossip had called her affianced wife
Of a Prussian who gave his luckless life
In the cause of the Kaiser at Vimy Ridge—
A point to mention and eke abridge;
For in Germany parents arrange these matches,
And daughters are loot that the bridegroom snatches.

POOR foundling, she lay abed at the Base
And turned on the pillow her angel face;
Till they heard Hugh Blake of the staff aver:
"You could light your pipe at the eyes of her!"
"She is white as a lily," said Captain Bell,
With his stethoscope on her breast that fell
And rose just visibly. "She will die—
Unless"—and he snatched at a straw—"we try
A blood-transfusion. Who here will spare
A quart for love of a lady fair?"
He glanced the semi-circle round.
"Let me." Young Blake with blush profound
Spoke eagerly. And the patient's eyes
Made quest of the group in sick surmise,
Till they rested with lustrous ray on Hugh,
To dim with mist and shine anew.

THE room was set where Death and Life
Contend above the surgeon's knife.
One limp white arm like drooping May,
And a brown, rope-veined from the tourniquet,
Were joined, while orders sharp and plain
Rang out where the doctors worked amain,
Drew off and drained each red syringe,
And made ado in the noiseless fringe
Of nurses pledged to the ruddy cross;
Till Hugh grew faint from his precious loss,
And the young man erst of the blushing face
Lay dark as an olive for his grace.
But the lady was borne to her snowy rest
A rose, where a lily had lately pressed.

THE balcony jutted, suffused in sun,
Where Katrina mused on a Past undone
And a Present all so wildly sweet
That it damned the past as counterfeit.
"Yet quest of poor Heine brought me here—
And Hugh is my foe!" But a traitor tear
Dropped all unbidden—a gracious sign
Of the passion men have called divine.

ONE path of the Hospital's spacious lawn
Leads on to a grove star-smiled-upon
By night, and in this dim retreat
The lips of lovers raptured meet.
Hugh Blake led fair Katrina there
And watched the moonbeams gild her hair
And blanch her face to a cameo
Most perfect. He trembled and whispered low:
"Dear Katherine, am I overbold
To love your graces manifold?"
Wherewith he raised and kissed her hand
With the ardor Woman could ne'er withstand.
But the maiden sighed and looked away—
"I am Bavarian!" sought to say.
But said it all so brokenly,
That Hugh laughed gallantly, "Marry me—
You who are beautiful, wise and good,
And Anglicized by your lover's blood!"
Whereat, sweet captive of his charm,
She yielded herself to the girdling arm.

So this is the tale that I had first-hand
Of Bell safe back in his native land.

THE THREE SAPPHIRES

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING

SYNOPSIS.—*Lord Victor Gilfain and Captain Swinton, presumably his guide but in reality Captain Herbert of the secret service, visit Rajah Darpore, who is suspected by the British authorities. Herbert finds that the Rajah is plotting to collect three sacred sapphires, in order that he may use to his advantage a Hindu superstition that the holder of the jewels is the true Buddha and will rule all India. One of the sapphires that has been found around the neck of a wandering elephant is stolen by Darpore from Major Finnerty, keeper of the elephant keddah. A second has been set for the Rajah by a jewelry firm but is stolen by natives from a Bengali intrusted with its delivery, Baboo Dass. A third is in the possession of Captain Swinton himself. A native is found murdered in front of the compound where Gilfain and Swinton are quartered and no motive can be found for the deed. Later an effort is made to kill Swinton. A cheetah suddenly springs from the side of the road as he passes in a dog cart, but he escapes. That night the third sapphire is stolen by a native from the hills. Swinton and Finnerty receive word that the Rajah is to meet a woman at night who is supposed to be a German agent interested in running guns into India. They go to the rendezvous and find the woman there—with Lord Victor instead! Swinton gets home before Lord Victor and feigns ignorance of the other's doings. Next day Swinton, Finnerty and Lord Victor set out to track the black leopard which has escaped from the Rajah's zoo. They kill the leopard and on the way back recover Finnerty's elephant with one of the sapphires. Next day they follow some hoof-prints into the hills and come face to face with the woman of the rendezvous.*

CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued*

LORD VICTOR, who had sprung to his feet with a gasping cry at the girl's appearance, stood limp with apprehension, his mind, so much of a boy's mind, casting about futilely for some plan to help her, for there was dread in her face, and, like a boy's mind, his found the solution of the difficulty in a trick, just such a trick as a schoolboy would pitch upon. The whole process of its evolution had taken but two seconds, so it really was an inspiration. He darted toward the horse, crying banteringly: "I say! Introduce me, old top." Then his foot caught in a visionary root, and he plunged, his small, bare head all but burying itself in Swinton's stomach.

The gray stallion leaped from the rake of a spur, his thundering gallop all but drowning the blasphemous reproach that issued from Swinton's lips, as, in a fury of sudden passion, he took a deliberate swing at the young nobleman's nose.

Finnerty unostentatiously crowded his bulk between the two, saying, with an inward laugh: "You're a dangerous man; you've winded the captain, and you've frightened that horse into a runaway. He may break the girl's neck."

They were a curious trio, each one holding a motive that the other two had not attained to, each one now dubious of the other's full intent, and yet no one wishing to clear the air by questions or recriminations—not just yet, anyway.

"What the devil did the girl bolt for?" Swinton asked angrily.

"The *horse* bolted," Finnerty answered, lying in an Irishman's good cause—a woman.

"You clumsy young ass!" Swinton hurled at Gilfain. "I wanted to———" Then the hot flush of temper, so rare with him, was checked by his mastering passion—secretiveness.

Lord Victor laughed. "My dear and austere mentor, I apologize. In my hurry to forestall you with the young lady whom you have ridden forth so many mornings to meet I bally well stumped your wicket, I'm afraid—and my own, too, for we're both bowled."

Finnerty philosophically drew his leather cheroot case and proffered it to Swinton, saying: "Take a weed!"

THE captain complied, lighting it in an abstraction of remastery. He had made the astounding discovery that Marie was the young lady from whose evil influence Lord Victor presumably had been removed by sending him to Darpore, and, as an enlargement of this disturbing knowledge, was the now hammering conviction that she had brought the stolen papers to be delivered to traitorous Prince Ananda.

At that instant of his mental sequence the captain all but burned his nose, paralyzed by a flashing thought.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "It is these papers that she seeks up this way; the somebody who is coming overland is bringing them for fear the authorities might have caught her on the steamer routes."

Then in relief to this came the remembrance that so far she had not met the some one, for she traveled alone. But now that she—as he read in her eyes—had recognized him—her very wild plunge to escape proved it—his chance of discovering anything would be practically nil; he would possibly receive the same hushing treatment that had been meted out to Perreira, the half-caste.

"Shall we go back now?" Lord Victor was asking. "It's rather tame to-day; I'm not half fed up on tiger fights and elephant combats."

"Presently," Swinton answered, sitting down to still more methodically correlate the points of this newer vision. He could not confide any part of his discovery to Finnerty with Lord Victor present; he would decide later on whether he should, indeed, mention it at all. At first flush he had thought of galloping after the girl, but even if he had succeeded in overtaking her what could he do? If he searched her and found nothing, he would have ruined everything; probably Finnerty would have ranged up with the girl against this proceeding.

Further vibration of this human triangle, the three men of divers intent, was switched to startled expectancy by the clang of something upon the plateau—an iron-shod staff striking a stone or the impact of a horse's hoof. This was followed by silence. Finnerty stepped gently across to his horse, unslung from the saddle his 10-bore, and slipped two cartridges into it as he returned to stand leisurely against a tree trunk, an uplifted finger commanding silence. They could now hear the shuffling, muffled noises which emanate from people who travel a jungle trail no matter how cautiously they move, and something in the multiplicity of sounds intimated that several units composed the approaching caravan.

TWO Naga spearmen first appeared around the turn, their eager, searching eyes showing they were on the alert for something. The threatening maw of the 10-bore caused them to stand stock-still, their jungle cunning teaching them the value of implicit obedience. They made no outcry. In four seconds the shaggy head of a pony came in to view, and then his body, bearing in the saddle a sahib, and behind could be seen native carriers. The man on horseback reined up; then he laughed—a cynical, unmusical sneer it was. He touched the spur to his pony's flank, brushed by the Naga spearmen, and, eying the 10-bore quizzically, asked: "Well, my dear boy, what's the idea?"

Finnerty lowered the gun, answering: "Nothing; preparedness, that's all. Thought it might be a war party of Naga head-hunters when I saw those two spearmen."

The horseman slipped from his saddle and stood holding the rein; a lithe, sinewy, leanfaced man of forty-five years, his sharp gray eyes, a little too close set, holding a vulpine weariness.

Swinton had noticed his easy pose in the saddle, suggesting polo command, and now the two or three quick, precise steps forward spoke: "Service."

To Finnerty the cynical, drawling voice rang familiar; it had a curious, metallic, high-pitched crispness that the drawl failed to smother, but the man's face, caked with the drifting hill dust that sweat had matrixed, was like a mask. Finnerty proffered a cheroot, which the stranger accepted eagerly, saying: "Fancy my beggars bagged mine. I've had only some native mixture to puff from a crude clay pipe I made and baked in a fire."

"Come from Tibet way?" the major queried.

"No; been up country buying cotton for Chittagong people, and got raided by dacoits; had to work out this way."

This story, even fantastic and sudden-built as it sounded, might have passed ordinarily as just the rightful duplicity of a man not called upon to confide the reasons of his exploration trip to any one, had not the one word "Chittagong" burned like acid.

Swinton felt that the stranger's eyes were searching him, though his words were for Finnerty. Both knew the speaker was lying. His whole get-up was not the easy, indifferent, restful apparel of a man who had been some long time in the jungle. He wore brown leather riding boots instead of perhaps canvas shoes; his limbs were incased in cord breeches that spoke of a late Bond Street origin; a stock that had once been white held a horseshoe pin studded with moonstones, its lower ends passing beneath a gaudily checked vest. This very get-up dinned familiarity into the major's mind; he struggled with memory, mentally asking, "Where have I seen this chap?" The tawny mustache, bristling in pointed smoothness, had a rakish familiarity, and yet the echoes came from far back on the path of life, as elusively haunting as a dream recalled in the morning.

ABSTRACTEDLY, as they talked, the stranger shifted his riding whip to his teeth, and, reaching down with the liberated hand, gave a slight tug at his boot strap, and that instant Finnerty knew his man. It was almost a gasping cry of recognition: "Captain Foley—by all the powers!"

The stranger's face blanched, and Swinton sprang to his feet, galvanized by a tremendous revelation.

An amused cackle came from beneath the tawny mustache, followed by an even-worded drawl: "You Johnnies are certainly out for a fine draw this morning; my name happens to be Blake-Hume—Charles Blake-Hume."

Finnerty grinned. "The same old delightfully humorous Pat Foley that I knew in the Tenth Hussars at Umballa, when I was a griffin fresh out; even in the choice of a new name you're aristocratic—'Blake-Hume!' My dear boy, you could no more shed yourself than you could that desire for a fancy vest and the moonstone pin that you wore in a deviltry of revolt against the idea that moonstones were unlucky."

Swinton was now convinced that Finnerty had made no mistake; he could see it in a sudden narrowing of the foxy eyes, and, taking a step closer to their visitor, he said: "Captain Foley, your daughter Marie has just passed down the trail."

This simple assertion had the comparative effect of a hand grenade dropped midway between Finnerty and the stranger; possibly the major was the more astounded one of the two.

"What, in the name of Heaven, are you saying, man?" he cried, though he still kept his steadfast blue eyes held on Captain Foley, for something in the latter's attitude suggested danger.

"Simply this," Swinton answered; "Captain Foley is the father of the girl known here as Marie Boelke, and it was she who stole a state paper from the possession of Earl Craig."

"Candor seems to be a jewel above price in the jungles this morning, so my compliments to you, my dear Captain Herbert, government policeman," Foley snarled.

Stung by the gratuitous sneer, Finnerty said with feeling: "Perhaps 'Mad' Foley"—he dropped the captain, knowing that Foley had been cast from the service—"you also recognize me, but for certain pieces of silver you would deny it. Do you remember the time I saved you a jolly good hiding that was fair coming to you for one of your crazy tricks?"

"Perfectly, my dear Finnerty; you were known to the mess as the 'Ulster Babe'; it was just a humor of mine now to play you a little, and as for the 'bobby' here, one could never mistake those bits of blue china that have been dubbed the 'farthing eyes.' Indeed I know you both *quite well*."

SWINTON, less edged than Finnerty, now tendered some cynical coin in payment: "Perhaps you know this young gentleman also; I think he has cause for remembering *you*."

"Good morning, Lord Victor! You are in pleasant

company," and Captain Foley let his irritating cackle escape. He gathered the bridle rein in his left hand, grasping the mane at his pony's wither, and turned the stirrup outward to receive his foot as preparation for a leisurely lift to the saddle.

In answer to a hand signal, Finnerty lifted his 10-bore to cover Captain Foley as Swinton said: "Just a moment, Mister Foley; there are certain formalities imposed upon suspected persons crossing the Nepal border, which include perhaps a search. We want the papers your daughter stole from Earl Craig under your influence, and for which you were paid German gold."

"The hobby is devilish considerate, Lord Gilly, in not naming you as the careless one, isn't he? Charmingly diffident sort of chap to put the onus on the venerable early. The old gent would be tremendously shocked to know he was accused of flirting with a young girl, don't you think?"

"I *do* think something, which is that you're no end of a bounder to bring your daughter's name into your floocy talk," Lord Victor retorted angrily.

"Tell your coolies to open up everything," and Swinton's opaque eyes held Foley's shifty ones menacingly. "As to yourself, strip!"

"The coolies are at his majesty's service, Mister Bobby; as for myself I'll see you damned first. I am in independent territory; Maharajah Darpore is, like myself, not a vassal of Johnnie Bull. If you put a hand on me I'll blink those farthing eyes of yours, Mister Bloody Bobby."

NEXT instant the speaker sprawled on his back, both shoulders to the earthen mat, as Finnerty threw a quick wrestler's hold across his neck. The big Irishman's blood had been heated by the very words that had roused Lord Victor's anger. Besides, this was the easier way; they had no time for international equity. Swinton quickly searched the prostrate man. His boots were pulled off. the insoles ripped out—even a knife blade inserted between the two laps of the outer soles, practically wrecking them. A Webley revolver that hung from a belt Foley wore was emptied of its shells; even its barrel was prodded for a hidden roll of thin paper. The search of the packs was most thorough, and fully devoid of results.

Foley laughed cynically when the two searchers stood empty-handed, discomfiture patent in their faces.

"You turned the paper over to your daughter," Swinton accused in an unusually verbal mood.

"According to your own statement, my dear government spy, you had the young lady in your hands here; did you find this apocryphal document?"

Swinton's eyes met Finnerty's which were saying quite plainly: "The girl has beaten us out!" There also lingered in the Irishman's eyes, Swinton fancied, a pathetic look of regret that now there could be no doubt about her mission; he even heard a deep-drawn breath, such as a game better takes when he has lost heavily.

"A devilish nice mess you have made of your life and your daughter's, Captain Foley," Lord Victor suddenly ejaculated. "You were a 'king's bad bargain' in the army, and you're a man's bad bargain out of it."

Foley stared; then he sneered: "The young cock must be cutting his spurs. Rather tallish order from a waster, Lord Gilly." He turned to Captain Swinton. "Now that you have performed your police duties I have a bottle of Scotch, which no doubt you observed among my traps, and if you gentlemen have no objection to joining me we'll drink a toast, 'Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.'"

The gray stallion leaped from the rake of a spur and was off in a thundering gallop.

"I don't drink with the king's enemies!" Swinton clipped the words with a sound as if coins dropped.

"Nor I—with thieves," added Lord Victor.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy," the major said solemnly. "I'm ashamed to refuse to drink with an Irishman, but I'm fed up on traitors."

SWINTON drew the major to one side. When they had finished a discussion as to whether there was any benefit in detaining Foley or not, which was settled in the negative, Foley asked, a sneer curling the tawny mustache: "Well, you pair of bobbies, do I pass?"

"You may go—to hell!" Finnerty added the warm destination in bitterness of soul over his shattered dream.

The coolies had repacked their burdens; the two Naga spearmen at a command trotted down the path; Foley swung into the saddle, and with a mocking, "Au revoir, Lord Gilly, Mister Bobby, and my dear Ulster Babe," was gone.

"Dished" Finnerty exclaimed bitterly.

"The girl—we are outwitted by a woman!" Swinton admitted despondently.

"You two Johnnies have thrown up your tails," Lord Victor objected. "If the girl has the document you're so cocksure of, it's something to know that it's in Darpore. That's what I call a deuced good clew."

"My dear boy," Finnerty said, under evident control, "you're as innocent as a babe. You don't happen to know that there's a mutiny near ripe in Darpore, and it just needed a torch, such as this document, to set the whole state in a blaze."

Swinton, galvanized out of his habitual control, added fiercely: "And, you young ass! You knew who the girl was; we saw you at Jadoo Pool—we saved your life. If I'd known that it was Marie Foley I'd have dogged every footstep she took——"

"But you knew when you had her here," Lord Victor objected, momentarily forgetting his part in that episode.

"Yes, by Heaven, I did, and I can thank your sprawling interference for her escape! Why didn't you tell us that it was the girl who had stolen these state papers?"

"I've got a floaty idea that this lack of mutual confidence originated with your honorable self, Captain—Captain Herbert, as I now learn your name is. Do you think the earl would have countenanced my accepting the hospitality of a prince accompanied by a government spy?"

"You've answered your own question, Lord Victor," Swinton said quietly. "Earl Craig belongs to the old school, the Exeter Hall crowd who believe the Oriental is an Occidental—India for the Indians is their motto—and that the Hun is a civilized gentleman, not, as some of us know him, a rapacious brute who seeks to dominate the world. It is that cabal, the Haldane tribe, in psychic affinity with the soulless Hun, that makes it possible for this cuckoo creature, Boelke, to plant his eggs of sedition in the Darpore nest. Earl Craig would not have been a party to my way of unmasking or clearing the Darpores, father and son; he'd call it un-English. But I may say I did not come out here to watch you; there was no suspicion that you would come in contact with the stolen paper. My mission was concerned with some arms that are headed for India. I hope you see why it was thought advisable to keep you in ignorance of my status."

LORD Victor did not assimilate this rapidly worded statement as quickly as it was offered. He pondered a little, and then said: "I did not know that Marie Foley was here, and she got no end of a surprise when I turned up. It was all a bally fluke her arranging to meet me; she funked it when that gold cigarette case was handed her by Prince Ananda with the information that I had found it. She thought I had recognized it, which I hadn't; at least it dangled in my memory, but I hadn't connected it with her. She rode down the hill, and when she saw me coming along dropped a note so that I saw it fall—devilish clever, I call it—making an appointment at Jadoo Pool, and there she made me promise not to denounce her."

"Somewhat easy, I fancy," Swinton said sarcastically; "threw the glamor of love over you."

"You dear old bachelor! You have very visionary ideas of that matter. She doesn't care two straws for me. It was purely a matter of 'on honor' business, because she gave me her solemn word that she hadn't stolen the document, and that she hadn't brought it out to Darpore. As to the 'grand passion,' I have a floaty idea that the handsome major, with his trick of life-saving, has taken Marie's fancy."

Finnerty blushed, but Swinton said gloomily: "You see the result of believing her. She was just too fiendishly cunning; she hadn't the paper, but knew that her traitor father was bringing it and that she, comparatively immune from search, could safely carry it to the last lap of its journey. She knew that we were liable to intercept the father and very probably search him."

"Looks like it," Finnerty commended. "I didn't know that Foley had a daughter; I heard he'd been cashiered."

"He raced himself out of the army—gambled too heavily," Swinton explained; "then, it being the only thing he cared for, went at it professionally till he raced himself out of England. After that he drifted to Austria and married a Viennese, reported to be of noble family. Whether it was a chance to plant a spy in England or that the woman really fell in love with him I don't know. Marie, of course, is the daughter, and between them the Foleys stole that document through a chance that came because of Lord Victor's fancy for the girl."

Swinton had spoken without any feeling in his voice—automatically, like a witness giving evidence. Gilfain seemed to understand this, for he made no comment. But Finnerty said lugubriously: "Devilish nasty mess, and we've been dished." He picked up the 10-bore, and, going over to his horse, strapped it under his saddle flap, saying: "We'd better jog back."

CHAPTER XX.

TWO legs of the mental triangle somewhat folded together as it dribbled down the forest path, Finnerty and Swinton riding in the lead and Lord Victor, with the depressing conviction that he had muddled things, behind.

"It's pretty well cleared up," Swinton remarked in a tone that just reached Finnerty.

"And looks rather bad for us being able to handle the situation without telegraphing headquarters," the major answered despondently.

"Small chance for that," and Swinton laughed in bitterness. "Our new Nana Sahib, Ananda, will have the wires cut or the operator under control; we'll get no word out of here until the thing has happened."

Finnerty also realized how completely they had been blanked. "By heavens, we've got to spike the guns ourselves! We'd better be killed in the attempt than be censured by Government," he declared.

"I think so. They've left it to us so far, and the blame is really on our shoulders, old man."

"We'll never get the paper," Finnerty said with conviction.

"I agree with you in that, but we've got to get the machine guns and their ammunition; without them they'd be an unarmed rabble, and no great harm could be done before a regiment from Dumdum or Lucknow could be thrown in here. It's a crazy scheme of Ananda's, anyway, but the Mad Mullah in the Sudan cost many a British life because he was held too lightly at first and got guns.

Finnerty had been restlessly eying the trail they traveled. Now he worded the reason, which he had carried unplaced in words before: "Going and coming I've been looking for tracks left by that party of gun runners the Banjara told about, but I've seen none. This path that the girl followed is not the main trail leading up through Safed Jan Pass, and those accursed Huns, with their usual German thoroughness, built that drawbridge at the old temple so that Foley could slip in without a chance of being met. The whole thing is as clear as mud; he was to wait there till the girl came for the document. When we get lower down we'll cut across the jungle to the regular trail—it's an old elephant highway—and check up."

"We've got to get into that underground fort," Swinton said with solemn determination in his voice. "Jadoo Cave has got something to do with the entrance."

A disconcerting thought struck Finnerty. "The minute we show up we'll be surrounded by spies. They're in my bungalow all the time; we'll not get a chance."

There was a warning cough from behind, and then Lord Victor, urging his horse closer, said: "Don't bar me, you fellows, from anything that's on; I don't want to be 'sent to Coventry.' If it's a question of fight, for God's sake give me a gun. I'd rather have you damn me like a bargee than be left out. I can't bally well plan anything—I'm not up to it—but I'm an Englishman."

"My dear boy," Finnerty answered, "we know that. If we'd taken you in at the start we'd have given you a better chance, but we all make blunders."

It was about four o'clock when Finnerty, halting, said: "I know where I'm at now; the other trail lies due west, and if we keep our faces full on Old Sol we'll make it."

Through the jungle without a path their progress was slow. At times they were turned into big detours by interlaced walls of running elephant creeper and vast hedges of the *sahbar kirat*, the "have-patience plant" that, with its hooked spikes, was like a fence of barbed wire. Their minds, tortured by the impending calamity, were oblivious to the clamor of the jungle. A bear that had climbed a dead tree inhabited by bees scuttled down to the ground, an animated beehive, his face glued with honey, his paws dripping with it, and his thick fur palpitating with the beat of a million tiny wings. He humped away in a shuffling lope, unmolested; not even a laugh followed his grotesque form.

It was five o'clock when they struck the Safed Jan Trail and swung southward, Finnerty's eyes taking up the reading of its page. Ah!" he cried suddenly, and, pulling his horse to a standstill, he dropped to the ground.

In the new partnership he turned rather to Lord Victor, saying: "We've been told that machine guns and ammunition have been run into Darpore over the same Chittagong route we think Mad Foley used, only they've come along this trail from the pass." He dipped his thumb into one of the numerous deep heel prints, adding: "See! The carriers were heavy loaded and there were many."

From the varied weathering of the tracks it was apparent that carriers had passed at different intervals of time.

The major remounted, and they had ridden half an hour when his horse pricked his ears and the muscles of his neck quivered in an action of discovery. Finnerty slipped his 10-bore from its holding straps, passed his bridle rein to Swinton, and, dropping to the ground, went stealthily around a bend in the path. He saw nothing—no entrapping armed natives—but a voice came to him from its unseen owner, saying softly: "Salaam! I am the herdsman, and am here for speech with the sahib."

"All right. Come forth!" the major answered.

From a thick screen of brush the Banjara stepped out, saying: "My brother is beyond on the trail, and from his perch in a tree he has given the call of a bird that I might know it was the keddah sahib that passed; he will soon be here."

Finnerty called, and Swinton and Lord Victor came forward. Presently the fellow arrived, and,

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FINAL DAYS *in* FRANCE

Drawn for MACLEAN'S
By
HERBERT W. COOPER

SOME SIGNS ON A STREET CORNER
LIEVIN

— LIEVIN
CHURCH —
KNOWN AS "NA POO CORNER"

WILD MINERS I HAVE MET

By E. WARD SMITH

First City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor and Tax Collector of Dawson City

THE first time I saw George Carmack, the discoverer of the great gold fields, was one snapping cold day in January. I was a comparative newcomer then but I knew all about the great Carmack even to the exact value of the gold that he had so far taken out of his rich claims on Bonanza. Such things were common camp knowledge. Consequently I was much interested in the man himself.

My first view was rather disappointing for he was not in any sense picturesque. He was a stolid, big fellow, muffled up in furs and striding along with head bent forward. The man I was with at the time knew Carmack quite well, so he hailed him and then introduced me.

"Howdy?" said Carmack, with a friendly smile. "New comer? Well—hope you strike it. Course you can't all expect to strike it as rich as some of us that got in early. We kind of hogged the richest bits."

He was very affable. His sudden riches had not gone to his head nor, as I learned later, had it altered his way of living to any extent. George Carmack did not strew his money up and down the Bright White Way of Dawson. He was a primitive fellow and the life he had learned in his long, lonely prospecting years was the life he continued to live. As far as I know, he kept his wealth. How he employed it I never learned.

Carmack was a native of Southern California. Perhaps it was the pent-up instincts of his frontier ancestors that started him after gold. Certain it is, however, that he shouldered his prospector's pack when a mere lad. For years he wandered back and forth from Dyea to Behring Sea, seeking to discover the secret that the silent, frozen north was hiding from man. During all that time he was accompanied by two Siwash Indians, Skookum Jim and Takish Charlie.

On August 17, 1896, Carmack was fishing for grayling, a species of salmon, along a claim that he had staked about twelve miles from the mouth of Bonanza Creek. He was never able to explain why he went to Bonanza, for it seemed the most unlikely place in the world to find gold. A few prospectors had wandered along it on the way to more promising fields. So great was the surprise caused by the discovery of gold there that a bard of the Yukon—this was before the time of Robert W. Service—wrote a verse that I often heard sung around Dawson:

George Carmack on Bonanza Creek, went out to look for gold.
I wonder why, I wonder why?
Old timers said it was no use, the water was too cold.
I wonder why, I wonder why?
They said that he might search the creek until the world did end
And not enough of gold he'd find a postage stamp to send;
He said the willows on the creek the other way should bend.
I wonder why, I wonder why?

Well, there was George Carmack on this warm August day fishing for grayling in Bonanza Creek. It so happened that his eye caught a glint of yellow where the sun reflected on bedrock on the opposite side of the creek. He went over and there it was—gold! The exposed vein was under a big birch tree which, I believe, stands to this day and is shown visitors.

Carmack hallooed to Skookum Jim and Takish Charlie to come across and bring a pick and shovel. When they joined him, he set to work and loosened up a panful of gravel. Coarse colors were found and the three men washed out enough gold in half an hour to fill a shotgun cartridge full.

The Biggest Stampede on Record

CARMACK staked off a claim which he named Discovery, starting at the birch tree. Skookum Jim located a claim above and Takish Charlie below. They then traveled in to Forty Mile to record their claims. The two Indians were as mum as oysters and, after the business of recording had been finished, they moped around as though nothing had occurred. But Carmack could not stand the strain and, after a drink or two, he let the word out. Gold had been found, pay dust in great quantities!

A typical claim, from a photograph taken in 1905.

Old Timers say that the stampede that followed was about the wildest on record. The merchants of Forty Mile tried to discourage it, but everyone knew that the tongue of George Carmack spoke nothing but the truth and they let out for Bonanza as fast as their legs would carry them.

One of the things that sticks in my memory about Carmack was the way he stood by his two Indian partners. It was seldom that an Indian was able to keep a rich claim, for there were always plenty of wily white men to "do" them on technicalities. But Carmack stood like a bulwark against the squabbling mob who would have deprived Skookum Jim and Takish Charlie of their rights. As a result both Jim and Charlie worked their claims and took fortunes out of them. It was estimated that Carmack took at least two and a half millions out of Discovery. A pay streak fully one hundred feet wide and from four to five feet deep would show, at a low estimate of fifty cents per pan, a total of two and a half millions. It was known that Carmack's claim yielded sometimes as much as a hundred dollars to the pan!

NEXT let me introduce a miner who was unquestionably one of the characters of the Yukon—Jerome Chute of the firm of Chute and Wills.

Before I was appointed to my municipal post I was in charge of the Dawson office of Chute and Wills, so I came very closely in touch with this good-hearted and ill-fated fellow. In fact, I was engaged by Chute soon after I arrived in Dawson.

He was a rather handsome man with a black eye and coal black hair. At that time he was piling up a tremendous fortune from some rich claims on Gold Run Creek, over the Divide, and he just naturally liked to talk about it. He was an American with a nasal drawl.

"Smith," he said to me, "I've moved up to the creeks. I built me a place up there—cost over $30,000 but it's worth every cent of it—so I don't need my place here. You better take it."

So I moved in. It was a comfortable cabin, built by Chute in the days when places costing $30,000 were beyond him, and I made it my home during the first five years of my stay in Dawson. Once I was inclined to regret my occupancy. It was in the following spring and I was clearing up the yard to get ready for gardening. A piece of wood stuck up from the ground and, in loosening the earth around it with my spade, I cut through the top of a box of dynamite that Chute had buried there and forgotten about. If it had not been for the fact that the sticks of dynamite within were still frozen, I would not be writing these chronicles.

One Wash-up Brought $885,000

THE spring wash-up was always the great event of the year. Soon after the dynamite incident, Chute breezed into Dawson and into the office with the information that the wash-up was going to be a record-breaker.

"Say, Smith," he said. "It's going to take a mighty lot of sacks to hold all the yellow stuff I've got up there. When you come back after lunch, will you bring the gold sacks I left up in the wood-shed at the cabin?"

I did so and Chute and his partner, Doc Wills, an easy-going big fellow who left things pretty well in the hands of the impulsive Chute, counted them over.

"Doc, there's only seventy here," said Chute. "We'll sure need some more."

"How much will one hold, Jerome?" I asked.

"Oh, them sacks don't hold much," he said. "Only about ten thousand dollars' worth."

I did some rapid calculating. "Look here," I said. "Do you mean to say that you'll have more gold than you can put in that pile of sacks there?"

"I reckon so," said Chute.

One day early in June I heard the buzz of many voices and a loud 'whoa!' in Chute's familiar twang. Going out I found that he had driven up with four horses attached to a big wagon loaded with well-filled sacks. The street was lined with people and, sitting up there on the box, Chute was the happiest man in creation. He was fairly boiling over with the triumph of the occasion.

"Wall, got a little over two ton on," he called to me. "It was a purty hard pull over these here damn roads but I got here. We'll take this load down to the bank and put 'er in."

He turned the horses and drove off for the bank and I followed in company with half the population of Dawson, more or less. It took a lot of time to complete the weighing in but it was finally announced that the wash-up had brought in a total of a little over $885,000.

His $30,000 Boarding-House

THE first chance that presented itself I went up to the claims on Gold Run to look over the ground. The firm had secured some extremely fine properties and they had large gangs of men engaged in working them. The thirty thousand dollar place that Chute had built I found to be sort of hotel and boarding-house on one of the claims. The sum specified had covered the construction only. An additional fourteen thousand had been expended in furnishings. Chute had sent down to Vancouver and Seattle for brass beds, expensive rugs, mahogany chairs, grandfather clocks and all the trappings of luxury. His guests were his own miners! I saw rough old sourdoughs tramping with their shoepacks over Jerome's costly carpets and emptying their pipes on his mahogany tables. He served meals as elaborate as could be obtained anywhere the world over.

He greeted me with warmth. "Glad to see you," he declared, shaking me by the hand. I could see that he wanted to observe the effect all this magnificence would have on me, for he took me around and showed me everything—the marble wash-basins, the silver and ivory knives and forks, the onyx tables and so on.

"This is wonderful," I told him. "I can hardly believe it's possible."

His face lighted up like a boy's. "I reckon there aint anything to beat this anywhere," he declared. "The best ain't too good for my men."

Shortly after he retailed a characteristic piece of information.

"Wal, the boys took a chunk of taller (tallow) out a me last night," he said. "We had a game of draw."

He seemed anxious to talk about it, in fact he was always glad to boast of the sums he lost, so I asked: "How much, Jerome?"

"Oh, nigh on $12,000, I guess. But the old man can stand it. If the bank don't bust up on me, I'll put a kink in them fellows yet."

I found that he played draw poker every night and anyone who cared to could sit in. The parties were made up for the most part of his own miners, some of them gamblers of wide experience. Chute was almost an infant in their hands. He would sit there, boasting and heaping up his bets, with the roof off, as they say, proud of his ability to lose in big sums. There was always a gleam of satisfaction in his eye when he recounted his gambling exploits, starting with the familiar: "Wal, the boys took a chunk of taller out a me!"

HIS employees were not content to ease him of his wealth in this way, however. One day I received an anonymous note at the office in Dawson which read:

> I'm honest, but I want you to know that some here don't wait for pay day to collect. They are robbing Jerome Chute right and left.

I went right up to Gold Run and told Chute about it. He pooh-poohed the whole thing.

"Nothing to it, nothing to it!" he said. "These here sons a guns can't put anything over on *me*. I aint being robbed. I'll tell you that. Why say, they can't fool a business man. You know, Smith, I'm a purty strict employer. I get all my help for five fifty a day, where they pay six fifty all other places. They can't rob *me!*"

"But, Jerome—" I began.

"It's just some trouble-maker," he said, patting me on the back. "Run back to the office, Smith. I'm watching things up here."

Long after this, long after Jerome had gone from the Yukon, I heard from one of his employees how systematic the "looting" had been. This man waxed quite reminiscent on the score.

"You know the old boss wouldn't ever pay us as much as the other mine owners," he said. "Why, doggone, we were ready to work for him for *nothing*. We made a heap more than our wages on what we could pick up. There was always a man on the watch for the boss and he passed the signal back so things would be shipshape. Me? I got a five-pound lard pail full of nuggets, one way and another."

The chief fault with Jerome Chute, however, was his desire to do things in a big way. He was always sinking money into improvements — extravagant schemes that held no promise of return. It was no use pointing out to him that any of these pet ideas were wrong. "Wal now, look here," he would say in his penetrating twang, "I know all about this. You got to put money in to get it out. You leave this to *me*, son, leave it to me."

Once he ordered three huge hoisting appliances such as the French use in the coal mines—ordered them in France at a cost of $60,000 a piece. And remember, that was not the laid-down price. He had to pay for the shipping of them across seas and up into the Yukon; so they cost him a pretty penny. One of them was erected on Gold Run and it was then discovered that the machine was built for handling dry coal and not wet gravel. It went to pieces in less than a week and the other two were never even erected.

In Jerome's big day of prosperity he took a trip to Ottawa with another Yukoner. During his stay of two months in Ottawa he drew on the Dawson Bank for $75,000. No doubt mostly lost in draw.

George Carmack, the discoverer of the gold fields.

The Failure of Jerome Chute

THE firm of Chute and Wills had about five years of great prosperity; and then things started to get bad. The improvements began to outpace the profits and finally the affairs of the firm got into the hands of the bank. Ultimately the whole property was lost and Jerome Chute went down the river looking for fresh camps and new claims.

On a trip out some years later I fell into conversation on the boat with a wealthy American who informed me that he owned a number of good claims on the American side. They had never yielded him anything, however, and he had just been up to investigate.

"You see," he explained, "I put them into the hands of an experienced man up there. He was to handle them and take a percentage of the profits. Well, sir, he was a man of big ideas, of vision you might say. But he spent so much for this and that and putting in machinery and building dams and one thing and another that every dashed cent was used up. There never were any profits though he dug up a fortune out of the ground all right. I've had to take them away from him."

"Very similar to the case of a man I worked for on the Canadian side," I said. "He was a fellow citizen of yours—Jerome Chute."

"By Crickey!" cried the owner. "That's the man I had working for me!"

The last heard of Jerome Chute was in the lower country. One night some men from Dawson, who had been out on a stampede, put up at a roadhouse. In one corner of the bar, a shabby looking old miner sat huddled up, nursing a pair of sore feet and muttering to himself. The old fellow, they found, had been out on the stampede and had been disappointed. He was on his way back.

It was Jerome Chute. And, as he sat there, a broken, lonely figure, they heard him muttering to himself: "Sarves ye' right, ye old fool! Didn't know enough to hang on to it when you had it. Sarves ye right!"

The Fortune of Belinda Mulrooney

AND now for Belinda Mulrooney—brave, cheerful, capable Belinda, with the map of Ireland on her face and the grit of her Celtic ancestors in her honest heart! To my mind she was the most interesting character in the Yukon.

Miss Mulrooney was a stewardess on a steamer plying on the north Atlantic coast in 1895 and the tales she heard from miners, coming and going, decided her to try her fortune in the gold country. So she resigned her position and started for the magic north. She fitted out in Seattle in March 1896 and travelled alone to Dyea. Here she cast in her lot with a party of mining men and got as far as Lake Bennett where she joined some Seattle merchants. They secured a large scow and made the trip down the river to Dawson. On the way she kept the party supplied with fish and game, being an expert with both rod and gun.

At Henderson Creek, Belinda made her first try at fortune by staking claim No. 22 below; some time after, this developed into a very valuable property. In the early part of June she arrived in Klondyke City with a 2,000-pound outfit and one twenty-five cent piece, the last of her money.

"Here's for luck!" said Belinda and gave the quarter a toss far out into the water of the Yukon.

But it soon developed that, in coming to Dawson, she had not left everything to chance. Her outfit contained a supply of merchandise that was almost invaluable—silks, linen and such like. Most of her stock she was able to sell at a profit of at least a thousand per cent.

With the capital thus obtained, she opened a restaurant. It was a big success, for Belinda knew how to serve meals and, still more important, she knew how to charge. Her meals, I think, cost $4.50 except during the panic seasons and then of course, they went up. This venture netted her so well that she built a two-storey log hotel at the forks of El Dorado and Bonanza and named the place, which grew up around, Grand Forks. Here she did a thriving business. All the time, of course, she was taking a hand in the mining business. She picked up claims here and there. She acquired claim No. 27 below Discovery on Dominion Creek and an interest in No. 50 above on Bonanza, both of which were valuable properties.

Her Broad Ambitions

THE first time I ever saw Belinda Mulrooney was one winter day when she had come in from Grand Forks in a basket sleigh, drawn by her faithful dog, Nero. He was a magnificent animal, a St. Bernard, and the largest dog in the Yukon. He took his mistress wherever she went, dragging the sleigh along with a noble ease and making the eighteen mile trip to Dawson always in less than three hours. She had come in on this occasion to close up a deal by which she was securing the Fairview Hotel in Dawson from Alex. McDonald. It was quite a pretentious place and the fact that she was able to buy it in demonstrates how well her affairs had been coming on. The business brought her to the Administration Building.

I found her a brilliant and refined woman. She was an exceedingly bright talker and had a wealth of ideas. She told us that day all about her plans for the Fairview. It was going to be made the finest hotel on the continent.

"Why shouldn't it be?" she said. "We have the wealth here. The people of Dawson can pay for service and I'm going to see that they get it. I'm going to import furnishings that'll make the Waldorf look shabby and there's a high-priced chef coming in on the first boat. This is going to be a real hotel."

She succeeded in her plans in so far at least as service was concerned. I remember an occasion when Mr. F. C. Wade arrived to take the position of Crown Prosecutor for the Territory. Miss Mulrooney invited Mr. and Mrs. Wade and my wife and I to dinner with her at the Fairview. It was a most astonishing meal that she served us; course after course of the most expensive food—terrapin, turkey, caviare, grapes, fine wines. Through it all our hostess kept up a running fire of talk that was most entertaining.

After dinner she took us in to her private sitting room and, among other things, showed us a silver platter containing various sized nuggets of gold that had been found on her claims. This she passed around, as though it were a platter of cookies. "Have one—Oh, come now, choose one—No, not that little one—

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A view of Gold Run, where many of the richest claims were located.

OLD TIMES *in* CANADA

By WALT MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CASEY

A FEW miles north of Oshawa, Ontario, there is a village called Columbus, named after a foreigner who went through the motions of discovering America. A mile west of Columbus there used to stand a nameless hamlet of fifteen or twenty houses, clustered about an old red woolen mill.

It was here I was born and spent the first fifteen years of my career. I have forgotten many things that happened since then, but every incident of that long vanished period is branded on my memory. I can see the old mill with its slatted belfry, and the general store hard by with its warped shutters, and the boarding house, and the unassuming cottages, as though I beheld them yesterday. But it is more than forty years since I went away to seek my fortune, and that hamlet is no more. It has been sown to salt, like Jerusalem. It has dispersed and wandered far away, and the place that knew it once shall know it no more. There is nothing there now but fresh air and scenery.

This is one of the griefs of my old age. You have read the story of "The Man Without a Country?" Doubtless you have wept over his misfortunes. I am the man without a birthplace, and would appreciate a few of your tears. It would be a great joy to me to go back and see that little old hamlet, but it isn't there to see. Long years ago the mill was dismantled, and the machinery taken away, and then there was no further excuse for the village. Prosperous farmers of the surrounding country bought the cottages and put them on roller skates, and hauled them away, to be used as granaries or cow stables. The house I was born in took a hike over the hills to a distant farm, where it still stands; in use, I am told, as a henhouse.

All this is so tragic to me that I haven't the courage to return and visit those scattered houses, associated with boyhood memories. I couldn't walk into my own old home, and think beautiful things in the presence of a lot of setting hens and noisy roosters. Sentiment would be impossible under such conditions.

THE world has changed a great deal since I lived a mile west of Columbus. Then there were no electric lights, or telephones, or automobiles, or moving pictures. The tallow candle was reluctantly giving place to the kerosene lamp. No daily newspapers penetrated into our lonely community; big events might happen in the outside world, but the news would have long white whiskers before it reached us. Everybody went to bed early, and beat the sun rising, and should have been healthy and wealthy and wise.

It was a most orderly and decorous country. People worked hard, and went to church Sundays, and paid their taxes, and life was much like clockwork. Exciting happenings were so rare that the identification of a sheep-killing dog created a great and lasting sensation.

But boy nature at that time was much like boy nature now. Boyhood craves excitement and detests the humdrum. There were perhaps a dozen lads of my age in the neighborhood, and our great dissipation was the reading of dime novels. This pastime was strictly verboten. To be caught reading such literature meant a session in the woodshed with an indignant parent, armed with a strap or a barrel stave.

But the novels were smuggled in, one way or another, and eagerly devoured. Most of them treated of mysterious avengers who went through the woods potting Indians. The Leatherstocking tales of Cooper had established a fashion that endured for very many years; and the cheap literature of the time was largely engaged with beautiful "females" who rode palfreys, and with majestic Indians who spoke in rounded periods, and with equally majestic white heroes who wore hunting shirts of buckskin, and carried long rifles, and spoke a dialect that was never heard in the earth or the waters under the earth.

As a result of such a helpful course of reading, the boys were impatient to

Walt Mason has, perhaps, more followers than any other poet living—for many millions read his stories in verse every day at breakfast. The career of the newspaper bard has been a picturesque one and it will be news to many that it began in Canada. Yes, Uncle Walt is a Canadian, one that this country can well be proud of, for he has fought his way to fame in the face of tremendous odds and his pen preaches always the gospel of good fellowship and truth. The editor extracted a promise from him some time ago to write of his early impressions of Canada and he herewith fulfils his pledge. His impressions, as the reader will see, were brief—but they were lurid! —THE EDITOR.

grow up, so they could go to the woods and establish private graveyards for the Indians. I well remember how I used to lie awake at night picturing myself as a dread avenger roaming the forest aisles, only pausing now and then to add a Mohican or Huron to my string.

THE eyes of our desires were turned to the north. Up there was the forest, vast and mysterious. Even yet I feel a sort of thrill when the forest is mentioned. It was the enchanted land to the boys of forty years ago. The literature of the time was full of it—not only the dime novels, but books of all kinds. Even in the school readers there were many stories reflecting the tragedy and mystery of the woods. There was the story of the woodman who went to his day's work, leaving his dog Bandy at home, much against Bandy's will. On his way home the woodman was attacked by wolves, and would have been slain, but for good old Bandy. This superdog had a hunch that something unpleasant was happening in the timber, so went to his master's rescue. He saved the master, but was so badly chewed up himself that he expired. The master put a headstone over his grave, on which was inscribed the epitaph:

"Beneath this stone there lies at rest
Bandy, of all good dogs the best."

I am quoting this story from memory, after more than forty years, and may be wrong in some of the details, but the substance is correct. Then there was the tragic poem of "The Lost Hunter," beginning:

"Numbed by the piercing, freezing air,
And burdened by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragged on his shivering frame."

That was my favorite poem in my schooldays. I had it by heart and always was suffering for a chance to recite it. Friday afternoons at Dryden's school were given over to declamations and kindred exercises. The teacher had to rope me down to keep me from rearing up and reciting "The Lost Hunter."

There were so many blood-curdling stories of wolves, in the books and in the mouths of the graybeards, that I never think of the Canadian forest without seeming to hear "The wolf's long howl from Onalaska's shore," as Campbell so rhythmically put it.

I never saw the forest I am talking about. But in my young days it was a living thing to me. I don't know how far away it was. It was "up north," up in the bleak mysterious north, a wonderful place infested by wolves and bears and other wild animals, and of course by Indians.

NOW and then a settler would drift down from the woods, and sit around the store for an evening or two, and tell heartbreaking stories, and then drift back again, to the shadows and the silence of the woods.

One visitor of this description was named Engle. He was clearing a piece of land somewhere in the woods. The trees were so close together he had to pry himself between them with a crowbar, and he thought that in the course of ninety or a hundred years he'd have enough ground cleared for a potato patch. He had a most discouraged and pessimistic air, but he was a great hero to the boys.

He wore a cap about the size of a bushel basket, made of the fur of some animal and the tail hung down his back. He also had a great accumulation of red whiskers, and with his cap and whiskers he looked like a bonfire from a distance.

He had relatives in our neighborhood, and so remained several days and spent his evenings in the store telling yarns. When he realized that the boys were feverishly interested in backwoods stories, he did his best to supply the demand. He found that we were especially interested in wolves, and governed himself accordingly. You'd have thought that he invented wolves, he knew so much about them. He had a slow, careful way of talking, and he left the impression that his great aim was accuracy. He didn't want to tell anything that wouldn't stand the acid test for truth.

My memory of Engle and his stories couldn't be clearer if I had heard him last night, instead of nearly half a century ago. One of his yarns treated of a woman who was traveling with her children in a sleigh, drawn by two horses. She was making good time when she heard a most disagreeable racket behind her: looking back, she saw about a million wolves chasing the rig. Here Engle paused and corrected himself. He should have said ten thousand, not a million. She whipped up the horses, but they were tired, having traveled about five hundred miles that day, in snow up to their ears, and the wolves continued to gain. Presently they were right behind the sleigh, gnashing their teeth and making themselves a positive annoyance. With great presence of mind the woman threw her youngest child to them, and they stopped long enough to devour the youngster, and the horses forged ahead.

But a five-year-old child doesn't last long with a big bunch of wolves, especially when there are no side dishes; and before long the brutes were slavering and howling around the sled again. The woman saw that drastic steps would have to be taken once more; so she threw overboard young Alexander Augustus, a promising lad of six years. She hated to do it, being a woman of refinement, but in great emergencies the rules of etiquette cannot always be observed. Again the wolves were delayed while they polished off Alexander Augustus, but the relief was only temporary. In a few minutes they were howling behind the sled again, demanding further refreshments. *Continued on page 52*

CANADIAN NIGHTS *By* Walt Mason

IN CANADA, *in olden days, the wintertime was long; and we sat by the ruddy blaze, and dished up tale and song. In Canada the snow was cheap when we old boys were young, and I have seen full many a heap against our cabin flung. A man could go and harvest ice along the creeks and ponds, and none would ask him any price, in silver or in bonds. In Canada I learned to skate, and, skating, earned renown, until the ice beneath my weight cared in and let me down.*

The winter nights were dark and cold, and often loud with gales; and then the graybeards, bent and old, would tell us wondrous tales. The land was full of pioneers, inspired of heart and tongue, in those far distant times, my dears, when we old guys were young. I've heard them tell of dangers dire, with tense and bated breath; of mighty forests all afire, and settlers done to death. They told of woodlands vast and dim where wolves in winter sped, and tore the hunter limb from limb, and left him doubly dead. They told of bears and wolverines—one fact my soul bewails, which is, there were no horse marines, to listen to their tales.

Oh, many years have flown since then, and I am old and stale, and I have mingled much with men, and spent nine years in jail. And I have sat in halls and barns, have roamed from sea to sea, and listened to a million yarns, of varying degree. But never have I known the thrills I felt when I was young, in our lone cabin in the hills, where those old tales were sprung. And winter brings no more delights like those we small boys knew when hearing, on the long cold nights, the tales that were not true.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Germany Can Fight Again

Expert Contends That Teutons Will be Ready in Twenty Years

THE world seemingly has taken it for granted that Germany is beaten and has ceased to be a world menace. A startling rejoinder comes from the pen of J. B. W. Gardiner in *World's Work*. He contends that Germany can fight again, and probably will be ready to do so, twenty years from now. Such is the conclusion that he reached after the presentation of the following facts:

Just what the political lineup will be twenty-five years from now it is idle to speculate upon. Two things are, however, reasonably certain. With the exception of Spain, the countries west of Germany, including America, that is, the present Entente, will ethically or in fact, be bonded together to guard in so far as it may be possible the future peace of the world. Germany on the other hand is almost certain to form some alliances with the more Eastern Powers. The question of the Teutonic Austrians has already been mentioned. These will probably weld themselves strongly to Germany either through merger or through treaty agreement. The strongest possibility is of a liaison between Germany and Russia. This might have been averted had we not in our dealing with Russia persisted, through some silly socialistic notions, in turning what was a purely military problem into an experiment in economics. But as it is, this is a condition which we have to face and we must make up our mind that in all probability this alliance is one with which we must eventually contend.

The question of population, of man power, merges itself to a certain degree with that of political alliances. Germany, through the peace treaty, will suffer a certain loss. Through the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the cession of East Prussia, parts of West Prussia, Posen, and Silesia to Poland and the cession of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, a population of 5,750,000 would pass from her control. But if the Teutons of Austria unite with those of Germany, more than 8,000,000 people will be added to Germany's population, a clear gain of 2,250,000. But the true gain will be much greater than these numbers indicate because, while the gross loss is made up of people loathing and detesting Germany and constantly looking for a chance to escape from her oppressive rule, the gross gain would be a people, one in blood with the Germans and one in whatever ambitions and aspirations Germany might have. It is in itself a distinct source of danger; a situation to be watched with the greatest care and to be guarded against with every precaution the Allied statesmen can throw around it. The Germans, moreover, are a very prolific people, much more so than those of the Entente countries. In addition to their natural proclivities in this direction, the entire state has been during the last two years turned into a human stock farm, the women being treated as brood mares. There are official records to prove that the German Government has made efforts to have every woman in the empire of suitable age, whether maid, wife, or widow, bear a child, legitimate or illegitimate. It will not take very many years, as the life of a nation is numbered, to repair the wastage of the present war. In Russia, particularly in Western Russia, there are elements more friendly to the Teutonic elements than to the Entente. Particularly is this true of Finland and of Ukrania. With Russia in its present liquid state no man can say where the sympathies of the population will lie twenty years from now. But there is a German trend now which, as the years pass and the old avenues of commerce are again open, may develop into something more definite and much more dangerous. In brief, then, it is entirely probable that within twenty years the man power at Germany's disposal will be as great as that with which she began the 1915 campaign.

The question of raw materials is also interwoven with that of the probable post-war alliances. Germany has lost her most valuable stores of war supplies—the iron of Lorraine and the potash of Alsace—but Germany has not been deprived entirely of metal. Previous to the acquisition of Lorraine the iron mines of Prussia were well developed and were actively worked. In the early 'nineties the output of the Prussian mines equalled that of Lorraine. Later, because of the greater richness of the ore from the latter source, the output surpassed that of Prussia and Lorraine came to be the most important source of German steel. Now Germany must go back to working, at greater cost and with greater effort, the lower grade ore which she possessed prior to 1870. It must be remembered, however, that Germany will still control the output of the mines of Sweden; that there is a strong probability that she will similarly control the output of the Donetz basin in Russia; that under the "no economic barrier" clause in our peace conditions she can import all the metal she can buy and pay for in foreign markets. As a war-making state, then, there is a distinct probability that in twenty years Germany will be even more powerful than she was in 1914, if the peace terms proposed by this country are not materially modified. There is a determined effort going on in this country to-day—in some quarters springing from ignorance, in others from an impractical and ill-timed idealism, in still others from motives of unquestionable venality—to create a wave of sympathy for the German people and to endow them with a sacrosanct character entirely different from that which they really possess. Their native cruelty and brutality, the fiendish joy of their soldiers in striking down helpless non-combatants, of their women while masquerading as angels of mercy under the sacred symbol of the Red Cross in torturing the wounded, even of their children in abusing prisoners—these are thrust aside, not considered, the testimony of the world ignored. Vengeance of German crimes we must not take. It is unworthy of a great people and of the cause for which we have fought. But justice to ourselves demands that this beast be locked up in such a way that he can never again break loose to place an entire world in agony. A just peace can be made upon but one basis—the greatest good to the greatest number.

Chapin in St Louis "Republic"
And the next lesson will be—

Victory Three Days Off

Was Complete Defeat of Germans in Sight?

THERE is a feeling in certain circles in Great Britain that the armistice was a mistake. This view is expressed by L. J. Maxse in the *National Review* in the course of a series of notes on the end of the war, in which he declares that seventy-two hours more of fighting would have resulted in the complete defeat of the German armies. This he advances not as a theory but as a matter of established fact among military men. He says:

In the universal joy at the end of a hideous nightmare, with its hourly toll of priceless lives, there was naturally little inclination to scrutinize either the peace terms or the armistice terms. Our powerful Government Press had little difficulty in demonstrating that all was for the best "in the best of all possible worlds" under the greatest of great men. But as the facts leaked out—they have not yet all leaked out—it became clear that the Versailles Conclave had made "some mess" from the British point of view of the peace terms, for which, let us hasten to say, no Ally is in any degree responsible. Any blame there may be lies exclusively on the British Delegation, whose composition from the outset inspired distrust owing to the ascendancy of the "Be kind to Germany or she won't love you" section, to which the Prime Minister has rallied. The Armistice, as may be gathered from the document read by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on Armistice Day, was more satisfactory than the Peace, but then it had been drawn up by soldiers and sailors of such eminence that the "frock coats" hesitated to interfere, though according to the sympathetic *Daily News* there was among them, as already noted, a momentary disposition to dispense with a white flag. Happily public opinion was too strong for this "concession," but a grave blunder was made in allowing Hindenburg to escape the surrender, and in permitting the German army to retire with the honors of war, the officers wearing their side-arms, of which not unnaturally the utmost capital has been made. The nation of bullies behind the Rhine have not been slow to draw the conclusion which bullies invariably deduce when treated above their deserts. Thus do the Allies thoughtlessly conspire to bolster up Prussian militarism, of which the officers' corps is the avowed corner-stone. Their prestige must be destroyed in the eyes of the German populace before we can hope for permanent peace. What crimes are committed in the name of magnanimity!

There was a graver aspect of the Armistice which only transpired later. We all noted that while the Home Front cheered itself hoarse from the moment the great news of its signature was published, and at some points almost went off its head with enthusiasm, as was only natural—superior persons need not exaggerate the mild mafficking that occurred—a strange and significant silence possessed the Allied armies. It was supposed that as the bearers of this hideous burden the battle-worn would be the first to jubilate when the "Cease Fire!" sounded after four and a half years of carnage. But eager correspondents on the spot were unable to record anything of the kind, and vied with one another in farfetched explanations of this phenomenal calm. We now know that the indifference with which the Armistice was received on our Front was due to the common sense of the great armies under Sir Douglas Haig, from G.H.Q. downwards. They knew what we did not know, that within the last few days the military situation had developed incalculably in favor of the Allies, and that for the enemy it was a choice between unconditionally signing any armistice and catastrophe on a scale such as had never been dreamt of in military history—at the lowest computation, five Sedans. No wonder

there was a lack of enthusiasm when it was learnt that this magnificent prize was to be snatched away the moment it was about to be grasped. During the week ending November 9, the German army was in deadly peril, primarily due to the British advance between the Scheldt and Sambre, which had brought us within measurable distance of the Dutch frontier north of Liége. It was more than doubtful whether the enemy would be able to withdraw through this gap. Meanwhile the Americans and French, who had been hung up for about a month, broke through the German armies on either bank of the Meuse, reaching Mézières. This involved the severance of the enemy's main lateral line of communications, Metz, Montmédy, Mézières, Hirson—and threatened both groups of armies under Rupprecht of Bavaria and the German Crown Prince respectively with disaster. The prolonged retirement of the German army had produced so much confusion throughout the enemy's lines of communication, and such demoralization among troops who had been heavily hammered and were without hope of victory, that catastrophe stared them in the face.

According to those who are in a position to know, had the war lasted for another three days, i.e. from November 11 to November 14, a complete collapse must have taken place, the German armies being broken in two, those in Belgium being driven over the Dutch frontier, where they would have been interned. Moreover, Marshal Foch had prepared another great attack east of the Meuse, which would undoubtedly have been a "knock-out" in a military sense. Therefore when Germany signed the Armistice German arms were faced with imminent disaster of so huge a character as to eclipse every recorded military debacle, and she had no alternative but to surrender on any terms. Such being the avowed military situation it seems, to put it mildly, unfortunate that the Versailles Conclave did not postpone the operation of the Armistice for another seventy-two hours, while it is incomprehensible that a beaten enemy, whose organized infamies have made everything German execrable for all time, should have received any concessions or any consideration which were bound to be exploited against the Allies, and which as a matter of fact in the interval have developed German arrogance to such a degree as to suggest to the neutral world that they have won and we have lost. No doubt official explanations will be forthcoming of this disappointing *dénouement*, but though it be argued that the French army was near the end of its tether, while the problem of British man-power had become serious, there was the great and almost untapped American reservoir, and if it be true that in another three days German military power would have been shattered, the Allied Powers cannot congratulate themselves on their performance. How explain the inexplicable? How defend the indefensible? How came soldiers of such calibre as those consulted at Versailles and in command of the Allied armies—Marshal Foch, General Pétain (since made a Marshal), Sir Douglas Haig, General Pershing, with conspicuously able Staffs, and the many brilliant leaders in the field who have gained imperishable renown in the war—to miss the greatest prize that ever presented itself to victorious armies by a bare three days? Conceivably they were overruled, and it was not they but others who precipitated this ill-timed Armistice. Was the final tragedy another instance of civilian interference, from which the Allied cause has suffered so grievously throughout the war? We don't know. We can only guess.

We suspect that for once, however, the civilians were not entirely to blame, and that Civilization was robbed of the crowning mercy which would have paralyzed Kultur for the rest of the century through that curious weakness which occasionally obscures the finest military judgment directly it leaves its own proper sphere and finds itself on the unfamiliar and bewildering ground of politics. Strategy for strategists and politics for politicians is the only sound working rule in this or any other war, and just as we have consistently warned the politicians off the military course, we should venture to warn soldiers against political pitfalls, into which even the most brilliant are liable to fall. Every soldier who is worthy to be called such naturally detests Bolshevikism in every shape and form. It is his peculiar bugbear, revolting to all his ideas and infinitely more revolting to-day than ever before owing to horrible events in Russia. We suspect that some astute person at the psychological moment whispered the word "German Bolshevikism" into the horrified ear of the military members of the Versailles War Council, coupled with the appalling suggestion that the evil thing might spread if it once got under way in Germany, and that forthwith the Armistice was regarded as an urgent Allied interest.

Drawn for "The Independent" by Geo. C. Whitney

The League of Nations.

Russians Awaiting the Messiah

Popular Belief That the Second Coming of Christ is at Hand

THAT millions of the lower classes of Russians have been expectantly awaiting the advent of the Messiah is the explanation, according to a writer in the *Nation* (New York), of much that has recently happened in that distressed country. We quote from the article referred to:

"The great, white Christ is coming," they whispered. And they whispered lest Herod should hear: the Czar or their own lesser leaders, the small Messiahs, who would not believe and might mock them, denying the resurrection of their ancient faith and putting their new-born hope to death.

For this saying was no new saying to them of the mob. They were recalling the hoary prophecy Tolstoi heard and reported: That He was coming out of the North. But they believed it, those simple peasants, soldiers, sailors, and working men and women; verily.

That's why there was so little killing, looting, burning, in Petrograd, Moscow, Vladivostok—wherever and so long as the mob reigned supreme. That is the light. "We, the people, must not do to others any of the things that have been done to us." That's what they said to one another. I heard them. That was the light I saw in the darkness; and others also saw it; as it was written. That is the light which shineth in the darkness. And the darkness saw the light, as of old. And, as of old, the darkness comprehended it not.

"How came it," said the Hon. Elihu Root, Chairman of the United States Commission to Russia, marvelling, "why was it that with no Government and no police there was order in Russia?" It was because the Russian multitudes believed, and they believe, that Christ will surely come again; and soon.

In a line; one burning, enlightening line: "The Millennium first; then the Messiah." Thus the Russian prophecy. Hence the Russian revolution. The revolution in Russia is to establish the Kingdom of Heaven here on the earth, now; in order that Christ may come soon; and, coming, reign forever. Forever and ever, everywhere. Not over Russia alone. The revolution in Russia is not the Russion revolution. It is "The Revolution."

The Russian people heard voices. And they were afraid. For of all the voices which they heard calling into their darkness to them, there were but two that spoke for them.

They hearkened to those two voices. They had to listen to those two voices, and they had to heed them and believe them.

For one of the two voices which the children of Russia heard was that of the priest preaching in the church: that the Christ who had come once and died for their sake would come again, and live for, and love, and lead them out of the darkness into the Kingdom of Heaven—if they were good and did what His Holy Church bade them do. And they were good. They were good as children are good; not knowing it, but believing they were evil. The conviction of sin is in every Russian heart, so that they judge not, neither do they kill nor take vengeance; for vengeance is the Lord's. "We, the people, must not do to others any of the things which have been done to us."

The other voice that they heard was of one crying in the wilderness: the propagandist of the revolution. He appeared, not openly in the churches, but came, as the priest said it was written that He came before: like a thief in the night, stealthily. This messenger wore rough raiment, ate coarse food, and cast words hard as stones at the righteous: priests and princes; Pharisees and Sadducees; bad masters and good masters also, calling them all alike the offspring of vipers, and warning them to flee from the wrath to come; since the axe was to be laid at the very root of every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit.

When, then, the great war broke, a deluge, upon the Russian children and swept them, twenty-four millions, suddenly, blindly, drunk into the marches to be betrayed there and killed by the millions, and by millions more to suffer in the dark, cold, bloody, stinking trenches, fighting some other peasants they did not hate; for a purpose they could not comprehend; and, when standing there, without food and without arms and without leaders, the Czar forbade them drink also—they understood. For the first time in the lifetime of their race, they, all together, looked up, sober and simple, like grown-up children, out upon the world and its works and its ways and its war, and they understood. The Russian people understood, as children understand. And they remembered.

This was the beginning. Christ was coming, and the Kingdom. The prophecy was proving true. The war had come. "The Revolution" was due. And, verily, the Revolution came. And when it came, a wondrous thing happened. When the word came down out of Petrograd that the Czar was put down from his throne; that the proud were scattered, and the people exalted, the Russian soldiers, sailors, workingmen and peasants—the Russian children turned and called the good tidings across the trenches to the German peasants, saying: "The Revolution is come," meaning that it was come for the Germans also.

The firing ceased. For awhile there was no fighting on the Eastern front, as it had happened once on the Christ's day in the West. Hate passed; there was peace on earth, good will among men for a little while. Not for long. No. "A voice was heard in Ramah, weeping and great mourning, Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

The Russians understood. This was not the light, this peace of the peoples; this was only a messenger to bear witness to the light: a sign to show that such things can be. The peace of the peoples was a sign to show that peace and love can be on earth when the peoples have prepared the way for these good things.

So the Russian people explained to one another, simply. Not all the people had been perfected; not all the preparations had been made; the crooked ways had not all been straightened; His way had been smoother. So say the Russians, believing it. Such is the report among them, which they accept, and pass on to all the peoples of the earth, excepting only the righteous.

GLADSTONE, MAN.

"I wish to express my appreciation of all the departments of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. *Each one being in its own way of interest and value."*—T. L. B.

—From the N.Y. "Tribune"

They seem unbelievably small.

How Botha Saved South Africa

Story of His Defeat of the Revolution in the Early War Stages

ONE of the great stories of the war is the magnificent way in which Louis Botha handled the situation in South Africa in the first stages when German propaganda stirred up a revolution among the Boers. Little information came out at the time with reference to events in the Transvaal but now that the censorship is raised it is possible to learn what occurred and a realistic story appears in the London *Daily Mail* from the pen of Lewis Rose MacLeod. It reads in part as follows:

Before he left to conquer German South-West Africa for the British Empire he took the field to quell a rebellion among his fellow-countrymen engineered by General Beyers, then Commandant-General of the South African Forces, and the redoubtable Christiaan de Wet, the famous guerilla leader of the Boer War. That is a story all compact of romance—too long to be told here. Both of these men were his trusted friends, old and tried comrades of the battlefield. But both fell a victim to German wiles—Beyers because (I think) he was a knave, De Wet from an inverted sense of chivalry.

Anyone who knows South Africa intimately will be able to appreciate the difficulties of Botha's position when the rebellion broke out. Lord Harcourt, who was Colonial Secretary at the time, has just told us that half the country's store of rifles and ammunition was taken by the rebels through treachery, and that for 16 days it was "touch and go" in South Africa.

But Botha never showed the slightest sign of concern at this period.

As I was going into the Rand Club in Johannesburg for luncheon on one of those fateful October days in 1914, I met a man who said, "I've just heard that Botha himself is going to take the field against the rebels. Is it true?"

"I don't know," said I, "but I'll soon find out."

Jumping into a taxicab with a companion I motored the 40 miles to Pretoria and called upon the Prime Minister at the Union Buildings on Meintjes Kop—a high hill overlooking both town and veld; surely, in situation as well as in architecture, one of the most imaginative official buildings in the world.

His secretary held us off for a while. The general was very busy, and more than usually tired. It had been an exhausting day. Black-coated *predikants* (clergymen) with troubled visage thronged the corridors. The Church plays a part of first importance in South African affairs. They had been swarming there all day, and one could guess some of the difficulties that Botha had been experiencing.

When the last parson had left he saw us. He sat at a large table in a great room which commanded a wide view of rolling veld. There was no fuss of papers on his desk. There never is. His blotting-paper was clean. He is not a desk-man. The little nearby things are not for him. He takes the long view. His light-blue eyes have the rather fixed and far-away expression common to all dwellers in the great spaces of the earth. As he spoke he tap-tapped with a blue pencil on his blotting-paper. It is a mannerism which he carries into Parliament.

We said we had come to congratulate him on his decision to take the field against the rebels, and that the whole country—the Empire, indeed—would applaud it. His reply was very simple, and should be for ever memorable.

"It is my duty," he said, in his even, rather guttural tones, "and it is the only thing for me to do. Beyers was a strong man and he has a very big following in the country. There is no one else I can put in his place just now, so I must go myself."

A few days later he was in the field against his own countrymen. He moved swiftly, as is his wont. Rebellion sooned turned to rout, Beyers, fleeing before him, perished ignominiously while swimming his horse across a flooded river. De Wet—whose elusive tactics had defeated our best British cavalry leaders for three years—was taken prisoner.

Botha had kept his pledge to the Empire to which he swore loyalty at the peace conference at Vereeniging. But he had sacrificed lifelong friendships. Many of his best and oldest friends drew apart from him, and additional rancor was introduced into South African politics, already sufficiently embittered through schism and other causes.

How closely these friendships touched his private life I can best illustrate by an anecdote. On the day on which the last shots in the rebellion were fired I was in his house in Pretoria.

While we were there his secretary came to him with news of that last encounter, which had taken place that morning only a few miles from where we stood. "Ten of our men have been killed," he said.

Williams in Indianapolis "News"

"Now, William, what were you about to say?"

"I am very sorry," said Botha. "It is a bad business."

"We have taken all the rebels prisoners," the secretary went on, "and Fourie has been wounded."

(Fourie was an officer in the Defence Force who had turned traitor, and in happier days he had been an intimate friend of the Botha family. As it turned out, he was not really wounded, but so the rumor ran that morning.)

"Poor Fourie!" said Botha—and he said it more than once that morning—"I am very sorry that he is wounded—very sorry indeed."

Not very many days later Fourie was found guilty by a court-martial and shot.

Followed the German South-West Africa campaign, with results which are now history. Botha returned to his old post and carried on as Premier while his inseparable friend and lieutenant, Smuts, went first to conquer German East Africa and later to London to assist in the War Cabinet.

Botha's position has been no sinecure. He has been assailed on all sides with the utmost bitterness. The embers of rebellion have smouldered all the time. He has had to reconcile interests apparently irreconcilable. Some of his own countrymen have denounced him as a "Khaki," an "Englishman"—both terms of horrible reproach. A section of the British population has attacked him as a racialist. He has had labor troubles which developed into anarchy and bloodshed. The cosmopolitan nature of a large part of the South African population has not lessened his difficulties during the war. And all the time he has had the ever-present native problem to deal with in its many phases.

Through it all he has never wavered even momentarily from his duty. The Empire owes him a debt of gratitude which it never can repay. It may flatter our political pride to attribute the loyalty of South Africa to the wisdom of Campbell-Bannerman in granting her self-government. We may even attribute it to the genius of the British race for government. But here is one solid, concrete fact for grateful remembrance—*the loyalty of South Africa to the British Empire has been largely due to the personal influence of one man, Louis Botha.*

The New Crisis in the Balkans

Serious Difficulties Arising Between Greece and Bulgaria

ONE of the most perplexing problems at the Peace Conference will be the settling of Balkan boundaries. Already a dangerous feud has arisen between Greece and Bulgaria and M. Venizelos, the Greek statesman who has been such a great friend of the Entente, has been fighting tooth and nail in the allied capitals to offset what he claims to be a dangerous trend toward sympathy for Bulgaria.

As soon as Mr. Wilson has a little time at his disposal in Paris, he will be made acquainted with the nature of the new crisis that has risen in the Balkans, a crisis due mainly, if we may trust the Greek press, to persistent Bulgar machinations. The Bulgars are trying to escape the odium they have incurred by the atrocities perpetrated upon their foes throughout the Balkans. Controversies on the subject begin to fill the European dailies, official Bulgars giving the lie to official Greeks. Bulgaria sets up territorial claims in the near East which, Mr. Venizelos says, will lay the foundation for another war in the immediate future if Mr. Wilson allows himself to be misled. London and Paris are "worked," the Greeks charge, by shady diplomatists and venal journalists in the Bulgar interest who are trying to make it appear that everything done by the Bulgarians was the fault of their king, Ferdinand. That excuse infuriates the Greek journals, and there are many of them in some of the large capitals issued in the patriotic Hellenic interest. Ferdinand, it is urged, slew all the Greek women and children in Macedonia. He starved Greek prisoners. He invaded Greek territory and sold the inhabitants as slaves to the Turks. This artifice, worked through the medium of character sketches of Ferdinand as a combination of Machiavelli and Mephistopheles, seducing the Bulgars into error when all the time they thought they were fighting for democracy, has been controverted again and again in the Athenian press inspired by Venizelos. For some reason, complains the Nemera, the misrepresentations of the Bulgars seem plausible to many good people in London. Liberals there are still under the spell of the Gladstonian tradition and they can not disabuse their minds of an idea of Bulgaria that was perhaps sound forty years ago.

Greece has displayed more enthusiasm than any other country in the near East over the Wilson policy and the Fourteen Points. Athenian dailies have even urged an American protectorate over the Dardanelles as well as over Palestine and Armenia. Certainly, as the Greek press shows, the whole Hellenic people, in and out of the native land, is impressed with an idea that Mr. Wilson will vindicate the territorial claims of Greece against the Bulgars and their champions in London and Paris. However, Bulgaria has learned from grim experience in the past few years, says the *Atlantis*, that she is not to be allowed to extend her sway over races not Bulgar. "Four million Bulgarians, at most, can not be the masters of the twenty million souls living in the Balkans." In fact, the theory of a Bulgarian sway over the Balkans in any undue sense is well-nigh exploded in the Bulgar mind itself. So much may be inferred from the press swayed by Malinoff and from the recent utterances of King Boris at Sofia, who has been receiving English and French journalists and telling them how glad he is that the evil days of Radoslavoff, pro-German premier until the crash, are over. The Bulgarian press echoed the royal sentiments and does so still. The Greek press hails with delight these manifestations of a better state of the national mind; but it retains a feeling of uneasiness because the western powers are as yet wofully misinformed.

Memories are short, complains the *Atlantis*, and already London, Paris and Washington act as if they forgot how Ferdinand in Bulgaria was allowed to build up a powerful army. He could not have done this without the assent of the ruling statesmen. The Bulgars aspired to sway over all the Balkans. The men about Ferdinand boasted that they were the Prussians of the Balkans. Serbia first and Rumania afterwards had to build up a powerful means of defense. Thus the armies in these still distracted regions came into being. This is history as taught by Venizelos. The case of Greece was quite different, observes our Hellenic contemporary. Although the independent Hellenic kingdom had a population of some two and a half millions, nearly three times as many of her people were suffering under the Turkish yoke. Such was the practical working of European diplomacy. There was no self-determination of peoples back in the days when Tricoupis, the Greek statesman, thundered in his daily, the *Hora*, against the imbecilities of British policy under Disraeli. The name of Woodrow Wilson was unknown. The result was that the Balkans became an armed camp which, however, "by a marvelous combination of good luck," was turned against Turkey and "all but succeeded in solving the near-eastern question." The dream was not realized because of the imbecilities of the congress of the powers in London. That congress was told by Venizelos pretty much what Venizelos is telling the powers to-day. Germany bullied and threatened a world-war which, in effect, she let loose upon the Belgians and the French a year later. The *Atlantis* and its Greek contemporaries are to-day asking if the great powers have learned nothing whatever from this accumulated experience dating from yesterday? The question has been put by Venizelos to Lloyd George, to Balfour, to Pichon, for the Greek statesman is easily the busiest person in diplomatic life to-day.

London is the centre of a Bulgarian propaganda at which Mr. Venizelos stands aghast. Recent utterances in the London *Times* and the London *Westminster Gazette* are ascribed in the Greek press also to an active and subtle pro-Bulgar propaganda which stops at nothing to obscure Greece in the general mind. The Bulgarian Malinoff appears in this propaganda as the hero of Bulgaria's fight for democracy along Anglo-Saxon lines. He was always a friend of England and to his influence the friendliness of young King Boris for England is likewise due. Malinoff is a Bessarabian by birth and was trained to the law, although he is no orator. A weakness in the character of Malinoff was his distrust of the Greeks, a distrust disseminated by him in the Bulgar mind, says the London *World*. Whenever Mr. Venizelos shows up at the Quai d'Orsay or at the foreign office in London, a Bulgar agent is going in or coming out.

Use the Employment Offices!

A Message to Canadian Employers from the Director of Repatriation

The biggest problem that Canada has to face in the coming months is the problem of employment.

The cessation of war-work, the demobilization of the fighting forces jointly mean that almost half-a-million workers will have to be reabsorbed into our commercial and industrial life.

It is in Canada's best interests to ensure that this resettlement and readjustment takes place as speedily, smoothly and efficiently as possible.

The Employment Offices which the Government is establishing, with the co-operation of the Provinces, are therefore not an experiment, but a national necessity. They will prove to be just as great a national asset to Canada as they have been to other countries.

Canada's Employment Offices will be 64 in number—a complete nation-wide chain from coast to coast. They will be located in all centres of 10,000 people and over—and wherever the need for them exists. More than one-half are already in operation.

Through these Government Employment Offices, all persons in need of employment, both male and female, soldier and war-worker will be placed in touch with such positions as are available.

Every effort is being made to have these offices run on uniform, business-like methods. Modern, up-to-date offices are being secured. The supervisor and interviewers in each office take care that an employer's particular needs are promptly filled. They endeavor to supply only such help as an employer can confidently take on—the right man for the right position. By doing this they effect an important economy of time and money for employers.

For the small employer of labor the Government Employment Office will serve as an employment manager. For the large concerns they will be of appreciable assistance to the employment manager.

Thus, from the standpoint of the service rendered, the Government Employment Offices will warrant the heartiest co-operation and support on the part of the employers of labor.

The Dominion and Provincial Governments recognize that the whole success of the Employment Offices depends upon the degree to which employers give this co-operation and support.

They therefore urge employers to do three important things:

(1) To seek first from the local Employment Office whatever class of help they may need.

(2) To fill out as completely as possible and mail promptly the postcard which will be sent each week to every concern of 25 or more employees showing (a) the payroll of the previous week; (b) changes in staff and the nature of the occupations.

(3) To give every help and support to the advisory body of employers and employees which will assist the supervisor of each local office.

(4) To refer complaints and dissatisfaction promptly to the Provincial Superintendent of Labor or to the local Employment Office.

The Repatriation Committee

OTTAWA

Director of Repatriation

Switzerland, the Spies' Refuge

How That Country Became a Land of Intrigue During the War

PRIOR to August 1, 1914, Paris was the city where the spy, the intriguer and the exile gathered to plot and discover plots. How the activities of these classes were suddenly transferred to Switzerland at the outbreak of war is related in *"The World's Work,"* in an article which reads in part as follows:

The glories and beauties of nature are Switzerland's charm, which had hitherto attracted only tourists. But suddenly the tourists ceased to come and in their place these new mysterious visitors began to arrive: Propagandists from Germany and Austria-Hungary; traitors from France and Italy; plotters and revolutionists from Russia, India, Egypt, and Turkey; spies and renegades from a dozen countries. Among them was a monarch in exile, and, if he was not in Switzerland at the time, there soon came a man who was going to be one of the world's new and terrible autocrats. Women who had been persecuted for love of country and others whose patriotism could be dictated by the latest man of wealth or title who lavished jewels upon them, were among the group. To be explicit, the ex-Khedive of Egypt was there; and Lenine, now the dictator in Russia, when his whereabouts came to public light, was found in Switzerland. There were women who had had to flee from the Russia of the Czar, and others who came of their own free will from places like Monte Carlo to make money on a large scale by illicit means.

The geographical position of Switzerland made her the meeting point of many nations. To the man who might suddenly want to depart by one route or another, this little republic with frontiers bordering on Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and the little principality of Lichtenstein, offered the most advantageous residence. The central position of Switzerland also served to an extent as her protection from Germany and Austria, the advantages of subjecting this little state being more than outweighed by those she offered of a more or less open route for propaganda meant to find its way into France and Italy. The work of influencing Switzerland was secondary and failed. That of undermining loyalty in the army and people of France, Italy, and Russia was conducted largely in Switzerland and succeeded in the last case to a terrible degree.

The Bolshevist group made its headquarters for a long while in Switzerland. Lenine was there when Nicholas II abdicated on March 15, 1917, and had evidently been in close touch with the German agents, for, it will be remembered, he, Chernoff, and other Bolsheviki were permitted to cross Germany on their way back to Russia, despite the fact that they were Russians and that their country was still at war with Germany. There seems no doubt that these Bolsheviki made arrangements before they left Switzerland to receive monetary support from Germany for the propaganda that they were to conduct behind the Russian lines. General Brusiloff announced at the time that he had conclusive proof that Lenine was an agent of the German General Staff.

The attitude of Switzerland throughout the war has always been what is called in diplomatic phraseology "correct." This might seem strange in view of the fact that nearly three-quarters of the population is ethnically German and uses German as the mother tongue. In a population of 3,880,500, the Germans number 2,594,298, the French 793,264 and the Italians 302,578.

But the Germans of Switzerland are like neither those of Holland nor those of the United States, and this voluntary

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confederation of French, German, and Italian under a single flag stands as a valuable object lesson in the art and science of government. It is, of course, well known that during the first few months of the war there was in Switzerland a very strong feeling among the German Swiss in favor of Germany; but as the people had time to study and observe the war the determination of the German element no less than the French and the Italian became fixed on the programme of preserving its own neutrality.

"Switzerland," says an English writer, Sir Jacob Preston, " has always remained outside the circle of great Powers that have for centuries been wrangling, fencing, and manoeuvring one with another. Her foreign policy is mainly a negative one; she has no alliances, no colonies, no unredeemed provinces, no plans for territorial aggrandizement, and, above all, no outlet to the sea.....

"Nothing short of starvation or threatened invasion could drive Switzerland into war, and there is no doubt that every Swiss would meet an invader in the same spirit that his forefathers met Hapsburg and Burgundian centuries ago.....As this war has drawn together the different units of the British Empire by emphasizing their common traditions and ideals, so has an armed neutrality in face of raging and truculent neighbors drawn out and accentuated the latent feeling of a common nationality in Switzerland."

A German on Germany's Defeat

The Collapse of Teuton Empire Seen Through German Spectacles

PROFESSOR HANS DELBRUCK'S contribution to the December number of the *Preussische Yahrbuch* as quoted in the London *Times* are about the most interesting comments we have had on the German Resolution.

Delbrück begins by candid admission that he has been entirely wrong about the prospects of the war:

What mistakes I have made! Bad though things were a month ago, I would not abandon the hope that our front, although already yielding, would hold, and would wring from our enemies an armistice that would cover our frontiers, while in Germany the development towards democracy, long prepared as it was, would be accomplished without a violent breach with the past, and without the sacrifice of the traditional political forms. Our hope has deceived us; our pride is broken, I imagined that I saw clearer and further than others when, with all confidence in our military strength, I constantly advised political moderation. Could such moderation have saved us from such a catastrophe? This much is certain—that I greatly underestimated the internal dissolution of our strength and the shattering of our once so firm political structure. . . . Of a truth I never foresaw such a result, even in the dark hours and gloomy anticipations which often came over me.

He also had some edifying experiences with the German censorship. He was only allowed to mention the British and American statistics of new ship construction on condition that he said that they could not be true. When he wanted to publish the figures of transport of American troops to France up to last June, and pointed out that as he had taken the figures from the *Times* they could be of no use to the enemy, he was positively forbidden to mention the figures at all, on the ground that, in the opinion of the German Supreme Command, "Mr. Baker's report was nothing but American bluff intended to deceive the German." Delbrück proceeds:—

What shall one say about this? Was it really necessary to keep such facts from the German people in order to maintain its spirit? Or did the Supreme Command really not know at the end of July that it had to deal with an immense American Army? The turn in our fortunes began with the collapse of our attack on Rheims and the successful advance of the French north of the Marne. According to certain observations which had been communicated to me, Ludendorff had then already become very uncertain at heart. Nevertheless, he and Herr von Hintze (Foreign Secretary) during the next nine weeks did nothing to ease our position politically—until, on September 29, Ludendorff collapsed and completed our defeat by the offer of an armistice.

Delbrück admits that when Prince Max at last came into office on October 1, all was lost, and he merely tried to bluff the Entente by using his personal reputation and attributing the change of Government not to the military situation—the real cause—but to a change of heart. As Delbrück indiscreetly puts it, in words which should end the Prince Max legend:—

There remained nothing for him but to risk it on this thin hope. But the enemy did not let himself be deceived. The enemy realized his military advantage; and now came the most terrible thing. Before the negotiations, intentionally prolonged by the enemy, had reached their conclusion, the Socialist Party took it upon itself to overthrow the Government and to make Germany defenceless at this moment.

The future Delbrück regards with the utmost sadness. He thinks that there will be more parties than ever in the new Germany. He seems to believe that German Austria will return to Germany, but he sees that one result of this will be a break-up of Prussia into her constituent provinces. He is inclined to believe that Germany will be forced into economic Socialism. He sees that there will be more women voters than men. He says that all Germans must hope that this is for Germany the ploughing time and that the harvest will yet come. But he concludes:—

Why, however, should we not admit that this faith is still overshadowed by dark forebodings? What if the age of high intellectual culture were now going to its end? What if we are closing an epoch, as antiquity ended, in the migration of the peoples? What if the striving for a new order ends in anarchy, and anarchy in barbarism? Rome of old was governed by a highly educated aristocracy whose place was then taken by the new aristocracy of warriors in bearskins. Then reading and writing became an affair for parsons—nothing for emperors and kings, dukes, counts, and knights. What if we also are approaching times in which power will pass into the hands, not of the illiterate, but, still worse, of the half educated? Is Germany destined to disappear from the ranks of the Great Powers and to continue as an unpolitical "Kultur"-people? Has Bismarck's work really been destroyed for ever? Has the League of Nations a future, and is the conception of Great Power dying? Mere questions; but can one to-day close a political essay otherwise than with questions?

I wish to state that I have very much enjoyed reading your magazine and believe it to be the finest-all-round magazine edited in Canada or the United States and that your title of "Canada's National Magazine" is fully justified by the quality and tone of the articles which you produce.

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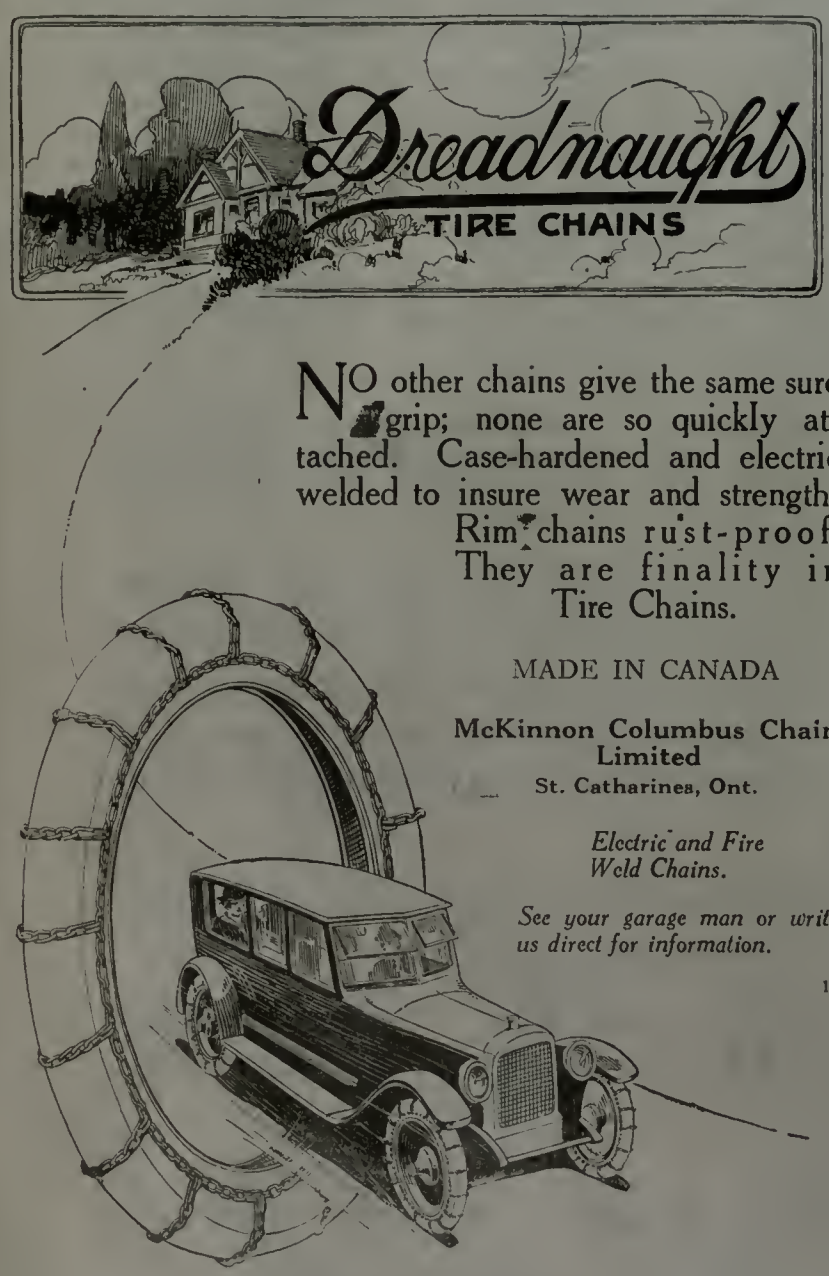

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The Story of the First "Q" Boat

How the "Q" Boats Got the U-Boats

OCCASIONALLY during the war we have heard the "Hush" Boats referred to as a "great mystery." The secret was well kept. The secret is now out and a naval officer in the *Times* tells how the "Q" Boats killed the U-Boats. He writes:

An old collier of some 2,000 tons was selected from among the shipping at the disposal of the Admiralty and taken to a dockyard port, where she unostentatiously underwent certain structural alterations. These included disappearing mountings for guns concealed beneath hatchway covers, and masked by deckhouses which collapsed like cards at a jerk of a lever. From the host of volunteers, among whom were retired admirals, captains, commanders, and lieutenants of the Royal Navy, a young lieutenant-commander was selected and appointed in command. His officers were volunteers from the Royal Naval Reserve, ex-merchant seamen, familiar enough with the *role* they were required to play, and in some cases with little mental scores of their own which required adjustment when the time came.

For five weary months they patrolled the Atlantic waiting for the chance to avenge the *Lusitania's* dead. And often—so successful was their camouflage—they deceived even their own cruisers. Finally the long desired opportunity came.

Early one spring morning, when the daylight was stealing out of gray skies across the Atlantic waste, the track of a torpedo bubbled across the bows and passed ahead of the ship. The moment for which they had waited five weary months had come.

As befitted her *role* of tramp steamer in the early days of the war, the ship held steadily on her way, observing the stars in their courses, but not otherwise interested in the universe. Inboard, however, the alarm rang along the mess-decks and saloons, and men crawled into hen-coops and deck-houses, eagerly fingering the pistol-grips of the hidden guns. A few minutes later the submarine broke surface half a mile astern of the ship, and fired a shot across her bows. Whereupon, the supposed collier stopt her engines, and lay rolling in the trough of the seas with steam pouring from her exhausts, while the crew, who had rehearsed this moment to a perfection never yet realized on the boards of legitimate drama, rushed to and fro with every semblance of panic. The captain danced from one end of the bridge to the other, waving his arms and shouting; boats were turned out and in again amid a deliberate confusion that brought blushes to the cheeks of the ex-merchant seamen called upon to play the part.

In the meantime the submarine had approached at full speed to within about 700 yards, and, evidently not satisfied with the speed at which the ship was being abandoned, fired another shot, which pitched 50 yards short of the engine-room. There was apparently nothing further to be gained by prolonging the performance for this impatient audience, and the lieutenant-commander on the bridge, cap in hand, and breathless with his pantomimic exertions, blew a shrill blast on his whistle. Simultaneously the White Ensign fluttered to the masthead, deck-houses and screens clattered down, and three minutes later the submarine sank under a rain of shells and Maxim bullets. As she disappeared beneath the surface the avenger reached the spot and dropt a depth charge over her. A moment after the explosion the submarine reappeared in a perpendicular position alongside the ship, denting the bilge-keel as she rolled drunkenly among the waves. The after gun put five more rounds into the shattered hull at point-blank range, and, as she sank for the last time, two more depth charges were dropped in mercy to speed her passing.

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What is Going on in Mexico

An Exposition of the Present Political Situation

THE situation in Mexico at the present day and the aims and desires of the Government and the people are dealt with at length by William Gates in the *North American Review*. Put in a few words his contention is that the Carranza Government is nothing more or less than a band of organized robbers, violently pro-German, inimical to everything American and hand in glove with the I. W. W.

The chief opponent to Carranza is Zapata, an Indian, whose sole object is to win back illegally dispossessed farms for his followers in his native state, and who would have supported Carranza had he agreed to this restitution. Zapata and Villa for some months previous to the Carranza *régime* held the capital. During that period the dominant topic in all the papers was the agrarian and farming question. There was almost no anti-Americanism. Mr. Gates then continues his story as follows:

With the entry of Carranza forces August 2, 1915, all this changed. Entering the capital the Zapata papers are at once suppressed, and their plants used to issue Carranza papers; these began at once to be filled with new kinds of notices. Agrarianism almost disappears, to be replaced by the spread of I. W. W. syndicates, "to become a great aid in combating the tyrants." We have wild stories of "revolutions" in the United States. Kenneth Turner arrives, on the invitation of Dr. Atl, the I. W. W. propagandist. August 22 the present German Minister, von Eckhardt, arrives at the capital with letters from Carranza (still at Vera Cruz), stating that von Eckhardt has come "accredited to the Constitutionalist Government." (*We* did not recognize Carranza until October 19.)

With the definite coming into power, therefore, of the Carranza *régime*, we find at his side the German Minister and the I. W. W., in their official capacities, and in full co-operation and recognition. We find starting up at once an exaggerated anti-Americanism, of the "political patriotism" type.

In my recent trip through Mexico my desire to see Zapata was stimulated by the utterly contradictory reports about him. Every form of abuse possible is heaped upon him, yet on all sides acknowledgment that Zapata is the one leader in all these years who has had a a consistent principle. Zapata is fighting to restore the farms of which the Indians were by legal *processes* dispossessed in spite of primordial titles centuries old, and to establish small agricultural proprietorship, leaving the other economic problems of Mexico, for which modern capital and methods are essential, free. Zapata, Carranza, Alvarado, all proclaim agrarian revindication of the Indian. But the Indian, dispossessed, his race-brother bulks first in Zapata's thoughts; in Carranza's and Alvarado's it is the capitalist hated, especially the foreigner, and most especially the American. The Zapata movement is a social home movement; the other a political anti-foreign one. Zapata shares the anti-Spanish feeling above mentioned, and neither he nor his people are anti-Yankee in the usual sense; he and his officers are also specifically anti-German. Alvarado is a convinced I.W.W., who expects to succeed Carranza as President, and establish the first Syndicalistic State; to both him and Carranza, Indianism is something to be cultivated and exploited politically.

I have ridden hundreds of miles through southern Mexico, where I was told no other American had been for the last one or two years at least, and where I was warned that it was utterly impossible to go for roving bandits, who would at the least strip me to my shoes. I have been in a town as it was attacked by Felicistas, and seen the Carrancista soldiers after repelling the attack loot the town they were brought in to defend, the commanding general of the division, Heriberto Jara of Vera Cruz, bring up the rear of the line of loot-burdened men; while others after shooting a prisoner found wounded in the leg, dragged him by a rope behind a cart; and while a colonel on the general's staff warned a friendly storekeeper to shut his doors, as they could not promise protection from their own troops. I never felt safe one hour of the time I was within Carranza lines; I felt safe every hour I was off among the country people, in the districts protected by their soldiers, farmers like themselves, working their fields and taking a gun when the need came to defend their homes from the marauding Carrancistas. I have no doubt there are bands of bandits, but I believe them to be mainly, at least, on the border lines between the opposing forces.

The Revolutionists of Mexico to-day are a peasant yeomanry defending their homes; while one may describe the Government forces as Germans in Belgium, or Bolsheviki in Russia; either term fits.

The ignorance in this country as to the extent of the German propaganda and influence over the border is little short of amazing. To try to show its working, take the matter of the public press. In Yucatan a free press is non-existent; but in Mexico there is a long list of anti-government papers, rising and falling, besides the main dailies. Nearly the whole of this press is German subsidized; in some cases the anti-Americanism is virulent in the extreme, excitatory of fears of invasion. A good deal of this is hidden behind rabid I. W. W. anti-capitalism, where that is the cue, as in the oil regions and in the north; and that serves to excite strikes, or destruction; but the purchase money is traceable, and has several times been openly proven German. Some of these rabid anti-foreign papers are also anti-Carranza, to give them circulation among the Revolutionary districts; but there, too, they serve Carranza's aims, for they excite the sentiment which he hopes to use when "the Day" of vindication comes. When we learned that food shipments released by us to relieve distress were being used for outrageous profiteering, and ordered the question investigated, it gave rise to violent editorials on Mexico's sovereign right to regulate her own internal commerce.

Last January the Sonora News Co., a long established American company, obeying our Trading With the Enemy Act, cut out the most violent and shamelessly mendacious German paper from its train list. It had its whole contract cancelled in consequence, the *Government Secretary* stating in the official letter that the special reason was that such action invaded Mexico's sovereign dignity, and compromised her "strict neutrality." Other cases followed, with like action, declaring broadly that "the American Black List has no validity in Mexico, and supported immediately by specific decrees from Carranza himself.

Mexico, outside of Carrancista circles, is our friend; it is also in desperation, and crying to us; it is absolutely pro-Ally, and anti-German. The case is a clear one: the Carranza policy is a political one, against us, to which he is sacrificing the inner condition of the country; but the Mexicans outside his ranks see that alliance with Germany would only mean for Mexico what it did for Russia, even if Germany had won; and they see Mexico's future in friendship with us.

If we would permit it, if we would recognize the facts from the world-standpoint, that assumed diplomatic regularity is being used intentionally to hold us off and for no other purpose as Germany hoped to do first with England and then with us, till the better time; if we would recognize the Mexican people whose welfare we have at heart, instead of the Carranza Government which has betrayed the Mexican Revolution as Lenine did the Russian; if we would only go no further than was done by the Carranza Government itself and recognize the belligerency of the

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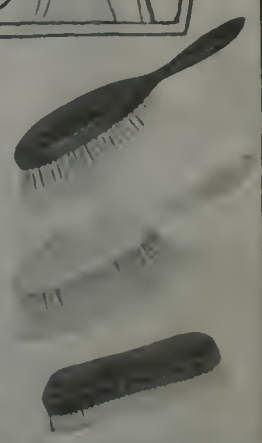

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legitimate State Government of Oaxaca, the whole matter would be settled by an immediate declaration of alliance by that Sovereignty, carrying with it all the rest of the Revolutionary movement through the whole Republic. We would lose Carranza, and with him the danger which he and the German Minister are fomenting, that we be drawn into attacking *Mexico* on the northern border, or in Tampico; all danger of the rupture between us and the Mexicans would cease, for the Carranza Government could not last if the Revolutionists got the ammunition they need.

The interior condition is wholly misunderstood in this country. It is not a case of more or less widespread banditry, pillage. It is a political movement, it is unified, and all the parties are in communication and co-operation, slowly strengthening themselves and pinching in the Carranza Government amidst the growing hatred of the whole people, and its economically critical situation.

The present movement is a unified political revolution to restore constitutional government, wipe out the socialistic legislation, and come back to a position of respect internationally. From a military point, the country is controlled by three main forces, in co-operation: Felix Diaz commanding in Chiapas, Vera Cruz, the Tehuantepec isthmus, and part of Puebla, the Oaxaca State forces under Meixueiro; Zapata commanding in Morelos, part of Puebla and Guerrero; Guerrero also seceded lately, and State forces there co-operate; up the west side and through the north various military leaders; on the east coast in the oil district, Pelaez. The southern contingents have definite political programmes (substantially identical) to the restoration of constitutional government, with reforms giving effect to the social principles underlying the late revolution; these programmes have been accepted by the military chiefs in the north. And they include for the first time in Mexico's history the economic regeneration of the Indian; that is Zapata's one care for which he will fight to the end; it is Meixueiro's; and Diaz has made it his. The Mexican revolution (really started by Zapata in 1909, before Madero) will never end until the mountain peasants of Morelos come into their own; you might as well fight the Swiss; but give them their farms, buying them from the landlords if necessary, and it ends to-morrow. And above all give them economic assurance *that it is worth while saving*—and their regeneration and that of Mexico will come.

The Alleged Polish Pogroms

Are They a Fact or Merely More German Propaganda?

HEARTRENDING stories of the massacre of defenceless Jewish men and women in Lemberg have come through German sources to Western countries and have caused some discouragement to the well-wishers of Poland. Mr. W. Czerniewski, however, a noted Polish Publicist in the West declares in the London (Eng.) *New Witness* that it is a subtle piece of German propaganda to snatch in the East what the Teutons have lost in the West. He says:

Through the Wolff Agency the work of propaganda has been steadily carried on. One after the other telegrams are dispatched announcing a state of anarchy in Poland, giving the details of a pogrom against the Jews. This campaign was launched as far back as last February, when mass-meetings were held in Krakow and Lemberg to demand the restoration of an independent Poland, with access to the sea. Following on these demonstrations the Wolff Agency issued reports of anti-Semitic riots in Galicia, together with statements of the appearance of Bolshevism. These statements were absolutely false. I have had the opportunity of seeing and conversing with men who actually took part in these national demonstrations, and they solemnly assure me that no anti-Semitic riots have taken place. In this connection it is important to note that there have never been Jewish pogroms in the districts inhabited by Poles, with the single exception in 1905 of a pogrom in Siedlce. On this occasion, however, the pogrom was arranged and carried through by the Russian troops, who alone took part in it. . . . On every side, Poland is surrounded by anarchy, and it is quite possible that if pogroms have occurred German and Austrian troops returning from the front were implicated.

Germany has lost her game in the West, but she will not throw down her cards in the East. Her present scheme of politics is not confined to the saving of her eastern frontiers. Her aim is also to Balkanize eastern Europe. She desires, therefore, to see a small and weak Poland, an independent Ukraine, an independent Lithuania, together with White Ruthenia and Esthonia. If Germany's aim in this direction be fulfilled her ambitions would be undisputed. None of these people would be in a position to oppose seventy million Germans. Honeycombed by German intrigues, mutual internal dissensions would arise, they would quarrel among themselves, dissipate their energy in petty affairs, and serve Germany as a bridge to the further East. And the old story would be repeated yet again. The sap of the East would pour new blood into German veins, the Balkanized East would be a fertilizer through which Prussia would find invigoration, and, once more recuperated, seek revenge on those who have destroyed her to-day. Lord Robert Cecil has said that the German revolution may only be a trick. Even so, Germany is playing the most cunning game that even she has ever launched. Beaten in the field, she is still fighting a great battle, a battle in which she is employing those forces which are in existence in ourselves. She is endeavoring to poison our minds, to weaken our will, to disintegrate our purpose.

A Knotty Point For the Peace Conference

The Subject Likely to Cause Greatest Difficulty Among the Various Peace Problems

THAT the problems for settlement by the Peace Conference are by no means without difficulty will be generally admitted and perhaps the one most likely to cause dissension among the Allies themselves is the settlement of the rival claims of Italy, the Jugo-Slavs and the Greeks to various parts of the country to the east of the Adriatic. *The Literary Digest* quotes Prof. Bernard Pares, of King's College, London, on this subject as saying:

The relations between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs are one of the pivotal problems of the war, and Italo-Jugo-Slav friendship is a necessary factor in restoring peaceful and ordered conditions in southeastern Europe. But though it has hitherto been possible to make out a case for not probing too deeply the causes which have hampered the attainment of a complete and cordial understanding between the two peoples, it is clear that the moment has now come when only a frank recognition of the facts can save us from disastrous decisions.

The root of the whole evil lies in the secret treaty concluded on April 26, 1915, by Great Britain, France, and Russia with Italy. The main lines of this iniquitous arrangement had already leaked out soon after its conclusion, but

it was not until the Bolsheviki obtained control in Petrograd that the actual text of the treaty became known; and to this day only two British newspapers—the Manchester *Guardian* and *The New Europe*—have dared to acquaint their readers with its sacred contents. The territorial concessions thus secured by Italy include, not merely southern Tyrol to the Brenner, Gorizia, Trieste, the line of the Julian Alps to near Fiume, and the whole of Istria (with the islands of Lussin and Cherso), but also the whole of northern Dalmatia, including Zara, Sebenico, and their hinterland, and even the southern islands of Lissa, Lesina, Curzola, and Meleda. This involves the annexation of nearly three-quarters of a million Slovenes and Croats, living in compact masses and with a keenly developed national consciousness.

"The blame for this treaty does not rest with Italy alone, it is shared equally by France, Britain, and Czarist Russia. But while the other three foreign ministers who concluded it have long since fallen, Baron Sonnino still remains at his post and with usurious stubbornness seeks to hold the Allies to their bond." All Italian opinion, however, does not run with the Foreign Minister, and in a volume entitled "Italia e Jugo-Slav," published in Florence, a group of Italian publicists have set out to combat the claims which the advanced Nationalists base upon the Treaty of London.

Locating Guns By Sound

How Three German Guns Were Discovered by Sound in One Day

TOWARDS the end of the war the positions of hundreds of German guns were accurately discovered by calculations based upon sound. The *Popular Science Monthly* thus describes the method by which this marvellous achievement was effected:

By the use of "receiving stations" behind the lines, British and French military observers have been able to locate hundreds of German guns through the application of the science of acoustics. These stations are placed behind the Allied lines at points accurately determined, with the distance from each station to all others carefully recorded.

A receiving station may be nothing more than a microphone-receiver concealed under a rock. The receiver is connected by wire to a central station with which the other stations are also connected. A simple clockwork device in the central station records the exact instant at which every sound is received at each receiving station.

The first sound is that of the shell passing overhead, since the projectile fired by a high-power rifled cannon travels faster than the speed of sound, which is normally 1,123 feet a second, varying, however, with wind velocity and direction and the temperature and density of the air. The next sound recorded is the "boom" of the gun, and then comes the sound of the exploding shell.

Careful corrections are worked out to allow for variation in the speed of the sound-waves due to atmospheric conditions. Then the difference in time at which the same sound was recorded from the different receiving stations is compared with the known distance from station to station.

If, for example, the time when the sound made by a passing shell reaches Station 4 is 9:12:26, and the same sound is recorded from Station 5 at 9:12:27 and from Station 6 at 9:12:27½, it is a simple matter to determine that the point of origin of the sound is 1,086 feet farther from Station 5 than from Station 4, and 543 feet farther from Station 6 than from Station 5. With the known distances between the station as base lines, triangulation on a large-scale map, involving intricate calcula-

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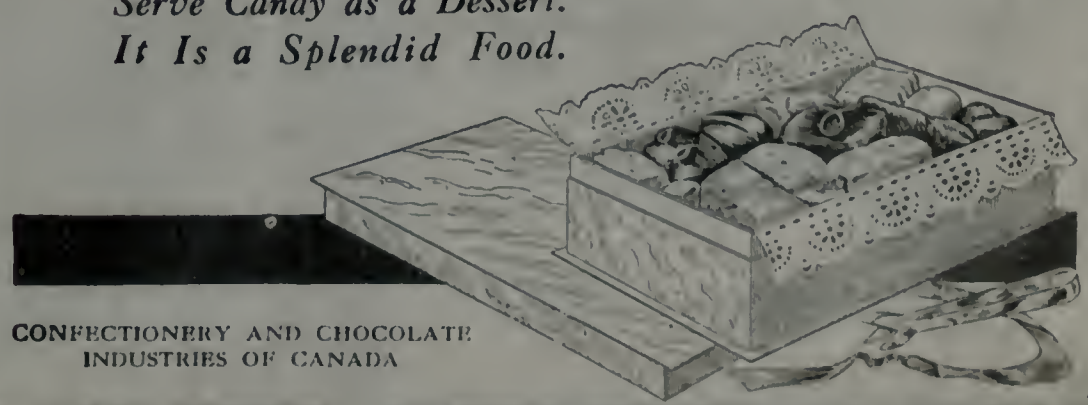

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tions, provides valuable information as to distance, as indicated by the different times at which the same sound reached the different receiving stations. The time records of the sound of the gun itself and of the exploding shell are also subjected to the same analysis; and, since it is obvious that the points from which the three different sounds originate must be in the same vertical plane, a straight line on the map connecting all three proves the accuracy of the computations.

So accurate has this method proved that in almost every instance, when the work of the observers at the central station (which may be miles away from the receiving stations) is compared with photographs made from airplanes, showing the position of the same guns, there is not room for separate pinpricks to indicate the results of the two sets of observations.

In one day, recently, sixty-three German guns were located by this means, and destroyed by airplane bombs, although many of them had been so successfully camouflaged that probably they never would have been discovered by any other means.

German Princes Without Jobs

Twenty-two Petty Monarchs Have Retired Into Private Life

IT seems hardly credible that the German nation should have tolerated up till last November more than a score of petty sovereigns the majority of whom ranged from homicidal maniacs to mere imbeciles, and this at annual cost of nearly half a billion dollars. The most that could be said for the best of them was that they were inoffensive.

Frederick Cunliffe-Owen in *Munsey's* gives an account of these various petty monarchs of which the following is a resume:

Probably the best of the lot was the septuagenarian William II of Württemberg, who was called upon to abdicate, not so much on account of any objection to himself personally, but because of the pronounced unpopularity of his Austrian-reared cousin and next heir, Duke Albert of Württemberg, who was throughout the war one of the principal commanders on the French front.

William II is credited with having been averse to the war which has just come to a close, owing in part to the fact that as a young cavalry subaltern he took part in the campaign of 1870. Having smelled powder on the battlefield, instead of in sham fights, like the Kaiser, he was appalled at the idea of reviving the horrors of the conflict of nearly fifty years ago. His attitude in the matter served to envenom his relations with his namesake of Berlin, the differences between them having originated in the days when the two princes were officers of the same regiment at Potsdam.

Bavaria's royal house has had a long history of misfortune and four of her last five kings lost their thrones in different ways. Ludwig I was forced to abdicate in 1848, after the scandal of his infatuation for the Irish adventuress, Lola Montez. His grandson, Ludwig II, was declared insane, and only escaped incarceration by his tragic death a few days later. The second Ludwig's brother and successor, Otto, spent more than forty years under close restraint in the palace of Fürstenried, and was formally deposed about three years before his death. And now Ludwig III has closed the record of the Wittelsbach sovereigns, probably forever, by his ignominious flight from Munich.

It appears that the third and last Ludwig was returning from a walk with two of his daughters when he caught sight, at some distance, of a revolutionary mob marching upon the palace. He instantly took to his heels and fled to Switzerland, oblivious of the fact that

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he was leaving behind him, at the mercy of the mob, his elderly consort, Queen Marie Therese, who was dangerously ill at the time.

It was in February, 1918, that Ludwig celebrated the golden anniversary of his marriage to his wife, an archduchess of Austria. She is the senior of the descendants from the Stuart kings of Great Britain—that is to say, her descent from the Stuarts is less remote than that of King George. The members of the White Rose and Jacobite Leagues in England and America, prior to the war, were wont to insist that were it not for the Act of Settlement barring Roman Catholics from the British crown, she would be in possession thereof, instead of George V.

King Ludwig has always hated the Hohenzollerns and the Prussians. He still carries a Prussian bullet in his body, and walks with a pronounced limp, as the result of wounds received in defending Bavaria from Prussian invasion in the six weeks' war of 1866. He never lost an occasion of manifesting his impatience with Hohenzollern arrogance, and his resentment at the constant attempts on the part of the Berlin government to encroach upon the sovereignty of Bavaria.

Under the circumstances, it seems to be an irony of fate that the masses of the Bavarian people, who shared his dislike of the Hohenzollerns, and of everything emanating from Berlin, should always have looked upon him as a usurper, and as having played the game of Prussia.

Another German ruler who has always hated the Prussians, and abominated the former Kaiser, is the dethroned King Frederick Augustus of Saxony. His sentiments in this regard have been shared, not only by the princes and princesses of his house but also by his subjects. During the war the French and English troops have borne tribute to the difference between the Prussians and the Saxons, all to the advantage of the latter; and it is said that more than once, when relieved from service in the trenches, the men of Saxony hoisted placards for the information of their adversaries, conveying the significant warning that their places were being taken by "Prussian swine."

King Frederick Augustus was the only monarch in Europe of his day to be afflicted with the strange malady to which the French have given the name of *petit mal*, in order to distinguish it from the *grand mal*, or epilepsy. The Scots graphically describe the *petit mal* as "dwalms," and it takes the form of a sudden mental stupor, with an irresistible somnolence. Although otherwise in perfect health, the Saxon king was in the habit of suddenly falling asleep at state banquets in honor of foreign sovereigns, at councils of his ministers, at great court functions, and even on horseback at military reviews. His tumbles from his charger on occasions of this kind were very unkindly ascribed, especially at Berlin, to intoxication.

King Frederick Augustus, while somewhat coarse in manner and speech, and in no sense an attractive character, has behaved with boundless patience and forbearance towards his former wife, the Archduchess Louise of Austria, whom he was compelled by his father, the late King George, to divorce in consequence of her sensational elopement with her children's Belgian tutor, Professor Givon. But as divorce is not recognized by the Roman Catholic church to which he belongs he still considers himself her husband—this, too, in spite of her subsequent marriage to and divorce from an Italian pianist of the name of Toselli. Although she has treated him in the most abominable fashion, and has given her name to a book of "Reminiscences," ridiculing him and his whole family, he has continued until now to pay her an annuity sufficient to keep her from want.

The Grand Duke Frederick Augustus of Oldenburg, until his dethronement the other day, was the only German sovereign who could boast of having visited the United States.

The dethroned grand duke is a queer character. When his wife ventured to differ from him, he was wont to have her committed to an asylum, on the pretext that she was mentally deranged. He himself, during the decade preceding the war, had a habit of periodically retiring of his own free will to a sanatorium in Dresden, to remain in complete seclusion, on the plea that he required rest from the cares and anxieties of administering the government of his tiny duchy. He used to complain all the time of suffering from overwork."

It would be impossible to sketch, within the limits of a magazine article, the many oddities, idiosyncrasies, and foibles of the remainder of the recently dethroned pumpernickel monarchs of Germany.

For instance, there is the deposed Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, second in line of succession to the throne of Holland, while his own second heir, until his recent downfall, was his cousin, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar. The latter lived for a number of years in the United States as a "remittance-man," under the name of William Rohde. He was always forestalling his meagre allowance from home, and was compelled in consequence to resort to all sorts of extraordinary means of livelihood. He was successively a ridingmaster in New York, a hack-driver, a street-car conductor, a wine tout, and even a waiter at a hotel.

Then there is the Kaiser's son-in-law, the dethroned Duke of Brunswick, who is understood to have spent two years of the war under restraint in Austria as a lunatic, whose father, known as the Duke of Cumberland, is hopelessly insane, and whose grandfather, the last King of Hanover, was stone blind.

Another dethroned princeling is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the posthumous son of King Edward's youngest brother, Leopold Duke of Albany. He was a schoolboy at Eton, having spent all his life in England, when forced—sorely against his will, it is said—to accept the succession to his uncle Alfred's petty German thrones of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. During the late war, however, the young duke distinguished himself by his manifestations of execration for everything English, although his mother, the widowed Duchess of Albany, makes her home in England, where she is dependent upon an allowance of twenty thousand dollars a year from the British treasury.

The deposed Grand Duke of Baden is a rather colorless individual, whose mother, still living, is the only daughter of the late Emperor William. Two of his predecessors on the throne have been hopelessly insane, and his cousin and heir, Prince Max of Baden, the Kaiser's last imperial chancellor, spent a couple of years in an asylum at Doebling, near Vienna, prior to his marriage in 1900 to the daughter of the crazy Duke of Cumberland.

A Rod in Pickle For Germany

What She Would Have Got Had She Not Surrendered

AMONG the many technical experts called in to assist in defeating the Hun was William H. Walker, professor of chemical engineering and later chief official manufacturer of lethal gases in the United States.

Munsey's gives us an idea of what Colonel Walker had in store for the Teutons had they not surrendered when they did.

Colonel Walker was one of the first recruits to the board of chemists commissioned by the Government to deal with the problems rising out of the introduction of poison gas in warfare. It was soon found that the only effective method of handling the situation was to produce sufficient quantities of the deadly stuff to make it possible for the Allies to outdo the German in his own specialty. Prior to this war poison gases

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had never been manufactured in bulk. The task had been a new one even to Germany.

England and France had already begun the manufacture of phosgen and mustard gas, and had produced them on a scale comparable with that of the enemy. The American problem was to bring to bear our unique facilities for quantity production, and by so doing to set a new standard in gas warfare. It was decided that an arsenal should be built and devoted exclusively to this purpose. Since it was desirable to keep the scheme secret as far as possible, an isolated region in Maryland, bordering on the Atlantic, was selected, and there, in the early months of 1918, were set up the various units of a great industrial establishment which was to produce such quantities of man-killing poisons as the world had never dreamed of.

Scientific men knew the theories for producing these poisonous gases—knew how it had been done in the laboratory; but their manufacture in hundreds and thousands of tons, and the handling of these great quantities after being manufactured, involved entirely new problems. In building such a plant it became necessary that the reaction in a test-tube should be reproduced on the scale of an industry occupying scores of buildings and scattered over hundreds of acres of ground. The men of science, with their formulas carefully worked out, called in the most experienced and best-proved executives that the nation could furnish, and set them to making theory into reality.

So did a plant come into being which, at the signing of the armistice, was producing more poison gas than all of the rest of the world combined.

Few people probably appreciate the fact that the principal basis of the new terror that has been added to warfare is nothing more than everyday table-salt. Table-salt, in science, is sodium chlorid, and the first process in the manufacture of practically all the poisonous gases is to separate the chlorin from the sodium. The greatest of the units at Edgewood Arsenal is the chlorin plant. Water is saturated with salt, and electricity is sent through the brine solution at a high voltage. The chlorin is freed and carried away in pipes, as a gas; the sodium is salvaged in solid form and made available for industrial use.

The chlorin so secured is the identical yellowish-green gas which the Germans first unleashed at Ypres in April, 1915, and which rolled down upon the French Colonials and the Canadians, taking a heavy toll of lives. With a little scientific juggling it became the still more deadly phosgen of the later attacks, and it is one of the chief elements entering into the manufacture of mustard gas, the most dangerous of them all.

When the armistice came, America was prepared to dominate the military situation in so far as it depended on the use of gas. By spring we should have been turning out ten times as much phosgen and mustard gas as Germany could produce, and should have been prepared to deluge the enemy with a veritable avalanche of destruction. Colonel Walker, who in rare degree combines scientific erudition with executive ability, had performed one of the most remarkable tasks of the war.

A Thorough Reader

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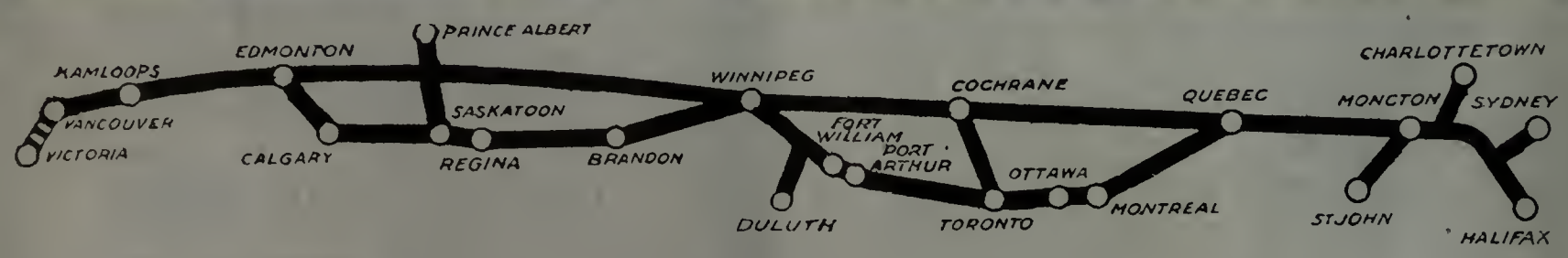

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Bavaria Started the Revolution

How Bavaria Set Up The First German Social Republic

IT is a somewhat curious fact that, although the monarchy was perhaps more popular in Bavaria than any of the other German States, the first German social public was there proclaimed. The *Nation* (London, Eng.) in an editorial on the subject says:

The Bavarian movement obviously established the type for the revolutionary movement throughout the Empire. The outbreaks in Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and Hamburg preceded it in point of time; but they were purely naval in origin and had no constructive purpose. They were successful mutinies rather than political movements. The Bavarian movement was, on the other hand, deliberate and constructive from the first. Eisner, the Independent Socialist, who led it, and is now the provisional President of the Bavarian Republic, a man whose clearness of head and political ability are alike notable, explained the motives which caused him to set revolution in motion at that particular time. They were two. The first was to safeguard Bavaria against the catastrophe which had overtaken German Austria, and would have overtaken Bavaria if the "madness of national defence" had been persisted in. A new and stable government, based on the people's confidence, had to be established before demobilization began. Secondly, he believed that after the establishment of a genuinely democratic government, headed by men who had consistently opposed the war, Germany would secure greater favor in President Wilson's sight than through a government which retained any elements of "the old gang." "We are arming Germany for the League of Nations." In other words, it was a peaceful revolution, deliberately planned—and it is pretty certain that distinguished Bavarian Radicals like Edgar Jaffe were in the plot a full week before it was actually carried out—in order to avoid a violent revolution when the soldiers returned, and to secure for Germany a real standing in the League of Nations. Moreover, from the first, Eisner insisted on the inclusion of the Majority Socialists in the government, and in his opening speech to the provisional Parliament he expressed the hope that the example of Socialist reunion would be followed throughout the Empire.

We are inclined to believe that when the history of the transformation of Central Europe comes to be written, the "new model" revolution in Bavaria will be the real starting-point of a philosophic narrative. Perhaps history will discover other motives in addition to those confessed by Eisner, and among them may be found a popular determination to avoid the disruption of Germany by any dynastic intrigues between the Wittelsbachs and the Quai d' Orsay, for example. The point to which we need to hold fast at present is that the movement was constructive in conception and moderate in execution. The alliance of the Catholic peasantry and the liberal *intelligentsia* was deliberately sought and gained. The whole movement was as methodical and as satisfactory as a Hindenburg retreat.

We quote in part an article on the same subject from the *Nation* (New York):

It is not an accident that the first flames of the revolution in Germany came from Bavaria. The feeling among the masses of the people in Bavaria was very strongly anti-war. According to different press reports repeated mutinies broke during the course of the war in the Bavarian regiments. Even the Royal Guard Regiment refused obedience a few months ago. Anti-war feeling was displayed also by the attitude of the Bavarian press, which in the last months carried on a continual propaganda against the Kaiser. It should also be mentioned that the working people of Bavaria resigned in great numbers from the Majority Socialist party on account of its pro-war policy, and the Independent Socialist Party increased considerably. As far back as October, 1917, the constituency of Hof in northern Bavaria, which country had hitherto been solid for the old party, went over to the Independents. The immediate accomplishment of the revolution must be considered as the work of the leaders of the Independent Socialists. But it cannot be said that it was their work alone. The revolution in Bavaria is the work of the war-tired, hungry people of Bavaria, stimulated by the Independent Socialists.

It is very significant that the first dynasty to fall at the beginning of the revolution was that of Bavaria. The Kingdom of Bavaria was one of the oldest dynasties of Germany, if not of Europe, and it was more deep-rooted in the minds of the people than any other. The fall of the Bavarian dynasty was the beginning of the twilight of the gods, for the Oldsburg, Hohenzollern, and Hapsburg dynasties.

Fighting the "Flu"

How the "Spanish" Influenza, Which Was Really German, Was Combated

THE virulence of the recent epidemic of Spanish Influenza is demonstrated by the fact that the deaths in the American continent resulting from it are round about 100,000.

Dr. Hirshberg in *Munsey's* brings out the point that the disease started in Germany and describes the difference between it and the influenza or *grippe* of previous epidemics.

He says in part:

In the early days of the year 1918 we began to hear rumors of the appearance of a new and virulent plague in Europe. The collapse of Russia had released large German forces on the eastern front, and the war lords of Berlin had openly boasted that with these additional troops they intended to crush France and England before America could come to the aid of her sorely tried Allies. But the weeks passed, and the threatened final assault upon the freedom of the world was unaccountably delayed. January and February went by, and still the "sharp German sword," of which the former Kaiser used to be so fond of talking, did not spring from its scabbard.

It began to be whispered that a new plague, the first pandemic scourge of the present world war, had made such inroads upon the German military machine, as well as upon the "home front" behind, that the western offensive had to be postponed until the worst of it was over. The end of the third week in March saw this point reached, and the onslaught began.

For want of a more accurate name this modern plague, the like of which has not been experienced by humanity in four hundred years, has commonly been called Spanish influenza. Yet it did not originate in Spain, nor was it exactly the grippe or influenza of other days. It appears that the Germans, in anticipation that the malady might be justly named German plague, sent broadcast a misleading name which they had craftily devised before the infection spread from Germany to other countries.

Bacilli are the cause of influenza, as they are the cause of bubonic plague,

How it Feels to Earn $1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a $25 a Week Salary, Tells How He Accomplished It.

How does it feel to earn $1,000 a week? How does it feel to have earned $200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly, the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with, I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over $200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary, many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years, the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over $60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibilities of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied, average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a $50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn $1,000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied, "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it*." We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question *and my reply* kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whatever it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success was, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real, fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that, I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with $300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made $30,000. My second year paid me $50,000. My third year netted me $70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only $50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through, will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to $65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth $3 (plus duty) the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up, will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and every thing we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U.S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, Senator Arthur Capper, and thousands of others. In fact, to-day "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 137-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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the old "black death" of fourteenth-century England, and still a dreaded scourge of mankind. The specific bacilli of both these contagions were discovered by a Japanese physician and bacteriologist, Kitasato.

The name of Dr. Pfeiffer, a German, has commonly been attached to the discovery of the influenza bacillus, as a result of the well-known Teutonic methods of advertising their scientific men and decrying or ignoring those of other countries. The records show that Professor Kitasato announced his identification of the bacillus early in January, 1892, while Pfeiffer made a similar announcement at the end of that same month. English and American physicians mistakenly accepted the German version of the matter and called the influenza virus the "Pfeiffer bacillus." Dr. Kitasato, one of the world's greatest bacteriologists, the discoverer of many bacteria—notably the plague bacillus which he first identified in Hong Kong in 1894 has too long been unjustly deprived of credit for his work.

From observation of one thousand soldiers it was found that from one to three days after contact or approach to others who had the disease a feverish state began. The fever rose steadily until, on the second or third day afterward, it was as high as occurs in pneumonia. In many cases the patient's temperature went as high as one hundred and four degrees. Pneumonia, indeed, is one of the commonest and most dangerous complications.

The disease starts with a chill, or chills, that may shake the room. Severe headaches are generally present, with pains in the legs, in the groin, in the neck, in the spine, and in the small of the back. Then "that tired feeling," named by doctors "general malaise," takes charge of the sufferer's anatomy. The victim feels wretched all over. The face is flushed. Fever blisters—a frequent accompaniment of pneumonia, meningitis, and certain malaria—break out on the sufferer's lips.

Spanish influenza runs its course with Liberty-motor speed, reaching its crisis on or about the second day. On the fourth day, as a rule, the patient is well, or else pneumonia or some other complication has asserted its dangerous presence.

A harsh cough is a frequently encountered symptom. The patient hacks and sprays forth great numbers of the microbes, which spread the infection rapidly unless handled with the greatest precaution. A thick, tenacious sputum of whitish mucoid character differentiates the new disease from the old form of influenza with its greenish sputum. The feature also distinguishes Spanish influenza from pneumonia, with its typical rusty-colored expectoration. A failure of intestinal action, a restricted flow of the kidney fluids, and a want of appetite are also among the characteristic signs and symptoms.

If you take close notice of the several differences between the new malady and the old influenza, you will observe that the fever is sharper and higher, but of shorter duration; the total course of the new scourge is briefer; there are fewer stomachic or intestinal symptoms in the Spanish influenza, whereas in the old form of the disease gastro-intestinal disturbances were predominant.

But the final proof of the fact that the new influenza is a distinct malady is afforded by the identification of the specific microbe which causes it. This interesting discovery was due to the researches of three army surgeons, Captains, T. R. Little, C. J. Garafalo, and P. A. Williams, of the Canadian Mobile Bacteriological Laboratory, attached to the British base hospitals.

The physicians and scientists of the Allied countries have seriously considered whether the germs of the disease were intentionally disseminated by the Kaiser's government, with the intention of weakening Germany's opponents. No definite conclusion has been reached on this point, but the suggestion cannot be hastily dismissed, as the German war lords stand officially charged with sending disease-germs to their embassy in Rumania. Documents published by our State Department have told how bottles containing cultivations of the microbes of anthrax and glanders, bearing a German consular seal, with directions for their use in spreading infection, were found secreted in the German legation at Bucharest after the American envoy took charge of the place.

The present plague is probably the most malignant pandemic that the world has experienced since medieval times, when Boccaccio's ladies and gentlemen had to run away from Florence to escape an outbreak of the bubonic plague. In one of our army cantonments I saw more cases of pneumonia at one time than have entered the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the thirty-odd years of its foundation.

In civil, as in military life, pneumonia was far and away the most frequent complication; and this led to the revival of the old name of "black plague" for the new disease, the bodies of many of its victims being cyanotic, or purplish-black in color, at the approach of death.

Another similarity between Spanish influenza and the bubonic plague was the number of rats and other rodents found dead. One day last October I noticed, and reported to the United States Public Health Service, three dead rats lying within a few blocks on three of the most prominent streets in Baltimore. Rats and their fleas seems to be the spreaders of contagion in several epidemic diseases.

Lieutenant-Commander L. W. McGuire, of the navy, has gone another step forward in the treatment of influenza pneumonia. At the Chelsea camp hospital, on September 28 last, he and his assistants began to use serum taken from the blood of convalescent patients. Up to the time of his report, twenty-seven patients had been treated with this human antiserum, and twenty-six recovered. The serum was injected into the patients within forty-eight hours of the pneumonia's start.

To every cloud there is a silver lining. This terrible epidemic has at least brought with it one benefit to humanity. For the first time in thousands of years there at last appears a ray of light to help us toward the conquest of one of man's most deadly and dangerous enemies—pneumonia.

Is There a Spirit World?

Noted Scientist Gives Reasons For His Belief in its Existence

SOME two years ago Sir Oliver Lodge caused some sensation in the literary and scientific world by declaring his belief in a spirit existence after death. There has been much discussion ever since and a distinct revival of interest on the subject. In the current number of the *Strand Magazine* an interviewer gives Sir Oliver's reasons for considering that the existence of a spirit world has been proven. The interviewer takes the form of question and answer. After Sir Oliver has expressed his idea that the independence of mind and matter is proven by the experience of a multitude of bereaved persons and by the system of cross correspondence and other rather complicated forms of identity, the interviewer asks him for instances of cases which he regards as satisfactory evidence and Sir Oliver replies:

"Well, I'm not sure that I ought to talk in general terms, and a great many of your readers already know of cases which might be given in illustration.

But, inasmuch as a large number of men at the present time are facing death for our sake, it is perhaps only fair that the fact, as I consider it, that death is but an episode in continued existence, and that the interest and enjoyment of life after death exceed what has been experienced here, should be made more widely known; and on that ground I may be excused for giving a rough summary of the popular evidence."

"I wish you would."

"Take, then, a young fellow killed in the war, and suppose his parents succeed in getting into touch with him. He will greet them in his accustomed manner, calling them by the name they are used to, from him. In some cases 'Pater,' in others 'Dad,' sometimes by an unusual nickname such as 'Erb,' sometimes simply 'Father.' Whatever had been customary, that is employed, in the most natural manner, by the dead son. He may ask after his brothers and sisters by name, or at least by initial, for names are sometimes troublesome things to get through. He may give characteristic touches or comments about each, sometimes thereby showing that he knows in a general way what they are now doing. His own appearance can be described by the medium, and little trivial peculiarities or blemishes are often noted, such as scars or marks of an identifying character.

"As to incidents—I remember one case where a young deceased communicator said to his parents that he had made an appointment to meet his brother in France at a certain bridge, but that when they got to the rendezvous the bridge was no longer there, it had been blown up. A subsequent letter from the surviving brother in France completely confirmed this statement. The parents had known nothing about these facts at the time of the sitting.

"Here is another case: Three brothers were all killed; the medium gave the names of all three, to mother and sister who were present; and one of them, the youngest, was represented as the spokesman, ultimately sending a message to his father—'Tell him that I have not been talking *all* the time.' The verbal exuberance of this particular member of the family had often been humorously suppressed by the father.

"In another instance a boy spoke of something in a waistcoat-pocket which he wanted given to his young brother. His clothes had been folded and put away, but on examination a coin was found in the place described.

"A frequent test given is a description of the old house where the family had lived, small details and peculiarities being emphasized, arrangements of furniture, pattern on wall, and sometimes even the books in a book-case being remembered."

"It seems odd for trivial details to be remembered. Can they answer specific questions?"

"They do not always remember what the inquirer expects them to remember; and if they do, it is liable to be put down to mind-reading.

"To challenge a communicator suddenly to bethink himself of some forgotten incident, and to recall it to the sitter's memory, is to set a difficult problem; but occasionally even that can be responded to—as when an old fishing expedition was recalled wherein two boats were employed, and on the capture of an unwieldy fish by one, a native in the other boat had called out, 'Eh! look at yon fish, it's got a face like a mon.'.... But I am hardly justified in mentioning this case; for the facts have not been published, and I am insufficiently acquainted with them.

"Another incident, of a very different kind, concerns two boy-friends who died of illness within ten days of each other but separated by a considerable distance. The death of the first boy, named Herbert, was kept from the knowledge of the second; yet, when he too died, his friends report that he smiled and said, 'Why, Herbert, I am glad to see you!'"

"Tell me of some other incidents."

"Some good ones were published by Mr. Wilkinson in the *London Magazine* for October, 1917. They are rather typical instances of the kind of thing that occurs. The name 'Poger,' for instance, and reference to a bronze thing like a coin, in his satchel. A similar case is related by Sir William Barrett in his book, 'On the Threshold of the Unseen,' page 184. A young officer who had been killed said he wanted a pearl tie-pin, which would be found in his kit, sent to a lady whom he named at a certain address, saying that he had been secretly engaged to her. Nothing of all this was known by the family; but the communication was so clear that they wrote a letter of inquiry to the address given. The letter came back marked 'Unknown,' and the whole thing was thought to be imaginary or a meaningless fabrication.

"When his kit came back, however, a pearl tie-pin was found in it; and when later on his will was discovered, the young lady's name, just as it had been given at the sitting, was mentioned as his residuary legatee, and his engagement to her admitted. Everything was correct, therefore, except the address. Why the address was wrong I don't know. The fact that it was wrong perhaps allowed the other portions of the communication to be verified in a more gradual manner. But usually in cases of this kind there is some little part of the communication which is wrong; and it is most charitable to attribute the error to difficulties in communication, or to unsuspected lapse of the medium into normality; like a sort of momentary waking up in the middle of a dream, and then continuing it again after an interval of imaginative inventiveness not justified by anything in the main dream, nor by anything for which the main communicator was responsible; indeed, he might not know that it had been interpolated."

"Are things not sometimes thought wrong which really turn out right?"

"Yes; some striking examples of messages at first thought wrong or meaningless, but subsequently found justified by rather laborious inquiry among comparative strangers, are given in the books of Mr. J. Arthur Hill — 'Psychical Investigations' and 'Man is a Spirit' (Cassell). I have come across singular cases of this kind myself. In such cases telepathy from the sitter, as an explanation, is absurdly impossible. The survival hypothesis, in practice, *works*: all others require straining, and supplementing, and using alternatively on different occasions."

"You are, then, satisfied that existence is not limited to this present life on earth?"

"I am, absolutely. And death now seems to me something rather to look forward to than to dread. Clearly it is an interesting adventure; and usually I don't really think that the episode itself is a painful one. Recovery from an accident or from unconsciousness—the 'coming to'—may be painful, but the passing away usually is not."

"Would it not be well that this knowledge should be more widely disseminated?"

"If people have a reasonable knowledge of what to expect when they find other conditions, the transition is hardly even a shock. It is surely desirable that people who face great dangers should be prepared for what may happen to them, and take it as a part of life's experience. It is certainly wrong, and desperately misguided, to seek that experience prematurely; but sooner or later it is bound to come, and if it come in the course of duty and in a struggle for a noble cause, they may be happier to whom it thus comes than we who will soon encounter it in a more prosaic way. They may be happy in the opportunity. The readiness is all."

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Old Times in Canada

Continued from page 32

The unfortunate woman saw that half measures wouldn't do, so she gathered up Reginald Adolphus, aged nine, and threw him to the beasts. So she continued, sacrificing her children, until finally the horses staggered into a settlement, and she was saved. But all her children had been fed to the wolves. When she told her story she was taken before a magistrate who had his headquarters there. This magistrate, after learning the facts, said that no penalty could be severe enough for her, but, unfortunately, the law didn't cover such a case, and she could not be punished. Hearing this, a woodman who had been standing by, stepped up to her and split her head open with his ax.

Engle told this story with many dramatic pauses, and as though it had all happened in his own neighborhood. He called the children by name, as though he had held them on his knee in their tender infancy; he hinted that the wicked mother was distantly related to his wife. He spoke of the magistrate as though the latter slept in his woodshed. The story had all the earmarks of that truth which, crushed to earth, will rise again, and it made a profound impression.

Long years afterward I learned that the story, minus the Engle frills, has been a Russian folk tale for a hundred years or more. It has flourished in one form or another in every country where there are wolves.

ENGLE dearly loved to point a moral. His stories were all calculated to instruct and improve.

His forest cabin, he said, was about fifteen miles from the nearest store. When he had occasion to go shopping he had to go on foot, and it was a weary walk, for there was no road, and the trees were so close together they overlapped. One winter day he set forth to buy some things he needed, and when he was passing the cabin of a neighbor, the housewife came to the door, and begged him, if he was going to the settlement, to get her ten cents' worth of ground red pepper. He cheerfully promised to do so, and went his way.

He bought the things he needed and started for home. He had walked three or four miles, when he remembered that he hadn't bought the pepper for the woman. His first impulse was to let the matter slide. It was getting late in the day; the sky was overcast, and a storm threatening. He had twelve miles to walk to get home. But he was a man with a conscience. He had promised the woman to get her ten cents' worth of red pepper. And a promise with him was a sacred thing. Better perish in the storm fulfilling a pledge than reach home in safety, with a twisted conscience.

So he went back and bought the pepper, and resumed the weary journey home. Night overtook him before he was half way home. The trees were groaning in a blast that promised a fearful night. And above the howling of the winds he could hear a more terrifying sound: the hunting call of the wolves. And presently they were all around him, gaunt and gray, with gleaming teeth and burning eyes. He hoisted himself up into a tree that extended friendly branches to him. Once in the tree he realized that he was not much better off. The wolves were squatting around directly under him, and were prepared to wait there until spring, if necessary. They had no pressing engagements demanding their presence elsewhere. Mr. Engle reflected that it might be three weeks before anybody came along that way, and by that time he'd have chilblains in his feet, and would be badly cramped from sitting upon an unupholstered branch so long. The situation was serious, and Engle almost despaired.

He began reviewing the events of his life, as one will when facing the dread hour. He had done many things he regretted; but, on the other hand, he had accomplished some good. Surely the recording angel would give him credit for walking back three miles to get that pepper. The pepper! It gave him an idea. He got the little package out of his belt and shook the fiery stuff down among the wolves. It got into their eyes and mouths, and they went crazy. They rolled around and yelled and bit chunks out of each other, and finally rushed away like mad things, probably looking for a first aid station.

In this manner did Engle save his life by keeping a promise. Let us all profit from the lesson.

THESE are old tales, and they have nothing to do with any of the great events of this present time. They are old tales of a Canada that is gone. The great woods that were once but a brief journey from Lake Ontario blue waters, have been made into paper pulp. Summer resorts are furnishing entertainment to the tired business man, where once the lonely settler rested by his log fire and heard the howling of the wolves on winter nights. Motor boats whizz along the streams that once knew nothing swifter than the bark canoe.

When I think of Canada I think of the lonely places, the melancholy woods and the wild things that infested them. And so my Canada is vastly different from the one on the map. My Canada is a winter night's dream, and the real Canada becomes great under sunny skies.

The Three Sapphires

Continued from page 29

at a word from the herdsman, said:

"Nawab Darna Singh sends salaams to the keddah sahib."

Finnerty started in amazement. "Why should he have sent you, knowing that a Banjara does not kiss the hand that has beaten him like a dog?"

"Because of that, huzoor. Darna Singh is also treated like a dog, for he is put in a cage, and those who are beaten join together against the whip."

"Why is Darna Singh caged?"

The man cast an uneasy glance toward Lord Victor and hesitated. Sensing the reason for this, Finnerty said: "Speak the truth and fear not."

"We of this country know that the sahibs are quick to anger if the memsahibs are spoken of, but it is because of the young mem-sahib that Darna Singh suffers. There is to be war, and Darna Singh came to know—though it may be a lie—that the mem-sahib would be made maharani—perhaps not a *gudi maharani*—and his sister would be taken with a fever and die. And it may be that in a passion over this he sought to end the matter with a thrust of a knife, but I have heard that Rajah Ananda received but a slight cut."

"I'm damned sorry for that, for the Nawab has a strong arm."

"Darna Singh was indeed unlucky, sahib, for Rajah Ananda had been taught in Belati to strike with the hand and that saved him."

"Where is the Nawab caged?"

"Below; where the guns are."

Finnerty caught a quick flash of the eye from Swinton.

"And if that is the truth, that you come from him must be a lie, for a jailer does not give entrance to friends of the prisoner."

"True, sahib; but the rani is not caged, and she fears for the life of her brother, and knowing I had been beaten by the rajah and knowing that a Banjara does not forgive, for our tribe is many in her father's state, she sent by a handmaid, who is also of our tribe, a ring of keys that were Darna Singh's, and the Woman was taught to say, 'Give these to the keddah sahib and tell him

that war comes to the sircar; that these keys open the way where are many guns and where now is Darna Singh."

The man took from the folds of his turban a ring upon which were three keys. Finnerty received them in astonishment; then asked: "Where are the doors?"

"The black leopard came out from his cage through Jadoo Cave, and it may be that Darna Singh opened a door of the cave with one of these keys."

"Damn it!" Swinton ejaculated. "That's the whole thing." But Finnerty objected: "We searched that cave, and there was no door."

"True, there is no door, but there is a passage high up in the gloom, and beyond that is a cave that was made by the foreigners, and in that is the door. And also it opens to the trail that we are now on." The native messenger was explicit.

"By jove!" Finnerty exclaimed. "That's how the leopard slipped away."

The herdsman said: "I did not know of this, and perhaps wrongly accused that monkey-faced shikari of sleeping over his task."

The messenger now said deprecatingly: "A watchman knows the many manners of acquiring to the inside of a bungalow without being seen, and one way is to wait for darkness. Also they will watch the sahib's bungalow for his return."

"Very well," Finnerty said: "if I am able to see to it, my faithful fellow, when this is over the sircar will give to you and your brother a village that you may collect the tithes from and have a home."

"Sahib, I have received my pay in advance from the rajah; I am but serving in the manner of the pay."

"Sit you then," Finnerty commanded, "while we talk in plans."

"We've a chance, major, now that we can get in," Swinton declared. "I have my cordite rifle, you have your 10-bore, and if we can but get command of their ammunition we'll blow the damn thing up, even if we go with it."

FINNERTY felt that there was no question about the captain's sincerity, the flat blue eyes transmitted nothing but fixed purpose.

"Oh, I say, am I in the discard?" Lord Victor asked plaintively, for the messenger's information had been translated in a condensed form, Finnerty rather emphasizing the important part Marie played as the future maharani.

"I thought of that," Swinton answered; "you will be a 'reserve battalion.' I don't mind being pipped in the way of duty—rather expect it some day—but I should rather like my family to know that I pegged out playing the game, and I shouldn't wonder if we're bagged in that cubby-hole, that it would never be known just how we had disappeared."

"Besides, youngster," Finnerty added, "if you can work yourself into communication with the government we want you to let them know what is trump." The major spoke to the Banjara; then he turned to Lord Victor: "This chap will smuggle you out, he says, and I think he can do it. Your brother will bring you word if we get out, and even if he knows we've been captured he will come to tell you; at any rate, if we're not reported safe before morning you had better take the horses and get away—the Banjara can stick on one, he says."

"Don't worry over us, Gilfain," Swinton added; "just get word out as soon as you can."

Then the watchman said: "The sahib sent back out of the jungle the elephant with the bell, and it is a sacred elephant for such as worship the god that sits in sleep."

"It is a sacred elephant to those who worship Buddha," Finnerty answered.

"The woman who came from the maharani said that Rajah Ananda has taken the sacred elephant in his hand, for to-night is a night of omen at the Lake of the Golden Coin."

"By gad!" Finnerty cried. "That swine has got the three sapphires together now. Nothing will stop him; he'll be fanatically insane."

A sibilant whistle from Swinton was his only comment. The thought was paralyzing.

"Well"—Finnerty sighed the words—"we'll just sit here till it's dark, and then play our last card." He pulled his belt, in which was a hunting knife, a hole tighter, as if girding his loins for the fray.

The Banjara now said: "Rajah Ananda will send out men to look for you on the trail, sahib, but if you will go east through the jungle to where there is a small path—one the sahib no doubt knows — my brother and I will lead the horses back up over this broad trail to a nala with a stony bed, and then through the jungle and back to where you wait, so that those who come forth will say: 'The keddah sahib and his friends came down and then went back again to the hills, perhaps to follow a bison.'"

"Splendid!" Finnerty commented, and added in commendation: "'To a strong man a wrong done is more power.'"

THEN Finnerty and his companion cut across through the jungle. It was a good ruse, for the rajah's men, thinking the sahibs were up in the jungle, would not guard every approach.

The sun was now sinking on the horizon, and with its usual bird clamor of eventide the day was passing. Once, as they waited, Lord Victor said: "I don't believe that girl would join herself to a native."

"That's because you're in the full moon of faith, my young friend. At your age I believed in fairies, too," Finnerty said.

"Just the sort of faith," Swinton contributed, "that gives such women their power for mischief; a Prussian spy must do as she is told, and if she were allotted to Ananda, to Ananda she goes."

A shrill note that might have been from a boatswin's silver whistle or a red-breasted teal came floating up from where they had left the Safed Jan Trail. It was answered from on toward the palace hill.

"Ananda's men have found where the horses have turned to go back up into the hills," Finnerty chuckled.

"Deucedly clever work of that Banjara," Lord Victor declared; "sorry I shot the old infidel's dog."

A little later the whistling note, repeated three times, came from higher up, where the Safed Jan Trail lay.

The forest was dark from the drop of night's curtain when the Banjara and his brother came so softly along the scarce discernible trail that they were almost upon the sahibs before they were heard.

"The moon will appear in two hours, sahib, and its light would betray you, the herdsman advised, "so it is well that we take the horses down this path which no one travels at night, and when we have come close to Jadoo Nala I will remain with the horses and you will go with my brother into the cave."

When they had come to a proper place to leave their horses in the jungle, Lord Victor said: "The strategy of you two Johnnies isn't what I'd call first chop. I'll be a dub at this sortie game, for I don't know the language."

"The Banjara does," Finnerty said shortly.

"There's another thing," the youth resumed; "either of you chaps are sort of serviceable to the king, probably cost him a thousand pounds up to date for your training, and I'm—as our delightful friend Foley phrased it—a waster. Sahe, my dear major?"

"My dear boy, you're in training for the future earlship. A thoroughbred colt isn't much benefit to the realm, but he generally develops into something worth while—sahe?"

"Thanks, old top! Rather think I'll stow that away as a good tip. But to return: I'd feel rather thankful to take a chance inside to—well, come back."

"You mean about the girl? We just forget all that, and are now trying to do the best we can for what's to come, and your place is just where you've

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d*. Eliminate everything but the long down-stroke and there will remain /. This is the Paragon symbol for **D**. It is always written **downward**.

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E**.

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed**.

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook**, and this **hook** stands for **A**. Thus / will be **Ad**. Add another **A** at the end thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada**.

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and **O** will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O**.

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke ——

Therefore, — would be **Me**.

Now continue the **E** across the **M**, so as to add **D**—thus / and you will have **Med**. Now add the **large** circle **O** and you will have / (medo), which is **meadow**, with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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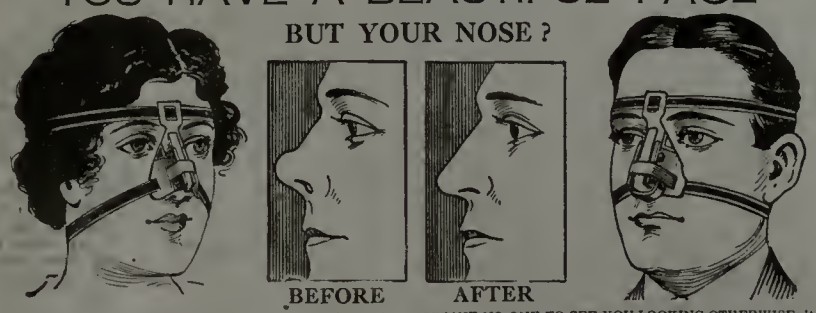

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been stationed; that is, unless you're in command."

Lord Victor sprang to his feet, clicked his heels together, very erect and soldierly, for he had been at Sandhurst, and saluted. With a laugh Finnerty said: "Fall out!" The discussion ceased.

FROM where they were they could hear, at times, curious, muffled noises disturbing the evening quiet, coming from the palace hill. Finnerty now gave some final advice:

"It is now eight o'clock. If we do not come back for the horses or get you word before morning, make for the outside. Have you any money?"

"Not much," Lord Victor answered. Finnerty and Swinton gave him the money they had, the former saying: "If we get caught in that cave we won't need these rupees to pay board for long, I fancy." He held out his hand, and the youth took it, saying "I'll remember about the thoroughbred colt."

Swinton shook hands with him, saying: "Duty is the best tutor, Lord Victor; it's a steadier, eh?"

"Sorry about—well, the—that silly break of mine about secret service, you know."

The Banjara, noting this completion of detail, said: "And the matter of a village, huzoor—does the young Lord Sahib understand that he is to tell the sircar that me and my brother have been true to their salt?"

"I will tell him to not forget, my friend, for you will well deserve it," the major answered.

When he had impressed this matter upon Gilfain, Finnerty held out his hand to the Banjara: "Brother, you are a man."

"We Banjaras are taught by our mothers that we are to become men," the herdsman answered with simple dignity.

Like the sealing of a solemn compact between the members of a brotherhood was this exchange of handclasps, Swinton also taking the Banjara's hand in a grasp of admiration.

As Finnerty and Swinton melted down the gloomed path with the Banjara's brother, the herdsman stood watching their going, repeating a tribal saying: "In the kingdom of men there are no boundaries."

When the two sahibs came out to where the Safed Jan Trail wound along the bed of anala approaching the palace plateau, their guide said: "Just beyond is the new cave. I will go forward to see that no one keeps the door, for they will not think it strange that I should be about. If the sahibs hear the small cry of a tree cricket they may come forward."

In five minutes the hissing pipe of a cicada came back to their ears, and, slipping from the jungle to the nala trail they noiselessly crept to the dark portal that yawned to the right of their way. From the contour of the hill, outlined against an afterglow sky, Finnerty knew that they were on the reverse side of the jutting point that held Jadoo Cave. As they entered a gloom so intense they saw nothing, a whisper reassured them, and the native's hand grasped Finnerty's fingers. The major, understanding, reached back the stock of his 10-bore to Swinton, and they went forward into blackness. Soon the watchman stopped and whispered: "Put out your hand, sahib, and feel the spot that is here."

By a grasp on his wrist Finnerty's hand was placed upon a stone wall, and his fingers, moving up and down and across, detected a thin crack so truly perpendicular that it suggested mechanics.

The native whispered: "One of the keys on the ring will unlock this that is a door." Then, he fumbled the wall with his fingers, and presently found a square block of stone, saying: "The keyhole is within."

A long-stemmed key on the ring fitted the keyhole, but before Finnerty could shoot the bolt the native whispered: "Not yet, sahib." He produced two candles and a box of matches. "Remember, sahib, that no man owns the light of a fire; here is an eye that makes no betraying light." And he placed in Finnerty's fingers a slim male-bamboo rod.

At a twist from Finnerty's hand a heavy bolt in the lock glided back with noiseless ease; a pull caused the stone-faced door to swing forward in the same frictionless quiet, and beyond was a gloom as deep as that of the cave.

"I will watch, sahib," the guide whispered, "and if it is known that evil has fallen upon you I will warn the Lord Sahib; if it please the gods that you come forth I will also carry to him that good tale."

Closing the door behind them, the two adventurers stood in a void so opaque, so devoid of sound, that it produced a feeling of floating in blackened space with the earth obliterated. Finnerty's big hand groped till it found the captain's shoulder, where it rested for a second in heavy assurance.

To be concluded

The Veins of the Great War God

Continued from page 25

men" of the British front. They have tackled everything from railroading to strafing the Boche, from taking up ammunition to bringing out the wounded—from laying and running the narrow gauge to shooting down enemy aircraft with their Lewis guns. (The 11th shot down a German plane in the apple orchard at Merville.)

Taking Part in the Big Push

THE Railroad Troops have played an important, and a most strenuous, part in the campaign now waging which, we are convinced, is going to end the war. I am writing this at a point forty miles in advance of the positions we held two months ago—and the C.R.T. have laid steel all along that broad slice of reconquered territory! It has been perhaps the most rapid bit of railroading the world has ever seen.

To show how great the hazard has been, I want to tell of the last advance of our victorious armies before Arras and along the valley of the Scarpe, when two platoons were sent up to repair a narrow gauge line under fire.

They relaid one hundred and twenty-three shell breaks in six days. They had to live in dugouts. Each night the enemy put over every kind of shell, "Rubber heels," "Coal boxes," "Whizzbangs" and bombs from his aircraft. The Hun was doing all in his power to delay the advance by shelling and bombing our arteries of traffic.

The first morning out the C.R.T. lined up in the square before the station near the quivering bodies of four disemboweled horses while members of the Veterinary Corps were busy shooting these poor "Long Faced Pals" to save their pitiful sufferings. The Red Cross were busy taking away dead and wounded Tommies. A twelve-inch shell from a long range naval gun had dropped on a ration-train of the Army Service Corps with frightful consequences. The second morning the Boche blew up a motor lorry in a Mechanical Transport park near by. The third morning he smashed a corner of a cemetery; and bricks, gravestones, shrapnel, rubble and dead bones fell among them.

The sixth morning the Hun got four of their transport mules, wounded the transport cook, and killed two Imperials in horse lines quite close to the C.R.T.

Nights were made hideous by every kind of explosion common to these duels of the big guns. When these two platoons finished their job they were congratulated on parade by the general commanding the division.

The morale of these troops at such a time of intense nervous strain is shown by the fact that "the clink," or guard tent, standing directly under the range

of the German guns, was never dug in or sand-bagged. On the fifth morning one of the defaulters, waiting a court-martial for a few hours A.W.L., was struck by a flying brick on the ankle while busy shaving. He calmly picked up the brick, while shell pieces were rattling down all around him, walked over to the nearest dugout and said:—

"Look at that! Jerry tried to give me a free hair cut."

Then he proceeded to finish his shave while the earth went reeling and vibrating to the ceaseless impact of exploding shells, any of which may have meant the end of all things for him.

During this last great advance the 5th—in which I am a humble unit—have leap-frogged their companies along the narrow gauge and at this time of writing are actually connecting up our lines with German steel beyond Lille. You see a dozen little cars behind a petrol motor, or a Baldwin dinky locomotive rolling along chock and block with troops going up; ammunition, kits, tents, grub, then more railroad material, then ballast from the slag heaps of mines. The further the line stretches the busier it gets. Truly the veins of the War God are Canadian in structure, Canadian in skill and Canadian in spirit.

The names of some of our commanding officers are "household words" in France — General "Jacky" Stewart, Colonel Griffin, D.S.O., Major Purdee with his "Artemus T. Ward" brand of humor and his Champion Baseball Team, Major Adjutant "Bimbo" Sweeny, Major Grant, Major Harrison in charge of the 11th at Merville—these are only a few. There are hundreds unknown to fame but deserving of the highest honors, kind-hearted, modest gentlemen from every province, doing their duty as they see it from day to day.

The keynote of the Railroad Troops is efficiency. It is only by maintaining a high grade of efficiency that the work can be done and the success this branch of the service has achieved is something that Canada may well prize.

Wild Miners I Have Met

Continued from page 31

Take this—Have another—I'll be offended if you don't."

The nuggets ran in value from twenty to one hundred dollars apiece!

In time Belinda Mulrooney became one of the wealthiest citizens of Dawson. Her hotel was a good investment and some of her claims proved very rich. She was shrewd enough to look after her wealth too. Then entered on the scene one Charbonneau who used the prefix Count.

The Romance of Belinda

THE Count was handsome enough in his way and he was most plausible. He had come to the Yukon to make his fortune but, as far as we could learn, he did not plan to go up the creeks and moil for it in the frozen soil. He became one of the characters of the camp. We all called him Count, though we knew that his title had no foundation in letters of nobility. Then one day a startling bit of information circulated around the town. Belinda Mulrooney had become the Countess Charbonneau!

That was the start of a brilliant career for our friend the Count. With Belinda's wealth behind him, he blossomed out in unexpected colors. After a short but colorful stay in Dawson, he whisked his countess off for a honeymoon trip to Paris. They never came back, never at least while I was in Dawson. However, we got word of them occasionally.

A miner named Edward Lewin happened to go to Paris about the same time and this was the story that he brought back. One day he was sitting in the rotunda of a fashionable Paris hotel when a handsome carriage drove up with a coachman and footman on the box in livery. Down got the gorgeously caparisoned footman and spread a roll of fine carpet across the pavement to the hotel steps. Lewin got up in a flurry of excitement to see what important personage this was arriving. He expected a prince, a duke, a famous diplomat at the least. Out of the coach stepped—Count and Countess Charbonneau!

The Count was a picture of what your gallant of the boulevard should be—morning coat, pearl grey spats, speckless silk hat, gardenia in button hole, ingratiating smile and all. Belinda looked blooming and happy.

As they passed through the rotunda, the eye of the Count fell on Lewin and for a moment he looked rather taken aback. Then a smile lighted up his face and a sly wink flickered a message to the brother miner; a message which Charbonneau amplified shortly after over some liquid refreshments.

"Putting up a big appearance, you know," he informed Lewin. "Got some big deals on and it is necessary to look important."

He paid the bill for the drinks with a hundred franc note and airily waved the waiter away with the change.

It was reported later in Dawson that the Count's transactions in Paris got him into a tangle, the exact nature of which we did not learn. We heard also that he had made very serious inroads into Belinda's fortune. But what became of the couple I never heard.

THERE were plenty of other characters in the camp but space will not permit of more than a passing mention of most of them. There was "Curley" Munroe who always went around in his shirt sleeves, even appearing on the streets in dead of winter that way and who refused to don coat and vest when he accompanied a deputation to Ottawa; Joe Barrett, a French-Canadian who made a big strike on Dominion Creek and who was brought into Dawson society by the marriage of his niece, a very pretty dark-eyed girl, to the son of one of the Judges; Ross who was a humble messenger in one of the banks but cleaned up at least $300,000 through buying claims on the side and who stayed with his job nevertheless because, as he explained it, "If I stay two years more I get a superannuation allowance of $50 per month."

The King of the Klondyke

Finally, there was the greatest miner of them all—Alex. McDonald, who was known wherever mining men met as "the King of the Klondyke." Alex. is worth a whole article in himself.

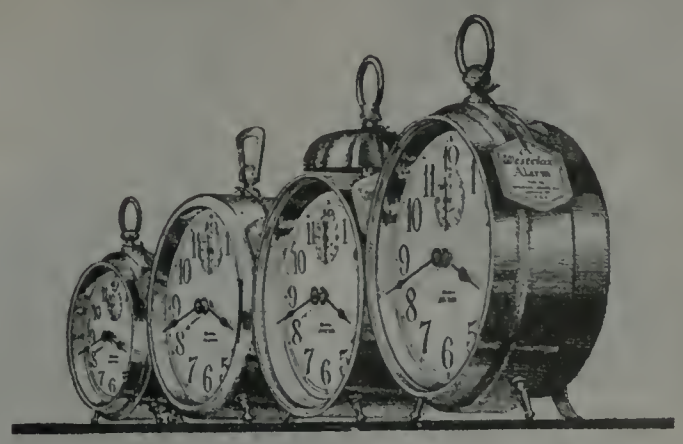
McDonald was born in Nova Scotia, of Highland Scotch parents, and he drifted into the mining game early. He spent many years in the gold fields of Colorado without acquiring any wealth and went to the Yukon among the first. The story told was that he had three dollars and a half when he landed in Dawson. His income the first year was over a million dollars.

It was not entirely luck that enabled him to acquire valuable claims on practically all the best creeks, though, of course, luck played a big part in it. He had long experience back of him, a magnificent physique and plenty of grit. He worked hard and long and no hardships ever daunted him. Within a few years he was the richest man in the Yukon and perhaps one of the richest in Canada.

When I first reached the Yukon, he was in the heyday of his fortune and fame. Alex. was a man of powerful stature, over six feet in height and heavily built. He was homely and stolid appearing, with a long nose and a most tremendously heavy underjaw. He looked like a moose. In fact, the miners had dubbed him from the first "The Big Moose"; and the name stuck.

He was a rather dull fellow and always gave one the impression of a man who had had wealth and responsibility sprung on him and had never quite recovered from the surprise. "I speakit the twa talks," he used to tell us, meaning English and Gaelic—but in reality, he spoke little of anything. He was a silent, dour man, mixing little with the community and taking no interest in things outside of his claims.

At the height of his career in the



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Yukon, he owned perhaps as many as forty claims and most of them were good ones. He had located a number of them himself, the rest he had bought in. No estimate could be placed on the amount of his wealth; he had only the vaguest idea of it himself. He was a Roman Catholic and always gave most liberally, building a church and hospital and contributing liberally to all funds, for which he was given the Order of Knighthood of the Roman Catholic Church by the Pope.

Alex. brought a wife up to Dawson in the height of his affluence—a pretty girl whom he had met in Seattle. She was dark-eyed, vivacious and quite young, in fact the very opposite of big Alex. in every way. They seemed quite happy although the young consort of the mining King began to drag him into social activities that were far beyond his ken. I remember seeing him at a reception given on the memorable occasion when Lord Minto, then Governor-General, visited Dawson. Alex. had donned a Prince Albert and silk hat and he looked hopelessly miserable. Out on the creeks he was a giant among men; in a drawing-room, he dwindled into vacuous insignificance.

His Fortune Swept Away

THE turn in the King's affairs came when he began to branch out too far and got beyond his depth. He bought up a great deal of property in Dawson, including at least one hotel and several stores and a large machine shop. He launched one big deal—or someone did for him—to buy up all the water front and develop it. But this fell through. Finally it was suggested to him that he should consolidate all his claims and place them on the English market. With this idea in mind he went to England; taking an agent along, and offered his holdings to an English syndicate for the sum of four million pounds sterling. The capitalists did not see the value in the property and offered one million sterling. Big Alex. returned to Canada huffed.

From that point on his fortune dwindled away from him. Many of his claims petered out and it took the revenue from the paying ones to support the losing propositions. His wealth vanished almost as rapidly as it had been accumulated. One day he wakened up to find himself penniless. Even a fine home that he had built for his wife at Tacoma, Washington, had been swept away. Nothing was left.

Undaunted, the old fellow started out to rebuild his fortune. He took hold of a new scheme—the opening up of low-grade property by hydraulic work. An old foreman of mine went with him and worked all summer. At the finish McDonald owed him $1,700 for wages and did not have a cent to pay. The scheme had completely failed.

One cold winter night a few old acquaintances dropped in to see him in the cabin he was occupying. The ex-King was very morose and spoke of his prospects gloomily. "The cream is gone," he declared. "We're trying to get something out of the skimmed milk now. I'm feared it's too late."

The fire burned low and he went out to get more wood. He was gone longer than seemed necessary so one of the party went out to see what was the matter. The massive body of the old miner lay stretched out on the snow—Alex. was dead. He had apparently been sawing the wood and the exercise had proven too violent for his weakened heart.

So passed the King of the Klondyke.

The Farmer in Politics

Continued from page 21

Sir Robert Borden, who happened to be in one of his heroic moods, and they had to do something. So they went right out and joined the United Farmers.

But things have changed a lot since early last spring. The German drive on Paris was turned into a Hun hike for Berlin. The Government, even in the crisis, managed to slacken the rigidity of the Order-in-Council till it was reported at the Toronto Convention that the farmer had got practically all he asked for at Ottawa. Moreover the war is over, the price of wheat, beef and hogs still soars, the farmer's automobile hums a merry air as it spins along the rural roads and all is again peace and prosperity in our midst. The farmer is, has been, and always will be conservative in principle if not in politics. And the great majority of him can be depended on to garner his grain, feed his cattle and hogs, pocket his profits and swear by the political faith of his fathers. Prosperity was ever the foe of political agitation. Other farmer *furores* in Canada, such as that caused by the Patrons of Industry, were caused by the pinch of hard times.

Again, you point to the West, as a straight contradiction of this theory. And it is true the business organization has prospered there till by sheer numbers and wealth it has become a factor in politics. But remember that the Western farmer is a different proposition to his Eastern cousin. The man on the prairies is a business man more than he is a farmer. He grabs all the land he can get his hands on and "runs" it like a big business. He makes his money easier—and he makes more of it. He is younger, more open to new ideas and with a proneness to "do things." Organization among the farmers of the West was inevitable, no matter what conditions might arise.

WHAT I am trying to get at, anyway, is that the Western farmer is primarily a business man, whereas the Ontario farmer is a farmer pure and simple. I am referring of course to Alberta and Saskatchewan where the farmer movement has really attained to something worth while. I pointed out before that Manitoba is gradually drifting into the ways of Old Ontario, and a membership of 12,000 shows that a vast majority of her tillers of the soil are too busy around home to give much of their time to farmers' clubs. For those of you who have been brought up where the music of the lowing kine takes the place of the phonograph know that the man who drags his living from what the poet has called the reluctant soil is not exactly one of the idle rich. Manitoba has reached that stage—and will stay there. Old Ontario long ago reached it and has developed a breed of agriculturists who, as a whole, are as sane and level-headed a lot of people as ever toyed with the surface of God's footstool. They love their farms, their country and their flag. They sent their sons to fight for that country and that flag in far greater numbers then the recruiting figures of rural Ontario would indicate. For the boys as a whole have not stayed on the old farms. They have flocked to the city to find more exciting employment, and they helped to swell the ranks of the city battalions that were rushed to the fighting line. If, on the other hand, they wished to continue farming they turned to the West where the greater opportunities beckoned them. And be it remembered that the West, with its large farming population, showed the way to the rest of Canada when it came to furnishing men to fight her battles. Many an Ontario farm house is bound closer to its country by the blood of a boy who, with the old Ontario home in mind, joined a Western regiment and went overseas to fight for the same Union Jack that floats over a world empire and over a Canada that stretches between two oceans. It mattered not whether Ontario, Saskatchewan or Alberta got credit for his recruiting number, whether the farm or the factory claimed him as its representative.

The above outburst, being interpreted, may be taken to mean that the farmer is just a good, plain, ordinary Canadian like the rest of us. He has the same right to his Council of Agriculture as the manufacturer to his association, or the labor man to his union, and he is taking advantage of that right.

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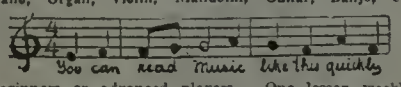

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The Minx Goes to the Front

Continued from page 19

WHEN we came to the road labelled Coucy-le-Château, I confess that I had a queer feeling in my breast, as if my heart were pretending to be a bird—a lame bird. Suddenly we looked up from the plain to a chalky headland at a distance, and there loomed the grand ruin of a château, a long line of ramparts and the stump of a keep. The lame bird hopped in his cage, for this had been—only a few weeks ago—perhaps the finest feudal castle in the whole of Europe.

"Roi ne suys,
Ne prince, ne duc, ne comte aussy.
Je suis le Sire de Coucy"

had been the proud motto over the entrance gates. Now the gates were gone, and the motto was gone. Mazarin's picked engineers had striven to destroy this Castle of Coucy, and had failed. But the Germans had succeeded. Little was left of the old magnificence save memories; memories of the last Sire de Coucy, son-in-law to Edward III of England: memories of Henry IV of France, and his love for Gabrielle d'Estrées: memories of lesser loves, and births and deaths of princes, and fierce fighting. Fawcett had stopped the car by order of our guide. Further we must not go, but all seemed quiet, so we might stop and look. The lieutenant had begun to tell us something about concealed French batteries, and we were listening rather tensely, when suddenly there was a queer sound as if someone said "Whee" in a loud, thick, hoarse voice. This "whee" was followed by "crump!—woof!" and about fifty yards ahead of us something black, and brown, and full of smoke, exploded.

"Turn quick! We may get one any instant!" commanded our lieutenant. Fawcett obeyed, without the slightest change of countenance. Mother looked like a badly modelled statue of herself, in damp clay. Kate looked a pale Nile green, and might have been fashionable some years ago. Nancy's cheeks looked as if they had been struck light blows with a rouged haresfoot. As I met her eyes she smiled.

"I'm so pleased with myself because I didn't squeak, and because I'm not afraid," she said.

"Sh!" said Mother.

"Do you still wish to go to Chauny?" asked our guide. "There will be no bombs there, only Taubes. But there may be several."

"Why, we're only just warming up to it!" cried Nancy.

NEITHER Mother nor Kate spoke. But silence giving consent, we turned out of the road which had taken us towards Coucy-le-Château, and made for Chauny. On the way, the lieutenant cheered us by explaining that this was the safest time in the afternoon. For some reason the Germans fancied six o'clock as a raiding hour. "It may have to do with the time for their meals," he said gravely. "They think very much of their meals.'

After our experience, I felt slightly self-conscious and exposed, like a snail seated on the outside of its shell, as the car bounced us over the newly repaired white road into the dead town of Chauny. But so utterly sad, so terribly beautiful was the place, that I forgot danger. Of all the corpse-cities we had seen, this was the saddest. At Gerbevillers, I had thought the limit of tragedy reached. But this transcended limits; and, searching my mind for the reason, I found it in the lost beauty, the dignity of architecture which had once been Chauny's. The place had owned two or three charming, miniature châteaux. The *Mairie* and Town Hall had boasted a certain grandeur. There had been many delightful villas in gardens, and large shops with im-[illegible] façades. The wrecks of these b[illegible]gs remained, like propped-up [illegible]ns, appealing to the eye, and the im[illegible]ation behind the eye, as no other [illegible] had yet appealed. They were not full of piteous intimacies as at Verdun, but they were like half-burned pictures by a dead artist, pictures showing traces of past loveliness, yet past all hope of restoration.

The silence of the place was complete. Nothing lived but ourselves. Instinctively we talked in whispers, standing before a blackened travesty of a house whose garden blazed with roses. Then we became conscious of another whisper. Or was it the buzzing of bees among the roses? Or was it the humming of a distant aeroplane?

We gazed into each other's eyes.

"Into the car, please!" said our guide. "There's no time to run out of town. We can't race them. But there's a place of refuge close by. I think we can get there."

Without a word we did as we were told. The lieutenant sat beside Fawcett, showing him where to go. We whirled out of the forlorn wreck of street and turned into a narrow road or lane, arched over thickly with trees. "Stop!" said the officer. "We must hide here till the beasts give up the game. They will before long, if they think the place is empty. They only come in the hope of getting some distinguished visitors, such as yourselves,"—he bowed to Mother and Nancy. "They expect to bag our Poincaré or your Lloyd George, or General Pershing some time. They did nearly bag the Americans yesterday. I didn't tell you that. But you may as well know it now. You see, they fly low, and a grey or khaki car in a street or new white road makes a good mark. They may drop a few bombs, but twenty to one they won't come near us. And you'll have the fun of hearing the anti-aircraft gun we've got under camouflage near by give them as good as they send."

He talked to distract our attention from the noise overhead, which, from a faint humming, had become a ravenous roar of engines. So thick were the trees overhead that we could see nothing, but the sound betrayed that the Taubes were two at least, and flying close to earth. As he spoke, the hidden cannon began to speak, but the enemy planes defied it. They seemed to know that there was prey, and could not decide to give up the chase.

"The beggars fly back and forth sometimes for half an hour," said our lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders. "We must have patience. But without being seen we can get into a convent the Germans burnt when they were tired of using it as their headquarters. There's a pretty garden they hadn't time to spoil, and you can walk under the trees there, if you like."

MOTHER did not like. She preferred sitting in the car, and perishing within its shelter, if need be. Kate had no heart for wandering, but Nancy slipped off in the direction of the French officer's pointing finger. I followed. The eyes of our guide were wistful, but he stuck to his post.

In three minutes we had found our way into the ruined chapel of the convent, and into a world which had no connection with the world we knew. The Germans had hacked and burned ruthlessly, but through glassless windows, through gaping holes in the walls, and through a bower of leaves, like an emerald screen beyond, sunshine streamed. Overhead was the blue sky, instead of a roof, azure darkly barred by a few blackened beams. And a ray of light fell directly upon the one sacred thing the vandals had left untouched: a life-size painted statue of the Virgin.

Whether she were really beautiful or not, I can't say; but in that strange gold-green radiance she looked like a lovely, living woman who prayed that God would pardon the despoilers. Someone had made a wreath of white marguerites for her head, and at her feet lay a long-stemmed moss rose.

All the flowers were fresh, and could not have been gathered many hours ago.

"I believe one of the Americans must

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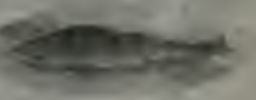

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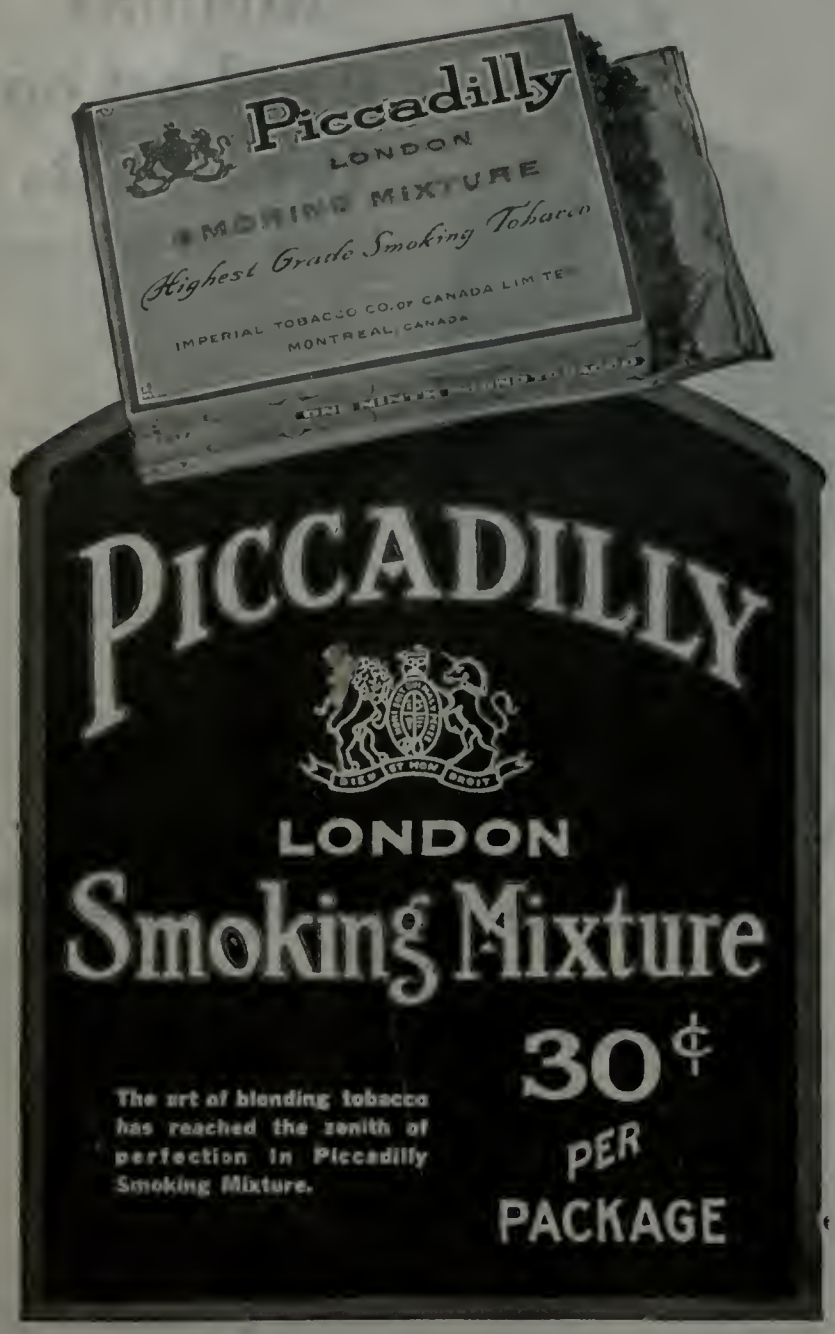

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have had that beautiful thought," said Nancy.

"But it's not likely there would be Catholics among them," I argued.

"Would you need to be a Catholic to give this dear, kind woman who prays a few flowers?"

"No. Especially—" I paused and gazed at the girl—"as she has—yes, she certainly has!—a look of you."

"Me—look like a saint? Why, your Mother calls me a minx! Oh, you needn't deny it, Mr. Harry. I don't mind. I'm almost complimented. Minxes have such bright eyes and such pretty fur—as well as sharp ears to hear what people say about them. And when they scratch, it's half in play."

"You don't scratch at all," I said. "You're the kindest, sweetest-natured girl—"

"Minx!"

"Minx, then, on earth. But if you ever had any, you've shed your minxhood these last days. You've changed. That's why I catch a likeness to the praying statue. Queer it should exist, but it does. Don't you see it, yourself?"

"I wonder! The shape of the face, maybe. But the eyes are sad—no, not exactly: wistful."

"That's the word in my mind for your eyes, lately. I'm afraid my mother—"

"It has nothing to do with her."

"Is it the horror of war pressing on you, now we've come so close?"

"Oh, I feel it! I shouldn't be human if I didn't. It keeps me awake nights. But it isn't only that."

"Homesick?"

"No-o. I left home and came over to try and help some way, and I haven't helped much yet. Mr. Harry, would you think I was silly if I asked your advice?"

"If I were conceited, I should think you wise."

"Don't joke, or I can't speak. But I am sort of miserable. Even Sidi B. can't comfort me. I don't know what I ought to do. If I did know, perhaps I'd be happier. It's been wearing on me for a day or two. Besides, I suppose that shell bursting so near, and these Taubes we're playing hide and seek with, have set my nerves jumping. I feel worked up, as if I had to have some help."

"There's nothing could make me so happy as helping you," I said, and I caught her hands. "Nancy—dear Nancy—darling Nancy, you must have known since our first day, that I love you. If—"

"Don't! There's no 'if.' You can't help me if you talk like that."

"THEN I won't!"

I pulled myself up short, ashamed of the outburst, because I knew that Nancy could never care for me as I cared for her. I felt the magic of the moment, in that ruined church, with the garden-sweetness blowing in to us through the broken windows, and the Taubes searching for us overhead. I must not break the spell in vain.

"Tell me your trouble, dear girl."

"There's more than one. There are three."

"Three separate troubles?"

"Yes. There's Lord John—"

"Ah, I expected him to come in!"

"And Monsieur Dufael—"

"I'm not surprised."

"And General Rayières."

"Heavens! He, too?"

"He three. And I don't know which I ought to marry."

"If you don't know, isn't that a sign you oughtn't to marry any of them?"

"No. Because I'm not marrying to please myself. I cared a—a whole lot for a boy once—an American boy, from my own state. But he didn't think our country ought to come into a European war, and I did. He was a lieutenant in the army, and that made it seem worse. I called him a bad name. I called him a coward. I reckon a man never forgives that, does he? Not that I wanted to be forgiven, I didn't! I'm telling about him only to prove that being 'in love' is over for me. Besides—I couldn't help thinking of him since all our American boys have been pouring into France. And to-day"—she pointed to the moss-rose which someone had gathered in the garden, and laid at the feet of the Virgin—the Virgin who had Nancy's face—"to-day that brought him to my mind, just as if I'd seen his photograph. He loved moss-roses better than any flower. He used to say they were like me, 'sweet and prickly at the same time.' And boxes of them would come—boxes half full of moss, with the roses lying on top. His name was Rose—Dick Rose. Roses were his visiting cards. But I'm not going to think of him any more! I'm going to thing of—which one shall I think of, Mr. Harry?"

"The one you like best."

"I like each one best in certain ways. When I came over my first idea was to marry the British army—marry into it, I mean. It seemed a good way to begin Red Cross work. You see, I've lots and lots of money, I never told you how much. I do so want to do good with it—good for the wounded, and—oh, everyone who suffers. I thought Lord John might put me in the right way, so I encouraged him a little. Then I met Monsieur Dufael, and he opened a vista of work among those poor refugees! I wasn't sure I couldn't do more good for them than anybody else. But General Rayières told me such stories about the brave poilus, and the awful time the mutilated ones will have after the war, unless something big is done for them! That would be just my job, wouldn't it? The British army doesn't really need me. The American Duchesses and Countesses are helping it like mad. I told Lord John I'd give him an answer when I got back to Paris. And it's very awkward saying no—what with the car, and all. But I've about made up my mind it had better be Monsieur Dufael—or General Rayières."

"Are they waiting for their answers, too?"

"Yes. Isn't it worrying?"

"It certainly is—for them."

"I was saying to myself this afternoon how easy it would make everything if I blew up. Then they'd mourn me, for awhile, and each could believe, if I'd lived, I would have accepted him. But I didn't blow up. And I don't hear those Taubes now. The chances are we shall get back safe and sound, at the château to-night—in time for dinner. I wish I could decide before I meet those Americans! The sight of boys from home might make me weaken."

"Why not toss a coin?" I suggested. "But no. I forgot. You have three to decide between. Heads and tails aren't enough."

"I—almost—think Lord John is off," said she. "People might say I married him for his title."

I WORE a spade guinea in my waistcoat pocket, despite Mother's protests against hoarding gold. This I displayed under Nancy's eyes.

"My lucky coin," I said. "Maybe it'll bring luck to you. Dufael 'heads,' because you met him first; Rayières, 'tails,' because he's last, though not least. Shall I toss?"

"Ye-es!" she gasped. "Oh, whichever comes, I shall wish it were the other!"

"We can't toss here," I said. "For one thing, it's a church, and for another, there's no floor—only piles of rubble. Come into the garden."

We stumbled out of the chapel and took shelter under a large tree, untouched by fire. I tossed the spade guinea, and it spun out of sight behind a tuft of grass. "Shall I look, or will you?" I asked.

"You, please. I couldn't!"

But the spade guinea had vanished. There was nothing behind the tuft of grass. Where it had gone I shall never know.

We were still searching when the lieutenant appeared in the chapel. "We'd best be off," he announced. "The Taubes have turned their tails."

"Come!" I said to Nancy. "You have the sign you wanted. Tails!"

"But your lucky coin?"

"Let it go! It couldn't give me—

anything I wanted. So it's to be Rayières?"

"Oh, I don't know! I must try some other sign. Anyhow, I'm glad I told you. I feel better."

We rejoined Mother and Kate in the car. They received us in silence. I did not care. We started. Vaguely I was conscious of our guide's regrets that the Taubes had made us miss the great sight of Chauny—the ruined glass works. What did it matter? Nancy was going to marry Rayières or Dufael.

WE bounced over roughly repaired roads at a speed which bumped our heads against the roof. I don't know whether it hurt or not. We dashed through a country of crippled trees to the foot of a hill circled by an ancient moat. The Taubes were outwitted. We were safe. What was the good of being safe?

We walked up the hill and entered an imitation shooting lodge, which transported us instantly to Germany. It had been built from young, murdered birch trees, and ornamented with plaster toad-stool seats, to please the taste of Prince Eitel Fritz. Thence he had gazed at St. Quentin, and through field-glasses had seen the Cathedral of Soissons. We did as he had done, with different fellings. But I had lost the thrill—with my lucky coin. And something else, which I knew I could never find again.

Then we aimed straight for Noyon, where we dropped our guide, as a homing ship drops her pilot, and arrived at the correspondents' chateau with half an hour to dress for dinner.

DRESSING for dinner after what we had seen and lived through, symbolized for me the unescapable conventionalities, the monotony of life to which I was going back now that I had lost the thrill, and was losing Nancy.

"This," I said to myself, "is the Castle of Dreams. It is on the borderland of adventure. When I leave, I wake—to things as they used to be: to Mother and to Kate."

Meanwhile, the dream was still going on, to slower music. Its central figure, though out of reach, was not yet out of sight, and I had still one colorful moment ahead. Nancy had whispered, as we entered the chateau:

"Hurry up and dress, and meet me in the salon where we sat after dinner last night. We'll finish our talk. And I'll decide something."

I was ready in fifteen minutes, and went to keep the tryst. I thought that Nancy could not have got down yet, but there she was, in a white dress. She stood by a window, her back to me, and she was not alone. Deep in conversation with her—so deep that he neither saw nor heard me come in—was an American officer. As I paused at the door, I could stare straight into his face; and it was all in the dream that he should be gazing down at Nancy Mix, unconscious of the dreamer's unimportant presence.

He was tall, and thin, and young, with strong, dark features, tanned red brown as an Indian's. I should have admired him as a magnificent type of an American soldier—at any other time. At this time I did not think at all. I only—wondered. My hand slipped from the door, and the breeze from the window blew it shut. The man looked up. Nancy turned, with a start, and almost dropped Sidi B.

"Oh, Mr. Harry!" she cried. "It's too wonderful. This is Captain Rose, Dick Rose. And he's changed his mind. He knows that Americans ought to be in the war, and he's in it himself, over head and ears, for all he's worth. It was he who found that moss rose and laid it at the Virgin's feet, and crowned her with marguerites, because—she was like me. So everything is decided, without tossing any more coins, and I'm so happy!"

"Then I am to congratulate Captain Rose?" I said.

"You are!" he assured me, and smiled a brilliant smile of boyish blue eyes in a dark face, flashing white teeth, strong young manhood, and joy supreme.

He held out his brown hand and, grasping mine, nearly broke it.

"I do congratulate you," I heard myself murmur.

"And me?" Nancy questioned.

"I wish you happiness, with all my heart. You're sure to have it."

"Oh, sure! And because I'm happy I shall know how to help others as I couldn't have known without. I see that now. I shall help refugees, and poilus, and Tommies and Sammies—all, all! Dick will help me help. It will be heaven. Dear Mr. Harry, your spade guinea knew how to bring me luck. It rolled away and made me wait for this."

"I'm glad," I said.

And I really felt glad. One finds new sides of one's nature in a Castle of Dreams.

WE are back in England now, and everything seems to go on as if we had never been to the front, or met the dear Minx, except that Kate has some new dresses, vaguely—and pathetically—resembling Nancy Mix's "style." Also she powders her nose when it shines, and manicures her nails with pink powder that means well, but gets under the skin.

I should have liked to stay on for Nancy's wedding in Paris, but Mother wouldn't hear of stopping. She was anxious to begin her book without delay. Her feelings towards our late travelling companion thawed slightly, however, when she found that Miss Mix had no designs on me. Also, it was impossible not to see in a somewhat more becoming light a person whose father could cable her a million dollar wedding present.

With considerable graciousness Mother accepted from Nancy a souvenir of our trip in the form of a gold box, for the pocket or handbag, made (in the Rue de la Paix) to carry two lumps of sugar when one went out to a war-time tea.

"A very characteristic conception of economy!" she commented to me later, but without bitterness. "If I had known what large means Miss Mix possessed I might have tried to influence her towards good works. As it is, I don't suppose the future will change her much. Once a minx, always a minx!"

"I hope so," I murmured under my breath.

I, too, was given a souvenir: the note-book which, in joke, I had presented to the "journalist."

"I shall be too busy to write that article for 'Home Talk' after all," Nancy said. "It's too bad, for I've made heaps of notes. I thought maybe you could use them in some way, so that kind man in the Rue Frédéric Premier needn't be disappointed."

Nancy's notes! I fancied that she was repaying me with a joke for a joke. But no, to my intense surprise she had indeed "made heaps of notes." Not only that, they were of a charm and originality which would have startled me—if I could have been startled by anything that Nancy did. It seemed a waste of magnificent material not to use them. On an impulse, I showed the book to Mother, without explanation.

"Your notes?" she asked. "Yet the handwriting isn't like yours. I suppose you wrote in haste—motoring and so on."

She read to the end of the volume, and then said, kindly, "These jottings are very creditable, very creditable indeed. I shall not mind incorporating them in my book."

A stab sharp as a tooth of Sidi B's bit at my heart. No, no, poetical justice it might be, but I couldn't bear to see the girl's little handful of fancies swallowed up in the maw of Mrs. Henry Wayne's greatness.

"Thanks, Mother," I answered, "but this is the note-book of Miss Mix, soon to be Mrs. Richard Rose, and I'm going

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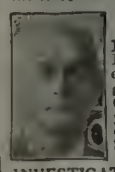

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to try and edit it for her, as a—a sort of wedding present."

Mother came as near snorting as a lady can.

"I wish you joy to the task!" she said.

And it will be a joy. In it I shall live over again the days I spent with the Minx—the darling Minx; days I can never forget, even if I end up by marrying Kate.

THE END

The Campaign Against Britain

Continued from page 17

federal attorneys warned these collectors of fake funds to cease their activities and get out of the country, or they would be arrested; but they did not act till huge sums had already been collected, for which not one single public accounting has yet been given. Please note the words—*not one single public accounting has yet been given.*

The Freedom of the Seas

THIS should explain to Canadian readers why an anti-British campaign is always a paying proposition in the United States.

Put the Irish vote, then, down as one cause!

But the thing cuts deeper. It cuts so dangerously deep I am frankly afraid of a severed artery. Get right down under the surface of the German catch phrase—Freedom of the Seas.

The American Seaman's Law practically trebles the operating costs of an American Merchant Marine. It trebles costs by establishing three shift crews, standards of living, and unionized labor. Now the American public will have spent five billion dollars building an American merchant marine. Under war freights, it could stand the heavier overhead operating charges in competition with other merchant marines. Under normal rates, it cannot, unless—*unless*—please mark well—*other nations, especially Great Britain, will also establish similar high overhead operating expenses.* Will other nations with merchant marines privately owned give away their advantage by trebling their operating expenses? Not on your life will they. It would wipe their merchant marines from the seas. Hurley of the U.S. Shipping Board knows this. Yet he goes to the Peace Conference to ask this very thing, which he knows will be flatly refused, and when it is flatly refused, what will the anti-British propaganda in this country howl at the top of its lungs? What are they howling now? "Freedom of the Seas"—a German catch-word—English tyranny dominating "Freedom of the Seas."

But the thing goes deeper yet—don't mistake this for a mob yell!

At one of the luncheons to which I have referred, a speaker, who had made special personal investigations of conditions in Russia, told us that of the one billion and a half Russian gold, which the Bolsheviki stole from the Imperial Government Reserve, at least half a billion was assigned for secret propaganda work in America and Canada. It would finance policemen's strikes. It would attempt to tamper with soldier and sailor. It would never attempt *to buy or to dominate* the labor unions, but it would attempt to place secret agents in every union. It would attempt to do in this country what it had done in Russia and was now doing in Germany. It would not necessarily call itself I.W.W. or Bolshevik, for that would only invite Government action; but crush it in one form, and it would only come up protean in a new form. That was his prediction. Now what are the facts? Call it by any name you like, the Bolshevik doctrine is now shouting from the house tops, where it formerly whispered in cellars. It is hiring public halls, which it never before was able to afford. It is getting its propaganda into a section of the press, which it never before could touch; and it is sending out its propaganda in tons. It is no longer poor.

If you add this element to the seaman's argument and the professional Irish politician, you can trace the streams of anti-British propaganda back to the turgid pools concealing the snakes all right.

THERE is still another element, which is perfectly legitimate from their point of view. It is not necessarily propaganda. It is a fight for commercial existence. I have touched on this in another article for MACLEAN'S. German interests in this country are not agricultural. They are trade and finance. Before the war, they were pro-German. After the United States went to war, they were avowedly pro-American and pro-Ally. I know German banking houses that contributed frequently to German organizations before this country went to war, who, when this country went to war, at once switched, stumped the country for the Allies and contributed lavishly for the Allied cause.

But the war is over. The very existence of these firms, their discounts and charges on bills of exchange, depend on resumption of trade with Germany. Whether their influence is cast in consciously or unconsciously with the present anti-British propaganda—I do not know. Some, I do know, are avowedly pro-British; but that does not prevent them wanting a resumption of trade with Germany.

Where Canada Comes In

What is it to Canada whether this anti-British propaganda goes on or not? Can any human being in his, or her, right mind ask that question? Do people in Canada know that it was the American Navy which guarded Canada's coast for six months and drove off the German submarines? Whatever conditions exist on the American side for railroads, for wages, for price of metals, for price of wheat, must also exist on Canada's side. The Allies owe the United States nearly nine billions of dollars. Take the case of wheat! Under stress of war, the United States can export 300 million bushels of wheat; but out of stress of war, her exports of wheat seldom exceed 100 to 200 million bushels. They are in fact such a diminishing quantity that the country was importing wheat from Argentina before the war, just as she is now importing wheat from Australia via Japanese bottoms. So whether the price of wheat stays at $2.20 in the United States for ten years will not entail a greater burden on the U.S. Treasury than a couple of hundred million dollars. But how about Canada? She will, and in fact must, export 300 million bushels of wheat to pay her war debts. If the price stays up at a pegged $2.20, where will that put her Treasury? And if the U.S. price stays up, and the Canadian price drops to $1, and an anti-British propaganda here puts up a wall against Canadian wheat, how long do you think farmers would stay on the Canadian side raising wheat at $1, when they could step across to the American side and raise it at $2.20?

Such a contingency would knock Canada's immigration into a cocked hat. It would throw Canada back into the conditions of the '80's and '90's. Canada's future commercial prosperity depends in no small degree on the good relations maintained between the United States and the British Empire.

I take it the end of the Peace Conference will see only two supremely great and powerful nations left intact as to manhood and finance—the British Empire and the United States. Shall they be friends or enemies? If friends, the peace of the world is ensured. If enemies, or even nagging rivals, then the good of the war has been lost before the roar of the guns has died to silence.

The Strange Adventure of the Thumb-Tap Clue

Continued from page 23

"Why that *is* the blank wall," he cried.

"How?" I demanded.

"Four weeks ago Lockwood came back from the West. On the same day a registered letter came to the office for young Carlton. That letter held twelve Bank of England notes for a hundred pounds each. About six thousand dollars altogether."

"Where did it come from?"

"From Montreal, from Carlton's own father. He wanted the money forwarded to his son! The older man was on his way back to England. The younger Carlton was looking up certain land his father wanted to invest in. Young Carlton's movements were rather uncertain, so his father made sure by sending the letter to our office—to Lockwood's office."

"And you were still acting as *poste restante* for the Carlton out in British Columbia?"

"Yes, we'd been receiving and forwarding his mail."

"And?"

"We also received this registered letter from Montreal. That's where the blank wall comes in."

"How?"

"We've no record of that letter ever going out of our office."

He looked at me as though he expected me to be more electrified than I found it possible to be.

"Lost, stolen, or strayed?" I asked.

"That's what I'd give my eye-teeth to know," he solemnly asserted.

"But where do *you* come in?"

His answer we given without a shade of emotion.

"I signed for the letter."

"Then you remember that much?"

"No, I don't remember it. But when they began to investigate through the post office, I knew my own signature when I saw it."

"With no chance of mistake or forgery?"

"It was my own signature."

"And you don't even remember getting the letter?"

"I've gone back over that day with draghooks. I've thought over it all night at a stretch, but I can't get one clear idea of what I did."

The force of the situation was at last coming home to me.

"And they're holding you responsible for the disappearance of that letter?"

"Good God. I'm holding myself responsible for it. It's been hanging over me for nearly a month. And I can't stand much more of it!"

"Then let's go back to possibilities. Have you ever checked them over?"

"I've gone over 'em like a scrutineer over a voter's list. I've tested 'em all, one by one; but they all end up at the blank wall."

"Well, before we go back to these possibilities again, how about the personal equation? Have you any feeling, any emotional bias, any one inclination about the thing, no matter how ridiculous it may seem?"

HE closed his eyes, and appeared to be deep in thought.

"I've always felt one thing," he confessed, "I've always *felt*—mind you, I only say felt—that when I signed for that Carlton letter, I carried it into Lockwood's own room with his own personal mail, and either gave it to him or left it on his desk."

"What makes you feel that?"

"In the first place, I must have known he'd seen Carlton recently, and had a clearer idea of his address, at the time, than I had. In the second place, being registered, it must have impressed me as being comparatively important.

"And Lockwood himself?"

"He says I'm mistaken. He holds I never gave him the letter, or he would have remembered it."

"And circumstances seem to back him up in this?"

"Everything backs him up," was the answer.

"Then let's go back to the possibilities. How about theft? Are you sure everyone in the office was reliable?"

"Everyone but *me!*" was his bitter retort.

"Then how about its being actually lost inside those four walls?"

"That's scarcely possible. I've gone through every nook and drawer and file. I've gone over the place with a fine-tooth comb, time and time again. I've even gone over my own flat, every pocket and every corner of every room."

"Then you have a home?" I asked.

Again there was the telltale neurasthenic delay before his answer came.

"I was married the same week the letter was lost," was his response.

"And your wife hasn't been able to help you remember?"

"She didn't know of it until a week ago. Then she saw I couldn't sleep, and I kept forgetting things, trifling little things that showed I wasn't co-ordinating properly—such as letting a letter go out unsigned or getting muddled on the safe combination or not remembering whether I'd eaten or not. She said she thought I was in for typhoid or something like that. She went right down to Lockwood and practically accused him of making me overwork. Lockwood had to tell her what had happened. I suppose it was the way it was thrown at her, all in a heap! She went home to her own people that afternoon, without seeing me. I thought it over, and decided there was no use doing anything until—until the mess was cleared up some way or other."

I did not speak for several seconds. The case was not as simple as it had seemed.

"And Lockwood, how does he feel about it?"

"The way any man'd feel!" The aciduated smile that wrinkled his face was significant. "He's having me shadowed!"

"But he *does* nothing!"

"He keeps giving me more time."

"Well, doesn't that imply he still somehow believes in you?"

"He doesn't believe in me," was the slow response.

"Then why doesn't he do something? Why doesn't he act?"

THERE was a moment's silence. "Because he promised his daughter to give me another week."

Still again I experienced that odd tightening of the nerves. And I had to take a grip on myself, before I could continue.

"You mean Mary Lockwood personally interested herself in your case?"

"Yes."

That would be like Mary Lockwood, I remembered. She would always want to be something more than just. She would want to be merciful with others. *I* was the only one guilty of an offence which could not be overlooked!

"But why Mary Lockwood?" I asked, for something to say.

"She seemed to think I ought to be given a chance." Griswell spoke with listless heaviness, as though Mary Lockwood's pity, as though anyone's pity, were a thing of repugnance to him.

"A matter of thumbs down," I murmured. He looked at me blankly; the idiom had not reached his intelligence. I crossed to the table and poured him out another glass of Bristol Milk.

"You say you did things to show you weren't co-ordinating properly," I went on. "Now, going back to possibilities, mightn't there have been a touch of aphasia? Mightn't you have done some-

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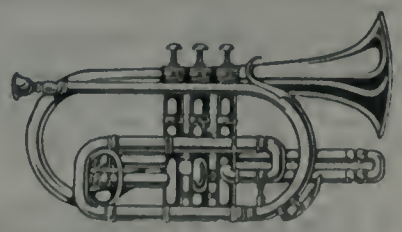

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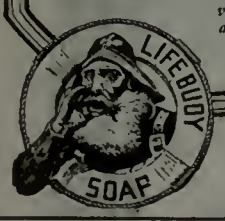

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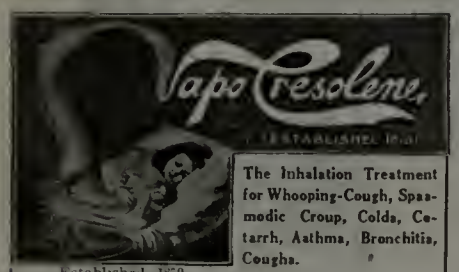

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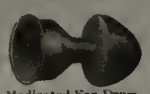

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thing with that letter and had no memory of what it was?"

"It's not aphasia—it never was that," calmly retorted the unhappy-eyed young man. "You couldn't dignify it with a name like that. And it never amounted to anything serious. I carried on all my office work without a hitch, without one mistake. But, as I told you before, I was working under pressure, and I hadn't been sleeping well. I did the bigger things without a mistake, but I often found I was doing them automatically."

"Then let's go back once more to those possibilities. Could the letter have been misdirected, absentmindedly? Could it have gone to one of Carlton's addresses?"

"Every address has been canvassed. The thing's been verified through the local post office, and through the Montreal office. That part of it's as clear as daylight. A letter came to this office of Lockwood's addressed to Carlton. It held six thousand dollars in cash. I received it and signed for it. The man to whom it was addressed never received it. Neither the money nor the letter was ever seen again. And the last record of it ends with *me*. Is it any wonder they've got that gum-shoe man trailing me about every move I make?"

"Wait," I cried, still conjecturing along the field of possibilities. "Why mightn't that letter have come in a second envelope which you removed after its receipt? Why mightn't it have come addressed to Lockwood or the firm?"

"The post office records show differently. It came to Carlton. I signed for it as an agent of Carlton's. Oh, there's no use going over all that old ground. I've been over it until I thought I was going crazy. I've raked and dug through it, these past three weeks, and nothing's come of it. Nothing *can* come of it, until Lockwood gets tired of waiting for me to prove what I *can't* prove!"

"But, out of all the affair as it happened, out of that whole day when the letter came, isn't there one shred or tatter of memory on which you can try to hang something? Isn't there one thing, no matter how small or how misty, from which you can begin?"

"Not one rational thing! I've tried to build a bridge out into that empty space—that day always seems like empty space to me—I've tried to build it out like a cantilever, but I can't bolt two ideas together. I've tried to picture it; I've tried to visualize it; I've tried to imagine it as I must have lived it. But all I've left is the fool idea of a man hitting his thumb."

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded, sitting up with a jolt.

"I keep seeing somebody, somebody sitting in front of me, holding a letter in his right hand and tapping the thumb of his left hand with it as he talked."

"But who is it? Or who *was* it?"

"I've tried to imagine it was Lockwood."

"Why, you've something right there!" I exultantly cried out. "That's valuable. It's something definite, something concrete, something personal. Let's begin on that."

"It's no use," remarked my companion. His voice, as he spoke, was one of weary unconcern. "I thought the way you do, at first. I felt sure it would lead to something. I kept watching Lockwood, trying to catch him at the trick."

"And?" I prompted.

"I had no chance of making sure. So I went up to his home, and asked for Miss Lockwood herself. I tried to explain how much the whole thing meant to me. I asked her if she'd ever noticed her father in the act of tapping his thumbs."

"And had she?"

"She was very patient. She thought it over, and tried to remember, but she decided that I was mistaken. His own daughter, she explained, would have noticed any such mannerism as that. In fact, she ventured to mention the matter to her father. And when John Lockwood found I'd been up to his house, that way, he—well, he rather lost his temper about it all. He accused me of trying to play on his daughter's sympathy, of trying to hide behind a petticoat. Miss Lockwood herself came and saw me again, though, and was fine enough to say that she still believed in me, that she still had faith in me. She said I could always count on her help. But everything she did only seemed to push me further back into the dark, the dark that's worse than hell to me!"

He leaned forward in the chair, covering his face with his unsteady hands. I had no help to give him.

BUT as I sat there staring at him I began to see what he had gone through. Yet more disturbing than the consciousness of this was the thought of what it would eventually lead to, of what it was already leading to, in that broken wreck of a walking ghost, in that terror-hounded neurasthenic who had found a hole in his memory and had kept exploring it, feeling about it as one's tongue tip keeps fathoming the hole of a lost tooth.

"I went to a doctor, after she left me," the man in the chair was saying through his gaunt fingers as as their tips pressed against his eye sockets. "He told me I had to sleep. He gave me trional and bromides and things, but I didn't seem able to assimilate them. Then he told me it was all in my own mind, that I only had to let myself relax. He told me to lie with my hands down at my side, and sigh, to sigh just once. I lay all night as though I was in a coffin waiting for that sigh, fighting for it, praying for it. But it didn't come."

"Of course it didn't," I told him, for I knew the feeling. "It never does, that way. You ought to have taken a couple of weeks in the Maine woods, or tried fishing up in Temagami, or gone off pounding a golf ball fifteen miles a day."

Then I stopped and looked at him, for some subsidiary part of my brain must have been working even while I was talking.

"By heaven, I believe that girl was mistaken!"

"Mistaken?" he asked.

"Yes, I don't believe any girl really knows her father's little tricks. I'd like to wager that Lockwood has the habit of tapping his thumb nail, sometimes, with what he may be holding in his other hand!"

My dispirited friend looked up at me, a little disturbed by the vehemence of my outburst.

"But what's that to me now? What good does it do me, even though he does tap his thumb?"

"Can't you see that this is exploration work, like digging up a lost city? Can't you see that we've got to get down to at least one stone, and follow where that first sign leads?"

I did my best to infect him with some trace of my sudden enthusiasm. I wanted to emotionalize him out of that dead flat monotone of indifference. I jumped to my feet and brought a declamative hand down on the corner of my library table.

"I tell you it does you a lot of good. It's your life-buoy. It's the thing that's got to keep you afloat until your feet are on the solid ground again."

"I tried to feel that way about it once," was his listless response. "But it doesn't lead to anything. It only makes me decide I dreamed the whole thing."

I stared at him as he leaned wearily back in the heavy chair.

"Look here," I said. "I know you're pretty well done up. I know you're sick and tired of the whole hopeless situation, that you've given up trying to think about it. But I want you to act this thing out for me to-night. I want to try to dramatize that situation down in Lockwood's office when you signed for the Carlton letter. I want you to do everything you can to visualize that moment. I want you to get that cantilever bridge stuck out across the gulf, across the gulf from each side, until they touch the middle and give us a chance to bolt 'em together."

I PUSHED back the chairs, cleared the space on the reading table, swung the youth about so that he faced this table, and then took one of my own letters from the heavy brass stand beside him. My one object now was to make him "go Berserk."

"This is your room," I told him. "And this is your desk. Remember, you're in your own office, hard at work. Be so good, please, as to keep busy."

I crossed the room to the door as I spoke, intent on my impersonation. But I could hear him as he laughed his indulgent and mirthless laugh.

"Now, I'm bringing you this mail matter. And here I have a registered letter addressed to one Carlton. You see it, there? This letter? It's for Carlton, remember. I want you to take it. And sign for it, here. Yes, write down your name—actually write it. Now take the letter. And now think, man, *think*. What do you do after that? What is the next thing? What do you feel is the right thing? The only thing?"

He looked up at me, wonderingly. Then he looked about the room. Then he slowly shook his head from side to side. I had not succeeded in communicating to him any jot of my mental energy.

"I can't do it," he said, "I can't remember. It doesn't seem to suggest a thing."

"But think, man, think!" I cried out at him. "Use your imagination! Get into the part! Act it! The thing's there in your head, I tell you. It's shut up somewhere there, only you haven't hit the right combination to throw the door open. You can't do a thing in this life, you've never lived an active moment of this life, without a record of it being left there. It may be buried, it may be buried so deep you'll die without digging it up, but it's there, I tell you, if you only go after it!"

"If I was only sure it was there," hesitated the man at the table. "If I only knew just what direction to go! But this doesn't mean anything; it doesn't *get* me anywhere."

"You're not in the part," I cried, with what was almost an ecstacy of impatience. "What you've got to do is *to live over* that day. If you can't do that you've got to live over at least one part of it. No; don't think this is all foolishness. It's only going back to a very old law of association. I'm only trying to do something to bring up sight, touch, sound. We both know those are things that act quickest in reviving memory. Can't you see—out of similar conditions I want to catch at something that will suggest the similar action! There's no need telling you that my mind and your mind each has a permanent disposition to do again what it has once done under the same circumstances. There's no use delving into psychology. It's all such ordinary everyday common sense."

He sat looking at me a little blankly as I pounded this out at him. His pallid face, twitching in the light from the fire, was studious, but only passively so. The infection of my rhapsodic effort had not reached him. I knew that, even before he spoke.

"I can see what you're aiming at," he explained. "But no matter how hard I think, I can't get beyond the blank wall. I'm still in this library of yours. And this is still a table and nothing like Lockwood's office desk."

"And that makes it seem rather silly to you?"

"Yes, it *does* seem silly," he acknowledged.

Then a sudden idea fell like a hailstone out of the heavens themselves.

"I know what's the matter," I cried. "I know why you're not acting out the part. It's because you're not on the right stage. You know it's an empty rehearsal—you haven't been able to let yourself go!"

"I'm sorry," he said, with the contrition of a child, and with his repeated hand gesture of helplessness.

I swung about on him, scarcely hearing the words he was uttering.

"We've got to get into that office," I declared. "We've got to get into Lockwood's own office."

He shook his head, without looking up at me.

"I've been over that office, every nook and cranny of it!" he reiterated.

"But what I want to know is, can we get into it?"

"At this time of night?" he asked, apparently a little frightened at the mere idea of it.

"Yes, now." I declared.

"I'd rather not," he finally averred.

"But you still carry those office-keys, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes; I still have my keys. But it wouldn't look right, the way things are. It would be only too easy for them to misinterpret a midnight visit of mine to those offices. And they're watching me, every move I make."

"Then let them know you're going to make the move," I maintained. "And then we'll slip down in my car, with no chance of being followed."

He seemed to be turning the matter over in his mind. Then he looked up, as though a sudden light had clarified the whole situation.

"You know Mary Lockwood, don't you?" he demanded.

"Y-yes," I hesitatingly admitted.

"Then wouldn't it be easier for you to call her up on the telephone and explain just what you propose doing?"

IT was my turn to sit in a brown study. It would be no easy matter, I remembered, to make clear to this stranger my reasons for not caring to converse with Mary Lockwood. I also remembered that the situation confronting me was something which should transcend mere personal issues. And I was in a quandary, until I thought of the ever-dependable Benson.

"I'll have my man call up the Lockwood house," I explained as I rose to my feet, " and announce that we're making an informal visit to those offices."

"But what's that visit for?"

"For the purpose of finding out if John Lockwood really taps his thumbs or not!"

The gray-faced youth stared at me.

"But what good will that do?" he demanded.

"Why, it'll give us the right stage-setting, the right 'props'—something to reach out and to grope along. It'll mean the same to your imagination as a brick wall to a bit of ivy." And I stopped and turned to give my instructions to Benson.

"Oh, it's no earthly use!" repeated the man who couldn't remember, in his flat and atonic voice. But instead of answering or arguing with him I put his hat in his hand and held the portiere, waiting for him to pass through.

I have often thought that if the decorous and somewhat ponderous figure of Mr. John Lockwood had invaded his own offices on that particular night, he would have been persuaded of the fact that he was confronting two madmen.

For, once we had gained access to those offices and once we had locked the door behind us, I began over again what I had so inadequately attempted in my own library.

DURING the earlier part of my effort to Belascoize a slumbering mental idea into some approximation to life, I tried to remember my surroundings and the fact that the hour was the unseemly one of almost two o'clock in the morning. But as I seated Criswell at his own office desk and did my utmost to galvanize his tired brain into some semblance of the role I had laid out for it, I think he rather lost track of time and place. At the end of ten minutes my face was moist with sweat, and a wave of utter exhaustion swept through me as I saw that, after all my struggle, nothing in that minutely enacted little drama had struck a responsive chord in either his imagination or his memory.

"You don't get anything?" I asked as I dropped back into a chair at the end of my pantomime. No stage manager, trying to project his personality into an unresponding actor, could have struggled more passionately, more persuasively, more solicitously. But it had been fruitless.

"No, I can't get anything!" said the white-faced Criswell. And I could see that he had honestly tried, that he had strained his very soul, striving to reach

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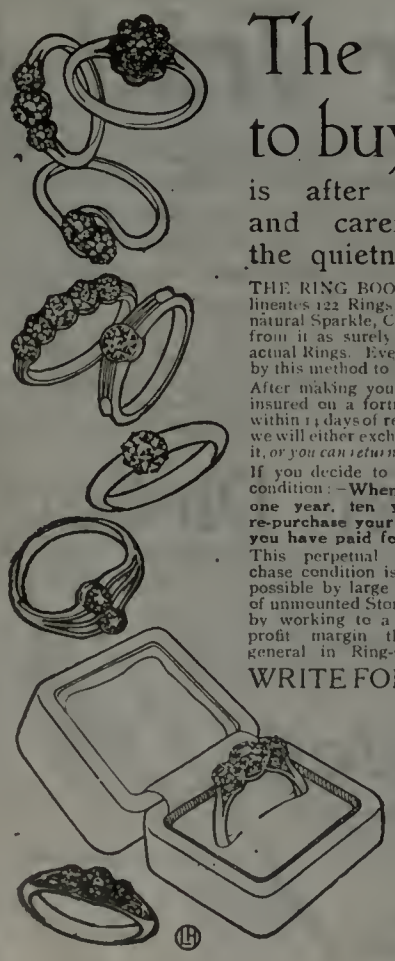

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up to the light that was denied him. But the matter was not one of mere volition. It was beyond his power. It depended on something external, on something as much outside his conscious control as though it were an angel that must come and touch him on the brow. It was simply that the door of Memory remained locked and barred. We had not hit upon the right combination. But I did not give up.

"Now we're going in to try Lockwood's own office," I told him, with a peremptoriness which made him draw away from me.

"I—I don't think I can go through it again," he faltered. And I could see the lines of mental fatigue deep on his ashen face.

Yet I proffered him no sympathy; I allowed him no escape from those four imprisoning walls. I had already stirred the pool too deeply. I knew that a relapse into the old impassive hopelessness would now be doubly perilous.

I LOOKED about the room. Three sides of it were lined with book shelves and every shelf was filled with hundreds of books, thousands of them altogether, from dull and uninteresting-looking treatises on railway building and mining engineering to even more dull-looking consular reports and text-books, on matters of finance. The fourth side of the room held two windows. Between these windows, some six feet from the wall, stood Lockwood's rosewood desk. It was a handsome desk, heavily carved, yet like the rest of the furniture, the acme of simplicity. History, I knew, had been made over that oblong of rosewood. It had been and would again be an arena of Napoleonic contention. Yet it stood before me as bare and bald as a prize fighters' platform.

I sat down in the carved swivel chair beside the desk, drew my chair closer to the rosewood, and looked up at Criswell, who, I believe, would have turned and bolted, had he been given the chance. He was, I fancy, even beginning to have suspicions as to my sanity. But in that I saw no objection. It was, I felt, rather an advantage. It would serve to key his nerves up to a still higher pitch—for I still hoped against hope that I might lash him into some form of mental calenture which would drive him into taking the high jump, which would in some way make him clear the blind wall.

"Now, I'm Lockwood, remember," I cried, fixing my eye on him, "and you're Criswell, my private secretary. Have you got that plain?"

He did not answer me. He was, apparently, looking weakly about for a place to sit down.

"Have you got that plain?" I repeated, this time in a voice that was almost thunderous.

"Yes," he finally said. "I understand."

"Then go back into your room there. From that room I want you to bring me a letter. Not any old letter, but one particular letter. I want you to bring me the Carlton registered letter which you signed for. I want you to see it, and feel it, and bring it here."

I THREW all the authority of my being into that command. I had to justify both my course and my intelligence. I had to get my man over the high jump, or crawl away humiliated and defeated.

I stared at the man, for he was not moving. I tried to cow him into obedience by the very anger of my look. But it didn't seem to succeed.

"Don't you understand?" I cried. "I want you to bring that registered letter in to me, here, now!"

He looked at me a little blankly. Then he passed his hand over his moist forehead.

"But we tried that before," he falteringly complained. "We tried that, and it wouldn't work. I brought the letter in the first time, and you weren't here."

I sat up as though I had been shot. I could feel a tingle of something go up and down my backbone. My God, I thought, the man's actually stumbling on something. The darkness was delivering itself of an idea.

"Yes, we tried that before," I wheedled. "And what happened?"

"You weren't here," he repeated, in tones of such languid detachment that one might have thought of him as under the influence of a hynotist.

"But I'm here now, so bring me the letter!"

I tried to speak quietly, but I noticed that my voice shook with suppressed excitement. Whether or not the contagion of my hysteria went out to him I cannot say. But he suddenly walked out of the room, with the utmost solemnity.

The moment I was alone I did a thing that was both ridiculous and audacious. Jerking open Lockwood's private drawer, I caught up a Perfecto from a cigar box I found there. This Perfecto I impertinently and promptly lighted, puffing its aroma about, for it had suddenly come home to me how powerful an aid to memory certain odors may be, how, for instance, the more smell of a Noah's Ark will carry a man forty years back to a childhood Christmas.

I SAT there busily and abstractedly smoking as Criswell came into the room and quietly stepped up to my desk. In his hand he carried a letter. He was solemn enough about it, only his eyes, I noticed, were as empty as though he were giving an exhibition of sleep walking. He reminded me of a hungry actor trying to look happy over a *papier-mache* turkey.

"Here's a letter for Carlton, sir," he said to me. "Had I better send it on, or will you look after it?"

I pretended to be preoccupied. Lockwood, I felt, would have been that way, if the scene had indeed ever occurred. Lockwood's own mind must have been busy, otherwise he would have carried away some definite memory of what had happened.

I looked up, quickly and irritably. I took the letter from Criswell's hand, glanced at it, and began absently tapping my left thumb tip with it as I peered at the secretarial figure before me.

Criswell's face went blank as he saw the movement. It was now not even somnambulistic in intelligence. It maddened me to think he was going to fail me at such a critical moment.

"What are you breaking down for?" I cried. "Why don't you go on?"

He was silent, looking ahead of him.

"I—I *see blue*," he finally said, as though to himself. His face was clammy with sweat.

"What sort of blue?" I prompted. "Blue cloth? Blue sky? Blue ink? Blue *what?*"

"It's blue," he repeated, ignoring my interruption. And all his soul seemed writhing and twisting in some terrible travail of mental childbirth.

"I see blue. And you're making it white. You're covering it up. You're turning over white—white——white! Oh, what in God's name is it?"

My spine was again tingling with a thousand electric needles as I watched him. He turned to me with a gesture of piteous appeal.

"What was it?" he implored. "Can't you help me get it—get it before it goes! What was it?"

"It was blue, blue and white," I told him, and as I said it I realized what madhouse jargon it would have sounded to any outsider.

HE sank into a chair, and let his head fall forward on his hands. He did not speak for several seconds.

"And there are two hills covered with snow," he slowly intoned.

My heart sank a little as I heard him. I knew I had overtaxed his strength He was wandering off again into irrelevancies. He had missed the high jump.

"That's all right, old man," I tried to console him. "There's no use overdoing this. You sit there for a while and calm down."

As I sank into a chair on the other side of the desk, defeated, staring wearily about that book-lined room that was

housing so indeterminate a tragedy, the door on my left was thrown open. Through it stepped a woman in an ivory-tinted dinner gown over which was thrown a cloth-of-gold cloak.

I sat there blinking up at her, for it was Mary Lockwood herself. It was not so much her sudden appearance as the words she spoke to the huddled figure on the other side of the desk that startled me.

"You were right," she said, with a self-obliterating intensity of purpose. "Father taps his thumbs. I saw him do it an hour ago!"

I sat staring at her as she stood in the centre of the room, a tower of ivory and gold against the dull and mottled colors of the book-lined wall. I waited for her to speak. Then out of the mottled colors that confronted my eye, out of the faded yellows and rusty browns, the greens and reds of vellum, and the gilt of countless titles, my gaze rested on a nearby oblong of blue.

I looked at it without quite seeing it. Then it came capriciously home to me that blue had been the color that Criswell had mentioned.

But blue was only blue, I vacuously told myself as I got up and crossed the room. Then I saw the white streak of the top of the book, and for no adequate reason my heart suddenly leaped up into my throat.

I SNATCHED at that thing of blue and white, like a man overboard snatching at a lifeline. I jerked it from its resting place and crossed to the desk top with it.

On its blue title page I read: "Report of the Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, 1898."

The volume, I could see at a glance, was a Canadian Government Blue Book. It was a volume which I myself had exploited, in my own time, and for my own ends. But these ends, I remembered as I took up the book and shook it, belonged now to a world that seemed very foolish and very far away. Then, having shaken the volume as a terrier shakes a mat, I turned it over and looked through it. This I did with a slowly sinking heart.

It held nothing of significance. Yet I took it up and shook it and ruffled through its leaves once more, to make sure. Then between what I saw to be the eighteenth and nineteenth page of that section which bore the title "The Report of Inspector Moodie," I came upon a photographic insert, a tint-block photo-engraving. It carried the inscription: "The Summit of Laurier Pass Looking Westward." What made me suddenly stop breathing was the fact that this photograph showed two hills covered with snow.

"Criswell!" I called out, so sharply that it must have sounded like a scream to the bewildered woman in the cloth-of-gold cloak.

"Yes," he answered in his far-away voice.

"Was John Lockwood ever interested in Northern British Columbia? Did he happen to have any claims or interests or plans that would make him look up trails in a Police Patrol report?"

"I don't know," was the wearily indifferent answer.

"Think, man!" I called out at him. "*Think!*"

"I can't think," he complained.

"Wouldn't he have to look up roads to a new mining camp in that district?" I persisted.

"Yes, I think he did," was the slow response. Then the speaker looked up at me. His stupor was almost that of intoxication. His wandering eye peered unsteadily down at the Blue Book as I once more ruffled through its pages, from back to front. I saw his wavering glance grow steady, his whole face change. I put the book down on the desk-top, with the picture of Laurier Pass uppermost under the flat white light.

I saw the man's eyes gradually dilate, and his body rise, as though some unseen hydraulic machinery were slowly and evenly elevating it.

"Why, there's the blue! There's the white!" he gasped.

"Go on!" I cried. "Go on!"

"And those are the two hills covered with snow! That's it! I see it! I see it, now! That's the book John Lockwood was going through *when I handed him the letter!*

"What letter?" I insisted.

"Carlton's letter?" he proclaimed.

"Then where is it?" I asked, sick at heart. I looked from Criswell to the girl in the gold cloak as she crossed the room to the bookshelf and stooped over the space from which I had so feverishly snatched the Blue Book. I saw her brush the dust from her finger tips, stoop lower, and again reach in between the shelves. Then I looked back at Criswell, for I could hear his voice rise almost to a scream.

"*I remember! I see it now! And he's got to remember! He's got to remember!*"

I shook my head, hopelessly, as he flung himself down in the chair, sobbing out that foolish cry, over and over again.

"Yes, he's got to remember," I could hear Mary Lockwood say as she turned and faced us.

"But what will make him?" I asked, as her studiously impersonal gaze met mine.

"This will," she announced as she held out her hand. I saw then, for the first time, that in this hand she was holding a heavily inscribed and R-stamped envelope.

"What's that?" demanded Criswell, staring hard.

"It's your lost letter," quickly replied Mary Lockwood. "How it fell out, I don't know. But I *do* know, now, that father shut this letter up in that book. And the Lockwoods, I'm afraid," she continued with an odd little quaver in her voice, "will have a very, very great deal to ask your forgiveness for. I'm sorry, Mr. Criswell, terribly sorry this ever happened. But I'm glad, terribly glad, that it has turned out the way it did."

There was a moment of quite unbroken silence. Then young Criswell turned to me.

"It's *you* I've got to thank for all this," he finally blurted out, with moist yet happy eyes, as he did his best to wring my hand off. "It's you who've—who've reinstated me!"

We were standing there in a sort of triangle, very awkward and ill-at-ease, until I found the courage to break that silence.

"But I don't seem to have been able to reinstate myself, Criswell," I said as I turned and met Mary Lockwood's level gaze. She looked at me out of those intrepid and unequivocating eyes of hers, for a full half minute. Then she turned slowly away. She didn't speak. But there was something that looked strangely like unhappiness in her face as she groped towards the door, which Criswell, I noticed, opened for her.

More About Germany From Within

Continued from page 11

The Count spoke with great sincerity and earnestness. "But come along," he added, "I want to drive you about the city and show you a few of the leading features of our new national reconstruction. We can talk as we go."

"But Von Boobenstein," I said, "you speak of the people who made the war; surely you were all in favor of it?

"In favor of it! We were all against it."

"But the Kaiser," I explained.

"The Kaiser, my poor master! How he worked to prevent the war! Day and night; even before anybody else had heard of it. 'Boob,' he said to me one day with tears in his eyes, 'this war must be stopped.' 'Which war, Your Serenity?' I asked. 'The war that is coming next month,' he answered. 'I look to you, Count Boobenstein,' he continued, 'to bear witness that I am

Discovery of the Way the Flu Germ Works

Simple Practice Will Render It Harmless

By Chas. A. Percival, M.D.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth—you cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goeth." Neither can you tell whence the Influenza germs come, or where you are likely to meet them.

Few people realize how amazingly small they are. Suppose you were to start to count just the germs that could be got into a space one inch each way—say a teaspoonful—and counted at the rate of one hundred a minute, without stopping to eat or sleep, how long do you think it would take to complete the job? Very nearly three hundred thousand years. Moreover, once lodged in favorable conditions they breed at a terrific rate. It has been calculated that each germ is capable of increasing to nearly half a million in the course of 48 hours. Is it any wonder, then, that the most elaborate precautions often fail to keep the germs away? They can penetrate almost anywhere and are carried on the lightest breath of air. They can be carried and spread by anyone who goes near an influenza case, even though he has not taken the disease himself. They can be handed to you with your change, or with the lunch you take at the counter down town. No one can be sure of escaping contact with them.

It is useless to try to avoid them. Fortunately, they are only harmful when favorable conditions are provided, and recent investigations into the nature of the germ and its effects have shown that anyone who adopts a certain simple practice can feel safe at all times.

These investigations, undertaken by a bacteriologist of Toronto, discovered that the influenza germ gets in its work only when acting in conjunction with one or more or three other varieties of germs. Of itself it can produce at the worst a sneeze. When it joins with one of the other varieties illness usually results. Should it join with two or three of them the results may be dangerous, or even fatal. The influenza germ itself is disseminated as indicated above. The other three are found in the human system, and it is not until the Flu germ joins them there that the results prove serious.

The conditions of modern life compel unnatural diet and lack of exercise habits that are very different from what nature intended. A horse, for example, evacuates the intestinal contents many times a day—whenever and wherever nature calls. The faeces never remain in its bowels more than an hour or two. In the case of men and women, on the contrary, sedentary life and modern food have induced—with very few exceptions—a more or less pronounced state of constipation. The faeces are retained for many hours, and often for days. The walls of the intestines become coated with waste matter, which coating tends to become thicker and harder and more permanent as time goes on. So detrimental is this that 95 per cent. of the illnesses that doctors have to deal with originate here. And so well are its dangers recognized that the first step a doctor takes is to make sure that the bowels of his patient are cleansed. Amongst other results of this unnatural condition an ideal breeding ground for germs is provided. The bacteria that abound under such conditions include the three varieties that aid the influenza germ to produce such disastrous effects.

But if the bowels are kept clean no lodging place is afforded for bacteria. Consequently, the influenza germ—even when taken into the system—passes through harmlessly.

Many people try to assist nature by means of drugs. But to the use of drugs there are very strong objections. They do not assist; they force nature. They weaken the intestinal muscles and lower the vitality. They gradually lose their effect. They empty but do not cleanse. You would not wash your hands by pouring physic over them, nor would you purify your house by means of disinfectants only, or dust your furniture with sandpaper. Then don't scour your liver with drugs unless your doctor orders it.

There is a simple and very much better way of keeping the intestines clean, and that is by means of the Internal Bath. The people who follow this practice can feel absolutely safe from danger of influenza or other infection. To avoid misconception it should be stated that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner. The one efficient method is by means of the "J.B.L. Cascade." It is simple, too, for it needs only warm water, and a child could understand and use it without fear of hurt or breakage. And after its use the system is so clean that there is no possible fear of infection. The whole matter is fully explained in a book called The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath, written by the inventor, which will be gladly sent post free to anyone who will send his or her name and address to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, Suite 247, Tyrrell Building, 163 College Street, Toronto.

Security from infection is only one of the reasons for using the Cascade. Stagnation of the bowel contents, and weakening of the intestinal muscles by drugs, lead to increased fermentation, to putrefaction, and to the formation of irritant and poisonous substances. Such poisons are readily absorbed into the blood, and are often the unsuspected cause of aches and pains, pimples, skin blotches, bad complexion, a general lack of good physical condition, sleeplessness, and a feeling of dullness and fatigue. Most of the men and women of to-day are only half as efficient as they could be. No machine in the world would keep working as clogged up as the human body usually is. Treat your body as well as you would a machine, remembering that anyone who lets the body continue in that state has to pay for it eventually.

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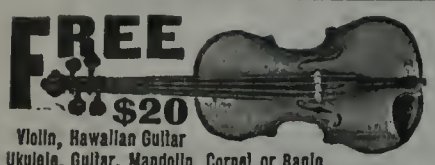

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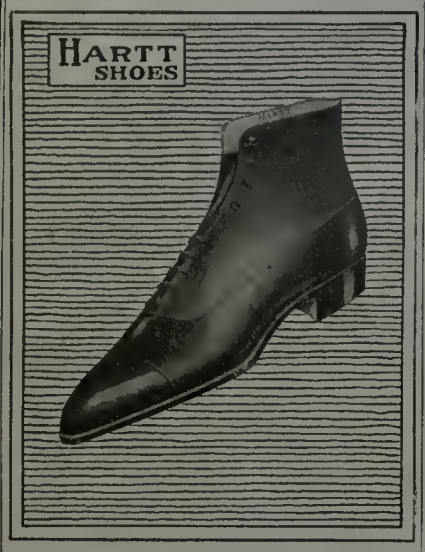

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doing my utmost to stop it a month before the English Government has done anything.'"

WHILE we were thus speaking our taxi had taken us out of the roar and hubbub of the main thoroughfare into the quiet of a side street. It now drew up at the door of an unpretentious dwelling, in the window of which I observed a large printed card with the legend REVEREND MR. TIBBITS: *Private Tuition, English, Navigation and other Branches.* We entered and were shown by a servant into a little front room when a venerable looking gentleman, evidently a Lutheran minister, was seated in a corner at a writing table. He turned on our entering and at the sight of the uniform which I wore, jumped to his feet with a vigorous and unexpected oath.

"It is all right. Admiral," said Count Von Boobenstein, "my friend is not really a sailor."

"Ah!" said the other. "You must excuse me. The sight of that uniform always gives me the jumps."

He came forward to shake hands and, as the light fell upon him, I recognized that grand old seaman, perhaps the greatest sailor that Germany has ever produced or ever will, Admiral Von Tirpitz.

"My dear Admiral!" I said, warmly. "I thought you were out of the country. Our papers said that you had gone to Switzerland for a rest."

"No," said the Admiral. "I regret to say that I find it impossible to get away."

"Your Allied press," interjected the Count, "has greatly maligned our German patriots by reporting that they have left the country. Where better could they trust themselves than in the bosom of their own people? You noticed the cabman of our taxi? He was the former chancellor, Von Bethman-Hollweg. You saw that stout woman with the apple cart at the street corner? Frau Bertha Krupp Von Bohlen. All are here, helping to make the new Germany. But come, Admiral, our visitor here is much interested in our plans for the reconstruction of the Fatherland. I thought that you might care to show him your designs for the new German navy."

"A new navy!" I exclaimed, while my voice showed the astonishment and admiration that I felt. Here was this gallant old seaman, having just lost an entire navy, setting vigorously to work to make another. "But how can Germany possibly find the money in her present state for the building of new ships?"

"There are not going to be any ships," said the great Admiral. "That was our chief mistake in the past, in insisting on having *ships* in the navy. Ships, as the war has shown us, are quite unnecessary to the German plan, they are not part of what I may call the German idea. The new navy will be built inland and elevated on piles and will consist—"

BUT at this moment a great noise of shouting and sudden tumult could be heard as if from the street.

"Some one is coming," said the Admiral hastily. "Reach me my Bible." "No, no," said the Count, seizing me by the arm. "The sound comes from the Great Square. There is trouble. We must hasten back at once." He dragged me from the house.

We perceived at once, as soon as we came into the main street again, from the excited demeanour of the crowd and from the anxious faces of people running to and fro, that something of great moment must be happening.

Everybody was asking of the passerby: "What is loose? What is it?"

Ramshackle taxis, similar to the one in which we had driven, forced their way as best they could through the crowded thoroughfare, moving evidently in the direction of the Government buildings.

"Hurry, hurry!" said Von Boobenstein, clutching me by the arm, "or we shall be too late. It is as I feared."

"What is it?" I said. "What's the matter?"

"Fool that I was," said the Count, "to leave the building. I should have known. And in this costume I am helpless."

We made our way as best we could through the crowd of people who all seemed moving in the same direction, the Count, evidently a prey to the gravest anxiety, talking as if to himself and imprecating his own carelessness.

We turned the corner of a street and reached the edge of the great square. It was filled with a vast concourse of people. At the very moment in which we reached it a great burst of cheering rose from the crowd. We could see over the heads of the people that a man had appeared on the balcony of the Government Building, holding a paper in his hand. His appearance was evidently a signal for the outburst of cheers, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs. The man raised his hand in a gesture of authority. German training is deep: silence fell instantly upon the assembled populace. We had time in the momentary pause to examine, as closely as the distance permitted, the figure upon the balcony. The man was dressed in the blue overall suit of a workingman. He was bareheaded. His features, so far as we could tell, were those of a man well up in years, but his frame was rugged and powerful. Then he began to speak.

"Friends and comrades!" he called out in a great voice that resounded through the square. "I have to announce that a New Revolution has been completed."

A wild cheer broke from the people.

"The Bolsheviks' Republic is overthrown. The Bolsheviks are aristocrats. Let them die!"

"Thank Heaven for this costume," I heard Count Boobenstein murmur at my side. Then he seized his pea-green hat and waved it in the air shouting: "Down with the Bolsheviks!"

All about us the cry was taken up.

ONE saw everywhere in the crowd men pulling off their sheepskin coats and tramping them under-foot with the shout: "Down with Bolshevism." To my surprise I observed that most of the men had on blue overalls beneath their Russian costumes. In a few moments the crowd seemed transformed into a vast mass of mechanics.

The speaker raised his hand again. "We have not yet decided what the new Government will be."

A great cheer from the people.

"Nor do we propose to state who will be the leaders of it."

Renewed cheers.

"But this much we can say. It is to be a free, universal, Pan-German Government of love."

Cheers.

"Meantime, be warned! Whoever speaks against it will be shot; anybody who dares to lift a finger will be hanged. A proclamation of Brotherhood will be posted all over the city. If anybody dares to touch it, or to discuss it, or to look at or to be seen reading it, he will be hanged to a lamp post."

Loud applause greeted this part of the speech while the faces of the people, to my great astonishment, seemed filled with genuine relief and beamed with unmistakable enthusiasm.

"And now," continued the speaker. "I command you, you dogs, to disperse quietly and go home. Move quickly, swine that you are, or we shall open fire upon you with machine guns."

With the last outburst of cheering the crowd broke and dispersed, like a vast theatre audience. On all sides were expressions of joy and satisfaction. "Excellent, Wunderschön," "He calls us dogs! That's splendid. Swine! Did you hear him say 'Swine'? This is true German Government again at last."

Then just for a moment the burly figure reappeared on the balcony.

"A last word!" he called to the departing crowd. "I omitted to say that all but one of the leaders of the late Government are already caught. As soon as we can lay our thumb on the Chief Executive rest assured that he will be hanged."

"Hurrah!" shouted Boobenstein, waving his hat in the air. Then in a whis-

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per to me: "Let us go," he said, "while the going is still good."

WE hastened as quickly and unobtrusively as we could through the dispersing multitude, turned into a side street and, on a sign from the Count, entered a small cabaret or drinking shop, newly named as its sign showed, THE GLORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES CAFE.

The Count with a deep sigh of relief ordered wine.

"You recognized him, of course," he said.

"Who?" I asked. "You mean the big workingman who spoke. Who is he?"

"So you didn't recognize him," said the Count. "Well, well, but of course all the rest did. Workingman! It is Field Marshal Hindenburg. It means of course that the same old crowd are back again. That was Ludendorff standing below. I saw it all at once. Perhaps it is the only way. But as for me I shall not go back. I am too deeply compromised; it would mean death."

Boobenstein remained for a time in deep thought, his fingers beating a tattoo on the little table. Then he spoke.

"Do you remember," he said, "the old time of long ago when you first knew me?"

"Very well, indeed." I answered. "You were one of the German waiters, or rather, one of the German officers disguised as waiters at McKonkey's Restaurant in Toronto."

"I was," said the Count. "I carried the beer on a little tray and opened oysters behind a screen. It was a wunderschön life. Do you think, my good friend, you could get me that job again?"

"Boobenstein," I exclaimed, "I can get you reinstated at once. It will be some small return for your kindness to me in Germany."

"Good," said the Count. "Let us sail at once for Canada."

"One thing, however," I said, restraining him. "You may not know that since you left there are no longer beer waiters in Toronto because there is no beer. All is forbidden."

"Let me understand myself," said the Count in astonishment. "No beer!"

"None whatever."

"Wine then?"

"Absolutely not. All drinking, except of water, is forbidden."

The Count rose and stood erect. His figure seemed to regain all its old-time Prussian rigidity. He extended his hand.

"My friend," he said. "I bid you farewell."

"Where are you going to?" I asked.

"My choice is made," said Von Boobenstein. "There are worse things than death. I am about to surrender myself to the German authorities."

Saturday's Child

Continued from page 16

domesticity in him that made it easy for her not to fall in love with him. He wasn't exciting. He wasn't the sort of young man that broke your heart and rode away; he was the sort of young man that called for you on rainy evenings with your rubbers. He was "safe."

But Charles wasn't. He was as romantic as a sixteen-year-old school girl, and a touch of moonlight, a touch of mystery and pretty voice with a hint of laughter in it had stirred in him such a pleasant sense of excitement as he had not known in years. He was quite confident that he would know the girl again if he were to see her, and he watched for her patiently all the next day; and at night when there was still no sign of her he took the little winding path down to the lake. But the wharf was deserted, and the lake silent, the placid moonlight lying in an unbroken path across the water.

By the next night he had quite given her up. Almost simultaneously he decided to go home. Miss Fothergill was becoming more and more absorbed in Ham; they had disappeared together without explanation immediately after dinner. There was nothing for him to do and nowhere to go. He might have sought out one of the "nice girls" and taken her out on the lake, but he wouldn't have known what to talk to her about. He never knew what to talk about to them. He saw clearly now what he had long suspected—that he was a person consistently shunned by womankind. Rather than endure an evening of his society they went off with vulgar dollar baiters like Ham Allan. They jumped off the docks and climbed banks to avoid listening to his conversation.....

He wandered down to the Post Office in the far end of the building and secured the evening mail—a morning paper three days old and a picture postcard from his married sister. Emerging disconsolately he was just beginning to retrace his steps towards the hotel when he happened to glance ahead along the path that led to the lake; and the second part of the adventure began. For there not fifty feet ahead of him was the girl of the little dock.

JUST how he recognized her it would be hard to say, for she was dressed exactly like any one of the fifty girls who might have been seen about the hotel at that hour, in a white skirt and a gay colored blazer. But it was she, and when he came up behind her and spoke to her, his heart in his mouth, she gave him a friendly smile of recognition.

"Please don't run away this time," he said pleadingly. "If you knew the time I've had finding you—"

But she did not seem inclined to run away. She made room for him on the narrow path that ran down from the post office, and Charles, immeasurably grateful, fell into step beside her.

It was not quite dark and just beyond the tall trees at the end of the path beamed faintly the twilit water of the lake. And presently he gathered courage to point out that it was still early and it would be very pleasant to get a canoe and go out and float about for a while in the path of the moon.

Her face showed that she thought it would be very pleasant too. But she hesitated a little.

"It will be perfectly safe," urged Charles. "If you find yourself in danger you have only to scream and a hundred people will rush to your rescue—a hundred and fifty people," he corrected himself, recalling the prospectus.

Perhaps she shouldn't have gone. She had never been introduced to him, and everyone knows that every young man to whom you have not been introduced is potentially a wolf in sheep's clothing. But she did. She glanced at the twilit water and back at Charles' shy but ingenuous face, and evidently quite reassured by what she saw there she consented without further hesitation. So they went down and found a canoe and slid out presently into the starlit silence of the lake.

SHE was the most satisfactory person that Charles had ever met. He realized this within the first five minutes of the adventure. Not only was she joyous and foolish and young herself, but she revealed him to himself as a person joyous and foolish and young as well. It was quite startling; like coming sharply about a corner and confronting yourself as someone else, in an unexpected flattering mirror.

He made a brilliant discovery.

"There are two kinds of people in the world," he said. "The kind that make you afraid you really may be the sort of a person you have sometimes thought you are, and the kind that make you think you really are the sort of person you have sometimes hoped you may be."

He was enjoying that rarest and pleasantest of human experiences—the sensation of being thoroughly appreciated. He had always been secretly

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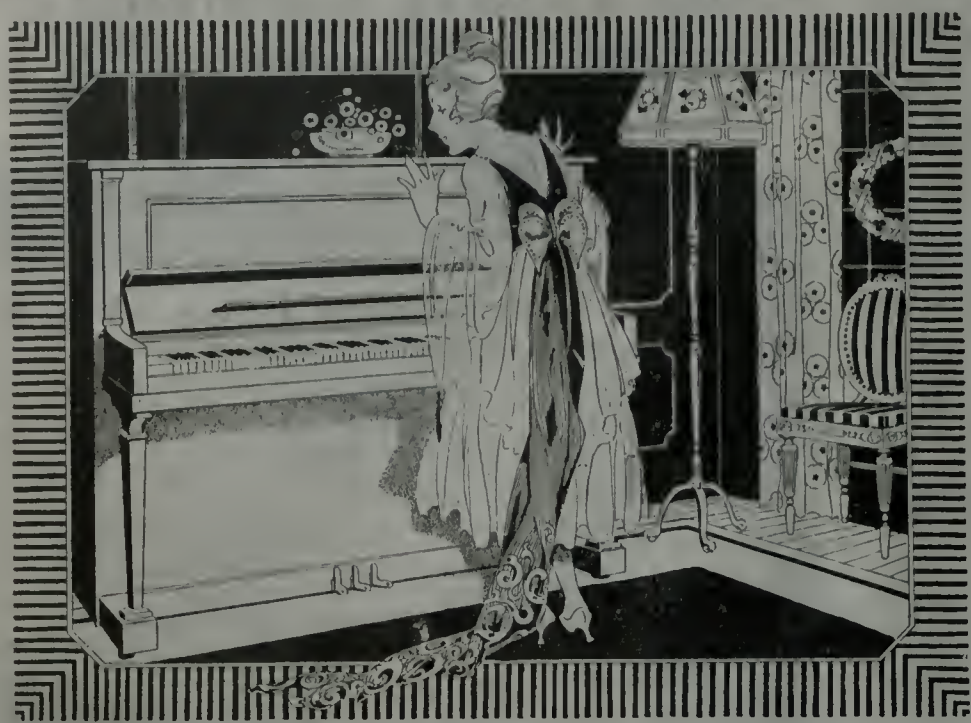

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afraid that he was a rather dull person. But here was someone who was openly and frankly convinced that he was nothing of the sort; someone to whom it was not necessary to propose marriage at frequent intervals in order to maintain the conversation; who understood what he meant to say almost before he had finished saying it; and—which was better still—did not try to say it first herself.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

She was twenty-one, and he sighed to think of the years he had missed knowing her.

"But I've been writing you letters for a long time," he said.

"Letters?" she repeated surprised.

"Dozens of them," he assured her. "Only I always sent them to the wrong address." And then he told her about Miss Fothergill.

He told her a great many things that night. It was a beautiful clear night of stars, with no spectator but a broad and benevolent moon, and no sound except the sound of their own voices. So no doubt that was why he was able to talk to her about things he could never have talked about to anyone else— except perhaps the hypothetical lady of the letters. They talked about life, and how one must not expect it to be altogether perfect, but it could be made very pleasant if one lived with exactly the right sort of people; and about the moon and stars; and about Amy Lowell's poetry; and how the most delightful friendships are the ones that come when you least expect them—friendships that you stumble upon without warning on starlit nights in out-of-the-way-places, and about how dreadful it must be to marry for anything but love. . . . . .

And after a while it was so late that there was nothing for it but to go home.

Charles turned the canoe reluctantly toward the little dock. He was to leave her there, and she was quite obstinate about refusing to let him come any further.

"But when am I to see you again?" he asked, when she stood there finally, bidding him good-night.

She looked up with a sudden unreadable smile.

"You see me every day," she said, "only you will never look at me. I stood right behind you this morning—you even made a remark to me."

He pretended to take this statement seriously. Was it a personal remark? N—. Humorous then? Scarcely that. Sentimental, perhaps? Oh, no indeed!

"It might be described," she said after a period of reflection, "as a gastronomical remark."

She stood at the entrance to the little path, a vague white blur against the soft blackness of the trees. He could not see her face but he knew that she was laughing at him. She quite frequently laughed at him, but she laughed with him at the same time so that he had a friendly sense of having a hand in the joke.

"The remark," she said, "was 'oatmeal, please, and two fried eggs.'"

And vanished into the darkness.

CHARLES climbed back into his canoe and turned it thoughtfully toward the middle of the lake.

If you had grown accustomed to thinking of romance as something glittering and mysterious and remote, and then suddenly discovered it to be friendly and intimate and as comfortable as an old shoe, you might understand his feelings at that moment. Comfort: that was the feeling she gave one; the comfort of pleasant fires, or cheerful laughter or sunny weather. She was gay without being provocative and merry without being scornful; she was his hypothetical lady come true at last.

To be sure his hypothetical lady was only a waitress at a summer hotel. But Charles was a sensible young man, and this did not detract in the least from the value of his discovery. Only it struck him as a piece of monstrous injustice that she should be expected to accept the haughty orders of Miss

Fothergill and the bland ignoring of Ham Allan; and to be grateful, perhaps, for the society of unworthy people like himself; for the left-over privileges of other girls, crumbs from the tables of the rich.....

Pondering many thing he drifted about on the still star-pointed water. The lights in the distant hotel went out one by one and the broad, benevolent moon grew brighter and brighter and higher in the western sky. And every human sound died away leaving nothing to break the stillness but the cry of a whip-poor-will on a far away shore.

And still Charles drifted about the lake and pondered this new and extraordinary experience.....There had been a time—how long ago it seemed!—when he had been secretly grateful because he was still his own man. He knew now that he would never be his own man again.....

YOU may be sure he was very late in getting to sleep that night. And you may be equally sure that he was in the dining-room as early as possible next morning; so early in fact, that there was no one there but the waitresses who were busy setting the tables for breakfast.

She was at a distant table, laying out knives and forks, and straightening menus and filling water glasses, and she smiled at him gaily across the sunny dining-room. And presently she came and stood beside his table.

She was a small person with brown hair and a clear brown skin and bright brown eyes that looked out observantly upon the world behind her glasses. (Yes, she wore glasses; and if you believe that it is impossible to wear glasses and be pretty at the same time, that is simply because you have never met the heroine of this story).

"Will you have cereal—?" she began.

Charles shook his head.

"I don't want anything to eat," he said. "I just came to talk to you."

"I'm very busy," she replied regretfully, but with an air of finality. I'm afraid I haven't time to talk to you.... You will have oatmeal, won't you? And two fried eggs?"

But Charles would not entertain the thought of food.

"Will you be busy all day?" he asked.

She would be busy all day long. She appeared to be a person entirely absorbed by her work.

"But I've got to see you sometime," said Charles. "If I were to bring the canoe around to the little dock about eight o'clock to-night—"

But she only shook her head and replied that she thought he had better not.

"A young man can't be too careful of the company he keeps," she pointed out sententiously. "Table help—"

"Table help," said Charles, "is the nicest company in the world."

And at that she laughed outright.

"Why you don't even know my name!" she cried.

And no more he did. He had never even thought of it until that moment.

"Oh well, what's a name between friends?" said Charles. "It's the least important thing about you. As long as you're a real person it doesn't matter whether your name is Mary Plantagenet or just Mary Brown."

"It is Mary Brown," said Mary Brown and gave a sudden little laugh.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mary Brown," said Charles gaily.

AT the next table a large family party who had just come in gave unmistakable signs of wondering when the waitress meant to get through with her conversation and attend to business. Large family parties always think more highly of breakfast than of other people's romances.

"If I were to bring the canoe around to the little dock about eight o'clock—" persisted Charles.

She picked up her tray and set it down again. She had forgotten all about the large family party. At twenty-one, you see, one finds romance a great deal more absorbing than other people's breakfasts.

"Please," said Charles.

Of course she said she would in the end, after hesitating just sufficiently long to let him understand that she had been carefully brought up and understood that the proceeding was irregular. And then suddenly remembering the family party, (who would have undoubtedly have been hammering their plates with their breakfast knives by this time if they hadn't been carefully brought up too), she gathered up her tray and vanished.

AND now everything was as it should have been and Charles ought to have been entirely happy. And undoubtedly he would have been had it not been for Miss Fothergill.

Miss Fothergill held the curious theory that the rejection of a proposal of marriage did not necessarily terminate or even interrupt the course of a love affair. Thus, in proposing to Miss Fothergill, you practically mortgaged your future to her. And while she might have no idea of stepping in eventually and foreclosing the mortgage she would continue to regard you for all time with the eye of ownership.

She was certainly dreadfully spoiled, thought Charles, studying her resentfully that night at dinner as she sat opposite him, disdainfully attacking her second helping of baked lake trout and browned potatoes.

She glanced up suddenly and caught his eye.

"Goodness, Charles!" she said, "What are you glaring at me like that for?"

Charles replied rather stiffly that he hadn't been conscious of glaring. But Miss Fothergill had her own interpretation for most things and she smiled at him with sudden graciousness.

"I'm afraid I've been neglecting you rather badly lately," she said. "However, I'm not going to run away from you to-night. I'd like to talk to you on the verandah for a while after dinner, Charles. There was something—rather important—I wanted to say to you."

Charles, regarding her warily, wondered what Alice was up to now. Disciplining Ham no doubt, and using him as the instrument of punishment. Poor old Ham! Well, she would have to make it very short. He had a rather important engagement himself to-night.

A QUARTER of an hour later, when he found himself alone on the verandah with her, he felt his sense of resentment toward her rising to a sudden exasperation. One of the appalling silences that always descended upon these two when they were left alone together had fallen upon them and wrapped them round; and he felt an overwhelming desire to be through with Alice altogether. He was tired of being ill at ease; tired of constantly dragging his mind for ideas, and bringing up the same old water-logged banalities.

"Nice place," said Charles, after some moments of silence.

Miss Fothergill nodded absently, regarding him only with her outward eye, her inward eye being obviously turned upon the thought in which he had no share.

"Nice evening," said Charles, after another long pause.

Miss Fothergill shifted her eyes from her companion to her lap. This time she did not think it worth while to answer at all.

"Nice sunset too," went on Charles, beginning to take a certain solitary enjoyment out of the situation. "Awfully nice view from the—"

"I think it's only fair to tell you, Charles," said Miss Fothergill, turning her attention to him at last, "that I'm engaged to be married."

Charles stared at her for some moments in silence. Then, when the significance of the information dawned upon him, he jumped up warmly to congratulate her. And then he recollected that that wouldn't do at all, and sat down again rather foolishly.

"It's Ham," said Miss Fothergill, and her eyelids fluttered slowly down, "I think it's always been Ham," she added softly.

But she could not resist an oblique

He Killed Her Baby

"His father hurt him; hurt a little baby only eight months old. He died a few weeks later. That was twelve years ago, but I can't seem to get over it," she ended with a gasp.

And so she had left him, carrying into the empty years a bitter surging memory of a little curly-headed, dead baby. In blind despair she confused marriage and morality and thought to find happiness outside the letter of the Law. With eternal lack of logic she put her frail strength against the impregnable barriers of convention.

"I never thought of wrong," she sobbed in after years, "I just wanted to be happy. It was because of Love that I went to him. We hurt nobody. Even Christ said because a woman loved much, much was to be forgiven her."

Then came David, quiet, wistful, motherless, little David with his big, little boy eyes and his manly, little boy smile—and with him came

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ALL the cross currents of her life seemed to merge into a peaceful stream of daily happiness; her starved mother hunger found expression in David and David's love. Here in the sleepy village of Old Chester with its neighborly gossip and strict creeds she found the joy of life again in the happy laughter of a little child.

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CANADIAN COURIER

"Places Her Always First"

"Give us, for the love of God and love of country, the belated chance of being Canadian. Let us make our Canadianism a religion, an overtone of aspiration above the multitudinous noises from our marts and ports and plains. And let that religion be dignified by a creed which places her always first, first in understanding, first in clean-handed accomplishments, and first in the interpretation of her own glory." Extract from a Christmas Message to Canada in the December 7th issue of Canadian Courier

Arthur Stringer wrote that message to Canadians because he knew how it fitted the programme of the Canadian Courier. It was written in a spirit of poetry.

In our issue of July 14, 1917, comes this from the virile pen of Bliss Carman, the giant of Canadian poetry now in New York.

"The reader in Nova Scotia is more interested in a good story about California than in a poor story about British Columbia. Also, a good story laid in Montreal would be just as welcome to any American editorial room as an equally good story laid in Denver or St. Louis. Of course, such a magazine as I mean would be eminently Canadian, only not exclusively so. In temper and outlook and sentiment it would be all Canadian, which is just a little different from American."

We quote these extracts because they illustrate what the Canadian Courier is doing, has done, will continue to do. And here is a brief outline of how, in our February issues, we propose to work out the injunctions of the poets. We have space only for the things definitely aligned for those issues. Glance over them and see how they fit the case.

RECONSTRUCTING RECONSTRUCTION, By Isaac Phipps.
Another of Phipps' inimitable dialogues with his friend Crustius on politics and other things.

HITCH THE CANADIAN ARTIST TO INDUSTRY, By Arthur Lismer.
A plain, practical talk by the Principal of the Victoria School of Art and Design in Halifax, worth printing in any national paper.

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES, By Captain Bell.
A true story told by a Canadian officer who got it first-hand from an old Belgian. A Laura Secord story from Mont Kemmel.

HOW MUCH OF YOU IS BOLSHEVIK? By the Editor.

PINK-SKIED TORONTO, By Rex Croasdell.
A humoresque on how "The Twentieth Plane" came to be written in a town where churches, colleges and commerce are the things that count.

BEETHOVEN REINCARNATE.
A story in four short instalments narrating the experiences of a Canadian who wondered why his passion for music led him into so many imbroglios with queer people two of whom were clergymen.

TWO SHORT ARTICLES, By Wm. H. Moore, author of "The Clash."

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF H. J. DALY (Chairman of Repatriation), by Augustus Bridle, and WILLIAM BROWN (farmer-lawyer-magnate of Saskatchewan), by J. Addison Reid.

TWO SELF-ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, By Estelle M. Kerr, who has lately returned from her V.A.D. itinerary in France.

"THAT NIGHT AT TURNER'S," By Donald McGirr.
A story of the plains; the first story ever published by this writer, who has for years been writing serious articles.

Second instalment of the secret service story, "The Seen and the Unseen," by Bennet Copplestone.

FRENCH-CANADIANS IN BUSINESS, By a Journalist of long experience in Montreal.

If ever there was a time to put the accent on the Canadian, it is now. And if the foregoing outline of what the Canadian Courier is doing about it in two issues does not convince you, subscribe to the paper and be convinced

TWENTY SIX ISSUES FOR ONE DOLLAR

Certain mechanical changes which will be effective with the issue of January 4th, makes it possible for us to continue the One Dollar price to paid-in-advance subscribers, and at the same time, greatly improve the general appearance of the magazine.

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Canadian Courier, 181 Simcoe St., Toronto

upward glance the next moment to see how he was taking it. And Charles, having had time to recover himself, was taking it very well indeed, his expression denoting quiet grief balanced by manly resignation.

And then a rather curious thing happened. One of those rare gleams of self-illumination that touch at times the most complacent of us, seemed to come to her for a moment, and she raised her eyes to Charles with more of honesty and understanding in them than he had ever encountered in Miss Fothergill's eyes before.

"I think you're rather well rid of me, Charles," she said. "I'm afraid I haven't treated you very well."

Charles had never been less in love with her than he was at that moment. But perhaps he had never come quite so close to liking her. He got up and stood looking down at her, half regretful, wholly friendly.

"That's all right; don't worry about me, Alice," he said, because he couldn't think of anything better to say. And then—because he couldn't think of anything better to do—he leaned over rather awkwardly, and kissed her good-bye.

AND that was why Charles was a quarter of an hour late for his appointment with the girl at the little dock. When he paddled up at last she was there waiting for him (Miss Fothergill would never have been guilty of that), sitting on the edge of the little dock, her chin on her hand, her tranquil gaze on the deepening twilight of the lake.

"I don't know what you'll think of me for being late," said Charles anxiously. "Someone delayed me just before I started—"

She regarded him interestedly.

"Was it Miss Fothergill?" she asked.

Charles admitted as much, and suddenly her smile grew mysterious and reminiscent.

"It sounds like something that happened once before," she said. "It was quite a long while ago at a dance. There was a girl there in an ugly brown dress, and a nice young man asked her for a dance; which was very gratifying, because only two other men had asked her, and one was only seventeen, and the other a divinity student who didn't dance. When his dance came, though, the nice young man didn't appear—men are such forgetful creatures!—But afterwards he came up and explained; which was very nice of him I think, don't you?—"

She paused at the sight of his stricken face.

"Why I didn't want you to feel badly about it!" she said. "It was a long time ago—And I didn't mind it a bit—really—"

That wasn't quite the truth. She had minded a good deal. But she never could bear to see people uncomfortable.

"But why—but what are you—" began Charles, recovering himself after a while.

"Earning money," Mary Brown explained promptly. "I have to put myself through another year at Dean yet.. And next year," she added proudly, "next year I expect to graduate in English and Political Economy with Classical Option."

CHARLES climbed out of the canoe and sat down on the dock beside her. He was filled at that moment with an immense and tender enthusiasm for Mary Brown, but he could not find the words to tell her so. He could only sit and watch her as she sat with her eyes on the lake, and her chin in the cup of her hand. And once he reached over to take the other hand, but drew back; perhaps because one hesitates to take the hand of a young woman about to graduate in English and Political Economy (with Classical Option).

"I have to work for my living, you see," went on Mary Brown after a while. "I'm a Saturday's Child..... But I'm not ashamed of it," she added sturdily.

"Ashamed of it!" echoed Charles, "Oh, my dear!"

And then—because there wasn't anything in the world he wanted to do quite so much—he took the hand after all. And presently he turned her face up to his and kissed it.

"I TOLD him," said Miss Fothergill, a month later, restored to town and to her fiancé, "that I was awfully sorry—you know I hadn't meant to encourage him. Anything I felt was—just friendliness. And within a week he went and got himself engaged to the most awful girl—one of the waitresses at the hotel!"

"Poor old Charlie!" said Ham gaily. "Isn't it funny the things a fellow will do when he's disappointed in love!"

Wanted---A National Policy

Continued from page 9

You pass through this district coming from Fort William east to Chalk River, and south towards Toronto as far as MacTier. It includes also the Sault Ste. Marie line. It is a cold, rocky, barren-looking wilderness. One of the divisional points is said to be the coldest place in Canada. Re ports of the thermometer at White River are said to comfort even the coldest in Toronto and Montreal, by comparison.

This district used once to be known as "boomer country." General Superintendents at North Bay—that is the capital of this little kingdom—used to break their hearts over the labor problem. In summer when the fishing was good and traffic light—because the lake boats were operating freely—labor was comparatively easy to obtain, Boomer labor. Crack engineers from the Santa Fé, and wonderful machinists from the Key West railway were available. But in winter—?

I had an excellent yard-master at Chapleau once, during my tenure of office in that district. He knew his work and did it with such intelligence and quickness that I dreaded to face the winter at Chapleau without him. Stopping off at Chapleau one autumn day I made a point of talking to this man and, after the preliminaries, I said:

"Bill, hadn't you better be getting into a warmer house for the winter? Now the Company has a notion to remodel a few of the present houses, and if you say the word I'll give you first choice."

As I waited for an answer a flock of wild geese honk-honked overhead. They were flying south. As I looked, Bill pointed.

"See that last fellow, Mr. Bury?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well sir—" and he hung his head a little, "I guess he's carryin' green—for me!"

That was my answer. When a train runs in two or more sections the first, or first and second, sections display a green light at night or a green flag by day, which means "another following." Another "wild goose" was to follow the flock overhead, my crack yard-master.

To-day, if you travel over that district, you may possibly see at some station platform a boyish-faced, keen-eyed General Superintendent who has removed the name "boomer country" from his district. The district has finally acquired a settled population of good men. You might not think Chapleau or White River or Schreiber ideal places to winter, but you don't know the workers on that district. Ride in the official car with its General Superintendent. He waves to every track gang. He knows every station agent and operator and he inculcates in them his own genuine affection for that sometimes unfriendly looking country. He will tell you there is no other country like it! And he means it.

To my way of thinking that is the sort of man and the sort of spirit we need and must obtain for all parts of Canada to "anchor" our "boomers."

THIS brings me to the third point I had in mind when I began to write: i.e.—*esprit de corps*, or, to use the modern and better word, *morale*. It is high *morale*, let me say at once, that produces from the labor of certain railway employees in Canada, a higher return to that company than any other industrial organization in my acquaintance obtains for the same amount of pay—but of this more presently.

An engine with boxcars loaded with supplies for snow-bound and starving settlers in a certain part of Canada, was "stalled" twenty-miles from its destination. A severe blizzard was blowing and it had taken the utmost effort on the part of the fireman and engineer to keep the engine steaming. The high wind and bitter cold absorbed the heat from the engines almost as fast as the fires generated it. With difficulty the engine was kept moving.

Finally the tubes which carry the heat and smoke through the boiler and out via the smoke box began to leak at the joints. It became increasingly difficult to "keep" the engine in steam. In the end the engine failed altogether.

In these circumstances the crew might readily have given up the fight, wired back for help, and waited to return to their homes with the heroic glamor upon them of men who had tried the impossible and been honorably defeated by superior forces. This was not, however, the course they chose. They drew their fires, laid slabs of wood on the still hot grates of the firebox and crawled in, in the intense heat, to caulk the leaking joints. It was awkward work and fires had to be raised again quickly to keep the huge but fragile machine from freezing solid. It was done. The train won through, and what might have been a tragedy became merely one of many an episode in a snow blockade.

That is the sort of thing I mean by *morale*. The incident was by no means exceptional in the service referred to.

Any railroad man could recount to you others equally stirring or even more so. For example I remember a certain crew that took upon itself to *rebuild*, in 25-below zero weather, a bridge that had been burned down. They worked steadily for thirty hours. They made a rough trestle and "carried on" when to stop meant tying up an already-congested link in the transcontinental chain. Every day little things of vast significance are being done by men who expect no reward, but who have the honor of the service at heart. Many a conductor, trainman or engineman suffers frostbite in the efforts to keep your comfortable sleeping car moving on its way through the night from Toronto to Montreal or Winnipeg to Regina—or in a score of other winter runs. *Morale*, in short, is what makes or breaks a railway and, as we know from the example of Germany, makes or breaks a nation.

To my way of thinking it is of the utmost importance, then, to anchor our boomers, to achieve a tentative national plan or policy, and build up national *morale*.

Injustices Must Be Righted

IT cannot be built—let me say at once—so long as we perpetuate injustices and wrongs in our social and economic arrangements. If the railway workers in Canada have a higher industrial *morale* than the workers in other industries—and within the limits of my experience, I think that is the case—it is because they have gradually won better working conditions than in other trades and because the ability to handle men has been recognized by railway executives as a first requisite in certain officials.

We are all selfish—of course. We must steer our own course toward our own post, else the world would be full of confusion. Capital has too often been absorbed with its own point of view and thereby done itself an injustice. A wise selfishness finds that the fair method pays. Perhaps because so many railroad officials were themselves workers in the ranks at one time, railway employees have, on the whole, been better handled than most of the rank and file of industrial labor.

Selfishness has led managements to

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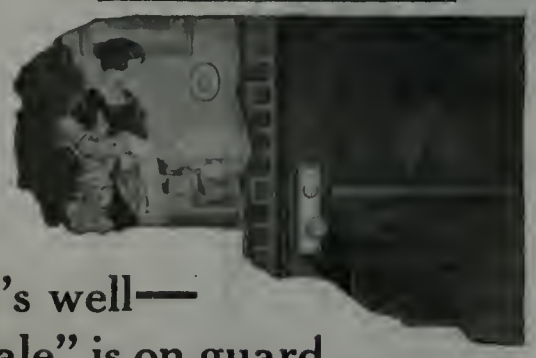

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hold down the men: Selfishness led the men to make exorbitant demands. But a *via media* has been found and it works to mutual advantage. Contented men, men who see open to them the goal of ambition if they can earn it, are the men who give good service, and who manifest and stimulate *morale*. It is true in railroading. It is true in national life.

The old-fashioned methods of handling men were bad. They have gone, never to return—at all events never in general practice. There was a time when the "sharp" official was supposed to be the successful man—always harsh, maintaining discipline on the German methods which proved so disastrous to them, who always nagged, indulged in fines, and kept men under suspension for long periods, in anxiety as to whether or not dismissal would follow.

That is old style man-handling. Today, under the Canadian Railway War Board, any complaint from a company or from an employee which is not settled locally is heard by a jury of twelve men, six managers and six labor union officials. The verdict of that court "goes." It is invaluable in keeping up the *morale* of the railway men of Canada.

So in National affairs I believe we have got to get down to justice and a square deal for our citizens, high and low, intelligent and less intelligent. The state that allows its weaker people to be maltreated or exploited by the stronger cannot develop a real, lasting, indigenous *morale*! I believe in labor unions, in the eight-hour day and in fair wages—wages sufficient to buy even the poorest class of worker the necessities and at least most of the comforts of life.

"*Morale*" is a wonderful thing and I could tell many stories to illustrate what, in my experience, makes it and breaks it. How the big executive, for example, can "keep after his lieutenants" without breaking their spirit or lessening their self-confidence; how a certain high officer of a certain road maintained his own intelligence department, not to act as spotters and tale-carriers, but to enable this officer to verify from time to time the reports from his assistants. I recall, as a junior official, being mystified by the precision of a certain senior official's knowledge of my work—and I was helped by his constructive criticism. Had I trouble in a round house he knew more about it than I did and wrote me accordingly. Were my trains running past signals or exceeding the authorized speed—he knew it. In time I learned his secret, and thereafter I knew before he knew and thereby—but this is a diversion from my theme.

To build up and maintain the *morale* of our Canadian people we must have equitable treatment for all citizens. We should be quit of the exploiter of low-class labor and the speculator in necessaries of life. We should see that working conditions and living conditions for our people *are right*. Sooner or later we shall thus be enabled to wipe out the "boomer" tradition in Canada, and create a national consciousness capable of formulating plans for our future as a nation.

Lend Me Your Title

Continued from page 13

"My looks? Oh, I don't know. I bet even in your finest days you never made as distinguished a looking Jap as I am. But to resume: Let's get down to more musical phrases. 'Sayonara!' Ah, sayonara! What a bird of a word. Means —— 'If it must be!' Not with me, old man. It's too pretty to be wasted for any such use as that. I shall use it thus, looking deeply meanwhile into her eyes, Taku. Thus, with a sort of romantic version of the Japanese hiss: 'S-ss-s——— Say——o—nara!'

"'Nuruhoda!' Fine. Has a dignified sound. Good to use when introduced to any one of importance. Means: 'Well, I never!' That's all right. I never!

"Danna-san, hi no de! Humph! 'Master, here is the sun!' Say, you've chosen some pretty good phrases for me all right—oh! Taku! Now I intend to use that when the real Sun —— my Sun, Taku, enters the room!

"Now, let's see. I like those words ending in 'ura:' 'Sakura! Numura! Popura! Loveura! I tell you I'll make good use of 'em all right. And another thing, the names of the gods are all right."

. . . . . .

"What do I care? Nothing sacrilegious about it. They come in handy, I tell you. Whenever I'm at a loss for a word, it's the easiest thing to remember the heathen gods and goddesses. Thus: 'Two lumps, Count Ichijo?' Count Ichijo: (Holding up three fingers) 'Ama-teras O-mi-kamai. In other words : 'Honorable goddess of the Sun!' And she's all that, and more, Taku. Hum! Talk of Sun goddess. You Japs have a nerve. Wait till you see a real one —— with hair the color of the actual article.

"Now let's open the book at random. What do I see here: 'Chabu, chabu, komarimasu, danna-san dozo!' Ah—h!

"What are you cackling about? Stop it, stop it. I can't hear my own voice."

. . . . . .

"Don't you worry about my pronunciation. Imagine the effect of those pleading words on the beautiful creature when she asks me to sit down. Think of receiving an answer like this: 'Please master, a penny, I am in great trouble for grub!' Thus the honorable translation.

"You've got to do some hustling now, Taku. Get into your best duds. Japanese, understand. Japanese clothes'll lend elegance to the occasion. I'd wear them myself if they fitted me. Now hurry. Be ready by the time I'm through with this letter from my ex-self introducing my new self."

V—A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

MY dear Mrs. Collins:

The bearer of this does not speak a word of English. Therefore I feel safe in writing to you fully about him.

Count Taguchi Mototsune Tsunemoto Tadazukasa Ichijo is a dear old college chum of mine, of whom I think most highly. He comes of one of the grandest old families in Japan ——— in the entire Orient, in face —— his people being Samoroos (Japanese for Kings and Princes) when the rest of the world were in barbarism.

The family seat of the Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijos, notable for its wonderful collection of animals, is at Echizen.

Please let me commend to your hospitable attention my dearest friend, Count Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijo. Any favors shown him will be deeply appreciated by

Most faithfully yours,
Richard Sheridan Bradley.

VI—A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

"123567 River."

. . . . . .

"123456 River?"

. . . . . .

"I want to speak to Miss Collins, please."

. . . . . .

"Mr. Bradley."

. . . . . .

"Yes, Bradley."

. . . . . .

"Hello! Is that you, Ki———"

. . . . . .

"Oh, good evening. *Mrs.* Collins."

. . . . . .

"Yes, this is Dick Bradley."

. . . . . .

"I'm sorry."

. . . . . .

"One minute————"

. . . . . .

"But I've something very important to say. It won't take a minute."

. . . . . .

"Thank you. I'll be brief. I'm send-

ing a dear friend of mine up to see you with a note of introduction."

. . . . . .

"Going out? That's too bad. Couldn't you see him just a few ———"

. . . . . .

"Really I think you'd like to meet him."

. . . . . .

"No, no, really Mrs. Collins, he is not. Word of honor!"

. . . . . .

"Why, he's a foreigner, a Japanese."

. . . . . .

"I beg pardon?"

. . . . . .

"Well, you'd like Ichijo all right."

. . . . . .

"Pardon?"

. . . . . .

"Oh, you are mistaken. There are some very fine Japanese in this country. Take Ichijo for instance. A relative of the Mikado's, I understand."

. . . . . .

"Count Taguchi Mototsune ———"

. . . . . .

"Yes, I said —— Count ———"

. . . . . .

"Ichi, for short."

. . . . . .

"Yes indeed."

. . . . . .

"Oh, charming! You never saw more elegant manners."

. . . . . .

"Presentable? Well, rather!"

. . . . . .

"Looks? Hum, Well —— Ichi's a pretty good looker, if I do say it myself, who shouldn't. Er——— that is—— well, taken all in all. A bit above the average in height for a Jap, but with a fine yel——— er-brown skin and a crop of jet black hair."

. . . . . .

"Of course you'll like him."

. . . . . .

"You will see him?"

. . . . . .

"Stay home specially? Say, that's awfully bully of you."

. . . . . .

"No, I'm sorry I can't bring him out personally. I've a prior engagement. Besides, the fact is, I don't mind saying it to you frankly, Mrs. Collins —— I'm out of the running. I'm resigned."

. . . . . .

"No, it isn't that; but I quite agree with you that it isn't fair for you all to be sacrificed because of any selfish, and perhaps purely transient sentiments on my part. So I'm retiring as gracefully as I can."

. . . . . .

"Thank you, Mrs. Collins."

. . . . . .

"Oh, but I want you to consider me still as a friend and that I am acting the part of a friend in sending my best friend, Count Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijo to you."

. . . . . .

"Beg pardon?"

. . . . . .

"I perfectly agree with you. There's too much at stake."

. . . . . .

"No, no, I don't hold anything against you. Why, you always treated me tip-top."

. . . . . .

"Well, of course, if you feel that way, and want to do me some favor, then do this: Be awfully good to Ichi won't you? I think everything of him. In fact, I'm as devoted to him as if he were my own self."

. . . . . .

"Thank you."

. . . . . .

"Message for Kitty? Yes. One minute. Say just this: That any favor shown to Count Ichi will be the same as if shown to me. That since she is impossible for me, I could at least find some consolation in the thought that Ichi might win her in my place."

. . . . . .

"Premature? Not at all. Wait till you see Ichi. I'll send you his full pedigree later, by mail. *Goodbye.*"

VII—COUNT TAGUCHI MOTOTSUNE TSUNEMOTO TADAZUKASA ICHIJO

"MY *dear* Count Ichi, I'm charmed to meet you. I've heard so much about you from dear Mr. Bradley. Any friend of Dick's is always more than welcome here. I beg your pardon?"

"Hi, fu, mi, yo!"

"Oh, you don't speak English? What charming manners, Kitty!"

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s———"

"Mother, he hisses like a snake, and he looks like a —— monkey!"

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s- Te-ee-ee-ee-ee———!"

"I'm surprised at you, Kitty. You are forgetting yourself!"

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s- Tee-hee-ee-e!"

"Er——ah——aha ——— it's so hard to know what to say, dear Count, when neither of us understands the other."

"Namu, amida, butsu!"

"Wh-why, mother, I understand him slightly. That sounds exactly like the Buddhist invocation they used to chant in that little Japanese church in Honolulu. It means 'Save us, Eternal Buddha!'"

"Absurd, Kitty! Suppose you find cut what is keeping the Count's friend who came with him. He stopped to speak a word with Gonji when he opened the door for them. Ah! Here he is!"

"Good gracious, Mother, they'll topple over if they aren't more careful. Aren't they the funniest looking little objects you ever set eyes on? I'm dying to laugh. Oh—ha———"

"How dare———"

"Misiriss! Me? I speag those English!"

"Oh! I hope now, Kitty, you are satisfied."

"Tee-ee-ee-e-e-e-e———"

"You are the Count's friend?"

"S-s-s— his honorable valet, honorable Misiriss!"

"Mother, let me speak to the Count. Ohayo! I thought that'd make you smile. That's a real Japanese word. I learned it from the Mr. Bradley who sent you to us. He learned it from his valet, he said. It means —— er —— Oh, I — I — promised not to tell."

"S-s-s ——— Tee-ee-e-e-e———!"

"Do tell the Count to stop bowing like that. It's positively painful to see him, and dizzying, too. Is that customary in Japan?"

"Sakura, namura, danjura!"

"What does that mean?"

"S-s-s- Tee-hee-e-e—— He says, yaes, honorable meesie. Ad Japan thas custom-mary mek bow lig' —— those ———."

"Damayout! Taku!"

"Wh—why, what a curious face he made at you. He does understand English then? —— since he answered my question."

"Blank—you, Taku!"

"Er—— s-s-s-s—— Tee-hee. Aexcuse. Much 'bliged. Er——— thad Count he say, he nod speag those Eengleesh, bud he loog on top your face —— and mek onderstan'."

"My f—face! Wh—why, how ridiculous!"

"Love-ura!"

"Mother, I believe I'll go upstairs. I've some letters I want to finish. *So* sorry———"

"Kitty, you will stay right here!"

"Mother, that little Japanese monkey is trying to flirt with me. The idea!"

"Sh! Don't speak so loud. They'll hear you!"

"I don't care if they do. Besides, the valet has gone now. I saw the Count make an awful motion to him to go."

"Chabu, chabu, komarimasu. Danna san dozo!"

"Look, he is going to sit on the floor! Oh! Oh! I can't help it, mother! Let me go upstairs."

"Kitty! I'll have you know———"

"But mother, just look at him. Doesn't he look for all the world like some little painted up mannikin? I thought Japanese sat on their heels, not cross-legged."

"Kurumma!"

"I beg your pardon? He's asking for something, Kitty."

"Kurumma."

"I've heard that word before, Mother. Doesn't it mean — jinrikisha?"

"This is no time for levity. You forget the Count is our guest."

"Well, but mother, I'm not joking. I've read lots of Japanese stories, and I know that kurumma means a sort of jinrikisha."

"Kurumma!"

"I wish I knew what he meant, Kitty.

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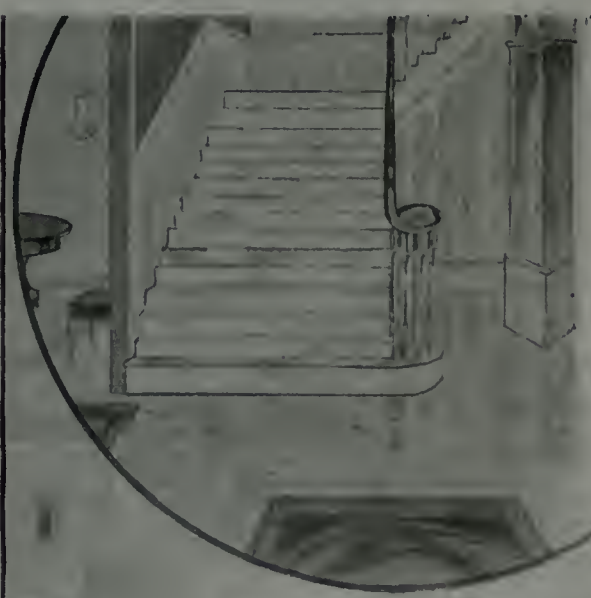

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It's very embarrassing———. Yes, yes, thank you, Count Ichi."

"Ku-rum-ma!"

"Oh, my goodness gracious, Mother, he wants us to sit —— on the floor with him. See, he's pointing."

"Well, why not? He's our guest. In Rome we must do as the Romans do."

"Well, but in this case we are the Romans, Mamma. Why, you dear old fat Mother! To think of your doing such a thing! Are you quite comfortable?"

"Why certainly, Kitty, and I do wish you would cease to refer to my f——— weight. Touch the bell, and have Gonji bring in some tea —— Japanese tea, Kitty!"

"Chabu, chabu, arigato, kerishitan, sayonara issho dan sagete, Moshi, mashi, Yuki-sama!"

"Certainly, Count Ichi. Ah, Gonji! Over here. You pour, Kitty."

"Do you take sugar, Count?"

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s———"

"Lemon —— or cream —— or how about carraway seeds? It's the latest thing. Very ——— Irish, they say."

"Kitty, what on earth is the matter with Gonji? I never saw the boy act so strangely."

"Hum! He does look queer."

"Probably the valet has told him who the Count is, and he, poor Japanese boy, is overpowered at serving a personage of such importance."

"Tee-ee-e! Tee-ee-ee! Tee-ee-ee-e-e e-e-e-e-e!"

"The Count's laughing."

"Sneezing, Kitty. Call Gonji to close that window. The dear Count is sitting in a draft. Drafts, I have heard, Count Ichi, run along the floors. That's a hint, Kitty, for him to let us sit on a chair. I can't stand this much longer."

"He can't understand you."

"My back and I———"

"Don't stand it, Mother. The idea! Sit on a chair like a good Canadian."

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s———Kurumma!"

"Certainly, Count. I had no intention of getting up. Don't forget, Kitty, that Queen Victoria once drank out of a soup plate in order not to embarrass a guest who had done likewise."

"But Mother, you're not comfy there. I *wish* he wouldn't stare at me so. I feel —— queer. There's something strange ——hypnotic about his eyes, Mother. They remind me of something ——of someone I have known. I know, it's Porthos! He had eyes just like that, with just that doglike expression."

"Hum! Ah-bah-ah!"

"Porthos, Kitty. Why, the idea! I don't see the slightest resemblance between the Count's eyes and the dog's."

"Well, there's something about his eyes that makes me——makes me feel queer all over——as if I—I had seen them before."

"Te-e-e-e-e———!"

"Keep on talking, and he'll think we are answering him. Mother, I do feel so queer. I——it's perfectly absurd, but I have a feeling as if——as if—— I k—knew him——had known him somewhere before."

"Kitty dear, there's a great deal in this reincarnation business of the Orientals. Yes, indeed, I don't mind confessing to you that I'm inclined to believe in some of it myself. I have precisely the same feeling you have in regard to the Count. Something tells me, Kitty, he is an affinity of some kind in our lives."

"Tee-ee-ee-ee-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e———!"

"Why, you dear old sentimental Mother!"

"Do close that window!"

"There. I hope he won't sneeze again; though it sounds more like laughing. Count, let me fill your cup. Don't stand up. It's all right. OH! Oh!"

"Wow! Hang it!"

"Did I *burn* you? Wh—why, you spoke English!"

"S-s-s-s-s-s- Wowhangit! S-s-s-s-s-s- Wowhangit!"

"Wowhangit! What a funny Japanese word. Wait, I——I'll be right back. I'm going to ask Gonji what it means."

VIII—MISS KITTY COLLINS

"MARRY that little yellow-faced, hissing, bobbing Jap! Why, you must be taking leave of your senses, Mother!"

"Kitty, you use such disrespectful language to your own mother!"

"I'm sorry, Mamma."

"Never let me hear you apply such terms to a guest under our roof. I'm surprised at you."

"But Mamma, how could you even suggest such a thing? Why, you might as well marry me to a Cannibal Islander. Oh, I know the Japanese are a civilized people and all that; but this ——this —— particular one —— why, he's perfectly unspeakable! He's impossible, Mother!"

"I think him a charming, cultivated, highly refined nobleman in every way."

"Well, I don't. There's something nasty and queer about him. I'd like to know why he blackens his eyes at the corners."

"I'm surprised that a daughter of mine should display such amazing ignorance. Really, Kitty, I shall have to send you for another year to Miss Newcomb's. Have you not yet learned that it is the custom in Oriental countries for them to fix and mark their faces? Why, the women even blacken their teeth and shave off their eyebrows."

"Well, they are mighty repulsive customs, I must say. And I'm not —— I simply am *not* going to marry that Oriental. You can just make up your mind to that, Mamma."

"What are you going to do then, Kitty? Whom are you going to marry? There's no use looking sulky about it. You'll be twenty-one in June. It's now March. How many proposals from men of title do you expect to receive before June?"

"Oh, Mamma, I don't know. I'm nearly crazy thinking about it. Can't we go abroad and——and search for someone?"

"Why should we? Here is a title right at our doors. Besides, we've already been abroad twice, and not a title offered!"

"Well, that was my fault. There would have been——dozens of them, if you want to know the truth. Nearly every one we went after! You needn't look at me like that, Mother. Yes, I just refused them all before they even asked me. Every time you managed to get us introduced to some titled idiot, I'd announce flat out, as soon as you were out of hearing, that they needn't trouble to propose to me, because I wouldn't *have* them!"

"Kitty! How you must have disgraced us! No wonder everyone laughed at us. You made a laughing stock of us. But you've brought down on your own head the punishment. There is nothing left for you to do, save take this Japanese Count."

"I won't. I tell you, I won't. I'll die first."

"You wish to see your eight little brothers and sisters and your poor old mother brought down to poverty, you selfish, cruel, heartless, wicked girl!"

"Oh m—m—mamma! I c—can't, no, indeed, I can't do it. You don't know what you are asking. Oh Mamma, I simply can't do it!"

"You detest Count Ichijo so much then?"

"No——no worse than the others. But mother, I can't marry anyone but Dick!"

"What—t!"

"I've been thinking about him day and night ever since we parted on the golf links, and—and——you see how it is with me. And then I must think of him too. You wouldn't have me wreck his life as well as my own!"

"Wreck *his* life! Why, he *wants* you to marry Count Ichijo!"

"He w———."

"He told me so. In a telephone conversation, before the Count came here at all. I spared your feelings and did not tell you. He sent Count Ichijo here for the avowed purpose of courting you."

"I don't believe it."

"You doubt my word?"

"No———but——but I can't believe it of Dick, Mother. You don't know him as I do."

"It is true. I asked the Count myself."

(*To Be Concluded*)

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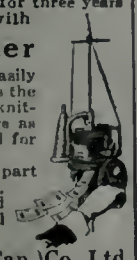

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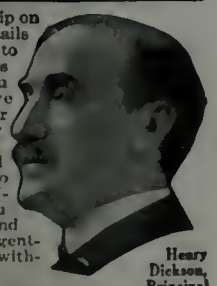

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THE BEST BOOKS

The Best Seller

"A Daughter of the Land" still ranks as best seller, with "The Cow Puncher" running it a close second. As reviews of both have already appeared in these columns we will turn our attention this month to the next name on the list. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez—(Dents.)

The horsemen referred to are Famine, War, Conquest and Death, which are represented as charging roughshod over humanity. The volume is a combination of fiction, history, philosophy, politics, international relations and the war, woven together in the form of a tale of the great conflict. The scene shifts from South America to Europe where the characters become participants in the great struggle. There is a vivid portrayal of the French mobilization, the flight of the French refugees, the excitement in cities and towns and later of the battlefields and the trenches. Throughout the book there are fierce denunciations of German policies and methods.

Records of New Books

FICTION

The Cross of Fire. Robert Gordon Anderson. (Thos Allen, Toronto, $1.50). Tells of a hero who served with the Allies, was invalided home, and returned again to the fight and of a heroine who risks her life as an ambulance driver.

The Call of the Offshore Wind. Ralph D. Paine. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, $1.50). The story of a young sea captain whose life at sea has been full of adventure, but who, at the outbreak of the war, establishes his father's old shipyard on a war-time basis. There is a strong love interest throughout.

Hearts' Haven. Clara Louise Burnham. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, $1.50). The story of a village beauty and of her romance with two lovers. Later one becomes her husband while the other, as a friend, plays an active part in her life and happiness.

The Bell-Ringer. Clara Endicott Sears. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, $1.35). Tells of Love Babbitt, whose world was only what she could see from the armchair in Lucinda Tracy's front window, and of her romance with the village bell-ringer.

The Three Sapphires. W. A. Fraser. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). A story combining romance, intrigue and a wonderful picture of animal life.

Echoes of the War. J. M. Barrie. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). This is a volume of short plays relating to the war. They are: "The Old Lady Shows her Medals," which has already been much appreciated in America; "The New World," "Barbara's Wedding," "A Well-Remembered Voice" and "The Children."

American Pep. A. Stone. (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto, $1.50). A story of German spy plotting in the States. The scenes and incidents depicted are based on facts.

MISCELLANEOUS

Pushing Water. Eric Dawson, Lt. R.N.V.R., (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto, $1.25. The author, who is the brother of Coningsby Dawson, gives here the story of our Patrol Boats and Submarine Chasers and describes their life from day to day.

The Gold Stripe. Edited by "Felix Penne." (J. Francis Bursill) and published by the Amputation Club of B.C. at Vancouver, is a tribute to the men of B.C. who have been killed, crippled or wounded in the war. The volume contains some interesting articles, poems and illustrations, including selections from Rupert Brooke, Pauline Johnson and other well-known names. The price is $1.00 and the profits are devoted to the Amputation Club of B.C.

Mrs. Private Peat. By Herself. (The Babbs-Merrill Company, New York). Are women going back to the old order after four years of work and service? Mrs. Peat answers the question by tracing the effect of the war on women in England with a vision of the new order for the daughters of America. "We who have had years of war do not presume to give advice," she says. "We retail what we have discovered, through bitter experience, for ourselves. Individually each one has to work out her own salvation in these days." Just how interesting and full of practical suggestion this "retailing of discoveries" can be, is to be appreciated only by reading the book. She describes vividly the progress of the women of England from the confusion of the early months of the war until they had disciplined and trained themselves and settled down to almost every line of work formerly handled by men. The restrictions and inconveniences in the home imposed by war conditions, the Zeppelin nights, the bereavements—how these were taken with British fortitude and loyalty make reading full of inspiration, while the way the unselfish patriotism of the women of Britain has won them a new recognition in national affairs brings a heartening message to women the world over. There are a few chapters, too, on some vital phases of reconstruction work. Altogether it is a book with an individuality and a mission.

Industry and Humanity. Hon. Mackenzie King. (Thos. Allen, Toronto. $3.00). A book of major importance dealing with the great post-bellum problem—industrial reconstruction.

Three Times and Out. Nellie M. McClung. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, $1.50). Mrs. McClung tells how Private Simmons, after two unsuccessful attempts, escapes from a German prison camp.

Fighting the Hun from Saddle and Trench. Sergt.-Maj. W. R. Jones. (Aiken Book Co., Albany). Describes the author's experiences from his enlistment at the outbreak of hostilities—he was No. 59 of the Royal Canadian Dragoons—to his return to Canada in April, 1918, on furlough and concludes with his return to duty in August of the same year. The author has seen some hard fighting during his three and a half years' service and gives an interesting account of the battle of Cambrai.

The Education of Henry Adams, with an introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, $5.00). A unique autobiography written in the third person. It is described by the New York *Evening Post* as being "One of the most original, amusing and piquant books ever written."

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A Woman's Reconstruction Programme

"JUST what do the times require of women in the way of reconstruction work?" Women individually and women's organizations everywhere are asking this question. A very clear and comprehensive answer is found in the following "unity programme" outlined by Miss Marjory MacMurchy, head of the Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association.

"Organization and co-operation in our activities as citizens, homemakers and workers should be planned and carried out with practical foresight and energy." One of the great things the war has taught women is the advantage of being organized for special lines of work. The war, in the excitement and confusion of its early days, may have called into being some impractical and superfluous organization of women; there may have been overlapping and some little waste of energy in lines that could not be turned to practical account, but it took a surprisingly short time for the women in all departments to sift the essential from the non-essential and to settle down to the immediate and necessary work of the hour. It was then that they found how slow and labored their progress would have been without the machinery of organization. They might have worked individually with just as much earnestness, but individually they could not have reached the valuable women who had not yet realized the need or found just the places they could fill. Individually they could not have raised funds to buy yarn for all the socks the soldiers needed, they could not have packed and shipped their goods economically; they could not have established community canning centres to save tons of perishable fruit and send it in jams and jellies to the Red Cross hospitals, and individually they would not have had the benefit of the combined best judgment and vision of a number of women who could look at a question from a number of viewpoints. This is another reason why we need organization — that the experience and ability of every woman may be turned to account for the benefit of the community and the nation and the world.

And in the years of reconstruction as during the war we need more co-operation. It has always been the sceptic's criticism of women's clubs and women's movements generally that women could not work together. They have proved over and over that they can, of course, but one of the first essentials to the progress of restoration work is co-operation of the closest kind, and it means learning to be broad, to be humble, to lose sight of personal interests, even the publicity or credit accorded to one's own organization over another organization working in a common cause—to have the spirit of the motto "not by whom but how a thing is done," or that it is done at all.

"EDUCATION *should become to a reasonable extent occupational. The education of girls should be adjusted so that they may be prepared for the service of womanhood in the nation as well as fitted for some skilled occupation."* It is difficult to get just the right balance here, but it is a thing worth working for. Instead of planning our school system along the line of the three R's the new era will demand an education in the direction of the four H's, the training of the Head, the Hand, the Heart, and the Health. This will help both boys and girls to find their niche in life and will help to do away with the tragedy of misfits, and it will not only give the girl some vocational training by which she can earn a living and experience the joy of being one of the world's skilled, useful workers—an education especially important for the girls of this generation than it has ever been before since the war has taken in such numbers the men they might have married. The new system will turn out a girl with health and training and inspiration for homemaking and motherhood. Perhaps we might even have a department of mothercraft in all our technical schools. And those who do not marry—for the war has robbed the world of many marriages that would have been—these girls in addition to their "work" will have a new vision of another phase of their responsibility, the mission of every woman to make the whole world homelike.

"The woman who carries on the race should be the first concern of the state in social legislation." We cannot afford to wait longer for Mothers' Pensions, for instance. One of the results of war, or industrial depression, or sweeping epidemic of sickness has always been an attempt on the part of organized charity to raise institutions and orphanages for the very poor children and the fatherless. Already in Germany children are being taken away from their mothers by the thousands and turned over to the barracks life of asylums, while the mothers are put to work as factory hands. Even from the established viewpoint of that country, the child first and always for the state, the policy is a bad one. Children reared in orphanages will never become of the same value to the state as home-reared children. Where the home encourages freedom of thought and initiative, the institution represses these qualities. Individuality gives too much trouble in an institution, therefore it is crushed, and the sensitive, highly-strung child suffers intensely, though nations have always owed all that was best in their national life and progress to these sensitive souls with freedom of thought and expression and individuality and courage. No one can foster these beautiful and necessary qualities like a mother, nor can loyalty and love of the homeland be cultivated among children raised where mother-care and mother-love are displaced by machine-like discipline and routine.

Miss Marjory MacMurchy, head of the Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association

But the most practical benefit, the greatest necessity of some provision like Mothers' Pensions, is the opportunity given to see that the mother herself is placed in thoroughly wholesome and favorable conditions as to food, housing and work. If there is any human being, any citizen who deserves not only the sympathy, but the gratitude and most liberal and thoughtful care of the community, it is the expectant mother of the working class before her baby is born. Next to the providing of pure milk for young children no other step can do so much to improve the vigor and healthfulness of babies and children and to lower the death rate during the first year, as the nutrition of the mothers. As an eminent French physician has said, "The best way to modify milk for the use of the child is to give it to the mother in advance."

"WOMEN *in industry and paid employments generally should be a special interest of all women. The organization of workers is believed to be beneficial, both for themselves and the country."* The 1916 Postal Census showed that in 1915 there were 514,883 persons employed in manufactures in Canada; it is reasonably safe to estimate that between 130,000 and 150,000 of these workers are women. The other large paid employments for women in Canada are: domestic and personal service, 138,879; professional occupations, 57,835; and trade and merchandising, 42,184. In her pamphlet, "Women and Reconstruction," Miss MacMurchy says:

"These figures show how close to the heart of Canadian life is the paid woman worker and how great must be her influence in the social development of the country. . . . The more closely occupations are studied, the more clearly it will be seen how tremendously they affect the homes of the people. The importance they must assume in the eyes of women who find themselves called upon to exercise the franchise with constructive patriotism cannot be exaggerated. Not only this but each occupation is joined to all other occupations. . . . Whatever harms one vitally harms all; and the well-being of one home in the nation requires the well-being of all national activities."

"Working periods, payments and their relation to the cost of living and working conditions generally should be subjects of constant and careful investigation by the state." One of the needs in national reconstruction is to provide against poverty and all the ills that follow—disease and ignorance and crime. If we are to be a democratic people there must be no "lower class"—there must be a living wage for everyone, that every child born in the years to come may have

his family in decent, wholesome surroundings, that child-labor may be done away with, that every child may have an education and training in some skilled vocation. The too long hours and overtime that break down the worker's health and leave him no time for recreation and family life must be made illegal if we are to conserve the most precious things in our national life.

"Human factors are of supreme importance." This is one of the places where women can help very materially through their individual lives, their organized work, their influence in creating the right public sentiment and their use of the franchise. Women have always been interested in the welfare of people rather than the interests of property or profit. Their closer relation to the home and family life has given them the advantage of seeing the effect of things on people. Their judgment should take the right direction in public questions.

"THERE *should be a great increase in public interest in employment, housing and the welfare of returned soldiers and sailors and their families. Women will fail in their duty as citizens unless they take an active part in the study and solution of these social problems."* Here again the woman's influence on public sentiment and in national legislation will be a large factor. It must be an intelligent as well as well-intentioned influence.

"There should be co-operation between the Dominion and Provincial Governments in Education, Health and Child Welfare." It is felt that the lack of this co-operation is one of the greatest hindrances to progress in these departments. Especially in our child welfare work we have been slow, and this is where the interest and support of women should be strongest. Apart from the philanthropy side of the question society is very short-sighted when it falls into the error of considering the neglected children impersonally, as though the head were to regard blood-poisoning in the hand as very regrettable, but not personally important. Many a mother feels a lump in her throat as she reads of children robbed of health and happiness, but is soon soothed by the contentment of the thought that her own children, thank God, are safe from such dangers. She has forgotten for the moment that it is with the neglected child that many of the evils that menace her own home arise—disease and depravity and vices that may find their way into the most protected homes. It is a question which even if it did not appeal to a woman's sympathy could not be overlooked by her common-sense.

"PRODUCTION *of wealth to the extent of our national ability in agriculture, manufactures, forests, mines and fisheries is an essential of national safety and national progress, as well as a condition of social reform."* To quote again from Miss MacMurchy's report:

"It is evident that the natural resources of Canada should be used, not only in the war, but in the future after the war, for Canadian well-being and civilization. They should be developed in our own country by means of our own capital and our own labor. By doing this, we will not only serve ourselves, but we will add to the strength and safety of the British Commonwealth and the league of civilized nations. Every country owes to itself and to other countries that it should grow to its full economic strength. We cannot do this unless we develop as far as possible our own natural resources within our own borders. This problem is of tremendous importance to the womanhood of the country, and is a part of reconstruction which will require all the genius, leadership and energy of experts in finance, manufactures, agriculture, construction and transportation, and the gifts, initiative and energy of our workers.

"National trade and finance and economics should become subjects of study by women." The problems of labor and capital for instance will have now a new meaning to women voters. Difficult and complex as they are, there should be a helpful angle from which women may study present conditions so that they may make a fitting contribution to the reconstruction of Canadian life. Labor can never be dissociated from the human factor. To deal with labor means dealing with human beings. On the other hand, capital is a source of potential action from which energy must be drawn to maintain the occupations which support the homes of the country. Capital is something to be used and it is indispensable. To bring about a better understanding of the great possibilities and value in the aspirations of labor, and of the use and characteristics of capital, is one of the main efforts of reconstruction. The woman voter must realize that the more intelligent, stronger and highly developed each element in the life of a nation is, the better it is for all classes. This is certainly true of the womanhood of the nation, just as it is true of manufactures, agriculture, labor and capital. The intelligence of the organized homemakers among the country women of Canada has won the admiration of every one. It is impossible to believe that these women, and all other Canadian women, will not study the whole field of Canadian affairs and work for the widest opportunities for their sons and daughters, exercising the sense of justice and fair play, and the devotion to common national ideals which are the safeguards of national politics.

"The spending of money is one of the surest tests of patriotism. Standards of living may be endangered and depressed by wrong spending. The service of money in war is not more powerful than in peace. We may rob the country of strength and happiness through waste and luxury." Even the very mild restrictions imposed, and the economies taught by the needs of war years, have done a good deal to inculcate a new spirit of thrift in Canadian people. It will be one of the phases of reconstruction to see that this spirit is fostered. and our prosperity safeguarded.

"Reconstruction is required in the work of the home; in household management and accounting; in the training of girls for homemaking; in co-operative community household work and buying; in the recognition of the domestic worker; in realization of the value of the home employments and in the community spirit in individual homes."

"Women with opportunities and fitness should engage definitely in training for leadership." The life of the average woman may be divided into three periods, the first twenty or twenty five years when she is learning to live, the next twenty or twenty-five years which she usually must devote to her family and the next twenty or twenty-five years or the rest of her life when she might do some very valuable work for the community or the state. It is important that she have some training for leadership, which, with the experience and broadened vision the years have given her, would enable her to give her very best. If it is impossible for her to take any definite special training, she will find that belonging to some fine woman's organization, even during the years when her other responsibilities do not allow her to take an active part, will be a most valuable education. College women should make a training for leadership one of the important features of their course.

"There should be representation of trained and competent women on Government commissions and public bodies generally." Only with this co-operation can we have a broad viewpoint and balanced judgment.

"The process of securing legal justice for women should be completed." Women all over the country who have thought about it at all, are not satisfied with some of our existing laws, some of our police court proceedings. They resent, for instance, the way the effort on the part of organized women to have the age of consent raised has been handled by the Government. They are not going to rest until such injustices as this are righted.

"The history of the war has demonstrated the importance of co-operation of women with men and men with women, of citizens in a nation, and nations with nations." United action will

Continued on page 80

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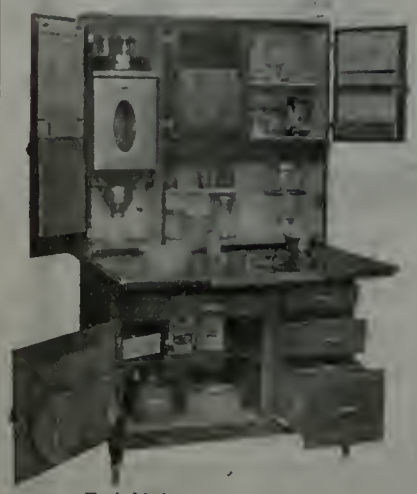

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CAN WE AFFORD IT?

How the Family Budget Helps to Establish a Standard of Living

By HENRIETTA SMITH

There are two ways of spending: the one without forethought, the other after a family council.

I ONCE knew an unworldly-minded man who built himself a house. The desire of his heart was to have a spacious entrance-hall, one that would sound a key-note of hospitality and give an air of spaciousness and taste. When he got to planning the house, he found that he would have to build a large living-room to justify this much-desired hall. He had never a thought of a library until he saw that one was needed across the hall to balance the living-room. The library was added. The dining-room and kitchen were made to correspond. Ground-floor additions involved rooms over them. Lastly, this gentleman of taste, but not of forethought, discovered that these spacious dimensions required inlaid floors and other expensive furnishings. These he ordered, and instead of spending six thousand dollars, as he had intended doing, he spent twenty thousand, and went bankrupt before he had passed a night in his new home.

This is not a parable. It is the true story of a real man who spent his money before making careful and well-proportioned plans.

I know a lovely middle-aged couple who own and occupy one of the finest farms in their county. These people have more than enough for comfort, but their early days were fraught with difficulty. The saving habit so necessary to their early life still controls them. Amid plenty, they still anxiously count every penny. Pure-bred chickens are a hobby with the man. From them he derives not profit, but legitimate pleasure. For several years, despite her husband's advice that a new one be procured, the wife had used an old, leaking, inadequate refrigerator. One spring she told her niece that she was planning to have a really good refrigerator put in, but at the next visit the niece found the old one still doing duty. She knew there was plenty of money, she knew how exasperating the old ice-box had been, and she was curious to learn why the new one had failed to appear. When asked about it, the wife pointed to some fine Leghorn hens, remarking, "Samuel went off to a poultry show last winter and paid seventeen dollars for three chickens, so I thought we couldn't afford a new refrigerator." Spending in this family was, to say the least, non-co-operative.

TWO little girls of ten and twelve years returned from school one day and ran hopefully to their mother to ask permission to buy tickets to a travel-lecture to which their class was going. The tickets were one dollar each, and many of their little friends already had them. It happened that the arrival of the little girls found their mother much perplexed over the cost of a dinner and card party she was planning. She was trying to provide too many courses for the funds in hand, so she felt very poor just then, and told her girls that she was very sorry, but she could not afford to buy the tickets for them. She hoped they wouldn't mind very much. Ten days later, when her daughters saw the company dinner, it is just possible that they may have questioned their mother's sincerity in telling them she could not afford to buy the tickets for which they had asked.

These and many similar cases have their roots in one common evil, the lack of a standard of living. There are two ways of spending household funds; to use the money as long as it lasts for the needs as they appear, or to make each expenditure fit into a general scheme that aims to adjust family needs to family income. In each case which I have cited a standard of living and the application of business principles would have gone far to correct the mistakes.

When the successful man goes into business, he counts his capital and studies in detail the needs of the various departments of the business, the success of which depends very much indeed upon the way he co-ordinates these departments. He is guided by certain business principles and by information made available through an adequate system of cost-keeping.. Competition forces him to consider all the questions related to his business, with bankruptcy as the probable alternative.

By taking stock of her clothes one woman saved enough to pay a dentist's bill from her clothes account. Another might have saved it differently

THERE being no competition in home-making, the woman can commit fearful financial errors and yet keep right on — unless, perchance, she gets to the divorce court. There should be no very considerable difference in the business methods employed by the man who earns and the woman who spends. To quote Ellen H. Richards: "The reason a young man fears to marry is not because of the present cost of a house but because he cannot estimate the future cost of running it. He has no rule to go by. *In most newly-established homes there is no governing principle at the foundation, to which both man and wife are committed and for which both are willing to make sacrifices.*"

Notice that she speaks of a "governing principle at the foundation, to which both the husband and wife are committed and for which both are willing to make sacrifices." This governing principle is the standard of living. Physical comfort has its honorable place in a home, but it should not be allowed to crowd out mental health and spiritual welfare.

Operating a home may seem simple in comparison with operating a factory, but those engaged in home-making know that it is a complicated operation, made up of various activities, all of which must be carefully correlated if a happy home is to result. Is there anything that would be more nearly a "first aid" to a perfectly healthy family life than to establish a sort of Round Table or conference? This conference should be held regularly and be used for the solution of family-life problems. What directors' meetings or managers' conferences are to the welfare of a corporation, the family conference should be to the home life. In it the standard of living should be formulated and encouraged. Questions relating to every department of the home—the ideals of the family, the duties of the family to society, the financial assets and liabilities, should be all discussed and determined. A satisfactory system of spending is greatly needed by the modern American household. Therefore budget-making would be one of the chief tasks of the Round Table. If one works out the best possible budget for his family, he goes far toward making possible our ideals of a wholesome family life. The ideal home can approach its standards only when the details of living are harmonized and related.

IT is very easy even for a well-intentioned person to fall into the habit of spending independently the money which should be used to promote the happiness of the whole family. If I spend a disproportionate amount for expensive bulbs, or choice perennials, or new clothes, *you* may, from necessity, be spending too little on your individual interests. But let us draw our chairs close together, and in a cozy evening hour let us discuss our needs and our desires. If there is not money enough to do all we would like to do, let us compromise, let us endeavor to spend for each thing only in proportion to our income, and let us see that the amounts necessary for the different departments of household expenditure fit one another. For the motto of our Round Table should be, "The Good of All." There is no place in the home for disproportionate gratification of the individual.

After free discussion, many mistakes, and much experimenting, a standard of living may, in most families, be approximated, though from time to time

changes will be needed. At this point the home-makers need to summon all their resolution and determination. They must drive out a certain little imp who will sit at the Round Table, making his worthless but powerful appeal—the little imp, "What-Your-Neighbors-Do." He will be there to influence them; will, unless the family is watchful and resolute, unfortunately influence many decisions. He will lead them down the road to debt, point the way to various expenditures which bring no adequate return, interfere in a hundred ways with the peace and happiness of family life. If you want your home to be your own and not a reflection of a neighbor's, eject this imp and bar the door on him.

A general scheme for household expenditures is a sort of bar of justice. The judge is The-Bounds-of-Your-Circumstances. Each plea for an unexpected expenditure must be tried before this court, and if it does not comply with family law, it may be rejected. If the money is in hand, it will often seem justifiable to buy, but to make sure that it would not be better policy to buy something else, the general scheme should be consulted. If one per cent. is taken from one department of expenditure and added to some other department, a change takes place. Does the change help toward the best ideals of family life? That is the question to be decided.

THERE are many excellent plans and systems of budget-making for the apportionment of household funds. I shall speak here of only one, that outlined in a little book entitled "The Cost of Living," written more than a decade ago by Ellen H. Richards. I have chosen this book, although it is now somewhat out-of-date, because I have observed its usefulness to the family of a young professional man. This family, consisting of husband and wife and two young children, lived in an Eastern city and spent fifteen hundred dollars a year. With the prices then current, Mrs. Richards' suggestions proved to be a great aid. The couple had set up housekeeping a few years before with less money than they needed to supply their indefinite wants. Every expenditure was settled by a kind of guess-work process, the results of which were unsatisfactory. It was too much like the house-building operation of the man mentioned at the beginning of this article.

At this point the great service of Mrs. Richards' budget was that it indicated for that young couple a rational system of spending. By an application of its principles they managed to spend only three-fourths of their income for food, rent, operating expenses, and clothes. The remaining one-fourth was used for less material things, such as insurance and other investments, church, charity, education, books, pictures, periodicals, music and lessons, lectures, membership in societies, vacations, entertainments and athletics.

A danger arises when one gets down to the point of using definite figures, such as Mrs. Richards' twenty-five per cent. of one thousand to fifteen hundred dollar income for the higher life. Prices have risen since she wrote her book. Besides, no set of figures can be applied by everybody. Fluctuations in price and varying local conditions affect statistics, but the vital principle remains constant, that money for amusements, education, and investments must be provided whenever possible.

In the last decade price increases in nearly every item that enters into home-making have made it impossible to follow blindly the old standards. The family that set aside for the higher life one-fourth of the husband's salary of fifteen hundred dollars could not do so to-day without impairing its efficiency; it would live in a less desirable house and have less to eat and wear. On the other hand, if such items as food, rent, clothes, and operating expenses are not reduced, the amount that may be used in the interests of the higher life will be almost negligible. The price increases and their influence on the budget are approximately as follows:

Mrs. Richards' Budget.		Per Cent. of Increase in Last Decade.	Mrs. Richards' Percentages Plus Cost Increases.
Food	25%	40%	35%
Rent	20%	15%	23%
Operating		(on new houses)	
Expenses	15%	10%	16.5%
Clothes	15%	15%	17.25%
Higher Life	25%		

These increases, if allowed, reduce to 8.25 per cent. the sum that may be used for things not purely material. This, of course, almost wipes out the very thing for which we plead a definite allowance for the higher life. No matter what shoes and eggs cost, granted a reasonable income, we should not cease to strive also for the less material elements of life. These are what lift one above the dead level of mere physical existence and enable a family to grow and develop both as individuals and as a social factor.

IN the family of the young professional man, the difficulty was met in two ways. In the first place, his increasing efficiency resulted in a larger salary; in the second place, by management, economy, and substitution, the normal increase of expenses was kept down. For instance, the food-costs in that household have not increased the forty per cent. which is the statistical average. It is in meats that there has been the greatest increase in price. This family has curtailed its use of meat, having almost entirely omitted the higher-priced cuts. Both meat and butter are being partly replaced by peanut-butter and other fats which supply the same nutriment at a considerably reduced cost. Wholesale purchase of groceries is also resorted to, with a saving of from ten to fifteen per cent.

Everyone knows how easy it is to spend twenty-five per cent. of any income for the higher life. To spare that sum from the other departments of expenditure, however, requires much thought and a considerable amount of that ingredient of human nature commonly called backbone. When the family income increases, care must be taken that the surplus is not absorbed by the grocer, the baker, the candle-stick-maker. The tailor and the landlord stand ever-willing recipients, but let them not have disproportionate amount.

Full gratification in the matter of rent and clothes usually means pinch somewhere, and too often the pinch comes where it is least advisable to have it. No one can afford to regulate his expenditure so that his sympathy is dwarfed, his intellectual and spiritual nature are stifled, or his children go hungry for books and music, though their bodies are clothed in fine linen. This is too often seen where expenditure is made without plan and in response to single and unrelated temptations.

THE following true incident indicates that the family budget may be altered to suit local inequalities. The mother of a family had to plan to pay a large dental bill. No additional funds were to be had, so she was obliged to make the regular income suffice. She settled herself comfortably one afternoon, pad and pencil in hand, and studied the problem. She found she could not cut down the already plain though nourishing bill of fare; rent would remain stationary, and service must be had as heretofore. She determined not to reduce her allowance for the higher life except as a last resort, so she attacked the problem of clothes. She wrote on her pad a list of her gowns, wraps, and hats, and opposite each the kind of occasion upon which she could expect to wear it. She then picked out the occasions least plentifully provided for and for these she planned clothes to be made over from dresses and materials already on hand. It is sometimes surprising when you take stock of the clothes you have, how many new things which you thought you needed can be done without. She saved the amount of the dentist's bill from her clothes account. Another woman might have saved it differently.

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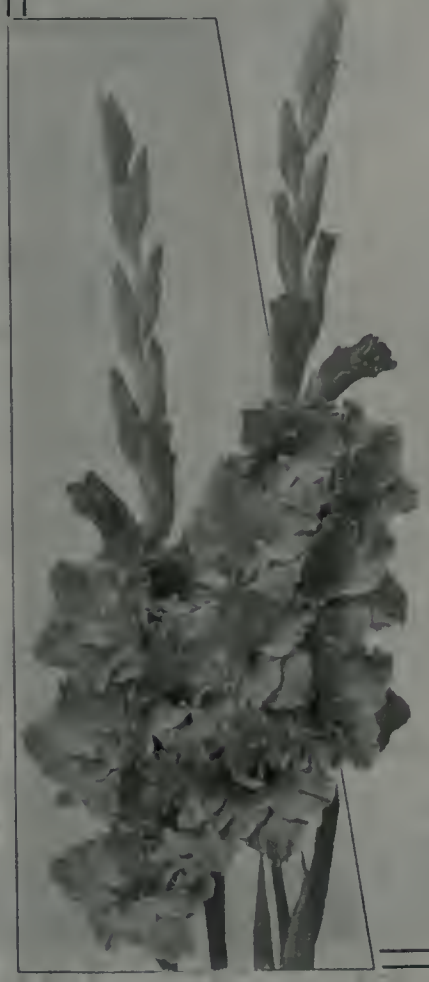

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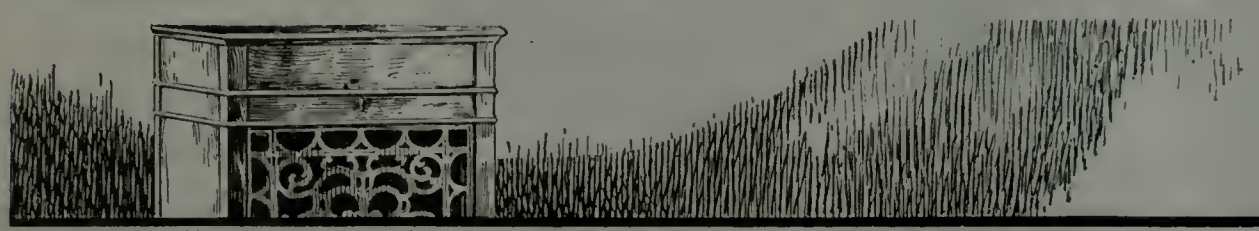

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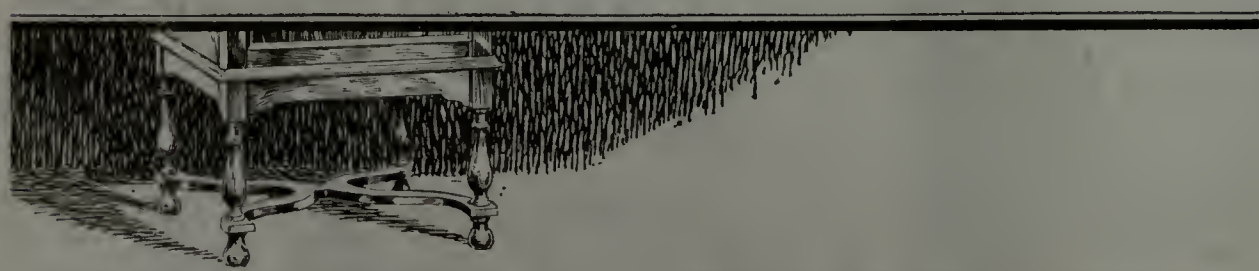

THREE million dollars was what it cost to perfect the New Edison. And if three times three million had been required it would have been spent. For when Thomas A. Edison assailed the problem of achieving an instrument which would actually RE-CREATE an artist's voice or instrument with such fidelity that by the test of direct comparison the two renditions could not be told apart, he forgot expense. Month after month he remained secluded in his laboratory, his every faculty concentrated upon one goal. Finally he emerged to announce that here at last was what the world had long awaited, an instrument which would RE-CREATE, not merely imitate. He exhibited

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A Woman's Reconstruction Programme

Continued from page 77

be one of the first essentials to progress in every phase of reconstructive work.

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"Women in urban and rural communities should establish a co-operative exchange of ideas and services." A clearer understanding between the town and country will go a long way to hasten a concentrated, national unity of effort for the things of interest to all women.

"Aliens already in Canada and incoming immigrants should be Canadianized so that they may respect and love our national ideals and share fully in the future of the nation."

"Children should be taught to love the land of their birth and to honor the immortal dead who have given their lives in the war; and men and women alike from boyhood and girlhood should be trained and taught in national service."

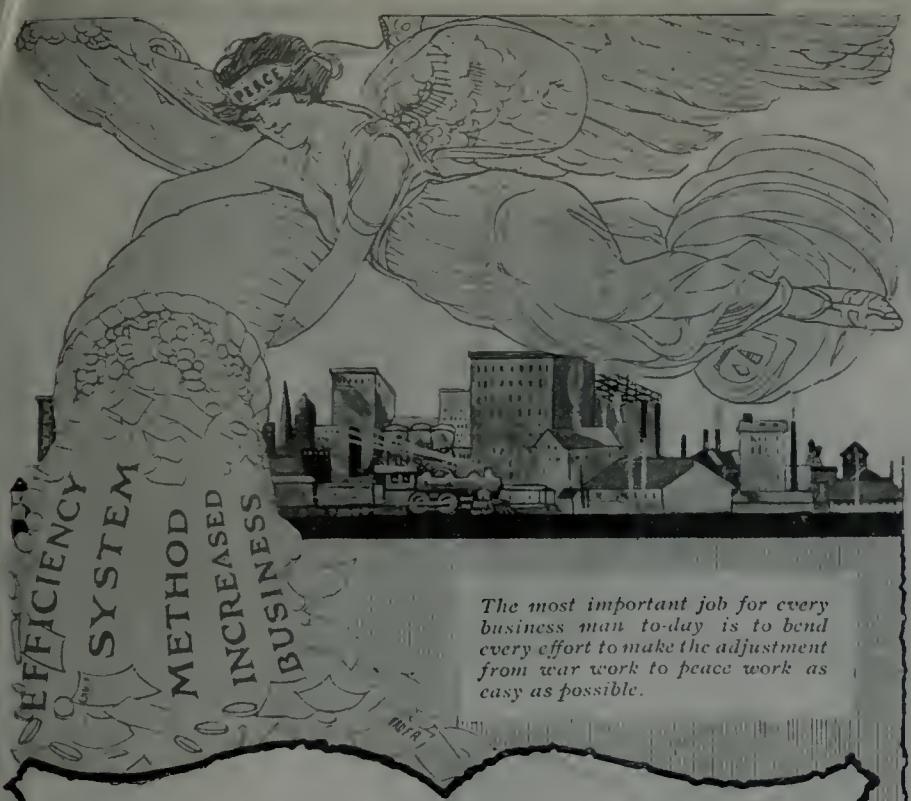
"The duty of steadfastness and confidence should be impressed upon us all, especially during this time of restoration and reconstruction."

"The earnest attention of all women war workers is asked to these services which they can render Canada in Reconstruction. The increased capacity and united effort for service which have been called forth by war should be maintained and even strengthened in Peace. Otherwise we shall sink back upon a lower level and mark ourselves as unworthy of the Victory bought by unprecedented sacrifice and heroism."

Bank Stocks and Victory Bonds

Continued from page 6

year ago when we were discussing how the 1917 issues could best be handled, I urged that they be listed at once on the stock exchanges. I had no doubts as to how they would sell; I had no fears lest there should be so many offerings that they would fall far below the price the public paid for them, and, on the other hand, I argued that if they were left free, without artificial support from the Minister of Finance, and held up from their own value, that this would be the strongest kind of a demonstration of confidence on the part of every class in the country, that things were well, I was overruled, as some feared the risk. The experience we have had with the 1917 issues since they were listed, however, shows that there would have been no danger one year ago, and the test of the Victory bonds in the open market now provided should provide one of the best stimulants to confidence, not only in the war issue of bonds, but in the whole fabric of business throughout the country." With this few will disagree. It is one more proof that the disintegrating forces of wartime are being dislodged in this country. Just as this article is being closed the special committee in control of the 1918 Victory bonds, not yet listed on the Exchange, raised the price of the 15-year issue, maturing in 1933, from $101 to $102, a straight advance of two dollars for every $100 bond since the campaign closed. On the Exchange the 20-year issue, bought originally for $98.66, is selling readily at $102.50, while the ten-year issue goes at $100 to $100.50, and the five-year at $98.50 to $98.75, all of them above the original price, but illustrating the soundness of the advice to invest in a long-term issue rather than in a short-term one.



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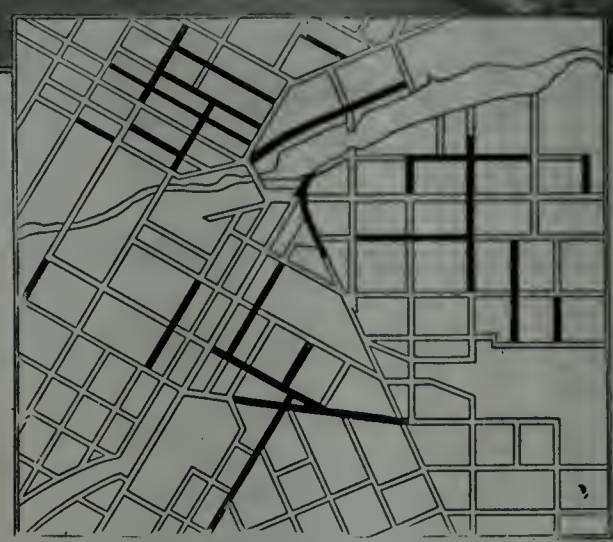

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Volume XXXII MARCH, 1919 Number 3

"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

Something About Government Plans and the Next Session

By J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

WHAT is going to happen at the present session of Parliament? How can anyone tell when the ministers themselves don't know? At the time of writing the opening of the House is still some weeks off. But even as you read, with the statesmen all in Ottawa and settling into their regular stride, you may rest assured that more than one member of the Cabinet is consulting the ouija board in a vain endeavor to discover just what the future may hold for them.

Not long ago Hon. Geo. P. Graham, who, after months of fumbling in the dark, finally found the missing keyhole and is now safely back in the Laurier household, took occasion to comment on this Union Government.

"It reminds me," said Hon. Geo. P., "of the man who used to meet a bill with a promissory note and a fervent 'Thank God that's paid.'"

"So," he continued, "this Government when it strikes a troublesome question refers it to a commission and says 'Thank goodness that's settled.'"

But if the prodigal George P. hadn't been so busy finding his way back to Father Laurier, he might have discovered that this Union Government, of which we are all so proud, bears a closer relationship to the man in his parable than even the one he suggests. Unless all reports are false it has been making a series of promises that it cannot live up to. "We aim to please," has been its motto. And if you watched the faces of the various delegations visiting the Capital, you had to admit that they all looked pleased when they departed. It mattered not what they wanted. If they came looking for lower tariffs they went away smiling. If a solid protection was their prayer there was a grim satisfaction reflected from their faces as they boarded the train for home. If it was more prohibition, a little loosening of the liquor law, more advanced divorce legislation, a tightening of the moral code, or leniency for some suppressed member of the Bolsheviki, they just mentioned it and went home happy.

"It's a darned mean cuss that won't give a man a promise," an old Western politician once said. No delegation that visited Ottawa during the past few months would dare to call the Union Government mean. Of course it is happily constituted to help along the promise industry. It has ministers to suit every possible taste and who could by selective draft be called upon to make almost any kind of promise. Would not Hon. Wesley Rowell, with a melancholy cheerfulness, swear to do his utmost to dash the cup from the drunkard's lips, to keep divorce beyond the reach of the untutored masses and to otherwise safeguard the straight and narrow path? Could not Hon. J. A. Calder and Hon. T. A. Crerar, knowing the feeling in the West, assure all and sundry that the desire of their hearts was to see the Western plains ploughed with tractors that had never paid duty and harvested by reapers that had not even hesitaed at the border? And if Sir George Foster, that grand old disciple of Sir John Macdonald, does happen to be busy with the map of Europe, don't you think that even a good Liberal like Hon. C. C. Ballantyne could be persuaded to whisper that Canada's future depended on protection for her infant industries and that this is his own, his native land?

More than one is consulting the Oulja board to see what the future holds.

Ask For What You Want

GRAND little Cabinet this when you come to look it over carefully. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. A bank merger, you say? Just step this way and our expert on banks will fit you out. Meet Sir Thomas White! Land for Soldiers? Boy, call Hon. Arthur Meighen. What's that? Just out of it, you say, but Hon. Arthur has gone out to try and buy some! Well, well, don't worry, we'll have it for you all ready for the spring plowing. Clemency for some members of the Bolsheviki? Oh, yes, that's work for Hon. Gideon Robertson, our tame labor man. We hand-picked and imported him for the purpose. Tell him what you want and remember it's no trouble to show goods. We're a little short of help just now. Had to lend some of our staff to help clean up that European after-war muddle. But what's left of us are willing. Read once more that motto on the door mat: "We aim to please," and then cast your eye yet again to the handwriting on that wall: "What you don't see, ask for!"

Through the merry winter months the corridors of the East Block have hummed with the low-toned but happy laughter of people who have come with prayers and gone forth with promises. But now the day of reckoning is at hand. And what makes the answer all the harder is that nobody wants to see the Government beaten. The Cabinet are convinced that no other hands could demobilize the troops and reconstruct the country's trade; the private members have an ever-growing fondness for that $2,500 per; and Laurier would fain dodge the present troubles of Government and incidentally give the West another year to try and forget the war.

Operating the Union Government promise mill!

So the accumulations of promises and problems must be faced by the Union Government and by the Union Government alone. Nor will it be allowed to say: "We must lay this over. Sir Robert Borden is busy in Paris." The questions that are to come before the House are too pressing to admit of further delay. The country wants action and absolutely refuses to be further denied. Moreover, though the Opposition may not want to see the Government defeated just yet, it does not follow that said Government is to be allowed to sleep on a bed of roses. On the contrary any time the Laurierites can throw a bunch of thistles on the Cabinet couch or a handful of tacks on the Government carpet, the opportunity will not be overlooked. Nor will the Ginger Group of hard-shell Conservatives croon a cradle song in the ears of those statesmen who so efficiently operated the Order-in-Council machine. On the whole it can be safely predicted that while the Union Government won't die this session, there will be times when it will have all the symptoms of a very sick man.

Where the West Will Stand on Tariff

ONE of these times, of course, will be when the tariff question comes up—that is, when it comes up in deadly earnest during the course of the Budget debate. That the Liberals, convinced that the Cabinet is preparing to make concessions, will make the first bid for the Western vote looks like the one best bet. An amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne looks like their move. But it won't get them anywhere. The Western Unionists will not be hard to convince that the tariff belongs with the budget. They can easily justify a vote against a Laurier free trade amendment. They'll be looking for something tangible and not be in a position to endanger it. In other words, they won't be tempted to drop the

Union bone to grasp for the Laurier shadow. And that will tide that trouble over for a month or two. But it will give the Western Unionists a splendid opportunity to cinch their deal for tariff concessions.

And while the Government is turning this tariff question over in its mind and looking for a method of compromising on its promises, the bill to Provide Land for Soldiers' Settlement can be given to the members to play with. Hon. Arthur Meighen will introduce that bill. Ever listen to little Arthur on a job of that kind? He's got an easy flow of the language you find in law books. By the time he has spoken fifteen minutes you conclude he's making out a pretty good case. Half an hour later he's into an argument with himself, and along towards six o'clock you feel like calling in Hon. Charlie Doherty to finish an explanation that will justify you in a conviction that you don't know what either one of them is talking about. However that bill will take a lot of time and give the Government a chance to collect its thoughts. Not a man in the House but will want to tell a waiting world how much he wants to do for the soldier.

The Drys Are in Control

BUT there are other matters that will have to be hurried a bit. You may have noticed a number of your friends whose cellars are running dry keeping one eye on the Peace Conference and the other on Ottawa. They're wondering if, between the time the war ends officially and new temperance legislation is enacted, there won't be a temporary opening of the lines of communication between ultra-Quebec points and Montreal. For the order-in-council that stops the importation of liquor into dry provinces is under the War Measures Act. And some good authorities argue that, when that act goes out with the signing of the peace terms, the order-in-council will go with it.

Already the temperance forces are lined up to stop any possible break in the prohibition dam and the session will not be far along before Hon. Wesley Rowell rises in his place in the House to introduce legislation to meet the need of the hour. Will it pass? Nothing is surer. There is no vote the average member of Parliament is more afraid of than the "church vote"—and none that deserts him more faithlessly at election time. To be sure last election saw the Unionists sweep into power on the crest of a wave of almost religious fervor. But the circumstances were exceptional. The Hun was threatening Paris, civilization was trembling in the balance and hundreds of thousands of Canadian homes yearned for fighting sons crying from the trenches for the help that must be sent to them. Men's hearts were stirred as they never were before and men voted not for party but from conviction. But now we're drifting back to normal. The war is over. And the highly moral man will soon be voting with his party at elections no matter how loudly and piously he talks between times. But he'll scare the statesmen just the same. All or nearly all will vote for any kind of prohibitory legislation that is brought down. And right after they do it you'll find a lot of them out in the corridors looking for a drink to take the taste of their votes out of their mouths.

So prepare to meet dry legislation at the earliest possible moment. Also prepare to see it go sailing through the House with hardly a tack to beat up against an adverse breeze.

The Devilish Old Senate

BUT there is yet one hope, ye thirsty one. There's the Senate! Aged and infirm it has been called. "Senile and showing symptoms of decay" is among the sneering descriptions hurled in its direction. But only last session its leader Sir James Lougheed proudly proclaimed that "if it stood for anything it stood as a bulwark of vested rights against the clamor and caprice of the mob." Surely one of man's vested rights is his thirst! And surely those veterans of many a political battle are in a position to brave the "church" and all other votes. They don't need them. Also this same Senate showed only last session that there is a strain of almost devilishness in the old men yet. Hon. Charlie Doherty introduced a score of amendments to the criminal code that reminded one of the blue laws of the good old Puritan days. Hon. Charlie did it as Minister of Justice and, for he's got a large human streak in his make-up, he did it in an apologetic tone of voice. Just what those amendments provided would not make fit reading in a family magazine. It might be said, however, that they were so wide and sweeping, or rather so narrow and deep, that they almost made a man consult his lawyer before he asked his neighbor's wife the time of day, or his stenographer to take a note. The House thought of the church vote, threw hasty if malignant glances in the direction of Hon. Wesley Rowell, and swallowed them whole.

People looking for a relaxation of the Divorce Laws haven't a chance in the world.

Prohibition? . . . How Wesley Rowell will attend to the needs of the hour.

But what did the Senate do? Why those brave old men simply tore those amendments limb from limb. They left that House bill a tangled and mangled and unrecognizable mass of wreckage. And on this evidence of their humanity the "wets" are hanging their hopes of one more shipment from Montreal before the season of drouth is made permanent. If the bill is hung up in the Senate and the Peace Conference will hurry up a bit there is yet a chance.

But those people who look for a relaxation of the divorce laws are in a different position. They haven't a chance in the world. In the first place the Catholic members will vote solidly against any such measure and there are plenty of others to provide a majority opinion that the sanctity of the marriage tie is the foundation of a nation's greatness. And even if the House did vote for cheaper divorces and more of them, what would the Senate do? Would you deprive those brave old "bulwarks" of their last amusements? Hearing the evidence in divorce cases is one of the senatorial perquisites. It gives them something to chuckle over for the whole year. And sometimes if that evidence is "real good" they'll order it printed. Then if you're a trusted friend you may secure a copy accompanied by a sly wink and nod.

Rob the Senate of its divorce privileges! Not while it is able to sit up and draw its indemnities and cast an occasional vote. This war may have produced its matrimonial tangles. Let those who suffer from the snarls grin and bear it as best they may. The Honorable the Senators must not be made to suffer for troubles for which they can in no way be held accountable.

AND while this moral question is before the House perhaps a word or two about horse racing may not be amiss. The track owners and jockey clubs are naturally anxious to get back to business. For in these later days the sport of kings has turned into one of the businesses that pay dividends and large dividends too. One self-respecting track is said to clean up $300,000 a season and some of the others do almost as well. Now the order-in-council that closed the tracks did not prohibit racing. It simply put a stop to the betting privileges—and the racing stopped automatically. That stoppage outlasts the war by six months and it would be just like the racing interests to chase after legislation for an immediate resumption of activities. They had better go slow. Even before the Cabinet got busy a movement to put a finish to the racing game was under way. And it is a moral certainty that if that movement had got before the House in the shape of proposed legislation it would have carried. It's that old "moral" or "church" vote again. Men who never miss a day at Connaught Park, and who even run up to Toronto for a week-end at the Woodbine, stated without a quaver in their voices that they would vote for it. They liked the game themselves—but the feeling in their constituencies—and after all they were there to represent the views of their constituents.

So if the horsemen are wise they will forget all about "the improvement of the breed of horses" and similar lines of conversation and keep out of Parliament. In fact they will be very lucky if an effort is not made to have the order-in-council made permanent. The uplift element is going strong just now and it is getting the active assistance of some politicians whose political pasts may entitle them to places at the penitent bench. The once chance for the renewal of the racing is that in the crush of other business it escapes notice and that the order-in-council either lapses or goes into the scrap heap along with the other adjuncts of the War Measures Act. If the racing interests realize this they will be lucky. Their usual attitude towards the public is that of benefactors. And that won't get them anywhere at present.

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The track owners had better not be too anxious to get back to business.

Alexander glanced back at her. "See you later," he said.

The Transformation

A Most Unusual Serial Story

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM

Author of "Nothing But the Truth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

CHAPTER I.

The Lady and the Porter

LADY LANGLENSHIRE looked up.

"You wish to see me?" said the man.

"Yes," said her ladyship.

"Your ladyship has another errand for me?"

"Perhaps—a long one." There was a peculiar accent in the patrician tones. "We shall see."

"A long one?" repeated the fellow, studying her.

"I said, 'We shall see,'" observed the lady with a slight frown.

The man shifted awkwardly and twirled his porter's cap in his hand.

"You are not to do that," said her ladyship.

"What, my lady?"

"Your hands—please keep them still."

The man became immovable.

"That is better," said the lady.

Then she was silent for a few moments, while her eyes passed disapprovingly over the details of the shabby furnishings of the somewhat abbreviated apartment in that third-class hotel to which an untoward combination of circumstances had consigned her. Perhaps, at that moment, visions of ancestral halls and primrose meadows haunted her memory. The porter waited patiently. He was a burly fellow, with bent shoulders, and a countenance that might not have appeared so sodden except for a habit of keeping his mouth open. This gave him a stupid peasant look. He looked especially stupid, dull and of the proletariat, at the present moment, suffering possibly a slight embarrassment in that radiant, sylph-like presence.

THE lady's wandering attention again became focused upon him. She noted the bent shoulders, the open mouth, the grimy hands. Her gaze was singularly curious.

"Your name is?"

"Alexander," he said.

"You told me you are a Greek, I believe?"

The heavy eyelids flickered beneath the clear and searching blue eyes of the lady. "Yes, your ladyship," he said.

A flash of merriment shone from the blue eyes. "Alexander the Great was a Greek, too, I believe," she ruminated aloud. "No relation, I suppose?"

"Who was he?" said the man.

"It is quite obvious you are not related," said the lady, almost merrily. "Haven't you *any* illustrious ancestors, Alexander?"

"No. Why?" The man stared stupidly.

"Never mind," she observed. "Let the old ancestors go! If you only knew what a lot I've got, Alexander."

"Yes," he assented, considering, no doubt, her ladyship was talking a great deal of nonsense.

"Never mind," said the lady, reading the thought. "Don't try to think too hard, Alexander. It is racking to the brain."

"Yes; it's a bother to think," he said.

"It is easier just to carry," she said, looking at the bent shoulders.

"Has your ladyship a load for me?"

"A load?" Again she laughed merrily. But her face soon became more sober. Her ladyship sometimes laughed when she did not feel like laughing. One laughs sometimes when the heart is very full. "A load?" she repeated. "Perhaps! Who shall say?"

"Where shall I take it?" he demanded, more aggressively.

"You are going too fast, Alexander," she said disapprovingly. "You must not try to hurry me. I am not accustomed to being hurried. You will please bear this in mind."

"I have my work to do," he dared return.

"And this is a part of your work. It is what you are paid for, and what I shall pay you for."

THE lady's tones were imperious. She had a very beautiful voice—young and silvery. It might have made a poet think of silvery bells on a frosty night. But Alexander was not a poet.

"It is true your ladyship has tipped me well," he assented.

"Yes; I usually do. By the way, how old are you?"

"Twenty-four," said the fellow.

"No more?" thought the lady, regarding the stooping figure. Twenty-four, and bent like that! "You must have worked hard all your life?"

"Of course," he answered simply. "What else is there to do?"

"Nothing, I dare say." But the lady was thinking: "Straighten him, and he would make quite a figure of a man." He was very powerful, obviously. But with that open mouth and stupid expression he would always remain an uncouth son of the soil. It would take generations, no doubt, for the civilizing inner reconstruction.

"I suppose you have the usual poor man's family, Alexander?"

"I have no family," he said.

"Not even married?"

"No."

"Going to be, some day?" Languidly. "You need not be surprised at my questions. I always take an interest in the welfare of those who serve me. At home I consider myself, in a measure, morally responsible for the welfare of my servants. I am merely exercising my prerogative"—here she sighed—"away from home."

"No; I'm not going to be married," said the man, blinking stupidly. "There—there was a kitchen-girl—that—but she preferred the dish-washer. Women are all alike."

"And so your heart is broken, and you have become a cynic?"

ALEXANDER did not answer. "At any rate you are free—perfectly free," said my lady.

"Yes; I don't have to bother about beating a wife when I come home."

"Beating!" observed the lady, and surveyed the shambling, powerful figure. "If you beat any one I'm afraid it would hurt."

"It would," said the fellow, grinning. "I think that afterward she behave herself."

"No doubt!" My lady yawned. "That will do, Alexander. Here is a mark. Run away, now!"

"Hasn't your ladyship something to carry?" In surprise.

"Not just at present."

"But—" He gazed at the coin. "I have done nothing."

"Oh, yes, you have. Only you don't know it! Nor is it necessary to enlighten you. There are other ways of earning money than with your shoulders, Alexander. You have really served me. Possibly you have helped me amazingly. It is a little early definitely to determine."

Alexander gazed at the lady steadfastly.

"No, I'm not. In fact, I'm poignantly rational, at the moment, Alexander," said the lady. "Do you know what 'rational' means?"

Alexander shook his head. The lady regarded him.

"How charming! You see, I have been used to clever men, and they bore one beyond endurance. To meet you is a refreshing change."

The porter bowed stupidly. He did not know what else to do.

"And now, go, most charming of porters," said the lady. "And let me dream that I am transported back to Arabian fantasies."

Alexander bit the coin.

"Yes, it's good," said the lady.

And Alexander departed. The lady arose, and, going to the window, gazed out drearily. Then she went out.

HER destination was the usual place—the police station. She waited her turn. It came at length.

"Well?" said a harsh voice.

"I am here to report." Quietly.

"Lift up your veil."

She did.

"'Estelle Langlenshire,'" he said, reading the police paper she handed him. "'Twenty-one. Single.' How do you live?" Brusquely.

"I had a little money with me. I am conserving it very carefully."

"Humph!" For the moment he studied her. "You may go—for now!"

"You mean there may be a change later?" Drawing her breath quickly.

"How can I say?" Impatiently.

"It is possible?"

"All things are possible."

"Probable, then? I may be deprived of my—my liberty?"

He made a movement. "Others are waiting. You are detaining—*Guten Tag!*"

"Good day," she said and left.

CHAPTER II.

A Startling Proposal

AT the hotel she once more sent for Alexander. She had seemingly regained her lightness of spirits. Not a worry seemed to cloud her fair brow; no light of trouble or tragedy lingered in the violet eyes. She had lighted a cigarette and disposed her lithe form daintily on a couch.

"Alexander," she said, "you are going to be married."

"So?" said Alexander. His tones were heavy and sodden. What was the joke?

The lady smiled. "You do not ask whom you are going to marry?"

"Does that matter?" said Alexander, thinking her doubtlessly bereft of her senses.

"You mean that since you were disappointed in love—since the scrub-lady 'threw you down,' as our American friends say, all women look alike to you?" she observed vivaciously.

"Suppose so," mumbled Alexander guardedly.

The lady shifted; a dainty bit of hosiery was momentarily visible, but that evanescent gleam was lost upon Alexander.

"I am pleased to find your mental attitude what it is," said the lady.

AS Alexander probably did not know what was his mental attitude, he did not answer.

"The lady you are to marry will be revealed to you at the proper moment. Meanwhile you are to make arrangements."

"Arrangements?"

"With the Greek priest, of course!"

"Priest?" The lady's tone began to sound as if she meant it.

"There is a Greek priest, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes." A bit dazed.

"And a Greek church?"

"Oh, yes."

"You go there sometimes?" Severely.

"Sometimes." Dully.

"And know the good priest?"

"Yes."

"Good!" She spoke gaily. "Now, listen: You are to go to him. You are to tell him you have fallen deeply in love."

"Eh?" Alexander's eyes began to gleam resentfully.

"You can *tell* him, can't you?"

"A big lie, like that?" Alexander laughed hoarsely.

"Stupid!" The lady lifted a tolerant eyebrow. "What's a *little* lie like that? The principal thing is, you aren't really in love. You don't have to be. Get that firmly in mind. Now, don't you feel easier?"

"I suppose so." Dubiously.

"There's no 'suppose' about it. You do." Aggressively. "Get that thought firmly, and don't make the mistake of trying to think for yourself. It would be an awful error and get you nowhere. Let others think for you, and perhaps you will amount to something some day, Alexander. A great many people become great by eliminating their own mental processes. Use other people's brains; that's the Jacob's ladder to the heaven of large attainments. It's not what *you* do. It's what others do for you."

Alexander stared, as well he might. Did one-tenth of this filter into his dull brain?

The lady laughed deliciously. "Hand me my cigarette case, Alexander."

Alexander tried to, and dropped it.

"How adorably useful!" purred the lady.

Alexander managed finally to deliver the case.

"Where were we?" said the lady of the couch. "Oh, yes! You had gone to the priest. You had told him you were head-over-heels in love—" Alexander made a movement. "Don't interrupt!" Imperiously. "You tell the good priest you are in love, because she is so beautiful—"

"Oh!" From Alexander. A snort!

"Silence!" From the lady. "Anyhow, what is the difference whether she is, or not. You like money, Alexander?" Insidiously.

"Oh!" said Alexander, brightening a bit.

"You do. It's your god. It's every man's. It comes first and last. Love?" She made a movement. "But you've got to pretend, Alexander."

"Pretend?"

"That you have won her—your scrub-lady!" Alexander made a sound. "You are to seem radiant with happiness—that is your attitude before the priest. Of course you couldn't really be radiant, but maybe you could take some of that *bend* out of your shoulders. Do you think you could stand up like a man in love?" Again Alexander made a sound.

"Never mind," said the lady. "I suppose it's there to stay. Only you are to tell the priest you want to be married at once. You can't wait. It will be impossible. What you want, you want. You are distracted to possess it immediately."

"What *I* want?" said Alexander.

"Well, what I am telling you you want! Did you ever dream of having a thousand marks?"

"I once saved a hundred. But a thousand—"

"*Two* thousand—that's what I meant to say."

"Two!" Alexander breathed hard. The lady obviously grew more interesting in his eyes.

"What could you do with two thousand?"

"Do?" He stared at that figure alluring—a golden princess now. "I wouldn't have to do anything—to carry—to blacken boots—to be cuffed by the head porter! I could have all I wanted to eat—"

"And drink," added the fair temptress.

"Drink?" Alexander moistened his lips. Dreams of deep potations no doubt assailed him.

THE lady's red lips curved scornfully; then tolerantly. What right had she to sit in judgment? Hadn't most of her aristocratic ancestors been four- or five-bottle men? "Why should I chide you, Alexander," she observed softly, "for the manner in which you anticipate spending the reward I am going to bestow upon you, for bestowing upon *me* your name, your fortunes, and, last but not least, your non-affections?"

"Oh, it's you," said Alexander. So she was the one who wanted to marry him? "But why?"

"Pooh!" she returned. "Why get categorical? What must be, must be! Isn't that sufficient? Think of the reward, if you must think at all."

Alexander did. He asked no more questions.

"That is well," said the lady.

"I sure get the two thousand?"

"On the word of the daughter of a belted earl!" said the lady.

That sounded good enough for Alexander. "When you want it to take place?" he said stoically.

"Say day after to-morrow. Or the day after that! You see, I have my trousseau to prepare."

"Which?" said Alexander.

"A wedding-gown, in keeping with my new lofty station," said the lady.

"Oh, you mean scrub-woman's clothes?" said Alexander practically. "Maybe I swipe some for you, somewhere."

"No; please don't swipe my wedding-garments, Alexander," said the lady. "Have you no sentiment? Please acquire them by purchase from some old-clothes man." Slipping him a few pieces of money. "Only be very secretive. There is need."

"You bet! I get you," said Alexander. Lust for the reward was already in his eyes. "I handle this thing mighty well. You leave to me."

The lady sighed. Anyhow, he looked very big and powerful, as he spoke. It would be nice to shift some of the responsibility if she could. If? With Alexander's brawn and her brains something might be accomplished.

"And now trot along and see the priest," she said.

Alexander trotted. The die was cast. She had burned her bridges.

CHAPTER III.

The Flight

A TRAIN speeding northward! A third-class compartment! Hour after hour the train had been speeding. Now suddenly it stopped.

"The frontier!" A guard looked in; the door opened. the people got out—a slow business! One man—a big fellow—yet slept in a corner, and snored—or seemed to.

"Here, wake your good man, woman!" cried the guard to her at the slumberer's side.

She did. The uncouth-looking fellow rubbed his eyes sleepily. Then he reached up for a bundle of old duds. Then the man, followed by the woman, approached Officialdom. The examination of their papers took some moments. Once the woman seemed to sway from weariness, or some other emotion. Her hand clutched the man's arm; he coolly thrust the bundle of old duds into her arms.

"Here, you hold 'em," he said.

The "duds" made quite an armful; held to her breast they partly concealed the woman's face.

"Learn 'em young," said the man, with a sodden grin at Officialdom.

The peasants' philosophy! Start woman carrying things as soon as she's married and she's more likely to keep up the habit. Officialdom laughed harshly. It understood that ungentle peasant philosophy. Hadn't it been grinding down womankind for generations—keeping woman "in her place"? Trust your son of the soil for that!

"Just married, eh?" said Officialdom, surveying a number of papers.

"Yes." With a loutish grin.

Officialdom peered around the "old duds."

"Shy little dove!"

"You bet. I tell her what she get, she look at a man." Coarsely.

"Beginning right, all right!"

AGAIN the woman's figure seemed to sway. Alexander's big fingers gripped her arm. At the moment they seemed to grip her cruelly. He felt her straighten magically. Again that hateful laugh.

"She mind me—you bet!" said Alexander.

"Well, get on," said Officialdom. No doubt Officialdom deemed this a perfect and ideal way to start the honeymoon. There seemed to exist such a perfect understanding. Oh, happy bride! Bride of the soil!

"Don't you hear the gentleman say 'Get on'?" said Alexander. And to emphasize their newfound relations and his authority, he gave her a shove. Now, no one had ever shoved Lady Langlenshire before. It was a novel experience. By indulging in this little connubial commonplace liberty, Alexander almost overstepped his mark. Almost the lady hurled the old duds at his feet. She had felt strangely weak and "droopy" at the moment Alexander had first placed the bundle in her arms, and his unexpected and ignominious action had oddly revived her. So, too, that subsequent conversation with Officialdom. Indignation had superseded any fears and misgivings that had momentarily assailed her. Alexander's perfectly natural conduct under these cir-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The author of this sparkling comedy is a well-known playwright as well as author, and this, his latest story, is to be put on the boards this fall. Consequently, it was deemed advisable not to allow the story to appear in serial form in the United States; but the ban was raised for the Canadian field and so readers of* MACLEAN'S *will have the first opportunity of enjoying Mr. Isham's charming romance. It begins with the incarceration of an English girl in Germany at the start of the war and the means she adopted of escaping.*

cumstances had acted as so many dashes of cold water upon her. Alexander had really served her, and saved her perhaps from betraying herself; but when he gave her that shove he went almost too far. She did, however, manage to control herself, and somehow to move mechanically away from the gate and Officialdom. Her feelings need not be described. She was still carrying the old duds—she, the daughter of a proud earl!

Alexander came sauntering behind. Now they were on the street. Alexander still sauntered at his ease. Then he stopped to strike a match and light his pipe. She could picture him smoking. That was good; excellent. Several blocks she moved on. If only some of her friends could have seen her in that peasant grab, with Alexander's old duds held to her aristocratic breast. Suddenly she stopped. Alexander came up. He was smoking contentedly. A moment the lady regarded him then suddenly she cast the vile bundle at his feet.

"Take it!" she almost hissed.

Alexander looked surprised. "Eh?" he said.

"Take it!" she repeated dramatically.

"Eh?" he said once more, his mouth still drooping.

"And walk behind!"

"But in my country—" he began helplessly.

"Where a *porter* should!" interrupted the lady. Revenge for all she had endured was in her tones. She had gone back a few hundred years that day, to what women had been wont to endure. In Alexander she had beheld the prehistoric monster of her sex. She would set the big, bungling animal where he belonged.

"Pick it up," she repeated imperiously. And Alexander was so surprised he obeyed.

At the hotel, the lady announced her name and condition, and, briefly, vouchsafed a few whys and wherefores to explain her humble attire. The landlord was sympathetic, as landlords are apt to be with nobility in distress, especially when it can pay its bills.

"And now," said the lady, "have you a nice room?"

"A cheap one will do," said Alexander, at that moment insinuating himself upon the scene with the old duds.

"Who is this person?" said the landlord, frowning.

"It's—it's the man," said the lady.

"A porter?"

"*The* porter," she breathed.

"Husband," mumbled Alexander.

"Of convenience," laughed the lady. "You know our understanding? The reward you are to get?"

"Three thousand," said Alexander, who had obviously been thinking a good deal while enroute to the hotel with the bundle. "If you have that, you have more. Why for I give up much for a little? I have you. Why not keep!"

"Horrors!" said the lady.

"Scoundrel!" said the landlord, sensing the situation.

ALEXANDER grinned unctuously. "Maybe we go to Greece some day. You learn to work. Best for all women to work!"

"In the fields?" said the lady, elevating her patrician brow.

"Sure," said Alexander.

"Is this a dream?" said the lady. "This new attitude of yours! You, whom I thought sans guile!"

"I know which side my bread is greased," observed Alexander.

"Horrors!" said the lady again. "At least say 'buttered.'"

"Same thing," remarked Alexander placidly.

"Let me tell you, Alexander," said the lady reprovingly, "you are playing a very dangerous game. And one which will only react upon yourself. Have you any porters?" Turning to the landlord.

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Oh, I don't want to marry them!" Quickly. "One porter is quite enough. I do not wish to emulate the Merry Princess and the Six Grimy Porters of Bagdad. Are your porters strong?"

"Powerful," said the landlord.

"Call them in," said the lady.

He did. One was almost as big as Alexander.

"Throw him out," said the landlord, indicating Alexander. For thus he interpreted her intention.

"One moment," she said. "Ask them to withdraw, for the present." The landlord obeyed.

"Now, Alexander," said the lady, "will you peaceably depart, for the time being, or be forcibly ejected?"

"You mean they throw me out?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I throw them all out," said Alexander, with superb assurance.

"All of them?" said the lady.

"The whole blame bunch," said Alexander. "I bust up the whole crowd."

"Could you?" said the lady blithely. "I wonder? But that would be positively Homeric. Bust up the whole crowd! You, alone!"

"I clean out whole wineshop once. Eight men! Break everything," said Alexander.

"This *is* interesting," said her ladyship. "According to all the rules of romance you *should* do something interesting—something big and bizarre!"

"I'll settle him," said the landlord in an exasperated tone, and seized Alexander.

ALEXANDER gave a hoarse, harsh laugh of unnatural glee. "Ho, ho!" he guffawed, and then he seized the landlord by the seat of his trousers and the next moment was performing dumb-bell exercises with him. The lady burst into laughter; Alexander, at that moment, was magnificent. She forgot about his cupidity, his treachery, his guile! Alexander at length set down the host, who looked sick and seemed dizzy. He could hardly stand.

"I go now," said Alexander. "Where's the nearest wineshop?"

"A—round the—corner," the other managed to sputter.

"I don't know when I come back," said Alexander. "I my own master. Do what I please!"

"Of course," said the lady faintly.

"You don't want me to come back?" he asked.

"On the contrary, I should miss you dreadfully! I don't know when I have been more entertained."

"Oh, you see me again, all right," said Alexander naively. "I keep my eye on good thing!"

And strode out.

"Isn't he delightful?" said the lady.

But what the landlord said is neither here nor there.

ALEXANDER showed his independence once more, by staying out all night. The lady could not get a boat that first day, so had to wait until the next. Whatever his adventures, and whether Alexander slept on a bench or on the beach, he appeared in the morning, spick and span—for him—and apparently as fresh as a daisy. In fact, dissipation and riotous living seemed to agree with Alexander; he looked like a man who had retired seasonably, slept soundly, and had arisen with a good conscience in the morning. No one, to gaze upon him, would ever have suspected him of wild debauches and unstinted revelry.

The lady had left word that he was to be admitted to the hotel parlor, and so great was her social prestige and high standing in the aristocratic world that her wishes were respected, if secretly resented, by the disgruntled keeper of the establishment. He gave Alexander a wide berth, as that individual entered with the tread of a gladiator. Then the proprietor shrugged his shoulders. Her ladyship was incomprehensible; but she had seemed that to many people, before this.

Even Pelton would be impressed by such insouciance.

ALEXANDER found a transformed lady. She had evidently been shopping, and had established a line of substantial credit somewhere. She wore a wonderful Paris gown, and the daintiest of shoes. Her golden hair was no longer brushed straight back but was an aureole of light.

Alexander looked at the gown, and then he looked at the shoes.

"Where you get all that?" he said.

"At the shops."

"Cost a lot!"

"Quite a lot."

Alexander pondered. "Good wives, in my country, don't spend money," he observed.

"I suppose not," said the lady calmly.

"No woman could work in that," was Alexander's next comment.

"No?"

Alexander pointed an accusing finger. "Too small," he said with a frown.

"My shoes? Pardon me," gaily, "a perfect fit!"

"What you do with the others?"

"I threw them away."

"Good shoes, like that!" Indignantly.

"You will find them reposing in some rubbish heap." Tranquilly.

"Rubbish heap!" cried Alexander "Where?"

"I really couldn't locate it for you." Languidly.

Alexander pondered some more. Apparently he gave up the shoes for lost.

"You throw away the dress, too?"

"Of course."

"Fine clothes!" Alexander looked depressed. "I not like wife, like that," he said.

"So sorry you disapprove of me, Alexander!" The lady was beginning to enjoy herself once more. The psychology of Alexander was mildly entertaining.

"You keep shawl?" said Alexander. "Maybe, I get something for that."

"No, Alexander."

He breathed deeply. "All those fine things!"

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The CANADIAN KING-MAKER

Beaverbrook's Part in Imperial War Politics

By MAURICE WOODS

NOTE.—*That Max Aitken has not been popular in Canada is a fact that can fairly be stated. His knighthood and later his elevation to the peerage were regarded with disapproval. Of late, however, Canadians have been wondering about this meteoric young man. They have heard that he played a prominent part in Imperial war affairs, that he engineered the accession of Lloyd George to power, that he has been a "power behind the throne," and that his handling of the Ministry of Information was a vital factor in winning the war. Must a new estimate be placed on Beaverbrook? Must the dislikes that were engendered during his career in Canada be forgotten in the light of his later achievements?* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *commissioned a well-known English journalist to tell his version of Lord Beaverbrook's career since he went to England. The accompanying article suggests that in Canada we must be prepared to attach more importance to the personality and achievements of this prodigy from the Maritimes.*

Above: Lord Beaverbrook and Sir George Perley are standing second from the left and right respectively. Below: Lord Beaverbrook on a recent visit to the Canadian front.

A LITTLE over seven years ago there appeared in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE an article which was interesting in itself and which the lapse of years has invested with a stronger interest. It was a sketch of Max Aitken's career and character up to September, 1911. And it put these questions to be asked of the future: "Will that figure grow or will it dwindle? Is he in ascent or at the zenith? Has he courage to keep on or will he go back and complete his career as a financier? Or will he stand by his fate as a politician, whether it be to die as a backbencher or to lead a nation—or more than a nation—an Empire?"

To some of these questions time has given its reply. It may amuse us to pick up the strings of that seven years old story and see where thirty-nine has led thirty-two.

Beaverbrook never went back to business. Few have been the quitters in the realm of high finance but he was one. He may yet provide many astonishments, but that is not one of them. And the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Grant (who wrote the first article in MACLEAN'S) undoubtedly misunderstood the reason for Aitken's refusal in 1910-11 to go on with his business career, the abandonment of his ambition to bestride Canada like a financial colossus. He thought that Beaverbrook was dazzled with the Chamberlain idea of Empire. Grant was undoubtedly wrong. It was not the voice of this cuckoo always calling from the next field that lured Beaverbrook from the seats of the money-changers. Had that been it, he would have been back in Canada within a year. For to put it bluntly, there is no such imaginative idealism in his mental make-up. We like to paint men after the image in our own hearts, but a little realism is a good tonic. So throw away the notion of Beaverbrook dreaming of the British Empire as Rhodes did. Here is no architect of the cloud-capped palaces of some state beyond the horizon, some Dante dreaming of the union of Empire and Church, some Pericles idealizing his Athens; but a man of the hour, almost of the moment, swift to see the realities and possibilities of a situation which other men have created and yet missed. It is a mind, then, lacking in constructiveness—or, at least, lacking in that infinite patience, steady consistency, and unyielding faith which marks the builder of ideal states. Was he not so in business?

Why, then, did he chuck finance in Canada and migrate to Westminster and politics? Probably he could not tell you himself. The most vital actions of our lives are the things we can least explain to ourselves. They are too near that inmost core of consciousness that itself scrutinizes and explains our actions. They are not objects in the ray of the searchlight; they are the ray, and the ray cannot see itself.

Something there was, no doubt, in it of the petulance of a tired child who is sick of his Teddy Bear; something of reaction against a colossal effort crowned with success. Perhaps he felt that life was not just cash, and that in grabbing cash you missed what made it worth having. Life itself, full of alluring hopes and brilliant vistas, lay, somehow, far away from 'Change, and he went to look for it.

IN spite of the deep-cut feuds which had seamed his business career, Beaverbrook left Canada in the heydey of a public and almost notorious popularity. That was before the mergers became unpopular, or cement got mixed up with politics. It was true that a prominent financial man had attacked him in the Board Room of the Cement Company. But most men take little interest in the private quarrels of the finance magnates; the cynical thought his opponent foolish for shouting on the housetops that he had been worsted in a deal.

Suddenly all this changed. Cement and trusts became an election cry, and the Government press turned with fury on the pioneer of the movement. And there were plenty of enemies to keep the papers full of stories, true or untrue.

There is a curious strain of *naiveté* in Beaverbrook's character. He was immensely surprised and hurt by this outbreak of virulent criticism. In business he looked on himself as a friend of the public, and he did not go back on his friends. Why should he suddenly be described as an ogre? Nor could he understand that, if you dash people rudely aside and roll them in the dust, they will sit up after a time and plan a revenge. The opportunity for the counter-attack was opened in the press by the Reciprocity election. So, after a restless visit to Canada in 1911—when he found the Conservative leaders far from keen upon him as a champion—he went back to England as the "unwanted child."

Barnum and Bailey Methods Won

There he had scored heavily at the start, and entered Parliament with a splash. Deserting a safer seat for the election of December, 1910, he entered the very citadel of free trade, Lancashire, and made a grab for Ashton-under-Lyne. The seat was supposed to be hopeless. He had a fortnight before the polls. There was no organization; he made it in a day. He was told not to touch the tariff issue; he made it the first plank in his platform. He advertised his personality as Barnum and Bailey might a new elephant. The method was vulgar, but effective, and he won amid consternation and astonishment.

Lancashire is regarded as pivotal in British politics, and the victor gained more than a local celebrity. He was entertained at a dinner by the Unionists when Parliament met, and snuffed himself out in his speech. The tub-thumping manner of the polls does not impress the Westminster man, and guests went away, saying: "Write the epitaph on another brilliant outside reputation buried in the tomb of the House of Commons."

And yet he proved himself neither a nonentity nor a failure. For months he would do nothing, not even attend the debates. Then he would come down, as in the summer of 1912, with a clear, forcible and convincing speech, rout the Government on finance, and compel Mr. Lloyd George to give to the national debt 3½ millions of surplus that he was suspected to be nursing for nefarious and partisan purposes.

The same baffling quality applied to his speaking. You might say that when it was prepared it was ordered, but wooden, and when unprepared, glowing, but chaotic. Yet the essence of rhetoric, the frame of the oratorical mind, could be clearly detected in the originality of the ideas and the startling novelty of the metaphors. But gestures there were none, and his modulation was defective. Many great orators have started with these drawbacks and have overcome them by constant practice. But these have begun young. One feels that Beaverbrook might be an orator yet, if he would take the trouble to learn. At the bottom of his heart he does not care enough. He would rather put out the natural rhetoric in him through a defective instrument than bother to amend his technique. He does not, after all, rely on public speeches for the reality of power.

Power—there we have the keynote of the storm of controversy which rages about him. He has power. Why should he have it? He has done nothing remarkable in the Commons, he cannot sway vast audiences, he held no office till last year, he is not even a great newspaper king like Northcliffe, for he owns only one paper, influential as that may be. Why should ministers and ex-ministers, both in Canada and England, listen to the words of this man, and, as a hostile critic said the other day, "Plaster him with honors?" There must be something sinister and mysterious about it; something which we cannot understand, and, therefore, dislike and fear. So cry many voices on both sides of the Atlantic.

When you get an acknowledged fact, such as power, which seems, on the face of it, inexplicable, one way is to ask how it came about. That is the historical method. Let us apply it to this case and see if it helps us. The Ashton election—to follow this method—was a flash in the pan. So was the knighthood which followed. Canadians seem to have been surprised at it. In England they knew the value of such a decoration better. It was the ordinary reward for a sensational electioneering feat. The wonder was, not that it was offered, but that it was accepted. That the tinsel glitter of such a title should have caught the coming man's fancy, shows a flaw in the character.

Friendships With Leading Men

THE real story of advancement was quite different. No one has ever denied Beaverbrook to be first-rate company—an attraction so rare that it draws clever men like a magnet. And he never made the mistake of thinking he could teach the British their own political game. He knew he was at school again. This knowledge made him seek for good teachers, and his own attractiveness secured them.

At the week-ends at his country house, Tim Healy, or Sir F. E. Smith, or Sir Edward Goulding, might constantly be found, while Mr. Balfour, then the leader of the party, was no rare visitor.

Among these, Tim Healy, wise in every fierce political battle which had raged since 1880, was the principal mentor. But a process which began to be one-sided, ended by being mutual. This strange gnome-like visitor from overseas asked his questions of the experienced Healy, and got his answers. Gradually, by imperceptible degrees, the umbrella began to turn inside out. The old hands began to propound questions, too, and the new one to solve the problems. Why did they listen to him? Why does one listen to another boy who helps to solve a quadratic equation? Why does a man follow his favorite sporting tipster in the press, or a critic in the review of a book, or a stock-broker's advice on shares? Simply because he backs the judgment of anyone who is usually right. Beaverbrook's business backers in Canada would have given much the same answer to the questions.

The years 1911 to 1914 happened to be a period when advice was a priceless commodity to the Tory, because there was so much of it and so little that was good. Toryism had struggled back after its crushing defeat of 1906 to a respectable and growing minority in 1910. But, though Mr. Chamberlain was no longer on the active list, the old tariff divisions still muttered in the entrails of the party. They were cross-cut by all kinds of other divergences between the old ideas and the new, and by cliques supporting individual leaders. Nothing except a victory could give Mr. Balfour the confidence or command of his party. The victory was withheld, and the leader, finding his position growing more difficult, and tired of reconciling the irreconcilables, resigned his leadership.

Then the cat was among the pigeons with a vengeance. Who was to succeed to a position which carried with it the reversion to the British Premiership? The majority of the party supported Mr. Walter Long, but an active and powerful minority of the newer school were for the Birmingham tradition and for Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Neither side would give away an inch, and a fatal schism was imminent.

Aitken Gets Behind Bonar Law

Max Aitken had in no way created this situation, but he was the first to see its possibilities. It was, he said, a case for a compromise candidate, and, using all the personal influence he had acquired, he put forward the name of Bonar Law. This was a startling proposal, but a shrewd one. Bonar Law had only been a junior member of the last Tory Government. On the other hand his tariff reform sincerity was above suspicion; he was not a member of any "old gang"; his native caution, a kind of wary way of looking at life, commended him to the moderate Conservative mind; he had no enemies and numerous friends. These rallied round him. The unexpected happened, and Bonar Law became the Tory Leader. The inner circle knew that it was Aitken who had spotted and backed the "dark horse," had gone into the *Daily Express* to support his candidature, and had been the principal instrument in pulling off the winning event.

But he had been essential in other respects. One of Bonar Law's qualities is a sincere modesty. He was unwilling to compete for the leadership against veterans, and more than once wished to retire from the contest. It was only the personal influence of Aitken which brought him up to the front; and we shall see the same influence exerted later on a more crucial field.

His Preferment is Vetoed

REPUTATIONS grow by success and here was an undoubted success of judgment. Nor when one comes to look into it is there anything very mysterious about the achievement. It wanted a shrewd eye and a bold hand—that is all. These had been found, and when the party leaders were in difficulties they were apt to look to a proved source for guidance.

None the less, a battle of this kind leaves scars, and there were many supporters of the other rival candidates who resented the intrusion of a parvenu King-maker. Something of this crept out when Bonar Law wanted to make him his Parliamentary secretary. The desire was natural. But the offended deities put forth a veto. Such a post, they said, went with long service in and experience of the House; it would be impossible to give it to a new-comer, however brilliant. As a matter of fact, it was the position he took, two short years later, when war broke out.

On the tariff, Aitken had always held firm and consistent views. To him a scheme of preference which did not include Canadian wheat was practically meaningless. In 1913 a strong attempt was made by some backers of the Tory party, marching in solemn procession behind the robust figure of Lord Derby, to get the food taxes dropped out of the programme. Against this abandonment of principle Aitken threw his whole weight. He induced the party leader to come down with him to Ashton, under the very walls of the Manchester citadel, and there they both proclaimed their adherence to the original policy. Within a week, Bonar Law had been stampeded out of his position. What would Aitken do? Would he be found standing to his guns, or, as the radical papers maliciously suggested, in full and hurried retreat? Would silence suggest itself as a way out of embarrassments? The member for Ashton-under-Lyne instantly summoned another meeting in the same hall, and reiterated word for word all the convictions he had given voice to a few days before. Whatever this was, it was not the act either of a time-server or a man of straw. It was his declaration of independence.

His advice was soon badly needed by his party. The Ulster crisis was, in the late spring of 1914, pressing heavily on the world of British politics. There were extremists on both sides who were ready for civil war and even courted a crash. On the other hand, the more responsible leaders were for accommodation and compromise before the peace was broken. Could terms be arranged? And if the moderate of both parties could agree among themselves, could they hold their own followers to the pact? This last was the real difficulty in making a pact at all.

To Patch an Irish Peace

AITKEN'S reputation as a negotiator and a man of compromise was already so well known to the inner ring that he was picked out to make the attempt. There may have been an additional reason for the choice. In the event of success the negotiator might have become odious to the extremists of his own party; he could then be said to have sold the pass. A man of Cabinet rank might hesitate to incur the risk, yet a man of power and weight was essential. The man on whom the lot fell did not shrink from the test; political cowardice is not one of his failings.

It would certainly be indiscreet and possibly tedious to describe the course of bargaining. Aitken scored one great initial success: he induced all the leaders to meet at a series of conferences, held both at his home at Leatherhead and at his rooms in London. Even this was not easy, for the waves of passion were running higher and deeper as the ship neared the rocks of catastrophe.

After that came failure. The persuader persuaded in vain. The conference could not agree. Things came to an *impassé*. And yet a small hope still shone like a tiny candle under the vast arch of night: for peace is often reached in the moment of moral shock when the finger is on the trigger. It was to mask this break-down and gain this precious hope of delay that the much trumpeted Buckingham Palace conference was held. It was a *facade* only; the real building was the private conference. What would have happened none can say, for while the bolts of the rifles were clicking home in Ulster, the noise was drowned by the tramp of the armies mobilizing in Europe.

Such was Aitken's position in the spring of 1914—known as a power in the political world, but hardly a name to the great mass of the public.

THEN came the war in one fell and devastating swoop. The old world vanished: all the old signposts and landmarks were blotted out, values changed, and reputations rose and fell like rockets.

It was not likely that Max Aitken would go under in the flood. The age was one of violent change and he is most adaptable. It was a moment for the practical imagination, for the prevision of the unforeseen, and this he had marked out as his sphere.

It so happened that a quite unofficial meeting of a number of Unionist leaders was taking place at Sir Edward Goulding's place at Wargrave and Aitken—he was not yet Lord Beaverbrook—also was there, a sure proof of his position in the party. The first idea had been to discuss the storm cloud which seemed about to break over the plains of Ulster. But since the party had been arranged a tempest compared to which the Ulster storm was a ripple in a teacup had mounted in the heavens, and was threatening to burst on the ocean of humanity. The party leaders came to discuss Ulster; they stayed to discuss the outbreak of war.

The decision was to support the Government unconditionally if they declared for war, and that evening the whole party left for London to convey their decision to Premier Asquith. The effect, if any, was to strengthen the hands of the party of intervention.

The first idea, when war was declared, was to have a Coalition Government. But nothing came of it. The Liberal possessors of offices were not keen to give them up. The Tories were doubtful of the wisdom of taking them. Both sides thought the war would be a short one. It was better for many reasons, argued the Tories, that the Liberals should have the handling of the episode. There would be fewer pro-Germans and, if there was any backfire after peace, the Government would get it. Aitken strongly dissented from the view of a short war, but he was in a minority of one.

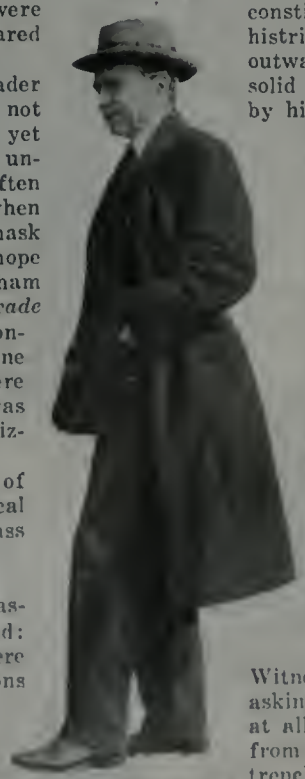
THE decision not to form a Coalition Government seemed to throw Aitken into the shade. His voice would have been heard in no uncertain tones when the make-up of such a Ministry had to be decided, and he himself was obviously destined for office of some kind. But the Opposition had by its own choice dedicated itself to a patriotic inaction. Amid the roar of the rapidly rising waters his barque seemed to be swept down the stream.

Not a bit of it. It must be remembered that all this time his connection with Canada had never been cut. Twice a year he went to Canada, and for many years he undoubtedly thought that this temporary visit might prove enduring. If he went to school in British politics it was in part to find the best of the Universities. His instinct told him not to enter Canadian politics direct—as the official spokesman of his own industries. Everything he said or did would have been suspect. But for long he undoubtedly cherished a desire to return—as a private individual coming from the British Parliament. Canada after all is his home, and his friendship, help and hospitality have always been freely offered to his fellow-citizens who cross the Atlantic. In 1913 indeed he had made up his mind to the transition. He was desperately ill from a disease which is frequently mortal, and death seemed waiting to tap him on the shoulder. Life in the bracing climate of the Dominion promised some hope. He wrote to Ashton-under-Lyne to announce his resignation. He was invited down to discuss it. He was met by such a demonstration on the part of Liberals and Conservatives alike as rarely falls to the lot of a member who has sat for a constituency even for 20 or 30 years. If the histrionics of his personality represented the outward show of his immense popularity, the solid work in the constituency had been done by his wife; the combination was irresistible.

Perhaps he wavered in his purpose of abandoning his seat. But the question never arose in practice. He went to Canada, grew worse instead of better, so that ambition of any sort appeared to be futile. He was sent to Switzerland as a last resort and suddenly—recovered. He was always a man of surprises.

The closeness of his connection with Canada through all these years had been more real than apparent. He had acted on more than one occasion as ambassador extraordinary between the men of influence in Ottawa and in London. Gratitude is not altogether extinct in politics even if it may be described as the expectation of favors to come. When, therefore, politics seemed dead in England and he asked the Canadian Government to send him to France as Eye-Witness the request was readily granted.

Why didn't he go as the British Eye-Witness—another job which was there for the asking? Oh why did he want to go to France at all? One thing is clear. A man just back from the edge of the grave could not stick the trenches. Yet see war he must, if he was to advise on war policy. Besides in 1914 no one wanted to be out of the show. Then why not go with the British G. H. Q., and get out at once, instead of lounging round waiting for the Canadian 1st Division? One can only judge by the results. He waited till February 1915, but as Canadian Eye-Witness and subsequent head of the Canadian War Records he



A characteristic attitude.

broke the British Military Censorship and led the whole British Empire in the race to develop War Publicity. If he had gone to Lord French's headquartera would he have been allowed to do this? Not likely. He would have been wrapped in swaddling clothes or put in the guard room, and there would have been no semi-independent Government to dig him out. He has a reputation for farsightedness. Perhaps he foresaw the greater possibilities of the Canadian office.

His Post in the Coalition

FROM this task events in England recalled him suddenly. The Liberals had proved unequal to sustaining unaided the weight of Government. The quarrels between Admiral Fisher and Winston Churchill and the shock of the Shell Scandal had induced the Leader of the Opposition to intimate to the Prime Minister that he must put down a Vote of Censure. Only three alternatives were possible. The Liberal Government might fall, it might be discredited. or a Coalition Government might be formed. The third alternative was chosen, though it cannot be said that anyone was particularly keen about it. At least it avoided obvious evils. Aitken was sent for because the Opposition were in doubt and because the allocation of coveted places among expectant office holders was intensely difficult. So 200 years ago St. John or Harley used to send for Swift when some ravelled knot of politics had to be untied. On all these matters the adviser had his say. He, himself, took no office. If one was offered him it was not worth taking. There was a tense struggle at the narrow gate of promotion. A wit summed up the situation in a four-line epigram:

> At Pembroke Lodge in Edwards Square
> Like rooks the claimants caw
> Where Aitken keeps with gargoyle stare
> His vigil over Law.

He returned to France, and put in much arduous work as a negotiator between the Canadian Government, the War Office, and G.H.Q., in France. Finally a severe dose of pneumonia sent him home for good.

HE sat down to organize the Canadian War Records in the endeavor to show the world what publicity really meant. It may fairly be said that he succeeded. Photographs and the cinematograph came into their own as weapons of war propaganda in his hands. The desperate combat which developed with the Military Censors, who thought that war was a thing waged in private by an army of professionals and best conducted when least talked about, ended finally in his favor. Every writer and every regiment in the Empire profited indirectly by his success. And so did the Imperial cause. For he was the first man to translate into practice the doctrine that war was the affair of the masses, and that without knowledge no public morale is possible. When he had forced the breach others were swift to follow, but let it be recorded that he was the first man over the wall. His achievement was little appreciated outside Canada. So much so that when he was made Propaganda Minister many newspapers in England asked what qualifications he possessed for the task! As a matter of fact he had perhaps been too clever, for he had found it necessary to spend months as Minister explaining to the United States public that the war on the Western Front was not fought entirely by the Canadian Corps. The States might well reply: "Well, you told us it was the year before last and we believed you!"

All this was achieved by a vast amount of detailed work and the story of it is therefore tedious. It needs the swift and dramatic event to stir the fibres of the mind.

Forming the Lloyd George Government

BUT the supreme sensation was not to be delayed too long.

By the autumn of 1917 the first Coalition was in serious difficulties. It had never been a very healthy child. Offices had been distributed between the parties on the basis of peace-service. The Administration was unwieldy, the war was going wrong. Mr. Asquith dominated his colleagues completely in the game of give and take. When each section had given with the left hand and received with the right everyone was perfectly happy and well off, but no particular result was visible. In fact everything was all right except the war.

"Time," said Mr. Asquith, "is on our side."

"Time," said Mr. Lloyd George, "is a doubtful neutral."

This was the showing of the standard of revolt. Mr. Lloyd George was then War Secretary. He was hampered not only by the facile optimism of the Prime Minister and the terrible debates of a monstrous Cabinet, but by the conservatism of generals who did not agree with him. Alone he was powerless. He could resign; but a Cabinet Minister, like a bee, has only one sting, that of suicide. But there was another powerful malcontent in the field. Sir Edward Carson had quitted the Government out of a discontent rather resembling that of Lloyd George, who remained. Behind him were gathered a powerful force of Tory malcontents—men who hated the Government, men whose claim to office had been ignored, men who were convinced that without some drastic change at the helm the ship of State would founder. Partisans, peacemen and patriots together, they numbered nearly half the Unionist Party in the Commons.

Carson determined to throw down the Ministry. It is said that Lloyd George encouraged him. The attack was launched with considerable skill at a selected weak point in the defence. When Bonar Law took office he had announced that he would only retain it so long as he possessed the confidence of his party. If, then, it could be proved that that confidence was no longer his he must resign, and the other Conservatives in the Cabinet would have to follow his example. It had already been proved that the Liberals could not stand alone. Therefore, if Bonar Law went, the Government must fall. It remained to pull out the lynchpin of the Ministerial Coach.

The first challenge came over the Nigerian debate. The principle at stake was preference. Bonar Law was in the Free Trade lobby, and nearly half his followers in the opposite one. The shock was a severe one, and the next division of the kind might see the catastrophe.

The Canadian Comes Into Action

IT was at this point that Aitken, immersed in Canadian publicity, began to sit up and take notice. Those curious pupils of his would set like jade, and a few curt words shot out would indicate his opinion of the party officials who assured their Chief that the episode was an "accident," or that the revolt would "fizzle out." The position was bad. The Opposition was strong enough to destroy the Government, but not to put a stable one in its place. The Tory Party would be torn asunder in order that the National interest might be compromised. What was to be done? He solved the problem with characteristic audacity. The way was not to crush the attack but to turn it into a real success, which would produce a more active and yet a stable Government. This could only be done by the adhesion to the movement of Bonar Law and the slow-moving respectability of the Conservatives for whom he stood.

But it is easier to lay down the ideal, or even the practicable objective, of a campaign than to carry out each successive step towards it. Here the obstacles were immense, and a lesser man would have shrunk back appalled. Carson, Lloyd George and Bonar Law had all to be driven in a team. Bonar Law's is not a placable disposition. Slow to anger, his wrath endures, and he had been bitterly offended by what he considered Carson's ingratitude for his support in the Ulster crisis. Also some pretty hot things had been said in the Nigerian debate. With Lloyd George the Conservative leader's relations were different but not much better. Though his cold judgment might be for Lloyd George's view of the war, something in his temperament answered more readily to the Asquith lure. Besides, in the first Coalition, Lloyd George had shouldered him very roughly out of the leadership of the House or a compensatory office which was his by right. In fact Lloyd George was a self-seeker. Was it safe to entrust the Premiership to such a man at the crisis of an Imperial fate? And then there was the question of loyalty to Asquith, whom he liked and respected, and to his colleagues as a whole. The mental air was thick with doubts and difficulties. Aitken set his teeth and plunged into the thick of the snowstorm. He was going through.

He kept after the distinguished three like a sheep dog after three sheep who are selecting different turnings at a cross road. Under his auspices they met and they conferred and settled nothing: they met and conferred again and nothing came of it, and so it went on for days. Each meeting meant probably three individual interviews for the organizer of victory. There were steps forward and then desperate breaks back. Finally things reached so advanced a stage, that Mr. Asquith could be addressed in a common letter. The gist of the demand was simple—a War Cabinet under Lloyd George's chairmanship. Mr. Asquith was imperturbed, unhurried and evasive. He thought there was something in the idea but—he saw Lloyd George, he saw Bonar Law; they came away from these interviews with very vague ideas of what the Prime Minister meant.

The team was by this time in fairly good working order. They had got to know each other again during their compulsory intercourse, and old scars and new suspicions had been laid aside. They had always agreed on the conduct of the war. In fact, the Canadian had done his work. Anyone might praise his energy and faith, but these qualities would have been perfectly futile. He was the great persuader as Rhodes was, because genius danced in some elfin mood behind the rigid outlines of character.

At last Lloyd George launched an ultimatum. The Prime Minister was startled out of his benevolent somnolence. He began to promise concessions. But before he could move the Unionists had taken action on their own. Bonar Law had summoned the Unionist members of the Cabinet together and told them what he had done.

They passed the famous resolution calling upon Asquith to resign. It frightened Asquith, who did not understand exactly what was meant by it. He sent for Lloyd George in a hurry and came to terma with him. Then, infuriated by an article in the *Times*, or because information had reached him that his rival could not hope to form a Government, he wrote to Lloyd George and broke off negotiations. Then, as the Tories bade him, he resigned. Let Lloyd George form a Ministry if he could or dared. The King asked Bonar Law to form a Government, but he declined, as Lloyd George was the leader in the battles and on him both the power and responsibility must rest. Lloyd George accepted the offer and formed a Government within 48 hours!

The writer dares not peer any further into the recesses of Downing Street or Buckingham Palace. Here knowledge may be dangerous and conjecture misleading. All these things will be written in the biographies of the future. Right through the veering tempest the future Lord Beaverbrook had held to his judgment and never blenched a whit even when the whole edifice of his conception seemed shaken to its foundations by the passing gusts of changing events.

Perhaps he is a bad man: certainly he is a bold one. The same verdict has been passed upon David Lloyd George. The cynic may retort that bold, bad men were wanted to beat the Prussians. Perhaps again we misread the auspices, and greatness like a crown of falling leaves covers the imperfections of the crowned. On all these grave matters men must form their own moral judgments. Only don't let's be silly and in some beautiful Alice-in-Wonderland of radical frenzy put sentence before verdict and evidence. The majority, looking at the evidence, will say that Beaverbrook performed a great national service and helped materially to win the war.

The Faith of the Two Leadera

SO ended the great battle with the fall of Asquith. As the smoke began to roll away from the field of action, the outlines of Generalship became clear. Carson had shown his usual dogged obstinacy in clinging to what he believed right. He might abstract from Lord Milner the motto, "Damn the consequences." Lloyd George ran the principal risk and reaped the greatest reward. He believed that he could win the war and that no one else could, and in the crisis of his fate he showed great courage, and a consummate tact in handling Mr. Balfour and the Labor Party.

But all might have proved vain but for the drastic intervention of Beaverbrook. He and Lloyd George alone believed that, even if it snowed ink, Lloyd George could form a Ministry and hold the Commons. "He could form one," Lord Randolph Churchill once said of Lord Salisbury, in the bitterness of his heart, "out of the waiters at the Carlton Club." A War Cabinet could be formed, said Beaverbrook, out of the back benches of the Tory party. And no one else thought that he was right. The pundits of Liberalism and Toryism, wise with the experience of 30 years of Parliament, measured their judgment against this young man from Canada; and they were wrong and he was right. Certain old financial hands in Canada had had a similar experience.

Lloyd George had secured the assent of the Tories, of half the Labor Party, and a section of the Liberals, and proceeded to form his Ministry. Many of the minor Tory appointments were made by Beaverbrook's advice. But what about himself? He had been the Chief of Staff in the campaign. It is an open secret that he wanted the Board of Trade, where his knowledge of business might have shone. It was refused him. Other appointments did not suit his mind. Finally he was offered a Peerage and took it.

Most men are snuffed out for good when they are embalmed in the gilded mausoleum of the Upper House. Better the House of Commons with its windy battles on the Plains of Troy than these barmecide feasts of Olympus where debate is a farce without power. Of course a snob likes to be a Lord. Cardinal Manning used, it is said, to gaze on the Cardinal's hat hanging on the peg in his bedroom and murmur:

Continued on page 58

Lend Me Your TITLE

By ONOTO WATANNA

Author of "Me," "Marion," "A Japanese Nightinggale," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

PART II.

"ASKED the Count? Did you expect *him* to understand or answer you?"

"He is getting on remarkably — simply marvellously well with his English. He said with perfect fluency: 'Mister Dig'—— It's so amusing and charming to hear him refer to Mr. Bradley as 'Dig'—— 'Mr. Dig,' he said, 'say unto me. You marry wiz Mees Kitty Collins.' 'All lide, I say. Much 'bliged.'"

"He liea, mother. It is not true."

"I have told you more than once, that I will not have the word of a guest of ours impugned."

"Mother ——"

"That will do!"

"Oh, mother, Dick couldn't—"

"Dick Bradley couldn't. Humph! He always was as fickle as the weather. I never had any faith in him at all, and the only action of his I have thoroughly approved of, is his sending to us his friend, the dear Count Ta——— Oh, I wish I could say the whole name. It's so high-sounding! So aristocratic. So —— You know, Kitty, all the royalties, even in Europe, have long names like that. Fancy it being your name, Kitty! Are you coming down?"

"Yes, shortly. I want —just a few moments to myself. Mamma, I'm going to write to Dick. I'm going to ask him."

"Ask him?"

"Yes, mother. Please—please—go! I want to be alone!"

"We know all about you. You're an adventurer!"

IX.

TWO LETTERS AND SOME TEARS.

DEAR Mr. Bradley:

You know I am having my Fridays as usual. Do come and have a cup of tea with us. We would like to see you *so* much!

We find Count Ichijo so interesting. Really, if you don't come soon to see me, I'm afraid he is going to 'cut you out' with us all!

Cordially,

Katharine Field Collins.

My Dear Miss Collins:

I have your letter and would gladly accept the invitation to one of your delightful "teas," but for the fact that I expect to make a trip to Japan very shortly. Our friend, Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo, has painted such glowing pictures of the country and people, that I've finally decided I can wait no longer to see it.

Take care of the Count for me, won't you? He's the best ever. In fact I think as much of him — more indeed — as of myself.

Talking of titles! Whew! He has one as big as the Mikado's own, and a Shiro (that's Japanese for castle) as old as Adam. The common Japanese consider him descended from the gods, you know.

Well, good-bye pro tem. I will not see you again probably until June, when I hope to have the pleasure of wishing you many happy returns of the day of your twenty-first birthday.

Again commending my friend, Count Ichijo, to your kindly consideration, I am, believe me,

Yours truly,

Richard Sheridan Bradley.

Sounds issuing from Miss Kitty Collins' pillow: "I hate you, Dick Bradley! I hate you! O-O-O-O-O-! I hate you! Oh Dick, how could you? How could you?"

X.—TEA

"S-s-s-s—Mees Collin! Goo-goo-goo—nide! Thas a beautiful day ad these house! Tangs. Aexcuse!"

"Beautiful day! Why, it's pouring!"

"Those beautiful pour! Tangs! Aexcuse!"

"You like rain, do you?"

"Wis *you* — yaes!"

"Well, I hate it — with you!"

"Kit-ty!"

"Sir! How dare you call me that?"

"Thas nod you beautiful name? Tangs."

"Miss Collins, please!"

"Misterer Dig — he tellin' me speag you name jos lig' those — Kit-ty!"

"My goodness! He's even got Dick's inflection!"

"S-s-s-s-s——!"

"You can tell Mr. Bradley from me that I appreciate —oh, so much — his kindness in giving permission to his friends to —— yes, Anna? Just give me the cards. The Count won't bite you! Oh, certainly, I'll see them. Mother, it's Jimmy Bowker and Mr. Young."

"Indeed?"

"Jimmy ——s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

"Did you speak, Count Ichijo? Do come over here, mother. It's too bad to expect me all alone to —— Ah, Jimmy! How well you're looking. Mr. Young— Perhaps I don't need to present you to Count Ichijo. I believe you were all at college together."

"Er— Count ———? How do you do? No, I don't recall you."

"S-s-s-s-s-s——— sayonara!"

"Maybe Bowker remembers you."

"How do you do? No, I can't say ———"

"S-s-s-s-s——Ohayo!"

"I remember a Japanese who entered just as we passed out. It may be — what year — ?"

"What year — ?"

"Ss-s-s-s-s——Nuruhoda!"

"Don't you speak English? If you went to Coll——"

"You see, the dear Count passed through college under most interesting circumstances. Dick has written us all about it. You see, being practically of the royal family, he could not very well mix in with the common students."

"Mother!"

"Kitty, allow me to finish. So he took the courses— unseen."

"Unseen!"

"Oh yes. As Dick explains it, in those days royalty was not allowed to be seen by ordinary mortals, and indeed a prince of the blood never even stepped his feet upon the ground. Of course things are changed since then."

"But about the course——"

"Yes, I'm coming to that. So dear Count Ichijo was obliged to take the courses unseen. The Professors went to him, which was perfectly proper, under the circumstances."

"I never heard of —— what *year* ——"

"Well, Mr. Bowker, you know there *are* a great many things that the ordinary run of students really never hear anything at all about."

"Er —— then he speaks English, of course?"

"Charmingly! Let me explain. You see, the Japanese have very peculiar etiquette. It's considered bad form to speak any but their own language when they first meet strangers. He was explaining it to us quite recently, and Dick—— Mr. Bradley you know— wrote us all about it. Why, the first day he came to see us, he never spoke a single word save in Japanese, and when we think of the things we said — never dreaming he understood us — well, it was very embarrassing. But you have quite forgiven us, haven't you, dear Count Ichijo?"

"Hi, fu, mi, yo—— Ss-s-s-s-s—— Tee-hee-e-e-e-e!"

"And we would never have known the difference, but that Kitty recalled that Dick had said in his letter that they were at college together. So we pressed the Count —— and the explanation shortly followed. Ah, I think it a charming custom! So reticent! So —— er exclusive, don't you know. So ——very characteristic——so ultra refined. None of —— That's right, Kitty. I'll have a cup too. Count, do draw your chair up closer. There, I've put it right next to Kitty's."

"WHAT do you think of this, Bowker?"

"Think? I think he's a d—— impostor. There's something curious here. I sniff it. He doesn't even look like a Jap."

"I'll drop in on Dick this evening. You don't s'pose this is some lark of his?"

"Not on your life. He's wild about her. Think he's going to spoil his own chances by doping them up with a thing like —— that!"

"Let's pump the old lady. Did you ever see her so got up? Whee — I tell you what, it pays to be a little smutty-faced Count?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Young?"

"Tell us some more about this — Count. What does Dick say about him?"

"I have his letters right here. There, you may see one."

"Hum —— That's queer!"

"Queer?"

"Yes, I never knew Bradley to lay himself out like this for anyone else before. It's his writing all right. Hm-m-m-m! Haven't seen him lately ——— Bowker, there's something wrong here. Something damn black. I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to look up this fellow's history. Can easily find out through friends of mine at Ottawa. I'll set them on to the Jap Consul there. If he's what he pretends to be ———"

"Would you have believed, Young, that she'd have gone back on Bradley in this way? Just see how she's letting little slant eyes look at her. By Jove! did you see that? He's got his little yellow paw on top of hers."

"After that — I'm going."

"So'm I."

"Going, Mr. Young? So soon? Oh, what's your hurry?"

"Good-day, Mrs. Collins. Count ——— Ichi ——— what's your name?"

"It na, ya, ko."

"Your name, I said."

"Here's the Count's card. Isn't it pretty? Really, I *do* think our own insignificant bits of hideous white

cardboard look ridiculous when laid beside a gorgeous crested, crimson, artistic article like this. *Good*-day, Mr. Bowker. Come soon again, do!"

"So soon, Jimmy? So sorry!"

"Good-bye, Kitty. Have you seen—Bradley lately?"

"N—no. *Do* tell him when you see him, how perfectly delighted we —— *I* am with Count Ichijo. Oh, good-bye, Mr. Young. *So* glad you came."

"NOW they're gone, and I'm not going to pour another drop of tea. Mother will pour for you, Count Ichijo. My head is — splitting."

"You look exceedingly well, Kitty. That color — becoming, is it not, Count Ichijo?"

"Ah-h-h-h! Ss--s-s-s——Loftily, augustly loavely those red ad you chicks. Tangs. Much 'bliged."

"I hate compliments, Count Ichijo."

"Whas those — compli——?"

"Personal remarks — supposed to be flattering."

"You no lig'? But you also got those person marks."

"I?"

"Yaes. S-s-s-s-s—Tangs. On top you honorable nose."

"My nose?"

"Ah, yaes! Those loavely person marks. I lig' those beautifullest spots of thad honorable sun."

"Oh, the idea! He means my freckles."

"I'm so pleased, dear Count Ichijo, that you admire Kitty's freckles. They have been the bane of the poor child's life, and I confess that I too have felt some distress about them, though my dear father used to say that freckles never went on anything that's foul."

"Ah-h—thas so? He no go on top those chickens?"

"How you do make us laugh, dear Count. No, not that kind of fowl. Our Kitty's a golf enthusiast. Mr. Bradley taught her. You know he has taken several cups. They do sa — people that don't approve of him, Count, that he has neglected all his opportunities for the sake of his golf. Personally I think it a very foolish, very senseless game. Er—— it is so *easy* a game to play, and it does seem such a useless waste of time and force to be following a little ball around and hitting it once in a while. Really, that is all there is to the game. Do you play it in Japan?"

"Those golup? No — thas western science we still got study."

"Not worth your time, dear Count. I marvel at Kitty spending so much time at it. Now Kitty's freckles —"

"Mother, please don't discuss my freckles with *him*. Now, I think, really, I've done my — duty for to-day, and I want to go to my room. *Don't* get up, Count Ichijo."

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s——"

"Mother, come here. I want to say just a word to you."

"Don't you know, Kitty, that it is very rude to whisper in company?"

"Then come up with me. Come—"

"Kitty! Really, I won't be pulled along in this manner ——"

"My room at last! Oh, mother, mother, mother, I'm so m-m-miserable!"

"My poor Kitty, if indeed——"

"No, mother, I am going through with it. I let him even hold my hand. I knew they'd see, and tell — Dick!"

"It didn't hurt your hand, you see."

"No. I can't understand myself, mamma. When he was holding it, and looking at me, right into my eyes, I had the most curious feeling about him. A strange sort of emotion seized me. I—i—it almost seemed as if Dick were holding my hand, and looking into my eyes!"

"I'm surprised that you even mention his name."

"I must have no shame, mother. I think I—I *clung* on to the Count's hand. It seemed somehow as if Dick *wished* me to, and oh, what am I saying?"

"Kitty, will you never get over that childish habit of flinging yourself headlong on your bed in that fashion? My poor little ——"

"Don't pity me, mamma. Something has happened to me. Yes, just this afternoon. When he held my hand—right before you all—a feeling of peace—of rest—seemed to flood my very being, and I clung to his hand—as if to a very anchor!"

XI.

ON THE LINKS

"I SUPPOSE, Count Ichijo, that this is the first time you've ever been on golf links? I *do* hope you are going to like the game. We've got the best professional here to teach you."

.....

"His name? Muldoon."

.....

"No, not a professor—a professional. You didn't look very *pleased* when I mentioned Mr. Muldoon's name. Maybe you've heard of him. Some people don't like his method. Now Dick — Mr. Bradley — goes by Braide only, and scorns any sort of advice of Mr. Muldoon's. But, I think him all right. Just think, he taught Mr. Carnegie and Mr. "Dooley" and oh, all sorts of famous people. I take him along with me often, instead of a caddy, just to learn all about them. He's awfully interesting, if he is rather garrulous. His favorite expression is: 'The brains of the coon-three are playing it, miss.' You look quite glum. Here he is. This way, Mr. Muldoon."

.....

"Now, you *will* be able to brag, Mr. Muldoon. I've brought you somebody worth teaching. Mr. Muldoon, Count —— Oh dear, I can't say *all* of that way — just Count Ichijo, of Echizen, Japan. How queer you look. Count Ichijo! Have you met Mr. Muldoon before?"

.....

"Why, it's awfully funny, but you are picking up all sorts of American expressions. Of *course* you've got to stay here. You can't go out on the links first. You've got to learn first how to hold the club, then how to swing — and you've got to keep that up — oh-h for hours *and* hours, and maybe, if you're real smart, Mr. Muldoon will let you hit the ball presently, won't you, Mr. Muldoon?"

.....

"Nobody ever learned it in a few minutes. You've been listening to mamma. She doesn't know the first thing about it. She talks just like everyone who has never even held a club in his hands. It's a very difficult — a really scientific game. Now just be patient —and you'll *soon* learn."

.....

"*That's* the way! Why, didn't he bring that club up fine? So many beginners just chug it up. Now don't hurry Mr. Muldoon. He'll show you about it. Really I like his way of addressing the ball better than Mr. Bradley's."

.....

"Wh-why! You look like a real thundercloud! You want to learn properly, even if it takes time. You don't want to be a duffer in golf. Well, I'll be off now; I'm going to play with Mr. Young. See, he's waiting for me over there."

.....

"No, no — you can't come too. They don't let beginners on the links. Maybe, by and by. I'll just do the meadows, and then when I get back you can come with me over the hills, and caddy for me, if you like. Most of my friends think that a big — privilege. I'm coming, Mr. Young!"

.....

"Do you know, I really heard the Count — s-swear! Yes sir, a great big D——. Honestly! Ah ha-ha-ha! Oh, I feel so fine — so happy! It's these blessed links! They are as exhilarating as wine. Come on."

.....

"Yes s-sir, you've got to give me a great big handicap. I believe I'll use my cleek here. I can't manage my wooden clubs when there's anyone watching. Awful big crowd to-day, isn't there? Spring, tra-la! Now! Not a word!"

"HOW mortifying! I know I'm as red as a beet. I *never* made such a poor shot before. I'll do better after we pass the first bunkers. The crowds make me nervous."

.....

"Oh, what a bully approach *that* shot was! Let them pass us, Mr. Young. I know we're a twosome; but I'm so slow, and I always make it a point to let really good players go by me. Let's call to them."

.....

"My goodness! Look who it is. Why, it's Count Ichijo! Wh-why — he is playing. Isn't that perfectly astonishing?"

.....

"Well, well, Muldoon, your pupil is growing away from you."

.....

"Learned in fifteen minutes! Says the Japanese learn everything quickly. Oh c-o-ome, Count Ichijo! There's a twinkle in Muldoon's eye anyhow. I believe you knew the game from the first. Just look where *my* ball is — right in the bunker. There, it's down. Now wait till I show you a pretty little trick to send it over in quite a long shot, too. Mr. Bradley taught me —— See, I just turn my niashie up—so. Then it lifts the ball clear up of the bunkers and —— That wasn't bad, was it?"

.....

"Oh, oh, oh! You've made the green in two, and just *look* where your ball is!"

.....

"Don't, Mr. Young. I want to see the Count putt. Oh! Oh! Oh-h! Did you see that? Made it in three. How many for you, Mr. Young? Eight? You, Mr. Muldoon, did you play? Five? Mine — I did it in bogey. I *did!* Why, the idea! Do you mean to insinuate, Mr. Young ——"

.....

"I'm so glad you play golf so beautifully, Count Ichijo. It's my favorite game. It was pretty modest of you to say nothing about it to us all."

.....

"No, I didn't learn from Mr. Muldoon, nor a professional either, for that matter. Somebody better than a professional. A dear friend taught me."

.....

"Do you know, if you weren't Japanese, I wouldn't answer half your questions. They are the most — impert — embarrassing things I ever heard. Well, his name, since you ask so bluntly, is Bradley. Yes, our mutual friend."

.....

"Do you know, you've tee-ed my ball *just* as I — like it — as I'm used to it. Why, isn't that funny? You withdrew your fingers just like D—— Mr. Bradley used to do. He used to set the ball just pat on the bit of sand, with his two forefingers underneath, and withdraw them without touching the sand or any clumsy upset. Did he show you?"

.....

"You showed him? Really! Now, isn't that curious? He told me that he made that particular trick up himself. I'm beginning to ——"

.....

"Yes, I'm all ready!"

.....

"That's something like! Just because there's no one here to see. Oh, doesn't it make one feel good when we've made a good, long, clean, straight shot like that! Count Ichijo, you're a dandy mascot!"

.....

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Young."

.....

"Well — er — suppose you and Mr. Muldoon go on without us. I much prefer a twosome anyhow."

"Thank goodness, he's gone. An awful prig! Let's take our time. The boys will get the balls all right. You know, it's awfully strange, but somehow, out here on the links with you, you don't seem one bit Japanese — except your hair and your — er eyebrows. I mean your lash — Really I feel positively chummy with you! Just like I used to with Dick, when we played together. Anyhow, do you know, you remind me of him a lot."

.....

"Well, I can't say just how."

.....

"Ye-es, I think there is a resemblance."

.....

"N-no, not the eyes, though they — they have something the same look and — color too! Oh, do you know, your eyes aren't black at all! I always thought Japanese had black eyes. Yours are blue! They really are!"

.....

"Well, I never noticed Dick's nose particularly."

.....

"He wore a moustache — a beauty — so I don't know what his mouth was like, but it felt —— I think — it — was very attractive indeed."

.....

"Goodness gracious, no! He had red hair — a perfect mop of bright red curls. His mother called it Titian, and I agreed with her. But it wasn't, it was just good old honest carrots. I like your hair better, Count Ichijo."

.....

"I wish Dick could hear *that!*"

.....

"Oh, what an embarrassing question. Yes, I did like him. There!"

.....

"Better than you? Why — I detested you t-till recently."

.....

"No, I don't want to sit here — of all places! Why, Dick pro——— I want to go on and finish the course."

.....

"Do you know, you're the first Japanese I ever heard use such expressions. If I were to close my eyes I could almost imagine it was Dick himself speaking."

.....

"Have you heard from him?"

.....

"There's a lady coming to meet us down the path."

"I'm glad he likes Japan so well. I suppose he's become infatuated with one of those fascinating little geisha girls one hears so much about. *Are* they so pretty and clever?

. . . . . .

"I suppose it's a matter of taste. Come on — let's play, not talk. It's a queer world, isn't it?"

XII.

BASE SUSPICIONS

"HELLO, Taku! Sitting up for me, huh? Take these. Don't touch that. I'll put it away. Anyone been here?"

"S-s-s-s- Yaes, sir. Aexcuse. Misterer Bowker and Misterer Young, he come. Tangs."

"What, again?"

"Aexcuse. Yaes, sir, S-s-s-s——"

"Leave any message?"

"No sir. They speag ad each udder. Say they tink thas lie thad you go unto Japan. Also that beeg one, Bowker—he loog unto you clothes — you brush for hair — you brush for tooth, etceterays."

"He did! Hoom! Why didn't you explain that I bought all new things to go away with?"

"I sesso. He say quig then: 'Whose those?' I bowing lig' those, say 'Thas honorable garment of most exalt illustrious Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"Oh, that was a bad break, Taku. Don't you suppose they know my things?"

"S s-s-s- aexcuse. Tangs. Yaes sertinly. So I mek explain. I sesso thad you mek present all those honorable clothes unto you fliend thad Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"What! Oh I say, you've put me in bad here. You think I want it all over town that I'm wearing the secondhand clothes of myself."

"Thas no disgrace! Ss-s-s-s-s Many Japanese do! Count Ichijo velly poor. He got wear mebbe second, mebbe third, mebbe fourth hand clothes."

"Not this Count Ichijo. He's a swell dandy. Taku, I'm going to be a credit to your race! You Japs are going to be proud to acknowledge me! What else did they say?"

"Misterer Young, he say, wiz some wet on his eye, thas he *sus*pect they's fowl plays ad thees 'partment!"

"Young has the instinct of a Sherlock Holmes all right-oh. He used to go round at college just sniffing up mysteries. I'll be he's got good old Bowker all stirred up. There's the bell! Now remember, Mr. Bradley in Japan. Count Ichijo royally invisible."

"MAKES no difference. We are coming in! Get out of the way!— Here he is, Bowker. Yes, we mean you! Where's our friend, Mr. Bradley, and what are you doing here, in his rooms?"

"Hoshi, hoshi, Oh mi moshi!"

"None of that. You speak English all right. Now if you know what's good for yourself, you'll own up and make a clean breast of it. Where is Bradley?"

"S-s-s-s-s-s—— Tee-ee-e-e-e-e-! Ho-ho! Whee!"

"Cut that out. Where's Bradley, I say?"

"S-s-s-s-s-s—— Tee-ee-ee-ee-e—!"

"We know all about you. You're a damned little adventurer. We've looked up your record with the Japanese Consul or in Ottawa. Thought that'd make you sit up and take notice a bit —— What's the matter with you, Taku? You look as if you're going to explode. I suppose this Count is a friend of yours, huh? Well, Mr. Count Ichijo, you may as well own up. What have you done with Mr. Bradley?

"Won't answer, huh? Well, let *me* loosen up a bit and tell you what we've found out about *you*. You're a *Count*, all right—in Japan. We don't deny that. But here in America, you're nothing but a servant — a butler — a valet, a handy man. We got that straight from the consul — Look out there, Bowker, that Jap is going to spring at you!"

"Taku! You go — Leave the room!"

"So you can speak English after all. *De*lighted to hear you! Suppose now you tell us what your little game is. You can't make us believe that Bradley has gone off, leaving you — a Japnnese butler—in his place — using his clothes and all his personal articles. I don't believe it. Go ahead, ring the bell. We know Browning, the manager of this place. We'll tell him a thing or two ourselves."

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Mr Browning, Send — up!"

"Good evening, Count. Want to see me? What can I do for you?"

"Inject — those cuttum fliend, Mr. Bradley!"

"Mr. Bradley's friends! Why, what's the trouble? I know these gentlemen well."

"Thank you, Browning. Bowker and I want to know what's become of Bradley. We don't like the looks of the thing."

"Mr. Bradley has gone to Japan."

"Without his clothes?"

"Seems so."

"It's incredible."

"I saw him the day he went, Mr. Young. He stepped in the office to wish me good-bye. Said he was starting off on a sudden impulse. Said while he was gone his rooms would be occupied by his friend, Count Ichijo."

"You are quite sure it was Bradley?"

"Oh, absolutely. I had a long chat with him. He had all sorts of nice things to say of his friend, the Count here."

"Well, if this is so, then all I — we've got to say, is we're blanked sorry we —er—that our—er suspicions against you seem unfounded. Good night."

XIII

JUST A —— BUTLER

"BUT a butler — a valet — a common servant, Kitty! Oh, it's quite impossible! I'm so sorry my poor little girl!"

"Mother, you know, and everyone else does, that many Japanese of the finest families go to work in America in the most menial capacities. And really, when it comes down to an analysis of the thing, what

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The STRANGE ADVENTURE *of the* NILE-GREEN ROADSTER

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrations by CHARLES L. WRENN

She faced around suddenly.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the final story of the series by Mr. Stringer. It will be remembered that, at the outset, the hero ran over and presumably killed a man while speeding in his automobile. This placed him in the power of his chauffeur and led to his estrangement from Mary Lockwood with whom he was in love. In the present instalment the tangled skeins are unraveled in an unexpected way.*

"I HOPE you slept well, sir," said Benson, as I sat down to my breakfast of iced Casaba and eggs O'Brien, a long month later.

"Like a top, thank you," I was able to announce to that anxious-eyed old retainer of mine.

"That sounds like old times, sir," ventured Benson, caressing his own knuckle-joints very much as though he were shaking hands with himself.

"It *feels* like old times," I briskly acknowledged. "And this morning, Benson, I'd like you to clear out my study and get that clutter of Shang and Ming bronzes off my writing-desk."

"Very good, sir."

"And order up a ream or two of that Wistaria Bond I used to use. For I feel like work again, Benson, and that's a feeling which I don't think we ought to neglect."

"Quite so, sir," acquiesced Benson, with an approving wag of the head which he made small effort to conceal.

It was the truth that I had spoken to Benson. The drought seemed to have ended. The old psychasthenic inertia had slipped away. Life, for some unaccountable reason or other, still again seemed wonderful to me, touched with some undefined promise of high adventure, crowned once more with the fugitive wine-glow of romance. Gramercy Square, from my front windows, looked like something that Maxfield Parrish might have drawn. A milk-wagon, just beyond the corner, made me suddenly think of Phaeton and his coursers of the stellar trails. I felt an itching to get back to my desk, to shake out the wings of creation. I wanted to write once more. It would never again be about those impossible Alaskan demigods of the earlier days, but about real men and women, about the people I had met and known and struggled into an understanding of. Life, I began to feel, was a game, a great game, a game well worth watching, doubly well worth trying to interpret.

So when I settled down that day I wrote feverishly and I wrote joyously. I wrote until my fingers were cramped and my head was empty. I surrendered to a blithe logorrhea that left me contentedly limp and lax and in need of an hour or two of open air.

So I sallied forth, humming as I went. It was a sparkling afternoon of earliest Spring and as I paced the quiet streets I turned pleasantly over in that half-torpid brain of mine certain ideas as to the value of dramatic surprise, together with a carefully-registered self-caution as to the author's over-use of the long arm of Coincidence.

Coincidences, I told myself, were things which popped up altogether too often on the printed page, and occurred altogether too seldom in actual life. It was a lazy man's way of reaching his end, that trick of riding the bumpers of Invention, of swinging and dangling from the over-wrenched arm-socket of Coincidence. It was good enough for the glib and delusive coggery of the moving-pictures, but——

AND then I stopped short. I stopped short, confronted by one of those calamitous street accidents only too common in any of our twentieth-century cities where speed and greed have come to weigh life so lightly.

I scarcely know which I noticed first, the spick-and-span clover-leaf roadster sparkling in its coat of Nile-green enamel, or the girl who seemed to step directly in its path as it went humming along the smooth and polished asphalt. But by one of those miraculously-rapid calculations of which the human mind is quite often capable I realized that this same softly-humming car was predestined to come more or less violently into contact with that frail and seemingly hesitating figure.

My first impulse was to turn away, to avoid a spectacle which instinct told me would be horrible. For still again I felt the beak of cowardice spearing my vitals. I had the odynephobiac's dread of blood. It unmanned me; it sickened my soul. And I would at least have covered my face with my hands, to blot out the scene, had I not suddenly remembered that other and strangely similar occasion when a car came into violent collision with a human body. And it had been my car. On that occasion, I only too well knew, I had proved unpardonably vacillating and craven. I had run away from the horror I should have faced like a man. And I had paid for my cowardice, paid for it at the incredibly extortionate price of my self-respect and my peace of mind.

So this time I compelled myself to face the music. I steeled myself to stand by, even as the moving car struck the hesitating body and threw it to the pavement. My heart jumped up into my throat, like a ball-vaive, and I shouted aloud, in mortal terror, for I could see where the skirted body trailed in under the running-gear of the Nile-green roadster, dragging along the pavement as the two white hands clung frantically to the green-painted spring-leaves. But I didn't run away. Instead of running away, in fact, I did exactly the opposite. I swung out to the side of the fallen girl, who stiffened in my arms as I picked her up. Then I spread my overcoat out along the curb, and placed the inert body on top of it, for in my first unreasoning panic I assumed that the woman was dead. I could see salvia streaked with blood drooling from her parted lips. It was horrible. And I had just made sure that she was still alive, that she was still breathing, when I became conscious of the fact that a second man, who had run along beside the car shaking his fist up at its driver, was standing close beside me. He was an elderly man, a venerable-looking man, a man with silvery hair and a meek and threadbare aspect. He was wringing his hands and moaning in his misery as he stared down at the girl stretched out on my overcoat.

"They've killed her!" he cried aloud. "O God, they've killed her!"

"Do you know this girl?" I demanded, as I did my best to loosen the throat of her shirt-waist.

"Yes— yes! She's my Babbie. She's my niece. She's all I have," was his reply. "But they've killed her! They've killed her!"

"Acting that way won't help things!" I told him, almost angrily. Then I looked up, still angrily, to see what had become of the Nile-green car. It had drawn in close beside the curb, not sixty feet away. I could see a woman stepping down from the driving-seat. All I noticed, at first, was that her face seemed very white, and that as she turned and moved towards us her left hand was pressed tight against her breast. It struck me, even in that moment of tension, as an indescribably dramatic gesture.

THEN the long arm of that goddess known as Coincidence swung up and smote me full in the face, as solidly as a blacksmith's hammer smites an anvil. For the woman I saw walking white-faced yet determined towards where I knelt at the curb-side was Mary Lockwood herself.

I stood up and faced her in the cruel clarity of the slanting afternoon sunlight. For only a moment, I noticed, her stricken eyes rested on the figure of the woman lying along the curb-edge. Then they rose to my face. In those eyes, as she stared at me, I could read the question, the awful question, which her lips left unmuttered. Yet it was not fear; it was not cowardice, that I saw written on that tragically colorless brow. It was more a dumb protest against injustice without bounds, a passionate and unarticulated pleading for some delivering sentence which she knew could not be given to her.

"No, she's not dead," I said in answer to that unspoken question. "She may not even be seriously hurt. But"——

I stared down at the tell-tale saliva streaked with blood. But the silvery-haired old man at my side put an end to any such efforts at prevarication.

"She's killed," he excitedly proclaimed.

"She's no such thing," I just as excitedly retorted.

"But you saw what they did to her?" he demanded, clutching at my shoulder. "You saw it. They ran her down, like a dog. They've ruined her; they've broken her body, for life!"

I could see Mary Lockwood's hand go out, as though in search for support. She was breathing almost as quickly, by this time, as the reviving girl on the curb-edge.

"Shut up," I curtly commanded the old man as he started in once more on his declamations, for the cus-

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tomary city crowd was already beginning to cluster about us. "It isn't talk we want now. We must get this girl where she can be taken care of."

It was then that Mary Lockwood spoke for the first time. Her voice was tremulous, but the gloved hand that hung at her side was no longer shaking.

"Couldn't I take her home?" she asked me. "To my home?" I was busy pushing back the crowd.

"No," I told her, "a hospital's best. I'll put her in your car there. Then you run her over to the Roosevelt. That's even better than waiting for an ambulance."

I stooped over the injured girl again and felt her pulse. It struck me as an amazingly strong and steady pulse for anyone in such a predicament. And her respiration, I noticed, was very close to normal. I examined each side of her face, and inspected her lips and even her tongue-tip, to see if some cut or abrasion there couldn't account for that disturbing streak of blood. But I could find neither cut nor bruise, and by this time the old man was again making himself heard.

"You'll take her to no pest-house," he was excitedly proclaiming. "She'll come home with me—what's left of her. She *must* come home with me!"

Mary Lockwood stared at him with her tragic and still slightly bewildered eyes.

"Very well," she quietly announced. "I'll take her home. I'll take you both home."

And at this the old man seemed immensely relieved.

"Where is it you want to go?" I rather impatiently demanded of him. For I'd decided to get them away from there, for Mary's sake, before the inevitable patrolman or reporter happened along.

"On the other side of Brooklyn," explained the bereft one, with a vague hand-wave towards the East. I had to push back the crowd again, before I was able to gather the limp form up from its asphalted resting-place.

"And what's your name?" I demanded as the old man came shuffling along beside us on our way to the waiting car.

"Crotty," he announced. "Zachary Crotty."

IT wasn't until I'd placed the injured girl in the softly-upholstered car-seat that that name of "Crotty," sent like a torpedo across the open spaces of distraction, exploded against the hull-plates of memory.

Crotty! The very name of Crotty took my thoughts suddenly winging back to yet another street-accident, an accident in which I myself had figured so actively and so unfortunately. For Crotty was the name of the man. I remembered, who had confirmed my *chauffeur* Latreille's verdict as to the victim of that never-to-be-forgotten Hallowe'en affair. Crotty was the individual who had brought word to Latreille that we had really killed a man. And Crotty was not a remarkably common name. And now, oddly enough, he was figuring in another accident of almost the same nature.

Something prompted me to reach in and feel the hand of the still comatose girl. That hand, I noticed, was warm to the touch. Then I turned and inspected the venerable-looking old man who was now weeping volubly into a large cotton handkerchief.

"You'll have to give us your street and number," I told him, as a mask to cover that continued inspection of mine.

He did so, between sobs. And as he did so I failed to detect any trace of actual tears on his face. What was more, I felt sure that the eye periodically concealed by the noisily-flourished handkerchief was a chronically roving eye, an unstable eye, an eye that seemed averse to meeting your own honestly inquiring glance.

That discovery, or perhaps I ought to say that suspicion, caused me to turn to Mary, who was already in her place in the driving-seat.

"Wouldn't it be better if I went with you?" I asked her, stung to the heart by the mute suffering which I could only too plainly see on her milk-white face.

"No," she told me as she motioned for the girl's uncle to climb into the car. "This is something I've got to do myself."

"And it's something that'll have to be paid for, and well paid for," declaimed our silvery-haired old friend as he stowed away his cotton handkerchief and took up his slightly triumphant position in that Nile-green roadster.

It was not so much this statement, I think, as the crushed and hopeless look in Mary Lockwood's eyes that prompted me to lean in across the car-door and meet the gaze of those eyes as they stared so unseeingly down at me.

"I wish you'd let me go with you," I begged, putting my pride in my pocket.

"What good would that do?" she demanded, with a touch of bitterness in her voice. Her foot, I could see, was already pressing down on the starter-knob.

"I might be able to help you," I rather inadequately ventured. Even as I spoke, however, I caught sight of the blue-clad figure of a patrolman pushing his way through the crowd along the curb. I imagine that Mary also caught sight of that figure, for a shadow passed across her face and the pulse of the engine increased to a drone.

"I can't wait," she said in a sort of guilty gasp. "This girl needs help. And she needs it quickly."

UNCONSCIOUSLY my eyes fell to the other girl sitting back so limply in the padded seat. She was, clearly, coming round again. But as she drifted past my line of vision with the movement of the car I made a trivial and yet a slightly perplexing discovery. I noticed that the relaxed hand posed so impassively along the door-top bore a distinct yellow stain between the tips of the first and second fingers. That yellow stain, I knew, was customarily brought about by the use of cigarettes. It was a mark peculiar to the habitual smoker. Yet the meek and drab-colored figure that I had lifted into that car-seat could scarcely be accepted as a consumer of "coffin-nails." It left a wrinkle which the iron of Reason found hard to eradicate.

It left me squinting after that departing roadster, in fact, with something more than perplexity nibbling at my heart. I was oppressed by a feeling of undefined conspiracies weaving themselves about the tragic-eyed girl in the Nile-green car. And a sudden ache to follow after that girl, to stand between her and certain activities which she could never comprehend, took possession of me.

Any such pursuit, however, was not as easy as it promised. For I first had to explain to that inquiring patrolman that the accident had been a trivial one, that I hadn't even bothered about taking the license-number of the car, and that I could be found at my home in Gramercy Square in case any further information might be deemed necessary. Then, once clear of the neighborhood, I hesitated between two possible courses. One was to get in touch with Mary's father over the phone, with John Lockwood. The other was to hurry down to Police Headquarters and talk things over with my good friend Lieutenant Belton. But either movement, I remembered, would have stood distasteful to Mary herself. It meant publicity, and publicity was the one thing to be avoided. So I solved the problem by taking an altogether different tack. I did what deep down in my heart I had been wanting to do all along. I hailed a passing taxi-cab, hopped in, and made straight for that hinterland district of Brooklyn where Crotty had described his home as standing.

I didn't drive directly to that home, but dismissed my driver at a nearby corner and approached the house on foot. There was no longer any Nile-green car in sight. And the house itself, I noticed, was a distinctly unattractive-looking one, a shabby one, even a sordid one. I stood in the shadow of the side-entrance to one of those gilt-lettered corner-saloons which loom like aromatic cases out of man's most dismal Saharas, studying that altogether repellent house-front. And as I stood there making careful note of the minutest characteristics a figure came briskly down its broken sandstone steps.

What made me catch my breath, however, was the fact that the figure was that of a man, and the man was Latreille, my *ex-chauffeur*. And still again, I remembered, the long arm of Coincidence was reaching out and plucking me by the sleeve.

But I didn't linger there to meditate over this abstraction, for I noticed that Latreille, sauntering along the opposite side of the street, had signalled to two other men leisurely approaching my caravansery from the nearby corner. One of these, I saw, was the old man known as Crotty. And it was obvious that within two minutes' time they would converge somewhere disagreeably close to the spot where I stood.

SO I backed discreetly and quietly in through the side-entrance of that many-odored beer-parlor. There I encountered an Hibernian bartender with an empty tray and an exceptionally evil eye. I detained him, however, with a fraternal hand on his sleeve.

"Sister," I hurriedly explained, "I've got a date with a rib here. Can you put me under cover?"

It was *patois*, I felt sure, which would reach his understanding. But it wasn't until he beheld the five-spot which I'd slipped up on his tray that the look of world-weary cynicism vanished from his face.

"Sure," he said as he promptly and impassively pocketed the bill. Then without a word or the blink of an eye he pushed in past a room crowded with round tables on iron pedestals, took the key out of a door opening in the rear wall, thrust it into my fingers, and off-handedly motioned me inside.

I stepped in through that door and closed and locked it. Then I inspected my quarters. They were eloquent enough of sordid and ugly adventure. They smelt of sour liquor and stale cigar smoke, with a vague overtone of orris and patchouli. On one side of the room was an imitation Turkish couch, on the other an untidy wash-stand and a charred-edged card-table. Half-way between these there was a "speak-easy," a small sliding wall-panel through which liquid refreshments might be served without any undue interruption to the privacy of those partaking of the same. This speak-easy, I noticed as I slid it back the merest trifle, opened on the "beer parlor," at the immediate rear of the bar-room itself, the "parlor" where the thirsty guest might sit at one of the little round tables and consume his "suds" or his fusel-oil whiskey at his leisure. And the whole place impressed me as the sort of a thing that still made civilization a mockery and suburban recreation a viper that crawled on its belly.

I was, in fact, still peering through my little speak-easy slit in the wall when I became conscious of the three figures that came sidling into that empty room with the little round tables. I could see them distinctly. There was the silvery-haired old Crotty; there was Latreille; and there was a rather unkempt and furtive-eyed individual who very promptly and unmistakably impressed me as a drug-addict. And repugnant as eavesdropping was

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"She's not dead," I said in answer to that unspoken question.

RAIDING *the* RHINELAND

An Article on the Bombing of Germany

By Lieut. J. VERNON McKENZIE

WITH the exception of hunger, probably no single factor more directly paved the way for the Peace Conference now in session than the Independent Air Force, which bombed the Huns night and day (weather permitting) for the final thirteen months of the war.

Lord Weir, Air Minister, is said to have told Premier Borden, some months before the final collapse, that the Rhine and Saar towns were "getting it" much more severely than the public knew, and that a situation akin to panic was gradually, but surely, arising.

The systematic bombing of military objectives in Germany began in October, 1917, and progressed with a renewed vigor from June, 1918, when General Trenchard took over command of these squadrons, later ten in number, which constituted the British Independent Air Force. A huge program was laid out in the summer of 1917, after correspondence between the allied powers, which, it is believed, called for three hundred squadrons, British, French, American and Italian, but all countries concerned fell far short of the mark.

Besides squadrons operating from the English Coast and Dunkirk, the British had the Independent Force, located south of Nancy, almost behind the American front. The I. F. had, when peace broke out, five day-bombing and five night-bombing squadrons. During the period from June 6 to November 10, 709 raids were made on large German towns. German aerodromes established for the defense of the Rhine, and other military objectives in Alsace and Germany; more than 616 tons of bombs were dropped in this period of five months.*

Reports from our Intelligence agents showed that the German towns so treated got colossal "wind up" when they found their own defenses unable to cope with the attacks. At the time of the St. Mihiel salient push, for example, one railroad siding was made so hot, that, according to a captured German letter, all troops which would normally have entrained there had to be marched to a siding twenty miles away.

Plans to Bomb Berlin

HAD the Armistice not been signed November 11, Monday, it will be remembered, a serious, and probably successful, attempt would have been made to raid Essen the following night, and to raid Berlin Friday or Saturday *of that very week.*

The distance from the Independent Force aerodromes to Berlin by air was 482 miles. This was too long a trip to be done by ordinary Handley-Pages, and the job was to have been done by Super-Handleys, and huge Vimy bombers, which, loaded with crew and bombs, could do 100 miles or more per hour, and the latter machine could remain in the air for ten and one-half hours.

Just how close the German capital came to being treated to a dose of its own medicine may be seen when it is learned that the first service Vimy bomber reached France about October 26, and the first week in November was landed in Independent Force territory. Pilots and an observer from 100 Squadron were selected for the work, one specially-qualified pilot being recalled from leave in England to undertake the stunt. The week of the Armistice had a moon nearing the full, and it was the fullness of this Hunters' Moon for which the selected crew was eagerly waiting.

"Bombing Berlin" had for at least two years been one of the most popular topics in R. A. F. messes. Lt.-Col. W. A. Bishop, V.C., etc., Canada's premier "ace," offered to make the attempt a year and a half ago, if he could select the machine he wanted.

"Do you think we could reach Berlin on our H-P., if we had an extra petrol tank built on the top wing?" a well-known observer in the I. F. asked his pilot one night last September.

"I guess so; let's try," was the response.

So they had the Flight-Sergeant put in a flat gravity-tank holding petrol for another hour. Then they worked out in detail the time necessary to attain height, and to go the distance, and found that, under ordinary circumstances, with an even break as to weather, they'd have about ten minutes' margin only!

Needless to say, the Wing C. O. refused to let them try. They started for Essen a couple of times in this machine, but weather conditions were not propitious. They were annoyed that they were not allowed to try for Berlin.

A raid on a much more pretentious scale, was being planned by a well-known Winnipegger, Lieut.-Col. Mulock, D.S.O., etc., who had a remarkable record with the Royal Naval Air Service, and was training a Wing (two or more squadrons) on the coast of Norfolk. His squadrons were being equipped with super-Handleys, and it was planned to send a huge fleet to visit the Rhine towns each propitious night. By night, Col. Mulock's men (including a large percentage of Canadian flyers) would strafe the Huns in Essen, Berlin, and North Rhine towns; by day—if they got back—they would get a well-earned sleep in a secure English bed. Lt.-Col. Mulock received his machines at the end of October, and, though all ranks work night and day, they were only completed November 8.

The Italians sent a squadron of Capronis into Bohemia, as soon as a virtual peace had been arranged with Austria, and if the Germans had turned down the Armistice terms it was planned to reinforce the Caproni squadron with British, French and American Wings. From the particular spot chosen in Bohemia, to Berlin it was just a nice little joy-ride of about 115 miles each way, and, making all allowances for time taken in attaining height, even the older type Handley-Page could do this easily in five hours. As an ordinary H.-P. can remain in the air about eight hours there was an ample margin.

Above: Handley-Page, twin-engined. Note window, also immense size of bus. Pilot and front observer sit in cock-pit located straight above fourth man from left. Below: Wonderful photo, showing three bombs, just released; the objective, in Austria, can be seen about three miles below.

The Sad Fate of B———

GERMAN night-flyers did practically nothing of importance to protect the Saar and Rhine towns; the chief casualties suffered by the British were due to weather conditions, anti-aircraft fire, and "conked" engines, which necessitated forced landings in Hun or Allied territory, under control or out of control, as the case might be.

One German aerodrome located at B———, got into a lot of trouble through "gratuitously" interfering with one of the British night-raiding squadrons. It happened in this way: an I. F. squadron was sent one night to raid Frankfort and Cologne, and their air route took them within a few miles of (though not directly over) B———. Some Hun machines from B——— took it upon themselves to intercept the British, and by an exceeding amount of good luck, together with a most unusual display of Hun daring, they brought down two of our chaps, and got clean away themselves—for a brief spell.

Decisive encounters at night were rare and, perhaps excusably, the Huns at B——— chronicled their achievement far and wide, and the identities of the squadrons engaged soon reached the ears of the British. At every R. A. F. mess, the news was discussed and indignation ran high. Something that amounted almost to a vendetta was declared. B——— was to pay dearly for the lives of the two British fliers.

Thereafter, B——— aerodrome was made a target for our chaps to practise on at every possible opportunity. There was a very special "hate" on. If a machine was assigned to a raid on Saarbrucken, Frankfort, or perhaps Cologne, and weather conditions prevented the reaching of the prescribed objective, then the bombs were dropped at B——— on the way back; if a pilot and observer felt specially vindictive some night, they would make a short detour on their way to the prescribed objective, and drop an "egg" or two on B———; if a crew wanted a little practice to keep its hand in, off it would tootle to B——— and unload; and all these trips would be *in addition* to regular strafes outlined for B——— by Headquarters! B——— had a pretty thin time of it for months.

Just before the Armistice one of the day-flying chaps dropped in for a visit, and said:

"I was flying over that 'drome we've been strafeing so much; how many hangars out of those thirty do you think are still in evidence?"

"How many?" several asked at once.

"EXACTLY THREE!"

The Machines Used for Bombing

PREVIOUS to the union in April, 1918, of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps under the name of the Royal Air Force, reprisal bombing at night was done almost entirely on a machine designated the "F. E." Fighting Experimental, the initials are supposed to stand for. This stout old 'bus was a pusher—that is, had the propeller behind—and the usual load was one 230-lb. bomb, two 112-lb. bombs, or a number of 16-and 20-pounders. This machine carried a pilot and observer, the latter stuck out in front, and armed with a Lewis gun mounted on a

**These are "short," or Canadian, tons. The figures are taken from a Government statement issued to the British press, and quite evidently there must have been more than 709 individual MACHINES crossing the lines to drop 616 tons. For, during part of the period covered, the "F.E." was used, and its normal load was about one-eighth of a ton.—J. V. M.

These "FEE" merchants (R.A.F. slang) were stout chaps, and used to do two or three short shows during a night. They carried on in all sorts of weather, and could stay in the air about six hours. One Canadian observer, Lt. George L. Z————, an Elmira, Ontario, banker, had an exciting experience in a machine of this type just a little more than a year ago.

It was about his second or third trip over the lines, and he and his pilot were coming back from a short "show" when a blinding snow-storm came up, and soon raged to such an extent that they lost all track of their location. They flew around for two or three hours, tossed like a chip in the gale, almost perishing with the cold, and the stinging flakes smiting their faces. There is, by the way, mighty little protection for the observer in an "F.E."—none at all, in fact, except his own clothing. Have you ever tobogganed in a swirling snow-storm, the sled going about 'umpteen miles per minute, and tried hard to get a breath? Well, it's like that, only ten times worse?

When they flew out of the storm they were amazed to find that they were over the open sea; no land was visible anywhere. Which direction should they head? Z——— finally picked up the lights of two ships which he had reason to believe were heading away from land. So he and his pilot flew in a direction opposite to that in which the vessels were heading, and soon discerned the lights of a port—what port, they knew not.

As the petrol was almost exhausted, they made a landing, quite safely, about a mile or so from this port town, and as the "F.E." bumped they wondered whether they were in French, Belgian, Dutch, or German territory. They agreed that most probably they had landed in Holland, so, following orders issued in case of a landing in a neutral or enemy territory, they set fire to their machine. As she blazed merrily away they trudged sadly toward the lights, prepared for many weary months or years of internment, and walked into—Havre!

The old Royal Naval Air Service had a couple of Handley-Page squadrons in use in 1917, and during the last few months of the war the night-bombing work was chiefly done by these leviathans of the air, although the "F. E. 2b" was used by one squadron right up to August, 1918. By August the night squadrons had Handley-Page's and the day chaps had Sopwith Camels, D. H. 9, D H. 9A., and D. H. 4 machines, the last-named being equipped with Rolls-Royce engines. "D. H." stands for De Haviland, the name of the British officer who designed them. The much-talked-of Liberty motor was used in the D. H. 9A. machines, 110 Squadron being equipped with these.

The day bombers usually suffered more severely than their night-flying confrères. One example: twelve machines set out on or about October 21, 1918, flying D. H. 9A.'s (Nine Akks), to raid Cologne; of the dozen, only two returned safely. Three others crashed somewhere on French soil, the other seven machines, each with its crew of two, were posted "failed to return."

The Huge Handley-Page

HOW huge even the old type Handley-Page was, probably few in Canada realize. It had a wing span of ninety-eight feet and from tip to tail was seventy-two. The early bombing types were equipped with two powerful engines, and a speed of sixty to eighty miles an hour could be attained. The four-engined Handleys were not built in time to see routine service in France.

The engines were placed one on each side of the fusellage, or body, and designated "port" and "starboard." The pilot and front observer were seated, side by side, almost in the very front of the machine, and the second observer, or rear gunner, was about twenty feet in the rear, having a comfortable and roomy cock-pit of his own. While in the air there was usually no communication between front and rear, unless a very crude arrangement such as a string on a pulley, which was installed in a few machines. The manufacturers made no provision for such communication. Entrance to both front and rear compartments was by climbing up a ladder and through a trap-door. Each H.-P. had at least two windows in the fusellage.

The pilot acted chiefly as chauffeur, and the front observer was navigation officer and bomb-dropper. There was a small cock-pit forward of the pilot's seat where the bomb-sight and bomb releases, as well as the forward Lewis gun, were installed. There was a trap-door connecting the compartment in which the pilot sat, with the cock-pit in the extreme tip of the machine. The usual way of ingress and egress was by this door, but it was a tight fit for me, and occasionally, in the night time, I climbed over the top to get there. I did it once in the day time—but, never again. It needs the blackness of night to hide where a slip would land one! The rear observer had two Lewis guns—one firing above, to the rear, and to each side; the other firing down through an opening in the fusellage.

The bomb sight was, of course, luminous, and could be adjusted to suit wind, height and speed. The direction of the wind made no difference, as bombing was done either up or down wind—usually the former.

Routes Carefully Charted

THE route was carefully charted out in advance, and a definite compass course set. This was done by means of a C. D. I.—Course and Distance Indicator—which made allowance for speed and direction of the wind, as well as the speed of the machine. A change in the speed and direction of the wind, after leaving the ground, was difficult to detect, but for this there was a "gadget" called the Drift Indicator. Its chief points were taken from a device found in the debris of the Cuffley Zeppelin. Properly used, it was an extraordinarily useful instrument.

Weather reports came in every few hours from an official known in the R. A. F. messes as "Meteor," and enabled the observers to work out their courses almost the last thing before going up. These reports gave the direction and speed of the wind, and also added a forecast, up to the early hours of the next morning.

On but very few nights during the month was the moon kind enough to disclose adequate guiding landmarks, and in order that the work might be carried on during all possible nights, a dozen or so light-houses were erected on the Independent Force front, each flashing a different letter at regular intervals. These proved invaluable as guides. In addition, the simple-minded Boche provided guides which were of immense value to the Allied night flyers.

Flying above the clouds—a wonderful, eerie and awesome sight. Photo taken from machine showing darkly at right.

The Mysterious German Onions

"Onions," greenish balls of light, were shot into the air in some mysterious way which we could never discover—at least, practically nothing was known of their nature up to the time of the Armistice. They would be in groups of two, three, or four light balls, and would always be sent up from the same place. Boche "Onions" could be seen for forty miles, or more, and they had the advantage over our light-houses that they could float up above the clouds and mists, and prove an almost infallible aid. So reliable did they prove that many of the Independent Force flyers charted their courses from an "Onion" group to the prescribed objective. Whether these light balls were inflammable was never discovered, though a veteran pilot claims that one touched and settled on the fabric of his machine without setting it on fire. He had made a detour in order to investigate these mysterious onions and actually bumped into one. He came back as much in the dark as ever. I never met this pilot, but I heard that he described the onion with which he collided as very light and not in any sense inflammable. He had concluded it was some kind of intensely luminous balloon. But as to how it was anchored, he had no idea whatever!

A novice night flyer came back to his squadron last summer with a breathless story of how he had "bombed a Hun 'Onion' battery, and put it out of business."

"I got a beautiful hit on that 'Onion' battery at 'L'," he boasted to the Recording Officer. "I don't think they'll send up any more 'Onions'."

"What the blazes did you do that for?" he was asked, and his smiles died quickly away as he saw the glares of those around him—coupled with disgust.

He got not praise for this, but was in for a severe strafe-ing, as he soon discovered. He had done nearly as much damage as if he had blown up one of our own light-houses! The onions were a real blessing to us on our night flights.

When the Huns were not flying at night "onions" were not usually sent up. It was easily possible to stand on a 'drome, ten miles from the line, and watch those queer balls. Capt. Paul Bewsher, poet, and a pioneer H.-P. pilot, regarded them as a wonderful sight, and has verified and rhapsodized about them. Certainly, to see these eerie objects floating so weirdly in the night skies gave those privileged to witness such sights extraordinary feelings.

The Useful Pop Bottle

A WAR crew usually was three. A full load of bombs would weigh just a little short of a Canadian ton. the bombs carried were: 112-lb., 230-lb., 550-lb., 1,650; and "BIB," or Baby Incendiary Bombs. A normal load would be 16 of the 112's; one 550 and eight 112's; or one 1,650-pounder. The "B.I.B." would be carried in the back, and with them the rear observer would endeavor to spread conflagrations.

Apart from this work, and the firing of his Lewis guns at searchlights or hostile aircraft, the rear observer had a pretty slow time. The loneliness, monotony, and persistent roar of the engines proved so hard on more than one observer's nerves that they have declared themselves, after several hours' flight, almost driven to jump out—to vary the monotony! One bright chap hit upon a way to liven things up, and claims to be the first man to put a Hun "Archie" battery to flight with a pop bottle. The "Archies" and the searchlight parties are usually located together, it may be stated.

One night this officer took up a bottle of pop to drink, and when he finished it naturally decided to chuck it overboard. Just by way of a lark he threw it out when over a Hun "Archie" battery, and as the bottle descended the wind rushed in at the mouth and caused weird and piercing shrieks. Experiments afterwards showed that sounds occurred exactly like those made by a falling bomb, and explained why that Hun battery dashed to their dug-out when they heard the shriek of the pop bottle. Of course, at night the crew could not actually be seen making for shelter, but from the action of the searchlight everything could be pretty well deduced. The finger of light would be searching the heavens for the British machine, and now and again might catch it in its rays. Suddenly, the light could be seen wavering uncertainly and wobbling within a more limited focus; then it would come to rest, and point

straight up into the skies. It was easy to imagine the Hun crew dashing for safety with such speed that they didn't stop long enough to turn off the light.

Putting Hun batteries to rout with pop bottles after that proved a popular amusement.

TOWARD the end of the war bombs and bomb-racks were improved so that there were very few "duds." But even as late as the spring of 1918 it was reported that two Wings in Northern France dropped nothing but "dud" bombs for forty-eight hours, owing to faulty manufacture.

Almost every bombing squadron has some tale to tell about a pilot who came back with a circumstantial story of exactly where his bombs landed and what damage they did, only to be dumbfounded, after finishing his story, to have some practical-minded comrade point out that all his bombs were still on the rack under his machine. It was a sad fact that the bomb release gear sometimes did fail to work.

Electrically-heated clothing was in pretty general use, and there was little need to suffer from cold. Pilots and observers flying at night always wore an immense amount of clothing in addition, preferring this to the electricity. The layers would run something like this: one or two suits of thick woolen underwear and socks (with silk next to the skin); fleece-lined flying boots, reaching to the hip; several shirts and a chamois vest or two; cardigan jacket; heavy breeches and tunic; two or three mufflers; wristlets; silk gloves; fur-lined leather gauntlets; fur-lined helmet; and the whole from ankle to neck covered with a Sidcot suit (built like a suit of combinations). This suit practically superseded the better-known leather flying coat, in which non-flying members of the R. A. F. were so prone to swank about.

Occasionally, the Hun came over and bombed the British night 'dromes, so that flying from that particular spot might be interrupted for days or weeks. A long distance gun bombardment caused one night-flying squadron to move about a year ago, because the landing ground was so ploughed up that to take off was well-nigh an impossibility. In case a "flock" of night-birds went away on a show, and the landing ground was wrecked during their absence, certain signal lights were shown, and a pre-arranged alternative landing ground would then be used.

How Landings Were Made

BOTH the British and the Hun employed dummy landing grounds, the Hun going to greater extremes in this respect than we did. The Boche always was a great chap to "play it safe." The distinguishing mark of a landing ground at night is a huge "L," composed of electric lights or hurricane lamps. The up-and-down part of the "L" was usually 100 yards to 150 yards, while the bottom of the "L" would be 50 yards. A machine would land from the top of the letter to the bottom, and knowing the exact distance would be able to make proper allowances. The Huns sometimes would place old machines in a too-conspicuous light on their dummy aerodromes, and hope that we would bomb this ground. But the British flyers were seldom fooled after, perhaps, the first time, and reports regularly came back each night to the I. F. Headquarters, showing what activity existed at certain Hun stations, specifying both real *and* dummy 'dromes.

Every afternoon, usually between three and four o'clock, orders would come from the Wing, specifying what places were to be bombed during the night. The places which received most attention were hostile aerodrames; railway junctions near the front line; and the larger towns along the Saar river and the middle Rhine. The Independent Force bombed, Baalon, Baden, the Black Forest, Bonn, Cologne, Coblenz, Darmsdatt, Duren, Dillingen, Frankfurt, Forbach, Hagendingen, Heidelberg, Hagenau, Kaiserslautern, Karthaus, Karlsruhe, Ludwigshafen, Landau, Mainz, Mannheim, Lahr, Lumes, Luxemburg, Oberndorf, Offenburg, Pforzheim, Pirmaisens, Rastatt, Rombas, Rottweil, Sallingen, Saahburg, Saarbrucken, Stuttgart, Treves, Weisbaden, Worms, Voelkingen, Wadgassen, Zweibrucken, and other miscellaneous targets.

What Happened to Kaiserlautern

EACH Handley-Page was assigned to a definite objective, though alternative objectives were named in case the one named was not reached, owing to changing winds, mist, engine trouble, or some other cause. The shorter trips, and those between the I.F. and Mannheim, for example, naturally became the best known, and the result was that when a pilot and observer decided, for one reason or another, that the longer trip prescribed could not be made, the alternative town near by suffered intensely as a consequence. Kaiserlautern, a favorite objective almost directly on the routes to Mannheim and Frankfort, was an easy place to locate, even on "dud" nights, and here is one actual occurrence which showed how the sleep of the Kaiserlauternites was wrecked.

One night I was "flare officer"—that is, I had to see the machines away, and receive their reports when they returned—and I sat in the orderly room, with the squadron recording officer, awaiting the hum overhead which would denote that our first machine was back. We had five "aloft" that night. Soon the first one home landed safely, and the observer came in to report on his trip "to Cologne."

"Well, did you get the cathedral, or the big bridge?" we asked him.

"Neither; a mist came up, so we dropped our 'eggs' at Kaiserlautern. Good results, too."

Then came the next crew, who had headed for Mannheim.

"Where did you drop yours?" was the query.

"Oh, it wasn't a good night to go to Mannheim; we went to Kaiserlautern."

The third and fourth came back—with the same story. Finally, in came the fifth man.

"Did you too, by any chance go to Kaiserlautern?" I asked.

"Yes and say, there was something queer about it," said the observer. "They seemed to be expecting me. Long before I got near the place I could see the searchlights flickering all over the map. They spotted me right off and maybe the Archies didn't get busy! I ran into a regular hornet's nest."

"Drop any eggs?"

"The whole outfit. I wasn't going to be scared off that way," replied the observer.

Truly, there must have been a hot time in the old town of Kaiserlautern that night. Why everyone picked on the place I don't know; perhaps they didn't like its name.

Continued on page 73

The City of Lost Laughter

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

"The people here (Courtrai) have suffered too much to have any complete reaction, yet some of them called out 'Good Morning!' and all their men doffed their hats to us, but with gravity and a kind of dullness like people who had long been stunned by misery."
—Philip Gibbs.

Roubaix sang and Lille rang in our triumphal way,
At Tourcoing the dying year sat up with eyes of May,
We entered Bruges to storms of joy with banners streaming gay—
But the City of Lost Laughter was the remnant of Courtrai!

Oh, four years of war tears had dried the wells of woe,
The townsfolk had no cistern left to bubble up and flow
In rainbow showers of happiness; they let us come and go
As voiceless as their belfries, struck to silence long ago.

From each dug-out they flocked about with leaden, hungry eyes,
Young children grown too old for joy at freedom's strange surprise,
The aged that could not straighten to behold the tranquil skies,
And wondered at the stranger in the Liberator's guise.

Deliverance disturbed their trance of misery no more.
Dumb sheep of slaughter, piteous beneath the axe of war!
We trod their ways where autumn leaves lay red as trails of gore
And listened to the echo of the dying cannon's roar.

The fiendish guns of fleeing Huns still swept the streets with fire,
And shards of Death flew thick as rooks about St. Martin's spire;
Joy could not make her matins heard against that warring choir—
The mart was a necropolis, each curb a smoking pyre.

I paused beside the teeming tide that cleaves the town in twain,
Where yesterday we British closed the Hohenzollerns' reign,
And wept for citizens too crushed to feel or joy or pain
Who dully told me nightmare-tales and went their ways again.

"The Prussian dread is gone," they said, "but to return, forsooth!
Old men and infants cannot fight. They've taken all our youth."
For peace was only one day old, nay, hardly that in truth,
And a thousand and five hundred days had steeped Courtrai in ruth!

The seven first who braved the worst and ranged the prison town
Were clutched by frantic hands, like straws snatched at by men who drown;
They took the pent-up welcome for the hosts in khaki-brown
'Ere hope sank back to sullenness and doubt that would not down.

Oh, towns bloomed and towers boomed on our triumphal way,
And all along the dying year looked up with eyes of May—
The khaki-coats had banished all the hordes in leprous gray,
But a City of Lost Laughter was the phantom of Courtrai!

The THREE SAPPHIRES

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrated by ARTHUR HEMING

Concluding Instalment

CHAPTER XX—*Continued*

THEY moved forward, Finnerty feeling the path with the bamboo rod. He hugged the wall on his right, knowing that the passage, skirting the hill edge, must lead to beneath the palace. Suddenly, shoulder high, the gloom was broken by a square opening, and through it Finnerty saw the handle of the Dipper in its sweep toward the horizon. Beneath this port was a ledge to support a machine gun, as the major surmised. Every twenty feet were openings of different shapes; some narrow, vertical slits for rifle fire. Once Finnerty's rod touched a pillar in the centre of the passage. His fingers read grotesque figures carved upon its sides, and he knew they were in one of the old Hindu rajah's semi-sacred excavated chambers. Twice, on his right, his hand slipped into space as he felt his way—open doorways from which dipped stone steps to lower exits.

Suddenly his bamboo rod came dead against an obstructing wall in front. Set in this was a flat steel door, with a keyhole which admitted one of the other keys. Finnerty closed the door, not locking it, but when he had taken two steps he caught a clicking sound behind. Turning in apprehension, he pushed upon the door, but it refused to give. He inserted the key; the bolt was where he had left it, shot back, but the door was immovable. A shiver twitched his scalp. Had he himself touched something that automatically locked the door, or had its swing carried a warning to some one who had electrically shot the bolts. The door itself was massive enough to hold any sort of mechanism; it was like the bulkhead of a battleship.

Twice Finnerty found a closed door in the wall on his right; no doubt within, the chamber beyond were cannon that commanded some road of approach to the hill. Next his hand swept across a four-foot space, and against the farther wall of this stood open a heavy teakwood door; from the passage beyond drifted a nauseating, carrion smell, such as hovers over a tiger's cage.

Twenty yards beyond, Swinton touched the major's shoulders and whispered: "I heard something behind; I feel that we are being followed."

The major shivered; not through personal fear, but if they were trapped, if they failed, what bloodshed and foolish revolt would follow. To turn back and search was useless; they must keep on. They must be close to the many chambers beneath the palace where the ammunition and guns, no doubt, were kept. It was ominous, this utter absence of everything but darkness.

WITH a gasping breath, Finnerty stood still. A slipping noise in front had caught his ear, but now, in their own silence, they both heard the slip of velvet feet on the stone floor behind, and in their nostrils struck full the carrion smell.

"Tiger!" Finnerty whispered, and the pulled-back hammers of his gun clicked alarming loud on the death air.

Swinton, too, cocked his rifle, and whispered: "Push on; I'll guard the rear!"

In ten paces Finnerty's gun barrel clicked against iron; it was a door. They were trapped. Behind, the thing crept closer.

"Light a candle and hold it above my head; I must settle that brute," he said, in his mind also a thought that perhaps the light would frighten away the animal that trailed them.

As Swinton struck a match it broke, its flickering fall glinting green two devilish eyes in the head of a tiger that was setting himself for a spring, ten feet away. The roar of Finnerty's 10-bore, the two shocks almost in one, nearly burst their eardrums, and Swinton, having slung his rifle, stood keyed to rigidity by the call for steady nerve. There was no rushing charge. A smothered cough from the tiger told that blood choked his lungs.

A man's voice came from the darkness almost at their elbow, saying: "Sahib, I am Darna Singh—a friend!"

"Come here!" Finnerty answered. "But no treachery!" For he feared it might be an impostor.

Darna Singh drew close, whispering: "The tiger is dead, so do not make a light. How did the sahib get here—has he keys for the door?"

Finnerty told how the princess had sent him Darna's ring of keys.

Darna Singh explained: "I was cast in here by Ananda to be killed by the tiger who has been let down from his cage. Perhaps they do not know that you are here."

"Have they heard the gun?" the major asked.

"The doors are very heavy, and through the rock they would not have heard. If they have, the key will not open the door if they wish."

Then Darna Singh told what lay beyond the door. The magazine was all prepared for blowing up should Ananda's plan fail, and there be danger of discovery of his imported guns. Wires ran from the magazines to a room in the palace, where a switch could bury everything in a second. The passages were lighted by electricity, and the dynamo might have gone wrong, causing the darkness, or it might be an entrapping scheme. There would not be more than one or two German guards at the magazine, where the guns were, and if the sahibs could fall upon these in the dark, Darna Singh could win over the native guards, for they did not love Ananda.

THE door opened to a key, showing beyond no glint of light. They passed through; this time Finnerty, finding a fragment of rock, fixed it so that the door could not be closed behind them. Hope suggested that the shot had not been heard, for no storm of attack broke upon them.

After a time Darna Singh checked, and, putting his lips close to Finnerty's ear, whispered: "We are close to the gun and ammunition room. I will go a little in advance and speak in Hindustani to the sentry; he will think it one of their natives, and as we talk you must overpower him."

Keeping within striking distance, Finnerty and Swinton followed. As they crept forward, with blinding suddenness an electric glare smote their eyes, and from beneath the reflected light a machine gune stuck forth its ugly nose. Behind a steel shield a German-flavored voice commanded: "Drop your guns!"

Both men hesitated. To surrender was almost worse than death.

"Obey, or get shot!" the ugly voice called.

"We'll put them down, major," Swinton said; "dead men are no help to the Government."

As they laid down their guns two Prussians slipped into the light and picked them up. From behind the steel shield two others appeared, and following them loomed the gorilla form of Doctor Boelke, his face wreathed in a leer of triumph.

At a command in German, one of the men swung open an iron-barred door, disclosing, as he touched a button, a cell ten feet square. Boelke turned to Finnerty: "Major, you haf intruded without der ceremony of an invitation; I now invite you to make yourself at home in der guest chamber."

"Your humor, like yourself, is coarse," Finnerty retorted.

"You vill enter der door, or———" Boelke waved a hand, the bayonets were advanced to within striking distance, while the machine gun clicked ominously.

FINNERTY realized that to resist was suicide; no doubt Boelke would prefer to have an excuse for killing them—there was absolute murder in the bleary animal eyes.

Swinton said in an even, hard voice: "The British Government will have you shot as a German spy."

"Perhaps *Captain Herbert* vill be shot as an English spy to-morrow; and now"—Boelke raised his arm—"ven I drop my hand you vill be shot for resisting arrest."

"We won't give the hound an excuse for murder," Finnerty said, leading the way through the door. A German followed them in, and ran his hands over their bodies for revolvers; finding Finnerty's hunting knife, he took it away. The door was locked, and a guard placed in front of it.

It was only now that the two noticed that Darna Singh had disappeared; nobody seemed to have seen him; he had simply vanished. Probably the guard, even if they saw him, took him to be one of their own natives—not associated with the sahibs who had dropped into their hands.

"Colleen, I love you. Nothing in the world is going to take you from me—nothing."

CHAPTER XXI

CAPTAIN FOLEY sat in Doctor Boelke's big chair in the doctor's bungalow, seeing a lovely vision in the smoke which curled upward from his cheroot; he saw himself the possessor of two race horses he would buy when he went back to Europe—perhaps it would have to be in Germany—with the money Boelke had gone to the palace for. The crafty captain had demanded "money down"—the two thousand pounds he was to have for delivering the stolen paper, and that, too, before he showed the paper. To guard against force, he had allowed Marie to keep the document, but Marie should have been in the bungalow; however, she could not be far—she would be in shortly.

From where he sat at Boelke's flat desk, Foley looked upon a wall of the room that was paneled in richly carved teakwood, and from a brass rod hung heavy silk curtains. On the panel that immediately fronted his eyes was Ganesha, a pot-bellied, elephant-headed god; a droll figure that caught the captain's fancy, especially when it reeled groggily to one side to uncover an opening through which a dark, brilliant eye peered at him. The captain's face held placid under this mystic scrutiny, but his right hand gently pulled a drawer of the desk open, disclosing a Mauser pistol.

When the whole panel commenced to slide silently, he lifted the pistol so that its muzzle rested on the desk. Through the opening created in the wall a handsome native stepped into the room, salaamed, and, turning, closed the aperture, then he said: "I am Nawab Darna Singh, the brother of Rajah Ananda's princess. May I close the door, sahib?"

Foley lifted the Mauser into view, drawling: "If you wish; I have a key here to open it, if necessary."

Darna Singh closed a door that led from the front hall to the room, and, coming back to stand just across the desk from Foley, said: "The major sahib and the captain sahib are prisoners of Doctor Boelke; they are below in a cell—they will be killed."

In answer to a question, Darna Singh related how the two men had been captured and how he, not observed, had slipped away, and, knowing all the passages, had made his way to the stone steps that led from the tunnels to Doctor Boelke's bungalow.

Foley in his cold, unimpassioned voice asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Save them."

The captain's eyes narrowed. "They are not friends of mine; they searched me to-day, and if I play this silly game I chuck in the sea two thousand quid. It's a damn tall order."

DARNA SINGH'S voice throbbed with passionate feeling: "I am a rajput, sahib, and we look upon the sahibs as white rajputs. We may hate our conquerors, but we do not despise them as cowards. I never knew a sahib to leave a sahib to die; I never knew a rajput to leave a brother rajput to die."

Foley puffed at his cigar, and behind his set face went on the conflict the rajut's appeal to his manhood had stirred. Darna Singh spoke again: "The sahib will not live to be branded a coward, for his eyes show he has courage. And we must hurry or it will be too late, for these two sahibs have risked their lives to save the British raj against Prince Ananda's, who is a traitor to the sahib's king; he is a traitor to his wife, the princess, for to-morrow he will force into the palace the white mem-sahib who is here with Doctor Boelke.

"By gad!" At last the cold gambler blood had warmed. His daughter Marie, eh? That was different! And to funk it—let two Englishmen die! One an Irishman, even! No doubt it was true, he reasoned, for that was why Darna Singh was in revolt against the prince.

"What chance have we got?" Foley asked.

"There will be a guard at the cage."

"A German?"

"Yes, sahib."

"They have seen me with Doctor Boelke; perhaps we can turn the trick. But," and his hard gray eyes rested on Darna Singh's face, "If, when we go down there is no chance, I won't play the giddy goat; I'll come back." He handed Boelke's Mauser to the rajput, saying: "I have a pistol in my belt."

Darna Singh slid the panel, and they passed from the room to a landing and down a dozen stone steps to a dim-lighted passage. Here the rajput whispered: "I can take the sahib by a dark way to where he can see the cage in which the two sahibs will be."

"Hurry!" Foley answered, for he was thinking ruefully of his money.

THE underground place was a cross-hatch of many tunnels, and Darna Singh led the way through a circuitous maze till they came to a bright-lighted cross passage, and, peeping around a corner, Foley saw, fifty feet away, a solitary German leaning against the wall, a rifle resting at his side. Raising his voice in the utterance of Hindustani words, Foley rounded the corner at a steady pace, followed by Darna Singh. The sentry grasped his rifle, and, standing erect, challenged. In German Foley answered, "We come from the Herr Doctor."

The sentry, having seen Foley with Doctor Boelke, was unsuspicious, and, grounding his rifle tight against his hip, he clicked his heels together at attention.

"The two prisoners are wanted above for examination," Foley said. "You are to bind their arms behind their back and accompany us."

"The one sahib is a giant," the other answered, when this order, percolating slowly through his heavy brain, had found no objection.

"Give me the gun; I will cover him while you bind his arms."

The sentry unlocked the door, took a rope in his hand, and, saying to Foley, "Keep close, *mein Herr*," entered the cell.

Finnerty and Swinton watched this performance, in the major's mind bitter anger at the thought that an Irishman could be such a damnable traitor.

"Will the *Herr Kapitän* give orders in English to these *schweinehunds* that if they do not obey they will be killed?"

Foley complied. What he said was: "Major, put your hands behind your back; then when this chap comes close throttle him so quick he can't speak."

A hot wave of blood surged in a revulsion of feeling through Finnerty's heart, and he crossed his hands behind his back, half turning as if to invite the bondage. When the German stepped close a hand shot up, and, closing on his windpipe, pinned him flat against the wall, lifted to his toes, his tongue hanging out from between parted lips.

"Bind and gag him, Swinton," Foley suggested.

In a minute the sentry was trussed, a handkerchief wedged in his mouth, and he was deposited in a corner. Outside, Foley turned off the cell light, locked the door, and, handing the guard's gun to Swinton, led the way back to the dark passage.

On the landing above the stone steps, Darna Singh silently moved the carved Ganesha and peered through the hole. Then whispering, "The room is empty," unlocked and slid open the panel, locking it behind them as they entered Boelke's room.

THE bungalow was silent. There was no sound of servants moving about, no doubt they were over at the palace, waiting for the thing that was in the air.

Out of the fullness of his heart, Foley spoke in low tones: "Gentlemen, the doctor will be here shortly with money for me, and your presence might irritate him."

"I'll never forget what you've done for us, Foley," Finnerty said.

"Neither will I if you do me out of two thousand quid by blathering here," Foley drawled.

Swinton put his hand on Foley's arm. "Forgive me for what I said on the trail, and I give you my word that what you've done for us will be brought to the sircar's notice; but we've got to capture Boelke. We've got to nip this revolt; you know there's one on."

"Look here, Herbert," Foley drawled, "I don't mind risking my life to help out a couple of sahibs—a fellow's got to do that—but I'm damned if I'm going to chuck away a kit bag full of rupee notes."

"I've got nothing to do with the money; that's a matter you must settle with Boelke," Swinton said in dry diplomacy; "but if you and the major will hide behind that heavy curtain and capture this enemy to the British raj, I can promise you an unmolested return to England. There's another thing"—his words were hesitatingly apologetic—"we are now your heavy debtors and can't make demands on you for that paper, but if it gets into Prince Ananda's hands it will make his revolt possible. He will show it to the chiefs who meet him to-night."

"And with that I have nothing to do. I'll deliver the paper to Boelke and take my money; what you do to the Herr Doctor after that is no concern of mine."

With a smile, Swinton held out his hand, saying "Darna Singh and I are going to blow up the magazine, but I'll just say, thank you, for fear I get pipped."

CHAPTER XXII.

FOLEY and Major Finnerty took up their positions in a corner behind a heavy curtain, Foley making two slits in it with a pocketknife. They were clear of the door leading below, and even if Boelke came that way he would not detect their presence.

In five minutes Marie entered the room, and stood looking about as if she had expected to see some one. She wore a riding habit, and through the curtain slit Finnerty could see that her face was drawn and white, her eyes heavy in utter weariness.

Almost immediately a heavy tread sounded in the hall, followed by the thrust of Boelke's ugly form through the door. He glared about the room, and, crashing into his chair, asked gruffly: "Vhere is your fadder?"

"I don't know," the girl answered wearily.

"You don't know! Vell, vhere is der paper?"

"You must get it from my father."

"I don't like dot; some one is a liar!"

The girl's silence at this brutality but increased Boelke's ugliness. "Your fadder don't trust me. Being a thief himself, und a traitor, he pays me der same compliment—he refuse to deliver der paper till der money is paid. Here is der rupees, und I vant der paper." His heavy knuckles beat upon the table.

"You must wait, then, till he comes."

"He toldt me you had der paper still—for fear he might be robbed. I suppose. Vhere is it?"

"It is hidden."

"Get it; der rajah vaits."

The girl sat with no movement of response. Finnerty could see her face draw into a cast of resolve. Both he and Foley felt that it would be better to wait for the girl to leave the room before they rushed upon Boelke; there might be shooting.

The doctor's rage increased. "If your fadder is traitor to me—if der paper is not produced in five minutes, I will send out word that he be shot on sight, und between you two ve vill find der paper." Boelke sat back in his chair with a snorting growl.

"Listen to me, Herr Boelke," the girl said in a voice clean cutting as a steel tool that rips iron. "My father is acting loyal to you, though he is a traitor to his own government. He stole that paper because he faced what he called dishonor over gambling debts, and I was blamed for taking it. I was the one who faced dishonor, and, through me, Lord Gilfain. I escaped and made my way to India under false names, not to help, as you thought, but to recover that paper and give it back to the government or destroy it."

"Haf you destroyed it?"

"You will never get it, Herr Boelke. I have to tell you this—that you may know my father did not act the traitor to you."

"Ha, ha! You are as mad as your fadder. If der paper is not here in five minutes do you know vat vill happen you?"

"I am not afraid; I took all these risks when I came here to clear my name."

"Here is der money—my time is short."

TWICE Foley had laid a hand on Finnerty's arm in restraint.

"Never! I swear it. I am not afraid."

"No; like your fadder you haf not fear or sense. But vait. You do not fear for your own life—I know dot—but vill you trade dot paper for der life of der man you love—Major Finnerty?" The listeners heard a gasp. "I mean dot, He und der udder fool, Svinton, is below in a cell—caught dere as spies—und to-morrow dey vill be shot as spies. Dey took care dot nobody see dem go in, und I vill take care dot nobody see dem come out." *Cont'd on page 78.*

The doctor's rage increased. "If your fadder is traitor to me——"

FITTING IN *the* RETURNED MAN

By GEORGE PEARSON

Author of "Englander Schwein," "The Soul of the Assault," "The Fires of Annihilation," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Mr. Pearson is one of the best known of Canadian soldier-authors and is also an officer of the Great War Veterans' Association. He is, therefore, in a position to interpret accurately the viewpoint of the returned soldier, his needs and his demands. In an early issue he will deal with the forces behind and the objects of the G.W.V.A.*

Canadian troops landing at Halifax on their way home from service overseas

WHEN peace was declared, each of us took it differently. A mother exclaimed: "Oh, now my boy won't have to go," and wiped away a tear. A young girl exclaimed regretfully: "Oh, goodness! Now he won't be able to use those socks I sent him," and frowned moodily until her mother reminded her that we had also worn socks before the war.

Myself, I felt something snap. It was that something like a steel spring which had pressed on my brain all these years of war; as it has on those of millions of other men and women and children. A strange exaltation began to take possession of me. It went to my head like old wine. I found myself almost shouting: "Why, I feel a thousand years younger: I can enjoy life again." And with that thought relief swept over me: I talked rapidly; I gesticulated. At last, my mind was free.

My thought flew back to other days and other men—the dead men who had made this great day possible. It leapt back over the sadness of the years behind us to my comrades of the regiment, the Princess Patricias, and of how they had died, and my thought included my comrades of all other regiments of all the other armies of our Allies so that I visualized the great host of the soldier-dead. And it leapt forward to the years to come so that these two thoughts became inextricably interwoven, that one of the dead men with this thought of the years to be.

And gradually my joy in peace died and was replaced by a quiet and serious satisfaction, freighted with a sense of terrible responsibility.

For I saw that when peace was signed, the new war had automatically declared itself.

IN approaching the problem of the returned soldier it is necessary first to acquire an understanding of the veteran. He is not normal. And in tracing the reasons for his abnormality, the threads lead back to the training camp, the trenches, the hospital. War has made a different man of him, physically and mentally. Let me quote from my own experience.

When I first awoke in hospital, it was to the dull apathy of numbed horror, unable to reason, afraid to if I could, for fear of what I should discover in my own mind. And all about me were other men, thinking these same thoughts, or fearing to do so, staring at one another with that dull look of ineffable sorrow common to soldiers who have just come out of their "bad time." The haunting horrors of those days I shall never forget! Yet they were sweetly mingled with so many precious things which we had never thought to see again, the lovely laughter of little children, the undisturbed song of birds, flowers bursting into bloom, and all other things of peace and that old forgotten world which we had thought had surely died.

And then the nostalgia of bitter longing for our own folk that swept over us, for the dear irregularities of our own speech, the faces of those we knew, the sounds of their voices, the sights, the smells of home.

"These alien people about us; they do not understand our thoughts but those at home will. And then we will be happy!" So we thought.

Lack of Understanding at Home

And then, when we get home at last. We don our "civvies" and never shall I forget how I looked forward to that great occasion. There was only one other event in my life comparable to it, and that was in those palpitating days of the long-ago that preceded my discarding of skirts for my first pair of pants.

When I first put on civilian clothes again, I felt myself to be the cynosure of all eyes. It was much more strange and embarrassing than the first wearing of a uniform had ever been. I had longed so desperately to get into "civvies," out of that uniform and away from the sight of it and all other uniforms and all other things that might remind me of the army or the war. For I was sick to the soul of the sight of a uniform.

To forget: That was the thing. To forget that there was a war or that I had ever been in it or in the army. But I could not. The thing rode my shoulder like a nightmare, giving me no rest. I could think of no other thing. And the silly questions of the people! It was disappointing. These did not understand either. It was just the universal gulf existing between the soldier and the civilian mind. Like all my kind, I took refuge in silence, so that again I heard "How is it that none of you fellows who come back will ever tell anything about what happened to you over there?"

When we told them they doubted us, or read the wrong meaning into the facts of our recital. They were a bloody-minded lot, always curious about that horrible side of it which we sought so desperately to forget. There was that one stock question: "Did you actually stick a bayonet into a German?" and "What did it feel like?"

One man said to me. "I don't believe this war is half so bad as you fellows make out or else those of you I have seen didn't have any tough times. Anyhow, I never hear you say anything about it."

These ghouls would never dare to ask me for the painful details of a horrible death in a sick-room, or the suffering of loved ones. War is both those things on a monumental scale, with trimmings of filth and sordidness unknown in quieter deaths. Women, for the most part, seemed to understand. They looked at one with sombre eyes and asked no questions. And when they spoke it was of the suffering. Perhaps it is their quicker sympathy, greater powers of imagination? I do not know. But so it was. But the men; they spoke of charges and the glory of them and asked for details.

For a long time I eschewed the companionship of my kind, seeking solace in forgetfulness. But that was bad; so then I plunged into a premeditated gayety, holding my nose and taking that like the medicine of the doctor. And gradually, I began to get a grip on things and on myself. I began to enjoy myself and life, laughed without forcing, took interest in the small things of life. But always in the back of my mind that knowledge which made my nights a hell of horrid dreams of blood and war and weariness, forced on me the thought that in all this talk of slackers I was the biggest slacker of them all; for I knew how bad a time my comrades over there were having; I had not the excuse of these others, of ignorance; I knew. And I could never rid myself of the feeling that even though I was physically unable to go, yet I should go. And that same feeling did operate to send back to the ranks many a man who had been discharged for wounds. For these thoughts and experiences of mine are those of all soldiers who have had a bad shaking-up. I have talked to hundreds on the subject and all accounts agree.

THE first year was the worst. It took all my powers of concentration, all my will-power, to keep me at my tasks. It was not that I wanted to do anything else—I did not know what I wanted to do—but I did not want to do what I was doing. And even now, as I write this, I find that I must drive myself to an extent that was wholly unnecessary before the war, even when I was on an uncongenial task. And I love this one; it is my supreme interest in life.

It is that terrible restlessness which possesses us like an evil spirit, the indefinite expression of a vague discontent, the restlessness of dying men, little children and old soldiers, and which I fear expresses itself in many inconsistencies.

The Wounds of the Soul

The returned soldier is not a statistic: he is a man, sometimes crippled by war in a way that all may see, sometimes invisibly crippled, perhaps even in the head, but always with a new slant on life that is hidden to others and probably to himself. The passionate protest we feel when we contemplate wrong conditions in our own country is sometimes nullified by a certain illogical quality of viewpoint, forced on us by the abnormality of the life we have led. We are the victims of a set of evil experiences which have done us no good except to force on us, through no merit of our own, the broader vision that the raw depths of horror bring to men. And that is not the broader vision of the traveler in new countries, unless the countries are of the mind. It is that broadness of vision which belongs to the mind that has become acquainted in all the unlovely details of an intimate contact with all the shocking barbarity of war and its upsetting of all old and cherished thought.

It is a question whether the vision gained will offset for the soldier the loss of much of the sweetness of life, many precious qualities of heart and mind. The war has aroused and given birth to a new and a better world. No man who has studied the manifestations of the awakened conscience of humanity can deny this fact. And the majority of the men and women of the world to-day are better men and women than they were four years ago. People sacrifice now, as a matter of habit, who never before had realized their duty as citizens to their fellowmen and to their country.

But there has been a cost. And that cost is not all one of blood and arms and legs. None the less, it has largely been paid by the soldiers, or yet will be. It is the cost of the wounding of the soul of the man. It is impossible for society to place in the hands of the soldier a rifle, bid him to break one commandment and then expect him to respect the others. The brutalizing experience he goes through in war gives him a certain disrespect for all laws.

This fact must be considered as a definite part of

the returned soldier problem. Above all other things, they require sympathy and patience. But not all are worthy on the basis of individual character. The measure of their worth must be adjudged not upon what they are, but upon the nature of what has made them what they are. For some are and will be unworthy, some who were once men of good character, but who in war have been wounded in the soul. In other words, a man may turn out to be an ingrate and a thief, and still be entitled to sympathy and kindly attention because the demoralizing and brutalizing effect of war on him has operated to deaden his sense of moral values. This is his wound of the soul.

THIS incident occurred in Toronto a few weeks ago: There was the sharp "rat-a-tat-tat" of knuckles knocking at the door of a certain house. That had given way to the repetition of muffled blows as with a doubled fist, before the woman of the house, in a mild panic at her neglect, ran to the complaining door.

She opened it full in the face of a nervous-looking man of middle age who shot an angry glance at her from beneath drawn brows, and who then, without more ado, unceremoniously thrust into her unprepared hand a highly colored lithograph calendar which depicted the gory scene of some soldier's last sacrifice in the mud of Flanders; accompanying the action with: "Buy one o' these, lady: Only twenty-five cents," and in a tone that dangerously approached one of command.

"No, thanks," she said evenly. "I don't think I want one to-day."

"You don't, huh? What's the matter with all you women 'round here?" he flared out. "Didn't yuh see this?" And he glared sombrely at her whilst his fingers fiddled nervously with the returned soldier's button in his coat lapel.

The woman glanced at it unmoved. "No, I hadn't noticed it; but I don't see what that has to do with my buying something I don't want." And she began to close the door.

"You don't, huh?" he rapped out savagely and as he spoke, thrust his heavy army boot into the door-way so that the woman drew back in sudden alarm. "Well, you will—all you people 'round here that don't. Just you wait 'till all the boys get back; we'll show you a thing or two; you're not worth fighting for; it'd do you an' this bloody country good if the Germans had it for a while." He paused and then added in a fresh burst of vitriolic rage: "An' they can too, for all o' me. Damn sure I wouldn't lift a hand to stop them next time." He withdrew the obstructing foot and shambled off, mumbling, making for the next house.

That incident illustrates the viewpoint of one kind of returned soldier, the kind who says: "I've done my bit; I've fought for this country; now it owes me a living. I'm through with work." That kind trade on the aroused generosity of a grateful country.

The Soldier's Great Ideal

BUT we are not all like that. There are two classes of returned soldiers, and much the largest class demand from their country for themselves nothing but an adequate pension for such actual physical disabilities as they suffer from and an opportunity to make good in civil life. That is their second greatest ambition.

For they do have a greater one and this is it: That this Canada for which their comrades died shall become worthy of its dead sons so that for their children the world will truly be a better place to live in. That is all they ask. And to a greater extent than the public realizes, the better element, and that means the great majority, become consecrated to that ideal, once they leave the army and cease to think the stifling army thoughts. And it is this determination that impels most of their demands, not a selfish desire to forward the class interests of returned soldiers. The latter influence exists but nowhere is it so stoutly fought as within the returned soldiers' movement.

I attended a Great War Veterans' Association mass meeting on the night the armistice was signed. All the speakers were leaders amongst the returned men, officials of their organization. I heard W. E. Turley, the provincial secretary of the Great War Veterans' Association for Ontario, state that, "a mild social revolution was coming in Canada," that "we have a solemn obligation to those who died over there," that "we must educate the mass of the Canadian people in the true meaning of democracy," that "we have a good deal of kindergarten work to do with the Canadian public."

There were references by others to conditions here that "would not stand the sneering criticisms of the machine-guns," and yet sanely coupled with that the admonition: "Don't rock the boat; row the boat." There was a reference to "the new war that peace has brought," and to the fact that "we who have been engaged in the destruction of life and property recognize the value of a policy that will lead to the conservation of both here at home"; which was a reference to the campaign the Great War Veterans' Association is waging with the Dominion Government for better housing accommodation for the mass of the Canadian people, even though at the cost of large holders of land and speculators in house property.

One speaker said: "It is only by the enactment of such social legislation that we can hope to make good the loss of the best of Canada's manhood," and that "the United States and Canada were to-day taking lessons in democracy from the British Isles," which again was a reference to the general trend of British policy to improve the lot of the poorer classes at the expense of the richer.

Views of that nature may be open to criticism as unfair to a class, as visionary, as impractical, but at least they are not open to the charge of being selfish views. They are impelled by a genuine desire for the betterment of the country as a whole, and not the returned soldiers as a class.

Even the better class of well-intentioned men are sometimes very "difficult" in their private relations, a fact which no doubt reacts on their general group policy. They still suffer from "nerves" for a long time after their return to civil life, but it is some comfort to know that the evidence of that fact diminishes as the man is assimilated by his civilian environment.

Employers Are Disappointed

THERE is considerable disappointment in Canada over the returned man and the difficulty experienced in getting him to stick to his job. That feeling of employers may be warranted by the facts; but they in turn are explainable and excusable. The returned man is irritable, nervous, is hampered, and hampers those who employ him, by numerous fickle inconsistencies of character which are for him just as surely the aftermath of militarism as is the wooden leg of the soldier who must drag that through life. Many employers, out of a mistaken sense of kindness, give returned men positions for which they are constitutionally unfitted, thereby laying up trouble for a later day. And whether the man has the right kind of a job or not, there is always that sense of futility, that restlessness, which pursues him like a wraith of terrible uneasiness. I have heard of two cases almost identically the same which illustrate the extent to which this may be overcome, provided the employer and the soldier are both willing to try and the former is able to stand the loss.

A soldier had returned to his old position in Toronto. After some days he buttonholed his employer: "It's no use: I've got to quit. I can't seem to stand it in here: I can't settle down: I want to be moving: I want to be outside."

"That's all right," his employer said, "Whenever you feel that way, you just go out and take a walk or a smoke; do anything you feel like and don't bother about your work at all. I want you to feel that I'll do anything I can to help you."

The soldier remained at his work, but after some days spoke again: "It's no use. I appreciate what you're doing for me and I go out several times every as much as I feel I ought to, but it's just the same. I'll have to go."

Again the employer said: "You try it again. Go out oftener. Never mind about me. Go out all you want—every time you feel that way. You'll come out all right."

That soldier could be seen day after day, many times throughout the day either sitting on the steps, smoking, or perhaps walking with bent head in the vicinity of the plant. At last he did overcome his restlessness and is to-day as able and steady a workman as there is in that plant.

Again, from some plants comes the word that the returned-soldier employees are amongst the best men there. But the purpose of this article is to present certain phases of both sides of the argument.

The existence of that terrible restlessness lies back of much of the dissatisfaction and disappointment some returned men may cause. One employer said to me: "They won't settle down. They work a week and quit, or they quarrel with the boss or the other men and appear to be dissatisfied with all the conditions of their work. Nothing seems right to them, and they don't even know what they want themselves. What am I to do? I want to help them but they won't let me. I must have efficient help: I must live, too." And this employer was discussing the better class of returned men, those who really want to get on.

So even these well-intentioned ones are beginning to wear on a war-weary public. The whole world has a bad case of war nerves.

The Bug-a-boo of Noise

Noises are our greatest bug-a-boo. The crack of carelessly, held dishes makes me shudder. Not even yet can I hear the terrible noises of our city streets, the grinding clatter of street cars, the whistles of factories and the shrill clamor of the newsboys without experiencing a shock that is as definite as a physical blow and a sharp tremor of pain that strikes and vibrates on the unseen wires of my body. And I weigh two hundred pounds and look like a prize-fighter. And all who have been in it know what it is, for months and even years afterward, to wallow all night in saturnalias of unforgettable horror, up to the elbows in blood; and to jump shrieking from the middle ground of sound sleep to the cold centre of the bedroom floor, shaking with fright. These are some of the invisible wounds of the soldier.

There was a returned soldier in Toronto who was having difficulty in securing

Continued on page 76

Scenes in demobilization camps

A SHADY DEAL

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Author of "Willow, the Wisp," "Link Gaffum," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

"Oh, we'll tramp, tramp, tramp
Ter de margin ob de ribber,
An' we'll flap our wings
An' soar away ter heben—
Soar way ober Jordan,
Ter de golden stran'."

JANE ANN, kneading fragrant bread-dough on the kitchen table, slapped the spongy mass before her with big hands, punched it with her fists, banged it with all the ardor her glad heart backed by two hundred and ten pounds of vigor could muster. For Jane Ann believed in carrying the spirit of her religion into her work.

"Oh, we'll tramp, tramp, tramp"—

Biff, biff, biff—her fists kept time on the dough.

"An' we'll flap our wings
An' soar—"

She slapped her hands together, sending a cloud of fine flour ceilingward.

"Ter de golden stran'." Here, very gently, the flattened dough was lifted and rolled into a ball, only to be beaten flat again in time to the inspiring camp-meeting song.

Suddenly the song died, midway between "tramp" and "soar," and Jane Ann stood, mouth agape, gazing fascinatedly from the window, across the sun-kissed lawn, and down the winding track leading to the Brady Stave Mills. Something animate had detached itself from the stationary scenery and was moving towards her, something which grew, as she gazed, into the tall slouching figure of a very black negro, whose shuffling feet seemed to mark the measure.

"I'se goin' don' know where,
I'se goin,—ah don' care—"

"So, he done quit his job again, has he?" Jane Ann's ample bosom swelled at her big intake of breath, and her eyes rolled from the golden, dew-drenched out-of-doors, to rest upon the rolling-pin beside the bread-board.

Orinoco, the hound pup, who had been vainly striving to stretch himself thin enough to secure the benefit of a narrow splash of sunlight, rose furtively and noiselessly, and pussy-footed it for his secure nook behind the wood-box, where he crouched, sad eyes filled with suspicion and apprehension.

Providence, luck, or whatever power it be that takes care of hound pups, had been kind to Orinoco. The ponderous colored-woman had a way of starting in on a big undertaking, such as she now had in mind, by warming up for action on the first object which met her eyes. On this occasion that object chanced to be a box of June-Bug cigars, reposing in gilded elegance on the cupboard shelf.

WITH a grinding swish the heavy rolling-pin descended, reducing that box of treasured smokes to flaky particles of gilt and tobacco which, mingling with the haze of flour hanging in the air, lent to the angry Jane Ann such a demoniac and fiendish appearance that the pup, his craven soul slumped to the very root of his long tail, gave one heartrending howl and bolted for the screen door.

The door was closed and latched, but Orinoco went through the blue mosquito-netting like a bullet through paper, and on down the path to the gate with a succession of mad leaps and soul-gripping howls bespeaking terror of the most violent type.

Jane Ann gave one startled glance after that hurtling brown body, then, dropping the rolling-pin to the table, she sank into a chair and laughed till the tears rolled down her black face.

"Oh, Lor', wasn't dat pup scared tho'! Oh my, oh my! Didn't dat Orinoco bolt true fer freedom! Lor'—dat pup will shorely be de deff ob me yit. I reckon from de air, dat Orinoco didn't know whever he done strike a snow-sto'm er been caught in a chimney-fire. Pore li'l' doggie."

She arose, rubbing her laughter-tired muscles, and waddled to the door. Then her eyes grew sombre again, as she saw the tall, lanky negro, her husband, coming up the path, the whimpering Orinoco in his arms.

Jane Ann stood and frowned at the partner of her joys and sorrows

Jane Ann stood, arms akimbo, frowning down at the partner of her joys and sorrows.

"Jane Ann, dis hayr pup done hab a streak ob sunstroke," Len greeted her. "I fin' him grovelin' low down by de gate. His nose am right hot an' his eyes am blood-shet. How come he get dat away, Jane Ann?"

"Don' yo' be wastin' no sympathy on dat pup, Len. Yo'se goin' ter need it all fer yo' own self, afo' I'se froo wif yer, an' dat's gospel truff. Fust off, ans'er me, and ans'er me wifout perification. How come yo'se trailin' back home dis hayr time ob day? I s'pose yo' done quit yore job, as usual?"

LEN'S off eyelid fluttered and the corner of his mouth twitched. He lifted the pup's long ear and examined it closely. "Dat spot look a little like mange, Jane Ann, it do so———"

"Len, I'se waitin', in patience, fer a explanation. How come yo're home?"

"Mill shet down tight. No bolts."

"Den fer why dat mill whistle blow same as usual, dis mornin'?"

Len squirmed uneasily. "Fer why? Is dat what yo' all wanter ter know, Jane Ann? Why dat whistle blow dis mornin'? Why, I kin tell yo' dat; sure kin!"

"Den tell me, nigger, an' tell me right quick."

"Sho, yo' don' mean ter say yo' really wanter know what dat whistle blow—"

"Look yo' here, Len Ballister, yo'se hedgin', yo'se takin' time ter t'ink up a lie ter tole me. Oh, don' I know yo'-all? Now den, fer de las' time I ast yo' why dat whistle blow dis mornin', if mill aint runnin'?"

Len placed the pup on the ground and watched it creep, belly low to earth, into the house, and behind the wood-box.

"Jane Ann, if yo'll promise not ter tell, I'll explain fer why dat whistle done blow dis mornin'. You see—" as the woman squared her shoulders, "if dat udder stave-mill, 'cross de ribber, done get ter know dat our mill was shet down, dey would go af'er our customers. Us hab heaps ob orders ter fill, an' if dem cooper-shops what gin 'em fin' out we'se short ob basswood bolts, why dey would cancel and gib dem orders to de Snooter Mill, see."

"Well, what's dat gotter do wif de whistle?"

"It's got jes' dis ter do wif de whistle. Mr. Brady, he done say ter de engineer, las' night: 'Yo' blow dat whistle at seben o'clock, noon, one o'clock, and six o'clock, as usual. Den dat Snooker mill it t'ink us am workin' right along.' If yo' don' believe me, Jane Ann, yo'se welcome ter listen, come noon, an' yo'll hear dat whistle agin."

Jane Ann stood, frowning, but convinced. "And how long afo' dey'll be goin' full blast agin, Len?"

"To-morrie. Dere's tew carloads of bolts on way here now. Dey all'll be here ter night, but mill won't start runnin' till to-morrie af'ernoon."

"An' yo'se dead sure dem cars 'll 'rive prompt ter night, Len?"

"Yes, I'se sure. But mill it won't start runnin' till af'ernoon."

"How so?"

"Kase de cuttin'-knife done bust, an' it'll take more'n a day ter fix her up. I reckon us'll hab ter lug dat knife ober ter Bridgetown knife-fac'ry ter get her fix proper."

"Us, what yer mean *us?*"

"Me an' Boss Holdaway. Isn't dat jes' like his meanness, ter make me trail 'long ober dar, when I don' wanter go, nohow?"

"An' aint it jest like yore contrariness ter wanter buck yer own bread an' butter, you low-down nigger slibber, yo?"

"But, Jane Ann——"

"Shet up. Fer two cents I'd twis' yore neck so hard yo'd hab ter walk back'ards ter see whar yo' was goin'; I do declar' yo'se jest that naturally lazy and no-count it ud wear de life plum outer any woman tryin' ter keep yo' at yore work."

JANE ANN took a backward step into the house, and Len made hold to circumspectly follow.

"Yo' see, Jane Ann——" he began, then paused, his startled eyes taking in the wreckage on the floor, particles of gold paper, splinters and tobacco-chaff. Not a single June-Bug had escaped whole.

Jane Ann, picking particles of tobacco leaves from the bread-dough, vouchsafed no explanation. Lenix eyed the wreckage sadly. Then he chuckled.

The woman wheeled upon him. "What yo'-all laffin' at, Len?"

"Why, Jane Ann, I was jest t'inkin' how s'prised Joe Hall ud be when he kim 'arter his se-gars; dat's all."

"*His* se-gars. How come dem's *his* se-gars. Didn't dat detective feller gib em ter yo'-all?"

"Yes, but I done trade em ter Joe fer dat pair ob bantum chickuns yo'se allars wanted ter own. Joe, he was bringin' de chickuns ober ter night, but I reckon now I'll hab ter drap in an' tell him de trade's off."

For one moment Jane Ann stood, slowly digesting this distressing intelligence, then slowly she slumped into a chair. Gone from her eyes was all the fire and ire of battle, and in its stead now rested a dumb appeal. "Len," she said pleadingly, "I does lub dem li'l' banty chickuns, oh, Len, I shore does lub dem li'l' chickuns."

Lenix, absently filling his pipe from the cigar wreckage on the floor, paid no attention.

"Len, d'ye 'spose Joe ud sell us dem banties?"

Len shook his head. "Yo' see, Jane Ann, Joe he's some queer dat-a-way. It was dem se-gars he wanted, nuffin' else."

"But yo' kin run down ter de pool-room an' buy him snudder box. Kaynt yer, Len?"

"Not se-gars wif gold bands like June-Bugs, Jane

Ann. Aint no se-gars like dem in Chatville. I'se mighty sorry, kase I naturally wanted dem chickuns fer yer, knowin' how yore heart was sot on 'em.

"Len, tole me, where am de June-Bug se-gars sold at, den?"

"Dat box done come from Bridgetown. Likely der's more ob dem dar. But dey's mighty expensive. Dey's *free dollars* a box."

"And kin yo'-all fotch back a box ob June-Bugs wif yo' ter night?"

"Yes, but dey's mighty expensive, dey's *free dollars* a box."

Len turned slowly towards the door.

"Hol' on a minute, Len."

JANE ANN was plunging a hand down in her stocking. It came forth grasping three crisp one dollar bills.

"Her' yo' is, Len. Jes' yo' fotch along a box on dem June-Bugs ter night. An' min' yo', nigger, don' yo' break 'em."

Jane Ann's white teeth flashed in a smile as she noted with what an air of dejection Lenix took the money and shoved it deep in his pocket.

"I do declare," she mused, as she watched him slouch away down the path, "dat man sure despises money 'cept fer use ob his own mean selfish pleasures. If he was off ter buy fish-lines er rifle ca'tridges wif dat free dollars, now, he'd be burnin' der air gettin' down ter store, he would so."

She turned and waddled back to the table, her black face abeam with happiness and joyful anticipation, She had always wanted a pair of bantam chickens and now she was going to get them. And, too, she was more than a little pleased to think that Len had done his best to give her a pleasant surprise.

And what had she done? She had allowed hot anger to master her and had smashed the box of June-Bug cigars which Len had so generously sacrificed that she might have what she desired. Her lip trembled as she gazed about the littered room. Big tears leaped from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Remorse was tugging at her heart-strings, kindling within her ample bosom a volcano of self-pity which threatened to burst her waist-buttons.

What right had she, she told herself bitterly, to sit in judgment on one so tender, so solicitous of her slightest wish? Did she ever express a desire for anything which Lenix did not fulfill? Never. And what expressions of gratitude had she ever shown him for it? None whatever. Jane Ann heaved à sigh that sent the gold cigar bands on the floor eddying off in tiny whirlwind. Who else but Len could have outwitted those two clever bank-robbers, and led them right into the hands of the police? And hadn't he promised her a sorrel driving-mare just as soon as the reward came? And only this morning she had risen in her wrath and smote that box of June-Bugs which had been given Len by the great detective himself, as a tribute to Len's courage and skill. "Oh, lordy, lordy," groaned the woman, rocking to and fro. "I feels like I'd snatched de Victory-Cross from some brave so-ger's breas' an' throwed it in de ribber. Oh my, oh my."

BY and by the storm subsided. Jane Ann arose, purged by the struggle, clear visioned as to her future course. Henceforth she would shew Len that she was not oblivious to his greatness, his loving thoughtfulness. She had called him a shiftless good-for-nothing for the last time. And in order to start right in without loss of time, she would bake for him a batch of the pies he liked so much, grill for him a pot of dough-nuts, and have a tender boiled shank ready for him that evening, when he returned from Bridgetown with the box of June-Bug cigars.

Having mapped her course, Jane Ann pushed the tobacco-sprinkled bread-dough from the board, and proceeded to mix another batch.

A little bird just outside the window resumed its interrupted song. And, sifting flour from the can, Jane Ann too commenced to sing.

"When de moon ride high in de purple sky.
My lubber come ridin' from de wes',
He clasp me close in his love-stron' arms
An' grip me ter his breas',
An' us stray along ter de night-bird's song
From de Now ter de Anywhere.
Souls atune ter de stars ob June
In de skies oh I-Doan-Care."

Jane Ann, humming her love song, proceeded with her work, a smile on her face and a deep gladness in her heart. The little bird outside the window was fairly splitting its throat with a song of happiness.

II

IT'S a queer old world, a world of surprises. Lenix had had one surprise that morning already, and, having resumed his old-time shuffle, once outside the zone of Jane Ann's watchful eyes, his long feet were leading him straight towards another and even bigger surprise. Well, the fact that a skater has successfully circumvented one air-hole promises no assurance that he may not drop into another one further on, and Len's life held plenty of air-holes. His long black face had become furrowed, his eyes squinted, in watching out for them. And if he were known as the Chatville Diplomat, there was reason for it. Any fool could drop into troubles, but it took one with brains to extricate himself. Lenix must have had the brains, for manifold as were the difficulties he managed to become entangled in, he always succeeded in coming up smiling, with a plausible explanation.

Then again, paradoxical as it may seem, sometimes it takes brains to plan brainless and foolish undertakings. Lenix had just succeeded in giving Jane Ann a very reasonable excuse as to why he was not at work. He had even managed to set her suspicions at rest concerning the mill-whistle. It's those little things which count for success or failure. Of course, if Jane Ann's suspicions swelled to such extent that she might deem it expedient to saunter down to the brow of the hill, and see for herself if that mill was or was not running, well————

But this was one of Jane Ann's busy days; little likelihood of her doing that. What she might just do, though, was run down to Boss Holdaway's house, at noon, and interview him. But Len had told her that Holdaway was accompanying him to Bridgetown, to get the cutting-knife fixed. He had, as was his custom, been careful to gather in all the loose ends. He had taken care of the little things.

And now he was on his way to an auction sale, to be held on the farm of Jim Johnson, three miles out of the city. Lenix bore on his person money to the extent of eleven dollars and ten cents. Eight dollars and ten cents of this amount he had won at shooting craps at noon-times. The other three dollars was the money given him by Jane Ann. This he considered rightly his, Jane Ann having maliciously destroyed certain property belonging to him valued at three dollars. It had taken some headwork to devise a scheme to secure the value of his demolished smokes without awaking suspicion.

True, Lenix didn't know why he was going to the auction, or what he intended buying after he got there. But that was a minor matter. The big thing was he was on his way. His heart was light and glad. He hummed as he shuffled along through the scented summer air, and crinkled the bills in his pocket to the tune of

"Oh take me on de steamboat.
Down de old Miss-iss-ippi;
Oh, I'se a goin' ter leab yo'
But, honey, don' yo' cry– "

NOTHING to whisper warning of the air-hole ahead A world brimful of golden sunlight, joy, tranquility, and at least one lank negro's heart atune with it. Who would ever anticipate disaster? Certainly not Lenix. There wasn't the faintest sign of trouble. He had no reason to feel a premonition of trouble. Had he not lived right up to the letter of the Law of his superstitions? Had he not walked around a ladder, when by walking under it he could have kept in the shade? Had he not been careful to stick the pin he had that morning picked up on the sidewalk in an unpainted board above his head—although he had been obliged to walk a block and a half out of his way to find such board? And he had broken no looking-glass since the day, two years ago, when he had let his shaving mirror fall, on Sunday, and had the dentist extract two teeth the following Tuesday. He had spilled salt only once in several days, and had thrown some over his left shoulder to appease ill-luck. No, Lenix saw nothing but a smooth field and easy skating ahead. He was on his way to an auction sale and he expected to buy something; the very uncertainty of what that something might be was his greatest happiness.

Destiny sometimes has a shabby trick which she plays on her victims before sacrificing them, and this is likely why Lenix found, shortly after striking into the country road, a horse-shoe. It was lying corks towards him, too. No negro but would have staked his life that such a find meant the best kind of luck, particularly if he took the precaution to walk around it three times before picking it up, as Lenix did on this occasion. The thing to do was fasten it to his person, corks up, so that Good Luck couldn't possibly spill out, and this Len proceeded to do by fastening it ingeniously in his leather braces. It made him uncomfortable, but that didn't matter. It made him gladder, a great deal gladder, and surer that he was bound to be lucky in some way, and that mattered a great deal. With eleven dollars and ten cents in money and a new-found horse-shoe, anything marvellous was liable to happen. Maybe he'd find a well-filled pocket-book. There was no telling just what he might find.

JUST what he was going to find, he was soon to know. Half a mile further down the road, two scheming negroes sat beneath a shady elm tree, their crinkly heads close together, planning not so much what Len was going to find, as the best way they could help him to find it. They had already secured the find, which was nothing more or less than a disreputable looking horse, apparently old in years and wisdom, which with rather haughty mien beguiled the waiting moments by biting huge chunks out of the decayed fence rail to which it was tied.

The heavy-set negro with the bullet-shaped head and gold tooth was smiling broadly at what the slim, hatchet-faced negro was telling him. His huge body shook with mirth clean from the collar of his yellow sweater to the band of his checked, well-pressed trousers.

"Lor, lor!" he chuckled, "but won't ole Len fume an' paw up de dirt when we saddle dat old skate off onter him? If it jes' don' make dat conceited nigger sot up an' consider dat dere's udders jes' as cleber as himself, I'll gib yo' my skull ter make balls fer yore billiard table, Abe, I shore will."

The slim negro winked. "Get dat hoss off on Len? Why.

"Where yo' boys cotch up wif dat crow-bait?" he queried at length

man alibe, dat fish'll swaller de t'ing clean from hook ter pole. He's been wantin' ter buy a hoss fer long time; dat's why I come long ter yo', Homer, an' put yo'-all wise up."

"I aint begrudgin' the free dollars we paid fer dat ole win'-broke bag ob iniquity, Abe White, I aint begrudgin' it none. All I asks is we get Len ter buy him. Dat nigger hab allars got me ter play de sucker end ob all his anglin' games, an' I'se wantin' turn about, dat's all."

The other consulted a glittering watch. "Well, he'll be 'long here now soon, Homer, an' when he come don' yo'-all hab too much ter say. We'll tell Len dat we jest buyed dat hoss, an dat we'se goin' ter train him fer fall races. Yo' let me do de speelin, an' yo' jes' stan' by an' back up what I says."

The Deacon was afoot and dusty, but the light of victory shone through his glasses

Homer Hudson's gold tooth flashed again. "I reckon I'se jest naturally goin' ter laugh so hard af'er it's all ober, I won't be able ter box fer a week."

"Won't need ter. Us'll split fifty-fifty."

"But yo'se sure Len'll be 'long?"

"Certain sure. He tole Bill White, las' night, he was goin' ter de auction. Why, Homer, dere he comes now. Look yo', now, get yore features froze an' let me do de castin' fer dat sucker, Len."

LEN approached the plotters, head low, eyes searching the dusty road for further luck. He did not see them until opposite them, then his eyes grew big as he rolled them from Homer and Abe to the horse tied to the rail fence.

"Well, if it aint Len Ballister." Evidently White and Hudson were surprised to see him.

Len came forward slowly, slowly leaned against the fence, slowly took minute stock of the horse. His scrutiny was long and minute.

"Where yo' boys cotch up wif dat crow-bait?" he queried at length.

"Jes' bought him," answered Abe, promptly. "Homer an' me we jes' thought we'd pick up somefin fas' an' train him fer de fall races."

"Well, yo' keep on goin' an' maybe yo'-all'll fin' him, Abe. Don' look, dough, as if yo'-all had made a very strong start. How old yo' call dat hoss?"

"Comin' free nex' spring. He's got two ob his milk teeth yet, he has, Len."

"Pshaw, he don' look much more'n a sucker. How much de feller yo' get him from gib yer ter take him away?"

Homer who was chewing tobacco and holding his feeling in by marvellous strength of will alone, interposed here, to beg Len to be a little more moderate in his slams. "Yo' aint got no call ter pick flaws in dat hoss, nohow, Len. It was our money paid fer him, an' he's ourn. He's a mighty good hoss, an' us knows it. Dat's all yo' need worry 'bout."

LEN eyed Homer with all the disdain which one who wears a lucky horse-shoe behind his trouser-band may assume towards a less lucky fellow-mortal, and ignoring him entirely, turned to Abe again.

"Want ter sell him, Abe?"

"Nope, us all hab quite a jant tryin' ter get dat feller. Why fer should we wanter sell him?"

"T'ou't as if yore price wan't too high, an' seein' he's a sorrel, I mought buy him."

Abe considered a little. "What yer say, Homer?" he inquired. "He's half yourn."

"Oh, I'll sell my half, if Len wants him, seein's me an' Len am frien's." Homer smiled in dawning good humor. "I'spose us kin get anudder hoss, Abe."

"Yes," White hesitatedly agreed. "But I reckon us'll hab ter hunt some time afore us'll get anudder like *Yallow Streak*, dar."

"How much?" Len brought the question out so quickly that Homer nearly swallowed his tobacco.

"T'irty dollars," Abe answered. "An' he's dirt cheap, Len."

"Good bye, frien's, I'se on my way." Len turned back towards the road.

"Hol' on, Len, dat's de price us am *astin'*, 'aint really de sellin' price." Abe laid a detaining hand on Len's arm.

"How much yo' offerin', Len?"

"Eight dollars and ten cents, I'se offerin'. Take it or leab it."

"Us'll take it," cried Homer, so eagerly, that were it not for the horse-shoe he carried Len would have made tracks there and then.

Instead, he deliberated. "An' yo' bofe all guarantee dat hoss ter be soun' in body an' lim'?"

"Us do," exclaimed the plotters together.

"Quiet, hones', wifout any tricks sech as balkin' er breechin'?"

"Absolutely *so*."

"Well, den, here yore eight ten." Len went down in his pocket and produced the money.

ABE reached eagerly for it, but Len waved him back. "Jes' a minute, Abe, while I writes a *receipt*. Yo' see," he explained, "dat's Jane Ann's money, an' us might as well avoid complifications."

"Oh sure," said Homer, scathingly.

Len grinned. "Maybe eiver ob yo' gents ud prefer ter write this *receipt*?" he suggested. "If so, I'd be glad ter let yer do it."

Homer and Abe exchanged glances. It was mighty mean of Len to remind them that they could neither read nor write sufficiently well to perform the task.

"Oh, go ahead an' us'll sign," said Abe casually.

It took some little time for Len to prepare the receipt on the fly leaf of his note book, but the task was finally completed.

"Now, Abe an' Homer, here's yore money. Yo' bofe sign dis here *receipt*."

Abe took the pencil, and with many sighs and grimaces, finally succeeded in making what might have been taken for his signature. Homer haughtily refused to sign. "Yo' go ahead, Len. Sign up fer me, and' I'll jot my mark. Dere yo' is, a cross af'er my name."

He executed the cross, and passed the book back to Lenix.

"Reckon we's best be goin' now, Abe," said Homer. Relief shone in his expressive expanse of countenance, more than relief in fact, for there was a glint of fiendish joy in the blood-shot eyes, contempt and exultation lurking behind the sarcastic curve of his big, thick lips.

For just a second a hunted, scared look dwelt in Len's eyes, but he carefully re-read the receipt just signed by the sellers, and it passed. It was his old, unreadable poker face he turned to the other darkies, as he placed the book gently back in the inside pocket of his vest.

"It was mighty good ob yo' boys ter let me hab dat hoss," he said gratefully. "I'se not the feller as will ferget it. Homer, dere, has allars proved a mighty good frien' in need ter me, an' it seems almos' too much ter be spilin' his chance ob winnin' de fall race wif dat fas' sorrel, dar. So, gents, maybe yo' bes' call de deal off."

"Off, nuffin'," Homer's gilt smile shrank away before an ominous frown. "A deal's a deal, aint it, Len?"

"Yep," put in Abe. "A deal sure is a deal. No crawfishin', Len."

"I aint wantin' ter take no undue 'vantage ob ignorance," said Lenix blandly. "An' it suttingly do seem like I was adoin' it. I'se offerin', here an' now, ter call de deal off. Do as yo'-all like about it."

"I'se quite satisfied to leab t'ings as they am," grinned Abe.

"Same here," chuckled Homer.

As if sensing a danger in remaining longer to argue the point with the buyer, the plotters turned away. Len sat down at the foot of the tree. He knew they were chuckling and squirming with sinful glee, but he was gravely lighting his pipe, and their demonstrations of joy, over landing a fish, went unheeded.

THEY were mere specks, far down the road, before Len slowly arose and gingerly approached his new purchase. The horse turned upon him a wicked eye and turned back its lip in sinister greeting. A couple of long slivers, bitten from the rail, stood out on either side of its jaws, giving it a sort of devilish look. All it needed was fire belching from its distended nostrils to make it a veritable fourteenth-century dragon.

Len surveyed it from a safe distance, surveyed it thoughtfully and critically, the while it returned his look with one full of misgiving and animosity, from eyes which showed altogether too much white.

"Well, I reckon I buyed somefin," he said at last, aloud, and grinned at the snort of disdain which met his words, "Yo' sure am a spirited li'l' pony," he addressed the horse. "In spite ob de fac' dat yo'se a cribber, has two win-galls, a tech ob heaves, an' a spavin on yo' lef' fore leg, yo'-all am ready ter kick de Joo outin Jooruslem."

Len removed his felt hat and stroked his curls. "Dat hoss am so old he's seen all de sin ob de world," he mused. "An' if I don' trade him off right soon, he's liable ter hab a demoralizin' influence on me."

It was nearly mid-afternoon when Lenix, very dusty, very sweaty and very weary, limped to the fence surrounding the barn-yard in which the auction sale was under full swing, and tied a weary, dusty, sorrel horse to the middle rail.

As he finished giving the tie-rein a sailor's knot, and glanced over his shoulder as though to make sure that the coast was clear for a quick get-away, an aged negro, wearing horn spectacles and a linen duster, and driving a fat, well-groomed sorrel in a buck-board, came from the yard and drew up opposite Len.

"Why, it's Mister Ballister," he greeted. "How's yerself and de wife at hum?"

"Tolerable well and able ter feed, deacon. How's yo're own care?" Len adroitly side-stepped the hunched shanks of his recent purchase and came over to where the deacon was leaning far over the dash-board, taking stock of the horse tied to the fence as well as his short-sighted eyes would allow.

"Whar yo' all get hold ob dat hoss?" asked the deacon, as they shook hands.

"Jes' bought him dis mornin', deacon. He's a Wilbrino, sired by Old Tramp Wilbrino, wif a record of two-sixty nine, flat."

Continued on page 77

FAKERS—*And Others*

By E. WARD SMITH

First City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor and Tax Collector of Dawson City

THE Yukon was full of fakers, from the out-and-out crook and professional gambler to the otherwise honest miner who faked the amount of work that the law provided must be done on each claim. They cropped up everywhere.

Foremost among those I remember was Hatfield the Rain-maker. The opening up of the creeks has changed the conditions governing water supply. In the early days there was always an abundant supply of water throughout the summer for sluicing purposes but, as the trail of the prospector spread up the creeks, the banks were bared of trees and the hillsides were opened to the spring suns. As a result the ice and snow thawed out quickly and went away in raging freshets. It followed that the supply of water for the summer work became more scarce all the time. Finally it became a more or less common thing for work to be suspended at certain times during the summer. The warm weather was of short duration at best and as a result these enforced delays were little short of disastrous.

The solution was brought back by Comptroller Lithgow on his return from a holiday trip in California. He got the Yukon council together and told them about it. "There's a wonder worker in California, a man who makes rain," he said. "I heard about him everywhere I went. He's been up and down California and everywhere he goes the rain follows. No place is too dry for him. Let's get him up here."

The council was made up of hard-headed fellows and they didn't warm up at once to the suggestion that Hatfield, the magician, should be imported to the Yukon.

"What's his method?" asked one. "Does he take a stick like Moses and give the rocks a rap or two? Or has he got a pull with the weather-man?"

"It is easy to scoff," said Lithgow. "I'm telling you that this man gets the results. There's no hanky-panky about it either. He doesn't depend on incantations or spells. He's a scientist and uses chemicals. It's a business proposition from start to finish."

The upshot was that the council gave in. The situation was serious—the drought was especially bad at the time—and there was nothing to lose in any case. Money was the cheapest thing in the Yukon: and it would be a novelty as well. So they sent for Hatfield.

I saw him when he stepped off the boat—a raw-boned fellow with a nose like a hawk and long blonde hair, dressed in a long-tailed coat and with a wide slouch hat on his head. Certainly he looked the part.

It did not take him long to fix up a bargain with the authorities. He was a grand talker with an easy flow of words that had something of a seductive quality about them. He was to get his expenses in any case, rain or no rain—three thousand dollars in all. If he produced a fall of so many inches on the mountain side, he was to get an additional $10,000. The council was to pay half and the miners agreed to make up the other half among themselves. Hatfield couldn't lose no matter what happened. He had made a good bargain.

Above: The new method of hydraulic mining. Left: The old method of sluicing.

THE next step was to look over the ground and he finally selected the Big Dome as the scene of operations. The Dome was the outstanding peak around Dawson, thrusting its rounded summit, like the poll of a bald-headed man, a good three thousand feet into the air. Practically all the gold-bearing creeks of the Klondyke had their source on the Big Dome.

Hatfield erected a tripod of poles about forty feet high on the crest of the Big Dome and on the top he placed a box about two feet square. Into this box he had poured a queer combination of chemicals. It was then draped in a black cloth. There was a great deal of mystery about it all—guards set around the place to keep interlopers off and the supplies smuggled up under cover of dark. Hatfield, as I take it, was a bit of an artist. He had the whole population agog with the fuss and feathers in which he clothed his act.

Under the tripod he pitched his tent—more precautions—and then, like the seven wise virgins, proceeded to watch and wait. He had visitors continuously, doubting souls who went up to scoff and remained to watch askance. There was something about Hatfield, with his solemn mien and his unfathomable eyes, that made scoffers uncomfortable.

This went on for a week or so and then one day clouds blew up over the Big Dome and rain begain to fall. Down in Dawson men looked at one another and said: "The son of a gun's turned the trick after all." The rain grew into a decently heavy downpour and all intent to treat the matter with levity vanished. For a time there was a fairly general belief that Hatfield had actually been responsible for the downpour.

Then the rain-clouds passed over and the sun came out. It had only been a shower. Even in the driest times an occasional shower is to be expected. Men on the streets grinned, and said, "Luck isn't with Hatfield after all." It wasn't. After that there was a long dry spell with not a drop of moisture from Heaven to help the man up on the Big Dome earn his ten thousand. Finally he gave up and decamped—after collecting his expense money.

Catching fish on the Yukon in winter time.

How to Find Gold.

THEN there were the gold finders who drifted in. One week-end I ran up to a claim on Dominion Creek in which I was interested. I was standing in front of the cabin when a stranger came up and accosted me. It was dusk at the time and I was not able to see him closely but at first glance it looked like Hatfield. The stranger was tall and blonde with a drooping moustache of the kind that has become known as the Cousin Egbert. He bore so close a resemblance to the vanished Rain-Maker that the thought ran through my mind that the latter had come back.

The stranger had a queer contrivance in his hand, which resembled a druggist's weighing machine. He carried it very carefully.

"This here machine," he informed me in a nasal drawl, "shows where gold can be found by digging."

"My good man," I said, "if that's the case you are in a fair way to become the King of the Klondyke. What have you struck with it?"

He seemed a little put out at this question, but rallied promptly.

"I hold it—like this—in front of me," he said. "Then I walk ahead and when I step over gold—the machine tells me."

"How?"

"That's my secret," said the man. "Here's where you come in. You pay me twenty dollars down. Then I go over your claims. If I show you where the gold is, you pay me $180.00 more. That's fair enough."

"And what," I insinuated, "if you don't find the gold for me?"

"Then there's no harm done," said the other. "If there is gold around I find it. If this machine doesn't register anything on the claim, hustle out and sell that claim mighty damn quick. It's no good."

"Well," I said, "I'm a good guesser—about as good as your machine, I think. I don't know of any easier way of saving twenty dollars than by saying 'Good evening to you, stranger.'"

He went on down the creek and put his proposition up to everyone he met. Plenty of them fell for it. He never located any gold for them, as far as I was able to learn, although Dominion was a rich gold-bearing creek. One miner, who was noted for his practical jokes, played a trick on the Gold-Finder that more than compensated the victims for the loss of their money. This man, whose name was Shorty Square, put several thousand dollars' worth of gold dust into a

sack and buried it just beneath the surface on his claim. Then he lured the Gold-Finder.

"I'll sort a lead you over the ground," he said. "I've a notion there's a streak of gold running in this direction."

He led the faker, machine in hand, until the latter stood directly over the buried sack. Then he held up his hand for the other to stop.

"How about that?" he demanded. "Seems like a likely spot."

"Nothing here," said the faker. "There aint any signs of gold around."

"Come off that, you swindle!" roared the miner. "Step off while I show you up!"

He kicked the earth aside and dragged out the sack of gold, which he opened before the eyes of the crestfallen Gold-Finder. "Now, pass back my twenty bucks, see," ordered the miner.

He got his money and the stranger rapidly shook the dust of Dominion from his feet.

Candles Made of Water

THE most laughable fraud perpetrated was in the middle of winter, in one of the earlier years of the boom. I have forgotten the name of the ingenious fellow who was responsible for it, so I shall christen him Light—a name with some significance as will develop later. Light had made up his mind that there were other ways of making a pile than by digging gold. He decided to get the gold from those who had already dug it.

One of the scarcest articles on the market in the dead of winter was candles. It was necessary to light up at three in the afternoon and keep it up until nine in the morning; and candles were the main factors in illumination. They were used a great deal up on the creeks, where the miners would stick them in holders in the mine walls. Toward the end of the winter season the price of candles would be running the fresh egg a close price for first place.

This man Light devised an ingenious plan for making money out of candles. He mixed milk with water and ran the substance into candle moulds which he promptly shoved outside to freeze. With the temperature down to 50 or 60 below a few minutes sufficed to turn the mixture into very presentable looking candles. He made them in huge quantities and packed them away in boxes.

Then he sallied out and booked orders all around town at an average price of $25.00 a box. How many orders he received I do not know but, on a count later, it was estimated that he disposed of at least one hundred boxes. These he filled at once, delivering the boxes in person and collecting on the spot. As the purchasers were merchants and hotel men, for the most part, the boxes were put into stock and the wily Mr. Light was well out of town before the hoax was discovered.

ke Representation on Claims

THERE was a great deal of faking done with regard to representation on the claims. The law provided that a man had to do two hundred dollars' worth of work on a claim each year in order to get a renewal. The rate of payment allowed for drilling was two dollars a foot. Many miners had claims located here and there which they were not actively working, but which they desired to retain, and frequently they would hire someone to go out and do the necessary amount of work to renew the title for another year. This led to a great deal of crooked work one way and another.

One morning I boarded the stage for Dominion Creek and, piling in right behind me, was a miner I knew quite well. I shall call him Sam for short. He was carrying an unusual looking tool—a long steel, half-inch rod, flattened at one end like a drill. I looked it over curiously.

"What are you going to do with that, Sam?" I asked.

He gave me a slow wink. "Going up to do some representing up on Dominion," he said.

"But what do you need that rod for?"

"Never mind that rod," he said. "It'll be useful right enough. You see, I got into old Alex. Macdonald for about $3,500, and I offered to pay him off by doing the work on some of his claims up on Dominion. He has a dozen or more."

"You've got a busy season ahead of you then if you expect to do it all yourself."

He winked again. "It aint going to take so long," he said.

Instead of staying at the road-house that night, Sam struck off up the creek. Apparently he was anxious to get on the job without any delay.

Next morning, my own errand being done, I got on the stage for the return trip. At the last moment, Sam came puffing up, a bag over his back and the steel rod under his arm.

"What! Going back so soon?" I asked.

"Yes. Got to get back," said Sam, shortly. He was not in a communicative mood at all.

SEVERAL years after I ran into Sam and he voluntarily referred to the trip. As far as I can recall his words, I have jotted them down.

"Remember that day we went up to Dominion together, me with a two-inch steel rod, so long? Ha, ha! I wanta tell you all about it. The best thing I ever pulled off, that. You see I owed the old King a pile of money, more than I could ever pay off, and I agreed to work it off instead. These here fellows that run the mining business, they aint as sharp as they think they are. They had a set price for everything—two dollars a foot for drilling, see, but no word as to how big a hole the drill's got to make. So I takes a half-inch drill and I goes up to the Creek. All that night, seeing as it was good moonlight, I put in on one of the King's claims, hammering that rod down into the ground. As soon as I got it down two feet I pulled it up again—two dollars' worth of work, see? By morning I had the whole debt worked off—$3,500 a night is pretty good pay even for the Yukon. I got permission first to do all the representing on one claim, and of course I picked out a good one—one I knew was a quagmire. It was dead easy running that drill in and out.

"When I got in to Dawson I went over to the renewal clerk and made out a declaration of the feet I drilled and the King gets his renewals on all the claims. He would've been madder'n hops if he'd known what I did, because he was out that much work."

I felt it my duty to protest. "Sam," I said, "that representing wouldn't have stood the test if they had found you out."

Shipping over a million dollars' worth of gold dust

"What of it?" he retorted. "How much good was any of the representing? Everybody swore out false statements. You know that as well as I do. Why, say, the renewal clerk knew it too. I'll bet he used to say to himself every time anyone came in, 'Here comes another danged liar.' Why, man, the Government expected us to lie about our claims."

To prove his case he proceeded to tell all about the tricks of the trade. One of the stories he retailed is worth repeating, before passing on. There was one miner who wanted to get a renewal on a quartz claim that he held and he was distinctly adverse to the idea of doing the necessary amount of work. So here was the plan he evolved. Tunnelling was allowed in at the rate of $20.00 a foot. This fellow built a tunnel out from his quartz vein by putting in a scantling or two and piling rocks up all around it. This he made ten feet long and, when finished, it looked like a ricketty arbor made of stones. It was a two-hour job. Then he went into Dawson, swore out his papers and got his renewal. The first windstorm that came along did not leave one stone standing on another.

I may add that the Government finally took cognizance of such tricks and specified more closely the kind of work that had to be put in.

I DON'T know that Asa Hayden belongs in this chapter as he was not a faker in any sense of the word, but he certainly succeeded in "putting something over" on the people of Grand Forks. So perhaps the story can be told here.

Asa Thursa Hayden was a doctor, although he never practised medicine in the Yukon. He was a tall, lanky American—a melancholy sort of fellow who plodded around and never indulged in conversation except on one subject. He was regarded by some as a mystery and by others as being a little "off." I saw him once or twice in Dawson, and remembered him particularly because of his unusual appearance.

The one subject that Hayden was ready to discuss was the depth at which gold was to be located. Bed rock, in which gold is found, was generally down from eighteen to thirty feet below the surface. Hayden had a theory that there would be a second bed rock somewhere below, and that if it could be reached it would be found simply rotting with gold. He used to enlarge on this theory with the earnestness of a man with but one idea, his eyes popping with excitement, his hands quivering as though with a nervous anxiety to handle the gold that lay so far below.

Well, Hayden finally decided to try it out and he selected Grand Forks, which is located where the Eldorado enters Bonanza Creek. He got a piece of ground up the valley above the town where the first bed rock had been shorn of its gold. Whether he was the original owner or not I cannot say. Anyway he started to dig.

As might be expected he went at it alone and in his usual strange, secretive way. He rigged up a primitive windlass and bucket to bring the earth to the surface. It did not take him long to get down twenty feet or so, but after that the progress made was slower because the ground had to be thawed out first. It was made slower still because, after filling the bucket, he would have to climb the ladder and haul the bucket up to the surface. Then down again he would go, fill another bucket full, climb up and dump it and so on over and over again.

He kept this up for days, then, weeks, then months—silent, patient, untiring. At first the other miners paid little attention to him but, as the dump around the mouth of the shaft grew and grew they began to take notice.

"For God's sake, Asa," they used to say, "how much farther you going to go? You'll bump into China sure if you keep on much longer."

He paid no attention to them but kept on at his feverish work, climbing up and down his ladder as though driven by some almost supernatural force. He kept it up for two years and a half!

Asa Makes a Strike

HOW far down he had driven his shaft by that time no one knew; but it must have been a wonderfully long way! The end came too suddenly and strangely for any computation to be made on that score.

One winter day, when the thermometer was hovering around sixty below on the surface of earth, Asa made his strike. He climbed up the ladder faster than any human being ever before made such an ascent, with something licking at his heels that froze his tongue with terror to the roof of his mouth. Some people saw him suddenly emerge from the mouth of the shaft like a jack-in-the-box. After him came—no, not some strange animal from underground—but a rushing, bubbling flood of ice cold water! It flowed out so fast that everyone, including Hayden himself, beat a hurried retreat. He had, very apparently, tapped some reservoir far down in the bowels of the earth.

Shades of Noah! The water poured out of that hole in ever increasing volume. It flowed down over the town until the streets were like the streets of Venice. And remember, it was about sixty below zero and when the water became stationary anywhere it froze solid!

The most charitable thing said about Asa Hayden that night was the opinion voiced by one resident of Grand Forks, who found a foot of ice on the floor of his one storey home. "That blank idjit," he declaimed, "ought to be put inside a belt filled with dynamite and then chucked down to the bottom of his blank-blank hole!"

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THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Our Soldiers — Or "Our" Aliens

THERE arises from every province in the Dominion a demand that aliens, or alien enemies, shall not be allowed to occupy any position which is desired by a returned soldier; that the influx of aliens shall be carefully regulated during the period of readjustment; and that undesirable aliens shall be deported without unnecessary delay. In one day's news appeared an item to the effect that the Sydney, N.S., branch of the G. W. V. A. had passed a resolution demanding "the deportation from the country of all enemy aliens," and also a despatch from Vancouver that the G. W. V. A. of British Columbia was requesting the Employers' Association to ask its members who "have enemy aliens in their employ to dismiss them and give their places to returned soldiers."

Canadian papers are unanimously of the opinion that no alien must occupy a position for which a returned soldier is available. Almost every paper agrees that, for a time at least, immigration must be restricted, though there are divergencies as to the severity and duration of such regulation. On the question of deportation there is also a remarkable consensus of opinion, clouded, however, by such questions as: What is an alien? What is an "undesirable" alien? Does Canada need the alien for "cheap" labor? To what country can the alien be deported? and What means of transportation is available for this purpose?

On these questions Canadian newspapers are very vague—and most of them exceptionally bashful about coming forward with useful suggestions or practical solutions.

The War Veterans are quite clear as to what they would do with alien enemies, had they the whole say in the matter. Although many associations throughout the country have passed resolutions on the question, the Toronto branch of the G. W. V. A. expresses the views of all perhaps more succinctly than any other. According to the Toronto *Daily Star* their platform is:

"Disfranchise every naturalized alien enemy for fifteen years.

"Denaturalize every dangerous naturalized alien enemy.

"Have every non-naturalized alien enemy forfeit war wealth, pay his debts, then repatriate him to his own country.

"Exclude alien enemy immigrants, say for twenty years.

"Require all immigrants (excepting those from parts of the British Empire) to furnish a personal history and take the oath of allegiance at the end of one year's residence.

"Solicit dismissal of all alien enemies and have returned soldiers replace them.

"In future issue no license in the city of Toronto to an unnaturalized alien."

The United States Congress will consider at its approaching session a bill to rigorously control, to the point of exclusion, immigration for a period of four years. The Brandon *Sun* endorses this policy:

"Canada may well follow closely in the footsteps of Uncle Sam as regards controlling immigration closely for the next four years. During that time it is more than likely this country will have all the labor it requires—to allow large numbers to pour in from war-stricken Europe would be courting embarrassing conditions in the labor market."

The Toronto *Telegram* then, quite appositely, remarks:

"Question for Uncle Sam: 'If all the undesirable aliens in the United States are deported, who will read the Hearst papers?'"

The Saskatoon *Star* believes that Canada will continue to be an attractive field for immigration, so that only "the kind calculated to aid the country in its development" need be admitted. This paper remarks:

"The United States is placing stringent restriction upon immigration for a period of four years. Canada, on the other hand, can use a considerable number of immigrants, at least after a short period has elapsed. A period should be left in which to make sure that all the returning soldiers are profitably employed, and after that desirable immigrants should be welcomed. Yet there must be care taken to see that only desirable immigrants are received. The prospect is that there will be a considerable swing of population westward from the old lands, and with the United States closing its gates, much of this will certainly come to Canada. . . . . Not only can the Dominion afford to 'pick and choose,' but it cannot afford not to."

Canada is not an insular country—the men and women of this Dominion are essentially broad-minded. The reader of MacLean's *in British Columbia wants to know the trend of opinion on any public question in Ontario and Prince Edward Island; the Nova Scotian is interested in Manitoba's views; and so on.*

Hence this new department, which is introduced to MacLean's *readers this month, and will be a regular feature. Look for your newspaper's views; if it has said anything particularly noteworthy on "This month's vital question," you'll likely find it here.*

This month—Canadian soldiers want jobs, aliens have jobs. MacLean's *tells you what the live papers of this country have to say about it.*

—By H. T. Webster

The kind of a job that doesn't appeal to Wilbur.

The Montreal *Star* points out:

"Immigration restriction is a part of reconstruction. It is necessary for both temporary and permanent service. A flood of foreign immigrants now would intensify every problem of readjustment, economic, social and political. It would prevent effectively the laying of foundations for cleaner, saner communities, and a purer national life."

Other papers from coast to coast advise regulation, but counsel against a too-rigorous exclusion.

"Enemy aliens must go." So frequently has this heading appeared above editorials during the past month that there appears to be no two ways about it. Some papers insist that he must "go" from the country —whence, they say not. Other editors would be satisfied as long as they "go" from any job that a returned soldier can fill. One of the first dailies to urge the "going" was the Hamilton *Times*, which says: "I-told-you-so," remarking:

—By Briggs

Canada doesn't want this type of employer.

"The *Times* has for many years been urging the Government to get rid of the alien, and when the war was on it was continually demanding that the enemy alien should be put under Government control, but nothing was done."

The Quebec *Telegraph* paragrapher prophesies that:

"There are about 2,500 aliens interned in Canada, and they will soon be 2,500 aliens out-turned from Canada."

The Winnipeg *Telegram* is very emphatic:

"The deportation of enemy aliens is one of the most pressing questions of the moment. There can be no doubt that the enemy aliens have got to go. The pressure of public opinion, not alone that of the returned soldier, who knows the enemy alien far better than can any who have stayed at home, but of the whole country, has already forced the Government to give way partially on this point; and that pressure will continue until the whole question is settled by the deportation of every enemy alien who cannot substantiate his loyalty to Canada's cause."

The Toronto *Star* covers the subject adequately when it says:

"There are many of these men for whom Canada has no use, and they ought to be packed up and deported to the countries from whence they came and of which they were so fond when the war was on, and which they used to hope and believe would be victorious in the war. These men have been a source of trouble and expense during the war; they have nothing in common with us; had disaster come upon us they would have rejoiced; had the enemy prevailed over us they would have been the agents of the enemy in the plundering of us. The war may be over, but distrust of these men is still warranted."

The Guelph *Herald* favors the deportation of the "unfriendly alien" only, saying:

"Common sense was shown in putting the word 'unfriendly' in the Guelph resolution, for it would admittedly work considerable hardship, and prove a large order, to ask the Dominion Government to deport 171,000 persons now in Canada who were born in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, some of whom have married and settled here and now own property.

"What we really want to get rid of is all unfriendly and undesirable foreigners who are displacing Canadian labor."

A warning against the arousing of "racial prejudices" is voiced by the Quebec *Telegraph*:

"The matter of defining what aliens are desirable and what are not is extremely difficult, and in a matter of this kind there is always the danger of racial prejudices being aroused, of regrettable persecution being indulged in, and in strained relations with foreign powers resulting."

The Hamilton *Times* thinks it unlikely that the Government will interfere with "foreigners in Hamilton who have bought property, married, and settled

down, and have comported themselves as good citizens." A warning note is struck by the Manitoba *Free Press*:

"Compliance with the demand for the discharge by employers of alien workers will not lessen the difficulties of those responsible for dealing with disorder and unemployment. These aliens have to be fed, housed and, it may be, deported."

The whole question of deportation, with its attendant difficulties, is well handled by the Saskatoon *Star*:

"This problem also presents difficulties. The British Government has informed Ottawa that it is now possible to repatriate enemy aliens not exceeding one hundred in number. The number is almost trivial, yet for the present it is all the Dominion Government can send, and it will be some time before the limitations imposed by the shortage of shipping and restrictions by enemy countries upon repatriation can be extended.

"'Deportation,' of course, is a general term. Applied in this connection it simply means repatriation. The United States has not, and will not for some time at least, let down the bars against entry into that country of enemy aliens. No country wants to be a dumping-ground for undesirables from other lands. The Germans and Austrians, whom the federal Government wants to deport, must simply be sent back to Germany or Austria, and at present there are still restrictions by the enemy countries upon the number of those they will accept as repatriates. In other words, Canada can deport only as many Germans as Germany will accept."

"'Raus mit der Aliens!"

Editorial writers of the entire Dominion, no matter how divergent their views may be on the tariff or prohibition, are emphatically one when it comes to the question of an undesirable alien occupying a job while Canadians—especially those who are War Veterans—are idle. It would be a "crying shame if a single alien were retained at work . . . . so long as a capable and willing returned man was seeking for employment," says one writer. The Kingston *Standard* says:

"Aliens must not be allowed to continue in work when Canadians who can fill their places are idle."

The Hamilton *Times* issues this warning:

"The idle men are here and the alien is at work, and so long as this situation exists the unrest will continue."

And the Peterborough *Review*:

"There are enemy aliens holding comfortable jobs in this city, while native Canadians, including returned soldiers, are idle. This condition must be remedied."

In a strong editorial headed "Procrastination," the Manitoba *Free Press* calls insistently for action on the part of federal, provincial and municipal authorities, pointing out that:

" . . . the complaints of the returned soldiers as to alien labor and the employment problem cannot be simply ignored."

Harris Turner, the ex-Princess Pat, and blind M.P.P. for Saskatoon, who now edits Turner's *Weekly*, does not mince his words, and deplores the attitude some politicians are taking toward alien enemies in no unmistakable language:

"It is unprecedented that 40 or 50 men in Regina should slobber all over these aliens before the war is actually finished."

The Vancouver *Province* says:

"Probably the most appreciated and reassuring welcome arch yet erected is the one bearing the inscription, 'Your old jobs are waiting you, boys'."

No employer, who considers public opinion a factor in his business, will hire alien labor, even if it is cheaper, asserts the Toronto *Mail* and *Empire*, under the heading: "The Returned Soldiers' Rights":

"The Winnipeg trouble over the employment of enemy aliens in preference to returned soldiers ought to be a warning to employers . . . . Even if aliens can be had for lower wages, or if they are more efficient for the time, they will not be given preference by the wise or patriotic employer who reckons public opinion as a factor in his business."

The St. Thomas *Times-Journal* expresses similar views:

"Physical disabilities may sometimes operate as a preventive to the performance of the same amount of work at the outset as the man who has been at the bench or who has warmed an office stool while his fellow man has battled for world freedom. 'Business' would say of such man: 'This talk of giving returned men their jobs when they return from the war is all very well in theory, but I have to meet a stiff competition and I cannot afford to pay a man who does less work than his fellow employee, the same wage as one who does a full day's work.' That may be 'business' but it is poor business, and worse patriotism."

—Shepard, in London "Punch"

Try this on the A.P.M.!

Many employers and a number of veterans draw attention to the fact that "a vast number of aliens are engaged in labor which the average Canadian-born citizen considers beneath him and will not do." "Low class"—cheap—"labor is imperative," asserts Major J. W. Maddin, of Sydney, N.S., provincial president for Nova Scotia of the G. W. V. A. If aliens are deported others will have to be allowed in again, he contends.

This view is taken by *La Tribune*, of Sherbrooke, P.Q., which says:

"Among the foreigners who are preparing to return, either of their own volition or by force of law, to their former country, there are, without doubt, a large number whom it is in our interests to keep here. . . . . Business will return, little by little, to a normal state, and we will be obliged, as we have been in the past, to appeal to the alien workman. What, then, will be his attitude? This: it will be necessary for us to spend a considerable sum of money to attract to this country a class of immigrants who may, perhaps, be no better than those who arrived before the war."

It is not the work which is distasteful, but the conditions under which it is done, claims the Winnipeg *Telegram*, advocating improved conditions:

"These employers would find that if they made their places of business fit for white men to work in, they would have no difficulty in getting white men to work in them. It is idle to say that it cannot be done, for it

By Morris

? ? !

can be done, and it is done in places where conditions of work are the subject of careful official regulations."

The *Telegram* follows up this subject later, putting it in this fashion:

"Are we to assume that Canadians have reached that stage of luxury-loving where it is essential that we should import a race of inferior beings to do our work? Are we already so degenerate that we cannot become a self-contained nation, that we cannot accomplish the tasks which lie before us within our borders? The thing is unthinkable.

"For every kind of work that is to be done in Canada, men among the returned soldiers can be found to do it. But it is not to be expected, and Canada does not expect, that the returned soldier shall be asked to do that work at a less than a reasonable wage, or that he shall be expected to compete with the bohunks of Central Europe, who have been accustomed in their own country to submit to being driven like cattle, who are ignorant of every principle of sanitation, and lost to all sense of decency in living conditions."

The Manitoba Government has established a Board of Inquiry for aliens suspected of favoring Germany during the war. The Toronto *Globe* advocates a similar board for Toronto.

About the middle of February the Federal Government passed an order-in-council conferring power, according to the Toronto *Globe*,

" . . . . upon the County and District Judges of the Superior Court to direct the internment as prisoners of war of persons of alien enemy nationality residing or being within the designated localities."

Whether this will prove adequate remains to be seen.

The returned soldier's mental attitude toward his resumed civilian employment, and his adaptability, both mental and physical, in regard to such work, interests many Canadian editorial writers—and others. These men will be "one of the richest and most potent human assets ever received by a young and advancing nation," according to the Manitoba *Free Press*.

Viscount Bryce, in an Essay on "War and Human Progress," says: "Discipline has its worth, but it may imply some loss of individuality; obedience is useful, but (except with the highly intelligent) it involves some loss of initiative."

The Montreal *Witness* is in accord with this view:

"During their service they have been robbed of all initiative, and almost every action of their lives, no matter how unimportant, as on which foot they will start walking, when and how they will stop walking, what time they will go to bed, how they will shave, cut their hair, exactly how they will pack their clothes, make up their beds, and many other minutiae, each of which must be done with a precision that will produce an exact uniformity with like acts of the others. Besides this, they have lived without incentive to weigh advantage and choose advantageous courses of action."

A Maritime Provinces paper calls attention to the " . . . . . shock, the enervation of war. All these causes unite to fix a handicap on the soldier. They tend to a destruction of efficiency that calls for reconstruction."

The Brockville *Times* and *Recorder* calls for consideration on this score:

"The men who go to work without delay will have to be treated with considerable sympathy, for their mental condition cannot possible be what it was formerly, though physically they may appear all right."

The Winnipeg *Telegram* quotes a local contemporary as saying:

"Many of the returned soldiers find it difficult to get back again into the routine of everyday life. This was to be expected. Their experience as soldiers has temporarily unfitted many of them for the duties of civilian life. It could not be otherwise."

The *Telegram* is emphatic in its denunciation of this "pernicious doctrine," and doesn't mince its language:

"It is unfair and unjust and a slander upon the returned soldiers. The *Telegram* speaks from experience, for it has fifteen returned men back upon its staff and every one of them is as efficient and as competent as he ever was before the war.

"The *Telegram* expects thirty or forty more of them back, and will not look upon them as inferior or incompetent, as our contemporary suggests we should."

Of those who are returning the Toronto *News* says:

"In returning to civil life they will be better citizens because of their experiment in altruistic living. It is reasonable to believe that they will have a warmer interest in the national progress than if they had remained at home wrapped up in their own concern."

"War's heritage to Canada"—and a goodly one—says the Manitoba *Free Press* of the returning heroes. This paper concludes a powerful editorial with this tribute:

"The Canadian soldiers are coming home with a reputation for successful campaigning which is not excelled by any of their allies; scores of thousands of them have wrestled bodily with death time and time again, and they will have a far deeper and keener realization of human values than many of the home-staying population.

"These men have been seeing manhood tried and tested by the fiercest and most exacting demands, and they will return to Canada with, inevitably, larger ideas about the relations and standards of our social and civil life. The war will have given a more exalted note to the character of our soldiers, and in every sense the men who come back to us from Armageddon will be notable men."

REVIEW of REVIEWS

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Germany Ready For Trade War

Huge Deposits of Material Ready in Neutral Countries Now

A WRITER who has studied trade and economic conditions generally in Europe very closely since the war began, Isaac F. Marosson, strikes a note of warning in *The Saturday Evening Post* under the heading, "Can Germany Come Back?" He believes that, in a trade sense, Germany can and will "come back" with a vengeance. From what he has seen and heard, he believes that the Germans are planning a trade war on the world, and that they hold many trump cards. He writes in part, as follows:

During the past three years I visited every neutral country in Europe. I went to find out just what the German economic penetration was doing and to see at first hand the foundation that Germany was rearing upon which to erect the structure of her post-war trade. Everywhere I discovered the silent army of propagandists and well-wishers strictly on the job. Everywhere I found immense stores of raw materials piled up against that day when the German factory would cease to produce shells and divert its energy to the products of peace. Everywhere I heard that familiar refrain: "Germany cannot be beaten." Now that the great decision has been registered this defiance of the truth has not subsided.

I speak from experience because I happened to be in Switzerland four days before the armistice was signed, and when everyone knew that it would be signed. The German diplomats and economic propagandists at Berne and Zurich were just as cocky and defiant as I found their colleagues in Holland in June, and in Spain, Sweden and elsewhere a year ago. That is why I say it is dangerous optimism to believe that, despite the jolt that defeat and the surrender of her fleet administered to German pride, it is not highly important for the United States and the rest of the civilized world to scrutinize the German economic situation carefully and unite to make it difficult for Germany to swing back to a commercial authority that has been synonymous with world conquest.

I use the words "apparent collapse" advisedly and deliberately because I am still convinced that there is a good deal of camouflage in Germany's protests about economic disintegration and the inability to make adequate restitution for the horrors and humiliations that she imposed upon the world. The German armies have been received at home as conquerors. Her whole industrial machine stands untouched.

Between 1871 and 1914, however, the whole close-knit, highly organized and government-endowed industry was reared. This industry, instead of being paralyzed by the strain of the war and the shock of defeat, is in reality more intensive, and therefore more efficient, than ever before. Moreover, this vast productive machine stands intact. Except in that comparatively small area bordering on the Rhine which was bombed during the last three months of the war not a single German factory has been damaged.

When I was in Switzerland last November it was estimated that within the confines of that tiny republic Germany had 60,000 bales of cotton and 20,000 bales of wool stowed away. The total value of the German-owned material in Switzerland of all kinds was almost $200,000,000.

What was true of Switzerland was equally true of Spain. A year ago at Barcelona—the Manchester of Spain—I saw warehouse after warehouse packed to the roof with cotton and wool, all German-owned. Other warehouses were jammed with copper and rubber. With that foresight which was an adjunct of her industry Germany made ready for the day of peace and rehabilitation. She realized from the outbreak of hostilities that raw materials would not only play an important role in the struggle but in the war after the war. Had she been successful she would have made such exactions as would have startled the world. As soon as she realized that defeat was inevitable she began to comb the universe for insurance against post-war industrial paralysis. The hoards in Switzerland and Spain are matched by what amounts to a monopoly on the Swedish iron-ore output. German hooks are fastened into the coal and iron output of Russia.

In the light of these facts you can readily understand why the Kaiser was so eager to make peace with his friends and coworkers, the Bolsheviki. The obscene treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk practically handed over Russia's raw materials—a world's underground treasure-trove—to our enemies. Though that treaty is to be abrogated at the Peace Conference the German grip on Russia will not relax. Remember that there are 2,000,000 Russians of German birth who not only continue to speak German but who are loyal to the country in which they were born. In addition there are 6,000,000 Germans and Poles who speak German as the language of commerce and of society. Hence, and despite the curbs that must be put upon the flow of raw materials into Germany, it is altogether likely that through bargaining, intrigue, and otherwise, she will be able to set up shop and in time spread out throughout the universe unless she is rigidly supervised. I offer these facts as one antidote for the booming and dangerous optimism let loose in America the moment the armistice was signed and which, summed up, found expression in: "Germany is beaten. We have nothing more to fear from her."

On our cover this month we reproduce a photograph of Lt.-Col. W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., etc., Canada's leading air-man, who has 73 Hun machines to his official credit. In February MacLean's *cover depicted Sir David Beatty, representing the Navy; previously Sir Douglas Haig's picture was used, typifying the army. Now Lt.-Col. Bishop's appears, as the leading figure in the third arm of the Service—the R.A.F., and he leads not only all Canadian "aces," but all in the British Empire. Fonck, of France, is the only aviator of the Allies with a record of equal merit.*

A LARGE ORDER!

Germans Hoped to Raise Ships

It is Suggested That Germany Expected to Resurrect Boats Sunk by Pirates

"DIGGING up the U-boats' 'bones'," is the catchy title of an interesting article in *Everybody's* advancing the suggestion that Germany sunk as many ships as possible in a depth which would enable her to salvage them—*when* she won.

The article reads:

"In May of 1917, an article appeared in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* which confirmed a suspicion that had been lurking in the minds of close students of the war. It was at the time when the U-boats had reached the very summit of success. For three months, German submarines had been steadily sinking merchant ships without restriction. March had yielded a harvest of one hundred and twenty ships, and April had shown the tremendous total of one hundred and fifty-two. It looked as if May would set an even higher record. Already Germany was gloating over the ruin of Great Britain. Before the summer was over, she would be brought to her knees and a German peace would be forced upon the world.

"It was just at this critical juncture that the *Fremdenblatt* announced that German naval engineers had perfected a process of raising ships from the bottom of the sea. Details were withheld but it was stated that specially equipped salvage vessels would be employed which would be able to operate even in stormy weather. An estimate was given of the value of ships already sunk and it was pointed out that '*most of them lie in favorable positions to guarantee plenty of work and a rich profit for many years after the war.*'

"The *Lusitania*, for instance, went down only eight miles off Old Head of Kinsale. Many other vessels were actually sunk within plain view of observers on land, and until the activities of the Allied destroyers drove the U-boats out to the deep sea it was the exception for any vessel to be torpedoed at a considerable distance from the coast.

"We are familiar enough with the German character to realize that the U-boat commanders were not actuated by any humanitarian concern for the fate of the shipwrecked crews. It was not because they hoped that the life-boats could make shore that they waited until their victims were near land before launching their deadly torpedoes. No doubt it was easier to locate their prey near ports than out on the high seas, and it was more convenient to operate in comparatively shallow water than in deep water, because the sea bottom could be used for a resting-place.

"If we look at a map of Great Britain, about which the majority of the U-boat victims lie, we find that most of them are in water less than fifty fathoms deep. A submarine, when completely submerged, is absolutely blind. It is impossible to see fifty feet ahead. There are no lighthouses and no buoys to guide the navigator. He must proceed by dead-reckoning, and there is always danger that he may crash into a sunken wreck. A submarine can manœuver at a depth of one hundred feet. It can not dive with safety to a depth greater than two hundred feet, and even at that depth the weight of the overlying water is liable to strain the plating, if it does not actually crush the boat. So that a ship sunk in water from two hundred to three hundred feet deep would be clear of submarine navigation.

"Evidently, when they launched into unrestricted U-boat warfare, the German high-command not only determined upon the destruction of Allied property, but reckoned on the recovery of much of this property at the conclusion of the war. Of course they counted on a German victory which would give them the right to dictate terms. Their U-boats were piling up treasures in the sea, and each vessel that went down was another bone buried, to be dug up at the post-bellum feast."

Sir Wilfred Laurier

SIR WILFRID LAURIER *passed away, peacefully, February 17, stricken amid the manifold activities that occupied his attention, even at the advanced age of 77. Honored and respected, by men of all shades of political opinion, the Liberal chieftain, who had spent fifty years of his life in the service of his country, died in harness.*

"In the intimacies of confidential intercourse," says the GLOBE, *"few men ever saw the chief of the Liberal party moved to anger, and none ever heard an unworthy word pass from his lips."*

Truly, a wonderful tribute!

The article in this issue by J. K. Munro was already on the press before the wire bore news of Sir Wilfrid's decease.

There is no opportunity for us to make here more than this too-slight passing tribute to one of Canada's greatest sons.

The Mysterious Sinn Fein Leader

Picture of de Valera with an Estimate of His Power

THE leader of the Sinn Fein movement, de Valera, is a rather mysterious sort of person. Although he is much in the public eye—especially since his recent escape from jail—but little is known about him. Such scraps of biography as are available have been gathered together by *Current Opinion* and they make a very interesting picture:

In a period so short that he remains still a character unfamiliar and mysterious, he has converted an obscure and proscribed revolutionary society into the dominant Irish political party. He has routed the entrenched leadership of the Redmonds and the Dillons, the O'Briens and the Devlins all combined. He has revolutionized the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, at one time openly hostile to him. He has composed feud after feud within his following through his perfect sympathy with Irish human nature and a rare comprehension of its merits and defects. Results of this sort, as the Liberal Manchester organ remarks, are never achieved by mediocrities, and those British newspapers which at first hailed de Valera as an interloper and a foreigner, coming from nowhere and representing nothing, are now inclined to agree that, humiliating as it must be to the politicians in London, he has matched his wits against theirs and made even the great Lloyd George, to say nothing of Sir Edward Carson, seem a trifle inefficient by comparison.

The mystery in which the name and the career of de Valera are involved include his present whereabouts. Nobody seems to know definitely, so rigid is the Irish censorship, whether he is in jail or out of it or just what part of Ireland he calls home. The prison experiences of the past four or five years have aged the man, our contemporary says, and he now looks, with his lined and pinched face, somewhat older than his thirty-seven years. He is fine-looking still, saya the London *News*, although he was never handsome, like Parnell in his prime, or aristocratically elegant, like the martyr Emmett. Nature seems to have given him the heavy build of O'Connell, but he has not grown fat like that liberator. The wide open eyes of de Valera, set far apart, are large and staring, forming an essential feature of the physiognomical impression as a whole. The lips are firm and compressed in repose. The nose is slightly hawklike and the skin by its swarthinesa reveals the Iberian descent. The father of de

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Valera is understood to have been a political refugee from Spain when he met and married the Irish girl who was to become the mother of the Sinn Fein hero.

The little boy received the name of Edmond in baptism, not Eamonn. He learned to lisp the English tongue in America. When he first arrived in Bruree in county Limerick he was only six. He spoke Spanish and French from childhood and in Ireland he learned to ride like a centaur and to swim and to shoot. He was educated at a big school near the college of Blackrock. His mother despised the English all her life and from the first he was passionately Irish, with a strong tendency to play with tin soldiers. He must have the linguistic gift, for it is affirmed that he could speak Gaelic with fluency when he was only twelve. His mathematical genius—the most astonishing of his endowments—disclosed itself when he was seventeen and he thought at one time of becoming an astronomer. Before he had passed on to the college of Blackrock he was applying mathematical formulas to every conceivable problem. His sense of proportion and of order, his foresight, his constructiveness, his ability to plan far ahead, are aspects, to all who know him, of his mathematical genius. He was a successful tutor in consequence and he astonished the examiners, when applying for his degree, with abstruse calculations of planetary weights that revealed no error at any stage of intricate computations that filled reams of paper. In a quieter period of history, writes one who knows him to a London paper, he might have become a Newton or worked out fresh theories of dynamics. He seems to have thought at one time of going into the army, for his military aptitudes, among his followers at any rate, are rated high indeed.

His ringing laugh, his athletic prowess, unexpected in one of his romantic and poetical personal appearance, and the alertness of his manner do not suggest the brooder over figures. He is a brilliant talker, says the London *News*, and he seems to have no reserve on the subject of his dreams of glory for Ireland. His courage is beyond question and he readily faced death at Boland's bakery in the "revolution." He rallies his men under fire as only one with the gift of command and of inspiration can. He received a death sentence calmly, with one of his favorite works, the "confessions" of St. Augustine, under his arm. He was not in the least moved, his jailers reported, when a reprieve was read to him in his cell. It would be erroneous to infer that he is cold or impassive. He is emotional but self-controlled. Naturally he is nervous. At times he talks incessantly. His temperament is sanguine, not to say enthusiastic. He is lucky in having that fine physique, for it shows up conspicuously before an audience and prejudices every observer in his favor. His oratory is a blend of the sarcastic, the anecdotal, the polished, the enthusiastic. The spark of fire flashes early from it. He does not rant either. Indignation flames. The soul shines forth from the flashing dark eyes. Such are the impressions of reporters for the London press.

Three Year Marriages in France

American Boys Are Taking Brides For This Length of Time

THERE has been a great deal of talk, and not a little anxiety, with reference to the matrimonial alliances that the Canadian and American soldiers are forming overseas. Mothers and sweethearts on this side of the water are seriously alarmed. Under the heading, "French Women—and Your Boy," Major Robert Davis writes in *Hearst's Magazine*, giving some interesting information with reference to the French part of the problem. His article will be reassuring, for the most part, to the anxious ones at home, but it indicates that many French brides will be brought back and, further, that many American boys will remain in France. He writes, in part:

At a seaport town in which many of our boys are stationed, the young ladies are marrying Americans. There is nothing irregular in the fact, except that the marriages are for three years. At the end of the period no one knows exactly what will happen, whether they will be renewed like a lease or whether they will be terminated like a contract of hiring. To show that they are "three-year brides" the girls have bobbed their hair. It is the mark of her cautious adventure. Both bride and groom are playing safe.

The Frenchwoman has trained for centuries to please men. She has a much stronger sex instinct than we have. She does not go in for being accomplished. She does not think whether she can drive a motor, play the piano, golf, or do landscape gardening. She may do these things well but she is not self-conscious about it. Her immemorial training has been to attract men, to amuse them and make them forget themselves.

As natural reaction to this mode of treatment from the womenfolk, the Frenchman has come to esteem vivacity and charm more than physical symmetry. We Americans, more boyish in our tastes, do not look beyond beauty of feature and figure. At a dance in America a pink-and-white girl, with no more brains than a baked bean, will be surrounded by admirers. In France it would be a girl of sympathy and wit who would receive the attention.

Running parallel to her strong sex instinct is her maternal instinct, which, as she has few children to mother, is first toward her parents, and later toward her husband. Young women take charge of their mothers, leading them by the hand in the city streets and subways, as though they were little children. They manage the feeding, the business, the traveling, the money-saving, of everyone who will submit to their bossing. They are great hustlers and very clever at a bargain.

The women of "Petite Bourgeoisie" are the shopkeepers, comely, with red cheeks and abundant hair. Winter and summer they wear no hats except on state occasions. Ninety-five per cent. of them are pronounced brunettes. They are comrades with their men, taking the bitter with the sweet, the fat with the lean, with less complaint and harder work than their husbands. The women of France have all the control of national life they can use. They do not mix to any extent in politics, nor want to, for they manage the business of their little shops. Usually the husband takes your money and passes it to the wife, who holds the cashbox or has a big pocket in her underskirt. Investments are made by the wife, the children are controlled by her. Why should there be any Woman's Rights Party in France? —any further rights she needed she would take without any discussion. These women are the backbone of the nation's daily trade. Your boy will be amused by the cool way they handle their menfolk, and scold them when they beat him at a trade.

These are women of strong personality; docile on the skin, but as persistent as the law of gravitation. A Princeton man told me that he knew five fellow-soldiers who had married wives of the shopkeeping class, which means that they will stay in France, whether they wish to or not. They have married managers for life.

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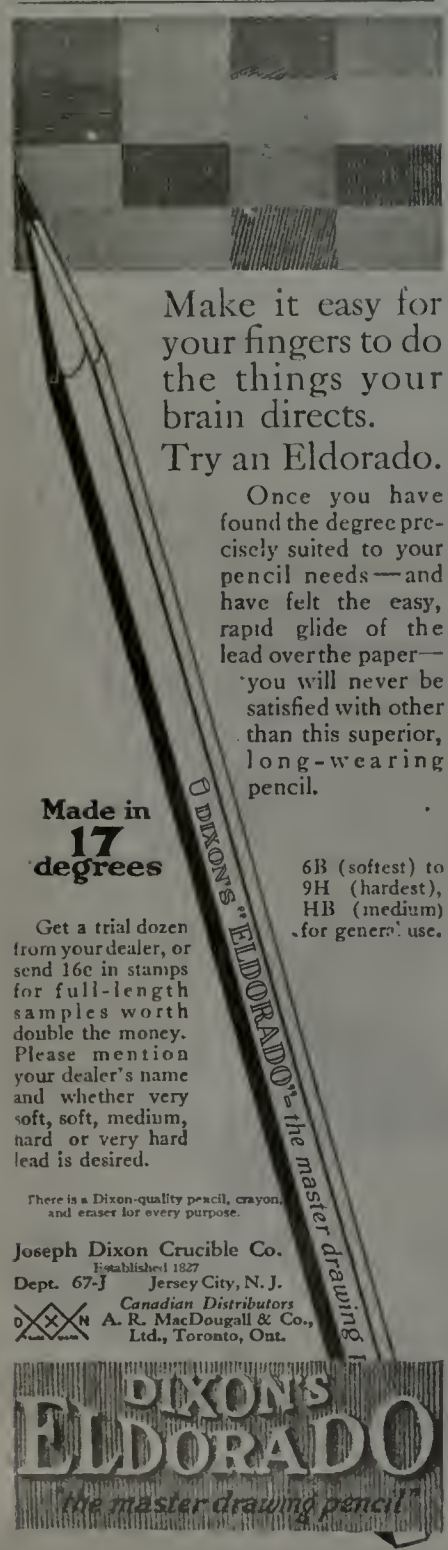

The Secret British Ferry

Trains Were Ferried Across English Channel, From Port of Richborough to France—Terminus Was Carefully Guarded

"THE Railroad Ferry Service" between England and France received very little mention during the war, and no secret was more carefully guarded during 1916-17-18 than the construction and location of the English terminus, Richborough. So jealously was the secret kept, says the *Scientific American*, that this important link in the cross-channel communications was never subjected to bombardment by aeroplanes or Zeppelins.

"The terminal which is known as Richborough is located near the coastal town of Sandwich, and was built upon land which, three winters ago, was a favorite resort of the coot and the heron, and was used, in part, for the pasturing of sheep. The site selected included about 2,200 acres, and in addition to a large railway storage and classification yard, with the usual tracks and storage buildings, there was constructed an extensive plant for the construction of barges. The magnitude of the Richborough terminal works may be judged from the fact that at the close of the war its personnel included 20,000 officers and men.

"For the train ferry service, three steel ferries were constructed. These vessels are 363 feet long by 61 feet in beam, with 10 feet of draft, and their speed is 12 knots. Their displacement is 3,655 tons and they are driven by twin screws. They are provided with four railroad tracks running the length of the ship, which are capable of holding fifty-four 10-ton trucks. To accommodate the rise and fall of the tides, movable ferry slips were provided at each terminal. The trains were run directly on to the ferry and at the terminals at France were hauled ashore and taken direct to their destination. When the ferries were not loaded with freight trains, they were used for the transportation of locomotives, tanks, artillery, and other similar supplies for the fighting front.

"The service was started in full swing on the 1st of February, 1917, and from that time to the signing of the armistice, it had carried across 1,285,000 tons, of which 785,000 tons consisted of guns, gun shells, and other ordnance material."

Will Trotzky Hire Huns?

Leslie's Weekly Asserts Junction of Forces Between Slav Bolshevists and Trained Germans is Growing a Menacing Possibility

THE menace of Bolshevism is graphically and lucidly described by a correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly*, Mrs. Harper, who draws attention to a possible—or probable—conjunction of forces between the Lenine-Trotzky Government and the thousands of trained men being set free by demobilization in Germany. Explaining the Bolshevik system of "representative" Government, Mrs. Harper says:

"European Russia now is governed by the all-Russian Soviet, which is the headquarters of Lenine and Trotzky. Local soviets act as subordinate and local Governments in each town and village. On each of these local soviets is a representative of the all-Russian Soviet. This representative is the spokesman of Lenine, Trotzky & Company. If the local soviets disagree with him, word is sent to Moscow and a punitive expedition of Red Guards is sent to that locality and, depending on the degree of insubordination, punishment is meted out. Sometimes it is merely a fine, and sometimes the village is given to pillage and all foodstuffs are taken from the peasants. In this way many millions of people are terrorized and kept in subjugation by a few thousand."

On the threatened menace, the same authority writes:

"The demobilization of Germany will set free thousands of trained men whose first thought will be the future. The Bolsheviki need these men, and will easily procure their services. They can afford to pay them very well, and these men will supply what is so badly needed by the Bolsheviki administration, organization and skilled labor. Once this takes place, and there is nothing being done to stop it, the Allies and America will not only have to equip a large Russian army of anti-Bolshevik volunteers, but will have to send in many divisions of their own men. They will not be able to avoid this; there will be no other course of action for them to pursue. The menace of Bolshevism must be removed before even temporary peace of any kind will come to the world. Once the Bolshevik regime is strengthened by German skilled labor, organizers, mechanics, engineers, etc., the whole world stands in danger of being swept by the plague of anarchy, and America will not be immune.

"That is Bolshevism; another and a better word is anarchy, which means disorder, misrule, confusion, want of government, lawlessness, reign of violence; all of these are applicable, and all are true. From this, it is clear that the Russian problem is first of all one of military organization; politics has nothing to do with it. The only remedy is, as I said, the recreation of an anti-Bolshevik Russian volunteer army."

Why Harrison Fought Lloyd George

Man Who Ran Against British Premier Explains His Reasons

AUSTIN HARRISON, the editor of the *English Review*, ran against Mr. Lloyd George in the recent election and was rather soundly beaten. His candidature caused considerable surprise because it was quite apparent that no man living could hope to win from the Little Welshman in his constituency. Harrison, it seems, stood on a matter of principle, and it is interesting to find in the current issue of the *English Review*, a statement as to why the editor took it upon himself to beard the lion in his den—interesting also to read of the unfair influences which Harrison claims were brought against him. He writes in part as follows:

Ten days before nomination day an officer who happened to be talking to me about a poem of his made a remark which set me thinking. He said, "What about this 'dud' election? Nobody wants it. The soldiers don't care a straw about an election in present conditions. Why do not one of you civvies go down and contest the Prime Minister's seat and shame him?" And so that evening I made up my mind to stand upon principle in the dreary "dud" election that nobody wanted.

Of course, I was a "carpet-bagger," and when I arrived with a small bag in

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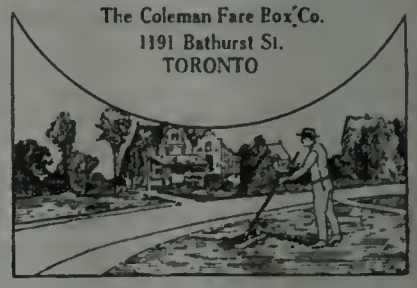

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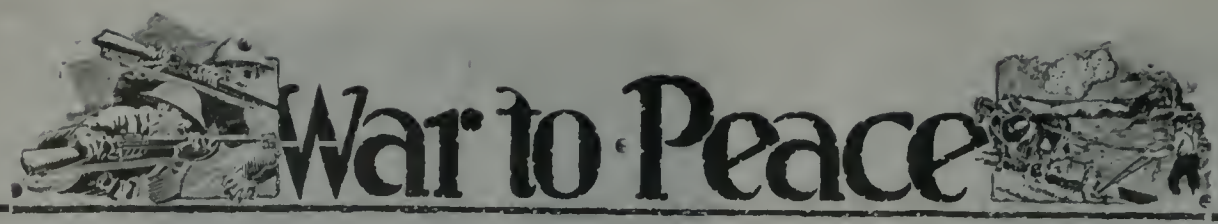

Employers—Give the Returned Soldier a Square Deal!

THE intelligent and untiring co-operation of employers throughout the whole country is the very keystone around which Canada's repatriation plans must be built.

Many employers are keeping positions open for soldiers who formerly held them. That is as it should be. But it is not enough. There are thousands of men being released from the army who have no definite positions to go to.

Every employer, in taking on new help, should as far as possible give preference to a returned soldier. Firstly, because he owes it to the returned soldier. Secondly, because it is good business to do so — and here's the reason:—The soldier is a better worker, more efficient and dependable, because of his military training. He is a better citizen, with a broader outlook, a clearer vision of the things that matter.

Do not suppose for one minute that the soldier has lost initiative. The man who has been "over the top" is a man who has learned to do a job thoroughly — when it has to be done. He does not work by the clock.

But giving the returned man a job—and the best job you have—is not the only duty employers must discharge.

The returned man must also be given a reasonable chance to "pick up the threads" again.

He does not look for sympathy or for better consideration than those who did not actually serve in the fighting line. He does not appeal for charity.

But he does demand *a Square Deal.*

The Repatriation Committee

OTTAWA

the constituency I found that the last thing any man contemplated there was a contest. "Impossible!" one man told me. "Nobody dare sign your nomination paper."

I went to another town, but there opinion was even more resolute. "It can't be done." "It shall be done," I answered; whereupon my friend informed me that terrorism reigned in the Carnarvon Boroughs; it would cost a man his position to nominate me; it might cost the candidate his life.

"But surely," I urged, "Wales is the home of freedom? Mr. Lloyd George has fought great fights for Liberalism, for free speech. Did he not crush the old Tory landlordism of Bangor district? Are you all so delighted—" But here I found granite.

"We are not all delighted," was the reply. "Many of us are gravely concerned at the Prime Minister's *liaison* with Tory Junkerdom, as the *Daily Mail* put it; not a few of us distrust this Coalition deal, especially this rushed election. But, though numbers doubt, no man will nominate you. No man would dare to take the risk."

I expostulated, yet in vain. "This is terrorism," I cried, "in the 'land of your Fathers.' There must be a Welshman who will nominate me." And, lo! that afternoon there was such a Welshman. He nominated me for principle. That done, the spell was broken, and I found a seconder.

Armed with these signatures, I again sought out those elements which I could clearly see deeply resented the levity of the Prime Minister, but they refused to be persuaded. "Even if you got nominated, you could not hold a meeting," they said. "You would have to slink out of the constituency, and your candidature would be a farce."

"Not more so than the election," I pleaded; and I was glad to note that in this my friends concurred, but still I could find no supporters; and that night, the eve of the nomination day, I made up my mind to go back to London. Despised and rejected, I went out after lunch for a stroll, and ran up against one of the old "Contemptibles," to whom I explained the situation. "There is no difficulty," he told me. "The soldiers can't vote. They bitterly resent this bid for power behind their back. You want eight assentors. I'll get you a dozen in an hour."

At this juncture a Scot came along, and he joined in the search. Within two hours ten assentors filled the nomination paper, and then at tea we had a good laugh.

I was asked what Party was behind me, and when they heard that no Party was behind me, no machinery, no newspaper, no "whip" of any kind, the soldiers were elated. One of them consented to act as election agent, and left hospital for the job; and on the next day, having lodged my nomination with the deposit, I returned to London to get some collars, etc.

When I returned on the Monday evening I found definite progress had been made. Three meetings had been arranged. My election address, devoted to the League of Nations, was awakening interest. The alternative—conscription—was already recognized as a more arresting election cry than journalese talk about hanging the Kaiser, or who had really won the war: Mr. Lloyd George or the soldiers?

Being an absolute tyro in the election business, I should no doubt have been blocked out had it not been for the splendid support given me by my sergeant election agent, who not only ran the show in the teeth of the double election machinery, but turned out to be a very fine platform speaker.

We met with both usual and unusual opposition. None of my election literature was allowed to go to the 4,900 absent soldiers on the excuse that the date for the reception of such literature was November 27th—that is, a week before nomination—although an extra fortnight had been granted to enable the soldiers to vote. That brilliant exhibition of "political strategy" will certainly lose me a number of votes, but I record it here as a sample of political honesty not easily beaten in a "free" country; and when I wired to the Prime Minister for an explanation, he tele-

graphed back that the Postmaster-General controlled, he didn't. What a curious position for a Prime Minister, not to be able to control his own election! I, of course, apologized to the electors for the Prime Minister's inability to give his opponent fair play; yet when those electors read a copy of Army Form Z30, with its unpleasant likeness to military and industrial conscription, many of them, I feel confident, formed a serious opinion about the meaning of the "carpet-bagger's" intrusion into the stronghold of the "great little Welshman."

I held three meetings, supported by the sergeant and a Major M.C.—at Llandudno, at Conway, at Bangor—and all three were successful, though at Conway our speeches were interrupted, and in the end the meeting musically dispersed. Still, I got through my speech at Llandudno on the League of Nations and the necessity of compelling the Prime Minister to be serious instead of talking about "no more Alsace-Lorraining" and "tripping up the God of War." In spite of organized opposition, and even a physical-force appeal to carry the platform, Sergeant Hildreth held the audience, and we parted on good terms, numbers of people coming up subsequently and shaking hands with my wife and me.

At Bangor our last meeting was really interesting. The hall—where Mr. Lloyd George made his fine stand against the Boer War—was packed, and I spoke practically without interruption, and in the end was even applauded. This ended my election work. Of course, I did not "do" the constituency on polling day. My wife and I went out for a stroll on the pier at Llandudno, and coming back we noticed a *posse* of Boy Scouts parading with a banner which bore the inscription. "Vote for Lloyd George and *No Conscription.*"

With a quarter of the constituency arbitrarily disfranchised, my poll may appear insignificant, yet I claim the moral victory at the Carnarvon Boroughs, for at the eleventh hour posters appeared calling for votes for the Prime Minister and "*no conscription,*" though only a day or so previously he had made a manifesto declaring that conscription depended upon the nature of the Peace.

My object had thus been obtained—to force the Prime Minister to a clear statement of policy on the League of Nations, which he will now have to take seriously, because the only alternative is conscription—which, I can assure him, the soldiers and the electors of the Carnarvon Boroughs will take *very seriously.* And I venture to say that the Welsh thoroughly understood my motive in forcing upon them an unwelcomed contest. I met with much courtesy and quick intelligence. I thank them from these pages for their understanding and sympathy. They say that I had not come among them as a cheeky candidate who sought to injure their national hero or to talk election insincerities, but rather, through them, to bring him back to his native inspiration. It was, perhaps, no peradventure that my first nominator was a man of Criccieth. As I stood on that shore in the Prime Minister's village we looked across the ocean to America—to the opportunity offered to Old Europe by the New World. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, I said, must work together for civilization, and it was in this spirit that the Welsh listened to me.

The so-called "freak" election thus became a little demonstration of principle. Instead of attacking the Welsh idol, I pleaded for him, but I asked them to make him the old Lloyd George. From the Carnarvon Boroughs my cry for League of Nations spirit and League of Nations sincerity passed across the hills into the country, and finally became the issue of the election; and had Liberalism and Labor from the outset made that issue their platform, they would, I believe, have carried the country.

The Poison That Didn't

How an Intelligence Officer Startled War Office With a "Canard"

SOME delightful whimsicalities of the English "War Office in War Time" are described by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., in *Blackwood's Magazine.* The writer was responsible for the work of the Intelligence Department, and tells of a few of the oddities who presented themselves to him as Intelligence Officers.

The General had one officer on his staff, whom he calls "Z," who was "in some respects quite the best intelligence officer I have come across in a fairly wide experience." This delightfully insouciant chap started his war career as a subaltern, but even then he "treated Cabinet Ministers with an engaging blend of firmness and familiarity, and he could, when occasion called for it, keep Royalty in its place."

Once, when he decided to visit Paris and the Front, says General Callwell, "he took me with him, explaining that unless he had a general officer in his train there might be difficulties as to his being accompanied by his soldier servant. Generals and colonels and people of that kind doing duty at the War Office did not have soldier servants—but "Z" did."

"Z's" activities were so amazing in their ramifications that the General says they might be almost described as 'universal." But occasionally he made a mistake. For instance, says General Callwell of "Z":

He burst tumultuously into my room one morning flourishing a paper.

"Have you seen this, sir?"

As a matter of fact, I had seen it; but, as the document had conveyed no meaning to my mind, dissembled. Its purport was that 580 tons of a substance of which I had never heard before, and of which I have forgotten the name, had been landed somewhere or other in Scandinavia.

"But do you know what it is, sir? It's the most appalling poison! It's the concoction that the South Sea Islanders smear their bows and arrows with—cyanide and prussic acid are soothing-syrup compared to it. Of course, it's for those filthy Boches. 580 tons of it! There won't be a bullet, or a Zeppelin, or a shell, or a bayonet, or a dart that won't be reeking with the stuff." I was aghast. "Shall I go and see the Director-General, A.M.S., about it, sir?"

"Yes, do, by all means. The very thing."

He came back presently. "I've seen the D.-G., sir, and he's frightfully excited. He's got hold of all his deputies and hangers-on, and the whole gang of them are talking as if they were wound up. One of them says he thinks he has heard of an antidote, but of course he knows nothing whatever about it really, and is only talking through his hat. I tell you what, sir—we ought to lend them a hand in this business. I know Professor Stingo; he's miles and away the biggest man on smells and that sort of thing in London, if not in Europe. So if you'll let me, I'll charter a taxi and be off and hunt him up, and get him to work. If the thing can be done, sir, he's the lad for the job. May I go, sir?"

"Very well, do as you propose, and let me know the result."

He turned up again in the afternoon. "I've seen old man Stingo, sir, and he's for it all right. He's going to collect a lot more sportsmen of the same kidney, and they're going to have the time of their lives, and to make a regular night of it. You see, sir, I pointed out to him that this was a matter of the utmost urgency—not merely a question of finding an antidote, but also of distributing it methodically and broad-cast.

"The stuff'll have to be carted off to France and the Dardanelles, and maybe to Archangel and Mesopotamia; so Stingo and Co. are going to be up all night, and mean to arrive at some result or to perish in the attempt. And now, sir, what have you done about it at the Foreign Office?"

This was disconcerting, seeing that I had done nothing.

"Oh, but, sir," sounding that note of

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submissive expostulation which the tactful staff officer contrives to introduce when he feels himself obliged reluctantly to express disapproval of superior military authority, "oughtn't we to do something? How would it be if I were to go down and see Grey, or one of them, and to talk to him like a father?"

"Well, perhaps it might be advisable to make a guarded suggestion to them on the subject. Give my compliments to ———" But he was gone.

He returned in about half an hour. "I've been down to the Foreign Office, sir, and as you might have expected, they haven't done a blooming thing. What those 'dips' think they're paid for always beats me! However, I've got them to promise to cable out to their ambassadors and consuls and bottle-washers in Scandinavia to keep their wits about them. I offered to draft the wires for them; but they seemed to think that they could do it themselves, and I dare say they'll manage all right now that I've told them exactly what they are to say."

Next forenoon he came into my room in a hurry. "I've been hearing about the caterpillars, sir," he exclaimed joyously.

"The caterpillars?"

"Oh, not crawly things like one finds in one's salad, sir. The ones the Admiralty are making (The first I heard of the "Tanks," which made so successful a debut near the Somme a year and a half later.) Armored, motor contrivances, with great big feet that will go across country, and jump canals, and go bang through Boche trenches and barbed wire as if they weren't there. They'll be perfectly splendid—full of platoons and bombs and machine guns, and all the rest of it. I *will* say this for Winston and those mariners across Whitehall—when they get an idea, they carry it out and do not bother whether the thing'll be any use or can be made at all—care no more for the Treasury than if it was so much dirt, and quite right too! Just what it is."

"Yes, yes; but just one moment. How about the poison?"

"The poison, sir? What poi—oh, that stuff. Didn't I tell you, sir? It isn't poison at all. You see, sir, it's this way. There are two forms of it. There's the white form, and that is poison, shocking poison; it's what the Fijians use when they want to pacify a busybody like Captain Cook who comes butting in where he isn't wanted. As a matter of fact there's uncommon little of it— they don't get a hundredweight in a generation. Then there's the red form, and that's what Johnnies have been dumping down 580 tons of at Whats-its-name. It's quite innocuous, and is used for commercial purposes—tanning leather, or making spills, or something of that kind. Now may I go to the Ad———"

"But have you told all this to the Director-General?"

"Oh yes, sir. I told him first thing this morning."

"Did he pass no remarks as to your having started him off after this absurd hare of yours?"

"Well, you see, sir, he's an uncommonly busy man, and I didn't feel justified in wasting his time. So, after relieving his mind, I cleared out at once."

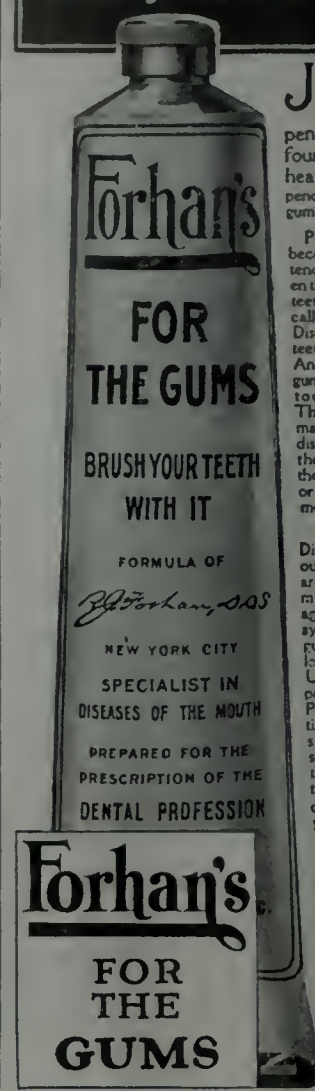
"And your professors?"

"Oh, those professor-men—it would never do to tell them, sir. They'd be perfectly miserable if they were deprived of the excitement of muddling about with their crucibles and blowpipes, and retorts and things. It would be cruelty to animals to enlighten them—it would indeed, sir; and I know that you would not wish me to do anything to discourage scientific investigation. Now, sir, may I go over to the Admiralty?"

"And off he went."

There will be another of Professor Leacock's inimitable articles in MACLEAN'S *for April. Look also for a second huge instalment of Frederick Isham's "The Transformation," and see how the "'Uman Tiger" progresses.*

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums. Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth — keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Did Dr. Diesel Die?

What Happened to German Inventor of Diesel Marine Engine?—Disappeared Just Before War

THE mysterious disappearance of Dr. Rudolf Diesel, inventor, is recalled by Edwin Slosson in the *Independent*. Here is the story:

"Shortly before the war broke out, but when a war was regarded as imminent if not inevitable, Germany's greatest inventor, the man who had inaugurated a revolution in the world's motive power likely to be as important as that achieved by Watt, left Germany for England. But he never arrived. Dr. Rudolf Diesel took passage at Antwerp on the Channel steamer "Dresden" on the night of September 29, 1913. When the vessel arrived at Harwich next morning he was missing and the annual meeting of the Consolidated Diesel Engine Manufacturers at London, which he was to attend on the following day, was held without him. So much the world knows. Everything else is speculation. Naturally speculation has been abundant. Diesel's disappearance has given rise to as many wild theories as Kitchener's. These theories, such of them as I have happened to hear of, may be classified in the following way:

"1. Accidentally fell overboard and drowned.

"2. Seized by heart disease and fell overboard.

"3. Pushed overboard by German agents.

"4. Kidnapped by German agents.

"5. Alive and in the service of British Government.

"6. Jumped overboard because of (a) mental breakdown due to insomnia, (b) financial worries, (c) domestic troubles, (d) lack of proper appreciation.

"The reader may take his choice of these nine hypotheses, for there is no proof of any of them and there is evidence against all of them. One other point must be mentioned, though it adds to the mystery instead of clarifying it. That is, that his family at Munich received a telegram announcing his safe arrival in London—but the telegram was sent from Geneva, Switzerland.

"Against the hypothesis of hypochondria is that when last seen he appeared very cheerful. His family life is said to have been happy. He had broken down from overwork thirteen years before, but had apparently recovered. He had suffered from heart failure, but seemed to be all right again. He had not made as much money out of his inventions as he hoped, but he had accumulated a comfortable competence of $2,500,000.

"He had not received all the credit that he deserved, but the original Diesel engine was installed in the place of honor in the handsome new buildings of the Munich Museum and he had just given to the museum all his drawings and models. Against the rumor that he is still alive in England is the fact that it is the Germans and not the British, who, during the war, as well as before, made greatest use of his inventions. As for the remaining hypothesis, that he was killed or kidnapped by order of the German Government, that rests upon no firmer foundation than our natural inclination to ascribe any devilry to the Germans and the fact that if Diesel's inventive genius had been transferred to the other side it would have been worth more than an army corps to the Allies.

"For it was due to Diesel that the Germans have had and still have the most powerful and economical engines for their cruisers, destroyers, submarines and airplanes. The London *Times* of January 28, 1914, stated that the largest Diesel marine engines so far made in England were of 2,000 horsepower, while the Germans were equipping their warships with 12,000 horsepower, while the Germans were equipin France of a Gotha plane with Diesel engines a year or more ago shows that the Germans have overcome the difficulties of adapting this new motive power to aircraft. Whether they are using it on tanks and trucks I have not heard."

A Problem

This Much-persecuted "Orphan" Should Be An International "Ward"—Perhaps Under U.S. Tutelage—Suggests Viscount Bryce

A CHRISTIAN Armenian state, with, of course, every race and religion amply protected against persecution; is the solution offered for this vexing problem in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Viscount Bryce, O.M.

But, the definition of a "state" is a "sovereign, political unity." and Bryce points out that before this status can be achieved a temporary "protectorate" must be established. The United States is put forward as the logical guardian.

"But the process of reconstruction can hardly take less than fifteen or twenty years, and what is to be done in the meantime? Local self-government may be given to the small areas in which some one religious or racial element largely predominates, and this might be communal—*i.e.*, the inhabitants of each form of faith or speech in each area might have the adminstration of their own domestic and local concerns, so that no one element could oppress the others. But such local communities could not at first maintain a police sufficient to restrain the Kurds, nor construct those routes of communication which the country needs, nor would fairplay between the different communities be secured.

"There must therefore be a Protecting Power to undertake these functions, a Western civilized Power, which can send in trained officers, some military, some civil, and so set on foot an administration which will command not only obedience—that need not be difficult—but also confidence in its uprightness and impartiality.

"Who shall this Protecting Power be? It has been often said that the Power which would be most obvious, not only impartial but also disinterested, having no possible self-regarding ambitions of its own, would be the United States. To it would belong one unique advantage. Its missionaries have already won the gratitude and affection of the Christian population, to whose progress they have for the last seventy or eighty years rendered inestimable services by their schools and colleges, while they have also enjoyed the respect and confidence of the Muslim population, whom they have not tried to proselytize, and to whom their schools, colleges, and hospitals have aways stood open. These missionaries are the only foreigners who really know the country and understand the people.

"If the United States were disposed to undertake the philanthropic task of supplying administrators for a period of. say, twenty years, it would have an opportunity unprecedented in history of conferring permanent benefits such as no country has ever received at the hands of another.

"If, however, the American Government and people should hesitate to make such a departure from the long settled lines of their policy, nothing would remain except to find some European Power, or some group of

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Powers, willing to undertake the task. This expedient presents the best chance of saving a country which, in the interests of the world at large, ought not to be allowed to relapse into the barbarism and misery to which an alien tyranny has so long condemned it."

The German Spy in Holland

How Germany Kept in Touch With Britain During the War

THERE were 10,000 known German agents in Holland during the war. To the *Pall Mall Gazette* a Dutch police inspector explained that it would have been useless to expel them as their places would simply have been taken by other unknown agents.

Further details with regard to these as gleaned from this inspector were as follows:

They drifted into Holland on various pretexts. Some were highly educated men, capable of moving in the best society; others were mere shadowers and touts. They took up all sorts of positions. The case of the porter at the Hotel des Indes, the Ritz, and the Hague, who proved to be a brother of the then German Ambassador at Constantinople, is already known to the public. But that is only one of hundreds of similar incidents.

The chief task of this army of men has been, of course, to keep in touch with Britain. In the early days of the war there was no more difficulty in this than if there were no war on. British passports in those days were not worth the paper on which they were produced.

A young journalist who was in Holland, but had no passport, got one from the local Consul (a Dutchman, of course) simply on the production of a letter from home. Later on it was rendered very difficult to get a British passport but, curiously enough, the previous issue of useless paper was not withdrawn until the war had been in progress for three full years. It need hardly be said that the German Secret Service made good use of their carelessness.

Again, the spies benefited from the lack of co-operation between our different departments. Thus, in one large town the British community was unofficially warned against patronizing a certain music dealer, who was a known German agent. Yet that man was one of the few Dutch music dealers who had a license for the import of British music!

Another aspect of the activities of these human moles was that of gathering information in Holland. The organization behind them was marvellous.

Enormous prices were paid to Dutch telegraphists for copies of Entente code wires passing between the Legations and Downing street or the Quay d'Orsay. So rampant did this evil become that the Dutch authorities had to insist on each operator submitting to a search before going on duty and again afterwards.

Photography was used to an extraordinary extent. Passengers boarding the boats for England were snap-shotted, and the photos all carefully filed.

Photography was chiefly used to ensnare possible victims. On one occasion a French attache, riding in the woods near Wassenaar, encountered a lady who had been thrown from her horse. With the gallantry of his race, he went to her assistance. A few days later he was confronted with photographs of himself kneeling beside the "injured" lady. He was told that the lady was not injured at all, and would tell her own story.

With the threat of exposure as a lever, a great effort was made to turn him into a traitor. Fortunately, he acted promptly and with courage, and in consequence a dangerous band was broken up. This was by no means an isolated instance.

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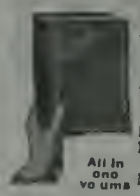
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Hun Spies Out-Witted

Rear-Admiral Hall's Master Mind as Naval Intelligence Head Kept Our Enemy Sleuths Guessing —Eight Executed During War

EIGHT German spies were executed in England during the war, and large numbers, men and women, were imprisoned. In despatches to the New York *Sun*, the London correspondent of this paper reveals some of the secrets, and writes of the man who made the Naval Intelligence service so efficient.

"The Hun could keep no secret from him," says the London *Daily Mail*. "The efficiency with which he organized and directed his staff has been one of the Silent Navy's triumphs. His emissaries were everywhere; the Germans at last became fearful even of themselves. Whatever they schemed was known in very short time to the little keen-eyed Admiral in Whitehall, and duly countered."

Rarely does "The Voice of Northcliffe" unload itself of such eulogism, and then the object of its attentions must be something in the way of a genius. Certainly claim may be laid to that much misused synonym with regard to Rear Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, British navy, Director of Intelligence Division since June, 1914, when he passed from a command in the British Grand Fleet to the Admiralty.

Nothing can show his character better than the story of how he saved the Queen Mary in the Bight in the early days of the war. He had taken her into the thick of the fight, when his keen eye spied the wake of a torpedo coming broadside on. He seized the wheel and with a nicety of judgment swung the vessel around so that the torpedo ran side by side with the Queen Mary until spent.

That quickness of thought and action is typical of Admiral Hall's naval career; particularly of his work at the head of the Intelligence Department. During the war the German spies in this country were both numerous and exceeding crafty.

As a matter of fact, the Naval Intelligence Department, under Rear Admiral Hall, acting in conjunction with the censor's department, provided false information to the Germans, an instance being the mythical Strait of Dover submarine barrage revealed by Sir Roger Keyes.

"It was before the Zeebrugge operations began that Admiral Hall gave instructions for the printing of a new and elaborate code book. The book was duly compiled. It was neatly bound, and so that it should not look too new was carefully thumbed in many pages. Of course all the codes in the book were wrong and very misleading to any German who might get hold of it. But that is what the Admiral wanted.

"When the Zeebrugge raid was settled upon and the Vindictive went over with the blockships this "valuable" code book was carefully placed in one of the blockships where it was likely to be quickly discovered.

"The day after the raid the book was found by the Huns. No doubt they were delighted with such an important find and thought that our men had had no time to remove it before the ship's bottom was blown out.

"A few days later, having given the Germans time to digest the code, a carefully compiled message was flashed across the Channel and duly picked up by the enemy. But it is feared that it must have badly misled them as to the intentions of the British.

"One day there arrived in London from Switzerland a man who produced American papers purporting him to be a representative of a large New York forage firm. He had bags filled with stationery and order books all properly printed with the name and address of the New York firm. But his papers

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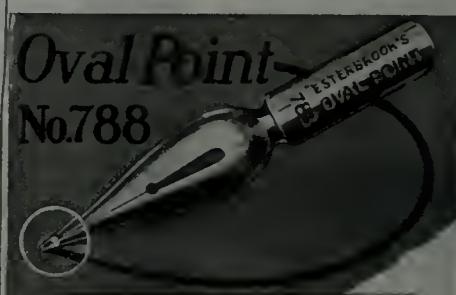

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were afterwards found to have been forged and he was a German spy.

"He escaped detection for some time, but owing to the numbers of orders which the man kept sending to America and the similarity of them, he was suspected and the D. I. D. began to get busy.

"One evening he was dining with a woman in a Strand hotel, when the police walked in and quietly tapped him on the shoulder. He was subsequently shot in the Tower.

"In a fashionable restaurant in Piccadilly one evening sat two smartly dressed women and two naval officers dining. In an unguarded moment—at least one of those apparently unguarded moments of the little Admiral's conception—one of the officers happened to mention that on a certain day an extra lot of officers would be leaving a British port for France.

"But the British secret service were already on their way. As they left the restaurant the arrest of these women was effected and the secret got no further than Piccadilly.

"Another German agent has in his employ a remarkably pretty woman who mixed in the best society in London.

"She was introduced to all kinds of people—military and naval officers and even members of the Government.

"For a time this fascinating woman succeeded in worming secrets out of her admirers. One day an officer whom she had met on several occasions accidentally saw the woman having lunch with an obvious German in a quiet little restaurant off the beaten track. The pair were deep in conversation and did not notice the officer's entrance.

"He at once withdrew and met the woman by appointment the same evening at a house in Mayfair. When she began to ply him with certain questions he gave replies purposely intended to mislead and trap her if she was, as he now strongly believed, a German spy. She fell into the trap so neatly arranged for her, with the result that both her employer and herself were caught. The man will not trouble this country again, while the woman received a term of imprisonment.

"One man who was employed in the British secret service was discovered after a lot of trouble to be also acting as a German agent, said the D. I. D. 'We caught him first and saved the Germans from shooting him.'

"Yet another instance was that of an employee at a certain airdrome near London who was caught loosening the bolts in a new machine. The Intelligence Department got busy. When arrested he confessed he was in the employ of a German agent.

"Perhaps the best of all incidents related of the little Admiral and enemy spies was that of a German naval officer who was trying to get back to Germany through London and Holland.

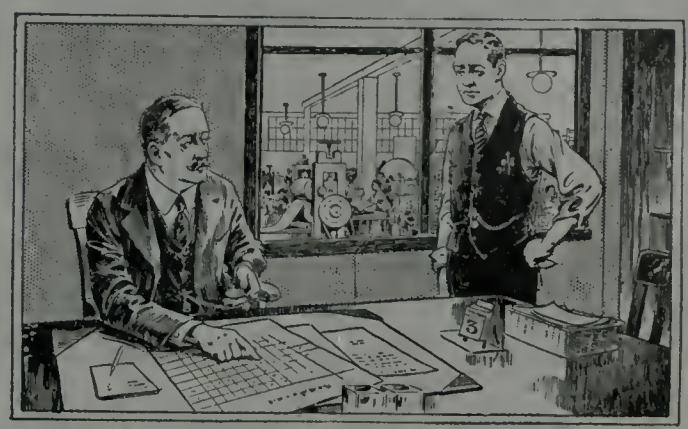
"It was at the Admiralty where the Admiral interviewed the man, and the sudden, ferocious manner in which he shouted in German to the spy: 'How dare you stand like that when you are speaking to a superior officer!' startled the man into clicking his heels together. He did not raise his hands to the salute, but he had done enough to make his arrest advisable.

"Eight German spies were executed in this country, while many more are undergoing long terms of penal servitude.

"Some of the spies stood their execution stoically; others again made a last despairing fight and went to their death shrieking and cursing their Maker. One of these latter was a man named Muller, who was arrested while acting as a waiter in a hotel at Blackpool. During his incarceration in the Tower Muller broke down completely and was carried out struggling and shouting, cursing himself for his stupidity and reviling the grim little party in the quadrangle.

"Of the female spies much doubtless will be written by fiction writers of the future. Like the men, they succeeded in getting comparatively little information of value out of the country. Most of them, neither young nor beautiful like the spy of the story writer, are languishing behind prison walls and will remain there for some years to come. British chivalry forbade their execution."

Elgin—"The Spirit of Reconstruction"



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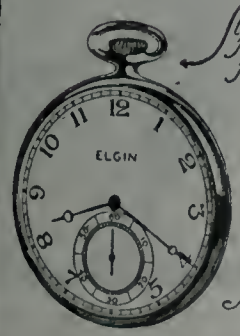

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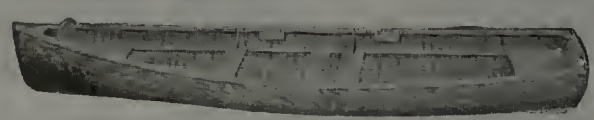

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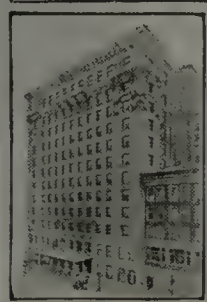

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The Achievements of Allenby

Was German Defeat Made Possible on the Plains of Palestine?

A MAGNIFICENT tribute is paid to General Allenby, conqueror of Palestine, by John H. Findley, U. S. Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine, in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is impossible to quote more than a few paragraphs from this article, which covers quite comprehensively the character and the achievements of Allenby.

I have wondered whether those who selected General Allenby for this command were influenced to the selection in any degree by his name. Not that there is need of reason beyond his surpassing technical and personal qualifications to lead this particular expedition. But it is a singular coincidence and a happy omen that his very name may well be interpreted to carry a prophecy of his achievement. I suspect that it is of Irish association, but an Oriental origin may easily be found for it in the euphonious union of two Arab words, "Allah" meaning "God," and "Nebi" meaning "prophet." So "Allah-Nebi," a God-prophet. And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more Godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail, what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of supernatural achievement.

It is gratifying that the Deliverer of Palestine is a man who exemplifies the qualities that civilization seeks to develop in mankind under free institutions, courage, courtesy, honesty — those qualities which our Justice Holmes has summarized in the "adorable faith" of the soldier. And not only is General Allenby the sort of a man whom the civilization that had its cradle in the Holy Land would choose to represent it, but he has in turn chosen men of noblest, cleanest purpose and highest qualification to serve with him.

But there was a significant day in my acquaintance with General Allenby. I was again at Headquarters. It was the morning of the 20th of September, when the army that had "dug in" fifteen or twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and had waited patiently for months, was at last advancing to the complete recovery of the Holy Land. (It was ready to make the attack in May, I have heard, and the day was set, but the exigencies of the Western front demanded a sudden change, a transfer of some of the divisions, and the developing of a new army.) I had driven over from Jerusalem in the early morning in my Ford car. The "C-in-C" was outwardly placid and even playful; for a child, an American child, was at Headquarters, having just arrived by train that morning with her mother from Egypt, on her way to Jerusalem, and the Commander-in-Chief was for the hour the host. One could not have guessed that over the hills to the north the most momentous battle of all the Christian era in Palestine was being waged under his direction and in accordance with plans made to the last minutest detail. How momentous it was I did not then, of course, surmise. And when the General a few minutes later smilingly announced, as he came from his map-room, that his cavalry were at "Armageddon," I did not then give to the announcement the interpretation which came to me later, as I reread the chapter in the Book of Revelation, describing the gathering of the hosts on the Plain of Megiddo, which is in the Hebrew "Armageddon." I do not impute to the General this interpretation; but I think that what was happening that morning on the Plain of Megiddo, as it is sometimes called, or Armageddon, or Esdraelon, was as fateful for the good of the world as that

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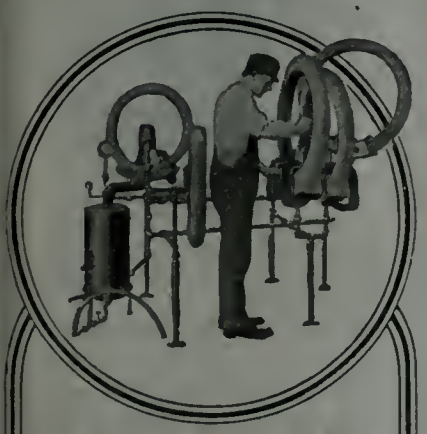

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which is foretold with such striking analogies in the Apocalypse.

There has been no more completely successful campaign in all this world war, I suppose. An English military observer and critic has written more emphatically and unreservedly: "There never was a victory more absolute in the history of war.... It was a battle without a morrow." And certainly none more dramatic, with this wonderful background of scenery and sacred and secular history.

It was out to the north of this Plain of Armageddon (Megiddo, or Esdraelon) that I next saw the Commander-in-Chief a few days later. He had sent me a message one morning to tell me that if I would wait, that is, postpone my return to America a few days longer, I might perhaps find it possible to walk to Dan (for I had already walked from Beersheba up to the old front). I acted immediately upon this intimation, starting out that very evening and walking all night to Janin, the edge of the plain, then the next night to Nazareth, then on to the Sea of Galilee. It was on this walking journey that I saw the "Chief's" car go flying past me, he and his general so engrossed in the panorama that they did not see the pilgrim at the roadside. And I think I never saw a more enticing landscape than that before me as I came down toward the Sea of Galilee that late afternoon. I was ready to say with the rabbis: "Jehovah hath created Seven Seas, but the Sea of Gennesaret (the Sea of Galilee) is His delight." I recall only one scene to put beside it in my own experience, and that was sunset over the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland. It has the colorful beauty of the Yellowstone without its awesomeness. And I have General Allenby in the foreground of that memorable Galilee landscape.

I tried to imagine what General Allenby's satisfaction must be in recovering for Christendom this crown of Palestine, this valley where the Great Teacher had spent most of his days on the earth, but when I saw him that evening in Tiberias, down by the sea, with his staff about him in a quiet comradeship, to which I was admitted for a few minutes, and tried to express to him my continuing congratulation on his masterful achievement, he extended his hand in a motion to ward off what I was saying, and at the same time to turn it toward his Chief of Staff.

I think that as a general he must have a forever glorious rank in the world's war. "He has revealed himself," to quote further the English military critic, "as a soldier second to none that we ourselves (the British) possess. Not only so. It is simple truth to say that in brilliancy of plan, irresistible energy of execution, comprehensiveness and finality of success, no living soldier of any nation has surpassed this Battle of Armageddon—to give it what happens to be geographically its real name. What makes it absorbing to every student of war is that it was a case of a kind which hardly comes off half a dozen times in as many centuries. It was an idea which has been imagined and aimed at a thousand times for once that it has been actually done. It was in method and effect precisely the soldier's 'battle of dreams' which every famous leader has longed to realize some day, but which few indeed have ever compassed in practice."

But whatever glowing words may be spoken of him as a general, I am glad to be able to say of my own knowing, as I saw him out in the Holy Land, that he deserves as a man to take his place with the greatest of those whose deeds are recorded in the book which we, together, pored over on that, for me, memorable night out in the Vale of Ajalon.

I saw him once more. It was the night of my starting home for America. I stopped to say good-by to the Commander-in-Chief. He entered the very door through which I had first seen him come on our Isaiah night—and this was to be his last night in the old Headquarters, for he was moving northward in the morning. He asked if I had heard the news: One of their airmen

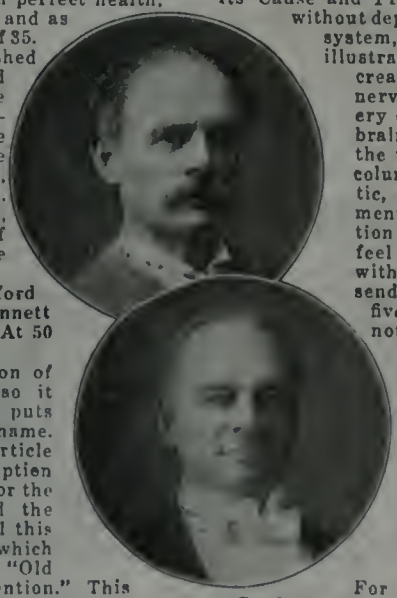
An Old Man at Fifty—A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth.

By V. O. SCHWAB

There is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid prosiac America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. To-day he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. To-day they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50, he was a worn-out, wrinkled, broken-down, decrepit old man. His cheeks were sunken, his face drawn and haggard, his muscles atrophied. Thirty years of chronic dyspepsia had resulted in catarrh of the stomach, with acid rheumatism periodically adding its agonies. To-day he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, and as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read. It is a truly remarkable contribution to health-building literature and is especially valuable because it has been written in a practical manner by a practical man.



Sanford Bennett At 50

Sanford Bennett At 72

Keeping young is simply a matter of knowing how. If you have vitality enough to keep alive, then you have enough to keep young, to keep strong and to be active. Sanford Bennett proves it to you in this book. His message is new. The point of view is unique. The style is fascinating. The pictures are plentiful. The lesson of physical rejuvenation is irresistible. This is a book for every man and woman young or old.

PARTIAL CONTENTS.

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; external cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

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"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," with its 400 pages profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many Courses of Instruction selling for $25 or more. But you can secure a copy of this book for only $3. Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publisher will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" on approval without deposit. Sanford Bennett's system, as fully described and illustrated in this book, increases nerve force and nerve energy, benefiting every organ of the body—the brain included—by keeping the vertebrae of the spinal column young, flexible, elastic, and in perfect alignment. If, after examination in your own home, you feel you can afford to be without youth and health send the book back within five days and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send your cheque for $3. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" will be sent to you at once.

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flying above Palestine had caught the German wireless message that Germany was ready to accept the terms proposed by America. Some one of the little company said: "It is the end." And so this dramatic episode which will make an epoch for all the East came to its end. And the beginning of the end of the Great War with the Beast, I shall ever believe, was the advance of Allenby's men out upon the Vale of Armageddon.

Is Czar Still Alive?

English Correspondent in Russia Believes So

IS the Czar alive? More people to-day appear to believe that the ex-Emperor of the Russians still lives than ever gave credence to the Kitchener myth. Several despatches within the past few weeks have been cabled from Europe, asserting that Nicholas II was not assassinated, but that a "double" allowed himself to be sacrificed.

Robert Wilton, for years London *Times* correspondent in Petrograd, writing in the *Wide World*, admits that he, himself, has doubts on the question, saying:

"Was Nicholas II assassinated or not? The reports which came through after the event was supposed to have occurred were not verified by any independent authority. We have nothing to go upon except the statements of German newspaper correspondents and a wireless announcement from the Bolshevik Council. All these versions agree in one respect. The ex-Czar was done to death by the soldiers who were guarding him. The names of the regicides are, however, given variously by different German correspondents.

The German and the Bolshevist reports coincide in stating that there was no trial, and that the Imperial captive was summarily shot lest he might be rescued by Czech or Slovak troops who were then approaching Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Urals, whither he had been transferred from Tobolsk some months before by order of the Bolsheviks. The murder—for it can be called nothing else—is reported to have been perpetrated on July 16th; but even on this point there is some confusion, one version giving the date as June 16th.

No Solution in Ireland Possible?

Permanent Settlement Will Never Be Reached Until the Next Generation

THE tangled threads in the Irish situation are very understandingly sorted out by Henry Seidel Canby in an article on "The Irish Mind" in *The Atlantic Monthly.* It is written in an intensely sympathetic vein and the sympathy expressed is for the practical Ulster Tory as well as for the turbulent Sinn Feiner. Incidentally, it serves to throw a new light on Irish thoughts and aspirations and concludes with a summary of probable developments in the situation that seems to possess all the elements of a well-based prophecy. Unfortunately space does not permit of more than a few extracts.

I entered Ireland by the green hills of Ulster, and moved freely through County Antrim and Belfast. I talked there with bishops and deans of the Church of Ireland, and fine upstanding generals and county families in their walled gardens—friendly people, solid, simple, more voluble than the Scotch, but with hard-gripping minds like theirs, that took one thing at a time and wrung it. They had worked for their comfort, made prosperous land out of a waste of whin and gorse, and would keep it against Prussian or Sinn Feiner

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that was my impression. Speculation upon world-politics did not interest them; they knew little of the new England, less of America; the war was the war, and they intended to fight it out—that was all there was to that subject. They were a perfect type of the *genus* Tory, with his limitations, and especially with his virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, and the steadiness which comes from caste.

I talked with bankers and manufacturers and gardeners and cabbies—Presbyterians this group and representing the Orange wing of the Ulster party, but, like the others, proud of Belfast and of the relative prosperity of the North of Ireland. Belfast is a black city, a depressing city, full of overdriven faces, but full of energy, too, and the signs of success. Here it was religion one heard about, and the dangers of Roman Catholic domination; it was customs and excises and the fear of a lazy South battening up Northern taxes that they talked of; it was the shiftless Celt, who still gets his water from rain-barrels and yet thinks he can run the country; the Pope and the £42,000 he draws annually from Ireland, "And how much would he be getting under Home Rule?" And I formed, I think, a just idea of the "case" of the North—her right to safeguard her economic prosperity, the honest fear of a vote controlled by the Church, her unwillingness to let slack, spendthrift Dublin run neat, orderly Belfast. But I left, wondering why these sturdy Scotch-Irish folk were so timorous. Why, unlike their ancestors in the colonies, they dared not run risks in order to gain the benefits of a united island; why these builders of ships and weavers of linen, who alone had made commerce and local government successful in Ireland, were so resolute to cling to England's skirts, even at the cost of perpetuating Irish division and rancor among their own minorities; so afraid to venture union with a people whose practical efficiency they despised. For while all in the North argued their right to stay in the Union, no one supposed that this would satisfy anyone in Ireland but themselves and a few Unionists of the South.

While I lived in Dublin I saw much of Nationalists and those intenser Nationalists who, in all but republicanism, are really Sinn Feiners. I talked with friends of George Moore and the Celtic twilight, who loved me because I was an American, and insulted me in the hope of surprising an admission that America came into the war "bought by English gold." I talked with Æ in his workroom frescoed with Celtic gods, where he strides from his mountainous desk of pamphlets to paint in an Irish scene, then turns back to economies, or pure milk, or poetry. A black-bearded man with burning eyes and a voice that chants, he gave me my first idea of the intensity of life in Ireland.

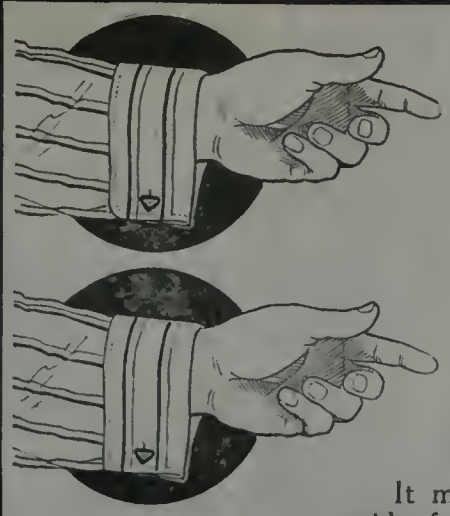
I talked with poets consuming in an hour a week's rations of emotion. I talked with John MacNeil, ascetic, intellectual leader of the Sinn Fein party, whose judgment kept the Easter rebellion from becoming a national disaster; who thought clean and cool on all points except the relations between England and Ireland. I talked with radical priests; with Unionists in Government service who, after a second glass of port, became equally Irish and almost as radical; with scholars, business men, women, intellectuals; and began to see that nationalism in Ireland (I mean the emotion, not the party) was a religion; was a passion so strong that arguments which ignored it for questions of efficiency or profit were untrustworthy.

I met, too, the wilder Sinn Feiners, in assemblies which began at indefinite hours and lasted indefinitely. There were labor leaders present, whose sense of Ireland's international responsibilities was struggling with distrust of what they thought was an "English war." No one in a press censored with more vigor than intelligence had explained to them why it was also America's. There were destructive radicals, who added to Ireland's hereditary grievances all grievances that the supposedly downtrodden have voiced anywhere, and slid from Bolshevikism into Nationalism, and from Nationalism into Pacifism, with easy inconsistency accompanied by vituperation. There were fanatic women who kept their watches an hour and twenty-five minutes behind the official time, because "summer time" was an English invention and real Irish time ought to be twenty-five minutes slower still. There were melancholy idealists, pure of motives, noble of heart, drunk with vision and with wrath; and truculent chaps with angry eyes and a general expression of having been kept too long out of a fight. To them all I talked America and American ideals in the war, not hesitating to express views in sharpest conflict with their own; and I was sometimes agreed with, usually understood, always listened to tolerantly. (Except for an excited poetess, who challenged me because in our own Civil War we had thrown the tea into Boston harbor while now we were tied to the apron-strings of Britain!) For as the Irishman once looked to Spain and then to France, so now he looks to America for sympathy. And I came away convinced that the so-called Pro-Germanism of Sinn Fein (a very few individuals excepted) was like much of their extremist politics, mere froth and spume floating up from a troubled mind out of joint with the times and mishandled by those in authority, signifying rebellion against circumstance but not treason. And with this conclusion I find the calmer sense of England agrees.

Afterwards I saw much of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Moderates of the South, in the exciting days when the Convention was closing, and just before conscription, at the moment of expected preliminary settlement, struck Dublin into a mute rage in which fear and indignation had equal parts; the time when the extremists of either party were seeking walls against which to set their backs.

Ireland is like those interesting abnormal cases which specialists have to handle, where the patient is sometimes a genius and sometimes subnormal, where every trait that is really characteristic, good or bad, is magnified until it threatens to crush all the others. There have been many such cases among famous individuals,—Poe was one, Nietzsche was another,—and science seeks them out keenly because by their exaggeration of traits common to humanity they have become large-print books in which the qualities of modern man can be easily read. But an abnormal nation is dangerous to itself and others because it cannot, like a patient, be kept under easy observation; because it may at any moment carry through the unexpected, ruinous act. Yet, even in partial derangement, it may exhibit for the world to read, virtues as well as vices more emphatic than those of less turbulent races.

The fanatic patriotism of the radical Sinn Feiners is abnormal. It burns so intensely that their judgment is affected. Great Britain, in spite of her creditable world-history, in spite of her modern leadership in social reform, they see only through the darkening lens of Irish history. Hatred of England is like a hand before their eyes; and the balked vision turns back always upon the woes of Ireland. Their grievances are real ones,—especially the historical grievances which mean so much to Irishmen,—but they are magnified. Sir Horace Plunkett's epigram, 'Irish history is for Ireland to forget and for England to remember," has been applied on neither side of the Channel. And their own virtues are also magnified—the strengths and the loyalties and the ideals of their patriotism. Ireland is full of men who are willing to die for a principle, although they cannot agree with each other as to which principle to die for. "I want to fight in this war," I heard an Irish poet say; "I want to be conscripted; but I think I ought to let myself be shot for refusing. I don't mind dying, but I should like to die for Ireland." Particularistic patriotism this is, like the patriotism of Prussia; but if it is less practically effective, it is also far nobler. Intense and fine and also self-regarding, it is the patriotism of my country right or wrong and the devil take the rest of the world. In brief, it is the patriotism of the man who has a genius for being



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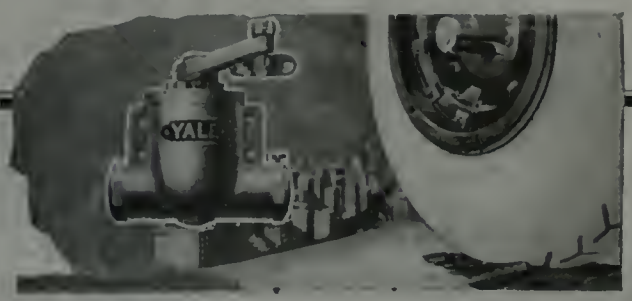

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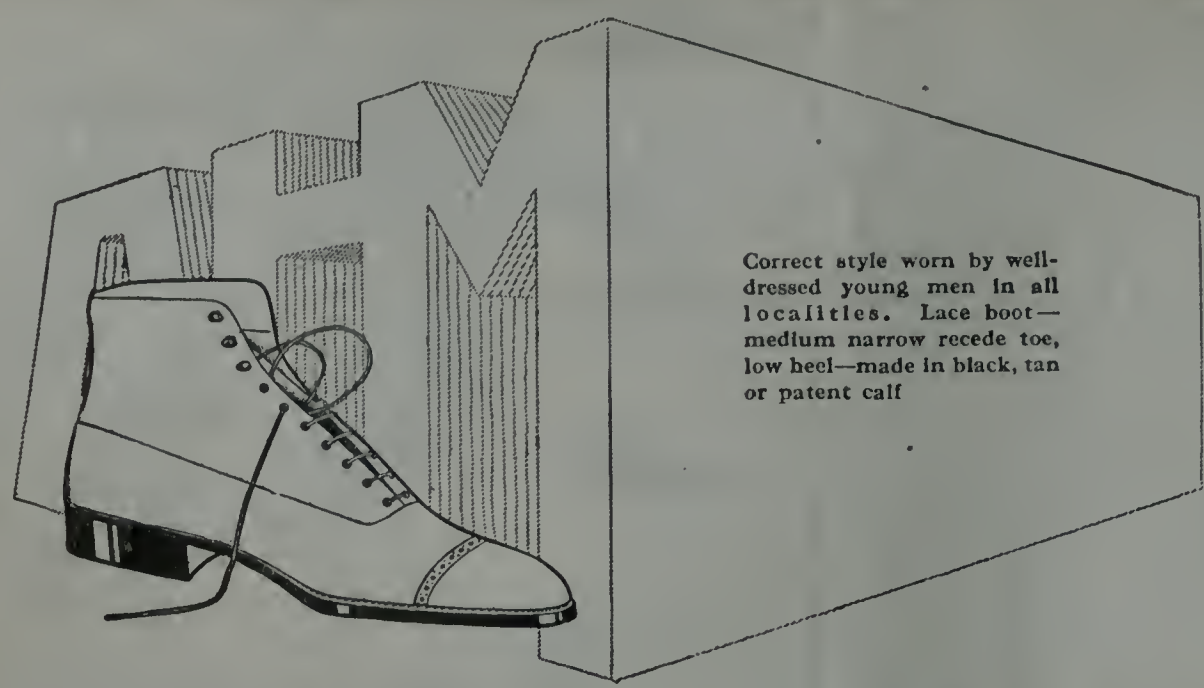

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just patriotic—who is, thus far, abnormal.

Personally, I think that there will be no final solution of the Irish problem in our time; because I believe that Ireland is one of the world's volcanoes, where the hidden fire of human grievance will always break out until the cooling of the Irish temperament crusts over her hot emotions. The "practical" man will always oppose the man whose ideals are emotional, as long as there are black and white in the world; and in Ireland they are purer bred in their respective temperaments than elsewhere. Yet evil conditions have enormously aggravated, if they have not caused, this conflict.

And there is a middle party in Ireland, whose remedies may save her from ruin. Sir Horace Plunkett, or someone of his quality, is its predestined leader. It will stand for the economic independence of Ireland and a policy which will make it possible for her to prosper without extending the unlovable factory system into regions better suited for agriculture; and it will point to a half-million farmers who already have won their way out of poverty by such a programme. It will be a party of conciliation between Catholics and Protestants. It will favor a separate state or states for Ulster, on the American model, but keep her bound to Ireland, where she belongs, first by trade-relations, and second by the religious and racial affinities of her little-heard-of Nationalist minority. It will advocate Home Rule, of course; but a status that at present will of necessity be less independent than Canada's or Australia's. For Ireland, internationally regarded, is now England's back door, and, until the world is surely made safer, will remain so.

Against such a policy, dreamers among the Sinn Fein and Tories in Ulster will irrevocably struggle, and the battle will last beyond our generation. If only moderate Government can be kept in the saddle, one hopes that the battle will last, and keep Ireland so busy and so interesting to Irishmen that the rest of the world may be permitted to profit by her genius without being distracted by her woes.

STEFANSSON'S STORY

V. Stefansson, the famous Canadian explorer, will start a series of articles in April MACLEAN'S *on "Seeking a New Continent in the Arctic." This will be one of 1919's biggest magazine features in the world.*

The Canadian King-Maker

Continued from page 16

Well, the Catholic Church may be right or wrong, but after all there is the hat." So Beaverbrook might murmur: "Well the Empire may be right or wrong, but still the waiters say 'My Lord'."

But then Beaverbrook is not a snob. He has very nearly passed to that last degree of cleverness where class ceases to exist, just as certain Brahmins are permitted to pass the black-water without forfeiting cast. He will be run in some day as a German spy for questioning Canadian soldiers in the street about Bob Smith, or Tom Jones, about their fathers whom he knew in Halifax, and then being utterly disbelieved when questioned as to his identity. Why a peerage then for a man who is a democrat, who disbelieves in the hereditary principle? Well, it saved a lot of trouble with contested elections, and what not, and few men will refuse one of the highest honors which the Crown has to offer. But you must think yourself strong enough to survive it. Beaverbrook thought he was. We shall see. In any case, the advancement was not bought by money but obtained by brains and public service. If you think Lloyd George ought to be Prime Minister you

must take off your hat to Beaverbrook. If you think Asquith ought to be there you must consign Beaverbrook to perdition.

Turned His Attention to Art

WHEN the great coup which had created a new Premier and new Peer had been made, Beaverbrook took up an attitude of some independence. The public, knowing nothing of the wheels within wheels, was surprised at the Peerage. Beaverbrook on the other hand was not overflowing with gratitude. He did not value very highly the honors with which he had been fobbed off. Then he went back to the Canadian War Records, and busied himself with getting artists to paint pictures of the front. His knowledge of art is not great, but his *flair* is good. He enlisted the experts to secure for Canada a pictorial record of the war which will convince posterity of the greatness of our suffering and of our glory. In the intervals of choosing artists, he devoted himself to the *Daily Express*. That paper, after a prolonged battle, had now passed finally under his control.

Influence, there we touch the master chord. A paper which does not make money has no influence. Men will not accept a subsidy towards their opinions. It is the business success of the *Daily Express* which marks its democratic power, and that power seemed all through 1917 to indicate to the Prime Minister that all his actions were not directly inspired by Providence.

Besides, all kinds of men, including other owners of newspapers, used to come to Beaverbrook when they were afflicted by doubt or beset by difficulty. His influence ramified through a score of sources, and the new Prime Minister, good man, became slightly uneasy. Could no extra weight be imposed on this too mettlesome charger? Nothing except the heavy burden of office which makes responsibility coincide with power. By the beginning of 1918 the Prime Minister had made up his mind to the step. True there were difficulties, for Beaverbrook's meteoric rise was feared by the Radicals and disliked by many of the old-fashioned Tories.

The Prime Minister is a genius. He produced the one bait it was really difficult to refuse. Propaganda had become a popular cry. The poor old Department of Information, long the Cinderella of the Government, was to be converted into a Ministry and given at long last really adequate powers. Beaverbrook is a born propagandist. While the whole Allied field was hesitating he had mounted Canada and jumped her over the fence. Now, he was asked to be Jockey to the Empire. His friends were urgent with him on the score of national duty. But still he hesitated. Then came a fatal lunch, and the magic of the Prime Minister prevailed.

Opposition in the Commons

THE announcement of his appointment as Minister of Information and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the latter something of a sinecure appointment in the British Constitution, was managed either with peculiar fatuity or else with amazing skill. The news was given to the press a week before the official announcement. The kite was thus flown and the wind tested. There was a good deal of criticism, but none of it was very serious, and much of it frankly silly. The British Press was quite unaware of what the new Minister had done for Canadian publicity—so provincial is the centre of the Empire. None the less, the appointment was made, and might have passed without much further remark had not Beaverbrook appointed Northcliffe to control propaganda in enemy countries. This was the limit. Here was Rothermere at the Air Ministry and now two other newspaper men were to assist the Government!

Some of the Tories moved in the House to exclude newspaper proprietors, as such, from the Government. The Radicals were, of course, delighted to chip in with a counter-attack on Northcliffe. Beaverbrook indeed became a side issue which hardly appeared in the debate. But the whole thing ended in a fizzle as most of these elaborate attacks do. The Prime Minister gave the necessary assurances. No one wished to turn out the Government, and a brilliant speech by a Radical journalist dissolved the House in laughter. The *Times* said very soberly and with great truth that the newspapers had taken under democracy the kind of place once occupied by the great Whig landowners. The practice of the British race is to include all new forces in the working of the Constitution. So we accepted labor or the women's vote. Were newspaper men alone to be debarred from responsibility, when it was impossible to debar them from power? The nation thought not, and on March 4 the Ministry of Information started.

Government departments might be supposed to be of two kinds: the old encrusted with hoary traditions, the fresh one like a new boy in a rough school where all the bigger boys are waiting to kick the bounce out of him. The Ministry of Information was both. It took over half-a-dozen old departments dealing with propaganda and yet its status was still to be recognized. It was a tough job. The finances of the old department were in a hopeless muddle. The historic Government Departments, the War Office, the Admiralty, and particularly the Foreign Office were very sticky in admitting the claims of an office which merely professed to tell the truth to the peoples of the world. No one had ever heard of such a thing before.

New Life in an Old Department

BEAVERBROOK was there early and late, though a kind of lemon hue on his countenance sometimes showed the terrific strain. He straightened the finance, reorganized his sections, he brought in new men, and when he had no opposition from other offices, as in cinematography or photographs, or cables, he scored an undoubted success. Propaganda ceased to be a puppet and became a real live, kicking thing in his hands. The whole Ministry was certainly galvanized by his almost superhuman activity. The Press, long snubbed by Downing St., immediately came into its own. Nowhere was this influence more marked than in the Dominions overseas or in the United States. The American Mission, and the visit of the overseas Press men of the Empire to this country bore witness to his imagination and to his success.

The whole thing seemed to toil and ferment under that teeming brain like a hive of bees in the migration. And yet is Beaverbrook a great organizer? Life and vigor in immense and unstinted profusion he poured into his new office. Heaven knows what some of his principal subordinates first thought of their new chief. They had been told to expect some kind of Canadian backwoodsman crossed with a dash of the Father of all Evil. But they succumbed to that almost terrible charm of manner and to the lopsided smile.

Anyhow the Ministry looked like making a success and the Radicals and Pacifists felt instinctively that something must be done to discredit the new organization. Suppose the Minister ran the coming election against them! In August, 1918, the report of the Select Committee on Expenditure offered an occasion for a debate in the House. It is true that the report really dealt almost entirely with the old Department of Information, but that fact did not trouble the critics. A heavy press barrage was put down in front of the attackers, for some days before the assault, and men came down on Monday, August Bank Holiday, to the House, expecting an exciting duel. But it soon became apparent that the sympathy of the House was with the new Minister, while the ignorance of the assailants who had not been properly coached kept them firing wildly in the air. Reasoned criticism fastened rather curiously on one single point—the employment by the Minister of business men as financial controllers of the sections dealing with foreign countries. This was all the more strange because the demand for business men at the head of national affairs had long been a popular cry. The suggestion was that there was something sinister in putting the head of a

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great business, dealing with a foreign country, to control propaganda there. The explanation proved very simple and quite sufficient. The experience of the old department had proved that propagandists pure and simple are better at spending money than they are at managing it wisely and economically. But the total amount of money to be spent was limited, and it was essential to select the right objects and manage the expenditure in an economic and businesslike way. For this purpose, the organizing head of a big firm dealing in a special country has exactly the right kind of mind and experience. It is a problem he has to solve daily in his ordinary professional life. Lord Beaverbrook, at any rate, stood to his guns and stuck by his "business men" on the ground that he would not be responsible for proper financial control unless he was allowed this expert assistance. The debate turned out to be a storm in a teacup, the House adjourned and the Ministry went back to its work.

What is the Secret?

WE have pursued the historical method. We have traced by the light of fact the upward course of Beaverbrook's career. No idealization has been applied to this process. The mystery of his power has been divulged. It is the power of energy and brains. The "sinister hypothesis" is exploded, and one perceives why the spoils have gone to the victor.

But of course no mere cleverness or energy make a man a Peer, a millionaire, a Minister, and a power at the age of 39. These qualities are in one combination or another dirt cheap. One has to go further back into the mind for the source of inspiration.

Personality, yes, something which cuts like a sword and bites like a wind, which persuades against the will, and dominates beyond the intellect. Men do not accept the advice of the clever or do more than tolerate the frenzies of the energetic. An indefinable quality must be added to the compound to make success and genius.

Strange would be the reflections of anyone who attempted to peer behind the rough outline of the curious Beaverbrook visage into the inmost recesses of character. Force there is to the verge of brutality in the thick-set lips and in the deep lines graven on each side of the mouth which gash the cherubic roundness of the face as with the deep indents of some terrible experience. The eyes are clear and penetrating until some emotion clouds them. Then it is as though the mind had turned inward on itself and found there some inspiration of rage or of vision, something to cow the enemy or to inspire the advancing ranks. And then again the whole face changes to something which, shabbily dressed, would be passed without comment in a crowd, or to the beaming benevolence of Mr. Pickwick. And Beaverbrook, as hundreds of Canadians know, can be very benevolent. One never can feel sure which side of the character will be uppermost, and it is this uncertainty which gives to his mind the charm of perennial youth. Also it confounds his opponents who never have the slightest idea what the next move on the board will be. The advance of the ordinary self-seeker is easily predicted, but what is one to do with a man who plays a game of his own invention? Men of energy and ability spend 20 years in Parliament, are glad of an under-secretaryship and gaze with regret at the wake of Beaverbrook's launch vanishing up the stream.

Judgment and courage to back it there you have the secret. There are said to be black blots on this career. Nothing has ever been proved and it is certain that party malice would have proved long ago whatever was provable.

My criticism would be a different one. I does not really know what he is driving at. Are we to pierce through this strength to find nothing but a void in the inmost core of the being? It is hard to say. But as an Imperialist Tory, Beaverbrook is a paradox, for he is more nearly a Tolstoyan. The boast which would most appeal to him would be that of the Athenian statesman who said that no woman had ever put on mourning by any act of his. His idea state would be one in which every man lived under his own vine and fig tree without poverty or interference or war or death. One thing at least may be said here is a man in this dreadful age of mediocrities.

What will happen to him? The writer of 1911 asked the question, and the writer of 1918 has tried to answer it. He has propounded questions of his own for the writer of 1925. Will office have lost its attractions now that he knows the inner mechanism of Government will he launch into a vast control of the Press or will he yet become Prime Minister? We leave to the future the answer to these questions.

Transformation

Continued from page 13

THE lady laughed. Not once had Alexander really looked at *her!* And yet the long mirror reflected a radiant presence; a vision of youth and loveliness! In one way, there was something reassuring about Alexander.

"When we leave?" he next asked.

"Are you so anxious to go? Are the wineshops not to your liking?" she asked frivolously.

"Wineshops all right."

"But you are thinking of the reward? The sooner we go, the quicker you get that?"

"No use waiting for money," said Alexander. "Didn't I earn it?"

"You did."

"If I thought you were trying to get out of paying—" he began.

"Oh, Alexander!" interrupted the lady reproachfully.

"Women like to cheat!"

"Not all, surely?" argued the lady, in that same sad tone. "You surely would except some of us?"

"Blame few," said Alexander. "About all alike!"

"Say not so," she breathed. "Do not put us all in the same category."

"Anyhow, I stick by. Where you go, I go!" He grinned uncouthly. "No cheat, if you don't get the chance. I stick by, until I get cold cash! Maybe longer!"

"How mercenary! And with the stage all set for—romance! The novelists would never forgive you, Alexander."

"Romance?" said Alexander, puckering his brow. "What's that?"

"What, indeed?" said the lady. "A delight that dwells in the shadow of a rose; a thrill that mounts on a moon beam!"

"Craziness," remarked Alexander looking at the lady. Then he rattled several coins in his pocket. "When I got them, I got something."

"Is it Alexander I hear speaking, or the World?" murmured the lady sadly.

"Bah! Everybody know that," said Alexander.

"It *is* the World!" The lady sighed, then arose, with a light laugh. "And now let us go aboard."

"The steamer?"

"Yes. I have two tickets."

"Then give me mine." Alexander held out his hand.

"Oh, no," said the lady, "you have to see after my luggage first. You see, I told the hotel man, I have my own private porter."

"Me?"

"You!"

As she spoke she smiled sweetly. First victory of the day, for her! And she had purchased a particularly heavy trunk—one made of tin.

"WHEW! that darn heavy trunk!" said Alexander, breathing hard at the wharf.

"I thought you were so strong," said the lady. "I thought you could clear out a whole wineroom of loafers, all by yourself."

"You pick out heaviest trunk on purpose!" Suspiciously.

"How can you attribute such motives to me?" she said chidingly.

"Drop him, from top of building, no hurt," said Alexander.

"That's just the point, said the lady. "But here I ascend!" A deck-hand took the trunk from Alexander and the latter followed the lady up a gangplank.

The lady, with her ticket, passed inspection and got by, but Alexander was not permitted to pass.

"This calls for steerage," said the man.

"Steerage?" said Alexander.

"Yes; up forward with you, my man!"

"But—I want to be near her," expostulated Alexander.

"You can't—on this!"

"But, she buy me this. A fine trick!"

"I can't waste any more time on you. Down you go!"

AND Alexander did. On the tiny steerage deck, forward, he looked up and saw the lady and gritted his teeth. A mean trick, he repeated; and he, her husband! Again Alexander looked up; some one dropped a cigar ash and some of it got in Alexander's eye. He shook his fist at the individual. Did he hear a light musical laugh? He would almost have sworn to the fact.

"I fix you," muttered Alexander, looking up at the alluring image of the lady leaning against the rail, so far above him. But she did not look down; she seemed otherwise engrossed as the ship got under way. Alexander settled himself upon a hard bench and gave himself up to apparently moody reflections. The lady moved away. Now Alexander seemed a statue of patience and resignation.

He didn't see the lady again for quite a long time, and then under circumstances most unusual.

CHAPTER IV

Aquatic

THE ship had struck a mine. This, in itself, was not so unusual; rather to be expected, in this mad, world! My lady had been in her stateroom when it happened; her door had been jammed by the force of the concussion and it was some time before she could get out. When she did reach the deck, the lifeboats had left; she called, but no one heard. The ship lurched and she sprang wildly into the sea. Then her brain became blurred, and after that there was a blank.

When she opened her eyes and consciousness began to return to her, she saw Alexander. She did not feel exactly surprised; she had become rather accustomed to seeing him; he had grown into a species of habit with her.

"So here you are again?" she observed.

"Yes," said Alexander, not quite so harshly as usual.

"Looks like fate, doesn't it?" said the lady.

Alexander did not answer. He was not given to philosophizing.

"I suppose I should say 'Where am I?'" murmured the lady.

"Humph!" said Alexander, but still not so harshly as his wont.

"Though," she went on, "the query would be entirely superfluous. It is quite apparent, isn't it?"

"It is," conceded Alexander.

"We—we are on a hatch, or something."

"Life-raft," corrected Alexander.

"How—how odd! Perhaps I should say, how convenient—I mean, the life-raft," observed the lady, rather incoherently.

THEN she saw she was fastened to the raft by a rope, passed around her slender waist. Alexander was unfastened, sitting at his ease; he seemed able to stay on, without any extraneous aid. For a landsman, he appeared quite at home. The lady looked at the rope.

"I don't remember doing that," she said.

"What?" asked Alexander.

"Tying it."

"Don't you?" He grinned. "Oh, women do a lot of things they—"

"Stop!" Imperiously. "If there's one thing I dislike more than any other, it's deception—or attempted deception," she added. "*You* tied it."

"Of course!" Nonchalantly.

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"Then why didn't you say so at once?" Accusingly.

"Much talk about nothing," said Alexander.

"You think it was nothing to have tied me to the raft so I couldn't slide into the sea?"

Alexander shrugged. My lady's eyes began to shine. She began to see vaguely—very vaguely—new qualities in Alexander.

Alexander put out his big hands. "It was easier than to have to *hold* you on," he said simply.

My lady subsided. So? He looked upon her as a bale of hay, or something of the kind. That was the kind of hero your clod of a peasant was! My lady, be it understood, had been accustomed to admiration, adulation, adoration. All kinds of men had desired her, for all manner of reasons. She had been given to understand, in the heyday of her triumphs, not so long ago, that she had what might be called a species of "universal appeal." The poet found in her pure and lofty inspiration; to the musician she suggested blithe rondeau or mad variations; the writer made her the heroine of his plots; the statesman had discovered in her a born aptitude for intrigue and diplomatic chess-games; the libertine and man of the world—But why go on? She gazed at Alexander with cold displeasure. "A bale of hay!" Alexander didn't blink.

"I no want you to slide off," he muttered.

"How kind!"

"Oh, it wasn't any bother!"

"I'm so glad of that!"

THE lady made a gesture. Then she thought deeply.

"Did you save my life?"

"I hauled you from the water."

"How did you happen to see me?"

"I climbed on deck, to wait and watch for you. Every one get off, in life-boats. Every one is saved. I wonder why you do not come? The boats go away. I wait."

"You feared to *lose* me?"

"Of course, we must not part."

"I think I understand! Go on! You could not bear that we should part!—and then?"

"The fog come down. I call out to the life-boats, but no answer! Every ene is saved but you and me! You have not left. I was sure."

"You said that before."

"I look for you; I do not find you; I search for you. The ship go down, and then—then"—the fog seemed to have got into Alexander's throat—"I bump into you, in the water."

"Yes?" The lady's voice involuntarily grew a little softer.

"I am very glad!"

"Were you?" said the lady with sudden curiosity.

"You bet; I couldn't let you go!" With a grin in which cupidity and cunning mingled.

"You are alluding to mercenary reasons?"

"Does that mean money?"

"It does. So it wasn't *me* you were saving. It was the reward?"

Alexander did not answer directly. "I look after you," he said vaguely. "Cheer up!"

"I am cheerful," the lady protested. "When I think of all it means to you, I feel quite safe in your presence, my dear Alexander!"

"Now you talk sense!"

"Indeed, I believe that with you at my side I am safer than I would be on the streets of London town. You *won't* let anything happen to me, will you, Alexander—my hero?"

"Bet your life I won't!"

The lady shuddered. "Isn't that—land, Alexander?"

Alexander did not answer. He tied the line around his waist.

"Oh!" said the lady. "How heroic! But perhaps you think: 'Turn about is fair play?' And so it is! I will try and stick on!"

Still Alexander did not answer—with words! He plunged into the sea. Then he began to swim toward the land, slowly drawing the raft after him. The lady clapped her hands. Alexander, at that moment, was superb, cleaving the waves with the vigor of a Neptune.

CHAPTER V.

THE NYMPH AND THE WATER-GOD

THEY reached the shore at last.

"What a charming method of transportation!" said the lady. "I am sure you must have been a water-god in some other reincarnation, Alexander!"

Alexander did not answer. He lay prone on the strand, his face to the sky, his great chest laboring; his breath coming in gasps.

"Oh!" said the lady, forgetting ironical amusement. What should she do? What did they do, in the story-books—the heroines? When Alexander recovered, he should find his head in her lap. She didn't wish to proceed to that extreme but she felt it incumbent to be polite. His exertions in her behalf *had* been herculean. My! how the man must like money! She moved forward, politely, with vague intentions, but Alexander waved her away.

Her eyes flashed. Had he misinterpreted her action? Had he dared think she had intended to act like the conventional heroine—about his head? She gazed at him now, sans pity! Let him perish, the monster!

Alexander began to recover, while the lady sat on a rock. At last he arose and shook himself.

"Some pull, that!" he said.

"Yes; you'll have earned the reward!"

Alexander frowned. "Extra work!" he said.

"You mean you did not figure on anything like this when you accepted the contract to marry me? You infer that you have been working overtime?"

Alexander nodded approvingly. His shirt was torn open, and a bit of his magnificent torso was visible. But though Alexander might look like an antique Greek water-god, he acted like a modern Greek land-shark. It was hard to play nymph to such a water-god. Though he had lost most of his "stoop," or crick in his back, superinduced by carrying trunks up and down stairs! In fact, the sea seemed to have magically washed some of the "bend" away, and straightened his spine.

ON the rock, the lady ruminated. She dropped the subject of extra reward.

Alexander, however, was not disposed so lightly to abandon the topic.

"How much extra, you think?" Oh, what a bargaining look shone from the "water-god's" eyes now!

"Suppose we leave the precise details to be determined later?"

Alexander was about to expostulate, but she cut him short. "Don't you see, I could *promise* anything?" she said. "After all, it's purely a matter of good faith."

"Suppose so!" His voice implied he recognized the weakness of his position. Trust a woman! Yet, what else was there to do? Alexander's face grew sad—almost pathetic!

"Yes, I know it's hard," breathed the lady. "But pull yourself together! That drooping manner ill becomes one designed by nature for the exploits of a Ulysses!"

"Who's him?" said Alexander listlessly.

"A countryman of yours!"

"Never met him!"

"I suppose not. He was a great man!"

"You mean, a big man?"

"Very big!"

"Big as me?"

"Quite!"

"I think I could whip him." Boastfully. "I look him up when we go back to my country."

"We?" Elevating an eyebrow.

"Sure! You don't like to go?" Challengingly.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure!" Hastily, for Alexander's tone was very truculent. "But meanwhile, don't you think we had better consider the immediate, not far-distant and uncertain future? I don't wish to appear trite, but where are we?"

"Don't know!"

"Well, let's walk along," said the lady,

THE beach was quite rocky. Above, a sheer cliff loomed. The walking was bad, especially for high heels, and the lady had not gone far when she slipped and would have fallen, except for Alexander.

"Those no-account shoes!" he grumbled. "You no slip with good shoes you throw away!"

"I believe I have turned my ankle," answered the lady, and slid to a shelf of stone.

"Eh?" Alexander actually showed sudden sympathy. He forgot to reprove her further about the "good shoes" she had thrown away, in ash-heap or garbage-can.

"Oh, it's not a real sprain," she reassured him with a silvery laugh, somewhat forced. "Don't worry! You won't have to carry me! I'll rest a bit, though, and then it will be quite all right, I am sure."

"I look and see!"

"No, no! I know you should, of course, be kneeling at my feet, and all that, but it is quite unnecessary."

"Nonsense talk!" Gruffly. "Let me see!"

"I decline! There's no movie-picture man near."

"I see, anyway!" said Alexander. And did! It was useless to resist. He untied her shoe—not ungently—and removed it.

"Take off your stocking!" he next commanded, and she obeyed. Perhaps she was rather apprehensive as to just what would happen if she didn't.

"Hum!" he said, and felt the ankle. The lady winced, but whether at the twinge of pain or from the touch of those coarse fingers, who shall say?

"Not bad!" diagnosed Doctor Alexander, and took out a big red handkerchief from his blouse. The "bandanna" was as big as four ordinary men's handkerchiefs. The lady shuddered. Its colors fairly shrieked.

"Take it away!" Faintly.

"For why? You do what I say!"

"I—I suppose I must."

"Of course!" He bound up the ankle—rather skilfully. His fingers weren't half so rough as she had expected. Also, she noted with a certain relief, the bandanna had just been laundered.

"There! That good job!" boasted Alexander. "Me once doctor! Horse-doctor; sheep-doctor!"

The lady was past quivering. Horse-doctor; sheep-doctor! In which category did she come? She felt like a lost lamb; a high-bred lamb, of course!

"This job extra, of course!" said Alexander.

The lady almost shrieked. "Oh, Alexander, you will be the death of me!"

"For why?" queried Alexander. "Why you laugh?"

"Why, indeed? I know it is no laughing matter."

"Unless you think it funny, because you"—he paused—"intend to cheat me? You think how my face look when you say: 'Kick him out!' You have three, four, five servants?"

"Quite that number, my sweet Alexander!"

"Perhaps you say that to them?"

"You wrong me! Such lack of confidence in a—a wife, is totally uncalled for. You should have faith in me—believe!"

ALEXANDER tapped his chest. "Me look out for myself! You bet!"

"Then all is well," said the lady. "Or as well as could be for two people marooned on a barren coast! Without food or drink! Which reminds me I am very hungry. As the big magician you couldn't by any chance rub a magical lamp, Alexander, and procure for me a broiled chicken?"

"No chicken!" said Alexander. "Something better!" And took from his blouse a mighty sausage! A king of sausages; a Gargantuan sausage!

"How perfectly delightful!" said the lady.

"Me grab him before leaving the ship!" said Alexander proudly. "No steerage sausage!" Contemptuously. "Me grab him, in first-class place! No one to keep me out!" A moment he eyed her with rising resentment. "That nice trick of yours, shoving me in steerage!"

"Why speak of the past?" Quickly. "Are not our present perplexities sufficient? Perhaps we shall both die of exposure. Indeed it is quite likely!"

Abruptly turning, without another glance for her, Alexander walked away.

THE lady watched him disappear around a bend. Suddenly, she ceased eating.

"Oh. how funny!"

She looked around her. "That I did not notice before!"

Then she began to laugh. "I suppose I was so confused and preoccupied!"

She looked around again.

"One would be!"

She put down the sausage.

"This is, positively, the best ever!"

Her glance was fastened on a slight opening at the foot of the cliff, nearby. "The 'Witch's Eye'!" she observed. "That is it——indubitably! And it was looking at me, all the time! Probably it was the witch's magic that caused me to slip!"

The lady got up, abandoning the remains of the patrician sausage and the marmalade on the shelf of rock.

"I'd like to see Alexander's face, when he comes and finds me gone!" she murmured. "Oh, this is as good as hare-and-hounds. He has me; he has me not! Has—not!"

The lady walked to the crevice, or "Eye." She limped slightly but was in the best of spirits. Beyond the "Eye," fringed with dark bushes, the opening widened just as she knew it would, and farther along there was a gully. A path led to the top.

"Oh, Alexander, I can just see you!" gurgled the lady, as she started up the path, carrying one shoe.

At the top of the gully, which presently she reached, the path led across a broad meadow, and beyond, at the verge of a park, a noble dwelling arose. Langlenshire house! Built in the time of the first of the Georges! The lady, pausing at the gate, poised on one foot, gazed with pleased interest upon the stately and charming pile.

"What an odd way to come home!" she thought.

CHAPTER VI.

THE 'UMAN-TIGER

"IS there anythink, ma'am?"

A man stepped from the little lodge as the lady found herself thus strangely and unexpectedly entering her own estates, after a prolonged and somewhat enforced absence therefrom.

"Nothing special, thank you, James!"

"Good 'eavens! Is it really your ladyship?"

"I believe so," said the lady, hobbling toward the house. "Do not let your surprise overcome you, James!"

James strove to relapse into the impassive model servant.

"Yes, I just landed," observed the lady.

"Quite so, your ladyship! At Folkestone, perhaps?"

"No, James!" But her ladyship offered no further information, and James trotted along by her side, fairly bursting with curiosity. The lady divined and smiled. She rather enjoyed the situation. She wouldn't have missed coming home like that for a great deal.

"Good morning, Pelton," she said to the butler, at the front door. "Or is it afternoon?" Pelton nearly fell over as the lady entered her ancestral hall. "Yes, the same old place!" she said. "We'll have to shift those suits of armor, Pelton. They do look so tired, always standing in the same place! Kindly see that it is done, Pelton!"

"Yes, your ladyship!" Pelton managed to ejaculate, his eyes sticking out like those of an excited frog. "So glad to see your ladyship once more."

"Yes, I understand!" Languidly. "Thank you, so much!"

"Your ladyship's luggage?" Pelton was just able to stammer, gazing, not without horror, at the shoe her ladyship was carrying in her hand.

"There is no luggage! So inconvenient to be bothered with luggage, Pelton, you know!"

"Quite so, your ladyship!" stammered Pelton.

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"Oh, yes, especially your ladyship's apartments which Jane has looked after, especially—"

"Thank you so much, Jane!" As that person bustled up. "Yes, you're glad to see me and all that," she interrupted the hysterical Jane. "Consider it said! Thank you—so much!"

THEY all vanished except Pelton, whom her ladyship yet detained.

"Pelton, I am expecting, shortly, a caller."

"Yes, your ladyship."

"A big rough-looking man! He will probably be very angry."

"A gentleman, your ladyship?"

"You would hardly call him that, Pelton. You would, probably, consider him a very common person. Your inclination would be to send him about his business."

"And am I not to do so?" asked the bewildered Pelton."

"For your own sake I would advise you not to."

"For my sake?"

"He will arrive, as I have told you, probably in an uncommon temper. As he is very strong, I tremble to think what might happen to you, were you to oppose him. You see, he is a person bound to have his own way!"

"'*Is* way!" said Pelton.

"He might be capable of proceeding to any extremity," said the lady. "The limit—do you understand?"

"Your ladyship means — h'assassination?"

"I think it is quite possible. You see, he possibly thinks he has a grievance. He may even imagine—indeed, I think it is quite likely—he has been cheated. He is a man who might—to use your expression, Pelton—h'assassinate, under the circumstances!"

PELTON wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow, as this startling picture arose before his throbbing vision. The lady, poised on one leg, like a hurt bird, regarded him gravely.

"Don't you see, Pelton, we have to be diplomatic! Soothe him; stroke him the right way!"

"H'I'd like to *stroke* him!" muttered Pelton. "Begging your ladyship's pardon, h'I don't believe in soothin'-sirup for 'uman-tigers!"

"You think it a waste of good sirup?"

"I h'am positive of it." Firmly. "Was your ladyship expecting this person soon?"

"Any moment! He's sure to trail me here. Even now, I dare say, he is on my track."

Pelton glanced nervously over his shoulder. "H'I'll 'ave the footman, and the gardeners, and MacDuffy, from the stybles! All armed and wyting! 'E calls. We fall upon him! We 'url 'im h'out! And that's the kind of soothin'-sirup I'd recommend."

The lady shook her head. "You don't know Alexander. You might hurl him out but he'd come back."

"I could 'ave Tommy, the footman, meet 'im," said Pelton. "Tommy, he do 'ave such a 'eavenly smile! It would melt the 'eart, even, of a 'uman-tiger!"

"Yes, I remember. He has a sweet smile," assented the lady. "Especially, as our American friends would say, after he has had 'a smile,' or two!"

CHAPTER VII.

HER LADYSHIP CAPITULATES

"HERE, what you want?" cried James, the guardian of her ladyship's gates.

Alexander, on the point of entering, paused. His manner was lowering.

"See that footprint!" he said, pointing.

James looked. The imprint of her ladyship's small foot was distinctly discernible on the damp byway.

"I follow it," said Alexander. "On the beach—up the hill—to here!"

"How dare you follow it?" said the indignant James. "Blarst your impudence!"

He got no further. Alexander put out a hand. James went somersaulting into the air and came down in a flower-bed.

"Number one!" said a lady, peering from an upper window of the big house. "This promises to be interesting."

Alexander, having disposed of James, strode toward the house. He didn't appear overwhelmed or abashed at its magnificence; on the contrary he seemed hardly to notice how gorgeous it was.

Tommy, the footman, met him at the front door. Tommy had received his instructions, and his smile *was* heavenly; it should have disarmed even a human-tiger.

"Ha, ha!" said Tommy. "Oh, my eye! Wouldn't have missed it for anything. It *was* funny!"

"What?" growled Alexander.

"Him!" Pointing to James, on the flower-bed. "Oh, my eye! Ha, ha!"

"I'll give you an eye!" said Alexander, but he was the least bit disconcerted by this engaging levity. He had looked for opposition. As he spoke he clenched his mighty fist to carry out his destructive purpose upon the visage of Tommy when the eye he was planning to smite, winked! And such a wink! A beatific wink! A wink so well calculated to turn away wrath! A wink that seemed to say: "Oh, you couldn't do it, old top! Really now, could you? Think again! Pause; hesitate; reconsider!"

ALEXANDER did; that wink bothered him. He glanced over his shoulder to see if legions were creeping up behind to overwhelm him. Then he wheeled quickly once more upon Tommy.

"Where's she?" he said fiercely. "Don't deny she's here, because I trailed her. She tried to give me the slip! Ha, ha!" He gave a blood-curdling laugh. "I'll let her know—"

"There! there!" said Tommy, turning a little paler and wondering what Pelton had let him into. "How you do take on! And about nothink, too!"

"Nothing!" roared Alexander. "Didn't I tell you, she tried to give me the slip?"

"Her ladyship wouldn't have intentionally—"

"Cheat me, would she?" Explosively.

"I sye! That is going some! You got it wrong, old top; dead wrong!" Soothingly. "W'y, her ladyship would n't never dream of cheatin' nobody. W'y, she couldn't. Quite impossible. Arsk the green grocer, or the fish-man or the wine-merchant. Don't take my word!"

"I wouldn't!" said Alexander. "You can't tell me anything about her." Scowling. "I know more about her than you do."

"Then," says I, "a blessed privilege has been yours!"

Alexander snorted. "Privilege!"

"Arsk the tenants! Arsk them, what they think of 'er? An aingel!"

Alexander sneered. "Liar!"

"I sye!"

"Out of my way! I am coming in!"

AGAIN Tommy tried to soothe—to hypnotize; he overworked the heavenly smile. But Alexander seized him by the collar and in another moment Tommy would have followed James into the flower-bed, or the gooseberry bushes, when a soft voice interrupted:

"Ah, here you are at last, Alexander! Come right in!"

It was her ladyship. Cordiality was in her mien. She came forward as if welcoming a long-lost friend.

"Thomas, did you ask the gentleman in?" Severely.

"I—I—" began Thomas.

"That will do," said her ladyship, and Thomas, with a consciousness of having failed in what had been expected of him, retired.

"I have been expecting you, Alexander," said the lady effusively.

"Were you?" Grimly.

"Of course!"

"Ran away! Bless your heart, why should I do that?"

Alexander snapped his fingers. "You can't come *that* over me!"

"Of course I knew you would see my footprints and follow."

"Oh, you did!" sneered Alexander.

"Certainly!"

"Why didn't you wait until I got back?" Roughly.

Continued on page 81

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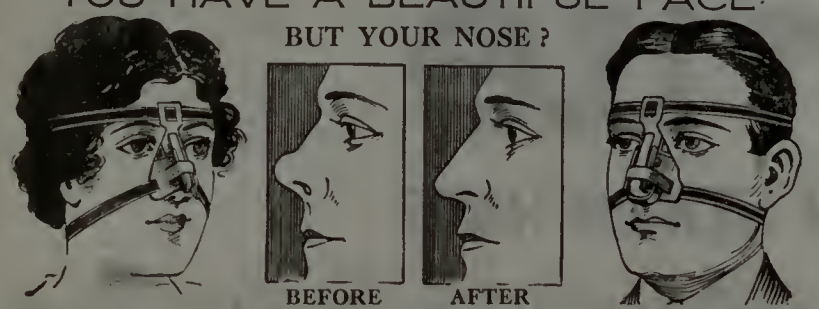

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Extraordinary Career of a German Leader.

IN an article in the *English Review*, entitled "Some Military Lessons of the World War," Major Darnley Stuart-Stephens credits much credit for military skill to the German general who for nearly four years held out against overwhelming odds in East Africa. The methods of the man were typically Prussian, but it is impossible to withhold credit for the feats that he performed. The writer says:

The Boer, De Wet, was merely a vulgar raider, a trifler at his task, compared with this desperate swashbuckler from Prussia. Railroads had an insatiable attraction for him, the destruction of a suspension bridge rejoiced his soul, he could have died happy when he enjoyed the fierce delight of sending under full steam a great train of wagons with food and ammunition for 10,000 men for a week at full speed along a lofty viaduct with a broken arch headlong down an East African river. No fierce Confederate irregular cavalry chief played such utter havoc as General von Lettow-Vorbeck. Were J. E. B. Stuart alive he would have confessed that this extraordinary Prussian soldier would have put him to the blush for pure hardihood and sustained recklessness enlisted under the very incarnation of rapine and ruin. His theatre of operations was immense beyond all precedent, and characterized by a variety of natural features, among which was a very superior development of mud, miasma, mosquitoes, and malaria. The area over which he played Follow-my-Neighbor was greater than France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain put together. He united in his own person the experience of age and the activity of youth. He displayed a sound knowledge of strategy so as to appreciate the relations between the fronts of our opposing expeditionary columns and the best directions of attack against his enemy. He must have been a kind of military Byron; his enterprises required a lively imagination. Prosaic duty and ordinary courage and cut-and-dried rules were nothing to him. He preferred to break than keep a rule. I learn that he had many of the faults of his genius, but his follies will probably become fashionable in Berlin and his vices may be there regarded, like those of Dr. Carl Peters, as charming eccentricities. One of his principal weapons was diffusing fiction with the trained zeal of a Northcliffe journalist. He spread exaggerated rumors through judiciously selected native sources as to the strength and condition of his own forces. He kept the imagination of even our own tame Boers and British-Afrikanders in a constant state of excitement, doubt, and fear. I wonder if the last-named had ever read what the great Emperor said *apropos* of this feature of partisan warfare to the Duke of Almy? "The greatest service that you can render to partisans is to pay serious attention to the rumors which it is their interest to circulate." Thus, with regard to the least as well as the greatest concerns in his art Napoleon was the master. But the fact remains that of all partisan chiefs I know of in military history von Lettow-Vorbeck easily remains an indisputable first.

How Russia is Governed

A Definite Statement of the Bolshevik Constitution and Aims.

A TRANSLATION of the new Russian constitution appears in the *Nation*, and affords an illuminating view-point on conditions under the Lenin-Trotzky regime. A few significant sections of this constitution follow:

"The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers work the duty of every citizen of the Republic, and proclaims as its motto: "He shall not eat who does not work."

"The coat of arms of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red background on which a golden scythe and a hammer are placed (crosswise, handles downward) in sunrays and surrounded by a wreath, inscribed:

Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.
Workers of the World, Unite!

"The commercial, naval, and army flag of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red cloth, in the left corner of which (on top, near the pole) there are in golden characters the letters R. S. F. S. R., or the inscription: Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

"The All-Russian Central Executive Committee is the supreme legislative, executive, and controlling organ of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

"The All-Russian Central Executive Committee directs in a general way the activity of the workers' and peasants' Government and of all organs of the Soviet authority in the country, and it co-ordinates and regulates the operation of the Soviet Constitution and of the resolutions of the All-Russian Congresses and of the central organs of the Soviet power.

"For the purpose of securing to the toilers real freedom of conscience, the church is to be separated from the state and the school from the church, and the right of religious and anti-religious propaganda is accorded to every citizen.

"The following persons enjoy neither the right to vote nor the right to be voted for, even though they belong to one of the categories enumerated above, namely:

a. Persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in profits.

b. Persons who have an income without doing any work, such as interest from capital, receipts from property, etc.

c. Private merchants, trade and commercial brokers.

d. Monks and clergy of all denominations.

e. Employees and agents of the former police, the gendarme corps, and the Okhrana (Czar's secret service), also members of the former reigning dynasty.

f. Persons who have in legal form been declared demented or mentally deficient, and also persons under guardianship.

"For the purpose of realizing the socialization of land, all private property in land is abolished, and the entire land is declared to be national property and is to be apportioned among husbandmen without any compensation to the former owners, in the measure of each one's ability to till it.

"All forests, treasures of the earth, and waters of general public utility, all implements whether animate or inanimate, model farms and agricultural enterprises, are declared to be national property.

Lend Me Your Title

Continued from page 19

is there degrading in that kind of work, anyhow? It's honest, isn't it?"

"But, my dear Kitty, consider. You wouldn't want to marry well—Gonji, for instance, if he proved to be a nobleman in Japan."

"I don't see why not—if I liked him. No, mother, there's no use arguing on that ground. Besides, the Count's record is excellent in every way. It's not his fault he is poor and had to work — in that way. And just think, mother, he

comes of one of the most illustrious families in Japan. Why, I think he's to be pitied — yes, and applauded too, for his heroism in doing such a thing."

"Well, Kitty, this Japanese nobility is —suspicious. I don't like it."

"Oh mamma, don't be so narrow. I'm sure I'd just as lieve be a Japanese princess as a Hungarian one — yes, I would!"

"Kitty, will nothing dissuade you from your mad course? I can't tell you how upset I am—and—yes—I refused this morning to see the Count—or permit you to see him—when he called."

"Do you mean he's been here to-day? And that you sent him away?"

"I felt it my duty."

Well, once and for all, mother, please understand that I am of age — and have been ever since I was eighteen. This is *my* affair—not yours at all. I'm sorry to speak to you in this way, but you know, you drove away poor Dick Bradley, and now—why now you are actually trying to do something that will—injure us all—yes, all of us!"

"Kitty, I'm too broken up to even argue with you. It was a terrible shock. Just a but—ler! It's too mortifying!"

"You haven't given him a chance to explain."

"He couldn't. He can't explain that away. It's down in black and white, under the word: Employment: And on the paper with the letter head of the Japanese Consul at Ottawa. There's no getting around it. If it hadn't been for Mr. Young—and really Kitty, he is a splendid young man and worth——. I can't help thinking—"

"Well, just stop thinking. I wouldn't have Mr. Young if he were the only man on earth, do you understand? This is a matter I'm going to decide for myself. And I have decided in fact. I'm going to marry Count Ichijo!"

"No, Kitty. The papers'd get hold of the facts. We will become laughing stocks!"

"I don't care. Let them get hold of it. Do you want my eight little brothers and sisters brought down to poverty?"

"Boo-oo-ooo-o-o— How can you be so cruel, Kitty?"

"You asked me the same question not so very long ago, and I've got to marry by July, haven't I?"

"We can rush over to France or It—"

"We don't need to. I'm going to marry Count Ichijo."

"Kitty!"

"You needn't look at me like that. It's true. And I believe I'm going to be happy, too. Let me tell you something, mother. Ever since I lost—Dick, I—I've been like one reaching out for something—for someone to cling to —and—and—oh, you don't know how good—how splendid—how really grand he has been!"

"I consider Dick Bradley's conduct anything but splendid. I believe he deliberately precipitated us into this humiliating mess in a spirit of revenge —yes, mean, cowardly—revenge!"

"I didn't mean Dick, mother. No—he is not—splendid! I once thought him so. I learned I was mistaken. But I mean the Count. He is splendid! Yes, indeed, indeed he is!"

"That—little—rat!"

"How dare you say that? I won't stand it. No, I won't even from you, my own mother."

"Kitty! Now, it is time I asserted myself. I see what has happened to you. He has hypnotized you—yes, practised some wicked Oriental art upon you. Let me open your eyes. I repeat he is a rat—a snake—to inveigle his way into a Canadian home like this, and—"

"Stop! I won't listen to you. You'll be sorry afterwards."

"I will not. I will say what I please. From the first I have found this butler—repugnant!"

"Why, mother, you fairly raved about him. You know you did!"

"I—I was blinded—as you are now. I'll confess the bitter truth. Besides, I was thinking of my poor children and eagerly seized this opportunity to save us all from poverty. But now the scales have fallen from my eyes. No—not even for the sake of your uncle's money, will I consent to the marriage of my own daughter with a painted up, lisping, bobbing, hissing little ex-butler like that!"

"It's perfectly true, the Count is fixed up. I've noticed it myself, around the eyes. But it's the custom of the country, and one gets used to it after a while, and one can see beneath the paint! Mother, I did! and—oh, mother —I saw under it—a man!"

"What am I to think of you, Kitty? It's not six months since you boldly asserted you loved Richard Bradley. Do you wish me to believe you are now in love with this—butler?"

"Mo-other, don't! don't! Don't say anything more about him. I can't bear it!"

"You are hysterical! There's witchcraft here. Yes, of some horrible Oriental sort. Tell me the truth, Kitty. Are you in love with Count Ichijo?"

"Mother, mother, I don't know. I don't know!

"What is it, Anna? Again!"

"Who is it, mother? Let me see the card!"

"You will say, Anna, that Miss Collins will not—"

"Anna! Listen to me. Tell Count Ichijo that I'll be down—right away."

"You wild, crazy girl! Marry that monkey then!"

"He isn't a monkey. I deny it. It's a lie! He has a beautiful head, and his eyes—"

"You have lost your wits, my poor girl. I shall call in an alienist."

"Do! And let him examine the Count, too, and see if they don't say he is as fine and noble a specimen of man as ever lived. Let go of me. I tell you —I'm going down!"

XIV.

NEWSPAPER STORY

FRIENDS of Richard Sheridan Bradley and Miss Katharine Collins, who were reputed to be engaged, are discussing the extraordinary disappearance of the former. It appears that some time previous to his disappearance, Mr. Bradley introduced to the heiress the Count Ichijo, who, while a descendant of an illustrious Japanese family, has earned his living while in this country in the humble capacity of a butler. Bradley, it is said, took pity upon the destitute titled Japanese, and generously offered to assist him financially and socially. Through Bradley's agency, the Japanese was launched upon society, and there received with open arms.

"It was shortly observed, however, that the beautiful *fiancée* of Mr. Bradley was more often seen in the company of the Count than the Canadian, and presently Bradley's friends nad associates saw him no more. It was said he had gone to Japan.

"The curious situation was then revealed that the Canadian had not only given up his sweetheart to the Japanese, but also the greater part of his own fortune. Investigation shows that the Japanese has been paying all bilss with checks signed by his friend, Mr. Bradley.

"There are those among Mr. Bradley's friends who question whether the Canadian has actually gone to Japan, since no one, save the Japanese, has heard a word from the missing man since he left, supposedly, these shores.

"A reporter calling at the Collin's house, was met by a curt explicit denial of any engagement whatever between the Count and Miss Collins. From servants it was learned that the heiress and her mother had departed hurriedly upon some trip.

"A call at the bachelor apartments, where Count Ichijo has made his home in the rooms previously occupied by Mr. Bradley, revealed the fact that the Japanese, too, had departed for paris unknown.

"All information was denied to the reporters, the manager of the place briefly stating that the Count was gone, and he had nothing to say. Asked if he had heard from Mr. Bradley, the manager admitted, reluctantly, he had

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not, but claimed to have seen him the day he sailed.

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XVI.

IN HONORABLE JAPAN

"PULL your veil well down over your face, Kitty. I believe there are reporters—even in Japan!"

"What nonsense, mother. Indeed I'm not going to cover my face. Isn't this fascinating?"

"It's very uncomfortable. How I miss our limousine!"

"Oh, mamma, these jinrikishas are —sweet!"

"When you are as f—old as I am, Kitty, you won't find it sweet to be bumped up and down in this fashion."

"I suppose not. Shall I tell the Djin to slow down a bit?"

"No. I am anxious to get there quickly."

"Why, look at the curious change. We seem to be in the heart of the country. What a funny city—a maze of bizarre streets and noises, and then, all of a sudden, silence and a stretch of open country. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, I know I'm going to be so happy here!"

"Yes, possibly, Kitty. I am glad, too, now that the matter is finally settled. The cablegram from Dick Bradley, of course, explained everything. Kitty, I feel very badly when I think how I berated the dear Count——"

"Now, don't cry again, mother. Those Djins see out of the backs of their heads, and the Japanese despise people who show their emotions. It isn't considered civilized. So if you're going to be mother-in-law to a Japanese countess— Oh! What a bump! Djin, how much farther? I wish I could speak Japanese. I will some day. Even now I can say 'He!' and 'Iya!'"

"What do they mean?"

"I don't know. But something sweet, because when the Count taught me, he looked into my eyes so—so deeply, mother. It was before he began speaking English so fluently."

"We ought to be pretty nearly there."

"Aren't the shops interesting, with their blue hangings? And those darling little blue roofs sloping up to the second stories. They're made of paper, you know, mamma. When they are lighted at night they look like lanterns."

"The Count's place is a great distance from Shimbashi station, isn't it?"

"Oh, the family seat, you know, is in Echizen. Dick's been staying at their city place. He said it was quite a distance out. I wonder what they said to each other—the Count and Dick —when they met. Wasn't it nice of Dick to cable from Japan, denying that hateful newspaper story? Goodness, it was a couple of months of agony, until he did!"

"Yes, I'm glad Dick cleared everything up—especially about that butler business, and the fact that they merely exchanged homes, Dick going to the Count's place, and the Count putting up at his."

"Yes—I, too, was glad, though I would have married him whether he had been a butler or not."

"Oh, I suppose you would, Kitty. I daresay it was very heroic for him to work that way for diplomatic purposes. Still, I must say, Kitty, I don't like the idea of your husband acting as a spy—yes, it's practically that—upon your own countrymen."

"Goodness, mother, he wasn't my husband then! Mother, I feel like a figure in some lovely romance, and I'm so happy, I don't know what to do. I can't wait, hardly, to get there. And yet—and yet, do you know I don't know whether it is the Count or Dick I—I—am so wild to see!"

"I'm surprised at you, Kitty. The Count is a gentleman. As for Dick, it was his stupid blundering that made such a muddle of the whole affair. Look, he's stopping. This must be the place."

"Why, it's just a little cottage. But isn't it pretty? Oh, mother, look at the little children. Aren't they cunning? Oh, what a sweetie! Did you ever see anything so cute? See the baby strapped on that little toddler's back. See, there are five of them. They can't be relatives of the Count's!"

"Hush, Kitty. There's a lady coming to meet us down the path. How gracefully she bows at every step. Djin, you said you spoke English. Translate for us what this lady is saying."

"She says: Honorable lady of the interior deign to welcome exalted ladies of outside country. Pray you condescend to step upon the honorable insides of house."

"Thank her, Djin. Thank her."

"Oh, what a lovely room, mother! Where are we to sit? Djin, what is the lady saying now?"

"She says that foreign ladies of outside country condescend to accept hospitality of those house!"

"Who is she—the lady who has welcomed us."

"She the Countess Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"The Countess——"

"Kitty, what an extraordinarily young woman to be mother of the Count. Who are the children, Djin?"

"The honorable lady of the interior say they are honorably hers and the Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo's."

"Sisters and brothers of the Count Ichijo, who was in America?"

"No. Honorably hees children. Thas hees—wife!"

"Mother!"

"Kitty!"

"Djin! Ask this Japanese woman if she is the wife or the mother of the Count Ichijo, who is expecting us today—the Count Ichijo, who was in America? What is she laughing about?"

"She laugh, foreign Mrs., account she jos twenty-five year ole. How she kn be mother unto count tirty year ole?"

XVI. EXPLANATION

"S-s-s-s-s-s—Kitty!"

"How dare you! How dare you call me that? How dare you even look at me? Who are you? What are you? We know all about you? You're a cruel, wicked, horrible wretch."

"Kitty!"

"Deny it, then. Tell me that woman was not your wife!"

"I swear it—she is not!"

"And those children?"

"Why, they're Taku's infants."

"Taku?"

"Yes."

"The Djin said they were the children of the Count Ichijo?"

"Well, they're not. I'm the Count Ichijo, and they're not mine."

"Oh, you make me so glad! So happy! Ichijo, won't you for—"

"Don't call me that. Kitty, look me full in the face. Don't you know me? My eyebrows have grown in and I haven't the varnish on, either. There, I'll take off this black monstrosity. There's only my moustache missing now. Why—"

"Dick!"

"Beg pardon. S-s-s-s—I'm the Count Ichijo of Echizen, Japan!"

"Dick! Oh, my own, own Dick! I knew it—all the time!"

"Oh, Kitty, you feel so good—in my arms! But you didn't know it all the same. That's a fib."

"I did! Away down in my heart—I felt it. I felt in loving that horrible little—"

"I like that!"

"—it was you I was loving all the time! Oh, do look at poor mamma."

"Cheer up, Mrs. Collins. I'm not so bad as all that!"

"Oh, Dick—Boo-hoo-o-o-o-o-o—I've nothing against you, and it's r-r-really a relief to know our Kitty is to marry someone like herself. B-b-b-b-ut I c-can't bear to think of all that money going to f-found a home for D-d-des—"

"Well, why should they have it?

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Kitty won't be twenty-one till next week, will she? Well, we can get married to-day. See? Then we'll take a dizzy whirl around the world on Uncle Dan's money."

"But how can we? If I marry you, Dick, you know very well I'll lose the money. Under the will I've simply got to marry a man of title."

"And so you will, when you tie up to me, Kitty."

"Please don't fool any more, Dick dear."

"I'm not fooling. I never was more serious in my life. In America Taku lent me his title, didn't he? In Japan he sold it to me! Legally and bindingly by law, and now by every legal right and title. I am, in fact, the Count Toodle-oodle-oodle-oodle, umpty dumpty Ichijo!"

THE END

The Strange Adventure of the Nile-Green Roadster

Continued from Page 21

to me, I couldn't help leaning close to my speak-easy crevice and listening to that worthy trio as they seated themselves within six feet of where I stood, Latreille and old Crotty with their backs to me, the untidy individual whom they addressed as The Doc sitting facing the wall that shielded me.

"Swell kipping!" contentedly murmured one of that trio, out of their momentary silence.

AND at that I promptly pricked up my ears, for I knew that 'swell kipping' in the vernacular of the underworld stood for easy harvesting.

"What'll it be, boys?" interrupted a voice which I recognized as the bartender's.

"Bourbon," barked Latreille.

"A slug o' square-face, Mickey," companionably announced the old gentleman known as Crotty.

"Deep beer," sighed he who was designated as The Doc. Then came the sound of a match being struck, the scrape of a chair-leg, and the clump of a fist on the table-top, followed by a quietly contented laugh.

"It's a pipe!" announced a solemnly exultant voice. And I knew the speaker to be my distinguished ex-chauffeur. "It's sure one grand little cinch!"

"Nothing's a cinch until you get the goods in your jeans," contended Crotty, with the not unnatural scepticism of age.

"But didn't she hand her hundred and ten over to The Doc, just to cover running-expenses? Aint that worth rememberin'? And ain't she got the fear o' Gawd thrown into her? And aint she comin' back to-night wit' that wine-jelly and old Port and her own check-book?"

This allocution was followed by an appreciative silence.

"But it's old Lockwood who's gotta come across," that individual known as The Doc. finally reminded his *confrères*.

This brought a snort of contempt from Latreille.

"I tell you again old Lockwood 'll fight you to the drop of the hat. The girl's your meat. She's your mark. You've got her! And if you've only got the brains to milk her right she's good for forty thousand. She's weakened already. She's on the skids. And she's got a pile of her own to pull from!"

"Forty thousand?" echoed the other, with a smack of the lips.

"That's thirteen thousand apiece," amended Latreille, largely, "with one over for Car-Step Sadie."

"Cut out that name," commanded Crotty.

"Well, Babbie then, if that suits you better. And it's a landslide for her!"

"Aint she earned it?" demanded her silvery-haired old guardian.

"Strikes me as being pretty good pay for gettin' bunted over with a play-car and not even a shin-bruise."

"Well, aint her trainin' worth something, in this work?"

"Sure it is—but how 'n hell did she get that blood streakin' across her face so nice and life-like?"

The silvery-haired old gentleman chuckled as he put down his glass of square-face.

"That's sure our Babbie's one little grand-stand play. You see, she keeps the pulp exposed in one o' her back teeth. Then a little suck with her tongue over it makes it bleed, on a half-minute notice. That's how she worked the hemorrhage-game with old Bronchial Bill all last winter, before the beak sent him up the River."

I STOOD there, leaning against the soiled shelf across which must have passed so much of the liquid that cheers depressed humanity. But never before, I feel sure, did anything quite so cheering come through that sordid little speak-easy. I was no longer afraid of that malignant-looking trio, so contentedly exulting over their ill-gotten victory.

"Well, it's a cinch," went on the droning voice, "if The Doc 'll only cut out the dope for a couple o' days and your Babbie doesn't get to buckin' over the footboard!"

"It aint Babbie I'm worryin' over," explained old Crotty. "That girl 'll do what's expected of her. She's got to. I've wised her up on that. What's worryin' me more is that cuff-shooter who butted in over there on the Island."

Still again I could hear Latreille's little snort of open contempt.

"Well, you can put that bug out of your head," quietly averred my ex-chauffeur. "You seem to 've forgotten that guy, Zachy. That's the boob we unloaded the Senator's town car on. And that's the Hindoo I framed, away back on Hallowe'en night. You remember that, don't you?"

I leaned closer, with my heart pounding under my midriff and singing in my ears. But old Crotty didn't seem to remember.

"On Hallowe'en night?" he ruminated aloud.

"Why, the stiff I asked you to stand ready to give the glad word to, if he happened round for any *habeas-corpus* song and dance!" prompted the somewhat impatient voice of Latreille. "Don't you mind, back on last Hallowe'en, how the big Hill boys stuffed that suit of old clothes with straw and rags and then stuck it up in the street? And how we hit that dummy, and how I made the chicken-hearted pen-wiper think that he'd killed a man and coyoted off the scene?"

I don't know what old Crotty's reply to those questions were. I wasn't interested in his reply. It wasn't even rage that swept through me as I stood listening to those only too-enraging words.

The first thing that I felt was a sense of relief, a vague yet vast consciousness of deliverance, like a sleepy lifer with a governor's pardon being waved in his face. I was no longer afraid for Mary. I was no longer afraid of life, afraid of myself, afraid of my fellows. My slate was clean. And above all, I was in no way any longer afraid of Latreille. *I* was the chicken-hearted pen-wiper—and I hated him for that word—who had been "framed." *I* was the over-timorous victim of their sweet-scented conspiracies. *I* was the boob who had been made to shuffle and suffer and sweat. But that time was over and done with, forever. And the great wave of relief that swept through me surged back again, this time crested with anger, and then still again towered and broke in a misty rush of pity for Mary Lockwood. I thought of her as something soft and feathered in the triple coils of those three reptilious conspirators as something clean and timid and fragile, being slowly slathered over by the fangs which were to fasten themselves upon her innocence, which were to feed upon her goodness of heart. And I decided that *she* would never

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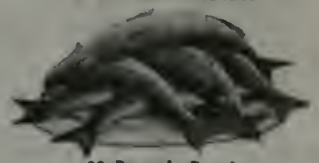
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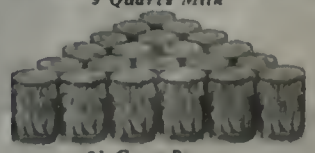
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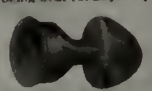

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have to go through what I had been compelled to go through.

I DIDN'T wait for more. There was, in fact, nothing more to wait for, so far as I and my world were concerned. I had found out all I wanted to find out. Yet I had to stand there for a full minute, coercing myself to calmness. Then I tip-toed across the room to a second door which stood in the rear wall, unlocked it, and stepped out into the narrow and none too well-lighted hallway. This led to a wash-room which in turn opened on another narrow passageway. And from this I was able to circle back into the bar-room itself.

I didn't tarry to make any explanations to the worthy called Mickey, or to advertise my exit to his even worthier friends. I slipped quietly and quickly out of that unclean street-corner fester-spot, veered off across the street where the early Spring twilight was already settling down, and went straight to the house which I knew to be Crotty's.

I didn't even wait to ring. I tried the door, found it unlocked, and stepped inside. There, no sign of life confronted me. But that didn't for a moment deter my explorations. I quietly investigated the ground floor, found it as unprepossessing as its proprietor, and proceeded noiselessly up the narrow stairway for an examination of the upper regions.

It wasn't until I reached the head of the stairs that I came to a stop. For there I could hear the muffled but unmistakable sound of somebody moving about. It took me several minutes to determine the source of these movements. But once I had made sure of my ground I advanced to the door at the back of the half-darkened hall and swung it open.

On the far side of the room into which I stood staring I saw a girl in house-slippers and a faded rose-colored *peignoir* thrown over a none too clean night-dress of soiled linen. In one hand she held a lighted cigarette. With the other hand she was stirring something in a small graniteware stew-pan over a gas-heater. Her hair was down and her shoulders were bare. But all her attention seemed concentrated on that savory stew, which she sniffed at hungrily, almost childishly, between puffs on her cigarette. Then she fell to stirring her pot again, with obvious satisfaction.

I had the door shut behind me, in fact, before she so much as surmised that anyone else was in the room with her. And when she looked up and saw me there her eyes slowly widened and she slowly and deliberately put her spoon down on the soiled dresser-top beside her. It wasn't exactly fear that I saw creep into her face. It was more the craft of the long-harried and case-hardened fugitive.

"Bab," I said, addressing her in the language which I imagined would most forcibly appeal to her. "I don't want to butt in on your slough. But time's precious and I'm going to talk plain."

"Shoot!" she said after a moment of hesitation followed by another moment of silent appraisal.

"The cops are rounding up The Doc and old Crotty for claim-faking. They're also coming here, Bab, to gather up a girl called Car-Step Sadie for dummy-chucking under the car of that Lockwood woman and bleeding her for one hundred and ten bones, and"——

"Those bulls 've got nuttin' on me!" broke out the disturbingly dishabille figure in soiled linen, as she stood staring at me with a sort of mouse-like hostility in her crafty young eyes.

"But they're bringing a police-surgeon along with 'em," I went glibly on, "for they claim, Bab, you've got a hollow tooth you can start bleeding any time you need to stall on that internal-injury stuff. And they've dug up a couple of cases that aren't going to sound any too good over in the District Attorney's office. Now, I'm not here to give advice. This is merely a rumble. And you can do what you like about it. But if you're wise, you'll slide while the sliding is good."

She stood once more silently studying me.

"What's all this to yuh, anyway?" she suddenly demanded.

"It's so little, my dear," I airily acknowledged, "that you can do exactly as you like about it. But"——

"Where's The Doc?" was her next quick question. "Where's Crotty?"

I had to think fast.

"They've ducked," I asserted, amazed at my own newly-discovered facility in fictioneering.

"Who said they'd ducked?"

"Do you know Mickey's, over there on the corner?" I ventured.

She nodded as she darted across the room and threw aside the faded *peignoir*. The movement made my thoughts flash back to another and earlier scene, to the scene wherein one Vinnie Brunelle had played the leading role.

"Latreille," I explained to the girl across the room, "dropped in at Mickey's and tipped Crotty and The Doc off, not more than a quarter of an hour ago."

"And they rabbited off wit'out throwin' me a sign?" she indignantly demanded.

"They did," I prevaricated.

She suddenly stopped, swinging about and viewing me with open suspicion.

"Where'd yuh ever know that Latreille guy?" she demanded.

"Latreille worked with me for months," I declared, speaking with more truth, in fact, than I had intended.

"Then me for the tall timber!" announced that hard-faced little adventuress as she began to scramble into her clothes.

"Don't you want me to get you a taxi?" I inquired, backing discreetly away until I stood in the open door.

"Taxi nuttin'!" she retorted through the shower of soiled lingerie that cascaded about her writhing white shoulders. "What d'yuh take me for, anyway? A ostrich? When I get under cover, I go there me own way, and not wit' all Brooklyn bawlin' me out!"

And she went her own way. She went, indeed, much more expeditiously than I had anticipated, for in five minutes' time she was dressed and booted and hatted and scurrying off through the now darkened streets. Which trail she took and what cover she sought didn't in the least interest me, once I had made sure of the fact she was faring in an opposite direction to Mickey's thirst-appeasing caravansery. But she went. She shook the dust of that house off her febrile young heels; and that was the one thing I had desired of her. For that night, I knew, still held a problem or two for me which would be trying enough without the presence of the redoubtable Lady Babbie and her sanguinary bicuspid.

Yet once she was clear of that house, I decided to follow her example. This, however, was not so easy as it had promised to be. For I had scarcely reached the foot of the stairway when I heard the sound of voices outside the street-door. And I promptly recognized them as Crotty's and Latreille's.

THAT discovery sent me groping hurriedly backward into the darkened hallway. By the time the door opened I had felt my way to a second flight of steps which obviously led to the basement. I could hear the voice of the man known as The Doc, for the three men were now advancing, and advancing none too quietly, into their musty-aired harborage. But my own flight down those basement stairs was quiet enough, for I realized now the expediency of slipping away and putting in a call for help.

It was only after a good deal of groping about, however, that I was able to reach the door opening on the basement-area, directly under the street-steps. A huge brass key, fortunately, stood in place there. So as I passed out I took the trouble to relock that door after me and pocket the key.

In five minutes I had found a side-street grocery store with a sufficiently sequestered telephone. And by means of this telephone I promptly called up Headquarters and asked for Lieutenant Belton.

He listened to what I had to say with much more interest than I had anticipated.

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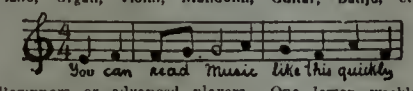

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"Kempton," he called back over the wire, "I believe you've stumbled across something big."

"Then supposing you stumble over here after it," was my prompt suggestion. But Belton wasn't to be stampeded into the over-hasty action of the amateur.

"If that isn't the bunch Headquarters has been wanting to interview for the last three months, I miss my one best bet. But in this business, Kempton, you've got to *know*. So I'll slip over to the Bureau and look up mugs and records. If that faint-spiller is Bab Nadeau, *alias* Car-Step Sadie, there's no doubt about your man being Crotty.

"She *is* 'Car-Step Sadie'," I told him.

"Then we'll be out there with bells on," he calmly announced.

"But what do you expect me to do in the meantime?" I somewhat peevishly demanded.

"Just keep 'em guessing," he tranquilly retorted, "keep 'em guessing until we amble over there and take 'em off your hands!"

That was easy enough to say, I remembered as I made my way back to Crotty's broken-faced abode, but the problem of holding that unsavory trio in subjection didn't impress me as an over-trivial one. Yet I went back with a new fortitude stiffening my backbone, for I knew that whatever might happen that night, I now had the law on my side.

That casual little flicker of confidence, however, was not destined to sustain me for long. A new complication suddenly confronted me. For as I guardedly approached the house from which I'd sent Bab Nadeau scampering off into the night I noticed a Nile-green car already drawn up close beside the curb. And this car, I further noticed, was empty.

SO it was with a perceptibly-quickened pulse that I sidled down into the unclean area, unearthed my brass key, and let myself silently into the unlighted basement. Then I just as quietly piloted my way in through the darkness, found the stairway, and ascended to the ground floor.

The moment I reached the hallway I could hear the sound of voices, through a door on my left. I could hear Mary Lockwood's voice, and then the throaty tones of that opianic old impostor known as The Doc.

. . . "No doubt of the fact at all, my dear young lady. The spine has been injured, very seriously injured. Whether or not it will result in paralysis I can't tell until I consult with my colleague, Dr. Emmanuel Paschall. But we must count on the poor girl being helpless for life, Crotty, helpless for life!"

This was followed by a moment or two of silence. And I could imagine what that moment or two was costing Mary Lockwood.

"But I want to see the girl," she said in a somewhat desperate voice. "I *must* see her."

"All in good time, my dear, all in good time," temporized her bland old torturer. This was followed by a lower mumble of voices from which I could glean nothing intelligible. But those three conspirators must have consulted together, for after a moment of silence I caught the sound of steps crossing the floor.

"He'll just slip up and make sure the patient can be seen," I heard the suave old rascal intone. And I had merely time to edge back and dodge about the basement stair-head as the room-door was flung open and Latrellle stepped out in the hall. The door closed again as he vanished above-stairs.

When he returned, he didn't step back into the room, but waited outside and knocked on the closed door. This brought old Crotty out in answer to the summons. Just what passed between that worthy trio, immured in their whispering consultation in that half-lighted hallway, failed to reach my ears. But this in no way disturbed me, for I knew well enough that Latreille had at least passed on to them the alarming news that their much needed patient was no longer under that roof. And what was more, I knew that this discovery would serve to bring things to a somewhat speedier climax than we had all anticipated. There was a sort of covert decisiveness about their movements, in fact, as they stepped back into the room and swung the door shut behind them. So I crept closer, listening intently. But it was only patches and shreds of their talk that I could overhear. I caught enough, however, to know they were protesting that their patient was too weak to be interviewed. I could hear Crotty feelingly exclaim that it wasn't kind words which could help his poor child now, but only something much more substantial, and much more mundane.

"Yes, it's only money that can talk in a case like this," pointedly concurred The Doc, clearly spurred on to a more open boldness of advance. And there were further parleyings and arguments and lugubrious enumerations of possibilities from the man of medicine. I knew well enough what they were doing. They were conjointly and cunningly brow-beating and intimidating that solitary girl who, even while she must have gathered some inkling of their worldliness, comprehended nothing of the wider plot they were weaving about her. And I further knew that they were winning their point, for I could hear her stifled little gasp of final surrender.

"Very well," her strained voice said. "I'll give you the check."

THIS pregnant sentence was followed by an equally pregnant silence. Then came a series of small noises, amongst which I could distinguish the scrape of a chair-leg and steps crossing the floor. And I surmised that Mary was seating herself at a desk or table, to make out and sign the precious little slip of paper which they were so unctuously conspiring for. So it was at this precise moment that I decided to interfere.

I opened the door, as quietly as I could, and stepped into the room.

It was Latreille who first saw me. The other two men were too intently watching the girl at the desk. They were still watching her as she slowly rose from her chair, with a blue-tinted oblong of paper between her fingers. And at the same moment that Mary Lockwood stood up Latreille did the same. He rose slowly, with his eyes fixed on my face, backing just as slowly away as he continued to stare at me. But that retreat, I very quickly realized, wasn't prompted by any sense of fear.

"Mary," I called out sharply to the girl who still stood staring down at the slip of blue paper.

She looked up as she heard that call, peering at me with half incredulous and slightly startled eyes. I don't know whether she was glad or sorry to see me there. Perhaps it was both. But she neither moved nor spoke.

"Mary," I cried out to her, "don't give that up!"

I moved towards her, but she in turn moved away from me until she stood close beside the ever watchful Latreille.

"This is something which you don't understand," she said, much more calmly than I had expected.

"But I *do*," I hotly contended.

"It's something which you can't possibly understand," she repeated in tones which threw a gulf yawning between us.

"But it's *you* who don't," I still tried to tell her. "These three here are claim-fakers; nothing but criminals. They're bleeding you! They're blackmailing you!"

A brief but portentous silence fell on that room as the bewildered girl looked from one face to the other. But it lasted only a moment. The tableau was suddenly broken by a movement from Latreille. And it was a quick and cat-like movement With one sweep of the hand he reached out and snatched the oblong of blue paper from Mary Lockwood's fingers. And as I beheld that movement a little alarm-gong somewhere up at the peak of my brain went off with a clang. Some remote caveman ancestor of mine stirred in his grave. I saw red.

With one unreasoned and unreasoning spring I reached Latreille, crying out to the girl as I went: "Get out of this house! Get out—quick!"

That was all I said. It was all I had a chance to say, for Latreille was suddenly taking up all my attention. That suave brigand, instead of retreating, caught and held the slip of paper be-

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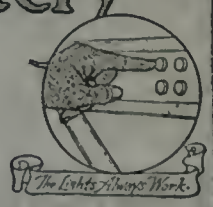

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tween his teeth and squared for combat. And combat was what he got.

WE struck and countered and clenched and went to the floor together, still striking blindly at each other's faces as we threshed and rolled about there. We sent a chair spinning, and a table went over like a nine-pin. We wheezed and gasped and clumped against the baseboard and flopped again out into open space. Yet I tore that slip of paper from between Latreille's teeth, and macerated it between my own, as we continued to pound and thump and writhe about the dusty floor. And I think I would have worsted Latreille, if I'd been given half a chance, for into that onslaught of mine went the pent-up fury of many weeks and months of self-corroding hate. But that worthy known as The Doc deemed it wise to take a hand in the struggle. His interference assumed the form of a blow with a chair-back, a blow which must have stunned me for a moment or two, for when I was able to think clearly again Latreille had me pinned down, with one knee on my chest and old Crotty stationed at the door with a Colt revolver in his hand. The next moment Latreille forced my wrists down in front of me, jerked a handkerchief from my pocket, and with it tied my crossed hands close together. Then he turned and curtly motioned to Crotty.

"Here," he commanded. "Bring that gun and guard this pin-head! If he tries anything, let him have it, and have it good!"

Slowly and deliberately Latreille rose to his feet. He paused for a moment to wipe the blood and dust from his face. Then he turned to Mary Lockwood, who stood with her back against the wall and her tightly clenched fists pressed close to her side. She was very white, white to the lips. But it wasn't fear that held her there. It was a sort of colorless heat of indignation, a fusing of rage and watchfulness which she seemed at a loss to express in either word or action.

"Now you," barked out Latreille, motioning her to the desk, "make good on that paper. And do it quick!"

Mary surveyed him, silently, studiously, deliberately. He was, apparently, something startlingly new in her career, something which she seemed unable to fathom. But he'd by no means intimidated her. For, instead of answering him, she spoke to me.

"Parley," she called out, watching her enemy as she spoke. "Parley, what do you want me to do?"

I remembered Lieutenant Belton and his message. I remembered my own helplessness, and the character of the men confronting us. And I remembered that time was a factor in Mary's favor and mine.

"Do what he tells you," I called up to her. And I knew that she had stepped slowly across to the desk again. Yet what she did there I failed to understand, for my attention was once more centered on the old scoundrel covering me with the Colt revolver and repeatedly and blasphemously threatening to plug me through the heart if I so much as made one finger-move to get off that floor. So I lay there studying him. I studied his posture. I studied the position of his weapon. I studied my own length of limb. I studied the furniture overturned about the room. And then I once more studied old Crotty.

THEN I laughed aloud. As I did so I suddenly twisted my head and stared towards the door.

"*Smash it in, Sam!*" I shouted exultantly, and with all the strength of my lungs.

It startled them all, as I had intended it should. But it also did something else which I had expected it to do. It caused Crotty to glance quickly over his shoulder towards the door in question. And at the precise moment that he essayed this movement I ventured one of my own.

I brought my outstretched leg up, in one quick and vicious kick. I brought my boot-sole in one stinging blow against the stock of the firearm and the fingers clustered about it. And the result was practically what I had anticipated. It sent the revolver cascading up into the air, like a circus-tumbler doing a double-twister over an elephant's back. There was the bark of an exploding cartridge as it went. But I had both timed and placed its fall, and before either one of that startled couple could make a move I had given a quick twist and roll along the dusty floor and caught up the fallen weapon in my own pinioned right hand. Another quick wrench and twist freed my bound wrists, and before even a second shout of warning could escape from any of them I was on my feet with the revolver balanced in my right hand and fire in my eye.

"Back up, every one o' you," I commanded. For I was hot now, hot as a hornet. And if one of that worthy trio had ventured a move not in harmony with my orders I am morally certain that I should have sent a bullet through him. They too must have been equally assured of my determination, for side by side they backed away, with their hands slightly above their heads, like praying Brahmins, until the wall itself stopped their retreat.

"Stand closer." I told them. And they shuffled and side-stepped shoulder to shoulder, ludicrously, like the rawest of rookies on their first day of drill. As I stood contemplating them, with disgust on my face, I was interrupted by the voice of Mary.

"Parley," she demanded in a voice throaty with excitement yet not untouched with some strange exultation which I couldn't take time to analyze, "what shall I do this time?"

I couldn't turn and face her, for I still had to keep that unsavory trio under inspection.

"I want you to go down to your car," I told her over my shoulder, "and get in it, and then go straight home. And then"——

"That's absurd," she interrupted.

"I want you to do it."

"But I don't intend to," she said, ignoring my masterfulness.

"Why?"

"I've been too cowardly about this already. It's been quite bad enough, without leaving you here like that. So be good enough to tell me what I can do."

I LIKED her for that, and I was on the point of telling her so, when down below I heard the quick stamp and clump of feet. And I felt in my bones that it must be Belton and his men. Then I remembered Mary and her question.

"I'll tell you what you can do," I cried, pointing towards Latreille. "You can ask this man what it was I ran down in my car last Hallowe'en."

She was moving forward, with a face quite without fear by this time. But her brow clouded, at that speech of mine, and she came to a sudden stop.

"I don't need to ask him," she slowly acknowledged.

"Why not?"

"Because I know already."

"He told you?" I demanded, with a vicious and quite involuntary jab of my barrel-end into one of Latreille's intercostal spaces.

"Not directly," replied the ever-truthful Mary. "But it was through him that I found out. I know now it was through him."

"I thought so," I snorted. "And through him you're now going to find out that he was a liar and a slanderer. So be good enough to explain to her, Latreille, that it was a straw-stuffed dummy we ran down, a street-crowd's scarecrow, and nothing else!"

Latreille didn't answer me. He merely stood there with studious and half-closed eyes, a serpent-like squint of venom on his colorless face. It was, in fact, old Crotty who broke the silence.

"We'll do our talkin,' young fellow, when the right time comes. And when we do, you're goin' to pay for an outrage like this, for an unprovoked assault on decent citizens!"

"Well, the time's come right now," I promptly announced, for I had caught the sound of Belton's quick step on the stairs. And the next moment the door swung open and that stalwart officer stood staring intently, yet cautiously about the corner of the jamb. He stood

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there squinting in, in fact, for several seconds, calmly inspecting each face and factor of the situation. It wasn't until he stepped in through the door, however, that I noticed the ugly-looking service revolver in his own right hand.

"That's the bunch we want, all right," proclaimed the officer of law and order, as he turned back to the still open door. "Come up, boys, and take 'em down," he called cheerfully and companionably out through the darkness.

MARY, at the answering tumult of those quick-thumping feet, crept a little closer to my side. Alarm, I suppose, had at last seeped through and crumbled the last of her Lockwood pride. The flash of waiting firearms, the strange faces, the still stranger experiences of that night, seemed to have brought about some final and unlooked for subjugation of her spirit. At least, so I thought.

"Couldn't you take me away, Parley?" she asked, a little weakly and also a little wistfully. Yet there was something about the very tone of her voice which sent a thrill through my tired body. And that thrill gave me boldness enough to reach out a proprietary arm and let the weight of her body rest against it.

"You won't want us, will you, Belton?" I demanded. And that long-legged young officer stared about at us, abstractedly, for a moment or two, before replying. When he turned away, he did so to hide what seemed to be a slowly widening smile.

"These are the folks I want," he retorted, with a hand-wave towards his three prisoners. And without wasting further breath, or time, on them, I helped Mary out and down to the Nile-green roadster.

"No; let me," she said, as she noticed my movement to mount to the driver's seat. But she was silent for several minutes, as we threaded our way out through the silent and shadowy streets.

"Parley," she said at last, and with a gulp, "you must think I'm an—an awful coward."

"I was the coward," I proclaimed out of my sudden misery of mind. For there were certain things which would be terribly hard to forget.

"You?" she cried. "After what I've just seen? After what you've saved me from? Oh, how you must despise me!"

"No," I said with a gulp of my own. "That's not the word."

"It's not," she absently agreed.

"It's not," I repeated, "for I love you!"

She made no response to that foolish and untimely declaration. All her attention, in fact, seemed directed towards her driving.

"But I was so cowardly in that other thing," she persisted, out of this second silence. "Judging without understanding, condemning something I was only too ready to do myself!"

"And it made you hate me?"

"No—no. I hate myself!" And her gesture was one of protest, passionate protest.

"But you must have hated me."

"Parley," she said, speaking quite low and leaning a little closer to the wheel as she spoke, as though all her thoughts were on the shadowy road ahead of her, "I never hated you—never! I couldn't even make myself."

"Why?" I asked, scarcely knowing I had spoken.

"Because I've always loved you," she said in a whisper, big with bravery. And I heard a silvery little bell begin to ring in my heart, like a bird in an orchard, heralding spring.

"Stop the car!" I suddenly commanded, once the real, the glorious meaning of those six words of Mary's had sunk through to that strange core of things we call our soul.

"What for?" demanded Mary, mechanically releasing the clutch and throwing the brake-pedal down. She sat staring, startled, into my face, as we came to a stop. "What for?" she repeated.

"Because we must never run anything down again," I solemnly informed her.

"But I don't see," she began, "why—"

"It's because I'm going to kiss you, my beloved," I said, as I reached out for her. "And something tells me, Mary, that it's going to be a terribly long one!"

Raiding The Rhineland

Continued from page 24

A Last Trip—and What Happened

ON the afternoon of October 30, 1918, about twenty of us were gathered in the Map Room, when Major B———, the C. O., entered and posted the list of the objectives we were to bomb a few hours later—Frankfort, Cologne and Saarbrücken. Our crew was scheduled to visit Saarbrücken, about forty-seven miles over the line, and carry eight 112-pounders and one 550-pound bomb. We were instructed to drop our explosives on the Burbach Blast Furnaces.

We immediately looked at the Meteorological report, worked out our course on the C. D. I., ruled it off on the map, and studied photographs of the Burbach works (all the principal objectives had been photographed by day squadrons, and were laid out in the Map Room. No. 55 squadron did some remarkably fine work in this regard).

The map I carried was composed of eight sheets, and when unfolded was five and a half feet long by four feet wide, about eight times the size of a daily newspaper page. The most distant points for which this map could be used were Frankfort and Bonn, about 150 miles away, so you can easily work out how large a map would be required on going to bomb Berlin. The scale of the maps used was 1:200,000, and no smaller scale was deemed practical. And, to handle these maps in a machine going through the air at sixty or more miles per hour was some trick!

As the Armistice, we expected, was a matter of days only—perhaps hours—everyone was keen to get in a final "show" which would help to clinch Fritzie's determination that peace mustn't be staved off any longer. So my pilot and I agreed before starting out that, provided no mechanical difficulties cropped up, nothing but an absolute inability to see the ground would prevent our crossing the line and making for our objective.

We went back to our Nisson huts and prepared for the night's venture. On a long trip all members of the crew usually carried a haversack or small bag filled with useful articles of a personal nature—pajamas, shaving tackle, etc., which would come in handy should there be a forced landing, either on the Hun side or ours. Saarbrücken was a comparatively short trip, but we packed our essential kit, nevertheless, and procured a quart Thermos bottle full of hot coffee, together with some eating chocolate. With all our gear on we looked like Teddy bears. Around our necks, each of us wore an electric flash lamp; we saw that they were freshly charged, and then snatched a rather hasty tea before proceeding to the aerodrome.

At 4.35 p.m.—1635, according to a regulation which came into force October 1, 1918—we climbed into the machine but, in a few minutes, just after the engines had been nicely warmed up, the "stand by" signal was flashed from the control tower. This meant the weather was dubious, and we were to go back to the mess and await developments. "Old Meteor"—as the meteorological expert was dubbed—would decide later as to the fitness of the weather, and notify us accordingly.

As usual, we started a rubber of bridge, and were in the middle of a most interesting hand when the telephone bell rang. I remember I had just doubled

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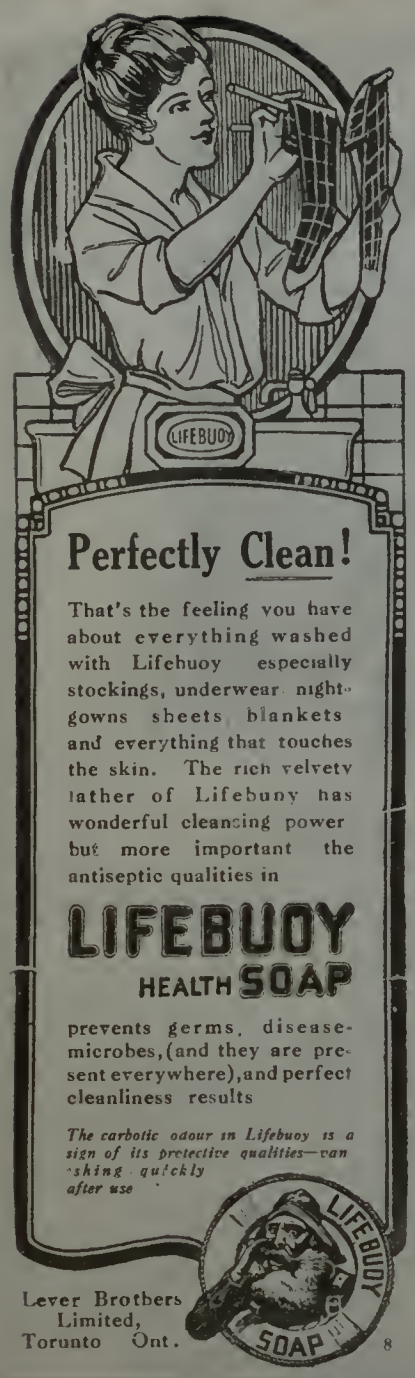

"three hearts," bid by my pilot; I had six to the jack. The hand was half played when we stopped, to listen to the 'phone conversation. Instinctively, we seemed to feel that it would be the Wing C. O. with orders for our Squadron C. O.

"Get started? Right, Sir!" we heard the Major say. No orders to us were necessary, for we had dropped our cards—until the "show" was concluded—and every man detailed was on the way to the door before the Major had hung up the receiver.

Once again we climbed up the ladder into our machine. Evans (a sterling pilot) and I were seated side by side, as comfortable as in a motor car. We could see flashes of "Archies"—anti-aircraft guns—bursting almost overhead, so we were ordered to "take off" without showing any lights (since these might conceivably be spotted by the Hun or Huns, presumably flying around overhead). Dull booming told us that there was quite a strafe on at the front, nine miles away. Soon the engines were run up and all other sounds shut out.

Shortly after 6.30 came the signal to "take off" and away we went. Our machines climbed beautifully, had a dandy pair of engines, and in less than half an hour we had reached 5,000 feet. We had decided to cross the line at 7,000 feet, over "B" light-house, and when this point and this altitude were reached we looked at each other, speech being difficult on account of the engines' incessant roar. The pilot saw the look of interrogation in my eyes, nodded emphatically, and headed toward Hun-land, on our compass course.

In less than five minutes, flashes of artillery away below showed that we were crossing the lines, and we noticed with satisfaction groups of Boche "onions." Practically no lights were visible on the ground, but we flew straight on, bothered neither by "Archie" nor searchlights. We passed two or three places that I recognized from my map, and after flying for exactly the length of time anticipated, we saw a faint glow in the distance, denoting the valley of the Saar. It looked like a necklace of lights, strung on an invisible cord, against a grey-black velvety background.

Our Objective Reached

A FEW minutes later our particular objective town, Saarbrücken, came into view. I pointed it out to the pilot; he nodded and proceeded to make a detour of the town approaching from the direction we had agreed upon. We passed over another place which we recognized (from descriptions furnished by other observers) as the Forbach factory, and I felt a strong inclination to release an "egg" or two there, but that's not according to the canons of the game, when the prescribed objective *can* be reached.

"Archies" and searchlights left us strangely alone for a while. As we got close to our objective I went back into the engine room and fused our big 550-lb. bomb—that is, pulled out a pin, which was placed in the bomb so as to guard it against premature detonation, in the event of a forced or "crash" landing. Following this, I returned to the part where the pilot was, folded back my seat to give me more nearly adequate room, and then crawled through the door-way, about thirty by twenty inches, into the forward cock-pit, where the bomb-sight and bomb-releases were installed. 7,000 feet below I could see, as I leaned out over the nose (or prow), the city of Saarbrücken, and a belt of mist which denoted the Saar river and valley. The factory—our definite objective—loomed up indistinctly just past a bend in the river, at the extreme end of the city; in fact, it was almost a suburb. By a wave of my right or left hand I directed the pilot, and when about ten seconds from the crucial moment I signalled him to "fly straight"—which he did splendidly, giving me an ideal opportunity for sighting.

I strained my eyes down the sighting wires, and the river-bend directly underneath; a second or two later and what I judged to be the very centre of the Burbach factory cut across the exact junction of the fore-and-aft sighting wires. My hand had been on the release handle, fairly twitching to jerk it; one tug released our big "egg." Immediately I grabbed the handle controlling the dropping of the smaller bombs; my fur glove was off, to make my grip more certain. Several rapid, pump-handle motions on this lever released the 112-pounders not more than a second after the big fellow; two salvoes let the eight go.

I HUNG over the side to observe the effect, and was pleased as Punch, you can imagine, when I observed one huge burst, accompanied by several smaller ones, plumb in the centre of the Burbach Foundry and Blast Furnaces. I crawled back beside the pilot, and shouted the news to him. He grinned, and flew for a safer region. I saw a dark form, apparently about 1,000 feet below, flit past, but this E. A. (enemy air-craft) remained in view barely a second. Just behind our tail the Hun "Archies" were making it as hot as possible. The first few bursts were uncomfortably close to our machine, seemingly missing us by yards only. But no searchlights caught us in their foci.

Deceiving the Archies

WITH amazing rapidity—just a few seconds—the bursts sparkled in the sky away in our rear, to our great relief. This was owing to the fact that we had violated the generally-accepted principles of bombing, and had decided to bomb *down wind* instead of *up wind*, or in other words, *into wind*. Going up wind would, of course, give us a better shot, as we would be going so much slower, but our target was so large, and the air so calm, we decided we could get results bombing at the greater speed, and so had adjusted the bomb-sight accordingly. We realized the wisdom of this (especially from the standpoint of our own personal safety), when we saw the Hun "Archie" people were taking it for granted that we were bombing *into wind* and were chasing us *in that direction!*

After we had passed the immediate danger zone, we had an opportunity to look around at the other towns within view, and it seemed such a pity that we couldn't have carried several tons of bombs so that we could visit each one, and treat it to a similar dose. The pilot headed for the Forbach factory, which was on our way home. I went forward again, to get at the Lewis gun, and treated this place to a few hundred rounds. Though we had dropped 2,000 or 3,000 feet, we still were so high that probably not very much material damage resulted, but we knew it "put the wind up" them.

Lost in the Mist

THERE was nothing urgent to do now, so we headed straight for home, greatly elated with the trip up to that point. I went back into the engine-room, where I brought forth our Thermos bottle and haversack, and treated the pilot and myself to several cups of piping hot coffee, and some bar chocolate.

After the prescribed time we approached the line, at a few minutes before ten o'clock, and observed patches of grey mist forming here and there. This was disquieting. When we reached the line a huge carpet of grey mist blocked out almost everything from view. Just as we expected to see "B" light-house, which would tell us exactly where we were, all lights disappeared from our view, except an occasional one, *directly* below. Then they too were blotted out, and we flew for *fifty miles at a stretch* without seeing the earth.

We flew North, South and West—NEVER East—and when the mist dissolved somewhat I looked for a familiar landmark—but in vain. We were absolutely lost!

We saw a number of village lights, but couldn't identify them. Two aerodromes were spotted, presumably French ones, and I asked Evans whether we should land there. He shook his head. It was just eleven o'clock, we were barely half way through our petrol supply, and still hoped to get home. Besides, French 'dromes are notoriously too small for a Handley to make a safe landing.

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We flew North, then South—then North, then South. We knew we were well on our own side of the line, but as the wind seemed to have changed, both in direction and velocity, we couldn't be sure which way it was drifting us, so agreed not to fly East.

The fog got worse, then better, and after midnight, realizing the hopelessness of our position, if we'd seen the lights of an aerodrome, we would certainly have come down. Several times we saw lights that looked from our 5,000 or 6,000 feet altitude like landing lights. On each occasion we came down lower to have a closer look, then shook our heads at each other, disappointedly.

About one o'clock, after being out of touch with the ground for some time, owing to the persistent continuity of the mist, we spotted a busy railroad centre, and came down low to have a good look. It turned out to be not a very big one, and I couldn't "pick it up" on my map. I flashed our Aldis lamp almost continuously, and 'round and 'round that town we flew, coming as low as we dared. The Aldis was flashed for two reasons; first, to inform the inhabitants we were not an E. A.; second, in the hope that someone might light fires in a suitable landing place.

A Forced Landing

AFTER nearly seven hours' flying we decided we must land, as it would be dangerous to exhaust completely our petrol supply and be forced to land without further option. We came down and had a look at neighboring fields, and, though they didn't look too promising, further seeking might show us nothing better. Also, we ran the risk of getting into a mist where we couldn't see the ground before our fuel became exhausted.

I saw the pilot's look of interrogation: "Shall we chance it?" his eyes said.

I nodded.

Up we went, then, to a height which would enable us to drop the Michelin flare with safety. This flare is in the form of a huge silk umbrella (the silk in each flare costs $50), under which is supported a gigantic candle, the whole floating slowly to earth, after it has fallen like a rocket-stick for a thousand feet or so.

We estimated, roughly, the direction of the wind, then manoeuvred so the flare would float over the desired spot. I released the flare, at a nod from the pilot; soon, it gave out light sufficient for us to see the ground below—and, oh, how small the available fields looked!

We dived until we got below the Michelin, and Evans circled around and around, close to the ground, searching for the exact spot to land. I didn't know, until the next day, of the perils we escaped by a hair's breadth, including the skimming of twenty telegraph wires—which, of course, we couldn't see—by inches only! Our altimeter showed us about 150 feet up, but as this place happened to be on a hill, we actually were circling around at LESS THAN FIFTY FEET. If I ever were in a machine doing this by daylight, I believe I'd collapse with fright.

Funny how automatic some things are: I remember blowing my nose, and carefully replacing my handkerchief in my knee pocket, just at this critical juncture.

I looked over the side and saw that we were barely thirty feet from the ground, as well as one could judge in that light. The pilot realized this before I did, but he daren't land then, as we were going *down wind*, and would thus land at a speed which would be our speed, *plus* wind. We must land, to have a chance, *into wind*, our faces to the wind, our air speed *minus* wind. The difference between these two directions was the difference between life and death.

Evans realized this, and oh, how cool he was! He calmly made another half circuit, one wing tip almost scraping the earth, and then I saw that we would touch ground in a fraction of a second. I had indicated, questioningly, the landing flares which we could light on the wings tips, wondering whether Evans would press the button which would set them blazing. More experienced in its perils than I, he shook his head.

The Michelin candle was at its last gasp as we bumped.

We were down.

It wasn't much of a bounce, and I gasped with relief. We were safe!

Caught in the Wreckage

BUT no! Before I had another thought, we hit the earth on the next bounce, nose down, with a sickening crunch of wood and steel. I felt pains shoot through my back and left leg: my face was flat in a ploughed field.

My first impulse was to crawl free, I was held as in a vise, in the twisted mass. Almost at the same time I glanced apprehensively to right and left to ascertain if the machine had caught fire. It hadn't, thank Heavens! I called to the pilot; Evans' answer was a faint groan. I shouted to Warneford, the observer in the rear, asking him if he were safe. I heard him say "Coming." To show how quickly all this happened Warneford says he heard me call to him, and answered, *while he was still falling through space!*

He hit the ground a few feet in front of the wreckage and crawled to us. He gave a tug at each of us, the pilot and me; it was futile. It would need a wrecking gang to free us, so I told him to run for help, and to run like the very devil.

When he left I took closer stock of our positions. As I was pinned face down I couldn't see the pilot, but he apparently was unconscious, groaning: "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" My arms were free, and stretched out in front of me, my weight partly on my left. My wrist watch was intact, and showed ten minutes to two. We were a mile from lights, I had observed in coming down, and I hoped for help in half an hour, or an hour at the most.

I twisted and turned and writhed, trying to release myself, but in vain; the pain was intense; I prayed for unconsciousness. I was pinned by the ankle, knee and back. In twisting, I put my right hand as much behind me as possible, and pulled it away wet, red and "slithery"; I had touched the pilot's face. Then I became aware of the fact that his head was resting on the small of my back. I couldn't tell whether he was mortally injured or not.

The pain became more intense; my prayer was answered.

When I came too, it was after four; Evans had ceased to groan; a new moon had risen.

I shouted myself hoarse; there was no response.

I discovered that I was not quite so tightly pinned down, and, managing to get out my clasp-knife, cut my flying suit off at the waist. After an hour and a half's effort, a fraction of an inch at a time, I managed to crawl free, and collapsed on the cool loam in front of me. Crawling and hobbling, I set off toward the town, and shortly after six heard the shouts of a party of American engineers, who were coming to the rescue, with Warneford, who had been lost in the mist for nearly four hours. He was just a youngster, and the mental anxiety of those hours had been terrible.

When I got back to the machine, they had Evans out.

"How is he?" I asked.

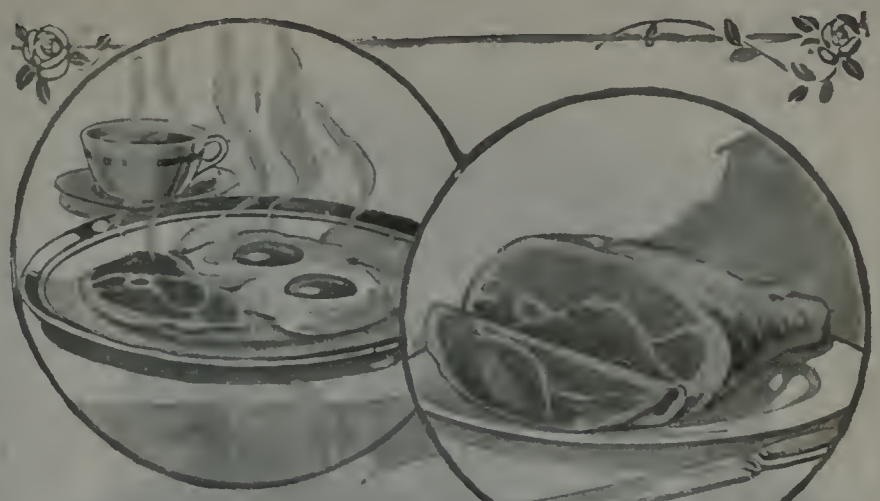
"Dead." He had a fractured jaw and hemorrhage of the brain, and couldn't have lived, the doctor said later, even if help had arrived immediately.

I WAS well cared for by the Yanks, and ultimately reached the hospital, and a fortnight later was started on the route: Langres—Paris—Rouen—Havre—English hospital—R. A. F. medical board—Liverpool—St. John, N.B.—Toronto.

One thing more; as we were traveling in the ambulance Warneford told me that all those hours he hadn't known whether he was in France or Germany. His wits became so scattered by his wanderings in the mist that when he encountered an American sentry, and was challenged in English, he took the sentry for an English-speaking Hun. In the mist and half-light of the dawning day the uniform looked grey and the headgear round.

How do you think the sentry challenged? He halted Warneford a few paces from the end of his bayonet and said:

"How d'ye do?"



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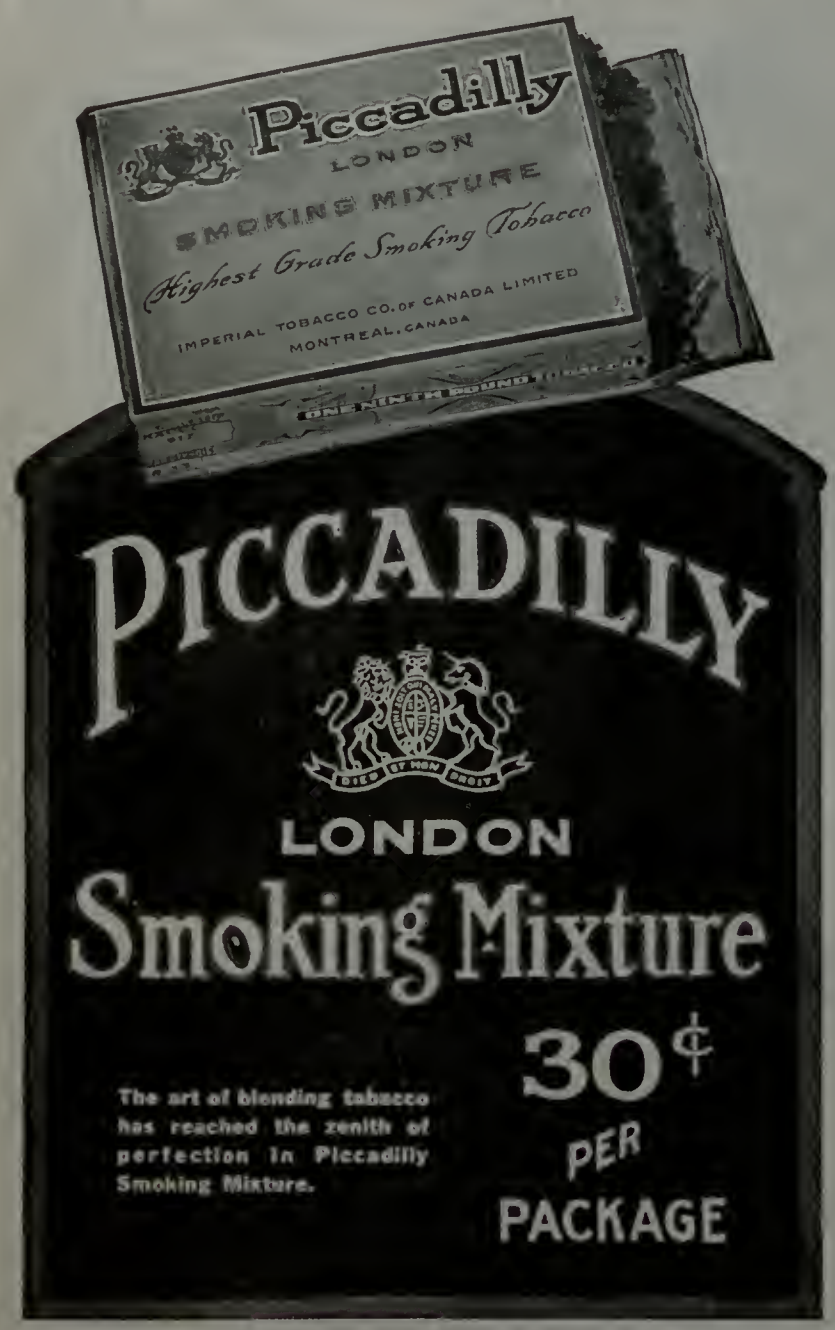

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Fitting in the Returned Man

Continued from page 28

employment so some well-intentioned friends got together and secured for him a position at fair pay. To their intense disgust, he quit at the end of the first day. They saw in the incident only another case of a returned man who did not want to work and who would not settle down. But, that man's job considered in unpacking cases of coarse crockery!

Cases of Injustice

THEN there are so many cases of gross injustice to soldiers who are desperately eager to do their part. To quote a current newspaper editorial on the matter: "There is a case in London, Ontario, of a peculiarly callous injustice inflicted on a returned man who fought in some of the worst battles of the war, including Vimy Ridge, and who earned a good record before his discharge on account of wounds. He wrote in the Civil Service examinations and stood twentieth in a class of three hundred. He was notified that he had been given a position in the London customs office, but on presenting himself for duty was shown a telegram cancelling his appointment. Headquarters had learned that before the war he had been convicted of theft. The plight of this soldier is worse than before because the wrong done him has impelled him to publish a circumstance which he had hoped others would forget."

Others want jobs created for them by discharging old and skilled employees. Then again, in the excessively discontented class are all those, and they are many, who start out with good intentions but who meet with such unjust treatment, (such for instance as individual proposals that have been made that they should work for the regular wage of that job, less the amount of their Government pension, as in the case of a one-armed man I know), that the sufferers rapidly join the ranks of the most vicious minded.

And the alien enemy laborer question festers like a boil in the mind of the returned soldier and dominates all other phases of the employment and repatriation of returned men.

I have been amazed by the utter disregard for human life and property which the soldier, consecrated and directed by army discipline to the destruction of both, develops. Thus, soldiers have learnt that human life is the cheapest thing there is; and because property is the one great rival of human life, even of the lives of soldiers, even the best intentioned of them cannot shake off that feeling of distrust and suspicion of the motives of property which the war has aroused in the least active minded of them

Dangerous Lack of Co-operation

I KNOW a middle-aged returned soldier, of long service in the actual front, whose three sons had similar service, all wounded and one killed, who recently applied for work at a certain Toronto plant, which has made large profits directly out of the war. The foreman to whom he applied for work said: "No, we don't want any returned men here."

In another case, returned men repeatedly complained that they could not get employment. A certain Government department tested this plant. Six returned men, wearing their returned soldier buttons, dropped in at intervals and applied for work. Each one was refused. Each one withdrew, removed his button and applied again. They were all hired on the spot!

It does not follow in these cases that the employer has initiated such a policy of discrimination himself. Some of his foremen may have done that. But these things do conclusively prove that the employer is not making the matter of justice to returned men, a governing policy of his business.

It will be observed that, in my desire to be fair, some of the facts I have related are not wholly to the credit of individual returned men. I sincerely trust that this fact will give added emphasis to that point I wish to make, and that is this: in spite of the kindly attitude that the great mass of the Canadian people maintain toward the returned soldiers, there are far too many employers who are *not* yet making it their own individual affair to adjust their own business to this fact—that the industrial life of Canada must absorb a certain number of returning soldiers and that the business of this individual employer, because it is a part of the industrial life of Canada, must, even at some sacrifice to that business and its present employers, absorb its share of these men if serious troubles are to be avoided. A discontented soldiery offer the most fertile field imaginable for Bolshevist doctrines; a contented soldiery the surest bulwark against it, a great stabilizing influence in the life of the Dominion, half a million men, trained to arms, and because of their contentment pledged to the cause of good Government and to the policy of effecting all such changes as they, the soldiers, may desire, by the orderly means of a progressive evolution of the constitutional instrument and not by the disorderly violence of sheer force.

Take Insurance Against Bolshevism

IF Canadian employers will view this problem from this standpoint, they will see that their intelligent co-operation with the Government, with the Great War Veterans' Association, and with all other reconstructive agencies will constitute the best possible insurance against what many employers dread, even worse than hard times—Bolshevism!

Employers must think of Reconstruction in new terms—think of it less as the problem of how they can adjust their business to peace without disturbing the stability of it or the flow of its profits and think of it more as the problem of how that business may be adjusted to absorb its fair proportion of returned men. For on that last, all thinking minds agree the other depends, absolutely. For the last involves those questions of broad humanitarian policies which underlie and govern and determine all the lesser ones of the economic structure, of industry and of profits.

The Central Branch, Toronto, G. W. V. A., has passed a resolution asking employers to be as eager now to advertise the number of returned men employed by them as they were in wartime, to advertise the number of their employees overseas, and to do so by exhibiting a flag similar to the service flag, thereby initiating a kindly competition amongst themselves in the repatriation of returned men. This suggestion is here called to the attention of the readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and their co-operation in pushing this suggestion is asked for by the returned men. The United States has adopted the idea. Let us not be behind them.

A Canadian newspaper correspondent recently said to me: "The returned men have too big an idea of themselves. They think they are heroes and that because they fought for the country, it is theirs to do what they like with. The Canadian people won't stand for it."

There are returned men who have such an idea, the very ignorant and the very selfish ones. But that man did bitter injustice to the great number of returned men who are inspired only by the highest forms of patriotism in their campaign for their comrades and for their country. There are many returned men who take not the slightest credit in having been overseas, who realize that their going and another man's staying was often merely the accident of circumstance, men who are either removed from want, or else are too independent to accept special consideration either from an employer or a government, men who want nothing for themselves. But they see many of their comrades who are entitled to better treatment than they are getting, and who need it and they realize that until such neglect is remedied and even obviated, the whole spiritual and material life of Canada will suffer. They

are Canadians first and returned soldiers afterwards.

Those returned men who are impelled by this thought ask for the co-operation of all other men, the realization that the repatriation of soldiers is up to individuals as well as to governments. The latter seems at last, after years of lethargy, to be awake to the problem, but it cannot do it alone. It needs your help and mine. It is our duty as citizens of Canada to give this help, each in his own way, as his own circumstances permit and his own conscience dictates.

We do not ask you to create a favored class, but we ask for your patience and for your sympathetic understanding so that you will realize that there are other wounds than those of the body, that there are those invisible wounds of the soul which cripple a man's efficiency and retard his mentality, perhaps for years. Be patient with nervous, inefficient, irritable returned men. Remember that these too are wounds. Help them to become normal. Work with them and us to fit our comrades into the national life so that out of the ashes of war there may arise, Phoenix-like, a newer, better Canada which in this spirit may live and thrive and advance to its own great destined end, so long as men continue to love service for the sake of service; so long as men continue to honor the sacrifice of unselfish patriotism.

A Shady Deal

Continued from page 31

"Shoo, yo' don' tell me. Is he all sound ebery way, an gentle?"

"Well, 'snear as I know, he is all dat. Anyhow, I got guarantee from de sellers dat he is. Here 'tis, right here, look yo'."

Len puckered up his brows and read slowly from the fly leaf of his notebook:

"Us, de undersigned, guarantees dat the horse, *Yellow Streak*, purchased by Lenix Ballister from us, is three years old and sound in min' an' lim', has no bad habits, an' in event of this bein' not as stated, we guarantee further to refund purchase money *together with all costs* that may accrue through any misrepresentation on the part of the present owner.

Signed. Abe White. Homer Hudson, X (his mark)."

Len closed the book and placed it back in his inside pocket, "How's dat deacon? Good enuff?"

"Dat's what I'll call a brass-boun' and steel-riveted guarantee, Mister Ballister. 'Dat's good enuff fer yo' er any udder man. Homer Hudson he's got money, an' I reckon he'd shell it out afor' he'd go ter law?"

"Yes, he'll do dat, an' so'll Abe. Course, deacon, dey's bofe frien's ob mine, but, as my ole daddy uster tell me, 'Don' trus' any man's honesty till yo've tried him on a hoss-deal!'"

The deacon nodded. "Yore daddy was right, I'se t'inkin'." Then his manner changed to one of sunny affability. He turned to Lenix.

"I'se wantin ter get hold ob a young hoss fer drivin' purposes. Dem Wilbrios, I understan', am fast goers?"

"Fases' ob de fas'. Yes sir." Len drew himself up and gazed proudly at the steed hitched to the fence. "Mos' too fas' fer a pore man like me ter own," he said regretfully. "So, I aim ter deal that feller for sumfin older, slower an' more comfortable like. Sumfin Jane Ann kin dribe."

"Jus' so, jus' so." The deacon nodded, and peered through his glasses at Len's horse. Then he turned towards Lenix, and said.

"This here ole Fanny, what I'm dribin, is a mighty sweet ole mare. Her's not young, but her's hones' an' gentle wif women. My darters an' my wife dribe her eberywhar'. I aint goin' ter paint Fanny up in gilded colors, Mister Ballister. She's sumfin ob a has-been, an' I aint denyin' it. She's nine year-old come fall, but she's worf sixty-five dollars ob anybody's money. Jim Holdaway, he offered me fifty-five, but I wouldn't look at it."

"I see," nodded Len. He felt in his pocket for his pipe, but remembering that he was talking to a deacon of the Baptist church, he brought out instead a neatly folded tract which had been handed him by a member of the tract society one noon down at the mill. He had kept it intending to make pipe-lighters from it. Now it was a friend in need. It bore the bold caption across its fly-leaf:

Be Kind and Gentle

"In dis here paper," said Len, handing the tract to the deacon, "it shows us dat us all mus' be keerful not to harm de dumb brutes. It's mighty fine readin', deacon. I wanter allars keep dat paper by me. Me an' Jane Ann, us read it ebery night nearly jes' afore family worship. What I was goin' ter say, is dis. Nobody who eber read dat paper would sell Holdaway any dumb brute, let alone dis hayr sweet ole mare what's so kind an' gentle an' trustin'. Yo'-all will excuse me fer sayin' this, but I'se so fond ob animals I gets sorter carried offin my feet when I fink ob em bein' abused."

"Dat's a fine trait ob character, Mister Ballister," commended the deacon warmly; "I don' know ob any body I'd radder see own ole Fanny den yo'rself. Maybe us kin make a deal?"

LEN pursed up his lips, in thought. "Well. I'se willin' ter deal," he finally admitted, "but I jes' don' take ter dealin' a hoss I knows so little 'bout as dat colt yonder ter a man I respec' as much as I does yo'-all, deacon. Howsomever, ob course, dere's de guarantee."

"Yes, dere's de guarantee," said the deacon. "All I hab ter do, if I fin' out dat hoss aint what them sellers claim, is to lead him afore 'em an' make 'em take him back an' pay me what ole Fanny's worf in money. It's all simple Mister Ballister, when yo' consider it."

"Yes, it is so. Homer an' Abe, to avoid law an' complifications, pays yo'-all sixty dollars an' no hard feelins."

"Dat's it, precisely. Now den, how yo' want ter deal?"

Len considered. "Well, if t'ings was in little different shape, deacon, I'd say about ten dollars boot from yo'-all would turn de trick, but as dere's no provision against boot-money in de guarantee, I reckon us'll hab ter talk straight deal. If I could conscientiously gib yo'-all an eben swap, I'd jump at it right sma't. But, yer see, dere's moren ten dollars difference 'tween dem hosses."

The deacon took off his spectacles and polished them on the tail of his linen duster. "I neber swapped hosses afore in my life, Mister Ballister," he said, "an' I aint wantin' ter take no undue advantage ob yore position. Supposin' I frow in de harness?"

Len scratched his head. Plainly, he desired to assist the deacon, but was finding it hard. He squirmed uneasily, took a few paces up and down the road, then paused as though an inspiration had struck him.

"Jes' frow in de buck-board, an' de whip, an' de deal's on, deacon."

"I'll do it!" cried the deacon. "Now, Mister Ballister, I'll jes' clim' out an' yo'-all kin clim' in."

"Jes a minute," Len produced his notebook and pencil. "Yo'-all agrees not ter hold me ter any account, if dat hoss, Yaller Streak, I'se tradin' yo' isn't what he's guaranteed ter be. Is dat right, Deacon Stubble?"

"Dat's precisely correct, Mister Ballister. If dat hoss don't prove up, it aint yore fault, nohow. Dem udder fellers 'll settle wif me."

"Dat's all right den, deacon. Jes yo' sign dis little agreement to dat effect, den I'll dribe off."

The deacon signed, then got stiffly out of the buck-board. Lenix promptly climbed in. "Well, good-bye, deacon. I'll be right good ter ole Fanny," he said, as he picked up the lines.

"Good-bye, Mister Ballister, and

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Wycombe, Ont., Dec. 28, 1918.
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Dear Sirs:—

Find enclosed Five Dollars for which kindly extend my subscription to MacLean's Magazine. Five Dollars' worth distributed along month by month as far as that amount of money will allow.

As to the magazine, I have taken it several years and like it better all the time. I like it better because IT IS better. Will you kindly send me the December, 1918, number as up to date have not received it; may have been lost in the rush before Xmas mail. Anyway, I feel I dare not or cannot afford to miss a single number. I am reading the stories, short and continued, and find them first-class, excellent.

To sit down with such a journal as MacLean's Magazine for an hour's reading after a hard day's work is rest indeed.

There are times when I am so busy (cheese and butter maker) that I merely glance at the daily papers as they come, but when MacLean's arrives it is a different story. It is like a man's "Tobacco Money"; he may be ever so hard up but there always seems a way to keep supplied with the "Weed" in some form or other; so with MacLean's—it makes no difference how busy I may be, there is time to read the bright little journal, and the cash to extend the subscription from time to time.

I am saying these things simply to let you know what at least one man thinks, although I know I am only one among thousands of your admirers. I do not so much believe in putting flowers on the grave as in giving them to the living to enjoy.

While I look upon MacLean's Magazine as a most excellent little journal, still I believe it can be improved as time and means will allow. I would like to see MacLean's take the same place in Canadian life as the Literary Digest does in the American.

While I take a delight in your stories, I feel that after your Editorials, the "Review of Reviews" is the magazine's strongest feature.

In asking your pardon for writing such a long letter, I will close, wishing MacLean's, its editor and staff a very Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Sincerely Yours,
CHAS. E. BINGLEMAN,
Wycombe, Ont.

MACLEAN'S *Canada's National Magazine*

thanks," returned the deacon, as he limped over for a closer inspection of his new horse.

THE shades of night were weaving a dusky arch above sweet smelling country-fields, when a lank negro reclining at ease in a dusty buck-board drawn by a fat, comfortable sorrel horse, rounded the last curve of the road leading to Chatville East.

Lenix had spent a glorious, and a happy afternoon, driving along spicy, tree-arched, unfrequented highways. He was jogging homeward now, his heart filled with the peace that comes to one who has been lucky in the world's great warfare of man with men. Only at rare intervals, when the horse-shoe became unfastened from its moorings to paint a cold chill down his leg, did he remember that, after all, Luck had been with him, and that her smile was really what counted rather than astuteness and brains.

But it had been a great and wonderful and successful day, and he was satisfied clean from his crinkly head reposing on the back of the seat to his big feet resting at an angle of forty-five degrees on the dash-board of the vehicle.

It was just around the last curve of the road that he met Deacon Stubble coming from the opposite direction. The deacon was afoot and dusty, but the light of victory shone through his glasses, as Len "whoa'ed" the old sorrel mare up to speak with him.

The deacon, so it seemed, had learned that both he and Lenix had been wickedly duped by Homer Hudson and Abe White. It had not taken him long to learn it, either. He had straightway sought out Homer and Abe and by threatening to take the law on them, had obliged them to make restitution. They had even gone so far as to attempt to deny having given the guarantee. But a third party having been brought into the argument, and having read it aloud to them and shown them their signatures at its bottom, they had paid, under violent protest, it is true, but paid, nevertheless, sixty dollars over to the deacon. And the deacon was satisfied.

"Dear me," sighed Len, at the conclusion of the deacon's account of the affair. "Oh, my, my! What crooked, mean people dere be in de worl', deacon! Gracious sakes alibe! an' who would fink dat a man's bery bes' frien's would treat him dat away! Jest yo' climb' in, Deacon, an' I'll dribe yo' as far as de las' hill?"

SUMMER moonlight rested, like a silver haze, low above the white-washed homes of Chatville East. Peace rested like a soft, sheltering garment, peace and silence, and spicy scents from the tree-hedged river and field beyond it.

But in one of those whitewashed homes there rested an atmosphere of anything but peace and contentment, and that was the home of one Lenix Ballister, in which a big woman sat, darkly brooding, and a hound pup ensconced behind a wood-box watched her with sad, troubled eyes.

Jane Ann had inadvertently learned that the mill had not shut down, and that Len had lied to her. And the cruel part of it was that she had made the pies and doughnuts, and boiled the shank and cabbage with which to give him a right welcome home, before she had learned that he had deceived her again. Now she sat with the mop-handle across her knees waiting for his return.

Came a clatter of wheels, and a cheerful voice, at the gate, crying, "Whoa, Fannie."

Jane Ann arose and crept to the screen door. The pup poked his head from behind the wood-box and blinked hopefully.

Then, "Jane Ann, oh, Jane Ann. Come out here."

It was *his* voice, no doubt of it. Like as not he was crippled, and was crawling home. If so, Jane Ann promised her hot heart that she'd finish the job herself. She was going to show that no-count Len something, she was so.

No, it wasn't Len, after all. It was somebody driving a horse and rig. A constable, likely, in quest of Len. But Len was there. That was his voice calling to her, and there was no fear in it either.

Jane Ann, followed by Orinoco, passed outside and made her way to the gate.

SURE enough, there sat Len, his face a-grin, in a real rig attached to which was a real sorrel horse. The mop-pole fell from Jane Ann's hands as she gazed spellbound.

"Len, whose hoss am dat?" she managed to articulate at last.

"Yo'rn, Jane Ann. Dat's Fanny yore sorrel dribin-mare. I git her al' fer yo', ter-day."

"Len," Jane Ann opened the gate and approached the gentle Fanny. "Len, I knows yo'se lyin, an' dat I'll wake up an' fin' yo' in jail. How come yo' be dribin dis sorrel mare, anyhow? I'll wait ter I hear yore ans'er, nigger. den I'se goin' ter jerk yo' from yore perch an' dribe yore head so fur inter de road yore neck 'll crack off short. I am so. Now den, liar an' lazy-bones whose mare am dis?"

"Yo'rn, Jane Ann. I'se speakin' true I got her fer yo' ter day. Yes, I admit I had ter lie a little ter get away, but. Jane Ann, I wanted ter gib yo' a surprise. Las' night Sam Jones he tole me 'bout dis mare, an' dat I could buy her fer sixty dollars, rig an' all. I'd saved up all but free dollars ob dat money. Well, I had to get ober to whar she was afore Homer Hudson did. He wanted her right bad and was goin' ober dere dis af'ernoon. So I jes naturally beat him ober dar, an' now she's yo'rn."

"Len?" Jane Ann's arms were around the drooping neck of the old horse. "Len. yo' mean what yo' say? Is she sure an' true mine?"

"Yes, sure is yo'rn, Jane Ann. Aint yo' right pleased?"

"Oh, Lordy," Jane Ann hugged and kissed the horse's big nose. "Len. when I learn dis af'ernoon dat yo' lie ter me 'bout dem bantum chickuns. when I fin' out dat Smiff done sell dem chickuns two months ago, I made up my min' ter lambaste yo' most unholy I was dat mad I cried good an' hard But now——Oh gollies, what's a pair ob li'l' chickuns ter a big sorrel mare what yo' kin dribe?"

"Indeed what, Jane Ann? Now den. I guess I better dribe her ober to Smiff's barn an' gib her a good feed ob oats. Wanter come along?"

Jane Ann sighed and shook her head "No, I gotter run long an' dish up de pies an' cakes an' shank an' cabbage I cook fer yore supper. Yo' put my mare up right, niggerman, an' gib her a whole peck ob oats, kass I aims ter dribe her tomorrie. Here," as Len picked up the lines, "yo' take li'l' Orinoco wif yo'. I do declare dat pup hab missed yo' sore all day, bless his li'l heart."

She picked up the pup and placed him on the seat beside Len. Len chirked to the horse. "Pup," he whispered as the cold nose fumbled his face. "It takes a sma't man ter understan' a woman, but it takes a right sma't one ter fool her."

The Three Sapphires

Continued from page 26

A ghastly silence followed, only broken by the sound of the girl's breathing.

Boelke waited to let this filter through her brain to her heart.

Then she said in a voice that carried no convincing force: "You are lying to frighten me."

"I vill prove it to yourself. You haf on der riding habit, und now I know you haf been riding to deliver dot paper to

der major; but you did not meet him because he is a prisoner below."

Again there was the hush of a debate in the girl's mind; then she said: "If you will bring Major Finnerty and Captain Swinton from below, through that door, and let them go as free men, and will swear to not pursue them, I will give—get the paper, and——"

"*Ach, Gott!* You haf der paper! You put your hand to your breast!"

The girl cried out, startled, frightened as Boelke's gorilla form flung his chair back. He saw the rush of Finnerty and threw back the drawer of his desk; it was empty—Foley had taken the Mauser.

"If you open your mouth, you're a dead man!" Finnerty declared; then adding, for relief: "You hound!"

The girl, who had backed to the wall, dropped to a chair, burying her face in an arm on the desk, swept by a flood of confusion and relief.

Foley transferred the packages of rupee notes to his pockets, saying: "I've delivered the paper in Darpore, and am taking my fee," while Boelke sat blinking into a pistol that stared at him four feet away.

Finnerty said: "We're going to gag and bind you, so make no outcry."

When this little matter was attended to, the doctor was dumped into a big closet and the door locked.

"I'll have a look at the outside, major," Foley said. "Fancy I heard some one prowling."

WHEN the curtain slipped back to place, blotting out Foley, Finnerty gave an inward gasp; he was left alone with the girl whom he had heard offer to barter her more than life—her reputation—for his life. A dew of perspiration stood out on his forehead; he trembled; the shyness that had been a curse to him from his boyhood made him a veritable coward. He was alone with the girl in an atmosphere of love—the most dreaded word in the whole English lexicon.

Marie held the paper in her hand, looking upon it as though she were crystal gazing, using it as a magnet to focus her own multitudinous emotions. Before her stood a man that was like a Greek god—the man who had twice saved her life; though the saving of her life, while it would have wakened feelings of deep gratitude, could not have filled her soul with the passionate yearning that was there—the surging soul warmth that submerges everything.

The man was like a child. Words utterly failed to shape themselves into a fitting coherence for utterance. He stepped to the wall and swung the little Ganesha panel, peering vacantly into the dark passage. He came back and gazed out into the hall.

"I want to tell you something——" The girl's voice started him as though he had been struck; his nerves were frightful. "I want to tell you," she said again, a wan smile striving to master her trembling lips, "why I didn't give up this paper on the trail to-day."

"I understand," he interrupted; "it would not have cleared you."

"No; Captain Swinton would have thought that I had given it up under compulsion. But if I had lost it, all I have gone through would have been for nothing. That's what frightened me so when Doctor Boelke discovered I had it. I did wrong in keeping it; I was selfish."

The girl's tensed nerves were being slacked by her words; expression was easing the tightened coils as the striking of a clock unwinds the spring; the relief was loosening tears; they flooded the great dark eyes, and one had fallen on the paper, for an instant like a pearl before it was absorbed.

This trivial thing was a power that swept away the bondage of shyness that held the giant. He put his hand on the girl's shoulder; his voice was trembling. "Marie," he said, "I must speak—something. Don't mind, colleen, if you can't understand what I say; for I feel just like a boy at home in Ireland. I'm just mad with love for you; I can't live without you. All my life I've been alone. I love beautiful things—birds and trees and flowers and animals—and I've starved here, where all is treachery and work—nothing but just work."

IT was a torrent, words trembling from the lips of a man whose soul was on fire, and the blue eyes had turned deep like rich sapphires.

The girl rose from her chair and stood against the wall, holding up her hand as if she would repel him, crying: "You mustn't say that; you must not! Oh, my God! Why didn't you let me die—why did you save my life, that I might now know the bitterness of living!"

Finnerty recoiled. His hand caught the corner of the desk; his voice was husky, full of despair: "You don't—don't—I'm too late? Is it Lord Victor that——"

"There is no one!" The girl's voice was almost fierce.

"What is it, then? Am I not worthy——"

"It is I who am not worthy. *You* not worthy? And you heard, standing behind the curtain, that I bargained my all for your life."

"Yes, I heard that. Then how are you not worthy of the love of a man if he were a hundred times better than I am?"

"You could not marry me. My father was a traitor, a gambler—we are the same blood."

Finnerty took a step forward and grasped the girl's wrist. The touch steadied him. "Hush, colleen; don't say that. Your father was just a brave, generous Irishman when I knew him before the gambling got into his blood. Fear he did not know. He didn't know how to do a mean act; he'd give away his last penny—the gambling got into his blood. Wasn't that what got him into this? It was India that scorched and seared his soul—the life here. The others had money, and here they lavish it, throw it about, gamble. He tried to keep his end up, for he was game. He was unlucky—it was a second name for him in the service—'Unlucky' Foley. I tell you it got into his blood, the wild Irish blood that boils so easily—that is not cold and sluggish from dilution from the essence of self."

It was curious the metamorphosis of love, the glamor of it that roused the imaginative sympathy of Finnerty, till, for the girl's sake, all her geese were swans. And yet there was truth in what he said; only a Celt could have understood Foley as Finnerty did.

Finnerty's hand had taken the other wrist. He drew the girl's hands up and placed them either side of his neck, and looked into her eyes. "Colleen, I love you. Nothing in the world is going to take you from me—nothing. I'm going to seal that with a kiss, and neither man nor devil is going to part us after that."

As his arms went around the girl a tremor shook the earth, the bungalow rocked drunkenly, they heard the crashing of rocks and trees somewhere on the plateau.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT had been easy for Darna Singh to smuggle Swinton through the tiger garden gate, for the guard were tribesmen of his own—rajputs who really hated Ananda.

And now the two sat in a room of the palace, at Swinton's elbow a switch that, at a shift, would send a current of eruptive force into the magazine. Through a closed lattice they looked out upon the terrace thronged with natives—Mussulmans, Hindus, Buddhists; and, gazing, Swinton thought that it was like bringing together different explosives—a spark would perhaps fan a sudden mental conflagration among these fanatics. Silence reigned—a hush hung over the many-colored throng as if something of this held them on guard.

Darna Singh was explaining in a whisper:

"Ananda has called these chiefs to sign a blood pact against the sircar. The two men of the big beards are from Khyber way—Pathans whose trade is war; one is Ghazi Khan and the other is Dhera Ishmael. They will not sign the blood pact unless Ananda shows them the paper wherein the sircar is to force their young men to war. The maharajah will not be here, but whether he is true to the sircar no man knows, and sometimes, sahib, he does not know himself, because of the brandy."

They could see Burra Moti upon her bended legs on the marble-slabbed terrace, a rich cloth, sparkling with jewels,

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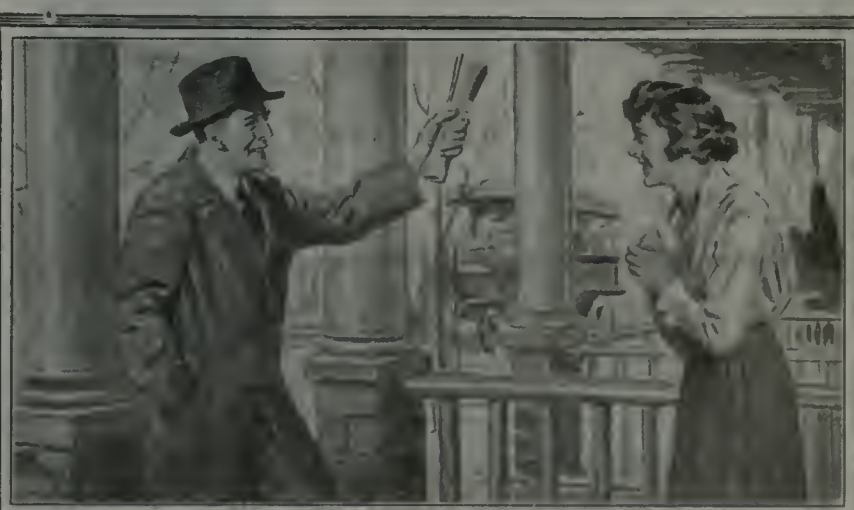

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draping her head and neck and body. Huge gold rings had been driven upon her ivory tusks.

Darna Singh whispered:

"Look, sahib, at the two men that stand beside the elephant's neck; they are my blood brothers, and when we entered at the teakwood gate I told them of the sapphire bell. They have their mission."

Beyond, the Lake of the Golden Coin, rich in its gorgeous drape of shadow and moon gold, lay serene, placid, undisturbed by the puny man passion that throbbed like a ticking watch above its rim.

The droning hum of voices, like the buzz of bees, died to silence, and foreheads were bowed to the marble floor as Prince Ananda, clothed in a coarse yellow robe, came forth and strode like a Roman senator to a table at which sat with the two Pathans a dozen petty rajahs, nawabs, and Mussulman chiefs.

"They are waiting to have the paper translated to them by a *moonshi* and to see the sircar's seal upon it, for they all know that mark," Darna Singh said.

"What will happen if the paper does not come?" Swinton asked.

"They will not sign the blood bond; they will think that Rajah Ananda has told them lies. Also the two men who are my brothers will place another lie in the mouth of Ananda, if it is Kismet, and at that time the sahib will blow up the mine."

From below the voice of Ananda came floating up to their ears as he talked to the chiefs in impassioned words of hatred to the British raj. He told them of the machine guns and ammunition he had below; that the great German nation would send an army, for even now they had sent men to train the soldiers of the revolt.

To Swinton it was simply the mad exhortation of a mind crazed by ambition, but he knew that scores of revolts against the British had originated in just this way; the untutored natives, taught hatred of the British from their birth, would believe every word.

The voice of Ghazi Khan, rough as the bellow of a bull as it came through an opening in his heavy, matted beard, was heard asking:

"What will happen if the paper does is written that the sircar commands our sons to cross the black water to fight against the caliph and to destroy Mecca—even to destroy the faith of Mohammed, as thou has said?"

"We also, Rajah Darpore," the Nawab of Attabad said, "would see first the sealed order of the sircar, that we, too, are forced to cross the black water to the destruction of our caste—to fight battles that are not the battle of India. Thou hast said, rajah, that it is so commanded in a state paper that was to have been put in the Lord Sahib's hands as he sat in council in Calcutta, and though no doubt it is true we would see it, for war is not to be taken in words that are spoken."

Ananda explained that the paper would be brought soon by his German officer, and he would show it to them before they signed the pact.

Then Ananda, lowering his voice to tragic intensity, said: "It is written that if the three sacred sapphires come into the hand of a man it is because the gods have bestowed upon him wisdom and goodness and power; that he is to lead. It is also written that if, having the three sapphires, he stand beside the Lake of the Golden Coin at midnight in the full bloom of the mhowa tree King Jogwendra will appear in his golden boat if he be selected to lead. I will take the ordeal to-night, for the mhowa is in bloom and the three sapphires have been sent."

SWINTON saw Ananda throw open his yellow robe, disclosing two sapphires, and heard him say: "The third is here on the neck of the sacred elephant in a bell."

Twelve times the gong throbbed as it quivered from a blow, and as the last whimpering note died away in a forest echo a circling ripple spread from the shadow of a pipal, and now the rippling waves came fast, darting here and there like serpents of gold or silver in the moonlight.

Men gasped in awe; some touched their foreheads prone to the marble floor as a boat of gold, its prow a serpent's head with gleaming ruby eyes, came up out of the water and floated upon the surface.

King Jogwendra clothed in a rich garment, his turban gleaming red and blue and white and gold where the moon flashed upon jewels, rose from a bier and lifted a hand as if to invoke the favor of the gods upon the prince who had called him from his long sleep.

Even Swinton, knowing that it was but a trick of the German engineers, shivered as if he caught a fragment of the spell that almost stilled the beating of hearts below.

And then from the sal forest came floating to this stillness of death the soft, sweet "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" of the sapphire bell.

Burra Moti threw up her trunk, uttering a cry that was like the sob of a frightened child, and cocked her huge ears. As the bell called again. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" she thrust her trunk beneath her neck cloth; but her fingers found no bell; it had been stolen.

With a scream of rage she surged to her feet, and, trampling men, throwing them to one side like bags of chaff with her ivory spears, she crashed through the table and fled.

"Now, sahib!" Darna Singh cried.

In answer to Swinton's pull of the lever the plateau rose up, the palace quivered, the waters of the Lake of the Golden Coin swept across the terrace over a flattened, yellow-robed figure that had been Prince Ananda, and then was sucked back to disappear through a yawning crevice.

"Come, sahib; there will be no revolt for Ananda is dead," Darna Singh said softly.

SOMETIMES when the mhowa tree is in full bloom the soft tinkle of the sapphire bell is heard up in the sal-covered hills; then the natives whisper: "The spirit of Rajah Ananda rides forth on the Brown Elephant."

THE END.

Fakers and Others

Continued from page 33

A message was sent at once to Dawson City for assistance and an engineer came out by dog train to the scene of the catastrophe. The water was still rising—rising fast—and he decided that the only hope lay in blocking the mouth of the shaft. Sprouting oil-wells, can be stopped by forcing bags of linseed into the pipe. The linseed expands and stops the flow. Unfortunately there was no linseed in Dawson, so the engineer and his assistants took the next best course. They took bushels of good beans and bag after bag of oats and chucked them into the hole. All to no avail. The water floated the bags out as fast as they were thrown in.

By this time the whole town was under water and it was even running over the window-sills. In many places it was frozen solid.

"If we don't get this hole plugged soon," said the engineer, "the whole town will be one solid block of ice."

Then, suddenly, the water started to subside. No more came out of the hole and such of it as had not frozen up proceeded to drain away.

The explanation was simple enough after all. In previous winters a spring high up on the mountain-side had always overflowed and formed a miniature glacier. It was found later that this spring had ceased to flow. Apparently Hayden had struck the subterranean reservoir which supplied the spring, and had allowed it all to gush out.

The episode cost the Government $60,000 altogether. Hayden left the Yukon. His popularity in Grand Forks, such as he had enjoyed, had gone.

Transformation

Continued from page 64

"I suppose that's why you ran away?"

"And have forced you to carry me up-hill? You might have insisted, you know, considering my ankle. No, no; I wished to spare you, and—Welcome to Langlenshire Hall!"

Alexander stared. "You aren't going to try to—to have me thrown out?"

"What an idea!"

Alexander considered. What treachery was her ladyship planning? He gazed cautiously around.

"I'll have Pelton show you to your suite," said the lady.

"My which?"

"Your suite! The king once occupied it, and, in the past, other royal guests have condescended to sleep therein."

Alexander searched her face. Was this a trap? Would the royal bed sink into a cellar, or other subterranean depth? Would the top of the bed descend and suffocate him? Alexander had heard of these inhospitable devices. It might be safer to sleep on the floor. A royal bed had too royal a sound. Those figures in armor, too, standing around, did not look too reassuring. One of them had a battle-ax swung over the shoulder, and there were lances—

WHAT if some one poked a lance through an open window, into him, while he slept? There was quite a lot of money coming to Alexander, and what easier way to get out of paying the same? Alexander made up his mind to sleep with his weather eye open.

"Pelton!" The lady was calling to her servitor.

Pelton appeared quickly from somewhere. Probably he had been listening close at hand.

"Show this gentleman to the blue suite!" commanded her ladyship. "And see that his every want is satisfied. His every want!—Do you understand?"

"Ye-es," stammered Pelton. At the same time he could not help wondering what would be the gentleman's "every want." He looked as if he might call for raw beef. But not Pelton's to reason why.

"Follow me, sir," he said in a choked voice.

Alexander looked at the lady. "How do I know you won't—" he began.

"Give you the slip? Well if I did, wouldn't I have to leave you the house?"

"Leave *'im* the 'ouse!" From Pelton.

"What better guarantee would you ask?" she went on, as Alexander considered. "Would you not find my little obligation amply protected?"

"*Little* obligation!" Pelton thought. Her ladyship must be frightfully involved.

"Surely, the entire estate would cover the indebtedness to you?" she continued.

"Entire estate!" Pelton wiped his brow. He so far forgot himself.

Alexander hesitated. "I guess it's alright," he observed. "But no tricks!"

Great 'eavens! Tricks!" muttered Pelton. "Such langwidge, to 'er ladyship!"

"Here, get a move on you!" said Alexander to Pelton.

And Pelton did. But his back bristled all the way to the royal suite. Had it not been for deserting her ladyship, in time of stress, he would have resigned then and there, for never before had his feelings been so outraged.

"See you later!" said Alexander to the lady.

And to Pelton the words sounded like a threat.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alexander Makes Himself at Home

PELTON threw open the door leading into the royal suite and, with nose elevated, waited for the visitor to enter. Alexander did so. He walked as if he had been accustomed to royal suites all his days, and to being ushered into them by such superior beings as Pelton. He trod the thick rugs with unconcern; his eyes hardly dwelt upon the beautiful hangings or furniture. He threw himself into a delicate chair that fairly groaned beneath that rough treatment. Pelton threw up his hands. Suppose it broke down? A good hundred guineas gone to smash! Pelton strove to lure Alexander from the chair.

"Here is the bawthroom," he said nervously, throwing open a door.

Alexander looked. It was a bathroom fit for Venus. Alexander didn't seem to find it inappropriate for *him*.

"Humph! Good enough!" he said.

Pelton nearly fell over. And this, from a 'uman-tiger! I'd 'ave you know that the last one of the nobility"—with an accent—"I 'ad the 'onor of h'ushering 'ere, threw up 'er 'ands at the sight of the bawthroom, exclaiming—"

"Where's the soap?" interrupted Alexander.

"Before your h'eyes!" From Pelton, viciously. As he spoke he picked up one of the daintily-covered cakes. "I didn't suppose as 'ow *you'd* be recognizing of it!"

Alexander sniffed. "Got any other kind? I don't like the smell."

"Smell! 'E calls perfume 'smell'! 'Eavenly h'aroma; that's w'at the duchess said it was! And now, to hear h'it called a 'smell'! And by a 'uman-tiger!"

"What's that?" said Alexander fiercely.

"Nothing!" Hastily.

Alexander towered over him. "That *last* word!"

"H'I was speakin' of h'aromas," said the discomforted Pelton. "We 'as other varieties, h'of course! Try wood violet! I 'ave heard it's good for the complexion. Or 'eliotrope!"

"Bring both," said Alexander in that same menacing tone.

"Quite so, sir! I dare say they'll go very well mixed. H'I think you will find h'all the other conveniences, sir." Force of habit would count. Pelton was now sprinkling his effusions with the customary "sirs."

"You'll find bawth-robes and dressing-gowns, and is there anything h'else, sir? What about your luggage, sir?"

"Haven't got any!"

"Bless my soul! A-spendin' a week in a noble 'ouse'old, and without a change of a shirt, not to mention 'is socks! Beggin' your pardon, sir. 'ow do you mean to get on?"

"Get on?" Frowning.

"Arfter you've 'ad your bawth, and later! W'en you meet 'er ladyship? You h'expect to meet 'er ladyship, don't you? Or, perhaps"—hopefully—"you're not going to stay?"

"You bet I'm going to stay!"

"Which bein' the case," went on Pelton, feeling himself more hopelessly involved, "'ow are you going to appear for dinner? And do you h'expect to dine *with*"—desperately—"'er ladyship?"

"Dine *with* her!" In booming tones. "Of course! That is, I suppose you mean, eat? You bet we eat together. That is"—tapping his chest—"if *I* want to!"

"You!" Pelton's eyes began to pop out again. The visitor's assurance was even more than confusing. Pelton could find no precedent by which to gauge it.

"Me?" repeated Alexander. "She knows. No woman can tie me to her apron." With an ugly sneer.

"Meaning 'er ladyship," breathed Pelton, eying the visitor with weird fascination.

"Of course!"

"Of course!" Weakly from Pelton. The visitor's hold on her ladyship was assuming even more prodigious proportions. Only a murder, committed, could account for it. A murder, committed by her ladyship! Impossible!—and yet—Alas, her ladyship was eccentric. Pelton remembered many artistic conversations over teacups in the past, wherein her ladyship had professed to yearn for new and outré sensations. Cubic, ultra-impressionistic talk!—

PELTON'S head went round; something extraordinary had happened. He felt quite incapable of grappling

The Lash of Perfidy

What would you think of a soldier who stole the Victoria Cross from a comrade as he lay wounded unto death? Would you consider it sufficient punishment that his friend knew who stole it but did not denounce the theft? Would you think it a just retribution that the wounded man recovered and married the woman the thief loved or would you call it perfidy?

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WRITERS IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

Samuel Merwin
Lieut. Sydney Collard
Fannie Hurst
Eleanor Hallowell Abbott
Jeannette Beland Mathieu
Madge Macbeth
Norah Holland
Katherine Caldwell
Helen Cornelius
Mary M. Murphy
Jean Blewett
And others.

March Issue 120,000 Copies

On All News Stands

CANADIAN COURIER

The Paper That Mines Canada

Fire-rangers and Indians used to tramp all over what is now Cobalt and Porcupine and talk about California and the Klondike. Then somebody kicked up a piece of ore one day along the new Government road and a new mining area was given to the world.

Canada is a mine. A mine of human interest. Thousands of Canadians are reading about big things and people all over the world—and now and then they are surprised when a story-teller or a play-writer or a movie-producer or a poet or a painter finds something in Canada a little bigger of its kind than is found anywhere else.

The Canadian Courier is mining Canada for human interest. That's not all we are doing. But it's a very important item. What troubles us most is how to live on 26 issues a year without leaving half the things undeveloped.

A Few Pay-Streaks

You will find in the next two or three issues a few evidences of the mining. First a word or two about the art end of the paper.

DESIGN—We are putting the lay-out of the paper in the hands of an artist who will see that every page attracts the eye. All a matter of art editing; of being up-to-date without imitation. Not so long ago a Canadian paper was made up by the yard. So many columns of type; so many pictures; headings between—done. It's different nowadays. T. W. McLean, former staff illustrator, will do the designing. Other artists will look after the illustrations.

COVERS—Here again we are changing. From now on our covers will be worthy of what's inside—or go "on their own." Watch for our March 1 cover by R. E. Johnston. Then three or four more by the same able colorist and plate expert who will shortly be in New York.

STORIES—You will get another Jenkins—the man from Fort William; this time The Idol-Smasher, a good-as-gold humoresque on a character that will please anybody. Also one from that capable humorous delineator with philosophy at the bottom, John Francis Slater, the man who wrote The Spell of the Lonesome Wild, in one of our January numbers.

In our last talk we merely gave a sketch outline of Spindexter, Beethoven, the new serial just started last month. This is right along the line of what people are talking about since the war, concerning the man who wondered why he was always on the edge of big things and never nailed them because he was so confoundedly absorbed in the interests of other people.

SATIRE—Isaac Phipps comes in every issue. From 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. was his latest. Watch for Phipps. His dialogues with Crustius always have a jab in them for the foibles and fallacies of the times.

MOVIES—We claim some pioneering in this field—What's Wrong With Our Moving Pictures? We are following this up. Reforms are in the air. Canadian movies are on the way. You will want to know about this.

MUSIC—Our Music Editor will turn you out some practical experiences in how not to buy a piano. All experience; a lot of it not too serious.

JOHN BARLEYCORN—A. M. Chisholm comes back in March with a sparkling analysis of the argument between the Wets and the Drys.

RAGGS—You may not know her. It was a name they gave her on stage. Raggs is on her way to California. She will send back a few things that the average man will read because they are written with rare human interest by a woman.

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Certain mechanical changes which were effective with the issue of January 4th, makes it possible for us to continue the One Dollar price to paid-in-advance subscribers, and at the same time, greatly improve the general appearance of the magazine.

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Canadian Courier, 181 Simcoe St., Toronto

"W'ot I was going to say," he murmured weakly, "was, supposin' you do dine with her ladyship, how are you going to do it?"

"How? how?" repeated Alexander. "When you eat, you eat!"

"But *in* what?"

"Eat *in?* Of course you eat in. You wouldn't eat *out.*" Alexander was getting angry. What was Pelton doing? Trying to make a monkey of him—Alexander?

"W'ot I mean," said Pelton, more helplessly than ever, "is, you 'as to wear somethink, don't you, to eat in?"

"You mean my clothes?"

"That's it!" said Pelton. "And look at that shirt!" Despairingly. "And 'im in the royal suite!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Alexander ferociously. "I don't mind."

"He doesn't mind!" repeated Pelton.

"And if I don't mind, it don't matter."

"You mean, about w'ot clothes you h'appears in?"

"Yes."

"At dinner?"

"Of course!"

"With 'er ladyship?"

"Of course!"

Pelton clapped his hand to his brow. "H'I'm crazy," he said.

"Only thing you've said that's worth while," remarked Alexander brusquely.

"Or, maybe, h'it's only a dream!" Staring at Alexander. "Makes me feel like 'Enery H'Irving. 'Is this a dagger?' Or, 'H'out, vile spot'!"

"Meaning me!"

"No, no!" Hastily.

It was Alexander's turn to stare. "I see where she gets it," he muttered at last.

"W'ot?"

"It's catching!"

"W'ot?" asked Pelton, a second time.

"Talking, without saying anything!"

Pelton breathed hard. "I'd like to say something," he remarked, with a nasty accent. "I *could* say something."

"I'm waiting," said Alexander.

PELTON looked at him, and discretion became the better part of valor. He remembered the reputation her ladyship had given this most unwelcome caller.

"Wot h'I was about to say, was—" He paused. "Was—was—oh, that h'I might be able to find a change of garments for you, sir."

"Ha!" said Alexander. He was not offended. The proffer of old clothes did not cut his proud and haughty spirit. Avarice shone from his eyes.

"H'outer and h'inner," went on Pelton. "And some socks which, doubtless, will be h'acceptable, when you 'ave your bawth!"

"Ha! Now you talk sense!"

"H'of course, the garments 'arn't guaranteed to fit. H'at least, a perfect fit!"

"Poof!" said Alexander. He was not concerned about a perfect fit.

"And there's shoes!"

"Of course!" From Alexander. No old-clothes man could have been in a more receptive mood. "Bring plenty! That's as it should be."

"H'is h'it?"

"Didn't I lose my old duds? And on account of her!"

"You did? You and 'er were together?" With awe.

"You bet!" Grinning.

"I beg your pardon, sir, this is so extraordinary, but you spoke not long ago as h'if you wouldn't take it h'out of the h'ordinary, dining with 'er ladyship? Am h'I to infer, by h'any chance, you 'as ever ate with 'er ladyship?"

"Bah!" said Alexander. "We ate from the same sausage!"

"Good heavings!" murmured Pelton. "A Langlenshire, and 'im, from the same sausage!"

"Yes, I gave her a piece," said Alexander virtuously. "I always believe in treating them well."

"In treating 'er well!" from the stupefied Pelton.

"That is," added Alexander, "when they behave!"

"Behave! 'Er, behave! To 'im!"

"It was a fine sausage, too! A first-class sausage!"

"Heaven be praised it were first-class!"

"I could have eaten it all, too," ruminated Alexander, a faint regret in his tone. "I can still eat. When you go for the duds you might tell her to bring me something to eat."

"Tell *'er*—to bring *you*"—

"Can't you hear?" Fiercely.

"I don't think h'I can!" Feebly. "Tell 'er—"

"Bah! Hasn't she waited on me before, and carried bundles."

"Bundles! 'Er!"

"Old duds!"

"Meanin' old clothes?"

"Sure! Old clothes! Mine!"

"Yours?"

"Mine!"

" 'Er, carryin' your—" But it was too much. Further comment along this line failed Pelton. He shook his head. "Help yourself," he said with a vague gesture.

"I will," said Alexander.

Pelton looked at him as if he saw him at a great distance. "Kings has washed theirselves in there," he said, looking toward the bathroom.

"Tub's pretty small," said Alexander with a curl of the lip.

"Kings has bore with h'it!"

"Well, wishin' won't make it bigger."

"It won't." Then Pelton walked toward the door; he could still walk. He was thankful for that. This visitor had a very benumbing effect on him. He managed to stagger out. A short time later Alexander was splashing in the tub.

CHAPTER IX.

Fine Feathers

"MAY I enter?" asked her ladyship, gazing toward the closed door at the far end of the royal suite.

As she spoke she held herself poised nervously; she had not closed the door leading out into the hall from the sitting-room, where she now stood. She wished, no doubt, to leave the way open for a quick and precipitate retreat, should the occasion or necessity arise for such action on her part. One couldn't depend upon Alexander. He was an unknown quantity—such a simple child of nature!

"Why do you say 'May I come in?' when you have?" rumbled a powerful masculine voice from the royal bathroom, in answer to her ladyship's somewhat timid inquiry.

"The question *does* seem superfluous," assented the lady. "But"—apologetically—"I knocked and you did not hear. So I took the liberty—shall I say, the very great liberty?—of entering."

"Be out in a moment!" called Alexander.

And he was. The lady started violently. Her heart had pounded; then, subsided. There was no occasion for alarm. She could regard Alexander calmly—not to say admiringly. He was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous Chinese pattern. He gleamed and glistened with butterflies and dragons. He was resplendent as a Mogul emperor. All he needed was the Temple of Heaven to complete the illusion.

"Oh!" said the lady. This gorgeous vision!—this new Alexander!—this great, big exotic butterfly! It was too overwhelming! "Pelton told me you wished something to eat, and *I* was to serve you," she murmured humbly.

"Yes," said Alexander absently, occupied with his own reflection in a long mirror. He hardly looked at the lady.

The latter smiled. She was recalling certain vague apprehensions of a few moments before. How needless they had been! Alexander in a mood to bestow upon her unwelcome attentions? Alexander, a possible cave man? It "was to laugh." His mood was, essentially, non-amatory. Or, if he was in love, she knew with whom it was. No such poor, little, insignificant object as herself! Alexander was in love with a big, magnificent male-man. He was an amplified Narcissus! He could stand for hours and contemplate his own reflection. My! but he made her feel insignificant.

"Pelton told me you were hungry," she said in that same humble tone.

"I am!" Still looking at himself.

"I brought up a pork pie and beer."

Alexander condescended to turn—to look at her—or the beer!

"Give it to me!" He was referring to the beer. Meekly she obeyed. He raised the pitcher to his lips.

"Here is a glass."

"What I want that for?" Alexander drank from the pitcher. "Ha!" he said, wiping his lips.

"Meaning: 'Good'?"

"You bet."

"I am pleased"—she began demurely.

"More!" interrupted Alexander. His tone was brusque—peremptory. It awoke a little spark in the lady's breast. A butterfly may be a butterfly, but a worm is also a worm. From time immemorial it has been privileged to turn. Her ladyship rang for Jane. There was a limit to this personal service business, even if you did happen to be married to the object of it.

"More, indeed!" she remarked. "Your name ought to be Oliver. And drinking out of the pitcher! What will the servants think?"

ALEXANDER did not answer. He was too busy, strutting. His self-adulation began to get on the lady's nerves.

"I suppose you think I ought to be proud to wait on you?—to fetch and carry?—to bring you beer?—to serve your every whim?"

"Proud?" said Alexander absently.

"Such a magnificent specimen! I suppose I should get down on my knees before you!"

"If you want!" From Alexander. "I don't care."

"No?" The lady caught her breath. "You have but one concern." Looking at the reflection. As she spoke she clasped her hands mockingly. "*Do* let me worship you, from a distance!"

"If you like!" In that same tone.

"Thanks! I—"

"Where's the beer?"

"Beer?" She caught her breath. "I ask permission to worship and he answers: 'Beer'!"

"Didn't I tell you to get more?" Accusingly.

"I believe you did." With rising breast.

"Well?" Sternly.

"I told Jane to get it!"

"Jane?" Alexander looked at her. "But why?"

"I am still just a little lame!" Alexander's face changed slightly. "Not much! Besides, it is hard to tear myself from your presence. Can you not understand that? You who are so—so— what shall I call it? Not beautiful!"

"Grand," suggested Alexander modestly.

"Yes; that's it. You do forgive me for sending Jane under the circumstances, that I may obey that impulse to tarry here and gaze?"

"'You poke fun?" asked Alexander suspiciously.

"Fun! He calls these love-pangs fun!"

"You don't feel well?"

"What do *you* care? Narcissus!"

"Is that pet-name?"

"It is the name of a man who was turned into a tree."

"A tree?"

"Yes. For despising our poor sex! As you do!"

"Me?"

"Don't you?"

"Not all!" Gallantly. "There was dish washer once—big, pot-washing woman"—he opened his arms—"Whew!"

"Why do you say: 'Whew'?"

"What you have me say?"

"I?" Haughtily.

"She fine big woman," said Alexander with tender reminiscences in his tone.

"A pot-washer preferred to *me!*"

APEAL of merriment rang from the lady's lips. And then she obeyed one of those aberrant impulses that sometimes swept over her. Her little hand swept out; it caught the grinning, boastful Alexander fair on the cheek. Smack! Not a ladylike performance? Anyhow, the lady felt better. Almost at once. She smiled divinely.

"Oh, my poor Alexander! Did I hurt you?" she cooed.

Alexander rubbed the spot. The uncouth grin had forsaken his features. The arms he had extended as if embracing a barrel, fell to his side.

"Oh, oh! Such a shocking temper!" she murmured. "All the Langlenshires

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have shocking tempers. They're so high-bred, you see. You must make allowances, dear, dear Alexander!"

Alexander continued to rub. "Am I dreaming?" said his expression.

"I shall never forgive myself," murmured the lady.

"You!" Suddenly he turned, a rumbling sound in his throat. So a mighty beast might roar before it leapt upon its prey. Did he expect to see the lady run? To flee for her life? If so, Alexander was doomed to disappointment. It is true she became paler, but she stood her ground. Not only that, she looked the 'uman-tiger in the eye—proudly, fearlessly. So a high-bred Langlenshire lady had once looked the executioner in the eye, in the dim and distant past, and gone proudly to her doom.

That look held Alexander, for a second. "You know, I can break you in two?" he growled.

"It is possible." Tranquilly.

"Or toss you up to the ceiling?"

"Also, no doubt!"

"Or out of the window?"

"Presumably incontrovertible!"

"You, not afraid?"

'I am afraid not."

"Of being thrown out of the window?"

"I have always wanted to fly. It has been my childhood dream."

Alexander sighed. What are you going to do with a wife like that? Preconceived notions disintegrated. She wasn't afraid of him or anything.

"You not afraid of being beaten?"

"Try it and see!" With a smile.

"You wouldn't mind?" Still puzzled.

"Why should I, if it gave you pleasure?" she said softly.

"That sounds all right," said Alexander dubiously. "You do what I say, and you won't catch it!"

"You will find me a regular Griselle."

"Who she?"

"A lady who always minded her husband."

"I like to know her."

"But you can't. She lived about five hundred years ago."

"Humph!" said Alexander. "Not many of them left!"

"Say not so!"

"My wife obey! You bet."

"But there are few men like you!" Dotingly.

"Yes. Lots of women look at me."

"Can you blame them?"

"Bah! I don't let them bother me."

"What a relief to hear you say that!"

"I look at them if I want to, though!" said Alexander.

"Let me catch you!" Half-hysterically.

"You think I'm *only* for you?"

"I did have some such notion."

"Huh!" said Alexander. Such an immoral "Huh!" She was so glad Pelton didn't hear him; or the curate!

"You go see about that beer," said Alexander. "Why it doesn't come!"

"That odious word again. Beer!"

"I like it foamy, and bigger pitcher!"

A moment the lady looked at him. Words seemed about to leap from her lips, but they didn't. Instead, she smiled queerly.

"Shall I take your boots and have them blacked?"

"Yes; take 'em away," said Alexander. "But don't forget to bring 'em back!"

"I'll try not to!" murmured the lady, and picked up the mighty boots in her small hands. "If there is anything else, call me!"

"I will. You bet," said Alexander, and tackled the pork pie.

"MY eye! did you see that?" said Tommy to Pelton, whom he met coming upstairs with an armful of old clothes. "'Er ladyship, with 'is boots!"

"Did I see h'it?" Pelton groaned. "'Ave I lived to see h'it, you should be arsking. W'ot a hold 'e must 'ave on 'er! But hurry arfter 'er, Tommy.

"For why?"

"It wouldn't surprise me, h'if 'er ladyship shined 'em h'up, with 'er own delicate, 'igh-bred 'ands!"

"My eye!" said Tommy. And then: "Did you hear that?"

"I did." Peering down.

"She dropped 'em! Over the banisters! And Jane 'as them!"

"She ayn't going to brush them 'erself, 'eaven be praised!" said Pelton.

"Amen!" said Tommy.

CHAPTER X.

The Monster and the Artist

"WHO are you?" said Alexander, staring at the intruder.

"I am, monsieur, the valet?"

"Valley, eh?"

Alexander still in the butterfly gown, stood surrounded by old clothes that looked new to him. This little "double-radish of a man" had blown in after Pelton, with the old duds. He danced around vivaciously and seemed trying to give a good impression. Pelton, himself, had hurriedly retreated after having brought the old garments.

Alexander looked while the little man spread out this garment and that. He hopped from trousers to waistcoat, and then, with birdlike agility, hopped from neckties to collars and shirts, laying them out on chairs and settees, and springing back and forth, to contemplate the general effect, from different angles. And while thus contemplating the visitor, Alexander's gaze seemed to say: "Why is it? And why has Pelton wished it on me? Where did it come from? And will it hop out of the window next?"

"Monsieur can address me as Jacques," observed the little man, in cheery tones that seemed to fit the birdlike motions.

"Jack!" rumbled Alexander. "Jumping-Jack, I should say!"

"As monsieur pleases," said the little man amiably. "I think ze garments, zey fit monsieur. I find zem in ze discard."

"Look like new to me!"

"Zey belong to male relative of her ladyship. He leave them behind. We resurrect for monsieur. I sponge out ze shine. But I hear monsieur has suffered ze shipwreck? Zat all hees magnifique wardrobe, ett is lost?"

"Magnif— What?"

"Ze half-dozen trunks, with ze priceless wardrobe of monsieur—Ze cruel waves have engulfed zem?"

"Who's been talking?" growled Alexander.

"Her ladyship. She tell Jane."

"Oh!" said Alexander. He would be prepared for anything now.

"Ze ship, he sink, suddenly! Monsieur, he grab ze first clothes—a sailor's! And so, he come ashore!"

"Humph!" growled Alexander. His wife's imagination was paralyzing to him sometimes.

"Hear anything else?"

"Nossing! But ze cook, she say her ladyship hint at a great, a very great secret!"

ALEXANDER pondered. What new and subtle treachery was her ladyship planning? Apparently he had dropped into the very lap of luxury. All the gifts of the gods were his for the asking. Gifts! Ha! When Greeks come bearing gifts, look out! So ran the old saying. Why should it apply only to Greeks?

Alexander regarded the old clothes. Gifts! Heaps of them! This fair daughter of the North was a veritable goddess of plenty. Look out for her! Alexander regarded the jumping-jack, her minion, suspiciously.

"If monsieur will recline in ze big chair, I will bestow upon monsieur ze shave!"

"Give me a shave, eh?" said Alexander. Suppose Jacques should cut his throat? Would her ladyship proceed to such extremity? Alexander knew of people along the water-fronts of his native land, who had cut throats for less than was at stake in this instance. He knew of one sanguinary transaction that had involved only about a sixpence— Now her ladyship was indebted to Alexander for about three thousand—

Jacques prepared his razors. Alexander watched. The little man's expression was blithe and inoffensive; he seemed as cheerful as a Mozart Allegro. He hummed a gay air, as he tested a sharp edge with his finger. Alexander decided to trust him. He sat down and elevated his chin. Jacques shaved him

with little angel-touches. Alexander could hardly feel them.

"When are you going to begin?" growled Alexander.

"I *have* begun. I have ze one cheek all finished."

Alexander felt something like a rose-leaf brushing his other cheek. "Here, don't tickle!"

"Eet is ze razaire, monsieur."

"Razor?" said Alexander. His idea of a razor was something that ripped and tore—at least, of something you were aware of! "I don't hardly feel it."

"Oh, monsieur, I am ze artiste, not ze butchaire!"

"Hope you'll know when you've got it done!" said Alexander. "I wouldn't!"

"Monsieur is not pleased?"

"Well, when I get shaved I like to know it."

JACQUES hippety-hopped about some more; flicked and fluttered with his fingers, and then announced with the pride of a master:

"Eet is finished!"

"Where's the perfume?" demanded Alexander.

"I have already a very delicate essence applied, monsieur."

"Can't smell it!"

"Oh, monsieur, eet is not, zee what you call *pronounced* smell. Eet is aristocratic perfume—of ze bon-ton!"

"Gimme me something you can smell!"

Jacques made a despairing gesture.

"What's that big bottle of stuff in there?" demanded Alexander, pointing to the bathroom.

"Zat, monsieur, is ze powerful cologne we have use, some time ago, when a rat, he die in ze wall."

"Ha, ha!" roared Alexander.

"He very aristocratic rat; he die in wall of royal suite. Mon Dieu! perhaps he royal rat, but he smell just like common rat. Oh, ze terrible aroma! I rush to ze pharmacy. I call for ze strongest perfume. 'Give me ze perfume zat drown ze dead-rat aroma,' I call for. Zey give me zat. I sprinkle near ze grave of ze rat, but I know not which—Mon Dieu!—is ze worse"—

"Go bring it!"

Jacques obeyed. Alexander poured some in his hands. Then he sniffed. "That's something like," he said, and applied the same. "Now I know I've had a shave!"

Jacques drooped. Also he sniffed.

"Alas, monsieur, eet revive zee memory of zee sad obsequies!"

"None of your woman's perfume for me!" said Alexander, getting up and surveying himself once more in the long mirror. "And speaking of women—any good-looking women down in the servants' quarters?" he asked. As he spoke, he winked. What he intended to imply was that few women could resist that combination of him (Alexander) and the perfume. Alexander had been almost irresistible before, but now—his leer was devastating.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried the shocked Jacques. "Monsieur would not look in the servants' quarters. He would turn up hees nose at zee women zare."

"Wait till I have a look at 'em!" said Alexander.

JACQUES leaned against the wall. "A monstaire!—a devastating monstaire!" he thought. Pelton had been right. A 'uman-tiger, that's what the visitor was. And now he was getting ready to devastate the servants' quarters! A shiver ran down Jacques' back. The sweet Marguerite—the laundress—and the idol of Jacques' heart!—would she be sacrificed to this insatiable monster—this Minotaur?

"Zee women, in zee servants' quarters, zey are all hideous," murmured Jacques.

"Then I won't waste any time," said Alexander. "Unless they're big like this—" He put out his arms.

Jacques' heart leaped hopefully. His sweetheart was petite—the littlest creature. He began to skip around once more. Not his to worry about Cook, a three-hundred-pounder—

"And now, if monsieur would kindly discard zee gorgeous dressing-gown?"

"Take this off!"

"How can monsieur dress for zee dinnaire unless he discard him?" asked Jacques blithely.

ALEXANDER heaved a sigh; likewise, he heaved off his beautiful butterfly robe. As he stood in the new-found union suit Pelton had managed to provide, Jacques chirped with new approval. Never had he valeted for a finer put-up gentleman!—or monster. True, he was terrifically odorous, but that, after all, was a matter of taste. If he preferred to reek with that antidote to lifeless-rodent aroma, was it not his own concern? Jacques was a true Frenchman in his belief in the personal-liberty idea. Every one to his taste! Monsieur was a free agent.

So Jacques adjusted a stiff white shirt upon Alexander and held the trousers for him to wedge into. A quarter of an hour or so, and a different Alexander walked up and down. His face showed approval. That butterfly gown was beautiful, no doubt, and becoming to him; but this garb, too, had its advantages. It "showed off" Alexander's superb athletic contours. In that other garb, one looked more at the butterflies.

"My, what fine shoes!" True, they pinched Alexander's toes, but what mattered that? They were so shiny. One could gaze and gaze at them. Alexander did. He stuck out his feet and surveyed them from different angles. He was thus agreeably occupied when Pelton again looked in.

"Dinner is served, sir!"

"Dinner?" Alexander had, shortly before, demolished a pork-pie, but he displayed marked interest in Pelton's announcement. "Where do I eat?"

"H'I will lead the way," said Pelton haughtily. And then, as if to explain his own condescension; "'Er ladyship's orders!"

CHAPTER XI.

Prestidigitation

PELTON ushered Alexander into the library, the former apparently suffering, en route, for he sniffed hard and breathed harder.

"Great 'eavens! w'ot h'am I a-usherin' into 'er ladyship's presence!"

Her ladyship, reclining in a large chair, looked up at Alexander's entrance.

"Oh, what a charming fragrance!" she observed languidly.

"Charming!" Pelton nearly exploded, but managed, somehow, to efface himself.

"Mad! Stark mad!" he confided to Jane. "'Ere he comes down, smellin' like a pestilence, and her elevates her delicate nostrils and says: ''Ow charmin'!"

"Not mad, I call it," answered Jane. "I has my theory. Once I saw a play, and in it a lady falls in love with a donkey, and she acted that foolish, a-ticklin' of 'is long ears, I could 'ardly hold in. But she couldn't 'elp it, poor thing, 'cause she'd had a love-potion. My theory is: He's give her a love-potion."

"Bless my 'eart!" cried the startled Pelton.

"And she can't help a-lovin' him! That's the secret of the 'old he has on her."

But Pelton shook his head. "H'I'm stickin' to the crime theory!"

MEANWHILE, her ladyship, in the library, was examining Alexander with a critical and astonished eye.

"Stand still!"

Alexander obeyed.

"Wonderful!" said the lady. Alexander held himself with the ease of one to the manner born. He even shoved a hand negligently in his trousers pocket and leaned with careless grace against the mantel.

"Wonderful!" repeated the lady once more. "Don't move."

Alexander found pleasure in obeying.

"I could never had believed it!"

Then she heaved a sigh. "A perfect prototype of one of Du Maurier's perfect masculine drawing-room creations!"

Alexander shifted to a new posture

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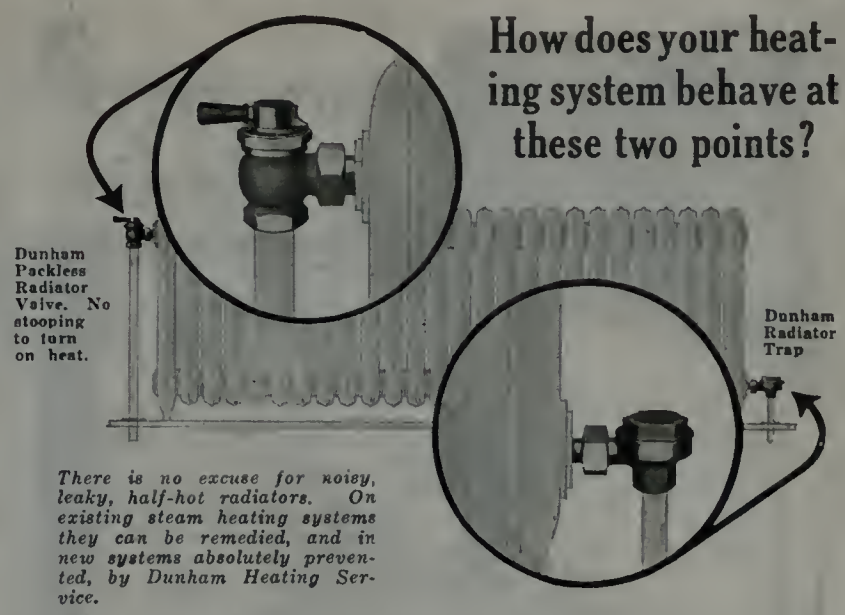

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of grace, leaning the other arm against the mantel and shoving the other hand in his trousers pocket.

"Well, of course, I'll believe anything after this," she murmured. "What a pity the illusion will have to be dispelled."

"What's that?" said Alexander. As he spoke, he moved partly across the room. The lady noticed his stride (tight shoes!) was no longer bold and devastating. He didn't knock over any chairs, or upset and ruin priceless vases. He negotiated the distance between the mantel and the table safely. Having progressed thus far, Alexander leaned with one hand on the table and the other on his hip.

Another perfect Du Maurier heropose! To continue to regard Alexander was almost as good pastime as turning the pages of an old, and eminently respectable, volume of *Punch*. Alexander not only did not outwardly offend; he was a positive artistic pleasure.

"What was I saying?" murmured the lady. "Oh, something about illusions being dispelled later. I was thinking of dinner." She might have added: And the manner in which he would eat it! But she didn't. Sufficient unto the moment, etc. Why disturb the perfect spell of the moment? Why not enjoy Alexander—though briefly—when one could? Let Pelton wait, out there, in the dining-room! Let the soup get a bit cold! Discipline had been thrown to the winds anyhow.

"How do you like my gown?" she asked of Alexander.

He contemplated her. It was a "dream," and the lady's perfect shoulders and arms completed a dazzling picture.

"All right!" he said. Perfect nonchalance! No true Britisher could have surveyed that enticing vision with greater lethargy. In the presence of attractions like unto those of Hebe, Alexander seemed to suffer from coma or a stroke of mental paralysis. What could have been more perfectly high-bred? The lady clapped her hands.

"Wonderful!" she said for the third time. And Alexander didn't even ask what was wonderful. He didn't seem to care. Absence of curiosity! How his virtues were piling up! What the lady had previously considered stupidity and ignorance, she now discovered to be insouciance.

Insouciance!— Yes, that was it. Alexander (dressed up!) had the most perfect insouciance in the world.

"Too bad!" she murmured. "But I suppose we'll have to go in! If we don't, Pelton will probably give me notice."

As she spoke she arose. Alexander, divining her action was the signal that they were to eat, negotiated his way, without mishap, to the dining-room door. He didn't enter the room first, either. Perhaps his shoes had begun to pinch worse than ever and therefore his progress was retarded? Or, possibly, her ladyship walked a little more quickly than her wont. Be that as it may, she reached the threshold first and so was enabled to enter the room ahead of Alexander.

If the latter noted this remissness, or want of manners, on *her* part, he did not speak of it, or reprove her. Perhaps he was considering, more primarily, a tureen of steaming soup which refreshed his vision as he stepped into the noble banqueting-room. A servant had but removed the lid, and the massive proportions of the bowl were reassuring. The lady did not intend to starve him, whatever dire plans and conspiracies were brewing in her brain.

Pelton looked after the lady's chair and Alexander sauntered—with insouciance—to his place. He couldn't have done it better, if he had rehearsed for months. He didn't seem overwhelmed at the sight of rare china and massive silver plate, though his eye did rove toward the soup. But even the most impervious of men may display a passing interest in soup, though they may regard their beautiful hostess as but a species of china doll. The lady noticed the glance and did not disapprove. She beamed on Alexander. Even Pelton, she concluded, would have to be impressed by that insouciance.

And then, a sudden dread assailed her. All this was too good to last. Why had she not thought, in time, to have the soup cut out? Alexander looked slightly surprised when he saw Pelton serve her ladyship first. The lady imagined it was on the point of his tongue to expostulate, but, fortunately, before his slow brain had time to formulate an expression of protest, Pelton had placed the soup before Alexander. The latter grasped the spoon.

The lady shuddered. But Alexander sipped *noiselessly*.

(To be Continued)

We Aim To Please

Continued from page 10

To get back to matters that are of more concern to the Cabinet it is admitted that pensions are bound to come in for serious consideration. Last session a committee studied the pension problem for weeks and presented a report that was squelched in half an hour. It came up at an unfortunate moment. The Premier wanted to get away to England, the Governor-General's special train was lying ready to take him to the Woodbine to see the King's Plate run, the speaker had an engagement to go fishing and the private members had their indemnity checks in their pockets and could already hear the low sweet call of the cows in the pasture field. So the pension report was side-tracked. It may be that as a consequence the families of a few wounded soldiers have had to practise something more than wartime thrift. But trifles such as that are never allowed to clog the actions of the truly great. Anyway Hon. Arthur Meighen in a recent speech announced that another committee is to again consider the pension question. And this time there is hope that the report will not run into such a complication of adverse circumstances if it does the voice of Donald Sutherland will be heard in the House—and many another voice besides.

The alien within our gates will also be a fertile topic of consideration. It was promised last session that, if something was not done, the returned soldier was liable to handle the alien personally. The something was not done and the promise is being kept. And this with the majority of the soldiers still overseas. It is one of the most troublesome matters with which the Union Government has to deal. For some of its own members, such as F. B. Carvell, have ere this lifted up their voices and moaned because the Austrians and Germans were deprived of their votes. Shrieks of anguish may be expected if an attempt is made to deprive them of their jobs. But the returned soldier appears to be making up his mind to that effect. And if he starts out to do it you can see political as well as physical troubles in front of the Government that tries to stop him. Nor can you expect any sane Government to further aggregate matters by giving the enemy aliens back their votes. There is a new Federal Franchise Act coming down. It will replace the Wartimes Franchise Act. But information from well-advised quarters is to the effect that the anti-alien clauses in it will be strong enough to suit even the Ginger group and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have ample opportunity to continue his remarks regarding the noble qualities of the Germans as a people.

What About Reconstruction?

All the foregoing is in addition to the reconstruction and repatriation work. That is the Government's excuse for continuing to live. What about

these two greatest problems with which any young nation ever wrestled? Aye what? And again, what? Hon. J. A. Calder has gone forth and spoken to a listening public. So have Hon. Sidney Mewburn and Hon. Arthur Meighen and Hon. Frank Carvell. And of course Hon. Wesley Rowell simply must speak once or twice a week. The children cry for him. And when you have heard them all you go back and sit down and again ask yourself: "What?" That is as far as reconstruction is concerned. You finally conclude that reconstruction is evolution under another name and that the country will just blunder back to a peace basis as best it may. The Government might help a little by an early statement of its tariff policy. But how can it do that and keep all the promises it has made?

BUT it is different with repatriation. That has all been arranged for. H. J. Daly is looking after that himself. Who is H. J. Daly? He is a "find" of Hon. Gideon Robertson's. He is a Napoleon of industry and organization—his press agents say so. He also owns and operates a departmental store in Ottawa. Incidentally he is a director of repatriation, and while he is not operating the store he will gently take three or four hundred thousand Canadian soldiers by the hands and lead them into the peaceful paths of civilian life. That looks like a large order for a small man. But Mr. Daly is not a small man except in a physical way. Also he keeps a most complete staff of press agents, any one of whom will tell you that repatriation is safe in the hands of H. J. Daly. They have told it to the Government. The Government believes it. It has heaved a great sigh of relief and exclaimed: "Thank heaven that problem is solved!"

The New Napoleon

YES it was Hon. Gideon Robertson who discovered Mr. Daly. That is Gideon's lifework. When Sir Robert Borden went down to Welland he picked up a more or less obscure official of the Telegraphers' Union and made him first a Senator and then Minister of Labor. You perhaps wondered what the object of it all was. You've kept on wondering as you watched Gideon wrestling with statesmanship. But you know now that the clear-headed Borden was even at this early date solving the problems of repatriation. He was discovering Gideon that Gideon might discover H. J. Daly.

NOW be warned and don't take the above list of activities as a schedule that Parliament will work to. It will vary of its own accord. Moreover, there are influences that will furnish other variations and even discords. There are somewhere between 900 and 9,000 orders-in-council that have been sorted out. Most of them go into the discard. But some of them come along to be transformed into regular laws. And when they do you'll hear Col. J. A. Currie and many another besides say things about that order-in-council machine that may start an argument. Then some one will get curious as to Victory bonds that were taxless but not commissionless. That will start W. J. Kennedy of North Essex making remarks—and again others will join in the conversation. Some day someone will mention daylight saving. That will bring Uncle Billy Smith to his feet. He will use a few well-placed words that will start a regular farmers' tornado.

As a matter of fact almost anything may happen in this session — except dissolution. They've all resolved to carefully avoid going that far. And if this Government has as much political brains as James Calder is said to carry under its hat it will encourage conversation on almost everything before it gets to its real troubles, the tariff and the aliens. For a talked-out House is easier to handle.

How long will the session last? Well a Cabinet Minister figures it at four months. So you can throw in a couple more months for contingencies and hope that the rural members will be home in time to help in with the harvest.

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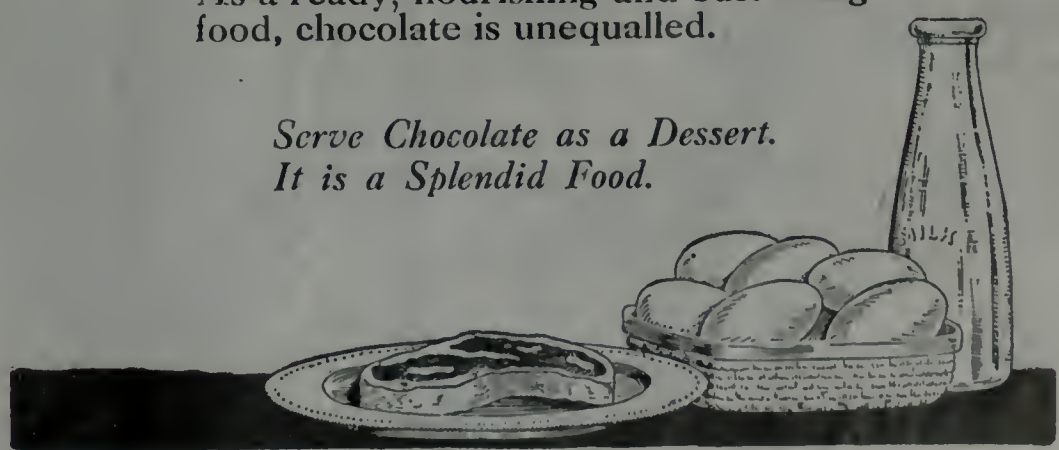

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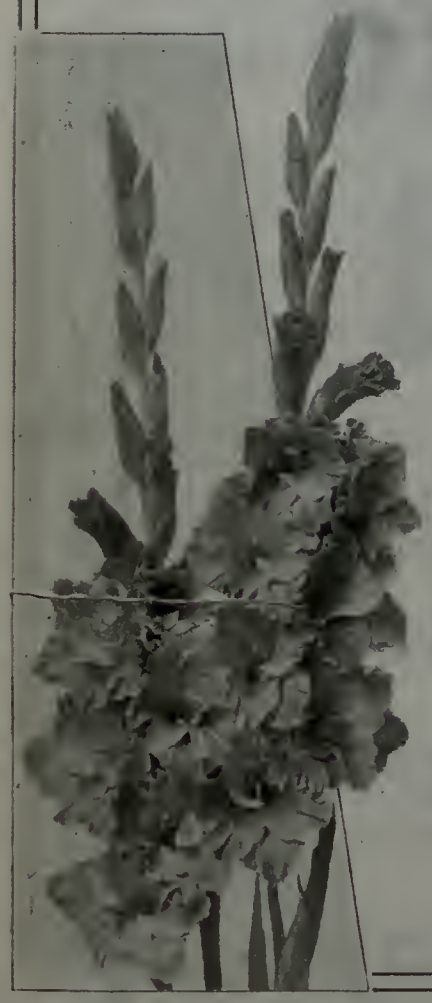

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Spring Garden Planning

Grow More---Consume Less---This Year

FOOD is the only effective weapon to combat famine as Hoover has pointed out, and it is just as important this year as in 1916, '17 and '18, for Canadians to continue their home garden production. Don't think you can slacken off because the armistice was signed last November. Freight cars are scarce, ships are scarce, labor is scarce—therefore there will be a world shortage of food in 1919.

There are two ways of augmenting the world's food supply—by growing more food, and by using wisely and economically the food actually produced. Grow more—consume less—that will solve this year's problem.

Labor may be more plentiful for the harvesting, but for the spring we shall have to get along without the services of the vast army of Canadian farmers, and farmers' sons, which we hope will be back from the battle-fields by August or September.

As a result of the scarcity of labor, commercial gardeners must, of necessity, grow those things which require little hand labor. For this reason smaller vegetables will have to be grown in home gardens if our country is to be well supplied.

For reasons of supply and demand, as well as those of the pocket-book, vegetables must largely take the place of meat in our diet this year. Many of us have enjoyed this limiting of the meat ration, and have profited in more ways than one.

So, plan to have your garden this year, whether small or large. Raise only the tried things of known value, and be sure to plant those things you and your family enjoy most. That gets the whole family interested, and distributes whatever burden may be involved. Grow some favorite vegetable for each member, and then you'll notice that these vegetables are not so liable to suffer from neglect.

PLAN YOUR GARDEN INTELLIGENTLY

By R. Laird Briscoe

THE months of February and March are those when most Canadians who intend to have gardens during the present year are studying the seed catalogs. This is one of the best ways to get information and if you discuss various types with your neighbor, and talk over your problems with him you will be able to make up your seed list and get your seeds early. Give the seedsman plenty of time to put up your order and in this way you will be running less danger of securing mixed or poor seeds.

Plan your garden just as you would plan your business—intelligently. With a plan which is well worked out some little time ahead, your garden will be found to run much more smoothly than if you left everything until the inspiration of the final moment. In Canada many plants must be started in the greenhouse, hot-bed or window, if you are to have the earliest plants for the garden. The first requisite for good seed germination, aside from seed of good quality, is a good seedbed. This is obtained by mixing a soil that is fine, friable, and reasonably rich, a soil that will not pack hard when it is watered, and one that is not too loose and open, or that will dry out quickly.

This type of soil may be purchased from the florist or it may be procurable from some vacant lot, or woods, in your locality. It should be composed of garden soil, leaf mold and sand, well sifted and mixed together.

The method of sowing the seed will vary with the kind that is planted. Very often seed, such as celery, pansy and petunia, should be just barely covered with soil. A cigar-box or flower-pot is very useful for this purpose. The soil should be free from sticks, stones and small clods of earth. Do not pack it hard. The seed may be sown broadcast or, as a rule, a better plan may be to make a shallow trench, depending on the size of the seed, and sow in rows. Celery seed is frequently scattered over the top of the ground, or scattered in trenches and pressed into the soil. A piece of tissue-paper may be placed over this and watered. Sometimes a damp cloth may be laid to good purpose on the soil, to keep it moist until the seed germinates.

The watering of the seed is important. The soil should be in the very best of condition when put into whatever box or pot is being used and where coarser seeds are used a fine rose on the watering can should be used to distribute the water evenly without washing.

Seeds that may be started in March, for transplanting to hotbeds, are celery, pansies, verbenas and lettuce, and any other slow germinating or slow growing seed varieties.

SWEET PEAS, EVER POPULAR

By Scott I. Duthey

THE Sweet Pea is one flower which will never lose its popularity with Canadians. It is a general favorite, both for the reason it is very easy to grow, and also because when it has attained its bloom many people believe that there is no flower which, in beauty and fragrancy, can excel it.

There are two methods of handling Sweet Peas. One is to sow the seed in pots in the greenhouse sometime during March—preferably the early part of the month—and after a hardening process set the plant out as soon as the weather becomes favorable. The other is to sow directly into rows out of doors, just as soon as the ground can be worked. Either method will give good results, but where a green house or other accommodation for pots is available, experts assert that the former is to be preferred

When starting indoors several seeds are sown in a 4 in. pot. These are later thinned out to one plant, of course always selecting the strongest. The soil used should not contain too much fertilizing value or the plant will respond with an undesirably heavy growth. The primary object to seek is to get a well-established root with a minimum of top growth. These pots should be placed in a cool greenhouse or frame and the night temperature should never exceed 50°. If sown early in March, about April 1 the hardening-off process can be started. It should be gradual but thorough, and ought to take from three to four weeks, in order to be on the safe side.

The trenches outside should be well prepared and it is not enough just to dig under a little manure. The soil the plants are to grow in must be lavishly rich; this is the big factor in the pro-

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HAMILTON WINNIPEG

duction of Sweet Peas. The best way to prepare the ground is to dig trenches 2 feet deep, placing the top soil at one side of the trench and the bottom soil at the other. Then place several inches of well-rotted manure in the bottom, and over this put about 6 in. of soil into which has been worked a quantity of bone meal—for example, about a 6 in. pot full to a row 25 ft. long, and about twice the amount of lime as of bone meal. Then put in a few inches of manure and again the same soil mixture. Leaf mold is also excellent for this purpose.

Don't set the plants too deep; in fact, the ball of earth around the roots should be practically flush with the ground. Always break the bottom of the ball of roots which has formed in the pot so as to give the roots a quick start. The plants should be watered immediately after planting, to settle the earth around the roots.

The method of preparing the trench for direct sowing out of doors is exactly the same, only when filling the trench it may be finished about 4 in. from the level of the surrounding soil. The seeds can then be sown broadcast, but be careful to not sow too thickly; the resultant crowding would then prevent a healthy growth. The seeds may be covered to a depth of 2 in. to 4 in. Label each color and variety separately so that you will know the names of those you prefer. And don't neglect to thin out the young plants to about 2 in. apart. For support good birch brush or 2 in. poultry wire is about the best thing procurable.

KEEP IT UP, SAYS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

GREATER food production, through the growing of vegetables, was the greatest work undertaken by the Horticultural Societies of the Province last year, according to Thos. D. Dockray, president of the Ontario Horticultural Society, who addressed the thirteenth annual convention of the society at its opening session in Foresters' Hall.

Mr. Dockray went on to review the manner in which various branches of the society had encouraged gardening among the school children. In communities where there was a Horticultural Society, a large amount of success for greater production was assured.

Varieties of Vegetables Recommended For Home Garden

Asparagus Roots—Colossal, Palmetton.
Bush Beans, Wax—Wardwell, Wilson, Pen. Pod, Prolific Golden Wax.
Bush Beans, Green—Extra Early Valentine.
Bole Beans, Green—Kentucky Wonder.
Beans, Lima—Dwarf preferable except in favored locations.
Beets—Detroit, Eclipse, Egyptian.
Cabbages, Early—Wakefield, Copenhagen.
Cabbage, Late—All Seasons, Danish Ball or Holland.
Carrots—Chantenay, Danvers Half Long.
Cauliflower—World's Best, "Gilt Edge," Snowball.
Celery, Early—White Plume, Paris Golden Yellow.
Celery, Late—Giant Pascal.
Corn, Sweet—Bantam, Crosby, Stowell Evergreen.
Cucumbers—Chicago Pickling, White Spine, Davis Perfect.
Eggplant—New York Purple and Black Beauty.
Endive—Green Curled and Batavian.
Horse Radish Roots.
Kale—Dwarf and Tall Curled Scotch.
Kohl-Rabi—Vienna.
Lettuce, Leaf—Grand Rapids, Black Seeded Simpson, Selected Nonpareil.
Lettuce, Head—Big Boston, Hanson.
Muskmelon—Montreal, Early Hackensack.
Onion—Red, Yellow and White Globe.
Onion Sets—Any color or kind.
Parsnip—Hollow Crown, Guernsey.
Parsley—Moss Curled.
Peas, Early—Thomas Laxton, Marvel, Blue Bantam.
Peas, Late—Telephone, Champion of England
Peppers—Bell, Ruby King, Cayenne.
Potatoes—Early Ohio, Irish Cobbler.
Pumpkins—Long or Japanese Pie.
Radish—Scarlet Globe, Icicle.
Radishes, Winter—Long and Round Black Spanish.
Rhubarb Roots—Victoria.
Rutabaga—Purple Top, Swede, Canadian Gem.
Salsify—Sandwich Island.
Spinach—Long Standing, Bloomsdale.
Squash, Summer—Scallop, Crookneck.
Squash, Winter—Hubbard.
Swiss Chard—Lucullus.
Tomatoes, Early—Earliana, Bonny Best, John Baer.
Tomatoes, Late—Stone.
Turnips—Purple Top, Egg.
Watermelons—Tom Watson, Cole's Early, Early Canada.

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For the "old man" with his shirt sleeves up and nothing to do on a Saturday afternoon—but a little job of painting—there's nothing to it but MAPLE LEAF and follow the directions on the can. Perhaps he won't need my services, but here's my advice to him:—go to it strong with MAPLE LEAF and the eternal smile will become a permanent fixture on his face—for every time he'll look at the job he'll say MAPLE LEAF for mine every time.

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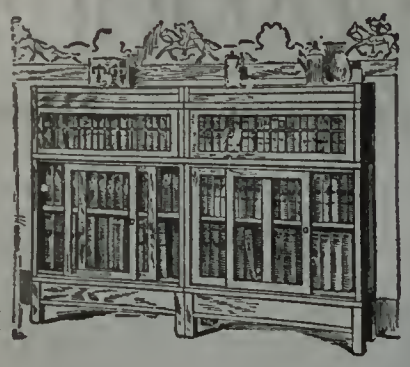

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THE BEST BOOKS

The Best Seller

IN "Three Times and Out" (Thomas Allen) Mrs. McClung tells the story of Private Simmons of the 7th Battalion, 1st Division, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, from his capture on the 24th April, 1915, to his escape from Germany in August, 1916.

To the wounded prisoners the rough treatment as they were taken through Belgium to the prison camp at Giessen made the journey a nightmare of horror. But Pte. Simmons does not dwell on his own sufferings; it is the rough treatment meted out to his fellow prisoners, whose plight was often worse than his, that fills him with pity and dismay. The guards seem to delight in every device calculated to add to the discomfort of their unfortunate captives and to eventually break their spirit. That is the whole idea: the poor, underfed, overworked bodies are belabored and broken in a desire to reach the unquenchable spirit. Having witnessed the torturing of some Russians who showed rebellion at being forced to work on farms for long hours without sufficient food, and having seen those same men return to work with vacant faces and tottering feet, spent in mind and body, Simmons is more than ever determined to escape.

Twice he makes the attempt, only to be recaptured and subjected to further vindictiveness for his temerity.

To those who have read "The Escape of a Princess Pat.," by George Pearson, Mrs. McClung's account of Private Simmons' adventure with Sergeant Edwardes, during the third and successful attempt to escape, will come as a "Twice Told Tale," but for all who may take a legal delight in testing the truth of an adventurous tale by comparing the accounts of the different participants in the same adventure there is here a distinct opportunity.

Record of New Books

FICTION

The Tin Soldier. Temple Bailey. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). The story is the answer to the question—should a promise to the dead stand between a man and his patriotism at the time of his country's need?

Minniglen. Agnes & Egerton Castle. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). Tells of the complicated love affair of a spirited English society girl and the young laird of Minniglen.

The Man Nobody Knew. Holworthy Hall. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). Tells of a man to whom modern surgery gave a new face, the old one being almost carried away by shrapnel. He returns home as a stranger and begins a new life which leads to unusual complications and finally to a satisfactory conclusion.

The Curious Quest. E. Philips Oppenheim. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). An unusual plot of which the scenes are laid in London before the war. It tells of the adventures of Mr. Ernest Bliss, a young millionaire who makes a bet that he can start out with a five-pound note and live for a year on what he can earn.

The Roll-Call. Arnold Bennett. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). Tells of George Cannon's rise from obscurity to fame, of his marriage to a strange girl and of another girl whose existence leads to complications.

Shops and Houses. Frank Swinnerton. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). A humorous picture of small-town snobbishness, telling of modern life in an English suburban town.

Dr. Paul. Ethel Penman Hope. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). The romance of a young physician and his former fiancée who, unknown to him, becomes his housekeeper. The tangle is finally straightened out to everyone's satisfaction and the story brought to a doubly happy conclusion.

Kiddies. J. J. Bell. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). The many friends of "Wee MacGreegor," will enjoy this story, which is written mainly around that interesting character.

The Common Cause. Samuel H. Adams. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $1.40). A story of easy-going Americanism slowly waking to the force and danger of pro-German intrigue.

Sinister House. Leland Hall. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $1.50). A mystery story, telling of a man and woman passionately in love, but haunted by the sinister spirit of the man's former wife, that broods over the old house by the river.

The Apartment Next Door. Wm. Johnston. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $1.50). A story of German conspiracy in the United States, telling of their audacious plans of destruction and the ingenious ways in which they were thwarted.

Who Cares? Cosmo Hamilton. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $1.50). A story of adolescence, telling of the adventures of a boy and girl flung suddenly upon their own resources, buying their own experiences and coming through it all unscathed.

Buck. Being some Account of his Rise in the Great City of Chicago. Charles D. Stewart. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $1.60). Tells of a hustling, big-hearted son of the Middle West, who comes to Chicago from his Indiana University with nothing but the knack of making friends everywhere and of lighting always on his feet.

The Solitary House. E. R. Punshon. (Oxford University Press, Toronto, $1.50). An exciting story of crime, mystery and romance, for which the deserted house in the gloomy woods forms a suitable setting.

Java Head. Joseph Hergesheimer. (Oxford University Press, Toronto, $1.50. An unusual and intriguing story which has already scored a big success.

The White Rook. J. B. Harris-Burland. (Oxford University Press, Toronto, $1.35). Tells of a beautiful woman married to a distinguished but disagreeable man very much her senior, whose sudden death creates a sensation and a mystery. There is also a besieged fortress (Indian), an overbearing peer, and a mysterious Chinaman to contribute to the excitement of the story.

Moon of Israel. H. Rider Haggard. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.50). A book giving a colorful picture of life in ancient Egypt as it was known to the wealthy and high-born. The love interest of the tale is furnished by its heroine, a Hebrew lady named Merapi, Moon of Israel.

The Texan. James B. Hendryx. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.25). A story of the cattle country and the mountains—of red-blooded men and brave women.

Sir Isumbras at the Ford. D. K. Broster. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.25). A romance which includes a description of the expedition which, in 1795—as in 1914—left Southampton to fight in France.

Fast As the Wind. Nat Gould. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.50). A story of horses and racing, in which the mystery of a past crime and a prison escape are interwoven to make an exciting narrative.

Blue Aloes. Cynthia Stockley. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.50). A book conveying the fierce charm of Africa—that Africa which forms such a spacious background for the drama of big deeds.

That's Me All Over, Mable. E. Streeter. (William Briggs, Toronto, 75c). Here we have Bill's final letters from camp and transport which form a suitable sequel to "Dere Mable."

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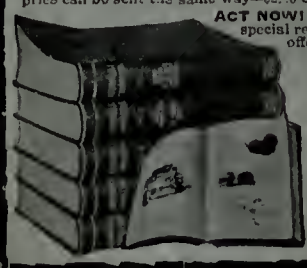

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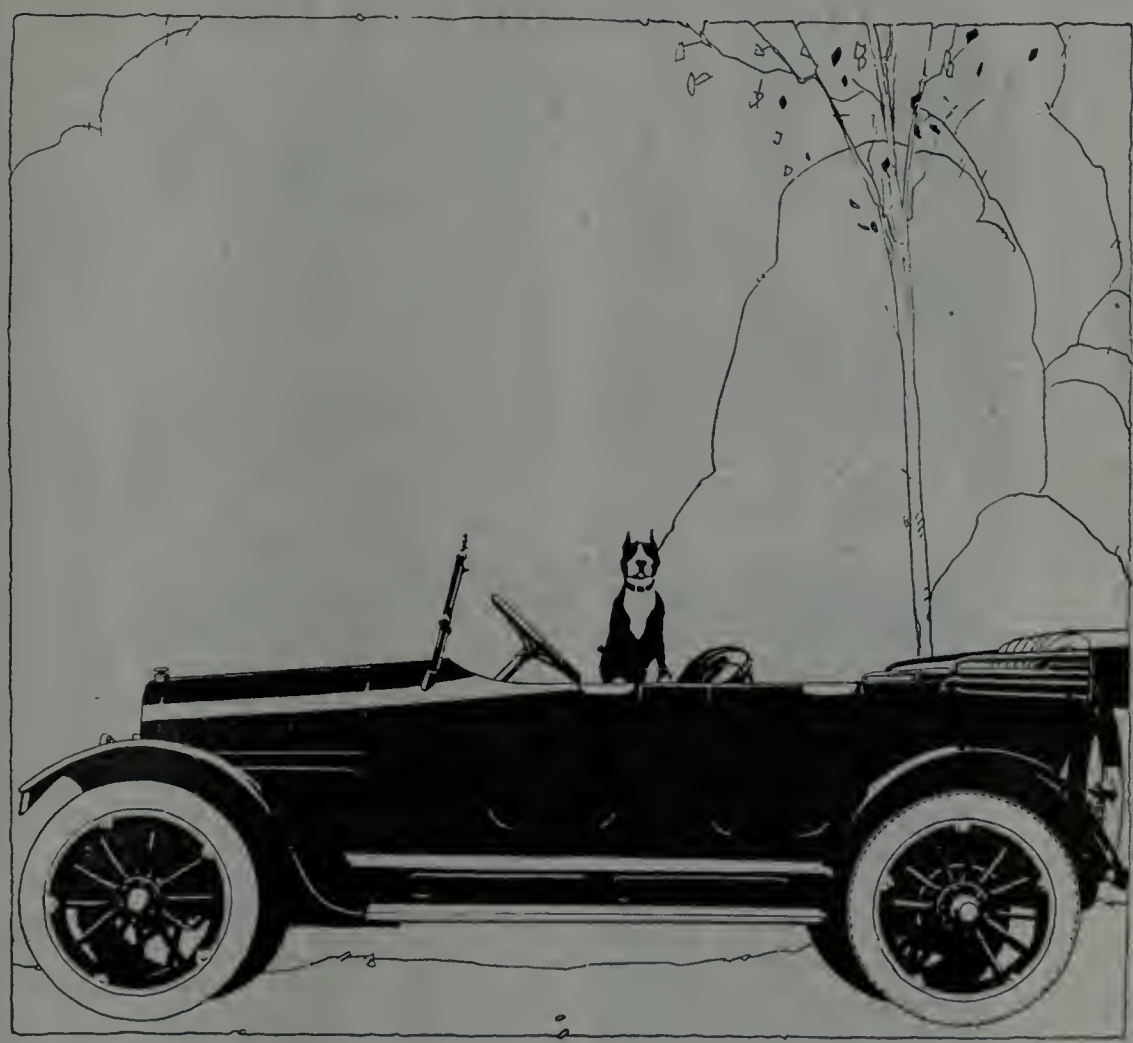

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The Color Idea in Home Decoration

WHEN we think of color as a means of expressing an idea—exhilaration, restfulness, warmth, coolness, irritation, we begin to see the wonderful possibilities of creating an atmosphere in our homes by a carefully thought out scheme of decoration.

Beginning with the primary colors, yellow, blue and red, and shading out to all their various tones and combinations, every color tone has a distinct "temperamental" quality of its own.

Yellow is more than any other color, like the sun or artificial light, and just as light brings cheer into a darkened room, so yellow entering into any color scheme introduces a feeling of light, cheer, buoyancy and life. It is therefore especially good for poorly lighted rooms or rooms with a northern exposure. This does not mean that a perfectly full, intense, brilliant yellow should be used, but a color tone in which yellow is the dominating element. Buff, cream, lemon, ecru and even some shades of fawn come under this head, but beware of mustard shades. In paints and other finishes most colors go on darker and stronger than they appear in the sample, the exception being the light shades of fawn.

Blue is a non-aggressive color usually cool and restful and varying in its different shades from the blue of the sky on the lake on a summer day to the cold blue of ice or the sky on a winter night. It is an excellent antidote to tone down the vivid yellows and reds, and may be used in combination with these, especially with yellow, for example a soft blue wall-paper with light oak woodwork. Such a combination as these, when it is good, is what artists call a harmony of contrast. In using blue for a bedroom it may verge on the "baby blues." For a living-room or dining-room look for soft or old blues or those with a shade of gray or green.

Red is a masterful color, suggesting either warmth or irritation. It also, because it seems to reach one's consciousness more quickly than blue, makes the walls appear nearer, or makes the room look smaller. The skilful use of red brings out a quality of warmth and hospitality especially desirable in a cold north room, but if you desire much red in a room use a gray or white, even a dull gold wall, and put the red in the rug, curtains, or furniture coverings. The same may be said of rose which is beautiful for draperies or coverings with gray or white walls, but too strong for a whole room.

GREEN is not only yellow and blue combined, but light and coolness, cheer and repose. It is a color both restful to the eyes and soothing to the nerves, and as some of the modern soft tapestry papers show in their blur of gray-green foliage with touches of yellow, brown, blue, gold or pink, it can be used with a wide variety of colors. Red and green, however, are extremely difficult to use together.

Orange, a combination of red and yellow, is an extremely difficult color to live with, as it arouses all the qualities of light, heat, cheer, irritation and vitality, destroying anything restful unless it is well toned down by counterbalancing colors and used on small areas; its accessory hues run into bright browns, red buffs and many wood colors. In combining any of the bright, aggressive colors with the dull or neutral tones, it is well to remember that in a dull-colored room a few bright notes give character, but in a strongly colored room, a few dull notes would be lost.

Purple, a product of red and blue cannot be said to express the combined qualities of these two colors. It has always been used with a mystic significance by the church and suggests mourning, shade and dignity. In Poe's poem, "The Raven," where the bird of ill-omen comes to haunt him with memories of Lenore, the repeated mention of "the curtain's violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er" is not the least effective of the influences that go to create the general melancholy atmosphere of the room. Purple in its varying shades of violet, mauve, "London smoke," "elephant's breath," etc., is too depressing to be used extensively in home decoration. Its only place would be in draperies and coverings in a very formal parlor.

A COLOR scheme doesn't mean having a room done entirely in one color, even in varying shades of one color—a decoration of this kind would be likely to be both monotonous and uninteresting, but a color scheme does require that the room shall be "keyed" to a certain color, any other colors that are introduced being subordinated to this keyed idea. The home decorator who can use the unexpected or accidental color idea at the right time and place can add infinitely to the charm and interest of a room. These accidental notes will be brought out best in little touches in furniture coverings, rugs, curtains or in wall paper borders.

Because the walls of a room make the background for furniture, pictures, even for people, they must be kept quiet in both color tone and pattern. It is a fundamental and final principle that "backgrounds must be less intense in color than objects which are to be effectively shown on them," and anyone knows the distracting effect of showy patterns. There are certain wall-paper designs and patterns too which are actually disturbing in themselves. I have in mind a paper in a bedroom showing on every square foot of wall space a little brown jungle of bulrushes, half-hiding the figure of a man pointing a gun. It was enough to quite spoil the sleep of a sensitive soul. More common and almost equally tiring are the large floral designs that might give the impression of bunches of roses being thrown at one from every direction. On a very fine quality of paper for a living-room or den I have seen the picture of a smouldering grate with a red parrot perched above it and the whole half blurred with smoke fumes. The contrasting grey and red colors might have been used very well if say the walls had been gray with touches of red in hangings and coverings, but the whole picture repeated monotonously all over the walls was most distressing. The smoky fumes seemed to give the room a stuffy, suffocating air and there are times when no one wants to be surrounded by a few scores of parrots. It is a pretty safe rule that the less pattern we have on a wall the better, and where

One of the beauties of the style of home decorating popular to-day is the appreciation of the charm of a restful background.

a pattern is used as in a border or panelling, the conventional designs are usually better than even a simple floral pattern. The tapestry papers where a mass of foliage is woven into a soft blur in delicate or rather neutral tints, are of course, exceptions to this rule.

Another law to be considered in a decorative scheme is to keep the darkest colors nearest the floor, working up to the lighter tones in the ceiling. This is natural and reasonable, since the sky is lighter than the far-away hills, and the hills lighter than the surrounding country farther below the horizon.

It is not enough, in decorating a home, to think of each room separately. The house should be thought of as a whole with regard to the vistas we may get from one room to another. It is not necessary to have all the wall papers match, or even be the same in tone, but all must be considered together. Either harmony or contrast may be attractive, but an unrelated treatment of rooms that naturally group themselves together is almost as jarring as if the two treatments were used in the one room. If a house is very small keep it as much in one tone as possible, even with one paper all over the lower floor. Variety can be had in different draperies and furniture.

TO make your home your own, expressing your own individual idea of beauty and fitness, you must work out your own plan of decoration. Some combinations that may be used with an endless number of variations are: Soft brown walls, darker brown rug, buff or tan ceiling with touches of yellow and old blue in hangings and coverings; gray-green or bronze-green for a room of warm or cool exposure, with bits of mulberry or yellow in borders and hangings; gray walls with a warm red in curtains and rugs; blue-gray walls with silver and peacock blue and perhaps a little pale yellow in hangings and rugs; gray (or ivory for a bedroom) with old rose; soft Dutch blue or gray-blue walls with light oak woodwork, a treatment that is particularly good in a room with a buff brick fireplace. The new tapestry papers can be had in many combinations of color blurred together and softened by some neutral tone so that no one color intrudes, but that the whole is keyed to some shade of tan, ecru, fawn, soft blue, blue-gray, gray-green or one of the many shades of brown; and in these papers we always find some touch of brightening color—pink, rose, yellow, even peacock blue, or red, which gives a cue to introducing a live touch of color in hangings, rugs and furniture coverings.

The Demobilization of the Woman Army

By LOUISA W. PEAT

Author of "Tanda," "Sayonara," "The White Feather," "Mrs. Private Peat."

THE more I study the title of my article, the longer I think about it, the more certain I am that in a measure it is incorrect.

The woman's army cannot be demobilized. It is a working army, an army of qualified labor, and essential. It is essential to the continuance of the world's trade, it is necessary to the building up of new enterprises.

No; it cannot be demobilization as a fighting force is demobilized, but it can be remodelling, readjustment to new spheres and conditions of work, that is certainly the truer sense of my subject.

We women assumed work—our reward or our punishment, which you will, is that we continue, continue indefinitely, not "three years or the duration," but for all time. Not we alone, but our daughters and our daughters' daughters.

How to make this alteration and do this remodelling, that is the question and a vital question of the moment.

There are ten million widows, mothers and children—dependents on the pension list of Great Britain. There are, roughly, five million women workers; there are, also roughly, over a million who have taken men's places and are competent in men's jobs. There are about half a million of these women who, until war, never worked before for money, and who now say never again can they return to the accepted dependent life of women, even where no necessity arises for earning a livelihood. And there is, as I understand it, a six million woman vote in England, there is proportionately as large a woman vote in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand.

I only quote figures from the Old Country because they are the largest for the moment. There are the women workers of Canada, of Australia, of South Africa, of India, of America and of France.

What about it? What about what? I hear the question. What about the return of the women from war to peace conditions? What about her readjustment and her reconstruction?

There is an organization already, to a certain extent, in being for the readjustment of the boys, apart from the homes and such like for those blind and disabled. So far I have only heard of the classification by the Old Country Government of the women who wish to continue working, who must continue, and the woman who does not want to continue. The last named may think so now when she is still living in the grime and dust cast up by war, but when peace is ratified, when compelling labor ceases, when she is met with that peculiar "lost" feeling of nothing to do, I doubt if any woman who has had four years of fullness, can go back to a morning of desultory house-keeping, an afternoon of social calls, a tennis party, a bridge tea and a conversazione!

I THINK there are four main troubles in the organizing of women workers. First, there is our own inaction. We are afraid to make a definite onward move. We fear to test our own initiative. Whether four years of war and four years of responsibility borne alone will have eliminated this fear and firmly solidified our initiative, remains to be seen.

Second, we, that is the majority of young girls, are too fond of a "good time." It is quite possible to work and have a good time, more, it is possible to work and have a better time. Work does not interfere with recreation. All play and no work is as bad as all work and no play.

Third, mothers are to blame largely in placing difficulties in the way of work organization. Mothers want to shelter their girls. Very rightly, to a certain extent, but—remember your daughter is not *owned* by you. She is a living, sentient, thinking being. She and she only can work out her own salvation, she and she only is responsible to the Divine Mind for that Inner Mind which is she. You have nothing to do with it, hard though it may seem. Mothers "don't" too much. They order and devise and plan and bias. Let the girl develop alone. Help her if you and she think you can. Why should she not choose a career as does her brother?

What is William going to be?" "What is Edna going to do?"

See, the difference in the questions. William is to make something of himself, to develop and expand, to be. Edna—why Edna has to put in her time somehow till she marries, if she does—if she does not—oh, well——

So, will a profession, will work interfere with marriage? No, not after four years of war and a world jolted more or less into common sense. Work fits a girl all the better for marriage; it teaches her to companion her husband. Let her keep her work up when her children are coming and after her children are come, it teaches her how to companion her children. No comic paper ever printed a silly joke of a business girl bride purchasing a ten pound

What the War Has Taught Us About Corsets

EVER in the world's history has any one article of clothing been so prominently brought before the world as an economic force, as has the corset by the part it played in the Great War.

It was demonstrated to the Governments of Europe in the early stages of the conflict that women could not stand the burden of their unaccustomed duties unless they were properly corseted.

Thousands broke down under the strain of the new work and production suffered. When these same women were put into proper corsets, sickness decreased and in many instances production was practically doubled.

From then on, corsets were recognized as an essential in war work.

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were privileged to contribute, in a large way, to the important duty of preserving the health and efficiency of Canadian womanhood.

Daily it was demonstrated that the *correctly* corseted woman was capable of greater and more sustained effort than her uncorseted or poorly corseted sister. The hygienic body support of a correctly designed and fitted corset kept thousands of willing workers well and sustained that splendid woman power that was one of the greatest forces contributing to the conclusion of a successful peace.

Not only has the war taught every thinking woman the value of correct corseting; it has taught her the wisdom of buying only corsets that are hygienically correct; it has taught her to be fitted carefully and to adjust her corset each time it is worn so she may realize its full benefit and service.

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roast for two people, "because mother bought that." The business girl has a trained mind, an expert brain which can be switched in its activity from the things of the store, the office or the studio, to the home and do things by the rule of qualified commonsense.

Someone long ago evolved the mistaken idea that man's brain was superior to ours. It is not, it is only different. The reason of this mistake was because men have accomplished more. Let the question pass—do they?

In new things, if a man accomplishes more, it is because man is willing to try what he has never seen before. The chief reason why he tries new things, sometimes with success, sometimes without, is this—THERE IS NO ONE TO JEER OR LAUGH AT HIS FAILURES. On the other hand woman undertaking a new enterprise has had to handle the task, plus combatting the probable ridicule of the male onlooker. Four and a half years of war will have eliminated ridicule. Only the deliberate slacker will dare, and his attempts at his own publicity will not be of long lasting in the company of the men who were "there."

The army of women workers has merely to be changed from an army of war rating to one of peace. Each woman who has worked for the freeing of the world, must continue in the work to keep it free.

WE women are on our own merits now. in England, as I have said, there are some six million women voters, women can sit in the House of Commons, which is the prime ruling centre, a bill is being passed opening all professions to women. No longer can we have the excuse that men held us out of the better professions. They did, but that day is done. Uranus is in the ascendant, the star of woman—the woman-age is here—are we worthy?

We have to find new work—the world is our field. We must go out and look for ourselves. For generations we have seen things which we wanted and urged men to get them for us. It was never satisfactory. If we do not accomplish for ourselves. we will never have the best things of life.

The world is woman's working field —every profession is open. every career possible. Parents must give the girls equal chances with the boys. properties must be willed fairly. All this is good, but before a near approach to satisfaction is attained one very particular readjustment has to be made. The married woman, who is housekeeper, mother, and wife must be salaried also. She must be recompensed, not in cash for wifehood or motherhood—love can only repay the agonies and joys of both, but for the manual labor, the mental effort attendant on those. The successful homemaker has as great right to a separate payment as has the successful stenographer. Because the man receives the pay envelope is no reason why the money should be all his. The good and capable wife of a successful man earns as great a part of that salary or that income as does the man himself. The half is hers. hers to do with as she likes—pay her share from it into the common exchequer of living and spend her pocketmoney as she see fit.

THESE things are in the years, for the immediate need prompt action will avert many a disaster, avoid many a tragedy. "Back to the land" is a cry doubly of moment now, and "back to the land" will appeal to many of the demobilizing woman army. There are vast tracts of unbroken country, teeming with richness, in Canada, Australia. Africa; there are hungry multitudes to be fed, there are scores of qualified, efficient women, young, muscular. trained to the last point of physical fitness in over four years of war; full of endurance, full of ambition—who of Canada's women is going to be first to establish a woman's farm? A woman, or women of means, or a women's club, to acquire property—a half dozen trained women farmers, a few foresters, a few tractor drivers, a veterinary, an electrician, a plumber. a few carpenters—they are all to be had—working thereon, and then a profit to be shared.

The matter after all seems simple. The land is there, the market is assured, the women eager to help their fellow women, all that remains is the establishment of a deputy, a someone who can intercede between the parties, approach the right women workers, arrange the details of finance, fix business matters with speed and acumen, and bring to the returning women soldiers of industry a story of hard work 'tis true, but one also of broad acres, swelling wheat lands, health, energy, vitality, happiness, hope. harmony and accomplishment.

Spring Fashion Forecast

for Canadian Women

Before you decide upon your Spring Clothes, you should consult the SPRING FASHION NUMBER of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The ending of the War has caused many changes in Woman's Styles. The severe lines have given way to those more becoming to Peace times. Months of time have been spent obtaining information concerning models, colors, fabrics and designs that will be becoming and at the same time up-to-date for Canadian Women.

The results are shown in our SPRING FASHION NUMBER, making it the most attractive issue to Women of any magazine ever published in Canada. We do not depend upon Fashions alone, to make the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL a valuable magazine for our Women. There are hundreds of other good things in our March Number.

Readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will be sent a sample copy upon request.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

71 Richmond Street West TORONTO, ONT.

Candy a Wholesome Food

ONE of the extravagances which the food economist has always held before us is our wasteful tendency to spend a large share of our food money on sugar and sweet stuffs instead of upon plainer and supposedly more wholesome articles in the diet list. In reality however, roughly speaking, a pound of sugar has about the same number of calories or heat units as a pound of wheat flour, a pound of fresh meat or a pound of rice, and within the limits of its ready digestibility—that is up to one-quarter of a pound a day—is more quickly absorbed and cleanly burned than any of them. And it is no mere whim or blind self-indulgence which has sent up our sugar consumption from a few pounds to nearly eighty pounds per capita per annum, but a sound appreciation of a valuable food to increase our national horse-power.

Dr. Hutchison says: "It is interesting to note that the English give sugar to their blood horses in order to sustain them in their tests. To Swiss guides and Arctic explorers too, the value of such a saccharine food as chocolate has long been familiar. It was not until the year 1893, however, that Mosso first put the value of sugar as a muscle food to the test of experiment. He was able to show that sugar has a notable effect in lessening muscular fatigue, and that its effects are rapidly exerted. This is very clear when we remember that the starch we take in such foods as bread, potatoes, cereals, etc., must be changed to sugar by the digestive system before it can be assimilated or used for body fuel.

The child's craving for sugar is a natural appetite. Children can assimilate more sugar than adults because of their relatively active muscular energy and relatively large body surface for losing heat in proportion to their size. They do not as a rule care for fat meat and prefer sweets as a natural substitute. Good, wholesome candy, made from pure materials and free from injurious colorings and flavorings, is one of the most useful as well as the most attractive forms in which sugar can be given. Most candies contain large quantities of cane sugar with frequently some fats such as butter, nuts and fruits, corn syrup, starch and chocolate. All of these elements are useful foods. The danger of candy injuring the teeth is overcome by proper cleaning of the teeth, a necessary safeguard under any condition. The lack of sugar is more likely to injure a child's teeth through poor nutrition."

The following recipes will be found most practical for home-made candy:

Soft Cream Candy

2 cups sugar
2/3 cup milk or thin cream
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon vanilla.

Stir sugar and milk over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then boil without stirring for eight minutes. Add the butter and boil to the soft ball stage or until a little of the mixture dropped into cold water will roll into a soft ball between the fingers. Remove from the fire, add flavoring and beat until

How the Barnet Guards Health

"OH, if I only could know how my little ones get sick," exclaims the mother. "I choose their food with the greatest care." But the doctor reminds her that choice is not everything. "This child's illness could be caused by nothing else but contaminated food," he says. And he advises her to get a first class refrigerator.

Take milk for instance, the children's most used food, the doctor knows that it is the easiest of all to be contaminated. It is a magnet for dangerous germs. In milk they multiply like wildfire. One disease germ at 68 degrees may breed 357,500 in only 48 hours—and milk, when you get it, is generally 24 to 36 hours old. If you haven't a good refrigerator the milk stands exposed.

Germs thrive best at 80 to 98 degrees Fahrenheit. At 50 degrees rapid growth is checked at once. The temperature in the Barnet Refrigerator is maintained as low as 36 degrees! Surely the health of your precious children justifies such splendid protection against the ever prevalent danger of disease. Think of the doctor's bills you are sure to save!

Germs thrive in dampness. They cannot multiply in dry atmosphere. Food left in damp, humid atmosphere soon moulds and becomes unfit for consumption. Here the splendid patented syphon ventilating system of the Barnet Refrigerator again protects health. The syphons are a means of bringing the air into contact with a greater surface of ice than if only admitted at the top and bottom as in ordinary refrigerators, while the condensed odors and stale air are drawn off through the vents in the top. This means continuous and rapid circulation of dry, cold air in which germs cannot multiply.

Needless to say, cleanliness in your refrigerator is fatal to germ life. And what could be more easily kept spotlessly clean than the snow white stone-like surface of the Barnet's genuine vitreous porcelain lining.

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Get a Barnet and stop worrying about spoiled foods. The Barnet has patented adjustable non-rustable shelves which make every inch of valuable space in your provision chamber usable at all times. We have the size and style to suit you.

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RENFREW - ONTARIO

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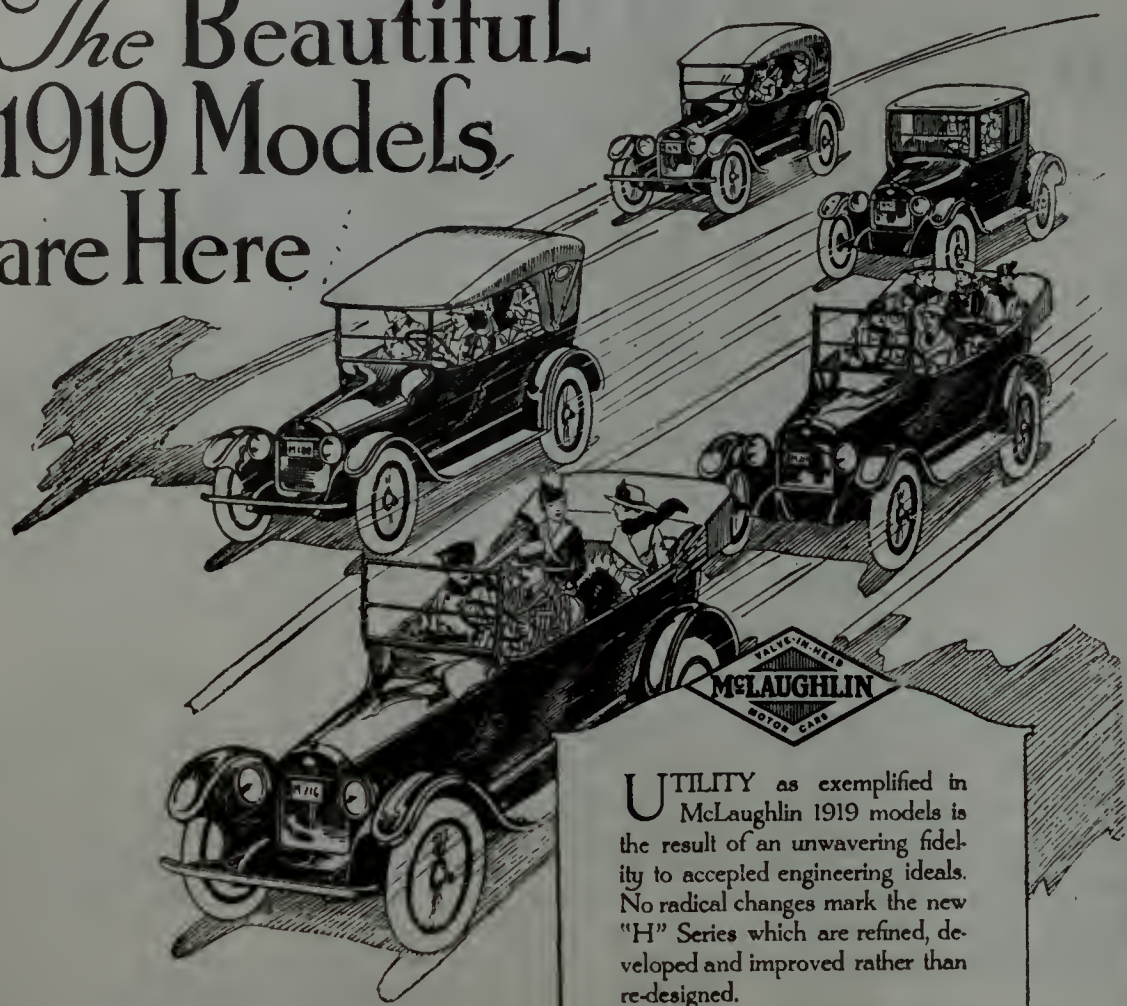

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" " H-Six-45 Extra Special
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creamy or until it becomes sugary around the edges.

Variations for Cream Candy:

(1) Fruit Fudge: Chopped nuts, dates and raisins may be added while beating the hot cream.

(2) Cocoanut Creams: Add one cup grated cocoanut, drop in spoonfuls on a greased tin, and put a candied cherry on each.

(3) Chocolate Fudge: Add one-half ounce chocolate to each cup of sugar before boiling.

(4) Maple cream: Use equal quantities of white or brown and maple sugar or flavor with mapleine.

PARISIAN SWEETS

1 cup figs or raisins
1 cup dates
1 cup English walnuts.

Put all through a meat grinder, dust a moulding board with powdered sugar, knead the mixture into a lump, roll out with the rolling-pin and cut in small cubes.

MEXICAN CANDY

5 cups granulated sugar
1 cup golden syrup
1 cup water
2 to 4 egg whites
1 cup walnuts. Flavoring.

Boil sugar, syrup and water 3 or 4 min. Beat egg whites until stiff. Remove 1 cup of the syrup and beat it into egg white. Boil the rest to nearly hard ball stage. Add gradually to beaten egg mixture, beating constantly. Add flavoring and nuts and pour into a greased pan.

Kurt Eisner

Sketch of the Career of the Founder of the Bavarian Republic

ONE of the characters previously little known to the world but brought into prominence by the war or rather by the termination of the war is Kurt Eisner, the chief of the new Bavarian Republic. S. Zimand, in the *Nation* (New York) gives the following details of his career:

Kurt Eisner, who presided at this meeting of the Council, was born in 1867. He became known first for his aesthetic critical writings. From 1890 to 1895 he was contributing editor to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. On account of one article written against the Kaiser he was sentenced to nine months in prison. He left the radical press and became a contributor to Socialist papers. After the death of William Liebknecht, the father of Karl Liebknecht, he became editor-in-chief of the *Vorwarts*, the central organ of the Socialist party in Germany. As editor-in-chief of *Vorwarts* he inclined more to the tendencies of the so-called "Revisionist" wing of the Socialist party. On account of those tendencies he was forced by the Socialist organization of Berlin, which was Marxian, to resign from the paper with five other editors. But in the field of international politics he was always very radical. Witness for that is his book, "Der Sultan des Weltkrieges," written twelve years ago, which gives a good picture of German diplomacy. The ethical, aesthetic Eisner transformed himself in this book into a sharp critic of the Oriental policy of William the Second. Very interesting is his "Das Ende Des Reiches," which tells the story of the fall of the old German Empire. From Berlin Kurt Eisner went to Nuremberg, where he became in 1907 the editor-in-chief of the *Frankiesche Tagespost*. Again he became involved in a controversy and left this paper in 1910. A few years before the war he was active as a free-lance writer for various southern Socialist papers.

The revolution brought Eisner to the foremost position of leadership in the Bavarian Republic. The future will show his capacity for that constructive statesmanship so much needed in Germany now.

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You *knew* you were right.

But where was that letter from the Montreal office with the exact figures—to back your contention? In the files, you thought; but didn't the file clerk, after a 15 minutes frantic search, report that "it couldn't be found—must have been mislaid some where?"

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MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

Volume XXXII. APRIL, 1919 Number 4

SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

A Record of Five Years' Exploration for the Canadian Government

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Some months ago Vilhjalmur Stefansson returned from a five years' journey of exploration through the Arctic regions North of Canada, undertaken for the Government of the Dominion of Canada, and he has since been engaged in compiling his reports and writing the story of his remarkable experiences.* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *has secured the exclusive right to publish Mr. Stefansson's story in Canada. It will appear in six instalments and will tell the story of the discoveries he made and, more remarkable still, how he and his party solved the problem of living without supplies on the bare land, and even the sea-ice. Other stories by Mr. Stefansson are appearing in Canadian and American newspapers, but these are records of earlier trips and have no connection with the five years' exploration that he has just completed.*

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PART I

WHEN the Canadian Arctic Expedition was originally planned it was not a Canadian expedition at all. Its original sponsors were the National Geographic Society of Washington and the American Museum of Natural History of New York. The expedition was to have a comprehensive scientific programme and to carry a staff of six or eight scientific specialists, but in all other respects it was to be as simple as possible. It was planned that the scientists should carry the minimum of technical paraphernalia; that they should be young and self-reliant men who could work independently with few material resources and depend on their note-books, their cameras, and their memories for much of what they hoped to bring back.

My expedition of the years 1908-12 had been carried out on substantially this plan to the satisfaction of its backers, the American Museum of Natural History and the Geographical Survey of Canada. We had then carried no food with us upon long journeys through lands either uninhabited or inhabited only by Eskimos armed with bows and arrows, some of whom had seldom, and others never, seen a white man. And the scientific results of that expedition had, in the opinion especially of the American Museum, been such that both were anxious to promote another of the same sort.

But later, when the unusual came to pass and a Government had been found enlightened enough to want to undertake all the expense of a great scientific expedition, the plans were of necessity altered. When the Hon. Robert Borden (now Sir Robert), on behalf of the Government of Canada, took over from the American institutions the ready planned expedition, he promised them that I should be left in complete command of it, as I should have been under their auspices, and that I should be the sole judge of the suitability of all plans, men and materials to be used in the undertaking.

NEVERTHELESS the character of our new backers brought about a partial change of programme. When the almost unlimited resources of the Government were considered, it appeared advisable even to me, especially as I was strongly urged, to combine my former simple plan of relying upon the resources of the country with the orthodox one of carrying an extensive equipment. I felt that if this extensive equipment were taken along it could be used wherever it was found usable, and that my own idea of living by forage could be resorted to whenever we had come in our journeys to the uttermost limits of time and distance to which the "condensed-food system" could carry us.

Previously I had expected to bring home only a limited number of scientific specimens, but now it seemed best not only to try to bring home a much larger number, but also to carry on our vessels laboratory equipment for scientific studies in the field. Sea-water, for instance, is said to undergo chemical changes if brought home in vials, and it is therefore preferable to study water samples the day they are secured from the depths of the ocean. Minute animals, too, which might be alive in the samples when they are brought to the surface, would die and decay into their chemical elements before the samples could be studied in our southern laboratories.

A pressure ridge.

Stefansson (left) at Martin Point camp before the start of his ice trip.

Getting My Party Together

THE mere outfitting of a comprehensive scientific expedition would be an entertaining story if it were told as it cannot be told here. To begin with, even among our tens of thousands of university graduates it is not easy to find a dozen or more men who combine the qualities of being young and of sound body, with an unexcitable temperament and an imagination that sees fascination in work which to other temperaments would be only hardship and drudgery. Furthermore, these young men would have to be either of independent means or sufficiently careless of material rewards to be willing to give several years to work for which they could expect no substantial pay in the ordinary sense. The expedition being Canadian, we preferred Canadians in our choice, yet we were able to get in Canada only five out of a staff of thirteen. We turned next to other parts of the Empire, and secured three men from Scotland, one from Australia, and one from New Zealand. Even so, we had to look farther and take one man from France, one from Denmark, one from Norway, and two from the United States. The universities represented in the training of these men were the Sorbonne, Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Toronto, McGill, Harvard, Yale, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the State University of Iowa. Several of the men had earned the degree of Ph. D., some had received various honors from scientific societies, and practically all of them were devoting their entire lives to that specialty which engaged them on the expedition.

We were outfitted under the supervision of Mr. J. W. Philips of the navy yard in Esquimalt. Partly because I thought that the orthodox equipment might, after all,

Storkersen and McConnell skinning a seal for supper.

prove useful, and partly because of pressure put upon me by those who rested their faith more exclusively than I did in the older methods, our expedition eventually turned out to be probably the most sumptuously equipped of all Arctic expeditions. We had at the start three ships, the *Karluk*, the *Alaska*, and the *Mary Sachs*. Of these the *Karluk* was much the biggest and the best, and she had for sailing-master our most experienced man, Capt. R. A. Bartlett. Because of her character, and because of her commander, we trusted to her the greater part of what was considered our most valuable equipment. She carried nearly all the pemmican, hard bread, malted milk, chocolate, butter, and other forms of condensed rations, the suitability of which has been demonstrated by Admiral Peary notably, but also by the many others who have used what may be called the condensed-food system of exploration. By this is meant the method wherein men and dogs depend during sledge journeys on food brought from home, game being not relied upon, properly speaking, but simply used in an emergency if the condensed food does give out before the journey has come to a successful close. Besides the condensed food, the *Karluk* carried some fourteen sledges of the type I had used on my previous expeditions, and abundant sledge material and a carpenter whose intended work it was to make during the winter, under Captain Bartlett's direction, a number of sledges, of the type so successfully used by Peary. My mind always has been and still is open on the question of which is the best form of sledge, and I was anxious to give the two types a thorough trial, comparing them on the same journeys. Our best men also were on the *Karluk*—best from the standpoint of geographic exporation.

The complicated history of the early misfortunes of our expedition Captain Bartlett has already narrated in a book entitled *The Last Voyage of the "Karluk."* It is enough to say here that through a combination of circumstances this, our most valuable ship, was taken out of our hands during the first months of what was to be an expedition covering many years, and thereafter we had to conduct our work without the help of the good men and the elaborate equipment of instruments and food which she carried. The *Karluk* had found herself too far offshore from the Alaskan coast and had been caught in the ice and carried by it to the northwestward, as it proved, permanently out of our sphere of operations. Our *Alaska* and *Mary Sachs*, according to the custom of navigation which has been found by whalers to be safest in the Alaskan portion of the Arctic, had hugged the coast continually as they proceeded eastward, and eventually wintered safely at Collinson Point, in about west longitude 145°. The ice that was powerless to carry them off because they did not go out into it, nevertheless blocked their further passage for that year. The season was an unusual one, ice conditions being undoubtedly the worst in twenty years.

Our Badly Crippled Resources

THE winter of 1914-15 found us, then, on the coast of Alaska, 250 miles east of Point Barrow, with crippled resources and our entire task yet before us. The expedition had various subsidiary scientific aims, but its main purpose was exploration of as much as possible of that great unknown area which lies between Alaska and the Pole, west of the already known Canadian Islands. This area was estimated by some to be as low as 500,000 square miles, but others, among them myself, have estimated it at over a million. That this latter estimate is not far wrong is shown by the fact that both the Russians under Vilkitsky and our own expedition discovered extensive lands within that portion of the Arctic which the map-makers had considered already explored. Though we have since made long journeys in various directions over seas hitherto unknown, this unexplored area still remains larger than most geographers estimated it to be before either the Russians or we reported the results of our work.

The task before us, according to the orders of our Government, was plain. If we were going to succeed in it we had to make journeys north from Alaska comparable in mileage to, or even exceeding journeys previously made by sledge on any part of the polar sea. Any short excursions north from Alaska or west from Banks or Prince Patrick Island would fail of the purpose we had set. It is Admiral Peary who has carried the condensed-food system of exploration to its highest attained, and probably its highest attainable, results. But for his journey of less than 500 miles north from Cape Columbia to the Pole, Peary found he needed 133 dogs, 19 sledges, and 24 men. A stock-taking of our resources showed that we had available for our proposed journeys over the frozen sea two good sledges and two poor ones. We could undoubtedly have bought dogs, and sledges of a sort, from the Eskimos of Alaska, but what was the use when poor sledges are always breaking and good ones are the only kind with which any useful purpose can be accomplished? It was easy to get sledges suitable for work on shore and near land, and we had those. But there was no material obtainable in northern Alaska for the making of the grade which our work on the rough ice required.

Signaling to an advance party.

We could not Copy Peary

It was thus, virtually, not possible for us to do our work on the Peary system. Peary started from shore with nineteen sledloads of food. In a few days he found several of those sledges empty, for the men and dogs had eaten the food, and so he sent them back home. This was the first support party. A few days later he again found several sledges empty and sent them home. By repeating this several times, always sending back the poorest dogs and the men least fitted for the hard work of winter travel, he eventually found himself with two or three sledges loaded with food, and with three or four picked men, within striking distance of the Pole.

Evidently this system could not carry us anywhere. Just as Peary had to send back his first party when only a short distance from land, so should we have had to send back our support party when near land, and as we had only one support to send back instead of several, that system could not have taken us nearly as far from our base on land as was necessary to make any considerable exploration of the unknown. I proposed then to my men that we should try another system, and called for volunteers substantially on the following basis:

I said it was well known that the polar sea is not covered with one expanse of ice, but instead there are upon its surface in continual flux an indefinite number of pieces of ice that break under the force of the wind and the current, with lanes of open water and triangular and pentagonal waterholes everywhere. I argued further that our experience showed that the food of the seals is mainly the shrimp or various shrimp-like sea animals, and that, as these are animals which are not confined to the vicinity of land but are found living in the upper layers of the ocean everywhere, seals would also be found everywhere because they would "follow the feed." I said that in our travel we should every day, or at least every few days, come to open water, and when we found this open water we could stop awhile until we had killed seals enough, so that their flesh might serve us for food and their blubber for fuel while we proceeded farther. The reasoning seemed to me sound, but it did not appear so to most of our men, nor did it find favor with a single Eskimo on the north coast of Alaska, nor with the whalers on the two ships *Belvidere* and *Polar Bear* which had been held by the same hostile ice conditions and compelled to winter near our winter quarters. My old friend Captain Cottle of the *Belvidere*, and my newer but no less useful friend Hullin S. Mott of the *Polar Bear*, offered me all the assistance in their power in outfitting, and even tried to disguise sufficiently their disapproval of my plans, in order not to interfere with my hiring Ekimos or white men out of their crews. But from me they did not conceal their belief that the plans were untenable.

MY own men were no less frank in their disapproval, and quoted in rebuttal of my arguments many printed and other authorities, especially certain paragraphs of Peary's book, *The North Pole*, where on page 202 are laid down the first principles of safe and successful polar exploration by sledges at sea. One of

Repairing a broken sled.

these is that you must "have the confidence of a large number of Eskimos who will follow the leader to any point he may specify"; and they pointed out that we had no Eskimos who would follow us far beyond sight of land, for they well knew that there was no food there. Another principle quoted was that you must have "for the sledge journey sufficient food, fuel, clothing, oil or alcohol stoves, and other mechanical equipment to get the main party to (its destination) and the various divisions to their farthest north and back." Here they laid special emphasis on the words "and back," showing that Admiral Peary had put no reliance on anything but the food he carried with him; and they submitted that no one was justified in asking men to undertake a journey on any other basis.

Although no one placed especial emphasis on them at the time, it is interesting to note that among other of Peary's first principles are these: "To have dogs enough to allow for the loss of 60 per cent. of them by death or otherwise," and we intended to make our journey with six or seven dogs and hoped to retain them safe, whereas his principle required him to take 133 dogs for a journey of similar length; "to have an ample supply of the best kind of sledges," where we had only two that were good; "to have a sufficient number of divisions or relay parties (of Eskimos) under the leadership of a competent assistant to send back at appropriate and carefully calculated stages," while we expected to take only one support party and to send that one back, not at any calculated time, but whenever the poorer sledges happened to break; "to return by the same route followed on the upward march, using the beaten trail and the already constructed igloos," while we knew from our own knowledge of local ice conditions and from the experience of Baron Wrangell and Leffingwell and Mikkelsen that should we try to return on ice in these southern latitudes we should find it impossible to follow our trail back. In these waters the ice cakes are continually spinning around on their axes, crushing themselves into ridges, or drifting apart, so that you can hardly even think of following southward to-day the trail that you made going north yesterday.

I saw the validity of all the Peary principles as applied to the Peary system, but contended that there was another system which, if not necessarily as good, was, at any rate, the only system available to us, and that we should have to go ahead on the basis of living by forage or give up the main purpose of the expedition, which I did not think we could reasonably do until this other system had been at least fairly tested.

The Men Do Not Volunteer

THERE were good scientific reasons why some of our staff should decline to volunteer, as they did. They were technical men brought north for certain special work on land, and as it was no more to my interest than to theirs that they should be taken from that special work, I preferred that they should be ashore in the spring, although I should have liked two or three of them to volunteer to accompany us fifty miles or so as a support party, or until their light sledges broke down. They could have returned to land from such an excursion in ample time for their spring geological and topographical work.

But there were other men in the party who—to the great advantage of the plans laid down by the Government—would have volunteered for our service, and none of them did so. It was, of course, impossible for me to undertake work believed to be both dangerous and full of hardships with men other than volunteers. One member of the party, Mr. George H. Wilkins of Australia, who eventually proved our most useful man in carrying forward our geographic work, was the only one who showed any willingness to go the whole journey with me. I preferred, however, to direct him to take command of the *North Star*, a trading-schooner I had recently purchased, and to have him along rather as a member of a support party. Mr. Aarnout Castel, a Hollander, who proved one of our good men, I was able to hire from the *Belvidere* for the entire journey. But my main reliance for the difficult work ahead was my former companion in arms, Storker Storkersen, who had been first officer of the Anglo-American Polar Expedition in 1906-07, when I was a member of that party as anthropologist, and whom I now had found trapping in the Mackenzie Delta and eager for a more stirring life. A young Norwegian trapper, Ole Andreasen, whose brother had sold me the *North Star*, was engaged as a member of the support party.

A camp fire made of whale-blubber for fuel.

Preparations are Delayed

I HAD left the winter camp of the expedition at Collinson Point about Christmas to go to the Mackenzie Delta, about 300 miles to the east and south, to buy dogs for the ice journey. At that time I left instructions that preparations should be made for our start northward over the ice from Martin Point late in February or the first week in March. Later on I sent Storkersen back from the Mackenzie Delta with similar instructions. But, for reasons too complicated for telling, these instructions were not carried out, and when I got to Martin Point the first week of March, I did not find, as I expected, everything ready for the start northward, but, on the contrary, very little done, and practically nothing which Storkersen had not done single-handed. Although all preparations were pushed forward with great energy from the time of my arrival, still it was the 22nd of March before the start could be made.

Dog-power for Arctic transit.

One of the curious errors about the North that are prevalent among those few who have any ideas about the North at all is that cold is the chief enemy we have to fight beyond the Arctic Circle. I am sure that all those who have traveled extensively on the moving polar ice would agree with me that the cold is our best friend. For that reason February is a better month than March for sledge travel, and January would be as good as February were it not for the fact that it is then too dark for safe working among broken ice, where water-holes are a danger everywhere. In April, when the temperature seldom goes lower than 30° below zero for a night, if a gale breaks up the ice, as often happens, forming open leads that crisscross each other in all directions, it takes several days for the frost to cement the broken places and to form ice over the lanes, which are impassable moats while they remain unfrozen, but which become smooth boulevards when covered by six inches of young ice. In February, when the temperature is seldom above — 30° and frequently goes down to — 50°, the same lanes would freeze over in a night, saving many a tedious delay.

Johansen making a sounding to determine deep-sea temperatures.

It was therefore heart-breaking to lose by the delays in outfitting, as it proved, the whole month of March, for, although we were ready to start on the 22nd, a gale which had just swept the country had broken up all the ice to eastward, and seven miles from land we were stopped by impassable open water. We had then an extraordinary spell of warm weather, about two months ahead of its time, when for a week or ten days the temperature seldom dropped to zero and occasionally went as high as 28° above. With regular March temperature of — 30°, the gale would have delayed us only two or three days.

Our Party at the Start

OUR party at the start consisted of four teams with about thirty dogs. Besides myself, there were Storker Storkersen, who was about twenty-eight years old; Ole Andreasen, who was about twenty-five; James Crawford and Bert McConnell, Americans, of about thirty-five and twenty-three; Aarnout Castel, Hollander, of about twenty-five; and George Wilkins, also about twenty-five.

On account of the open water and warm weather we had to remain in camp for several days about five miles from shore and within plain sight of our outfitting camp at Martin Point. In the water there were plenty of seals, and, as I knew the party on shore was short of dog-feed, we killed a number of these. One day I asked Wilkins and Castel to take one of the good sledges and a dog-team to carry some of the seals ashore. A kerosene-tin had sprung a leak, too, and I wanted them to replace it with a sound one. They started for shore about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and in the ordinary course should have been back inside of four hours.

The ice on which we were camped was very thick and had been land-fast all winter. The weather was calm, with the sun visible through a haze, and a light snowfall started just after the party left for the land. Although none of us was weather-wise enough to recognize the signs, this was the beginning of one of the worst blizzards I have ever seen. Two hours later, about the time we knew Wilkins's party was getting ashore, the wind was probably forty miles an hour from the southwest, and the snow was flying so thick that a man in dark clothing could not have been seen more than 200 yards away. It must have been blowing even harder than that ashore, for I learned, months afterward, that when the two men got near the house the wind repeatedly swept them off their feet, and that after they unhitched the dogs and put them in the dog-barn they had to crawl on their hands and knees against the gale to the house, a few yards away. By four o'clock I imagine the wind was eighty or ninety miles an hour, and one could no longer speak of how far a dark-clad man would have been visible. If you opened your eyes they promptly filled with snow, so that seeing was out of the question except by squinting between fingers almost touching each other as you held your hand over your eyes for a moment.

We were encamped on the outer edge of the land-fast ice and the huge floes of moving ice to seaward ground past 100 or 200 yards away from us, heaping the edge of our floe up into huge ridges. Ordinarily the breaking of the ice would have sounded like a cannonade, but in this case the flapping of our tent and the howling of the wind drowned all other noises. We knew what was happening, and had our knowledge con-

The third camp on the ice—March 27, 1914

firmed the next day by seeing the pressure ridges which had formed near by; but at the time we kept to our tents, for it was not necessary to do anything unless the ice we were camped on started breaking up underneath the tent.. This did not happen, although by the next day we had only thirty or forty yards left of the 100 or 200 yards of the outer edge of our floe which separated us from the open water beyond.

Adrift on an Island of Ice!

BECAUSE our ice had been land-fast all winter, I did not really fear the thing that, unknown to us, was actually taking place in the gale. This floe had withstood so many gales I thought it would stand another. But when the weather cleared the next day and I started landward along the sled-trail in the hope of meeting Wilkins and Castel, I came, after half a mile's walk, to open water. In other words, the wind had pulled a square mile or so of ice, upon which we happened to be camped, away from the edge of the land-floe and had carried us at first we knew not where. A few hours later, when the air had completely cleared, the 6,000-foot-high Endicott Mountains to the south became visible and I recognized abreast of us one of their foot-hills, called by the natives Kamarkak. This hill was now south, although it should have been forty miles to the east. Our little island of ice had not been stationary, as it seemed to us during the gale, but had really been drifting east, altogether forty miles. Instead of being north of Alaska, we were now north of Canadian territory and only about twenty-five miles from Herschel Island. As the coast-line here runs southeast, we had drifted not only forty miles east, but fifteen or twenty miles south, for it is the nature of the ice in these waters that when the wind blows from the south-west the ice drifts at about right-angles to the wind, in a south-easterly direction. This peculiar action of the ice is one of the many reasons that have been adduced for the possible existence of land in the unknown ocean to the north.

It was unfortunate to have drifted eastward, for we wanted to travel straight north, but it was even worse to have drifted south as well. Yet neither of these things was of any consequence as compared with the irreparable loss of two of our best men, one of our two good sledges, and one of our best teams of dogs, as well as of the kerosene which we had intended to use for fuel in our blue-flame portable stove, a kit of tools that we needed badly for possible repairs to broken sledges, some ammunition, a camera, some scientific instruments, and various other things that had been in bags or boxes permanently attached to the sledge. We had naturally not removed them for what we thought only a four-hour trip to take half a dozen seals ashore. We now had left only one good sledge and two poor ones, and so had to throw away a considerable amount both of food and spare clothing before proceeding north.

A Start Across the Ice

ON the 1st of April we at length had a moderate frost and were able to travel. Ten days later our party of six had made fifty miles from shore through the worst going of the whole trip. It is always so at the start. Two principles of ice travel that explain this may be laid down here. The first is that the farther south the ice the thinner it is and the more fragile and easily broken up by winds and currents, giving you more hindrance in the form of frequent patches, either of open water or of ice too young and thin for safe crossing. The farther north you go the thicker the ice, the less mobile, the less easily fractured, and consequently the more level, so that you find your road continually improving and your speed increasing, until, north of 80° north latitude, ice travel becomes comparatively simple and not so very different from land travel.

A halt near open water.

The second principle is that, no matter what your latitude, the ice is always rougher and more broken up near land than at a great distance from land, because when the wind pushes the ice against the immovable obstruction of the shoreline, the ice buckles and piles into ridges against the land, and breaks and heaps up at all points of special weakness from the land outward. The give evidently becomes greater and the strain on the ice less as you go farther and farther from shore, until seventy-five miles from land fracturing of the ice and huge pressure ridges become rare.

Road-making under difficult conditions.

Our one good sledge took no harm from anything that happened to it while carrying its thousand-pound load the first fifty miles, but the other two were so badly used up that it took half our traveling time to repair the breaks they suffered when they upset and turned somersaults in crossing pressure ridges. It was time to send back our support party. I had taken it along partly to give Mr. Johansen, our marine biologist, some chance to investigate the sea in places which he could never have reached aboard his vessel, the *Alaska*, and partly because I wanted an "anchor to windward" in the form of the food carried by these two sledges in case seals and polar bears at sea did not prove as abundant as I expected. Up to the time the support party turned back, however, we had seen no diminution of animal life and had killed one polar bear and as many seals as we wanted. My mind was now fairly clear that as far as food was concerned we could continue our journey northward indefinitely, but it was equally clear that on account of our late start any considerable mileage was going to be difficult, for the sun was already shining eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and it could not be long until the leads ceased freezing, necessitating laborious methods of crossing bodies of water which now were easily traversed bodies of ice.

THE men of the support party who turned back were Crawford, McConnell, and Johansen. I sent back by them to Doctor Anderson, who was in command of the party ashore in my absence, instructions which looked forward to one of two eventualities.

First, it was possible that during the next fifty or one hundred miles of northward progress we might came to the conclusion that animal life, after all, is not abundant far from land, in which case we should try to return to Alaska, therefore certain instructions would cover only the period until that return.

The alternative was that if we did find animal life as abundant as we expected, and if the currents did not carry us to the westward, but were either negligible or easterly, we should proceed as far north as the rapid advance of the season allowed, and when summer threatened to stop sledge travel we would turn east and land on the north-east corner of Banks Island, or else on the southwest corner of Prince Patrick Island. My instructions provided that in case of our non-return Doctor Anderson should send the *North Star*, under command of Wilkins, north along the west coast of Banks Island. We should then meet her at Norway Island, which is an islet near the northwest corner of Banks Island, and proceed with her to Prince Patrick Island if we could. But if Wilkins did not find us at Norway Island, or any messages from us, he was to try to cross to Prince Patrick Island, where in that case he was to expect to find us. I mentioned in the instructions that should we land upon Banks Island we should spend the summer in hunting, in putting up dried meat for dog-feed the following winter, and preparing skins for clothing.

It is interesting now to remember that, although the men of the support party were familiar with the tenor of these instructions, and although during those last few days I occasionally spoke of my desire not to return to Alaska, these remarks were never taken seriously. One of the last things Mr. Johansen said to me was that he hoped to see us back ashore in a certain number of days. In their minds what we talked of doing was visionary. They never expected to see it translated into fact.

We Are Believed Lost

ALTHOUGH the reasoning upon which our journey was based is simple and sounds conclusive, it must be remembered that a part of the conclusiveness which it holds is due to the fact that it is known to have worked out in practice. Up to that time the weight of opinion was all against it. Those who have read works on Arctic exploration know that no adjectives are more common than "desolate," "barren," and "lifeless" when applied to the fields of polar ice, and that there is rarely any qualifying reference to possible life in the waters underneath. How strong this belief was is best seen by the fact that, when we did not come back to Alaska, no one assumed that it was because we were carrying out our announced plans and were traveling safely north and east, but every one imagined that our non-return signified that we could not return, and that we could not return because we were dead. It was known that we had had forty days' provisions when we sent back the support party and when that forty days became eighty days, an

Continued on page 87

There was the bark of a gun, a flash. The policeman's horse jerked his head spasmodically.

Bulldog Carney

The First of a New Series of Stories

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

I'VE thought it over many ways and I'm going to tell this story as it happened, for I believe the reader will feel he is getting a true picture of things as they were but will not be again. A little padding up of the love interest, a little spilling of blood, would, perhaps, make it stronger technically, but would it lessen his faith that the curious thing happened? It's beyond me to know—I write it as it was.

To begin at the beginning. Cameron was peeved. He was rather a diffident chap, never merging harmoniously into the Western atmosphere; what saved him from rude knocks was the fact that he was lean of speech. He stood on the board sidewalk in front of the Alberta hotel and spat dejectedly out into a trench of black mud that represented the main street. He hated the sight of squalid, ramshackle Edmonton, but still more did he dislike the turmoil that was within the hotel.

A lean-faced man, with small, piercing gray eyes, had ridden his buckskin cayuse into the bar and was buying. Nagel's furtrading outfit, topping off their spree in town before the long trip to Great Slave Lake, were enthusiastically, vociferously, naming their tipple. A freighter, Billy the Piper, was playing the *Arkansaw Traveller* on a tin whistle.

When the gray-eyed man on the buckskin pushed his way into the bar, the whistle had almost clattered to the floor from the piper's hand; then he had gasped, so low that no one heard him. "By cripes! Bulldog Carney!" There was apprehension trembling in his hushed voice. Well he had known that, if he clarioned the name, something would happen to Billy the Piper. A quick, furtive look darting over the faces of his companions had told him that no one else had recognized the horseman.

Outside, Cameron, irritated by the rasping tin whistle, groaned: "My God! a land of bums!" Three days he had waited to pick up a man to replace a member of his gang down at Fort Victor who had taken a sudden chill through intercepting a plug of cold lead.

DIAGONALLY across the lane of ooze two men waded, and clambered to the board sidewalk just beside Cameron to stamp the muck from their boots. One of the two, Cayuse Gray, spoke:

"This feller 'll pull his freight with you, boss, if terms is right; he's a hell of a worker."

Half turning, Cameron's Scotch eyes took keen cognizance of "the feller": a shudder twitched his shoulders. He had never seen a more wolfish face set atop a man's neck. It was a sinister face, not the thin, vulpine, sneak visage of a thief, but lowering; black sullen eyes peered boldly up from under shaggy brows that almost met a mop of black hair, the forehead was so low. It was a hungry face, as if its owner had a standing account against the world. But Cameron wanted a strong worker, and his business instinct found strength and endurance in that heavy-shouldered frame, and strong, wide-set legs.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jack Wolf," the man answered.

The questioner shivered; it was as if the speaker had named the thought that was in his mind.

Cayuse Gray tongued a chew of tobacco into his cheek, spat, and added: "Jack the Wolf, is what he gets most oftenest."

"From damn broncho-headed fools," Wolf retorted, angrily.

At that instant a straggling Salvation Army band tramped around the corner into Jasper Avenue, and, forming a circle, cut loose with brass and tambourine. As the wail from the instruments went up the men in the bar, led by Billy the Piper, swarmed out.

A half-breed roared out a profane parody on the Salvation hymn they were singing. The crude humor appealed to the men who had issued from the bar; they shouted in delight.

A girl who had started forward with her tambourine to collect stood aghast at the profanity, her blue eyes wide in horror.

The breed broke into a drunken laugh: "That's damn fine new songs for de Army bums, miss," he jeered.

THE buckskin cayuse, whose mouse-colored muzzle had been sticking through the door, now pushed to the sidewalk, and his rider, Bulldog Carney, stooping his lithe figure, took the right ear of the breed in lean, bony fingers with a grip that suggested he was squeezing a lemon. "You dirty swine!" he snarled; "you're insulting the two greatest things on earth—God and a woman. Apologize, you hound!"

Probably the breed would have capitulated readily, but his river-mates' ears were not in a death grip, and they were bellicose with bad liquor. There was an angry yell of defiance; events moved with alacrity. Profanity, the passionate profanity of anger, smote the air; a beer bottle hurtled through the open door, missed its mark—the man on the buckskin—but, end on, found a bull's-eye between the Wolf's shoulder blades, and that gentleman dived parabolically into the black mud of Jasper Avenue

A silence smote the Salvation Army band. Like the Arab, it folded its instruments and stole away.

A Mounted Policeman, attracted by the clamor, reined his horse to the sidewalk to quiet with a few words of admonition this bar-room row. He slipped from the saddle; but at the second step forward he checked as the thin face of the horseman turned and the steel gray eyes met his own. "Get down off that cayuse, Bulldog Carney—I want you!" he commanded in sharp, clicking tones.

Happenings followed this. There was the bark of a 6-gun, a flash; the Policeman's horse jerked his head spasmodically, a little jet of red spurted from his forehead, and he collapsed, his knees burrowing into the black mud; and, as the buckskin cleared the sidewalk in a leap, the half-breed, two steel-like fingers in his shirt band, was swung behind the rider.

With a spring like a panther the Policeman reached his fallen horse, but as he swung his gun from its holster he held it poised silent: to shoot was to kill the breed.

FIFTY yards down the street Carney dumped his burden into a deep puddle, and with a ringing cry of defiance sped away. Half-a-dozen guns were out and barking vainly after the escaping man.

Carney cut down the bush road that wound its sinuous way to the river flat, some two hundred feet below the town level. The ferry swinging from its steel hawser was snuggling the bank.

"Some luck," the rider of the buckskin chuckled. To the ferryman he said in a crisp voice, "Cut her out; I'm in a hurry!"

The ferryman grinned: "For one passenger, eh? Might you happen to be the Gov'nor-General, by any chanet?"

Carney's handy gun held its ominous eye on the boatman, and, its owner answered: "I happen to be a man

in a hell of a hurry; if you want to travel with me get busy."

The thin lips of the speaker had puckered till they resembled a slit in a dried orange. The small gray eyes were barely discernible between the closed lids; there was something devilishly compelling in that lean parchment face; it told of demoniac concentration in the brain behind.

The ferryman knew. With a pole he swung the stern of the flat barge down stream; the iron pulleys on the cable whined a screeching protest, the hawsers creaked, the swift current wedged against the tangented side of the ferry, and swiftly Bulldog Carney and his buckskin were shot across the muddy old Saskatchewan.

On the other side he handed the boatman a five dollar bill, and with a grim smile said: "Take a little stroll with me to the top of the hill; there's some drunken bums across there whose company I don't want."

At the top of the south bank Carney mounted his buckskin and melted away into the poplar-covered landscape; stepped out of the story for the time being.

Back at the Alberta the general assembly was rearranging itself. The Mounted Policemen, now set afoot by the death of his horse, had hurried down to the barracks to report; possibly to follow up Carney's trail with a new mount.

The half-breed had come back from the puddle a thing of black ooze and profanity.

Jack the Wolf, having dug the mud from his eyes and ears and neck band, was in the hotel making terms with Cameron for the summer's work at Fort Victor.

Billy the Piper was revealing intimate history of Bulldog Carney. From said narrative it appeared that Bulldog was as humorous a bandit as ever slit a throat. Billy had freighted whiskey for Carney when that gentleman was king of the booze runners.

"Why didn't you spill the beans, Billy?" Nagel queried. "There's a thousand on Carney's head all the time. We'd 've tied him horn and hoof and copped the dough."

"Dif'rent here," the Piper growled; "I've saw a man flick his gun and pot at Carney when Bulldog told him to throw up his hands, and all that cuss did was laugh and throw his own gun up coverin' the other broncho; but it was enough—his hands went up too quick. If I'd set the pack on him, havin' so to speak no just cause, well, Nagel, you'd been lookin' round for another freighter. He's the queerest cuss I ever stacked up agen. It kinder seems as if jokes is his religion; an' when he's out to play he's plumb hostile. Don't monkey none with his game, is my advice to you fellers."

Nagel stepped to the door, thrust his swarthy face through it, and, seeing that the Policeman had gone, came back to the bar and said: "Boys, the drinks is on me cause I see'd a man, a real man."

He poured whiskey into a glass and waited with it held high till the others had done likewise; then he said in a voice that vibrated with admiration:

"Here's to Bulldog Carney! Gad, I love a man! When that damn trooper calls him, what does he do? You or me would 've quit cold or plugged Mister Khaki-jacket—we'd had to. Not so Bulldog. He thinks with his nut, and both hands, and both feet: I don't need to tell you boys what happened; you see it, and it were done pretty. Here's to Bulldog Carney!" Nagel held his hand out to the Piper: "Shake, Billy. If you'd give that cuss away I'd 've kicked you into kingdom come, knowin' him as I do now."

THE population of Fort Victor, drawing the color line, was four people: the Hudson's Bay Factor, a missionary minister and his wife, and a school teacher, Lucy Black. Half-breeds and Indians came and went, constituting a floating population; Cameron and his men were temporary citizens.

Lucy Black was slender of construction, several years past her girlhood, and not an animated girl. She was a professional religionist. If there were mental voids in her life they were filled with this dominating passion of moral reclamation; if she worked without enthusiasm she made up for it in insistent persistence. It was as if a diluted strain of the old Inquisition had percolated down through the blood of centuries and found a subdued existence in this pale-haired, blue-eyed woman.

When Cameron brought Jack the Wolf to Fort Victor it was somewhat as if the Augean stables had been dumped on Theseus's front lawn with a command for that gentleman to clean them up at once.

On the seventy mile ride in the Red River buckboard from Edmonton to Fort Victor the morose wolf had punctuated every remark with virile oaths, their original angularity suggesting that his meditative moments were spent in coining appropriate axioms for his perfervid view of life. Twice Cameron's blood had surged hot as the Wolf, at some trifling perversity of the horses, had struck viciously.

Perhaps it was the very soullessness of the Wolf that roused the religious fanaticism of the little school teacher; or perhaps it was that strange contrariness in nature that causes the widely divergent to lean each-other-ward. At any rate a miracle grew in Fort Victor. Jack the Wolf and the little teacher strolled together in the evenings as the great sun swept down over the rolling prairie to the west; and sometimes the full-faced moon, topping the poplar bluffs to the east, found Jack slouching at Lucy's feet while she, sitting on a camp stool, read the Bible to him.

At first Cameron rubbed his eyes as if his Scotch vision had somehow gone agley; but gradually, whatever incongruity had manifested at first, died away.

As a worker Wolf was wonderful; his thirst for toil was like his thirst for moral betterment—insatiable. The missionary in a chat with Cameron explained it very succinctly: Wolf, like many other Westerners, had never had a chance to know the difference between right and wrong; but the One who missed not the sparrows' fall had led him to the port of salvation, Fort Victor—Glory to God! The poor fellow's very wickedness was but the result of neglect. Lucy was the worker in the Lord's vineyard who had been chosen to lead this man into a better life.

It did seem very simple, very all right. Tough characters were always being saved all over the world—regenerated, metamorphosed, and who was Jack the Wolf that he should be excluded from salvation?

AT any rate Cameron's survey gang, vitalized by the abnormal energy of Wolf, became a high-powered machine.

The half-breeds, when encouraged by bad liquor, shed their religion and became barbaric, vulgarly vicious. The missionary had always waited until this condition had passed, then remonstrance and a gift of bacon with, perhaps, a bag of flour, had brought repentance. This method Jack the Wolf declared was all wrong; the breeds were like train dogs, he affirmed, and should be taught respect for God's agents in a proper muscular manner. So the first time three French half-breeds, enthusiastically drunk, invaded the little log school-house and declared school was out, sending the teacher home with tears of shame in her blue eyes, Jack re-established the dignity of the church by generously walloping the three backsliders.

It is wonderful how the solitude of waste places will blossom the most ordinary woman into a flower of delight to the masculine eye; and the lean school teacher had held as admirers all of Cameron's gang, and one Sergeant Heath of the Mounted Police, whom she had known in the Klondyke, and who had lately come to Edmonton. With her negative nature she had appreciated them pretty much equally; but when the business of salvaging Jack the Wolf came to hand the others were practically ignored.

FOR two months Fort Victor was thus; the Wolf always the willing worker and well on the way, seemingly, to redemption.

Cameron's foreman, Bill Slade, a much-whiskered, wise old man was the only one of little faith. Once he said to Cameron:

"I don't like it none too much; it takes no end of worry to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; Jack has blossomed too quick; he's a booze fighter, and that kind always laps up mental stimulants to keep the blue devils away."

"You're doing the lad an injustice, I think," Cameron said. "I was prejudiced myself at first."

Slade pulled a heavy hand three times down his big beard, spat a shaft of tobacco juice, took his hat off, straightened out a couple of dents in it, and put it back on his head.

"You best stick to that prejudice feeling, Boss—first guesses about a feller most gener'ly pans out pretty fair. And I'd keep an eye kinder skinned if you have any fuss with Jack; I see him look at you onct or twice when you corrected his way of doin' things."

Cameron laughed.

" 'Tain't no laughin' matter, Boss. When a feller 's been used to cussin' like hell he can't keep healthy bottlin' it up. And all that dirtiness that's in the Wolf 'll bust out some day same 's you touched a match to a tin of powder; he'll throw back."

"There's nobody to worry about except the little school teacher," Cameron said meditatively.

This time it was Slade who chuckled. "The school mam's as safe as houses. She aint got a pint of red blood in 'em blue veins of hers—'tain't nothin' but vinegar. Jack's just tryin' to sober up on her religion, that's all; it kind of makes him forget horse stealin', an' such, while he makes a stake workin' here."

Then one morning Jack had passed into perihelion. Cameron took his double-barreled shot gun, meaning to pick up some prairie chicken while he was out looking over his men's work. As he passed the shack where his men bunked he noticed the door open. This was careless for train dogs were always prowling about for just such a chance for loot. He stepped through the door and took a peep into the other room. There sat the Wolf at a pine table playing solitaire.

"What's the matter?" the Scotchman asked.

"I've quit," the Wolf answered surlily.

"Quit?" Cameron queried. "The gang can't carry on without a chain man."

"I don't care a damn. It don't make no dif'rence to me. I'm sick of that tough bunch—swearin' and cussin', and tellin' smutty stories all day; a man can't keep decent in that outfit."

"Ma God!" Startled by this, Cameron harked back to his most expressive Scotch.

"You needn't swear 'bout it, Boss, you yourself ain't never give me no square deal, you've treated me like a breed."

This palpable lie fired Cameron's Scotch blood; also the malignant look that Slade had seen was now in the wolfish eyes. It was a murder look, enhanced by the hypocritical attitude Jack had taken.

"You're a scoundrel!" Cameron blurted; "I wouldn't keep you on the work. The sooner Fort Victor is shut of you the better for all hands, especially the womenfolk. You're a scoundrel."

JACK sprang to his feet, his hand went back to a hip-pocket, but his blazing wolfish eyes were looking into the muzzle of the double-barrel gun that Cameron had swung straight from his hip, both fingers on the triggers.

"Put your hands flat on the table, you blackguard," Cameron commanded. "If I weren't a married man I'd blow the top of your head off; you're no good on earth, you'd be better dead, but my wife would worry because I did the deed."

The Wolf's empty hand had come forward and was placed, palm downward on the table.

"Now, you hound, you're just a bluffer. I'll show you what I think of you. I'm going to turn my back, walk out, and send a breed up to Fort Saskatchewan for a policeman to gather you in."

Cameron dropped the muzzle of his gun, turned on his heel and started out.

"Come back and settle with me," the Wolf demanded.

"I'll settle with you in jail, you blackguard!" Cameron threw over his shoulder, stalking on.

Plodding along, not without nervous twitchings of apprehension, the Scotchman heard behind him the voice of the Wolf saying: "Don't do that, Mr. Cameron; I flew off the handle and so did you, but I didn't mean nothin'."

Cameron, ignoring the Wolf's plea, went along to his shack and wrote a note, the ugly visage of the Wolf hovering at the open door. He was humbled, beaten. Gun-play in Montana, where the Wolf had left a bad record, was one thing, but with a cordon of Mounted Police between him and the border it was a different matter; also he was wanted for a more serious crime than a threat to shoot, and once in the toils this might crop up. So he pleaded. But Cameron was obdurate; the Wolf had no right to stick up his work and quit at a moment's notice.

Then Jack had an inspiration. He brought Lucy Black. Like woman of all time her faith having been given she stood pat, a flush rouging her bleached cheeks as, earnest in her mission, she pleaded for the "wayward boy," as she euphemistically designated this coyote. Cameron was to let him go to lead the better life: thrown into the pen of the police barracks, among bad characters, he would become contaminated. The police had always persecuted her Jack.

Cameron mentally exclaimed again, "Ma God!" as he saw tears in the neutral blue-tinted eyes. Indeed it was time that the Wolf sought a new runway. He had a curious Scotch reverence for women, and was almost reconciled to the loss of a man over the breaking up of this situation.

JACK was paid the wages due; but at his request for a horse to take him back to Edmonton the Scotchman laughed. "I'm not making presents of horses today," he said; "and I'll take good care that nobody else here is shy a horse when you go, Jack. You'll take the hoof express—it's good enough for you."

So the Wolf tramped out of Fort Victor with a pack slung over his shoulder, and the next day Sergeant Heath swung into town looking very debonaire in his khaki, sitting atop the bright blood-bay police horse.

He hunted up Cameron, saying: "You've a man here that I want—Jack Wolf. They've found his prospect-

ing partner dead up on the Smoky River, with a bullet hole in the back of his head. We want Jack at Edmonton to explain."

"He's gone."

"Gone—when?"

"Yesterday."

The Sergeant stared hopelessly at the Scotchman.

A light dawned upon the Scotchman. "Did you, by any chance, send word that you were coming?" he asked.

"I'll be back, mister." And Heath darted from the shack, swung to his saddle, and galloped toward the little log school-house.

Cameron waited. In half-an-hour the Sergeant was back, a troubled look in his face.

"I'll tell you," he said dejectedly; "women are hell; they ought to be interned when there's business on."

"The little school teacher?"

"The little fool!"

"You trusted her and wrote you were coming, eh?"

"I did."

"Then, my friend, I'm afraid you were the foolish one."

"How was I to know that rustler had been 'making bad medicine'—had put the evil eye on Lucy. Gad, man, she's plumb locoed; she stuck up for him; spun me the most glimmering tale—she's got a dime novel skinned four-ways of the pack. According to her the police stood in with Bulldog Carney on the train hold-up, and made this poor innocent lamb the goat. They persecuted him, and he's had to flee. Now he's given his heart to God, and has gone away to buy a ranch and send for Lucy, where the two of them are to live happy ever after."

"Ma God!" the Scotchman cried with vehemence.

"That bean-headed affair in calico gave him five hundred she's pinched up against her chest for years."

Cameron gasped and stared blankly; even his reverent exclamatory stand-by seemed inadequate.

"What time yesterday did the Wolf pull out?" the Sergeant asked.

"About three o'clock."

"Afoot?"

"Yes."

"He'll rustle a cayuse the first chance he gets, but if he stays afoot he'll hit Edmonton to-night, seventy miles."

"To catch the morning train for Calgary," Cameron suggested.

"You don't know the Wolf, Boss; he's got his namesake of the forest skinned to death when it comes to covering up his trail—no train for him now that he knows I'm on his track; he'll just touch civilization for grub till he makes the border for Montana. I've got to get him. If you'll stake me to a fill-up of bacon, and a chew of oats for the horse, I'll eat and pull out."

In an hour Sergeant Heath shook hands with Cameron, saying: "If you'll just not say a word about how that cuss got the message I'll be much obliged. It would break me if it dribbled to headquarters."

Then he rode down the ribbon of roadway that wound to the river bed, forded the old Saskatchewan, that was at its summer depth, mounted the south bank and disappeared.

WHEN Jack the Wolf left Fort Victor he headed straight for a little log shack where Descoign, a French half-breed, lived. The family was away berry picking, so Jack twisted a rope into an Indian bridle and borrowed a cayuse from the log corral. The cayuse was some devil, and that evening, thirty miles south, he chewed loose the rope hobble on his two front feet, and left the Wolf afoot.

Luck set in against Jack just there, for he found no more borrowable horses till he came to where the trail forked ten miles short of Fort Saskatchewan. To the right, running south, lay the well-beaten trail that passed through Fort Saskatchewan to cross the river and on to Edmonton. The trail that switched to the left, running south-east, was the old, now rarely-used, one that stretched away hundreds of miles to Winnipeg.

The Wolf was a veritable Indian in his slow cunning; a gambler where money was the stake, but where his freedom, perhaps his life, was involved he could wait, and wait, and play the game more than safe. The Winnipeg trail would be deserted—Jack knew that; a man could travel it the round of the clock and meet nobody, most like. Seventy miles beyond he could leave it and heading due west strike the Calgary railroad, and board a train at some small station; no notice would be taken of him, for trappers, prospectors, men from distant ranches, morose, untalkative men, were always drifting toward the rails, coming up out of the silent solitudes of the wastes, unquestioned and unquestioning.

The Wolf knew that he would be followed; he knew that Sergeant Heath would pull out on his trail and follow relentlessly, seeking the glory of capturing his man single handed. That was the *esprit de corps* of these riders of the prairies, and Heath was, *par excellence*, large in conceit.

A sinister sneer lifted the upper lip of the trailing man until his strong teeth glistened like veritable wolf fangs. He had full confidence in his ability to outguess Sergeant Heath or any other Mounted Policeman.

He had stopped at the fork of the roads long enough to light his pipe, looking down the Fort Saskatchewan-Edmonton trail thinking. He knew the old Winnipeg trail ran approximately ten or twelve miles east of the railroad south for a hundred miles or more; where it crossed a trail running into Red Reer, half way between Edmonton and Calgary, it was about ten miles east of that town.

He swung his blanket pack to his back and stepped blithely along the Edmonton chocolate-colored highway, muttering: "You red-coated snobs, you're waiting for Jack. A nice baited trap. And behind, herding me in, my brave Sergeant. Well, I'm coming."

WHERE there was a matrix of black mud he took care to leave a footprint; where there was dust he walked in it, in one or the other of the ever-persisting two furrow-like paths that had been worn through the strong prairie turf by the hammering hoofs of two horses abreast, and grinding wheels of wagon and buckboard. For two miles he followed the trail till he sighted a shack with a man chopping in the front yard. Here the Wolf went in and begged some matches, and a drink of milk; incidentally he asked how far it was to Edmonton. Then he went back to the trail—still toward Edmonton. The Wolf had plenty of matches, and he didn't need the milk, but the man would tell Sergeant Heath when he came along of the one he had seen heading for Edmonton.

For a quarter of a mile Jack walked on the turf beside the road, twice putting down a foot in the dust to make a print; then he walked on the road for a short distance and again took to the turf. He saw a rig coming from behind, and popped into a cover of poplar bushes until it had passed; then he went back to the road and left prints of his feet in the black soft dust; these would indicate that he had climbed into a wagon here from behind. This accomplished he turned east across the prairie, reaching the old Winnipeg trail a mile away; then he turned south. At noon he came to a little lake and ate his bacon raw, not risking the smoke of a fire; then on in that tireless Indian plod—toes in, and head hung forward, that is so easy on the working joints—hour after hour; it was not a walk, it was more like the dog-trot of a cayuse, easy springing short steps, always on the balls of his wide strong feet.

At five he ate again, then on. He travelled till midnight, the shadowy gloom having blurred his path at ten o'clock. Then he slept in a thick clump of Saskatoon bushes.

At three it was daylight, and, screened as he was, and thirsting for his drink of hot tea, he built a small fire and brewed the inspiring beverage. On forked sticks he broiled some bacon; then on again.

ALL day he travelled. In the afternoon elation began to creep into his veins; he was well past Edmonton now. At night he would take the dipper on his right hand and cut across the prairie straight west; by morning he would reach steel; the train leaving Edmonton would come along about ten, and he would be in Calgary that night. Then he could go east, or west, or south to the Montana border by rail. Heath would go on to Edmonton; the police would spend two or three days searching all the shacks and Indian and half-breed camps, and they would watch the daily out-going train.

There was one chance that they might wire Calgary to look out for him; but there was no course open without some risk of capture; he was up against that possibility. It was a gamble, and he was playing his hand the best he knew how. Even approaching Calgary he would swing from the train on some grade, and work his way into town at night to a shack where Montana Dick lived. Dick would know what was doing.

Toward evening the trail gradually swung to the east, skirting muskeg country. At first the Wolf took little notice of the angle of detour; he was

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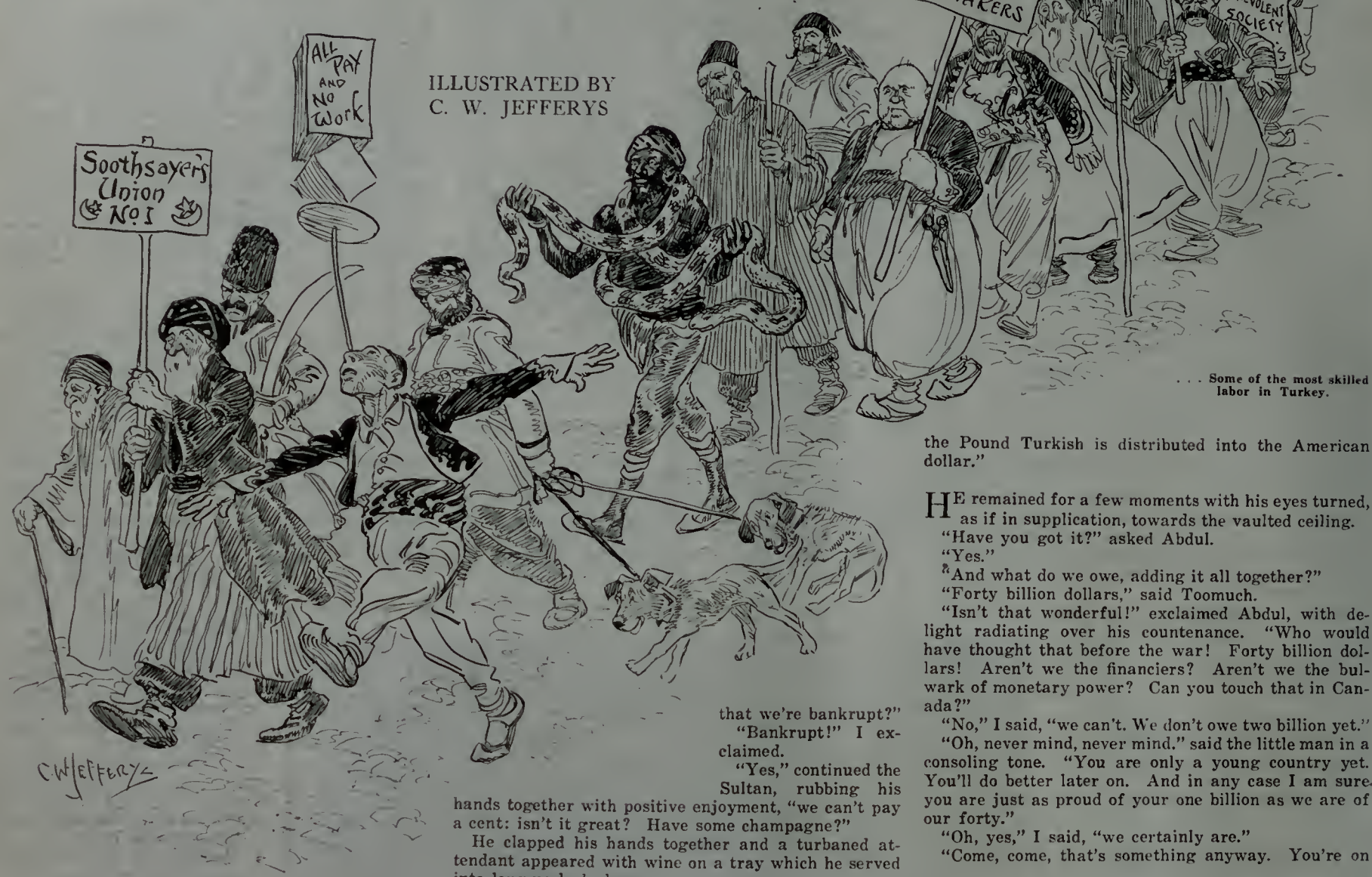
With the picket line around his waist, Jack trudged ahead of the buckskin.

RECONSTRUCTION *in* TURKEY

By Stephen Leacock

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. W. JEFFERYS



. . . Some of the most skilled labor in Turkey.

IN a recent issue of this magazine I described my visit to Berlin as it is under the Bolsheviks. On the very day following the events there related, I was surprised and delighted to receive a telegram which read "Come on to Constantinople and write us up too." From the signature I saw that the message was from my old friend, Abdul Aziz the Sultan.

I had visited him—as of course my readers will instantly recollect—during the height of the war, and the circumstances of my departure had been such that I should have scarcely ventured to repeat my visit without this express invitation. But on receipt of it, I set out at once by rail for Constantinople.

I was delighted to find that under the new order of things in going from Berlin to Constantinople it was no longer necessary to travel through the barbarous and brutal populations of Germany, Austria and Hungary. The way now runs, though I believe the actual railroad is the same, through the Thuringian Republic, Czecho-Slovakia and Magyaria. It was a source of deep satisfaction to see the scowling and hostile countenances of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians replaced by the cheerful and honest faces of the Thuringians, the Czecho-Slovaks and the Magyarians. Moreover I was assured on all sides that if these faces are not perfectly satisfactory, they will be altered in any way required.

IT was very pleasant, too, to find myself once again in the flagstoned halls of the Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace. My little friend, Abdul Aziz, rose at once from his cushioned divan under a lemon tree and came shuffling in his big slippers to meet me, a smile of welcome on his face. He seemed, to my surprise, radiant with happiness. The disasters attributed by the Allied press to his unhappy country appeared to sit lightly on the little man.

"How is everything going in Turkey?" I asked as we sat down side by side on the cushions.

"Splendid," said Abdul. "I suppose you've heard that we're bankrupt?"

"Bankrupt!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," continued the Sultan, rubbing his hands together with positive enjoyment, "we can't pay a cent: isn't it great? Have some champagne?"

He clapped his hands together and a turbaned attendant appeared with wine on a tray which he served into long-necked glasses.

"I'd rather have tea," I said.

"No, no, don't take tea," he protested. "We've practically cut out afternoon tea here. It's part of our Turkish thrift movement. We're taking champagne instead. Tell me, have you a Thrift Movement like that where you come from—Canada, I think it is, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "we have one just like that."

"This war finance is glorious stuff, isn't it?" continued the Sultan. "How much do you think we owe?"

"I haven't an idea," I said.

"Wait a minute," said Abdul.

HE touched a bell and at the sound of it there came shuffling into the room my venerable old acquaintance, Toomuch Koffi, the Royal Secretary. But to my surprise he no longer wore his patriarchal beard, his flowing robe and his girdle. He was clean shaven and close cropped and dressed in a short jacket like an American bell boy.

"You remember Toomuch, I think," said Abdul. "I've reconstructed him a little, as you see."

"The Peace of Allah be upon thine head," said Toomuch Koffi to the Sultan, commencing a deep salaam; "what wish sits behind thy forehead that thou shouldst ring the bell for this humble creature of clay to come into the sunlight of thy presence? Tell me, Oh Lord, if perchance—"

"Here, here," interrupted the Sultan impatiently, "cut all that stuff out, please. That ancient courtesy business won't do, not if this country is to reconstruct itself and come abreast of the great modern democracies. Say to me simply 'What's the trouble'?"

Toomuch bowed, and Abdul continued. "Look in your tablets and see how much our public debt amounts to in American dollars."

The Secretary drew forth his tablets, and bowed his head a moment in some perplexity over the figures that were scribbled on them. "Multiplication," I heard him murmur, "is an act of the grace of heaven; let me invoke a blessing on five, the perfect number, whereby the Pound Turkish is distributed into the American dollar."

HE remained for a few moments with his eyes turned, as if in supplication, towards the vaulted ceiling.

"Have you got it?" asked Abdul.

"Yes."

"And what do we owe, adding it all together?"

"Forty billion dollars," said Toomuch.

"Isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Abdul, with delight radiating over his countenance. "Who would have thought that before the war! Forty billion dollars! Aren't we the financiers? Aren't we the bulwark of monetary power? Can you touch that in Canada?"

"No," I said, "we can't. We don't owe two billion yet."

"Oh, never mind, never mind." said the little man in a consoling tone. "You are only a young country yet. You'll do better later on. And in any case I am sure you are just as proud of your one billion as we are of our forty."

"Oh, yes," I said, "we certainly are."

"Come, come, that's something anyway. You're on

"I've reconstructed him a little, you see."

the right track, and you must not be discouraged if you're not up to the Turkish standard yet. You must remember, as I told you before, that Turkey leads the world in all ideas of government and finance. Take the present situation. Here we are, bankrupt—pass me the champagne, Toomuch, and sit down with us—the very first nation of the lot. It's a great feather in the cap of our financiers. It gives us a splendid start for the new era of reconstruction that we are beginning on. As you perhaps have hard we are all hugely busy about it. You notice my books and papers, do you not?" the Sultan added very proudly, waving his hand towards a great pile of blue books, pamphlets and documents that were heaped upon the floor beside him.

"Why! I never knew before that you ever read anything!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Never did. But everything's changed now, isn't it, Toomuch? I sit and work here for hours every morning. It's become a delight to me. After all," said Abdul, lighting a big cigar and sticking up his feet on his pile of papers with an air of the deepest comfort, "what is there like work? So stimulating, so satisfying. I sit here working away, just like this, most of the day. There's nothing like it."

"What are you working at?" I asked.

"Reconstruction," said the little man, puffing a big cloud from his cigar, "reconstruction."

"What kind of reconstruction?"

"ALL kinds—financial, industrial, political, social. It's great stuff. By the way," he continued with great animation, "would you like to be my Minister of Labor? No? Well, I'm sorry. I half hoped you would. We're having no luck with them. The last one was thrown into the Bosphorus on Monday. Here's the report on it—no, that's the one on the shooting of the Minister of Religion—ah! here it is—Report on the Drowning of the Minister of Labor. Let me read you a bit of this: I call this one of the best reports, of its kind, that has come in."

"No, no," I said, "don't bother to read it. Just tell me who did it and why."

"Workingmen," said the Sultan, very cheerfully, "a delegation. They withheld their reasons."

"So you are having labor troubles here too?" I asked.

"Labor troubles!" exclaimed the little Sultan, rolling up his eyes. "I should say so. The whole of Turkey is bubbling with labor unrest like the rosewater in a narghile. Look at your tablets, Toomuch, and tell me what new strikes there have been this morning."

The aged Secretary fumbled with his notes and began to murmur—"Truly will I try, with the aid of Allah—"

"We can't pay a cent. Isn't it great?"

"Now, now," said Abdul warningly, "that won't do. Say simply 'Sure.' Now tell me."

The Secretary looked at a little list and read: "The strikes of to-day comprise—the wigmakers, the dog fanciers, the conjurers, the snake charmers, and the soothsayers."

"You hear that," said Abdul proudly. "That represents some of the most skilled labor in Turkey."

"I suppose it does," I said, "but tell me, Abdul—what about the really necessary trades, the coal miners, the steel workers, the textile operatives, the farmers, and the railway people. Are they working?"

The little Sultan threw himself back on his cushions in a paroxysm of laughter, in which even his ancient Secretary was feign to join.

"My dear sir, my dear sir!" he laughed. "Don't make me die of laughter. Working! Those people working! Surely you don't think we are so behindhand in Turkey as all that! All those workers stopped absolutely months ago. It is doubtful if they'll ever work again. There's a strong movement in Turkey to abolish all necessary work altogether."

"But who then," I asked, "is working?"

"Look on the tablets, Toomuch, and see."

The aged Secretary bowed, and turned over the leaves of his "tablets," which I now perceived, on a closer view, to be merely an American ten cent memorandum book. Then he read:

"The following, oh All Highest, still work—the beggars, the poets, the missionaries, the Salvation Army, and the instructors of the Youths of Light in the American Presbyterian College."

"But, dear me, Abdul," I exclaimed, "Surely this situation is desperate? What can your nation subsist on in such a situation?"

"Pooh, pooh," said the Sultan. "The interest on our debt alone is two billion a year. Everybody in Turkey, great or small, holds bonds to some extent. At the worst they can all live fairly well on the interest. This is finance, is it not, Toomuch Koffi?"

"The very best and latest," said the aged man with a profound salaam.

"BUT what steps are you taking," I asked, "to remedy your labor troubles?"

"We are appointing commissions," said Abdul. "We appoint one for each new labor problem. How many yesterday, Toomuch?"

"Forty-three," answered the secretary.

"That's below our average, is it not?" said Abdul a little anxiously. "Try to keep it up to fifty if you can. We must not fall behind you in Canada."

"And these commissions, what do they do?"

"They make Reports," said Abdul, beginning to yawn as if the continued brain exercise of conversation were fatiguing his intellect, "excellent reports. We have had some that are said to be perfect models of the very best Turkish."

"And what do they recommend?"

"I don't know," said the Sultan. "We don't read them for that. We like to read them simply as Turkish."

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Imperial Relations Must Be Worked Out

By VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M.

VISCOUNT JAMES BRYCE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The fact that Viscount Bryce was a member of the British Government, and held important Cabinet posts, subsequently acting as British Ambassador to the United States from 1907 to 1913, makes this statement, which was prepared for* MACLEAN'S, *an important one. His success at Washington marks a fitness to speak on questions of national relationships.*

IT seems to me that the position of Canada and the other great Dominions will be worked out more clearly in practice than can now be laid down by any theory. The British Empire, or British Union of Commonwealths, whichever we call it, has been worked out in practice, like so many institutions of our race, and if it had been attempted to prescribe future development by means of formulas, we should not have had the results which have been so happily attained hitherto. The value of an Imperial Council seems to reside in the fact that it would not interfere in any way with Canadian self-government, but would provide ample opportunities for an exchange of views between the Government of the mother country and its public opinion, and the Government and public opinion of the Dominions, so that each would understand one another more perfectly than they now do, and that it should be made more certain that their joint action should represent the common will and purpose of both. We in Britain ought to know all that the Dominions feel about questions of foreign policy, and the representatives of the Dominions ought to have the fullest opportunity for expressing their views. Similarly, the British members would communicate our ideas to the Governments of the Dominions and their peoples, so that the action to be ultimately taken should, so far as possible, represent that which is common to both.

IT would be a mistake to have a body appointed at the present stage with any legislative powers, and, therefore, those who would create a Federal Legislature for the Empire, similar to the legislative authorities of the Federal Governments of the Dominion, would be going much too far. Each Dominion should develop its internal policy on its own lines. If a League of Nations is created, as we hope, the precedent set in Paris by the presence and voice of the representatives of the Dominions, would have a value as indicating the influence which the Dominions ought to have in settling matters of world concern.

Man *and* Wife

A Story of Canadian Life

By C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

CHAPTER I

MARY Campbell, returning from a walk, was rather puzzled to see an unusually large crowd collected near the front of the church. She would have passed on, however, had not the sound of her father's name, falling from the lips of a man standing on a platform, about which the people clustered, caused her to pause. She knew instinctively what it was that the loud-voiced official was about to announce, and a sense almost of shame prompted her to hurry on. But something else was stronger, the pride that showed in the courageous lift of her head, kept her from obeying the impulse.

It was thus that Hugh Lyttleton saw her. Seated in his car by the curb, he could see her face in profile. It was a face of unusual charm and distinction. The features, as he saw them in outline, were finely formed, with sufficient irregularity to give to her uniqueness, individuality. The nose was delicately shaped, the lips charmingly curved, neither too full nor too severe, the chin daintily firm and rounded. In the rather pale cheek was the faintest touch of wild-rose pink, due to the emotion of the moment. Her lips were firmly closed, as if expressive of courageous resolve under the scrutiny of many eyes. Her hair was of unusual ashy-gold tint that harmonized exquisitely with the rest of the girl's rare delightsomeness. There were pretty women in the waiting crowd—for the French-Canadian woman, three centuries from France, has not lost the Frenchwoman's trick of smart coquettishness in dress—but this was a woman apart.

Lyttleton's eyes revealed his frank admiration. Perhaps he was moved more, at the moment, by her proud courage than by her beauty of face and form. He was an unusual man, a full inch over six feet, wide-shouldered, with determined, aggressive, good-looking face, his brown hair and moustache close cropped, his eyes steel-blue. He looked what he was, a successful man, of real power, fully conscious of his own abilities and accomplishments. At twenty-three he had been a pitman in the local mines, to-day he was a millionaire owner and in his thirty-fifth year. He had started with less than nothing—a thousand dollar debt, as a matter of fact, and he had made his wealth by clear vision, hard fighting and a certain indomitable will. Men said he was lucky. It was true. When opportunity had come tapping at the doors of himself and his fellows, with that soft tap of hers, at her inconvenient hours, they slumbered and slept; he was at the latch in a jump, lamp trimmed, filled, burning, in his hand, and out into the dark road to meet the bridegroom of his burning desire. That was his luck.

He was a man of flawless courage, and he could see and admire it in a kindred spirit, friend or enemy. There had been many to oppose him, none more virulently than the father of this girl. Lyttleton had sworn, ten years before, in the heat of youth's resentment at injustice, that he would break Campbell before he had finished with him. It had seemed boyish rage and swagger at the time. Campbell was rich, strongly entrenched, and the youngster struggling to keep his feet; but the youngster had kept faith with himself, his word, and Campbell. This scene, outside the church doors, was the final act of the play.

ON the platform a bailiff droned away in French the verbiage of his long document. It set forth that, by virtue of a judgment obtained against Robert Campbell in some suit at law, seizure had been made of his mine, mill, lands, house, goods and chattels, and that on a day, then and there specified, the properties would be sold by public auction.

Of the thousand people who stood before the church listening, none but sympathized with the girl, Mary Campbell, except perhaps Lyttleton, and his mind was too full of admiration. Pity made little appeal to him. It was usually an inexpensive sentiment that people indulged in to save their pockets. On the other hand, while people imagined that he was enjoying a dramatic triumph, he had no thought of it. He had happened to drive along when the bailiff began to read. Lyttleton's hatred had died out long ago, though his resolve had lived. He was too big a man to waste time and thought gloating over a man who was down and out, and therefore no fit antagonist of his strength or subject of his thought.

The reading at last done, the folk moved off, talking with many nods and wise shakes of the head of the collapse of the "aristocrat." Mary had vanished with the rest, responding smilingly to the respectful greetings of a warm-hearted, kindly people.

"Ah! but it is sad! It is indeed sad!" The diminutive, but very obviously important notary Chaput stopped at the door of Lyttleton's car, his most funereal air upon him. "But so it goes, from the silken shoe to the sabot. Yesterday—the day before—and still before that—the Campbells were everything. To-day—*Pouf!* Where are they?"

"Where they ought to be. Where you and I would be if we couldn't pay our bills. When they made you a notary, Chaput, they spoiled a first-class undertaker," grinned Lyttleton. "Jump in and I'll deliver you into Madame's care."

"But still it is sad," insisted the little man, snuggling into the cushions of the car. "Fine gentlemen—for the fishing and the hunting and the grand entertainment—but no business blood in them."

"Well, they'll have plenty time for the fishing, hunting, and the grand entertainment," mimicked Lyttleton.

"But it is one grand triumph for you, Monsieur Lyttleton. If I could offer my congratulations I would do so, but it is too sad. Monsieur Campbell is my very good friend, and Madame—so distinguished, and Mademoiselle Mary—charming, adorable! Still Monsieur Robert hurled upon you the challenge—*à l'outrance*, as you say, to a finish, and here behold is the tragic end. It is sad! Of an infinite sadness."

"All right, have it your own way," laughed Lyttleton, "and there is Madame, waiting to pull your ears for keeping dinner waiting."

"*Ah, non!*" replied the sprightly little man. "She waits to give the welcome. You are an unhappy single man—you do not understand. But you will stay dinner? Madame has the *vol au vent*, your favorite dish, and she will be delighted. The *vol au vent*, Monsieur Hugh!"

"I wish I could," replied Lyttleton. "But I have business to attend to at once. Thanks all the same. Give my compliments to Madame, and tell her that thought of the *vol au vent* will make my mouth water all day. And by the way, Chaput, keep to-morrow clear from three to four. I have quite a bit of business for you to attend to."

"Merci, Monsieur!" and the little man bowed. "The hours is yours." He stood on the steps watching the departure of his best client, and then rushed indoors to Madame's embrace and the *vol au vent*.

DURING the two years following Mary Campbell's return from college, Hugh Lyttleton had seen her frequently in the streets of the little town. He had never spoken to her. Sometimes he doubted if she had ever seen him. She passed him on the streets as if he did not exist. Campbell was not a silent man over his woes and Lyttleton knew that the etching of himself, under the vindictive stylus of his enemy, would be unflattering, and deep bitten.

The first time Hugh had seen Mary Campbell he had not thought her pretty, or even attractive. She was too pale, distant, serious. Later his artistic sense underwent a great change. He thought her the most exquisite feminine creature he had ever looked upon. It was not her unusual beauty, her grace, her charmingly distinctive refinement, subtle as the fragrance of rare attar. What it was he did not know. It was hauntingly elusive, inescapable, indefinable. Sometimes he denied to himself that he was in love with this girl whose indifference was more than disdain, to whom he, his success, his money, were matters of no moment whatever. He doubted if she even hated him. He had been in love, after a fashion, with girls before, but this emotion was different.

There was little of sense appeal in it, and yet it dominated his every faculty. He knew that she, certainly, regarded him as the author of the misfortunes of her family, that, so far as she personally was concerned, his money would be of no weight in her judgment of him. Probably she, being "aristocrat," despised the humble stock from which he sprang. She belonged to a people who had maintained old-world distinctions regarding birth, blood, lineage, in much of their ancient rigidity.

AFTER he left Chaput, he drove through the town, up the steep hillside, to the mines he owned, now wrapped in Sabbatic stillness. He let himself into his office, locked the door after him, entered his private room, and sat down before the closed desk. His

thought was of the girl who had stood near his ear, watching, listening to the droning voice of the bailiff as he read what must have been to her the death warrant of her people and her pride. He saw the glow in her cheek, the tightening of the lips, the faint rise and fall of the bosom, and he knew that he desired this girl, as he had never desired money, as he had never desired to break her father, as he had never sought mastery over men—the three great ambitions in his life. She filled the whole of his world, a rare, unique, priceless jewel. He told himself that he must win her even if her feeling for him could not be changed. Lyttleton knew that his case was well nigh desperate. But there seemed to him one ray of hope. There had ever been in her a touching devotion to her people. He thought he knew the barb that pressed deepest into her heart this gay summer day.

The afternoon was half gone when he finished his deliberations. He left the office, locked the door behind him, and drove down to the hotel. Dinner had been kept for him, but he brusquely declined it, went up to his rooms and changed his clothes. Standing a moment at the window he saw Mr. and Mrs. Campbell drive by in their little phaeton. Then he went downstairs and jumped again into his waiting car. It was remarked by the row of men, smoking and gossiping on the veranda, that Lyttleton must have great things on his mind, this day of his triumph, for he spoke to none, and appeared as if he saw none.

CHAPTER II.

SAVE for a maidservant Mary Campbell was alone in the house. Luncheon had been, as all family gatherings were, these days, a dreary, spiritless function. Every few minutes her father would rise from the table, go out aimlessly, and then return moody and brooding. Her mother, a sweet-faced, dignified woman, showed in her face the care and distress that she rarely gave expression to. The coming of the bailiff, during the past week, had been a humiliation, the like of which neither woman had ever dreamed to be within the range of possibilities. He had gone over the house, listing and appraising the various articles of furniture, that were to their owners almost as the fittings of a shrine. When her father after lunch had proposed to drive Mrs. Campbell out to call on old friends, Mary was glad. Anything was better than this brooding within the house. If things were as bad as she feared they were, the ruin was irretrievable. In his optimistic moods—for he alternated swiftly between pitiable pessimism and incurable optimism—her father prophesied that he would get clear of the rocks still, but she and her mother knew, by this time, the worth of these hopeful dreamings.

After they had gone she went into the morning room with a book. The tall French windows were wide open. Across the drive, a succession of green lawns terraced the slope to the boathouse and lake. Flowers bloomed everywhere in the glory of July. The room, facing east, was, like all the apartments of the house, spacious, wainscoted in dark oak, with open fireplace framed in finely cut stone, and tiled with the artistic workmanship of old Dutch potters. Mary thought of this handsome old room, furnished with the elaborate luxury of a past day, in the occupancy of some French-Canadian farmer, whose tastes would almost certainly run to severely practical things, of the pieces of furniture and the books, each like a treasured old friend, peddled off by an auctioneer whose specialty was cattle. There was the future to think about. As yet they had made no plans. She did not know what they could do. For herself it did not matter much. She could make her own way in the world, but her father was past work; indeed he had never worked. Away from the town that had been the home of his people for a hundred years, he would be like a tree transplanted in maturity. To remain in the place would be to be ceaselessly reminded of the height from which he had fallen.

SHE was aroused by the clamor of the front door bell. The maid had gone upstairs to dress, so she answered the summons herself. The man she knew to be Lyttleton stood at the door.

"I am sorry," she said. "My father is out."

"Yes, I know," he answered. "It is you I wished to see, Miss Campbell. My name is Lyttleton."

She led the way to the morning-room. Probably he had come to see the house, or speak of the sale. Perhaps he wished to buy the place. It would be in keeping with all she had heard of him. He might have chosen another day for his projects and affairs. Still it would be better for her to meet him than her father.

Hugh Lyttleton had never seen anything like the room before. He had been reared in a bare farm kitchen, and had lived since in bare lodgings or the dull dreariness of country hotel apartments. Here was a different atmosphere. Everything spoke of woman's spirit, nature, refinement. None could better appreciate it than this keen man of the new world, who had good blood in him, and sound ancestry back of the years of farmhouse poverty. The Lyttletons had traditions. They belonged to those who had gone back, but in Hugh had come again. Through the open windows he gazed an instant, charmed by the exquisite peep of green sward, flower brilliance, lordly oaks in the full beauty of their foliage, and, through the branches, glimpses of the blue water of the lake.

Then he swiftly turned his back on it all, and sat facing her. In the setting of her beautiful home, she was even more desirable than as he had before seen her, cool, self-possessed, a girl of rare charm and refinement. He felt his bigness to be rough and coarse in contrast with her.

"I wonder if you would listen to me for ten minutes, Miss Campbell?" he asked. "It is, I know, rather unusual, but I want to talk about myself, about—well, things in general, and about you."

She looked at him with clear, frank eyes, that, he thought, were not altogether unfriendly. That she did not like him was natural, inevitable. He was the malicious enemy, the presumptuous, successful upstart who had thrust himself into her world, with disastrous results to her people and herself. She must regard him as some patrician Roman maiden must have looked upon Goth or Vandal. Yet, he thought, she was a just woman, who would listen to reason rather than the calumnies of prejudice.

"I don't know why, but I feel that I can talk to you, as I couldn't to the average woman, considering my relations with your family," he continued. "Naturally you think of me, if you think of me at all, as an enemy, the cause of all this trouble. Those who listened to that bailiff this morning, imagined, I suppose, that I rejoice over what has happened. I don't think I am glad about it, although it marks the accomplishment of what I set out to do ten years ago. When I have to fight, I want to win, but it gives me no pleasure to know, after the fight is done, that my adversary suffers. Let me tell you what it means to me. I am thirty-five years old. My people all their days were beggarly poor, though they were as proud and independent as any who walk the earth. What I saw in their lives made me ambitious for something better. At fifteen I was a pitman in the Williams pits here.

"At twenty-three I saw an opening, a chance to be my own master, and get what I wanted — money. The mines here, belonging to your father and the Williams people, were not being worked, but toyed with by amateurs, gentry who knew nothing about real business. There was the open door, and I went in. Everybody said I was an arrogant, conceited, presumptuous fool for wanting to do what others had no desire to try. That's what they said when I left the farm. Had I listened to my neighbors I would have been scratching a few acres of farm land for bread and a covering roof to-day. They said what I was striving after was impossible. I have come to this conclusion, Miss Campbell, that of all the soft, cowardly things in this world, when you come right up against them, fighting bent, the worst are these braggart impossibilities."

IN spite of herself, the girl was impressed by the fighting force of the man. She did not wonder that her father and the Williams people had been swept aside by the boundless energy there was in him.

"I had nothing to help me but a strong body, a fair brain, and a resolution to let no chance by, if I could help it. I couldn't get a dollar from a bank. The managers would look at me, wise as Rockefeller and Morgan rolled into one, if I mentioned money. I've had them hold a cheque of mine, because the account was shy a quarter on the sum called for, till I could hustle the twenty-five cents down. All the knowing folks would meet in the hotel to grin, with a glass of gin in their hands, over the fool exhibition I was making of myself, and they prayed as often as Daniel did, with their windows open toward Jerusalem, that

Her fingers pressed his arm ever so lightly.

the Lord would smite me hard for the correction of my sinful pride.

"It was all right, in a way. Little folk are bound to have little ways. You can't expect a giant stride from a pygmy. There were some with whom I had to reckon. Those already in the business boasted openly they would break me, crowd me off my little, narrow plank. It was all right if they had fought me squarely, but they did not. If I wanted a ton of coal, a box of dynamite, tools, the merchant shook his head. If he sold to me, he would lose the big men's business. I was boycotted, on the black-list, even my pitmen would not trust me overnight; I had to pay their wages every day. They had been warned that I was likely to smash up any minute, and they had better watch me. I can laugh at it all now—and it was good for me then. When I butted into the market I knew and expected a fight, but I was expecting a good-natured tussle, and was bent on taking punishment, and giving what I could, in a fair spirit. But this rough-work put the needed bit of devil into me. I went at my task just about twice as hard as before, because I made up my mind that if breaking was to be done, I would not, if I could help it, be the one to be broken. I had a rough time for two or three years, and then I saw that I was gaining. There was room for my feet; I could move more easily. Tradesmen began to come seeking my orders, and the little man back of the bank counter began to smile when I hove in sight. He revealed a hand that he wanted to use in shaking, and I was 'Mr. Lyttleton' instead of 'conceited Hughie.' The pitmen came round and said, that if it suited me, they would like to be paid every fortnight, as in the other pits. It is a small world, Miss Campbell, with a lot of small people in it, sometimes as it is with small folks, a bully of a world. It runs, licking its lips and fawning on the boy that has just got a basket from home. When the rival firms boasted about breaking me, I ought to have kept quiet, instead of imitating them, but I was young, hot-blooded, and threatened back. I would break them, and I set out after them to make my word good."

She leaned forward a little, her arms on the arms of the chair, her hands loosely clasped. The man interested her—interested her immensely. She belonged to a people to whom self-repression was one of the cardinal virtues, in whose sight and ears egotism was the supreme vulgarity. What the man said grated on her ears. His achievements should be left to speak for him. His anxiety to explain his motives was the surest sign of their meanness. His desire to clothe them in heroic trappings cheap, tawdry, bombastic. Yet he had power, it radiated from him. Men such as he would smash through a world of men, not only because of the strength in them, but because they would not scruple to use weapons a fine nature would disdain. She thought of the old simile of a sooty chimney-sweeper making his way through a crowd. His was the subtlest egotism, masked behind apparent frankness and candor. The imputations on her father and his associates, the Williams', displeased, disgusted her. She wondered if in his mind loyalty to one's own people counted for anything.

Her eyes met his without giving. There was the consciousness of more than equality—superiority—in them, that banished the sex sense with its traditions. She could not understand why he had come, unless that he might emphasize his triumph in an originally dramatic way.

"I should imagine that few men so completely accomplish their purposes," she said.

His eyes passed from her and ranged the room swiftly, as if scarcely conscious of the sting of indifference in her reply.

"This is a wonderful house, Miss Campbell," he said, as if he were commenting upon a show place. "I have never been inside a real home before. But where father and son, mother and daughter, have succeeded each other, carrying on the legends of home, inheritors of one spirit, each adding his or her bit of beauty or color to the great tapestry—it is, as here, wonderful. Not the building, the furnishing, but the living, moving, breathing spirit. One understands why old houses have their tales of ghosts. I know what it must mean to lose such a home as this. Like driving the souls of the dead from their abodes, dividing flesh and spirit, breaking a precious jar of sweet odors, scattering their fragrance on the winds."

The man had insight and sensibility. This was no recited speech, no outpouring of platitude, but the unpremeditated utterance of thought closely akin to her own.

"Such homes are lost daily," she answered. "The old die, the new are born." If sympathy had brought him, and he was trying to express it, he might carry it off with him.

"True," he said. "But philosophy never lessened much the sting of loss, nor made death before one's time a thing to be coveted."

"No," she answered, "but it teaches that neither failure nor conspicuous success is the supreme thing it is imagined to be."

"You shall not laugh my answer away," he answered.

There was a glimmer of humor in his blue eyes. Her rapier was swift and sharp.

"Yet only failures damn success and find virtue among the ruins of what they had hoped to be," he smiled.

'Did you come to discuss the philosophy of success and failure?" she asked, having no desire to prolong an interview that was becoming wearisome.

"No," he replied, and then hesitated. "*I came to ask you to marry me, Miss Campbell.*"

THE unexpectedness of his declaration startled her out of her cool calm. A faint flush deepened in her cheeks. She clasped her hands more tightly. In her eyes flamed the light of anger. Her lips trembled as she rose to her feet, the red glow dying out of her face, leaving it white in indignant pride.

"Will you be patient and listen to me a little longer?" he asked. "I know it must seem foolish, presumptuous, perhaps impertinent to you. I have never spoken to you before, but I have thought so much about you that it does not seem so strange, though very wonderful, to me as it must to you. Let me tell you, very respectfully, what is in my mind, and then you may bid me go. I am not going to hurt you by speaking of love to you. In fact, I do not even know that I do love you. I do not understand myself. Whether the mystery is love or not I cannot say. This I do know, I covet you more than I ever wanted anything in this life—I want your thought, your friendship, and perhaps one day, your love. You are more to me than all I thought were greatest—money, revenge, mastery. I would give up all, and take poverty, defeat, subjection, and count them victory, if I had you. It may sound madness, exaggeration, to you. But it is true, and I do not understand it. It is not of to-day, or yesterday. I would walk out into the world this moment, stripped of all that life has given me, if I had you with me, and I would count myself victor."

She stood, her hand resting on the back of the chair, her eyes meeting his equally. The pride and anger remained, but with them something of respect for the man's frankness and sincerity. There was dignity, in his bearing—he had risen as she stood—respect in his word, worshipful honor in his spirit. No word fell from her lips. She waited, more from curiosity and interest, than from any other motive.

"I know you have no care for me. Love, of course, is out of the question. You know little of me, and what you do know is all against me. But, I would rather have your antagonism than your indifference. Your bitterness would be sweeter to me than the sweetness of another woman. If you did marry me, all I ask is that you come with me to the church, and become my wife before the world. I would bring you back from the church doors and leave you here, unmolested by me until such time as you might bid me come. If you never sent for me, I would never come.

"Your troubles would be mine, your enemies mine, your happiness mine, if you consented. Your father's name and honor in the business world would be saved. Every creditor of his would get a hundred cents on every dollar. This house and all it contains would be taken out of the sheriff's hands at once, to be yours absolutely. You would receive from me as your own, free from my control or interference, what I should wish my wife to have—wealth sufficient to dispose of the matter of money once and finally."

Continued on page 79

OPENING *the* NEW BOOK

A Review of Developments at Ottawa

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The Power of the West," "The Rank and File," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. CASEY

The McKenzie, whose fiery cross will point the path that the best of Grits must tread, is no joke.

THE passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has long been heralded as the first symptom of the settling of Canada's political war storms. Now Sir Wilfrid is gone. The greatest French-Canadian, if not the greatest Canadian, has given place to the hard-headed Scotch Presbyterian, McKenzie. And the storms continue to howl with unabated fury. As to Sir Wilfrid it need only be said that he died as he would have died—in the harness. Up to his last breath he was still the undisputed leader of the Liberal hosts, the idol of his own race and many another Canadian beside. He was full of years and honors. His was the dramatic ending of a picturesque life.

To say that his passing changed the political outlook is putting it mildly. Nothing so well showed his importance as a political factor as the vacancy he left. The effect of his decease may have been discounted to a certain extent for he was of a goodly age and physically frail. But the end left parties and factions gasping for breath and literally wondering where they were at. Statesmen of various degrees gathered in whispering knots to discuss the sad news and faded into hotel bedrooms to confer on even more serious matters. In the Chateau Laurier in one evening fully twenty keyholes were stuffed, behind which strong men wept and laid plans to save their country from impending ruin. In the corridors men eyed each other warily and spoke guardedly. For there were stories of trades and dickers and reunions and none could tell for a surety just what his neighbor might do on the morrow. Even Cabinet statesmen shared in the unrest. For there were reports to suit or sorrow all. And even some Liberal Unionist ministers were said to be studying safety-first signs and debating which life-raft would best carry their personal political belongings.

Then the news swept through the sorrowing multitude that peace on earth and good will towards Grits was to be the song of the Laurier Liberals and that pending a big barbecue, at which there was to be a round up of fatted calves, Hon. W. S. Fielding was to be the House leader. It was pointed out that Sir Wilfrid had called the wandering Liberals home; that at London, Ottawa and Toronto, conventions had been held to establish homes for the homeless and that Mr. Fielding, who had been the nearest thing to a Lauriérite who had ever cast a conscription vote, was the logical man to bridge a gap over the chasm that yawned between the Liberal factions.

For nearly twenty-four hours everything looked lovely and Unionist ministers wore out a finger or two counting the Liberal Unionists who would stick and those who would flee to woes they knew not of. The latter found their woes all right. For young Quebec, who came into Parliament in no small numbers in the last election, threw logic to the winds and acted on that sentiment peculiar to the Celtic races. None but a man who had been true to the Old Chief at every turn of the road should lead them. Their cry was echoed back by many of the older die-hards, such as Hon. Charles Murphy. And the Fielding star faded and died.

MEANWHILE Hon. Mackenzie King and Premier Martin of Saskatchewan appeared on the scene looking wise beyond their years and each listening eagerly for some kindly word that would indicate that, when the party wanted a real leader, it would bend a beckoning finger in their direction. Of the former it was said that the Old Chief loved him; while certain friends of the Saskatchewan prodigy remarked on the growing political importance of the great West and hinted at alliances that would give both the prairie and the home of the habitant all the blessings that political power affords. That of course was for the future.

But, as coming events cast their shadows before, it was meet that a temporary leader should be chosen who would not cast a blight over hopes for that future. Such a leader must be well and truly chosen. He must be strong enough to make the party look respectable before the country and weak enough to slip into the discard without a struggle when other and greater men were ready to take up his burden. It was a long, hard hunt. Such a man is harder to find than a genius. For, while Parliament is full of statesmen, modesty is seldom one of the recommendations that has endeared the statesman to his constituents.

It looked easy for a moment when somebody mentioned chief whip James Robb of Huntingdon. For, let it be said right here, that while it takes as many, and probably more, brains to be a good whip as it does to be a distinguished leader, nobody ever looks on the whip as anything more than a useful piece of party machinery. Moreover Mr. Robb is not acutely ambitious. He is a successful miller with a fair share of this world's goods to whom politics have been more or less of a diversion. So, for a whole day, Mr. Robb had the job almost to himself. But on the opening day of the House he acted as Liberal spokesman and behaved so well that suspicions began to arise that he was fitting into the position too nicely. Then a whisper went around that perhaps the modest miller might have more brains than a Martin and just as much undeveloped leadership as a Mackenzie King. And finally it burst on a party made up of lawyers that Mr. Robb was not a lawyer. That settled it. Another good man had gone into the discard. More conferences must be held and the amount of cotton batting required to stuff the keyholes threatened to create a corner in that commodity.

Then came the fatal Monday on which the choice must be made. It was made, but only after a long hard day's work, which began shortly after breakfast and ended with the six o'clock whistle. Several whispers from the caucus room had prepared the press gallery for the shock, but I grieve to relate that with the formal announcement, "D. D. McKenzie, of North Cape Breton, has been chosen Liberal House leader," there were bursts of ribald laughter from the cynical correspondents. None of them had hung any medals on the Nova Scotia Scotchman. None had ever heralded him to the world as a master of elocution, a leader of men or a moulder of policy. Truth to tell they had looked on him as a sort of serious joke—serious because of the unceasing industry with which he wedged legal lore and scriptural quotations into the long drawn hours of the night—a joke because his biting tongue often provoked those outbursts of Unionist sniping that makes the House look more like a campaign rally than a solemn conclave of statesmen solving great national problems.

Perhaps it was because they had failed to discover the McKenzie that the gallery laughed. But the fact remains that they did laugh. That of course was before the aura of leadership had settled securely around the McKenzie head. Afterwards some of them, of the Liberal stripe of course, began to uncover streaks of greatness in this new leader that no one had heretofore suspected. Funny thing this matter of "office." Take a man out of a railway cut and throw the robes of office around him and, before the sun goes down, someone will have discovered that adverse circumstances have worked overtime in making a hero handle a shovel. Yes and, sad to relate, if some of our statesmen were divested of their robes and clad in overalls you might pass them in a railway cut and never be able to tell them from the rest of the laborers.

McKenzie and the Fiery Cross

ANYWAY the McKenzie whose fiery cross will point the path that the best of Grits must tread is no joke. He is a hard-headed Scot of the canniest kind. He wastes not this world's goods on the joys of the flesh. He is fervent in spirit and strongly addicted to scriptural quotations. He has a tongue that may stumble a bit but that bites like an adder—that is, if an adder is a good biter.

Daniel Duncan McKenzie is his full name, but it may as well be stated here and now that he is not a descendant of the late Alexander of sainted memory. He was born in Nova Scotia, where the statesmen come from, but, as his mother was a McMillan and

There was a sort of "Harkin is willin'" tinge to his refusal.

his wife is a Macdonald, he comes as near to being a gathering of the clans as one man can well be. He carries his sixty years easily in a stocky body surmounted by a bald head that is far from being destitute of brains. He is probably not a prophet, for he hath found honor in his own home town. Ten times he stood for municipal honors in North Sydney and never tasted the bitterness of defeat. For five years he was mayor. Three times the same district has cheered the returning officer who announced his election to Parliament. Once a grateful country appointed him county judge. A little over two years of judging satisfied him that politics was his favorite sport. That's why he's here. But it is only one of the reasons why he is leading the Liberals through the slough of despond with an eye ever fixed on the treasury benches beyond.

What kind of a leader will he make? Well his opening speech did not make him look like a popular hero. He has an anti-climax style of oratory, and when he stoops to the pathetic he generally punctuates it with a drink of water that somehow washes away the effect. However he was at a disadvantage on that occasion. True to the kind of politics his native heath breeds he grows most eloquent over the woes of a constituent whom an unprincipled Government has robbed of a $50 a year mail contract. The new occasion was a sad and solemn one and did not provide free scope for this peculiar line of ability. Moreover you will agree that it would be a strange variety of Scot who could be sad when he had just come into a job that tacked $7,000 per year on to his stipend.

The House has an unfortunate tendency to be sad when the McKenzie is merry and merry when the McKenzie is sad. When, on the evening of the great day on which he assumed his new dignity he held out the olive branch to the wandering Liberal Unionists, part of the House laughed and the rest looked savage.

"The lamp is in the window, the latchstring is out, there is welcome for all," he chanted.

But the invitation had the intonation of a sneer and the wanderers who had been turned from the door of the home of their fathers by his election were driven yet further afield by his words. Anyone who watched the House as this invitation went out could not but feel that a lot of wire entanglements will have to be demolished before the once great Grit party is again a happy family.

Life of Union Government Assured

ALL of this means of course that the Union Government is assured of its life for this session. It won't be a peaceful or a happy life, but life of any kind is always sweet to those whose chief ambition is to sway the destinies of their country. There were early evidences that disgruntled Unionists and marauding Grits would start a guerilla warfare; but it will be annoying rather than dangerous. The Liberals would hardly care to go to the country under a temporary leadership and the convention to appoint a permanent chief will not be called before July at the earliest. Nor is there any danger that the Government will appeal to the country in an effort to secure a snap decision over a disorganized enemy. The country at present is full of snares and pitfalls. There are Farmers' Unions and Labor parties who are developing nasty habits of carrying constituencies. And then a large Government expeditionary force is at present occuping the diplomatic trenches at Paris—holding the fort as it were while Sir Robert Borden decides where Greece is at concerning Berat and prepares a curtain lecture for the boisterous Bolsheviks. To be sure Sir Thomas White looks neat and nice as he fills the vacant chair of the absent Premier with the patient, soothing Maclean as his deskmate and fighting Frank Carvell hard by to open up with the heavy artillery on any filibustering band that may grow over-bold. But dark looks are bent in Sir Thomas's direction by the Ginger Tories. They can't quite forget that he was a Liberal from choice before he became a Conservative. And his chief advisers are still too Gritty by nature not to arouse new suspicions.

It may be these suspicions that have furnished the foundation for a report that Sir Robert Borden will never return to lead the Dominion Government. Sure it is that the story to the effect that the Premier had been offered a diplomatic job at Washington was taken as the first intimation of the severance of the tie that binds. It was hard to believe that the offer had been made, for in the Old Land diplomacy is a trade. And even Sir Robert's closest admirers do not claim that he is either a born, or a trained, diplomat. But there was a sort of "Barkis is willin'" tinge to his refusal to discuss the matter—a veiled admission that he could be coaxed to leave Canada to her fate were his own future fully assured.

IT has long been felt that Sir Clifford Sifton and Sir Joseph Flavelle, the real men, so it is said, behind the Union Government, harbored a belief that Sir Thomas White would make an ideal Premier for the kind of Government they wish to run. Each is an artist in his peculiar line. United they are almost unbeatable. If they have enlisted the services of Lord Beaverbrook the world, or at any rate the Canadian part of it, is theirs. And if, as those Tories suspect, they really want Sir Thomas, what better way to secure his succession than to put him in the Borden shoes and let him wield the Borden sceptre for a session at least? Nothing is so difficult, in this political world, as to displace a leader who had once settled into place. The whole political history of Canada is proof of that. It is almost impossible to displace that leader when he has at his disposal those gifts the hand of the Premier can bestow.

So in Old Tory circles the suspicion has grown almost to a conviction that Canada will never again see Sir Robert Borden in the chair Sir Thomas White fills with such satisfaction to himself and his constituted guardians. That conviction is not a new source of Tory joy. It will not add to the peace and unity that should be behind a Government when its mind is weighted with problems of magnitude. It will make rather for noisy prodding that may in turn induce the Government to pay attention to things around home as the Old Tories desire and leave Russia, Roumania and even Greenland to work out their own salvation.

So, if the Liberal ranks are rent, the Unionists are far from dwelling together as a happy family should. On the whole the old-time Liberals are the happiest men you meet. They are obsessed with an idea that they are the faction with whom all the others must dicker—that they are in a position to make the winning trade when the terms and conditions are to their liking. Meanwhile they will look on and smile while the Government sweats to satisfy a following and a country nothing could satisfy because neither wants to be satisfied.

SO there you have all the elements of an interesting if noisy session. It will run largely to oratory but will not be lacking in action. The new members who last session sat and voted silent votes found on their return home that their constituents had expected them to tear a few eloquent holes in the political sky. They're going to do it this session, or die fighting for the privilege. The debate on the Speech from the Throne collapsed almost before it started last spring.

The slaving statesmen who are picking the country up by its hair.

This year more than half a hundred members had indicated that they intended to contribute to the concentrated wisdom of the nation before the ink was dry on the original document.

Then those Western men got to holding caucuses almost before the steam heat was in the caucus room. They caucused by provinces and by sections and as a whole. They talked tariff. They didn't want to embarrass the Government, they said, but they made it somewhat clear that they didn't want the Government to embarrass them. And they would be embarrassed indeed if they couldn't go back home with something to show that they had been in a raid that penetrated the first line of protection trenches.

Of course, the Government were not embarrassed but they were sure worried. The debate on the Speech from the Throne saw things which this Canadian Parliament had never seen before. It saw ministers apparently going out to meet trouble. It saw Hon. F. B. Carvell usurp the privileges of the finance minister and make an embryo budget speech in the opening debate. It saw Hon. James Calder, the silent man of mystery, elbowing private members out of his way in order to break into the oratorical limelight. And it heard the same silent James, generally labelled political expert of the practical variety, denounce the "vote hunting politician" as "the gravest danger the country has to face." And, as it looked and listened, it also learned that winning the war was a mere side show compared to the great work of solving after-war problems. Almost with tears in its eyes it realized that the real heroes of this eventful age are not the sleeveless soldiers but the slaving statesmen who are practically picking the country up by its hair with the remote intention of once more setting it firmly on its feet.

Even the press gallery would be impressed by the sad spectacle were there not political corners sticking out all over. But in every move you can see the motive behind. Some answer must be made to the sneering invitations to come in out of the threatening storm that every Grit of the old school hurls across the floor. Some chloroform must be administered to the Western members to keep them from gathering up on their hind legs

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Take a man out of a railway cut and throw the robes of office around him . . . .

The TRANSFORMATION *By* Frederic S. Isham

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

The First Instalment

LADY ESTELLA LANGLENSHIRE is held in Germany at the start of the war. She escapes by going through a marriage ceremony with a Greek porter and crossing the border as his wife. They are wrecked and, by a coincidence, land on the shore near the lady's ancestral home. Alexander, the husband, refuses to leave and is lodged in the royal suite. He begins, mysteriously, to shed his uncouth ways.

CHAPTER XI—*Continued*

THE lady's face was a study. Alexander had fathomed her thoughts; she divined the reason for his triumph. What an intuition he possessed; what a positively uncanny brain! Why, he could read people! Amazing! The lady was beginning to feel a bit bewildered with her paragon. She felt he might be getting slightly beyond her. This was not flattering to her own pride. But she had to conceal her own feelings. She laughed. Pelton would think they were both laughing at some funny joke, perhaps, that had been exchanged between them in the library.

"Tell me something else funny," said the lady, for Pelton's ears.

"Humph!" said Alexander. And the lady laughed, as if *that* was funny! "I say"—Alexander looked over his shoulder. The soup-tureen had disappeared. More soup was written in his eyes.

"Did you speak, sir? Yes, sir?" From Pelton.

"The gentleman was about to ask for wine, Pelton," interposed the lady quickly.

Alexander was about to expostulate, but he didn't. Soup was all right but wine was better.

"Yes, bring the wine."

"Young, or heavy?" said the lady.

"Heavy," said Alexander.

"The best, Pelton!" said the lady.

"Of course!" put in Alexander.

Pelton choked. This 'uman-tiger wanted to be fed high. The "best" was none too good for him! Had Jane been right, after all, about the love-potion?

THE rest of the repast seemed, to the lady, like a dream. Alexander continued to demonstrate for her benefit that he, too, was a prestidigitator. He elevated three peas dexterously on a silver fork, when he could have shoveled in a dozen with his knife. If she could do it, he could. He could do anything any woman could, was his attitude. He performed untold prodigies of skill. He watched the lady and picked out the right piece of silverware. His precision, in this respect, almost caused the lady to expire with astonishment. The deliberation with which he started the attack on each course would be attributed, of course, by the observant Pelton, to the guest's naturally slow and phlegmatic disposition.

The lady started to giggle. She couldn't help it. When Alexander reached, without one single mistake, the ice-cream spoon, the humor of the situation so tickled her funny-bone that she simply had to laugh and laugh. Pelton had, never before, seen her so merry. He switched, more strongly, to Jane's theory. It might be love-potion working. What would her ladyship do next? Peals of silvery merriment shocked the atmosphere of that staid and respectable old place.

"I have so enjoyed this dinner!"

Pelton tried hard not to blush for her ladyship. The love-potion must have been a powerful one. Pelton modestly hoped he would be able to get away from the room without being shocked to a still greater degree.

"Never have I been more entertained!" the lady went on.

"H'entertained?" thought Pelton. "H'and 'im hardly sayin' of a word, and h'only h'openin' his mouth to put somethink in h'it!"

Alexander sat up in the royal bed and yawned.

AND yet her ladyship's eyes shone as if she had been listening to all manner of witty sayings! She seemed as gay as if Alexander were a light comedian, or a gentleman of the old school with a fund of anecdotes at his tongue's end.

"You may leave the cigars and cigarettes, Pelton," said the lady.

Pelton was but too pleased to get away. His exit was unusually forceful and dignified.

The lady turned to Alexander. "How nice!" she said in her sprightliest. "To be alone, at last!"

"Is it?" said Alexander.

"Do light one," she said, pressing on him the cigars.

Alexander did, and soon began blowing vast clouds around him. The fragrance of cigar drowned that ether antidote-to-dead-rodent-in-the-wall aroma. The lady studied him.

"You are very apt at learning!"

"Eh?"

She repeated the remark.

"You mean—I got brains?" said Alexander.

"I wonder?"

"Oh, I got brains all right!" said Alexander simply, if not over-modestly. "I show you!"

"You have! You did!"

There was a faint look of inquiry in the lady's eyes; she blew rings that mingled with the denser smoke from Alexander's cigar. Then suddenly she arose.

"Shall we go into the billiard-room?"

And Alexander followed insouciantly.

CHAPTER XII

A Good Sport

THE lady held her head higher, and told herself she would, at any rate, enjoy beating Alexander at billiards. She played unusually well, and was quite confident of her skill. And she did beat Alexander—badly! Her expectations, in this respect, were fully realized. Alexander played about as she imagined he would. With much vigor—sans skill!

He sought to accomplish by sheer strength what science alone could accomplish. Even when the balls began flying from the table, and she had to dodge, the lady acted as if she were having "the time of her life." She scored and Alexander perspired. He did little else. He might imitate her dining-room table-prestidigitation, but here was a quality of juggling not so easily copied. That blind expenditure of brute trength afforded the lady the opportunity she desired. She breathed a little homily on intelligence versus mere forcible physical effort! She waxed quite philosophical, and, incidentally, deliciously ironical. She punctured the animal and his pretenses with deft and delightful abandon.

Alexander began to glare. He was beginning to get angry; no doubt about that! He tossed his head like a bull in the ring—a bull that has expended a lot of effort without tangible results.

"Take it easier!" said the lady, with a mocking smile, as a red ball hopped from the table and went skipping down the room, with the exasperated Alexander in hot pursuit.

ALEXANDER muttered something; the ball evaded his clumsy hands and he bumped his head. The lady leaned back and laughed and laughed; then she delivered another homily. Alexander glared some more, which pleased the lady.

"Good!" Triumphantly. "Where's your insular calm now? And so it was all a fraud and a sham, after all?"

"I take it easier next time," said Alexander through his teeth. "I surprise you!"

Next time, however, fate arranged an almost impossible shot.

"Ha, ha!" said the lady. "Poor Alexander! Only

an expert could make that one. I doubt if I could do it. In fact, I'm sure I couldn't!"

"I make him," said Alexander violently.

"Indeed?" she breathed mockingly.

"What you bet I don't make him?" demanded Alexander angrily.

"Bet? Another British trait! Ha, ha! The making of a sport in you!"

"What you bet?" he persisted, even more violently.

"Well, if you win, you may—kiss my hand! I dare risk such a reward because there is not the slightest chance of your performing the impossible."

"Make it two pounds," said Alexander practically.

"How dare you!" said the lady with flashing eyes.

"You make it two pounds, I can't do it?" reiterated Alexander.

"There *are* men," said the lady haughtily, "who would prefer the *other* alternative to two hundred pounds!"

"I, kiss your hand? That gets me nowhere," said Alexander. "But with two pounds—"

"Say no more!" said the lady, with a proud toss of the Langlenshire head. "Two pounds it shall be!"

Alexander surveyed the balls carefully. "I play very careful," he said. "Maybe I make him! I watch you. I play like you, now!"

THE cue now became a delicate thing in his hands; he poised it most lightly and calculated with much care and apparent concentration. Then he paused, once more, to look up at the lady.

"I make him!"

"Why don't you?" she responded ironically.

The cue shot forth. Alexander began to register exultation. "You see what happen! I know how to play, now. I make him!"

And he did. Alexander had accomplished the almost impossible. The lady looked; and then she regarded Alexander. There was a frown on her face and a question in her deep eyes.

"Was it accident?" she said, as if to herself.

"I study; I see how you do it," said Alexander. "Me study how you do juggle-tricks with all kinds of funny table-silver. I, too, can do! And here, too! What *you* can do, *I* can do!" He tapped his chest—an abominable habit!

"I should call you a star pupil, Alexander," said the lady quietly. "And if I did not have every confidence in your absolute integrity, I might be capable of thinking you had been, what our American friends call 'stringing me'! For the ignoble purpose of adding two vulgar pounds to your constantly growing earthly possessions! Shall we go on with our game?"

"We bet some more?" Quickly.

"No, Alexander! I cast no aspersion on your probity of character, but we bet no more!"

"You no good sport?"

"I am beginning to wonder if it would be sport?" said the lady. "Would I stand a sporting chance?"

"Didn't I make some pretty bum playing?" demanded Alexander.

"You did! But you have improved so fast, the teacher now wonders if she has become the pupil? May I sit at your feet?"

"All right! We play for nothing," said Alexander. And once more the balls began to fly off the table with the seemingly very much annoyed Alexander in hot pursuit.

"I THINK that will be sufficient," said the lady quietly, after this performance had been repeated a few times. Then she yawned. "I fear me, you are deeper than I thought. I imagined I had delved into you, Alexander, but I have just skimmed the surface of the ocean?"

"What you mean?"

"That it is getting late and time to retire! Do you think you can find your way to the royal suite?"

"You bet!"

"I trust you will find the bed comfortable, Alexander."

"I ring for another if it isn't."

"Oh, yes!" With rising inflection. "So you could!"

"I like lots of room for kicking!"

"Well, if you find the royal bed too short, just tell Pelton to lengthen it. Don't be afraid of making trouble!"

"I won't! I make him hop!"

"If he should prove ineffectual, you might call the rest of the household."

"That bully good idea." The lady's sarcasm was lost on Alexander. "You bet! I make 'em all hop!"

"If necessary, you could summon *me*!" That should have overwhelmed Alexander, but did it?

"You bet!" he said. "I make you hop, too!"

Her breast arose. "Would you change us all into—hoppers? Would you invite a veritable plague of locusts?—a famine on the neighborhood? Spare us, Alexander! Spare—" She clasped her hands.

"These shoes too blamed tight to stop for nonsense talk!" said Alexander.

"You wish larger ones?"

He considered. "Maybe I like small feet, too. I look fine with small feet."

"Oh, vanity!" she breathed, and then: "Good night!"

She extended her hand. Under the circumstances, she felt she ought, at least, do that. Especially when he was the occupant of the royal suite!

ALEXANDER vouchsafed to take the hand. One has to be diplomatic with people who owe you money. Their fingers touched, but no more! In shuffling about the billiard-table, chasing balls, Alexander seemed to have fairly surcharged his body with electricity, for when the lady's hand came in contact with his, there was a definite shock and spark. It was as if her ladyship had touched a small battery.

"Oh!"

"Haw! haw!" laughed Alexander. "Funny way to shake hands! Eh?"

"I do not find it—funny!"

"Let's try it again!" said Alexander, just as if he were playing a game.

"Thank you, I decline!"

"All right!" Alexander turned. "Pigs' feet goes well for dinner, sometimes!"

"I'll—I'll speak to the cook."

"With noodles!"

"You—you shall have them."

"I don't like—if you forget?" Suspiciously.

"Forget anything that appeals to you? Never!"

"Humph!" said Alexander.

The lady watched him go. "What—what a positively wifely feeling that man inspires in me!" she thought.

CHAPTER XIII

BUT her ladyship's cares were not over for the day. At the door of her suite—on the other side of the house from the royal apartments, occupied by Alexander!—she found a small delegation awaiting her. There was Pelton, Tommy, James, Jane, the cook, and others, including, even, the vivacious Jacques. Nervousness or embarrassment, mixed with determination, was depicted on their faces. The lady glanced at them all casually.

"Come to say good night? So good of you, I am sure!"

"We 'asn't come exactly for that, your ladyship," said the embarrassed Pelton.

"No?" Vivaciously.

"No!" Faintly.

"Go on!" said the voice of Jane, as Pelton hesitated and swallowed.

"Don't be hurryin' of him!" said Tommy.

"Him acts as if him was afraid!" From Jane.

"What of?" From her ladyship. "I hope you haven't been doing anything you shouldn't, Pelton!"

"H'I?" stammered Pelton. "H'it ayn't me—" Again he paused. "The truth is, your ladyship, we'as 'ad a meeting."

"We?"

"All your ladyship's 'elp! That is, h'all except Bobby MacDuffy, the styble-man, who, being a h'atheist, said as 'ow it wasn't any of 'is business!"

"What?"

"'Igh h'English morality!"

"'E do say as how bishops is humbugs!" From Jane, horrified.

"And it is to complain of MacDuffy that you are come to interview me? I have nothing to do with his private opinions. And he has a perfect right to his opinion of bishops."

"H'it wasn't to complain of 'im that we are 'ere," said Pelton. "H'it"—

"Well?"

"Go on!" From Jane, Pelton seemed to find difficulty in doing so.

"You have come to complain of some one?" said her ladyship.

"We 'as!" Weakly.

"Well?"

"Say w'at you said down there," urged Tommy. "Where we had the meeting!"

"'E spoke up then, all right enough!" From Jane. "So loud and 'ighly respectable! It were like preaching."

"Yes, Pelton, say what you said down there," said her ladyship, with a sweet smile. "You all assembled, and—"

"THERE was some talk," went on Pelton, thus encouraged, "each expressin' 'is or 'er mind, in a 'ighly respectful manner toward your ladyship, exceptin' MacDuffy, who wasn't there—"

"Leave 'im out!" From Tommy.

"Get on," said Jane.

"I is," said Pelton miserably.

"'E calls that getting on!" From Jane. "And him the spokesman!"

"Tell it yourself," said Pelton.

"Yes, Jane?" said her ladyship.

"It's your ladyship's conduct!" said Jane in an awful tone.

My—what?"

"Conduct!"

"And you have called to complain of that? Is that all?" Brightly. "Oh, dear, I thought it was something serious."

"Ayn't it serious, your ladyship?" From Pelton.

"Dear me, No! Someone has always been complaining of my conduct. You have no idea how often my uncle, the lord high chancellor, has taken me to task for doing something unconventional, shall we call it?"

"That might do," said Pelton.

"It would be a way of describing it, your ladyship," said Jane.

"You mean, a *polite* way!"

Jane had the grace to blush.

"H'it wouldn't be as h'if we weren't old, old servants!" went on Pelton plaintively. "W'ot 'as always 'ad your ladyship's welfare at 'eart! W'ot 'as always looked up to your ladyship, as all that was 'igh, and 'ighly respectable! It wouldn't be as if some of us 'adn't known your ladyship w'en she was a 'igh-bred, 'ighly respectable h'infant in arms!"

"I understand," said her ladyship, deeply touched. "And I trust I am not ungrateful for your combined moral solicitude."

"Put it to her ladyship so as not to hurt her feelin's! Them were his instructions at the meeting," said Tommy.

IN the background, Cook began to snivel. Cook was sensitive and easily affected. Her two or three hundred pounds avoirdupois concealed a most susceptible disposition beneath the depths.

"Oh, your ladyship!" said Cook.

The others began to get more nervous. Cook's sniveling had a most depressing effect.

"Cheer up," said her ladyship. "Let us look the matter squarely in the face!" That braced them a little. "Apparently my conduct has been shocking to a high sense of British respectability. Or, shall we say, morality?"

"We might, your ladyship!" From Jane.

"So far, so good! Now we should get on. A regular happy family!" Her ladyship beamed.

"Is we 'appy?" said Pelton.

"Perfectly," said her ladyship.

"Your ladyship *is* 'appy?" With awe.

"So happy!"

"Account of *'im?*" From Jane.

"The 'uman-tiger!" From Pelton.

"Well, he hasn't eaten me up, yet!" said the lady.

"*What will the neighbors say?*" said Pelton.

"Oh! You fear for my—"

"That's it!"

"But he's on the other side of the house."

"He's *in* the house, alone with your ladyship! That is, this part of the 'ouse!"

"Dear me!"

"YOUR ladyship will h'overlook our coming—your ladyship has always encouraged us to come to your ladyship—"

"Your ladyship has always been most kind—"

"And that's what makes it 'arder!" Another faint snivel from Cookie!

"Yes, I believe I have always paid you high wages and given you unusual privileges," said her ladyship.

"'Your ladyship 'as!"

"We appreciates that."

"If we didn't, we should 'ave come to your ladyship and asked for our discharges at onest," said Jane.

"Dear me, I have had a narrow escape. Which brings us to the point—what are we going to do, next?"

"Pack 'im off, your ladyship," said Jane.

"But if he won't go?"

"Make him!"

"Will you, Pelton?"

"I 'umbly begs to be h'excused, your ladyship."

Her ladyship made a gesture. "You see? And I fear it is his intention to prolong his visit indefinitely!"

"Then I leaves," said Jane.

"I 'as to!" said Pelton.

"Me, too!" From James.

"I has to follow sult, your ladyship," said Tommy mournfully.

"Zee morality of ze country of my adoption compels

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CANADA'S FISHMONGER GENERAL

The Story of a Campaign to Sell Canadian Fish

By THOMAS M. FRASER

SINCE those early days when Radisson and Groseillers, Canadian *voyageurs* and *coureurs du bois*, sat about the ante-rooms of the great in London, in the Seventeenth Century, and poured their tales of wonder into the ears of London merchants, endeavoring to enlist sympathy for their trading and empire-building schemes in the new world—the beginnings of the Hudson Bay Company—the greater part of what romance there has been in Canadian commerce has centred about the North-West. It was there that the Hudson Bay, and its later-founded competitor, the North-West Company, schemed and fought and stalked each other for a supremacy which was never settled in the open, but by the more modern method of "merger." It was there that the great Canadian Pacific Railway drama was conceived and staged. And it was from there that Hughie Green started out with a brown paper parcel under his arm, containing a fine specimen of the lake whitefish, to make the world eat "fish."

And if you think this is dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous, let me tell you that you are wrong; because that was probably the most fruitful fish in the history of the world. As a matter of strict iethyological fact, I believe the cod is the most fecund of fish, it having been calculated that one cod will deposit nine millions of eggs; but it is also a fact, nevertheless, that from that solitary whitefish carried from Saskatoon to Ottawa in the autumn of 1915 has grown an export trade which at this date amounts to over fifty million pounds, and whose future possibilities are limitless.

It may seem not such a hard thing to do to make a hungry world eat fish, particularly when it is on war-rations, not dead sure where its next meal is coming from, but certain that it will be a slim one. But fish, somehow, as an article of diet has been the world's buffoon. No one would speak slightingly of a beef-steak, or approach a rasher of bacon—particularly in these times—with anything but an attitude of reverence. Singers have shouted themselves red in the face over the praise of brown October ale; bands all around the British Empire have brought tears to the eyes and saliva to the mouth of the wandering Briton, as they brayed out the "Roast Beef of Old England"; but what poet ever composed an ode to a cod, or penned a tribute to a trout? It simply isn't done. We throw lines to fish, but we do not indite them.

Why, when Hughie Green started to make the Canadian soldiers eat fish, everybody laughed at him. And will you believe it, I started to read the articles the British press later on published on the introduction of Canadian frozen fish into Europe, and after I had read three-quarters of a mile of them from Hughie's scrap-book—articles from staid British institutions like the Westminster *Gazette*, the *Scotsman*, the *Financier* and *Bullionist*, the Leeds *Mercury*, the *Morning Post*, the *Financial Post*, and the London *Times*, (fact, I assure you; they say that thunder kills fish, but "the Thunderer" stroked ours gently on the back as though it were "guddling" them, which is the Scotch method of catching them with the bare hands) well, do you wonder that I was lost in admiration, and in the middle of this sentence? And wouldn't you agree that the man who did all this off his own bat, and in the face of the laughter and scepticism of nearly everyone in officialdom at Ottawa, deserves a place in the hall of fame of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE?

No Canadian ever worked the staid and conservative British press for one-half the free publicity that Hughie Green got, not even that other picturesque Canadian figure, Lord Beaverbrook; and every line of Hughie's publicity redounded to the benefit of a great Canadian industry. They know more about Canadian fish over there now than they do about their own. Hughie hadn't been ashore on British soil two hours before the reporters realized that a new star had swum into their ken; and after that it was simply a matter of sitting down and thinking out a new story for them. And Hughie—to use the vernacular—is some hand at the new thought. He is not only the leading single-handed fish salesman of the world, but the world's best compiler or inventor of fish stories. Anybody could sell fish in Spain on Friday; but Hughie can go into a Presbyterian settlement in Scotland and sell them fish seven days in the week; and he could make people in British Columbia believe that they really wanted to eat canned salmon.

A Scotchman—Of Course

BUT that all came later on; and it was a far cry from the time he arrived at Ottawa with that frozen whitefish in the brown paper parcel. It was not, primarily, a commercial undertaking, you will understand. No man born in Glasgow, as Hughie was, is averse to looking after the bawbees; but he went to Ottawa as the Apostle of Fish to the World. He was born and brought up in the fish trade in Scotland. His father had been in it in a large way, and had retired to far-off Saskatchewan with a competence, taking his husky sons with him. The boys had learned the trade from the bottom of the sea up; and Hughie himself, with his witty tongue and persuasive smile, had been a noted fish salesman in Glasgow, where they get up on a barrel in the open market and auction the fish off; and to do that, the auctioneer must be able to give the bare-bosomed and free-tongued fish-wives as good as they send.

Mark Twain once wrote a story about a Southerner who went to Washington to collect payment for a little matter of twenty barrels of pork supplied to the troops during the war. He went in style, and in a hurry, expecting to collect his money and start for home next day. His equipage was magnificent, and included a coach and four, a footman, and a spotted dog. He quickly found himself involved in the coils of the circumlocution offices at Washington. Day by day went past, with his claim still uncollected. By degrees he parted with all his costly equipage in order to live. Finally, Mark came upon him when he was about to leave for home, with his claim still uncollected; he was disposing of his sole remaining asset with the remark: "Durn a dog, anyhow."

Major Green, the Canadian who sold millions of dollars' worth of Canadian fish to the British War Office.

His experience was fairly representative of those who go to interview Governments in any country. Sometimes they come away from the official presence imagining they have secured what they went after. In turning the thing over in their minds on the train on the way home, chilly doubts begin to creep in. Before they are home long, all doubts are dissipated: they *know* they have got nothing but honeyed words. For years past the farmers of the West have been storming Ottawa; and about all they got for it was the privilege of spending ten nights in an upper berth.

He Arrives in Ottawa

BEFORE Hughie Green arrived at Ottawa with his brown paper parcel and his proposition of putting Canadian fish on the Canadian soldiers' menu, the endurance record of Government interviewers had been twelve days; and the man who stayed that long did so, not because he was making any headway, but because his expenses were paid, and he liked the board at the Chateau Laurier. In addition to the whitefish, Hughie took down with him a strong Doric accent, and a pair (or a sett, or a brace) of kilts for social functions. As an entertainer, Harry Lauder beats Hughie in the shape of his legs, and in that only. Lauder's voice isn't any better, and his smile isn't in the same class; but he *has* funnier legs.

Hughie was going to run down to Ottawa, sell several million pounds of fish, or direct the Government where they could buy them, receive the thanks of his grateful country and maybe a cheque, and go home on the next train. It was a simple and easy little matter: merely to have fish put on the menu of the soldiers, thereby supplying them with cheap, nutritious, and palatable fare, and at the same time do a good turn for the fishermen in the northern lakes. If there was anything left, Hughie didn't mind taking a share of it himself. Sounds simple, doesn't it? Hungry Soldiers—Cheap Fish—Paternal and Economical Government—Poor Fishermen—also, alas, poor Hughie Green!

You know those revolving doors, which have become so popular in late years? Well, it was just like that; only those at Ottawa all empty out on the sidewalk again, instead of letting you get in anywhere. Hughie started out with a good Chateau breakfast under his belt, even if it did cost enough to keep a northern fisherman for a year, because he calculated he could stand it for once. He had the fish with him in a brown paper parcel. He took the first office he came to in the east block. It did not seem to be a lucky shot.

A group of the men who were attached to Major Green and who helped to carry out the campaign.

The official there, who was an impressive looking person, listened to him through a monocle for the space of half a cigarette; and then, sniffing at the brown paper parcel, and with his face lighting up with intelligence exclaimed:

"Fish! Ha! Yes. See them at the Marine and Fisheries Department. Quite so! Quite so! Right—o."

And Hughie went out through the revolving doors.

IT took him two days to reach the nethermost eaves of the Marine and Fisheries Department; but he considered it time well spent, because he saw the Minister himself—the Minister that was, that is.

"Noo," said Hughie to himself, "this is whaur I sud hae came fur—r—st."

He pictured this department filled with hardy mariners, smelling of salt herring, and with oil-skins and sou'-westers hanging up behind the doors. He rolled in a "Yo-heave-ho, my hearties" salutation; but was met by a frigid air of inquiry. Barring the fact that the typewriter had her hair in Marcel waves, there was not a sign of the briny deep about the place; but as he was being shunted off with a letter of introduction to the Archives Department, the Minister himself entered, and Hughie followed him, with the faithful fish under his arm.

Telling It To the Marines

THE Minister did not deny that it was the Marine and Fisheries Department; but it was the naval end that was occupying his exclusive attention then. If Hughie had only had a model of a new torpedo boat, or a folding periscope, he might give him some time; but he did not see that anything could be done with fish just at present. The Department, however, had recently issued a splendidly illustrated booklet, instructing the public on the value of fish as a food, a copy of which could be had by anyone on application. He would advise seeing the Department of Justice; he understood they had some queer fish to deal with there at times.

Being still new at the game of passing the buck, Hughie took the advice and his fish, and once more made the perilous passage through the revolving doors.

At the Justice Department, he got justice, but tempered with very little mercy. Some one next advised Colonel Black, of the Militia Department. He saw him.

It must be admitted that the fish by this time had been feeling the effect of its absence from cold storage for a week, and the constant pressure of an arm growing hot with indignation. Every night he had placed it on the outside window ledge to renew the firmness of youth; but time was telling on it. Angus Gordon of the Chateau was threatening to take measures for the protection of his other guests, whose only interest in fish was that they didn't like the smell of it. Hughie's funds were running short. Things, both fiscal and fishcal, were approaching a crisis.

When he called on Colonel Black, he thought it advisable to have the sample loosened up ready to be whipped out at the psychological moment. It was peeping coyly out of the end of the parcel. Colonel Black was a soldier of the old-school: stout, red-faced, monocled, and fussy.

"Ah!" he said; "Good morning. *Phew—w—!*"

Guid mor—r—ning," said Hughie. "I've juist cam doon frae Saskatoon to see aboot ar—r—angin' for a diet of —"

"Ah! yes. Quite so. *Phew-w-w!*"

"Of fush for the laddies in the camps, ye ken, an' this is a bit of a whitefish frae the northern lakes. Ye understan' that the Indians — "

"Ah! the Indians. *Phew—w—w!* Quite so; but, my dear sir, I really—*Phew—w—w!* Oh, Lord! *Phew—w—*"

"— an' this (proceeding to remove the paper) is a whitefush which I brocht al—"

"But really, you know, I do not wish to, ah, to see it. Not in my department, you know. Boots—shovels—shields—cross-belts—Ross rifles—anything but—*Phew—w—w!* Good morning! Larkins, bring me file No. 4411 B., and put up all the windows——"

He Meets Sam Hughes

That was enough for Hughie. He had shaken hands with everybody now, and delivered all his letters. He decided he would take the train back to Saskatoon, and let the troops eat meat twenty-one times a week if the Government insisted, although they might all die of hardening of the arteries. But meantime, the newspapermen around Ottawa had begun to take an interest in him and his scheme; and some one suggested that he go direct to Sam Hughes.

"Ay," said Hughie later, "yon's a mon. I didna even show him the fush. I juist let him know what the idea was, ye understan', and the trouble I'd been experiencin'. He swore once and whacked a bell twice, and the thing was done. "'Fish!' he said; 'that's good brain food, isn't it? God knows it's needed around here! Did you ever get any brains out of it? We'll try it; it looks good to me.'"

Fish, therefore, had arrived. Hughie was sent to Camp Hughes and began feeding the troops there. They thrived on it. In the autumn of 1915 he returned to Ottawa, and saw Sir Sam again. He pointed out that it would be a good and economical move to feed the troops in Great Britain with fish; and there might also be a chance of introducing Canadian fish to the civil population there. Again Sir Sam saw the point. He had imagination. He thought the men would appreciate it, and sent a cable of inquiry to General Carson. The answer was satisfactory; and Hughie was ordered to get ready to go over and superintend operations.

"I'll make you a Captain," said Sir Sam. "You'll be Captain of the Fish Marines. First in history."

"Weel, Sir Sam, ye ken a Captain's no' a verra big job for a mon wi' all this wor-r-k to dae."

"All right; I'll make you a major. Get your uniform."

Five weeks later, Major Green, as fine a looking officer as ever donned a uniform, and as well qualified for the work he had to do as anyone who could be found in the British Empire, was in Liverpool with his first consignment of 150,000 pounds of Canadian fish. He had hardly landed before the newspapermen scented good copy. It is said that Lord Beaverbrook, who owns the *Daily Express*, set the ball rolling. He put a reporter and a photographer on Hughie's trail.

The Trained Gold Fish

IN New York, Hughie had acquired a suitable mascot for the new department of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. It was a gold-fish, which he christened Maggie, and he carried it over with him in a glass bowl. Maggie caught the eye of the photographer.

"What have you there, Major?" he inquired.

"What! hae ye no' heard o' Maggie? She's a trained fush. She loops the loop, waggles her back fin, and turns flip-flaps in the water at wur—r—d o' command."

"Hold her up and I'll get her picture."

That started the trouble. The next day there appeared a picture in the *Daily Express* of a major in the British army committing the unspeakable indignity of being photographed in uniform holding up a fish; a gold-fish, a trained gold-fish! The War Office very nearly had apoplexy. Major Green was at Shorncliffe, superintending the distribution of the first issue of fish rations, which was the most important thing in the world to him then. He received a wire from Canadian Headquarters which read:

"Report at once. Explanation demanded."

It looked as though they really wanted him down at Headquarters but, remember, Hughie was a busy man. He wired back:

"Too busy looking after cooking of fish. Will report on Monday."

WHEN he finally reported, he realized that the matter was serious after all. He rather expected to be led out at dawn and shot; but the War Officer was "no' so ba—a—d."

"You know, Major Green, you are making a sort of joke of this business," said the Staff Officer. "Have you any explanation?"

"If you only knew the whole story, it's the biggest joke in the wor—r—ld," said the Major. "Noo, if ye can see your way clear juist tae leave me alone for a little while, an' gang alang i' ma own way, I'll be making the British War Office use this Canadian fush, too. I gave up my contract tae feed the camps, where I could have made two thousand dollars a week, tae pit on this uniform; but I have anither suit o' clothes wi' me, an' if ye don't like ma ways, I can take this aff."

The interview ended with an order for no further publicity until the Minister came over, which would be in a day or two.

Sir Sam Backs Him Up

WHEN Sir Sam arrived, he wanted to know what was doing.

"This Major Green you sent over—"

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, he's all right; but he—he's got a fish he calls Maggie which he says comes to the top of the water at the bugle call, and—"

"Well, why can't he have a mascot as well as anyone else? A lot of these battalions took over bears, and wolves, and whatever took their fancy. Why can't Green have his fish?"

"Well, you see, sir, we have had a communication from the War Office saying it is making a joke of the Army, and —"

"The War Office has no sense of humor. Now, see here. Leave this man Green alone. If you all put your jobs as well as he puts over his fish, you will do damned well. Leave him alone."

With the "censorship" lifted, Hughie began his publicity campaign for Canadian fish. There was hardly a paper in the British Isles which failed to carry a story. He was an unfailing source of copy, and every week or two he pulled off a new "stunt." Some of the stories he gave out were grave, and some were gay; but all were so interesting that they could not be ignored; and all worked around to the point that Canada could feed the world with fish. He gave a luncheon for some hundreds of newspapermen, at which the entire menu consisted of Canadian fish, including one specimen which had been in cold storage for two years. Flavored with Green's stories, they pronounced it good; and went forth to herald the praises of Canadian fish, and of Canada's "Fishmonger General." That was a name that stuck. Major Green still gets letters delivered to him addressed, "Fishmonger General, Canadian Army." It is on that that he bases his regret in not having asked for a General's uniform when he started out.

A Joke On The Public

HE was responsible for one of the greatest practical jokes perpetrated in Great Britain in years. Finding publicity lagging, he got a week's leave, picked out the two biggest salmon in his stock—monsters of forty pounds—and went off up to Scotland to what had once been a noted salmon stream, but which had yielded nothing in recent years. A press photographer went with him. They put up at the local inn, where the proprietor had as his proudest possession a fish of about nineteen pounds, the record for the district, caught many years before, and now enclosed in a glass case on the wall.

"That's a fine fish," he remarked to Hughie, who was examining it critically.

"Oh, it's no sae bad. I'm gaein' tae catch two bigger ones to-morrow."

"You'll not catch any fish around here. No one has got a fish out of the Nith for twenty years."

"We'll see."

The fish were duly "caught," and a thrilling photograph taken of the operation, which appeared in illustrated papers all over the land. Ardent fishermen began to head for the Nith. Hughie has a framed letter from the inn proprietor asking him to stop the circulation of the story; as he could not any longer stand the doubts and recriminations of fishermen who had thronged his place to such an extent that they were sleeping on billiard tables and in outhouses—but catching no fish.

War Office Was Receptive

THE time was now ripe to approach the British War Office, to urge them to put fish on the menu of the British Tommy. The War Office was in a more or less receptive mood. The publicity had begun to have its effect. The officer in charge brightened up at the name of "Green."

"Ah!" he said. "You'll be the chap they call the Fishmonger General. And how is your little performing fish, Maggie?"

This was sufficient introduction. "Maggie" had done the trick. The War Office *had* a sense of humor. Officials from different quarters were summoned, and Hughie had an audience, which was all he needed. They heard enough about Canadian fish to induce them to give the matter consideration. They cabled to the War Purchasing Commission in Canada to buy one and a half million pounds as a sample.

The "sample" was satisfactory, and further orders were placed with Canadian fishermen for 32 million pounds.

With the help of Sir T. B. Robinson, Agent General for Queensland, acting for the Imperial Board of Trade, he got the Australian and New Zealand forces eating our fish. If peace had not come, there is no saying to what dimensions this trade might not have grown.

At the time Sir Sam Hughes went out of office, preparations were under way to supply tinned fish to all the Allied armies, Major Green having consulted with their headquarter officials at Paris. But Sir Sam's successor was not interested in the matter of fish. A page of Hansard, for April 11th, 1919, embalms imperishably the famous name of "Maggie." Mr. Devlin called the attention of the Acting Minister of Militia to her appearance in the British press and wanted an explanation. Mr. Kemp frigidly denied any acquaintance; and apparently lost all further interest in fish from that moment.

The SUN GAZER

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Kindred of the Wild," "Watchers of the Trails," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Charles G. D Roberts is one of the best known of Canadian authors. He is famous, particularly, for his stories of the wild. "The Sun Gazer" is the first Roberts story to appear in* MACLEAN'S, *and it is fortunate that it has been possible to obtain the co-operation of Arthur Heming, Canada's animal artist.*

TO Jim Horner it seemed as if the great, white-headed eagle was in some way the uttered word of the mountain and the lake—of the lofty, solitary, granite-crested peak, and of the deep, solitary water at its base. As his canoe raced down the last mad rapid, and seemed to snatch breath again as it floated out upon the still water of the lake, Jim would rest his paddle across the gunwales and look up expectantly. First his keen, far-sighted gray eyes would sweep the blue arc of sky in search of the slow circling of wide, motionless wings. Then, if the blue were empty of this far shape, his glance would range at once to a dead pine standing sole on a naked and splintered shoulder of the mountain—which he knew as "Old Baldy." There he was almost sure to see the great bird sitting, motionless and majestic, staring at the sun. Floating idly and smoking, resting after his long battle with the rapids, he would watch, till the immensity and the solitude would creep in upon his spirit, and oppress him. Then, at last, a shrill yelp, far-off, and faint, but sinister, would come from the pine-top; and the eagle, launching himself on open wings from his perch, would either wheel upward into the blue, or flap away over the serried fir-tops to some ravine in the cliffs that hid his nest.

One day, when Jim came down the river and stopped, as usual, to look for the great bird, he scanned in vain both sky and cliffside. At last he gave up the search, and paddled on down the lake with a sense of loss. Something had vanished from the splendor of the solitude. But presently he heard, close overhead, the beat and whistle of vast wings; and looking up he saw the eagle passing above him, flying so low that he could catch the hard, unwinking, tameless stare of its black and golden eyes as they looked down upon him with a sort of inscrutable challenge. He noted also a peculiarity which he had never seen in any other eagle. This one had a streak of almost black feathers immediately over its left eye, giving it a heavy and sinister eyebrow. The bird carried in the clutch of its talons a big, glistening lake-trout, probably snatched from the fish-hawk; and Jim was able to take note of the very set of its pinion-feathers as the wind hummed in their tense webs. Flying with a massive power quite unlike the ease of his soaring, the eagle mounted gradually up the steep, passed the rocky shoulder with its watch-tower pine, and disappeared over the edge of a ledge which looked to Horner like a mere scratch across the face of the high mountains.

"That's where his nest is, sure!" muttered Horner to himself. And remembering that cold challenge in the bird's yellow stare, he suddenly decided that he wanted to see the eagle's nest. He had plenty of time. He was in no particular hurry to get back to the settlement and the gossip of the cross-roads store. He turned his canoe to land, lifted her out and hid her in the bushes, and struck back straight for the face of "Old Baldy."

THE lower slope was difficult to climb; a tangle of tumbled boulders and fallen trunks, mantled in the soundless gloom of the fir-forest. Skilled woodsman though he was, Horner's progress was so slow, and the windless heat became so oppressive to his impatience, that he was beginning to think of giving up the idle venture, when suddenly he came face to face with a perpendicular and impassable wall of cliff. This curt arrest to his progress was just what was needed to stiffen his wavering resolution. He understood the defiance which his ready fancy had read in the stare of the eagle. Well he had accepted the challenge. He would not be baffled by a rock. If he could not climb over it, he would go round it; but he would find the nest.

With an obstinate look in his eyes, Horner began to work his way along the foot of the cliff, toward the right. Taking advantage of every inch of ascent that he could gain, he at last found, to his satisfaction, that he had made sufficient height to clear the gloom of the woods. As he looked out over their tops a light breeze cooled his wet forehead, and he pressed on with fresh vigor. Presently the slope grew a trifle easier, the foothold surer, and he mounted more rapidly. The steely lake, and the rough-ridged black-green sea of the fir-tops began to unroll below him. At last he rounded an elbow of the steep; and there, before him, upthrust perhaps a hundred feet above his head, stood the outlying shoulder of rock, crowned with its dead pine, on which he was accustomed to see the eagle sitting. Even as he looked motionless, there came a rushing of great wings; and suddenly, there was the eagle himself, erect on his high perch, and staring, as it seemed to Horner, straight into the sun.

When Horner resumed his climbing, the great bird turned his head, and gazed down upon him with an ironic fixity which betrayed neither dread nor wonder. Concluding that the nest would be lying somewhere within view of its owner's watch-tower, Horner now turned his efforts towards reaching the dead pine. With infinite difficulty, and with a few bruises to arm and leg, he managed to cross the jagged crevice which partly separated the jutting rock-pier from the main face of the cliff. Then, laboriously and doggedly, he dragged himself up the splintered slope, still being forced around to the right, till there fell away below him a gulf into which it was not good for the nervous to look. Feeling that a fate very different from that of Lot's wife might be his if he should let himself look back too indiscreetly, he kept his eyes upon the lofty goal and pressed on upwards with a haste that now grew a trifle feverish. It began to seem to him that the irony of the eagle's changeless stare might perhaps not be unjustified.

Not till Horner had conquered the steep and, panting but elated, gained the very foot of the pine, did the eagle stir. Then, spreading his wings with a slow disdain, as if not dread but aversion to this unbidden visitor bade him go, he launched himself on a long, splendid sweep over the gulf, and then mounted on a spacious spiral to his inaccessible outlook in the blue. Leaning against the bleached and scarred trunk of the pine, Horner watched this majestic departure for some minutes, recovering his breath and drinking deep the cool and vibrant air. Then he turned, and scanned the face of the mountain.

THERE it lay, in full view—the nest which he had climbed so far to find. It was not more than a hundred yards away. Yet, at first sight, it seemed hopelessly out of reach. The chasm separating the ledge on which it clung from the outlying rock of the pine was not more than twenty feet across; but its bottom was apparently somewhere in the roots of the mountain. There was no way of passing it at this point. But Horner had a faith that there was a way to be found over or around every obstacle in the world, if only one kept on looking for it resolutely enough.

He fell backwards and plunged down straight upon the nest.

To keep on looking for a path to the eagle's nest, he struggled onward, around the outer slope of the buttress, down a ragged incline, and across a narrow and dizzy "saddle-back," which brought him presently upon another angle of the steep, facing south-east. Clinging with his toes and one hand, while he wiped his dripping forehead with his sleeve, he looked up, and saw the whole height of the mountain, unbroken and daunting, stretched skyward above him.

But to Horner the solemn sight was not daunting in the least.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, grinning with satisfaction. "I hev' circumvented that there crevice, sure's shootin'!"

Of the world below he now had a view that was almost overpoweringly unrestricted; but of the mountain, and his scene of operations, he could see only the stretch directly above him. A little calculation convinced him, however, that all he had to do was to keep straight on up for perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, then, as soon as the slope would permit, work around to his left, and descend upon the nest from above. Incidentally he made up his mind that his return journey should be made by another face of the mountain—any other, rather than that by which he had rashly elected to come.

It seemed to Horner like a mile, that last hundred and fifty yards, but at last he calculated that he had gained enough in height. At the same time he felt the slope grow easier. Making his way toward the left, he came upon a narrow ledge, along which he

could move easily sidewise, by clinging to the rock. Presently it widened to a path by which he could walk almost at ease, with the wide, wild solitude, dark-green laced with silver water-courses, spread like a stupendous amphitheatre far below him. It was the wilderness which he knew so well in detail, yet had never before seen as a whole; and the sight, for a few moments, held him in a kind of awed surprise. When he tore his gaze free from the majestic spectacle—there, some ten or twelve yards below his feet, he saw the object of his quest.

It was nothing much to boast of in the way of architecture, this nest of the King of the Air—a mere cart-load of sticks and bark and coarse grass, apparently tumbled at haphazard upon the narrow ledge. But, in fact, its foundations were so skilfully wedged into the crevices of the rock, its structure was so cunningly interwoven, that the fiercest winds which scourged that lofty seat were powerless against it. It was a secure throne, no matter what tempests might rage around it.

Sitting half erect on the nest were two eaglets, almost full grown, and so nearly full feathered that Horner wondered why they did not take wing at his approach. He did not know that the period of helplessness with these younglings of royal birth lasted even after they looked as big and well able to take care of themselves as their parents. It was a surprise to him, also, to see that they were quite unlike their parents in color, being black all over from head to tail, instead of a rich brown with snow-white head, neck, and tail. As he stared, he slowly realized that the mystery of the rare "black eagle" was explained. He had seen one, once, flying heavily just above the tree-tops, and imagined it a discovery of his own. But now he reached the just conclusion that it had been merely a youngster in its first plumage.

As he stared, the two young birds returned his gaze with interest, watching him with steady, yellow, undaunted eyes from under their flat, fierce brows. With high-shouldered wings half raised, they appeared quite ready to resent any familiarity which the strange intruder might be contemplating.

HORNER lay face downward on his ledge, and studied the perpendicular rock below him for a way to reach the next. He had no very definite idea what he wanted to do when he got there; possibly, if the undertaking seemed feasible, he might carry off one of the royal brood and amuse himself with trying to domesticate it. But, at any rate, he hoped to add something, by a closer inspection, to his rather inadequate knowledge of eagles.

And this hope, indeed, as he learned the next moment, was not unjustified. Cautiously he was lowering himself over the edge, feeling for the scanty and elusive foothold, when all at once the air was filled with a rush of mighty wings, which seemed about to overwhelm him. A rigid wing-tip buffeted him so sharply that he lost his hold on the ledge. With a yell of consternation, which caused his assailant to veer off, startled, he fell backwards, and plunged down straight upon the nest.

It was the nest only that saved him from instant death. Tough and elastic, it broke his fall; but at the same time its elasticity threw him off, and on the rebound he went rolling and bumping on down the steep slopes below the ledge, with the screaming of the eagles in his ears, and a sickening sense in his heart that the sunlit world tumbling and turning somersaults before his blurred sight was his last view of life. Then, to his dim surprise, he was brought up with a thump; and clutching desperately at a bush which scraped his face, he lay still. At the same moment a flapping mass of feathers and fierce claws landed on top of him, but only to scramble off again as swiftly as possible with a hoarse squawk. He had struck one of the young eagles in his fall, hurled it from the nest, and brought it down with him to this lower ledge which had given him so timely a refuge.

For several minutes, perhaps, he lay clutching the bush desperately and staring straight upwards. There he saw both parent eagles whirling excitedly, screaming, and staring down at him; and then the edge of the nest, somewhat dilapidated by his strange assault, overhanging the ledge about thirty feet above him. At length his wits came back to him, and he cautiously turned his head to see if he was in danger of falling if he should relax his hold on the bush. He was in bewildering pain, which seemed distributed all over him; but in spite of it he laughed aloud, to find that the bush, to which he hung so desperately, was in a little hollow on a spacious ledge, from which he could not have fallen by any chance. At that strange, uncomprehended sound of human laughter the eagles ceased their screaming for a few moments, and whirled further aloof.

With great difficulty and anguish, Horner raised himself to a sitting position, and tried to find out how seriously he was hurt. One leg was quite helpless. He felt it all over, and came to the conclusion that it was not actually broken, but for all the uses of a leg, for the present at least, it might as well have been putty, except for the fact that it pained him abominably. His left arm and shoulder, too, seemed to be little more than useless incumbrances, and he wondered how so many bruises and sprains could find place on one place on one human body of no more than average size. However, having assured himself, with infinite relief, that there were no bones broken, he set his teeth grimly and looked about to take account of the situation.

II

THE ledge on which he had found refuge was apparently an isolated one, about fifty or sixty feet in length and vanishing with the face of the sheer cliff at either end. It had a width of perhaps twenty-five feet; and its surface, fairly level, held some soil in its rocky hollows. Two or three dark-green seedling firs, and a slim young silver birch, a patch or two of wind-beaten grass, and some clumps of harebells, azure as the clear sky overhead, softened the bareness of this tiny, high-flung terrace. In one spot, at the back, a spread of intense green and a hand-breath of moisture on the rock showed where a tiny spring oozed from a crevice to keep this lonely oasis in the granite alive and fresh.

At the farthest edge of the shelf and eyeing him with savage dread, sat the young eagle, which had fallen with him. Horner noticed, with a kind of sympathy, that even the bird, for all his wings, had not come out of the affair without some damage; for one of its black wings was not held up so snugly as the other. He hoped it was not broken. As he mused vaguely upon this unimportant question his pain so exhausted him that he sank back, and lay once more staring up at the eagles, who were still wheeling excitedly over the nest. In an exhaustion that was partly sleep and partly coma his eyes closed. When he opened them again the sun was hours lower and far advanced toward the west, so that the ledge was in shadow. His head was not perfectly clear; and his first thought was of getting himself back to the canoe. With excruciating effort he dragged himself to the edge of the terrace and looked down. The descent, at this point, was all but perpendicular for perhaps a hundred feet. In full possession of his powers, he would find it difficult enough. In his present state, he saw clearly that he might just as well throw himself over as attempt it.

Not yet disheartened, however, he dragged himself slowly toward the other end of the terrace, where the young eagle sat watching him. As he approached, the bird lifted its wings, as if about to launch himself over and dare the element which he had not yet learned to master. But one wing dropped, as if injured, and he knew the attempt would be fatal. Opening his beak angrily, he hopped away to the other end of the terrace. But Horner was paying no heed to birds at that moment. He was staring down the steep, and realizing that this ledge, which had proved his refuge, was now his prison, and not unlikely to become also his tomb.

Sinking back against a rock, and grinding his teeth with pain, he strove to concentrate his attention upon the problem that confronted him. Was he to die of hunger on this high solitude before he could recover sufficiently to climb down? The thought stirred all his dogged determination. He would keep alive, and that was all there was about it. He would get well; and then the climbing down would be no great matter. This point settled, he dismissed it from his consideration, and turned his thoughts to ways and means. After all, there was that little thread of a spring, trickling from the rock. He would have enough to drink. And as for food—how much worse it would have been had the ledge been a bare piece of rock? Here he had some grass, and the roots of herbs and brushes. A man could keep himself alive on such things, if he had will enough. And, as a last resort, there was the young eagle! This idea, however, was anything but attractive to him; and it was with eyes of good-will rather than of appetite that he glanced at his fellow prisoner sitting motionless at the other extremity of the ledge.

"It'll be hard lines, pardner, ef I should hev' to eat you, after all!" he muttered with a twisted kind of grin. "We're both of us in a hole, sure enough; an' I'll play fair as long's I kin!"

AS he mused, a great shadow passed over his head, and looking up he saw one of the eagles hovering low above the ledge. It was the male, his old acquaintance, staring down at him from under that strange, black brow. He carried a large fish in his talons, and was plainly anxious to feed his captive young, but not quite ready to approach this mysterious man-creature who had been able to invade his eyrie as if with wings. Horner lay as still as a stone, watching through half-closed lids. The young eagle, seeing food so near, opened its beak wide and croaked eagerly; while the mother bird, larger but wilder and less resolute than her mate, circled aloof with sharp cries of warning. At last, unable any longer to resist the appeals of his hungry youngster, the great bird swooped down over him, dropped the fish fairly into his clutches, and slanted away with a hurried flapping which betrayed his nervousness.

As the youngster fell ravenously upon his meal, tearing and gulping the fragments, Horner drew a deep breath.

"That's where I come in, pardner," he explained,

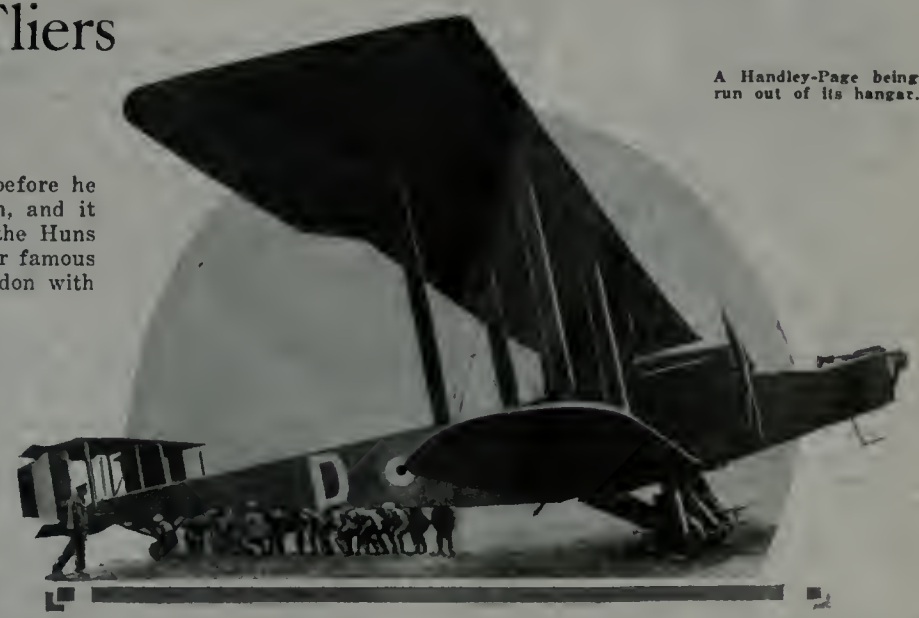
Continued on page 67

There was the beat and whistle of vast wings . . . The bird carried in the clutch of its talons a glistening lake trout.

BOMBING *the* BOCHE

Further Exploits of the Night Fliers

By Lieut. J. VERNON McKENZIE



A Handley-Page being run out of its hangar.

"UNDER no circumstances is the aerodrome at Speyersdorp to be attacked by any of our squadrons."

This notice, pinned on the bulletin-board of the squadron one afternoon, naturally aroused the curiosity of everyone, and, in searching for the *raison d'être*, one of the most interesting stunts that almost came off, during the concluding days of the war, was disclosed.

The plan was daringly conceived by two officers, an English lieutenant and a Canadian captain, who previously had won fame, and a D.F.C. apiece, by bombing Mannheim from a height of 200 feet. Their idea was nothing less than landing in this Hun aerodrome, burning up the enemy's machines and hangars, and taking a chance on making a clean get-away!

A specially-constructed Handley-Page was to be used, and fitted up so that, besides the pilot and observer, twelve men could be carried. Several of these men, probably eight, were to be armed with an English adaptation of the *Flammenwerfer*, and the others were to be equipped with machine guns. On some suitable night—neither too dark nor too moon-lit—these daring adventurers planned to glide down, and land in the centre of Speyersdorp 'drome. On the majority of nights it is next to impossible to tell whether a machine is friend or foe until it is *very* close; in fact, on many a night even the members of a squadron cannot identify their fellows until they hear a voice shouting from the dark, *after* the landing.

Having thus landed in the centre of the Hun 'drome, probably still unsuspected, the men armed with the flame-throwers were to rush forward, and set enemy hangars and machines on fire. Meanwhile, the machine gunners would keep off any attacking Huns, and endeavor to protect the fire-squad, enabling them gradually to effect a withdrawal to the waiting Handley. As soon as the Hun hangars, machines, and gasoline reserve stocks were blazing merrily away, and the invaders had scrambled back into the machine, the pilot and observer planned to take off quickly, and trust to the elements of surprise and dash, and incidental confusion, to enable all concerned to make a safe return!

This is another of those plans of which the breaking out of peace prevented the consummation. Speyersdorp was chosen because it was necessary in this coup to attack an enemy 'drome large enough to permit a landing and a take-off in the same direction (*into* wind, of course) without turning around for a fresh start.

Huns Got the First Handley

THE very first Handley-Page built was landed in a German aerodrome—and stayed there. It was quite inadvertent, and was really one of the minor disasters of the war. For many months the fact was carefully concealed from the public, but eventually it was admitted that a British pilot, early in 1917, flew a Handley-Page over to France, got lost in a fog, came out of the fog just in time to see stretched below him an inviting-looking aerodrome, and immediately made a beautiful landing — at Lille! His astonishment and rage when he realized his machine was the only one there *without* a black cross on its wings and fuselage may be better imagined than described.

He and his machine were taken into custody before he had time to get off again, and it was this machine which the Huns used as the model for their famous Gothas, which raided London with such surprise effect July 7, 1917. They lost no time in copying a good thing when they got it.

A Canadian officer who was in the R.A.F. for nearly two years had an opportunity to discuss frankly with a well-educated German bombing-pilot, captured in one of the 1917 raids over England, some of the aspects of his "business." Just what kind of a man was the average Hun "baby-killer," as they were early called, who would obey orders to drop bombs indiscriminately over defenceless towns? This question has often been asked.

The 3rd German bombing squadron, stationed in flights at St. Denis Westrem, Gontrode, and Mariakerke aerodromes, Belgium, with an establishment of about thirty machines, undertook practically all the aeroplane raids over England. It was outfitted, after July, 1917, with Gothas, though its first raid over England took place May 25, 1917, in a smaller 'bus. The squadron commander who led the first raid was Hauptmann Brandenburg, but he did no more flying until 1918 as he broke his leg while flying to the Kaiser's headquarters in June to get his Iron Cross!

The martinet of Hun air leaders, Klein, succeeded to the command, and he ordered others on raids in all sorts of weather, with the result that heavy casualties resulted from crashes in landing the unwieldy machines, and several were lost at sea.

London was always given as the objective, but many a Hun crew lost their nerve after they had passed the North Foreland, and started for the mouth of the Thames. The stout-hearts pushed on, but at the first sound of gun-fire many others released their bombs promiscuously and made for home. Until German Air Headquarters refused to accept their reports, they stated "the bombs fell among hostile shipping."

London defenses soon became effective. The anti-aircraft barrage was perfected so that very few Huns got through it. Scout machines attacked them at all stages of the journey. Even after these had been uncountered, there was still another peril. There were suspended from balloons, thousands of feet above London, a vast system of nets which would have cut the most powerful machine in two. These were known as "balloon aprons." The Huns never knew quite where these nets were, as several were hung in far-out suburbs. After every trip the danger of the "aprons" was magnified. In one of the early 1918 raids a Riesen Gotha (a "super" machine) struck the cable of one of these nets with its left wing tip, spun half around, and dropped 600 feet before the terror-stricken pilot could regain control.

Another machine was being hotly chased by a British Scout when a balloon net loomed up in front. The pilot jerked madly at his controls, and just managed to "zoom" over the topmost strand. The more mobile pursuer jerked his "joy-stick" back and went "over the top" too, hot after his huge quarry.

During the last raid over London, Whit Monday, 1918, the Germans lost seven machines shot down, and three more crashed on landing.

This May raid "put the wind up" the German Air Headquarters to such an extent that orders for future raids were countermanded, and no more took place.

An insight into the character of the Gotha crews—the best pilots refused the work—is gained from a semi-official British report which says:

"When orders came through for an attack on England, two hours before the start runners were sent, post haste, to search the brothels and drinking shops of Ghent to warn the personnel. They were a motley and blackguardly lot—officers hated by the men, and every one detested by the civil populations around their aerodromes, on whom they forced their unwelcome attention.

"They returned (from Ghent) to the aerodromes to find the machines already run out from the hangars by the ground personnel, and at five-minute intervals they rose in the darkness for the two and one-half hour flight to the Thames. It was common enough for several of these pilots to find at the moment of starting a "defect" sufficient to send them back for their beer.

"Of the machines which started one-fourth never reached the English coast, and of those that crossed one-half turned back before reaching London. . . . . .

"They bombed the 'fortifications' of London as an assassin might throw a grenade into a crowded theatre—certain of hitting something; but whether it was the shelter of women and children or a veterans' hospital they cared not. Their object was 'moral effect.' The result was a moral effect in their own ranks which led to mutiny."

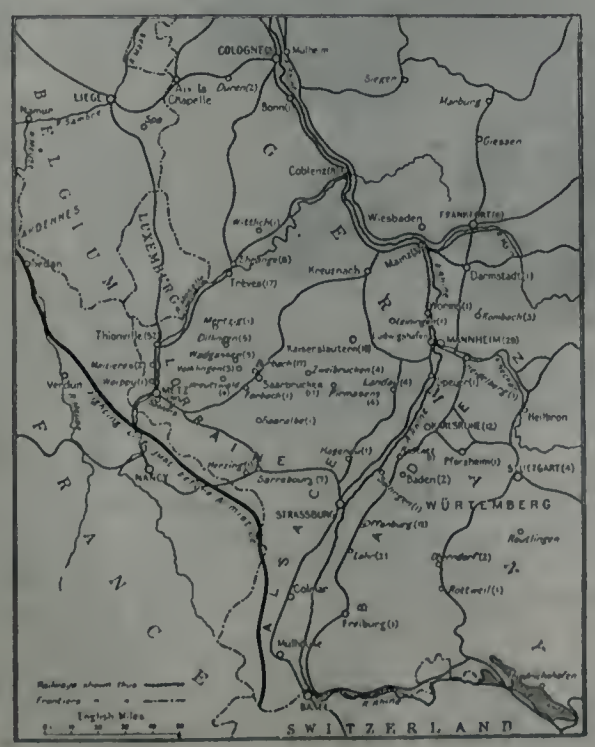
The Spirit of the British

BRITISH pilots were instructed to bomb their objectives or certain specified military alternatives—NEVER to indulge in indiscriminate bombing. In the light of the above on German morale—and morality—contrast what General Trenchard, head of the Independent Air Force, has to say of British bombers:

"The courage and determination shown by the pilots and observers were magnificent. There were cases in which a squadron lost the greater part of its machines on a raid, but this in no wise damped the other squadrons' keenness to avenge their comrades, and to attack the same target again and at once.

"Even when a squadron lost the greater part of its machines, the pilots, instead of taking it as a defeat for the Force, at once turned it into a victory by attacking the same targets again with the utmost determination. I never saw, even when our losses were heaviest, any wavering in their determination to get well into Germany.

"On several occasions the machines with only five and a quarter hours' petrol were out for that time; in one case a formation was out for five hours and



Near Nancy was the I.A.F. headquarters. The places marked with a small, hollow circle were bombed by the I.A.F. during 1918

thirty minutes, and it only just managed to clear the front line trenches on its homeward journey. A *miscalculation of five minutes* would have lost the whole formation."

"WHAT'S your ceiling?"

That is a question which meant more to the day bombers than the night birds, for the former frequently had to fight all the way out to their objective and then all the way back. A squadron's "ceiling" is the utmost height which it can count on attaining, and therefore if a British squadron had a ceiling 1,000 feet-2,000 feet higher than the enemy, they could conduct their bombing with immunity.

July 31, 1918, No. 99 squadron, with nine machines, started to raid Mainz, and, while passing south of Saarbrücken, were attacked by forty hostile scouts. Four of our machines were shot down. The others reached Saarbrücken, dropped bombs on the station, and on their return lost three more machines. Thus, only two, out of nine, got back.

Some squadrons later got machines which enabled them to extend their ceiling so that they could fly 1,000 feet or more higher than the Huns. But they showed a disinclination to keep such a ceiling; the Canadian pilots, especially, actually preferred to *fly lower* so that they *could fight*. And there were plenty of British pilots and observers simply spoiling for a fight. One Bruce County, Ontario, boy, Lieut. Don Stewart, accounted for half a dozen Huns this way.

A Canadian Exploit in Italy

IN Italy bombing and machine gun strafe-ing went hand in hand, and the British soon obtained such an extraordinary supremacy that a fight on anything like even terms became a novelty.

One Toronto aviator, Lieut. W. W. McBain, now a Dental student, was always looking for excitement, and one day got all that he was looking for, and then some.

"What'll we do to-day?" he asked his Flight Commander on a bright morning last summer, when things were dull.

"Oh, take a few 'pills,' and drop them in the 'Tag. wherever you can find any Austrian lorries or ammunition wagons," he was instructed.

So "Mac" set out for the "Tag"—that is, the Tagliamento. He was flying a "Camel," and carried four twenty-pound bombs. His next twenty-four hours were certainly crowded with incident.

"After flying for a short time around 1,000 feet," said 'Mac,' telling his story next day, "I spotted twenty wagons, and came down to 200 feet to have a good luck. I dropped my 'eggs,' one by one, as I swooped down over the convoy, and sure made a scatteration.

"Then I did a hair-pin turn, and came back over the same road, to treat them to a few bursts from my Vickers. But they were right there with that machine gun stuff, too, and from both sides of the road started pumping lead into my 'bus. None of them got a 'bull' on me however, and soon all quit but one persistent beggar. He got right on, and his first shot went through my induction pipe. A second later he ripped one through the engine, and then followed this up by shooting the elbow off the induction pipe.

"The flames shot back into my face and nearly blinded me; I saw I was over a wood, and decided to pancake on top of it. Just then I caught a glimpse of a bare spot on the edge of the woods, and managed to side-slip on to it.

"I landed right side up, and started to burn the machine. Some of the Austrian machine gunners came at me before I could finish the job, and I hiked across the fields, like the very devil, clad, your must remember, like a Polar bear.

"I spotted an Italian (this being occupied territory) and gasped:

"'Inglese Aviatore! Inglese Aviatore!'

"He shook his head; he didn't have the nerve to help me. So I scrambled along a few more fields and met another Italian, and with my last breath panted:

"'Inglese Aviatore!'

"He took me into a house near by, put some old, dirty rags on me, hid my own clothes, and then hustled me away to another shack a mile further on, to throw my pursuers off my track.

"When I got there a Sicilian came up, with about a fortnight's growth of beard—and kissed me on both cheeks, welcoming me until my face was almost raw. Then his daughter ventured in, timidly, and I thought if she'd give me the same dose it would be like the 'Italian balm' I'd heard of—but she was too shy.

"I was hidden in an attic room, no windows, and given a meagre meal. At night some Italian scouts, who had worked their way through a break in the line, came to the house, and after several hours' creeping, and crawling, under their guidance, I got back to our side."

Finding the Lost Yank

ANOTHER Canadian, Lieut. Norman Hamley, D.F.C., of Oshawa, Ontario, and Red Deer, Alta., had a peculiar adventure. He went off one morning, in company with a Yank named Redner, to "chaperon" the latter on his first trip over the line. They tootled off, dropped their "pills," and then became separated in a cloud. Hamley flew around for an hour or so, but couldn't locate Redner, and went home.

"Where's 'Yank'?" he was greeted with as he taxi-ed in toward the Flight hangar.

"Damfino; isn't he back?"

"No chance; guess he's 'pipped'; thought you'd have him in tow," said the Flight Commander.

Hamley said nothing, but had some more gasoline put in, and then took off, without orders. He wanted to locate Redner if possible.

He dropped out of a cloud, and found himself in the middle of eleven Hun Scouts. A "dog-fight" ensued, and in the melee 'Ham' shot down one or two of his opponents, had his middle finger carried off by a bullet, but managed to stagger home.

"There he found that 'Yank' also had met the same bunch of scouts, and his 'plane had been shot in almost every conceivable place, but he had had the luck of a beginner, backed up with plenty of pluck, and he also had eluded the Austrians.

"Was 'Yank' hit?" asked 'Ham' as he climbed out of the 'bus, staggering a bit through loss of blood, a khaki handkerchief wrapped around one hand where only a stump of a finger showed.

"Nary a scratch," said the Flight Commander. "You're sure a couple of lucky devils."

The Austrian Who Came Back

ONE Austrian aviator bore a charmed life on this front. Only three trips did he make over the line—and twice he was shot down. His very first venture over the lines he met Major Barker, V.C.,—who afterwards became famous for his fight in France, single-handed, with sixty Huns.

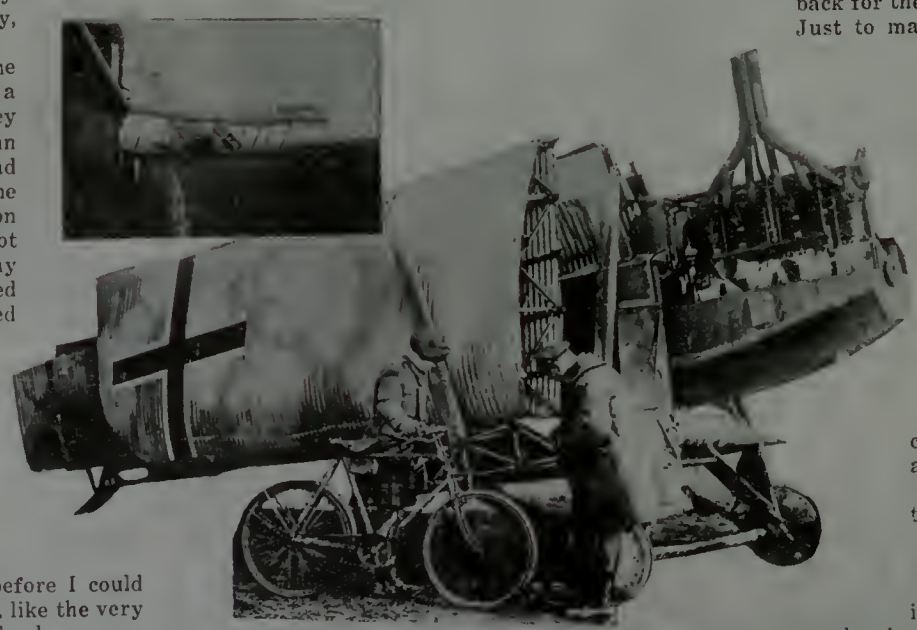
Barker ripped a few bullets through his opponent's tank, and the machine fell in flames. But the Austrian jumped out in a parachute, and floated safely to earth!

A few weeks' rest and back he came to fight another day, carrying some bombs to drop on a British 'drome. His second trip was comparatively uneventful; he merely got a few holes in his wings.

The third time over with his load of "eggs" he got mixed up with some British "Archies," and his 'bus flopped helplessly toward the earth.

"There's a goner," said one of the A. A. battery that scored the hit.

But this wasn't true; a few seconds later a part of the machine was seen to detach itself from the main mass, and the astonished anti-aircraft chaps saw the Austrian pilot float down, serenely, almost on top of them, and land with scarcely a bump!



Two 48th Highlanders examining the famous? "tin Lizzie" of the air—a Hun machine, armored—it is supposed to be proof against our M.G. bullets when it was trench-strafe-ing and doing low bombing. In the upper left hand corner is shown a snapshot of a Handley-Page which landed "on its nose."

He was taken to the British squadron mess, where he was wined, dined—and pumped—and here he related his unique adventures.

ONE Canadian, a member of 20 squadron in France was shot down in flames from 10,000 feet, and lived to tell the tale. This was Lieut. "Bill" Birkett, formerly of the 128th Battalion, Regina. But he didn't come down in a parachute!

Almost exactly two years ago, while flying in an F.E., and carrying a few bombs to place where they'd do most good, Lt. Birkett, who was the observer, and his pilot got mixed up with some Huns, and had their gasoline tank shot through when at 10,000 feet. The old 'bus burst into flames, and, as it was a "pusher—engine and propeller *behind*—the pilot put her into a nose dive.

Birkett turned around in his seat—which was in front—and played the fire extinguisher on his pilot's face to keep off the flames. In a very few seconds they were down to 4,000 feet, but it was getting mighty hot, particularly as the tank was under the pilot's seat, and the flames were roaring around him.

"Let's jump, Bill!" cried the pilot.

"No chance; let's stick it," shouted Birkett, and held the pilot down with his hands. The latter gritted his teeth and kept partial control of the 'bus. Birkett, in telling me the story a few months later, said:

"When we get down to 2,000 feet the engine dropped out of the machine, its supports burned away. At 400 feet the bottom of the nacelle fell out of my cock-pit, and I clung to the sides. The last thing I remember is at about 100 feet where the pilot, with a last desperate effort, managed to flatten out. We managed to land, more or less intact, and waked up several days later in a hospital, side by side in nice white beds."

After a few months in the hospital, to recover from several burns and broken bones, both men were discharged, and in the autumn of 1918, Birkett was passed "Fit G.S." for the Infantry!

Now I believe he's back safe in Saskatchewan, after one of the most hair-raising of the war's aerial experiences.

ONE British pilot had the "distinction" of bombing both the Portuguese and R.F.C., G.H.Q., during the same night. No. — squadron was instructed to do some night flying, and as they had never flown after dark before the pilots went up for practice flights. One chap took along four 20-pound bombs, and after a short time got lost in the mist.

He flew until he decided he was well over the lines, and pulled his bomb release gear. He then headed back for the home aerodrome, the mist having vanished. Just to make assurance doubly sure—as pilots *don't* like to land with bombs on—he pulled the bomb "toggle" again. He couldn't see any familiar landmarks so landed in a snow-covered field that he spotted.

Some men came doubling up to him, and he informed them that he was lost. They gave him his directions and then said:

"Some blithering idiot has been dropping bombs near here; the searchlights spotted him as one of our own chaps. Two bombs dropped 100 yards from G.H.Q., and got the General out of bed."

"That's too bad," said G——. "Awfully careless of anyone, y' know; cheer-oh," and he took off, narrowly missing a snow bank.

Next morning he was summoned early to the major's orderly room:

"Did you bomb G.H.Q. last night?"

"I'm afraid I did, sir," G—— admitted.

"And here's a message from Signals saying that about twenty minutes earlier some one bombed the Portuguese front line trenches. Our squadron was the only one in this locality flying last night, and all the machines were home at that hour but yours. Well?"

G—— rubbed his nose thoughtfully, and then said:

"I guess I'm 'it' again, sir. I thought I was well over in Hun-land."

"Well, you made a rotten start; you didn't do any harm to the Portuguese, except to put the everlasting breeze up them," the C.O. remarked.

It's not yet safe to ask G—— who bombed G.H.Q.? As for the Portuguese, ——. One Canadian who did no flying, but accomplished a great deal for the R.A.F. in England and France, is Lt.-Col. Fetherstonhaugh, well-known as an engineer in the West and along the T. and N.O. railway. He supervised the building of

Continued on page 71

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION-

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Is Prohibition Pendulum Swinging Back?

Will Canada
Become 'bone' dry?
Go back to the open bar? or
Effect a compromise, as by the sanctioning of beer and wine licenses?

SIR THOMAS WHITE, acting Premier of Canada, stated on March 14 that the "Government's war policy of preventing the manufacture, importation, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors above a certain strength for the duration of the war and one year afterward would be made further effective by validating legislation during the present session."

But —

Before this duration-and-a-year-more law lapses four of the provinces, at least, are likely to submit to their respective voters referenda which conflict with the Dominion legislation.

Between April 1 and 15, the province of Quebec will vote on a plebiscite which, according to the Toronto *Globe*, will decide "whether or not the drinking of 5 per cent. beer and 13 per cent. wines be allowed."

It is semi-officially stated that a somewhat similar referendum may be submitted to the people of Ontario in September next. In what form it will be submitted, has not been announced. A number of Ontario newspapers believe that it will not be a straight issue on the question of repeal or continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act, and agree with the Kitchener *News-Record* that "there will in all probability be an alternative covering light beer and wines."

A "Moderate Party," which will work for amendment of the existing prohibition law, has been formed in British Columbia, with Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C., K.C.M.G., as one of the leading members of its executive. Its object, says the Vancouver *Province*, is not to obtain the return of the bar, but to advocate

". . . that the Government retain the sale and control of spirituous liquors and heavy wines, to be sold under proper restrictions and regulations in quantities having a reasonable limit; that the sale of beer and light wines be permitted under proper regulations, and that the penalties for intoxication be increased."

In New Brunswick there is a movement on foot for "an increase in the alcoholic percentage of beer now permitted," but Premier Foster has announced, says the St. John *Standard*, "that there will be no increase . . . . . until the matter has been referred to the people of New Brunswick."

In the other two Maritime provinces, and also the three prairie provinces, editorial writers are taking an interest in the prohibition question which indicates that it is a three-sided issue.

Until 1919 was several weeks advanced there seemed to be little doubt but that Canada would be 'bone' dry May 1, when the province of Quebec was due to come into alignment with the other eight. As recently as February 8, the Toronto *Globe*, in an editorial headed "The Courage of Sir Lomer," takes occasion to congratulate the Quebec Premier in the following words:

"Great pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government of Quebec for such a modification of the law as would permit the issue of wine and beer licenses after May 1st, when the saloons of Quebec Province must close under the prohibitory law. It is greatly to the credit of Sir Lomer Gouin that he resisted the pressure, which came not only from men engaged in the liquor traffic who have long been his political friends, but also from a considerable element of the workingmen of the Province."

Less than a month later the Gouin Government introduced its bill for a "beer and wine" referendum.

"The swing toward temperance in Quebec has been wonderfully rapid," says the Toronto *Globe*, but it adds that in this province "prohibition needs friends."

The campaign in Quebec against prohibition was initiated by the brewers and distillers, who placed page ads. in most of the provincial newspapers, some of them signed by an impressive array of names of prominent lawyers, doctors, merchants, and judges, giving the "wet" side of the argument. The Quebec *Telegraph* suggested that the "neutrals" get together and form a party of their own:

"It is a rather remarkable feature of the campaigns for and against prohibitory liquor legislation that, after all, a comparatively small proportion of the population is concerned in the battle on either side. The man of moderate opinions is found in neither camp. He is only benevolently neutral. And yet he finds with him, probably, the great majority of the population.

"Would it not be well to change this anomalous situation? The one way to do it is to organize a moderate party, a middle party, a centre party, call it what you will, but a party representing the great bulk of the people who are opposed to intemperance, and the abusive influences of liquor and the open bar as they have been seen in the past, but who yet believe these things should, and can, be eliminated without trenching upon the elements of personal liberty and natural law.

The *Telegraph* continues its campaign to "avoid extremes," and a few days later says:

"What we want is an enthusiastic movement for a policy of moderation. A man need not be an extremist

—By Morris

John Bull: "I wonder what in 'ell Sammy sees in 'er?"

to be an enthusiast. And we believe that the policy we have advocated for a moderate settlement of the liquor problem should enlist the hearty endorsation of the great mass of the people who hate abuses but love freedom."

The Quebec *Chronicle* appears to favor prohibition —if it can be enacted and enforced and says:

"No one would be the worse for it and many people would be the better if a sufficient majority of the population were prepared to accept and enforce the principle of prohibition but, failing such a majority, it is evident that the premature application of the principle would only lead to worse abuse.

"If it is open to question whether opinion is prepared to sanction complete abstinence; there is little doubt of its readiness to accept the abolition of spirits so long as beer and wines are retained, and this is at least a step upward."

The French-Canadian press do not, as a whole, come out strongly in favor of beer and wine licenses, but they unite in asserting that a referendum on the question *must* be submitted to the electorate. "The provincial Government," says *La Tribune*, of Sherbrooke, "has adopted the only logical solution in the circumstances . . . . . Public opinion is too divided on the question of wine and beer for the Government to accept the responsibility of passing a law which would offer violence to the will of the people."

L' Evenement, of Quebec, states that the majority of the provincial legislature favor beer and wine licenses, but that such a majority prevails throughout the constituencies it is not so certain. It expresses its own views quite frankly:

"We will be satisfied with a definite law forbidding the sale of strong alcoholic drinks, and permitting the sale of wine and beer; but we are absolutely opposed to the maintenance of the bar, even of those where light beers only might be sold."

Henri Bourassa's paper, *Le Devoir*, has only words of the highest praise for the anti-alcoholic campaign of education being conducted in Quebec.

Several French-Canadian papers, including *Le Droit*, of Ottawa; *La Semaine Religieuse*, of Quebec; and *l'Action Catholique* point out that the rigors of prohibition must not be such as to interfere with the celebration of the sacraments. *Le Droit* quotes Cardinal Gibbons to the effect that "if the Catholic religion has need of alcoholic drinks for their sacraments, then suppress the sacraments." This journal suggests that "under the cover of the prohibition struggle there is an endeavor to strike a mortal blow at the Catholic religion in preventing the 'legal' celebration of the sacrament." *L'Action Catholique* affirms its belief that the extremists (Prohibitionists) intend to make it impossible for the priest, the doctor, and the manufacturer to procure alcohol; it advises the formation of a party "les moderes"; and appeals to all its readers to aid in the rigid enforcement of the Scott Act now largely in force in the province of Quebec.

The Montreal *Standard* warns the prohibitionists that "the present is not a good time to tyrannize":

"The Quebec Government is being denounced in prohibition circles for leaving the question of light wines and beers to be decided by the people of the province. This, despite the fact that the bar is to be abolished in its few remaining centres and strong drink for beverage purposes forbidden sale anywhere. The attitude is stern and unbending and calculated to antagonize moderate persons even of the teetotal class."

Ontario newspapers expect that the next six months will see a campaign between the prohibitionists and the party the Windsor, Ont., *Border Cities Star* has dubbed "the half wets." There is a "re-action against prohibition," says the Hamilton *Herald;* "the anti-prohibition tide in the Government is running strong," remarks the Peterborough *Examiner;* "there is a rising feeling against prohibition," thinks the Kingston *Standard;* the existing law "disgusts the people with prohibition legislation" asserts the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle;* "the present law," the Toronto *World* believes, "has been brought more or less into contempt," owing to the maladministration of the Ontario Temperance Act.

No one believes the "open bar" will ever return. The Guelph *Herald* says:

"Someone asked the other day if there was the slightest likelihood of the bars coming back in Ontario. Not the slightest chance in the world. There may be an agitation to continue the sale of light wines and beers, but I doubt if it will succeed."

The St. Catharines *Journal* believes it possible that "a restricted sale under licensed depots might be a halfway measure that would meet with the support of the majority, but emphasizes that:

"So far as the *Journal* has been able to interpret public opinion there is no widespread desire to have the Province go back to the open bar."

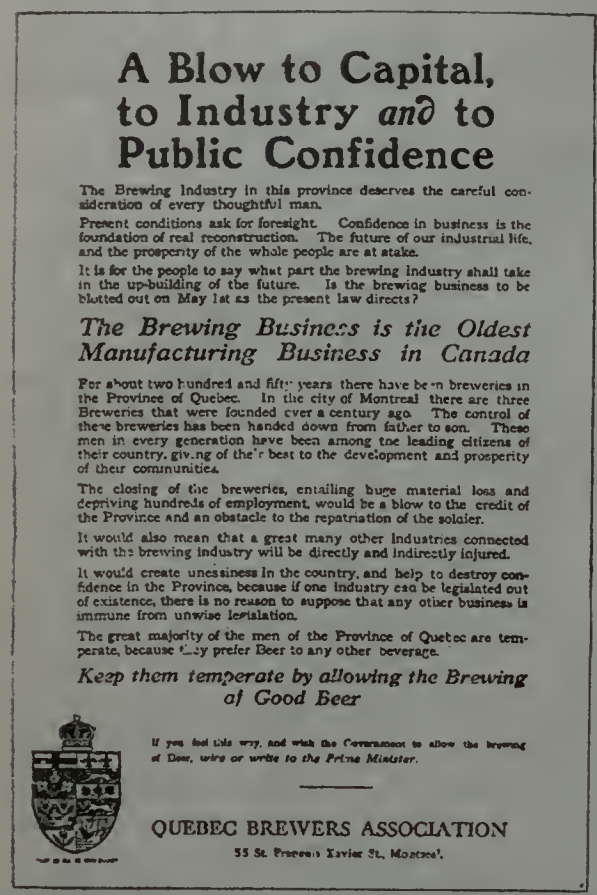
"Beer and wine licenses," asserts the Toronto *Globe*, "mean the return of the bar. Does Ontario want that?" Ontario doesn't, is the opinion of the Toronto *Star*, which says:

"Various proposals for compromise will doubtless be put forward, but the vote of Ontario will probably be for a prohibition that prohibits. The vote, when it is taken, will, under the Act, be between prohibition as we have it or a return to the high license law which was

suspended in 1916. Is there any doubt as to the result of such a vote?"

There is general satisfaction with the announcement that a referendum will be held. "Prohibition has nothing to fear from a campaign of education," asserts the Toronto *Globe*.

"This is the most satisfactory way of dealing with the subject, provided that the terms of the referendum



A Blow to Capital, to Industry *and* to Public Confidence

The Brewing Industry in this province deserves the careful consideration of every thoughtful man.

Present conditions ask for foresight. Confidence in business is the foundation of real reconstruction. The future of our industrial life, and the prosperity of the whole people are at stake.

It is for the people to say what part the brewing industry shall take in the up-building of the future. Is the brewing business to be blotted out on May 1st as the present law directs?

The Brewing Business is the Oldest Manufacturing Business in Canada

For about two hundred and fifty years there have been breweries in the Province of Quebec. In the city of Montreal there are three Breweries that were founded over a century ago. The control of these breweries has been handed down from father to son. These men in every generation have been among the leading citizens of their country, giving of their best to the development and prosperity of their communities.

The closing of the breweries, entailing huge material loss and depriving hundreds of employment, would be a blow to the credit of the Province and an obstacle to the repatriation of the soldier.

It would also mean that a great many other industries connected with the brewing industry will be directly and indirectly injured.

It would create uneasiness in the country, and help to destroy confidence in the Province, because if one industry can be legislated out of existence, there is no reason to suppose that any other business is immune from unwise legislation.

The great majority of the men of the Province of Quebec are temperate, because they prefer Beer to any other beverage.

Keep them temperate by allowing the Brewing of Good Beer

If you feel this way, and wish the Government to allow the brewing of Beer, wire or write to the Prime Minister.

QUEBEC BREWERS ASSOCIATION

55 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

Quebec Province brewers conducted their campaign for beer and wine referendum principally through the medium of page ads. in the newspapers. This is a specimen ad. Note coat of arms.

are really wide-open, and provide no means for either the prohibition party or the liquor interests for jockeying," says the Kingston *Standard*.

The Peterborough *Review* expresses itself similarly:

"No Government, without a direct mandate, would be justified in fastening upon the Province a measure so drastic and one in which the line of popular cleavage is so clearly defined."

"The only just way," says the London *Free Press*. "The voters will have the opportunity of expressing their wish to continue or discontinue the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicants! What does Mrs. Grundy say?"

Each province, with the possible exceptions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, agrees that whatever particular and individual brand of prohibition act now exists in its locality is not being adequately enforced. The Toronto *World* claims that such inadequate administration as exists in Ontario "gives a set-back to prohibition." It is "poor man's prohibition," thinks the *World*, since the "rich man, with a fairly inexhaustible stock of booze in his cellar, can laugh at . . . . . the laws. . . . . Before Toronto became 'bone' dry many wealthy men brought in liquor from Quebec to the value of $10,000, $20,000, or even $30,000, and cached it for their own use. . . . less fortunate members of the community have to get a bottle. . . . of rot-gut from a bootlegger at eight dollars a bottle."

"Those who desire to purchase liquor should not find the possession of much wealth a necessary qualification," argues the Brantford *Expositor*.

The difficulties of enforcement are universally recognized. The Toronto *Globe* says:

"It is exasperating to the people of Ontario to find that liquor is still pouring into the Province."

The Toronto *World* believes that:

" . . . the difficulties of the provincial authorities were greatly increased by the action of the Dominion Government in prohibiting inter-provincial traffic. The cornerstone of the Ontario Temperance Act was the right of the householder to freely import and when that right was taken away by the Dominion Government the carefully constructed provincial statute fell into hopeless confusion."

The Toronto and provincial press almost every day for several months have carried stories of seizures of liquor goods imported in the guise of "machinery," "soap," etc., from Quebec. This situation apparently tickled the humorist of the Vancouver *Daily Times* humorist, who writes in delightful vein, under the "shocked" heading: "What? In Toronto?":

"We confess to being greatly shocked by the numerous reports of the seizure of liquor illegally imported into Toronto from Montreal. Illicit transactions in Western Canada are bad enough, but we always have learned from Toronto to look for more or less of that sort of thing in the West where, unhappily, the less righteous dwell.

"To think that in Toronto itself, the model and exemplar to which we have been urged so often to raise our eyes, the headquarters of the numerous uplift movements which, having first purged their own field of all iniquity, extended their ramifications into the realms of the less godly, is almost heart-rending. We did not imagine there was a solitary individual in that community who would even dream of violating the prohibition law; indeed, all along we have felt confident that if there was one place in America where the last vestige of a thirst would disappear immediately the prohibitory ordinances appeared in the official gazettes, where devotees of Bacchus would be converted into stern abstainers overnight, it was Toronto."

Considerable "grouching" is done by many editorial writers at various inequalities of the Ontario Temperance Act. The London *Advertiser* objects because the fine for breaking the law is so much higher when the "booze is *on* you, than when it is *in* you." . . . . . .

The Toronto *Globe*, Port Arthur *News-Chronicle*, the Brockville *Recorder* and *Times*, and many other papers score a law which encourages the employment of "decoys and hirelings" for the purpose of ensnaring some luckless person into making an illegal sale. "People recoil at such debasing tactics," says the *Recorder* and *Times*:

"No respectable person will countenance the bootlegger. At the same time the public does not approve of paying out inducements for people breaking the law in order to seduce someone else away from the path of rectitude."

New Brunswick, says the St. John *Standard*, may expect a referendum on the strength of the beer to be allowed—but "not until the soldiers have returned." The Fredericton *Gleaner* believes:

"The Government amendment to the Liquor Act will apparently be based upon the principle that if we must have liquor the best is none too good; and we must have the best at a moderate price. Poor liquor or bad liquor is worse than poor codfish; it is abominable, and we should not be obliged to use it."

Nova Scotia anticipates no change in the law, but the Sydney, N.S., *Record* scores the "liquor interests" for continuing to ship it into the province:

"Liquor interests continue to make shipments as often as they can escape detection. What other business in this or any other civilized country would deliberately and persistently follow the policy of lawbreaking? There is none. The rum business stands alone as utterly lawless and utterly heartless."

Prince Edward Island papers agree that the Prohibition Commission has carried on its work "faithfully, methodically, and unostentatiously." "Under the new act," says the Charlottetown *Guardian*, "the administration is out of politics, and complete control of the liquor traffic is practicable as it never had been heretofore." Complaint that illegal shipments into the Island are being made is also alleged.

In Manitoba there have been many arrests for breach of the Manitoba Temperance Act, and "bootleggers have involved some five hundred well-known Winnipeg people in an embarrassing scandal" by their confessions, says the Winnipeg *Telegram*. The *Telegram* gave a clue to its sentiments on the prohibition question in a recent issue when it "played up" very prominently a despatch from England, to the effect that the workers wanted more beer, under the heading: "Prohibition is not popular in England."

Saskatchewan papers report numbers of arrests and convictions of bootleggers, but the daily papers do not express any degree of dissatisfaction with the current temperance act. The Moose Jaw *Times* believes that "prohibition has made good."

In Alberta, "Sixty per cent. of the men in the province break the liquor act without a qualm," says the Lethbridge *Herald*, quoting the attorney-general of the province as its authority. "Breaking the law to get possession of liquor has come to be considered differently from breaking other laws," concludes the *Herald*, which adds, however:

"Despite, in many places, a lax enforcement of the law and much bootlegging, prohibition sentiment has advanced. The good that has come out of prohibition, and that will come out, much offsets apparent evil. . . . . Prohibition has come to stay."

The Calgary *Albertan* is of like mind:

"The Liquor Act is not well enforced in the province. . . . . But conditions even under a liquor act not very well enforced are very much better than before the act came into force. There is a very great improvement in conditions."

Continued on page 64

Dry Humor

The making of corkscrews joins the lost arts. —*Exchange*.

* * *

The chief objection to the various brews of near-beer is that they are so near and yet so far.—*Exchange*.

* * *

It's going to be a lonesome old world with nothing left but peace and prohibition.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail*.

* * *

After July 1 no burglars' outfit will be complete in the United States without a corkscrew.—Vancouver *Province*.

* * *

Liquor interests in the Provincial Conservative party are making a barrel of trouble for the Premier. —Toronto *Globe*.

* * *

The $200 fine for the bottle ON you can scarcely be matched up with the $10 fine for the bottle IN you. —London *Advertiser*.

* * *

Beer and wine may be temperance beverages when taken separately, but we shudder to think of a mixture.—Ottawa *Journal-Press*.

* * *

There is dry humor in the circumstance that a deputation waited on Hon. N. W. Rowell yesterday and asked for stronger beer.—Toronto *Globe*.

* * *

Husbands will stay home more when prohibition goes into effect. Some wives will like that—New York *Evening Sun*. And some will not!—Border Cities (Windsor) *Star*.

* * *

William Jennings Bryan wants the whole world to be dry. We wonder if he intends to try for the presidency of the League of Nations on the Prohibition ticket.—Saskatoon *Star*.

* * *

After July first it will be quite a sight to see some of the husky beer throwers in the city get out and get real jobs where they will have to do a man's work.—Montreal *Herald-Telegraph*.

—Harding in the Brooklyn "Eagle"
THE MIRAGE

It would be a matter of hard luck if someone would offer a glass of beer to those fellows wearing a "No beer, no work" button. They'd have to go to work. —Brockville *Recorder* and *Times*.

* * *

If Quebec gets a beer and wine license and all the United States and the rest of Canada goes dry, Quebec won't need any publicity department to point out its advantages as a tourist centre.—Ottawa *Journal-Press*.

* * *

"How dry is a bone?" asks an exchange given to getting at the basic facts in anything. By reading one of the average speeches in Hansard a tolerably correct answer can be found to the query.—Peterborough *Review*.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Political Apathy Cost Thousands of Lives

How Cabinet Dallied With the Dardanelles Problem

MOST interesting disclosures are being made by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., in the course of a series of articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He tells, for instance, how inefficient the old War Cabinet system was, both under the Asquith Liberal Administration and later under the Coalition. The statement has often been made that the General Staff was hampered by the interference of the politicians and this point is established by Major-General Callwell most conclusively. He writes, in part:

The question whether the Dardanelles venture was, or was not, to be proceeded with, was perpetually under discussion in Government circles and at the War Office during the autumn of 1915; and from the moment when it became apparent that the large reinforcements demanded by Sir I. Hamilton could not be spared, the view of soldiers in Whitehall that evacuation was the only possible course hardened from day to day. Our rulers, however, halted between two opinions. On his taking over the command late in October, General Monro, after reviewing the situation on the spot, pronounced himself uncompromisingly in favor of withdrawal; Lord Kitchener thereupon left for the Ægean, and nothing happened for about three weeks. But on the 23rd of November my chief, Sir A. Murray, summoned me, after a meeting of the War Council, to say that that body wished me to repair straightway to Paris and to make General Gallieni, the War Minister, acquainted with a decision which they had just arrived at—viz., that the Gallipoli Peninsula was to be abandoned without further ado. The full Cabinet would meet on the morrow (the 24th) to endorse the decision. That afternoon Mr. Asquith, who was acting as Secretary of State for War in the absence of Lord Kitchener, sent for me and repeated these instructions.

I left by the morning boat-train next day, having wired to our military attaché to arrange, if possible, an interview with General Gallieni that evening; and he met me at the Gare du Nord, bearer of an invitation to dinner from the War Minister, and of a telegram from General Murray, intimating that the Cabinet, having met as arranged, had been unable to come to a decision, but were going to have another try on the morrow. Here was a contingency that was not covered by instructions, and for which one was not prepared, but I decided to tell General Gallieni exactly how matters stood.

A fresh wire came to hand from the War Office on the following afternoon, announcing that the Cabinet had again been unable to clinch the business, but contemplated a further séance two days later the 27th. On the afternoon of the 27th, however, a message arrived from General Murray, to say that our rulers had yet again failed to make up their minds, and that the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to return to the War Office. General Gallieni, when the position of affairs was explained to him, was most sympathetic, quoted somebody's dictum that "la politique n'a pas d'entrailles," and hinted that he did not always find it quite plain sailing with his own gang. Still, there it was. The Twenty-Three had thrown the War Council over (it was then composed of Messrs. Asquith, Bonar Law, Lloyd George, and Balfour, and Lord Grey, assisted by the First Sea Lord and the C.I.G.S.), and they were leaving our army marooned on the Gallipoli Peninsula, with the winter approaching apace in a position growing more and more precarious owing to Serbia's collapse and Bulgaria's accession to the enemy ranks, having freed the great artery of communications connecting Germany with the Golden Horn.

Enough to make Peel or Gladstone or the late Lord Salisbury turn in their graves, the War Cabinet plan, with its Minutes of Proceedings and its discussions in the presence of goodness knows who, does seem preferable to the time-honored procedure at junctures when the situation of the States requires the Powers that Be to get a move on. Politicians, when they came to be received up into the supreme council, used to take themselves and their deliberations very seriously indeed before Mr. Lloyd George's iconoclastic innovations. There was an atmosphere of mystery about Cabinet meetings at the Prime Minister's house which was exceedingly impressive, and which made it all the more extraordinary in the early days of the war, that whenever the gathering by any accident made up its mind about anything that was in the least interesting, everybody outside knew all about it within twenty-four hours. Officers of high standing and in the confidence of the General Staff would come to the War Office to inquire about prospective operations in which they were to be concerned, and one wondered why they did not go to the Carlton or the Ritz, where they would have heard all about it under much more attractive conditions. I was summoned to stand by at 10 Downing Street one day, when the Cabinet was sitting soon after the Coalition Government was formed, and when Lord Kitchener happened to be away in France, on the chance of being wanted. After an interminable hour—during the luncheon hour, too—Mr. Henderson, who was a very recent acquisition, emerged stealthily from the council-chamber after the manner of the conspirator in an Adelphi drama (although he did not quite look the part), and intimated that my services were not required. In obedience to an unwritten law, the last-joined member was always expected to do odd jobs of this sort, just as at some schools the bottom boy of the form is called upon by the form-master to perform certain menial offices *pro bono republico*.

GIVING HIM ROPE?

German Criminal (to Allied Police) "Here, I say, stop! You're hurting me!" (Aside) If I only whine enough I may be able to wriggle out of this yet.

George Matthew Adams.
Can Germany Put the Genie Back in the Bottle?
From the "Spokesman Review" (Spokane, Wash.)

Most officers who served at the War Office during the prolonged hostilities enjoyed occasional breaks in their monotonous existence in the form of visits to Paris or the Western Front on some duty or other, or to Italy or the United States, or even to Egypt and far-off Mesopotamia, and it was my good fortune to be sent on a couple of missions to Russia in 1916. What especially struck one out there at that time were the almost illimitable possibilities of that empire in view of the prospective campaign of 1917, and the danger of everything being wrecked by an internal upheaval. The British Government have been derided for their handling of the Balkan problem in 1915; but any blunders of which they may have been guilty in dealing with what was an extraordinarily complex situation in that cockpit of clashing nationalities, pale into insignificance when compared to their lamentable bungling of Russian affairs during the months before the cataclysm of March 1917. They were admirably served on the Neva, at the "Stavka," and in the field—an ambassador trusted on all hands in the country, the head of our military mission a *persona gratissima* with the Emperor, our military attachés and our officers who were accredited to armies, masters, all of them, of the language, and with their fingers ever on the pulse of military sentiment on the fighting fronts. The revolution may have been inevitable, but it might have been delayed until the war came to an end, and would perhaps never have taken so hideous a form as it has had our Government turned its opportunities to account.

Russians of pre-revolutionary days were masters of the art of entertaining guests of their country; but an experience that left a more vivid impression on one's mind than did their princely hospitality, was that of a gathering of fur-clad figures on a hill-top not far from Erzerum. There, on the very site of his triumph a Colonel explained to us in detail how with a mere handful of troops he had, in the mid-winter of 1914-15, routed three Ottoman army corps, and had thereby transformed a situation which was full of menace to Transcaucasia into one which became rich in promise. News of this dramatic feat of arms reached the War Office at the time, but without particulars. That the victor of this field, a field won by a masterpiece of soldiership, should remain a simple colonel, suggested a singular indifference on the part of authorities at the heart of the empire to what wardens of the marches accomplished in peace and war. That pow-wow in an icy blast amid the snow recalled the Grand Duke Nicholas's appeal to Lord Kitchener, that we should make some effort to take pressure off his inadequate and hard-pressed forces in Armenia, an appeal which landed us in the Dardanelles Campaign; and it further recalled the fact that the Colonel's feat near Sarikamish had put an end to all need for British intervention almost before the Grand Duke made his appeal. The Russian victory, the details of which were explained to us that day by its creator, was gained on a date preceding by some weeks the Allies' naval attempt to conquer the Dardanelles single-handed.

The Cohort of the Damned

A Strange French Aerial Company Made Up of Mentally Unbalanced Men

THIS was the picturesque name which the French gave to a group of aviators mentally unbalanced through strain—but still "carrying on."

These fliers were totally unable to maintain discipline, but were brave to the point of recklessness, and instead of transferring them to another branch of the service, as was done by the British in similar cases, the French military authorities grouped them, isolated the group, and allowed its members to fight in their own way, with picturesque results, as narrated by Douglass Reid, in *Popular Mechanics.*

Now that the war is over, Mr. Reid says it is proposed that this unique cohort shall be used to police the Algerian deserts. The peculiarities that led to its formation were first noticed among French fliers, he says, when French aviators, following the example of the Germans, began to fly in squadrons, or "circuses." He writes:

"As soon as the French began to send up these circuses they discovered trouble. A certain number of the airmen refused to fly in formation. Either from impatience or a mistaken sense of the dramatic, they would break away from the squadron, disregard the orders of the flight commander, and dart away erratically to do battle on their own account. Others, seized with a strange eccentricity, would persist in doing stunts in formation, causing accidents from collisions, breaking up the carefully planned battle-line, and ruining the attack of the squadron. Punishment for these irresponsible fliers did not cure them. So the French air-service set psychologists and trained nerve specialists to study the offenders.

"These scientists discovered that the insubordinates were slightly unbalanced mentally, that their daily labors under extreme nerve tension and constant excitement had carried them beyond complete sanity. Slavish and monotonous employment in desperate air-fights, the daily absorption in this strange new occupation, had combined, with the peculiar effect of swiftly changing air-pressure on their nerves, to make them abnormally reckless.

"'The Machine' was too much for their strength of mind.

"At approximately the same time the British Royal Flying Corps began to study its own men of this type. It followed practice of discharging such 'unmanageables' from the service, sending them into the infantry or upon destroyers in the Grand Fleet. Its technical name for them was 'wild men.'

"The French, however, always a race with more understanding of genius and temperament than the Anglo-Saxon peoples, forbore to cashier these fliers. It realized that they were, man for man, better than their German opponents; that individually they were the best aces of all in an air-duel, for their very disregard of rules and regulations, their very carelessness of death, made them terrible foes. So it organized a special corps, called 'The Cohort of the Damned,' filling it entirely with these untrustworthy pilots; placed it apart from all organized *escadrilles;* forbade its members to approach the regular branches of the service; isolated it entirely at a point near the front-line trenches; furnished it with the best equipment, and turned it free to fight at its own sweet will.

"Lonely and tragic, this band fought for the rest of the war, its members dying rapidly out of the air, but a constant flood of new fliers coming to take their place, as the nerves of pilots here and there among the disciplined *escadrilles* gave way and made their owners fit only for this reckless company.

"The execution these half-mad men of the 'Damned' wrought in German ranks was astounding, but no records could be kept of the number they shot down, on account of their lack of organization and the irresponsibility of their testimony. Captured Germans, however, are known to have reported that their own fliers swore fervently and wrote their wills when ordered to occupy that part of the line opposite the 'Cohort.'

"The statement is made that France at one time had three of these strange groups, but there is definite information only upon the one and original band. This, on one occasion, had over one hundred members, but the figure is not of great value, since the lifetime of the fliers was particularly short.

"In the last year of the war, too, the number which the Government was forced to consign to this isolation grew less and less, due to the greater knowledge of fliers' air temperament obtained by the special corps of scientific men attached to the hangars. Psychologists learned how to treat the dementia when it made its first appearance, and it was found that frequent vacations spent far in the south of France, in complete rest, would, in the majority of cases, allay the nerve strain and keep the men tractable and efficient.

"'The Cohort of the Damned' at present, it is understood, is to be kept in service after the mustering out of the other French forces. It is deemed impossible to return the men to civil life, as their hunger for excitement and craving for thrill would immediately cause them to be disturbers of the peace. Still 'wild men,' peaceful pursuits would have no avenue for their satisfaction, and they would become criminals from sheer force of nerve strain, or, at the least, they would be speed-crazy chauffeurs.

"Consequently the French Army will send them across into Algeria to be used in policing the desert wastes, holding the native tribes in check. One of them, using an airplane to traverse the parched and dangerous deserts, will be worth more than a regiment of cavalry, the branch that garrisoned the province before the war.

"France has the tenderest affection for these unfortunate heroes, and has decorated them with all the honors given more sane fliers. It will maintain luxurious quarters for them in their African exile, it is said, and will grant them large increases in pay over the regular branches of military service.

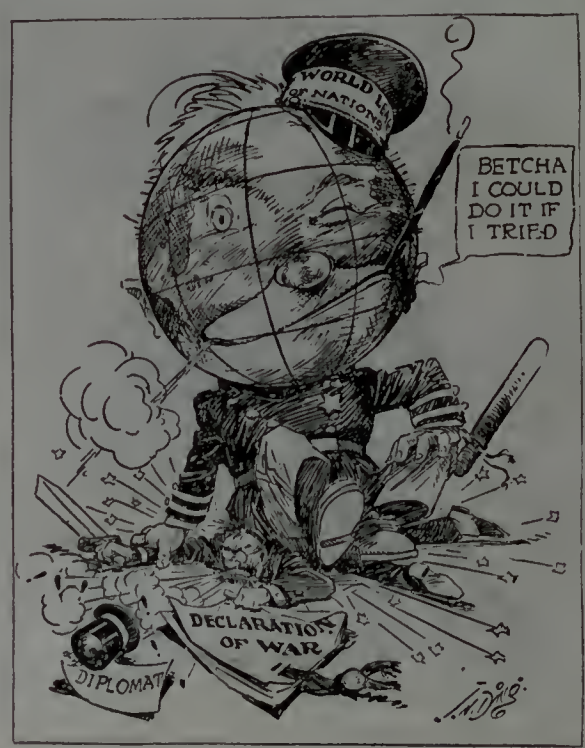
"In succeeding years, the French people, with their love of the picturesque and tragic in literature, will write much of this terrible and beautiful 'Cohort'."

The Secret Plans of the Allied Command

Campaign Was Planned in 1917 That Led to Ultimate Victory

DISCUSSING the question "How the War Was Won," in *Harper's Magazine*, General Malleterre, military critic of the Paris *Temps*, attributes the successful outcome to three factors: first, the blockade of the British fleet; second, the American aid, and third, the unity of command. There is, of course, nothing novel about this summary, but the General, who was in a position to observe developments closely, clothes his argument with very interesting information. The most interesting bit of information that he gives is to the effect that the Allied command had plans laid late in 1917 for a successful offensive, but which they could not disclose. Thus they stood the brunt of disapproval during the dark days when the German offensive was at its height, knowing that they could beat the foe off and that victory would be theirs, but unable to issue any message of reassurance. Here is how he describes this remarkable situation:

The Germans saw it as clearly as we did. But they were more ready than we were from the material point of view. For their offensive they chose a means that was very simple, very rapid of fabrication. Their rupture of the front was based on the use of poisonous gas and a light accompaniment of infantry. They had this idea: to permit the infantry to pass we must destroy not the obstacle but the defender. If there are no more defenders to hold the lines of trenches and the barbed-wire entanglements, the obstacle has little importance. It is an affair of a few hours or of a few days to destroy it. It is done freely since there is no one to prevent the destruction. The essential thing is to destroy the defenders. If the trenches are untenable and if the defenders are annihilated, we can go through as we like. It was with rolling barrage fire, timed at ten-minute intervals, alternating poisonous gas with shrapnel, that the Germans acted against the Fifth English Army in March, 1918, and against the French troops at the Chemin des Dames. The defenders of the advance positions were annihilated. The German infantry moved forward with light infantry cannon and portable *minenwerfer* behind the rolling barrage fire. As we could bring up no reinforcements, the Germans had a free hand to destroy the obstacles in their path. Thus they traversed with ease lines which had been considered practically inpregnable, during years of costly fighting. By combining gas and rolling barrage with the fire of the portable cannon, the Germans opened the two pockets of Montdidier and the Marne.



Darling in New York Tribune

But while the Germans were organizing their offensive in this way, we on our side were studying also means of destroying the enemy infantry. The immobile phase of the war was over. We knew now that the strongest systems of defensive positions could be pierced. The question of poisonous gases, which we had long been studying, was fortunately already solved. Only we did not have the same facilities for manufacturing them as the Germans, who had before the war become past masters in the science of military chemistry. But since the surprise of the Cambrésis, we had to offset German superiority in poisonous gases, a justified conviction of the efficacy of tanks with which we had long been experimenting.

For more than two years the question of an easily portable cannon, to accompany infantry in the assault, had been vigorously discussed in the press. Lively, and even bitter, controversies had arisen concerning the type of cannon. I maintained (and this was the opinion also of General Pétain) that the infantrymen should be provided with a light cannon *to accompany them* when they took the offensive. Difference of opinion was particularly marked about the range of this cannon. Some wanted it to be very short, five or six hundred meters, and others argued for a longer distance. There was too much indecision, and we lost time in experimenting with the different types proposed. But from the day we saw the effect produced by the tanks at the surprise of the Cambrésis we hesitated no longer. In November, 1917, our General Staff decided on the intensive construction of light tanks. This remained a secret. The discussion was purposely continued in regard to other ways of providing the infantry with an accompanying artillery, and the question of tanks was left in the dark.

In the month of March we did not yet have enough tanks. General Pétain and General Foch, in spite of the critical moment, refused to use the tanks we had already constructed. Why risk acquainting the Germans with the superiority of our new tanks? Why allow them to be destroyed uselessly? So it must not be thought that we were surprised by the events. It is necessary to insist upon the fact that we were aware of the German preparation for a decisive offensive. Each division returning from Russia was identified, and we were informed of the massing of troops in the Ardennes. It was known to us also that the Germans were training particularly along the lines of the more effective use of material and were working out an entirely new system of attack.

Too much has been written about British "muddling through" and French "improvisation." The criticism in Parliament and press, after the German offensive of the spring, was hard for our generals to bear. They could not answer it, and thus reveal to the enemy their hand. It was fortunate that the military authorities, who were responsible for the prosecution of the war, enjoyed the unwavering confidence of the French and British Governments. During the whole winter our factories had been performing the gigantic task of turning out the material demanded by our leaders. In France and Great Britain, and in America as well, not only the tanks but also the other material had been quietly, though feverishly, amassed. The great objection to the light infantry cannon was its weight, and this inconvenience was not overcome by dividing it between two or three soldiers. When one puts on the shoulders of an infantryman a weight of from fifty to sixty pounds in addition to what he has to carry his burden becomes difficult. The infantryman understands and accepts the *mitrailleuse*, or a light cannon on wheels. More complicated and heavier artillery bothers him. The light tank has solved the problem. It moves by its own means in admirable conditions, crossing trenches, impervious to the rain of steel, is not stopped by machine-gun nests, and goes through the deepest shell holes with the greatest ease. The Renault model fulfilled our hopes of a cannon to accompany the infantry, with the advantage of being armor-plated.

During the German offensive of March and April we had to withstand an assault that was expected. The great merit of our high command, the great merit of Pétain and Foch, is that the price of resistance was paid. Not for one moment did our leaders allow themselves to be dismayed. Although they had to retreat, losing tens of thousands of prisoners and valuable war material, and abandoning for a second time territory that had been dearly rewon, they maintained their grip on the armies and upon the country, and waited patiently for the effective military aid of the United States, and at the same time for the new material needed for the irresistible counter-offensive.

The Red Terror in Russia

Story of a Thousand Executions Each Day

WHETHER or not the Bolshevik Government of Russia has any justification, whether the Allied nations should intervene or leave the Russians to straighten out their own affairs, it is a matter of history that the Soviet rule has brought about a Red Terror that exceeds even the bloody scenes of the French Revolution. The world has gleaned something of what has occurred, but it is only now that authoritative stories by men who were in Russia when the storm of death broke, are coming out. Such a narrative appears in the current issue of *World's Work* from the pen of a well-known correspondent, Arno Dosch-Fleurot. He writes, in part:

The next most terrible thing about the terror is that it was undertaken by the Bolsheviki as a political move. They put it into execution coldly, tried it out as an experiment on what the great Socialist newspaper, the *Vorwaerts*, referred to "as the living body of society." Recently in Copenhagen, I met a Bolshevik from Moscow and I asked him about the terror. "Most of us think now it was a mistake," he replied, calmly. "A fine time to discover your mistake," I replied, "after you have murdered between 25,000 and 50,000 people." It was in Copenhagen I made this bitter comment. In Moscow, I should not have dared.

The red terror really began with Ouritzky's death, that is to say, began on a scale that attracted foreign attention. But from the moment the Extraordinary Commission came into being several months previously it began exercising an arbitrary rule and terrorized everyone who fell under its displeasure. It would be more correct to say the red terror began with the dictature of the proletariat, but that the mass murders began only when the Bolsheviki felt their power threatened after the Fifth All-Russian Soviet at Moscow, July 5th, when the fanatic little Maria Spiridonovo made Lenine quail before her stinging words by saying that the Bolsheviki had failed, that the peasants were all against them, only a small portion of the workmen were with them, and that they were backed by the hooligans and the worst elements in the population. For that little Spiridonovo has been in jail ever since, though the charge against her is that she was in the plot that resulted in the murder of the German Ambassador Mirbach.

As Spiridonovo was the leader of the left Social Revolutionists who helped the Bolsheviki stabilize their power during the winter and joined with them in driving out the Constitutional Assembly, the disaffection of the mad little woman was a severe blow to them. It meant that eventually all the peasants would be against them, and some immediately. They could not count on remaining dictators of Russia more than a few weeks without extraordinary procedure. Then they adopted the terror programme. Trotzky, Zinoviev, Carl Radek, Svertloff, all with consciences as hard as nails, had long been for it, and now they were able to talk down the rest whose consciences were no better but who were inclined to believe that those who live by the sword are likely to die by the sword. I have often heard a distinction made in favor of Lenine in this respect, but it is undeserved. He supported all the decrees of the terror.

I cannot write about the terror coldly because I lived it, my friends were victims of it. Night after night I lay and waited for them to come and take me, too. For some reason, not quite clear though, they left us Americans alone. I have no idea what help or shelter they could have expected from the "imperial American Government."

Life under these conditions in Russia was not bearable, and individuals set about fighting terror with terror. One young man killed Ouritzky. A young woman tried to kill Lenine, "The White Terror," cried the Bolsheviki, "we must

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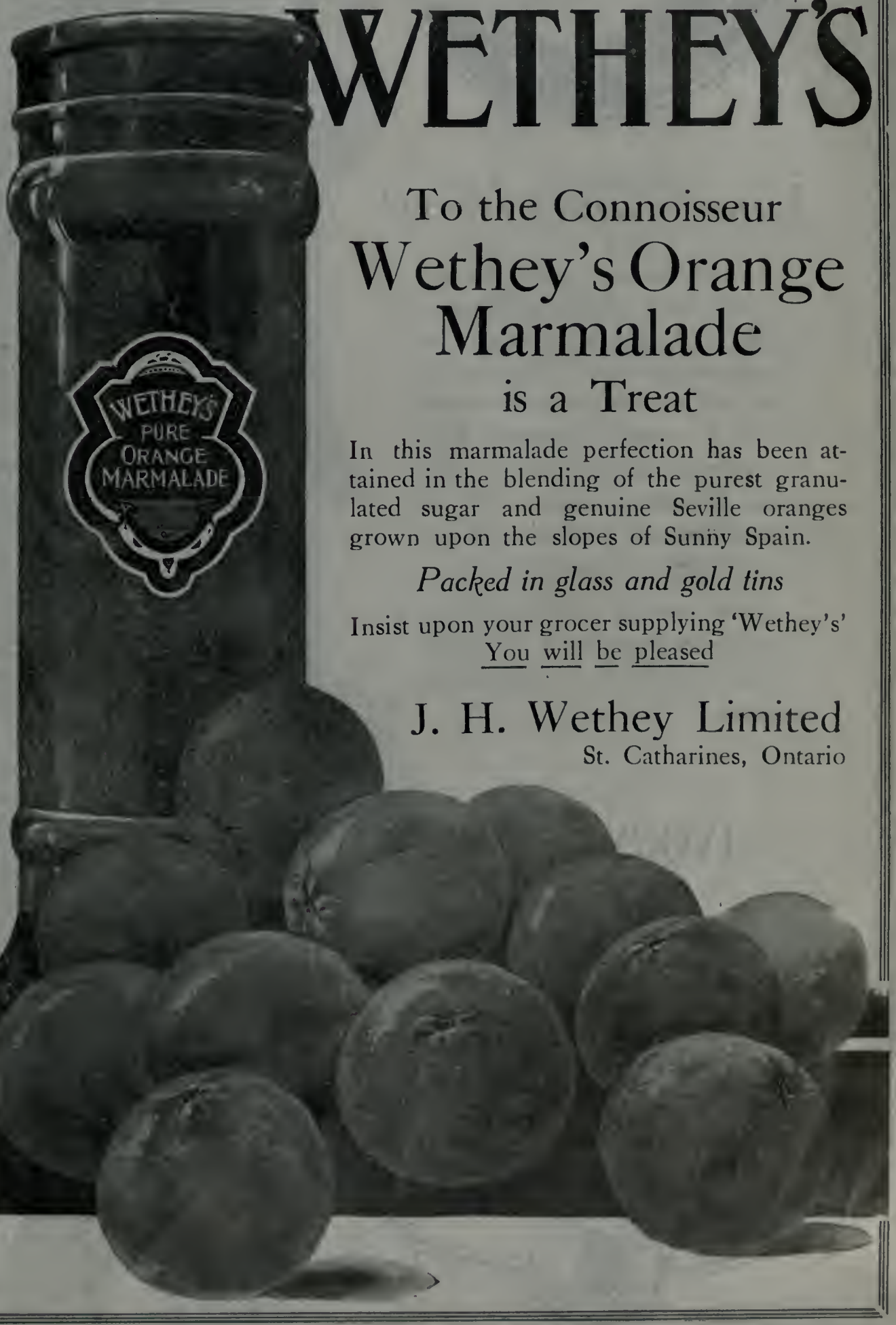

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fight it with the Red Terror." The same old dishonest way of turning things. They had by this time a goodly number of hostages, not only in Moscow and Petrograd, but in the provincial cities and the small towns everywhere and killed hundreds in vengeance. Most of these murdered hostages had never seen or heard of the attempted assassination. The record of terrorism in the provinces of Russia never can be told.

As I am here in Berlin, with none of my documentary proofs, I cannot cite from the Bolshevist papers. But in the month of September, these official organs were full of the lists of hostages killed "to fight the White Terror." The Bolsheviki, blind with their own rage, set down in their own official organs, the *Pravda* and *Isvestia* of Moscow, and the *Communa* and *Pravda* of Petrograd, the records of their own killings. I can only give out of my memory the one definite figure, 512, shot to avenge the death of Ouritzky, the scoundrel, whose rascality they later discovered. But when they discovered it, there was no regret at the hostages slaughtered because they wanted to kill them as "boorjooy" hostages anyhow. It was indifferent to them whether they killed them because Ouritzky, or Ouritzky's dog, was killed.

Then, in September, came the culminating act of the Bolshevist Government, the manifest of September, written by Carl Radek, the most terrible document of which the brain of man was ever guilty. I will not attempt to quote it as I have not the manifest before me, but the tense of it was that every workman or peasant was immediately to kill, without parley, any one whom he suspected of counter-revolutionary tendencies. This threw down every bar, laid the way wide open to personal vengeance, plunder, and anarchy. The death and suffering that has occurred in Russia on account of this sweeping manifest passes all possibility of reckoning. It ended the last bit of justice between man and man in Russia. It turned loose anarchy in a situation filled with hate. It turned every man against his neighbor, made every house a fortress, and assured the deaths of tens of thousands of the only people who could possibly reconstruct Russia.

The Extraordinary Commission did its best to reduce the capable portion of the Russian population. It set about it systematically, even arresting people by occupation. The Russian engineers, for instance, are essential to the carrying on of that vast, scattered country, so the Bolsheviki began in September arresting them on any flimsy excuse and executing them out of hand. There was little pretence of trial, the Tribunal under Krylenko, and the Extraordinary Commission, presided over during the worst of the Terror by a little Lett fanatic named Peters, divided up the work of signing death warrants, and were only occasionally interrupted in the orderly procedure of their assassinations by persistent pleaders for mercy, but the automatic pistols worked in the cellars of the Lubianka and the other prisons of Russia without ceasing. There is no use trying to give figures. The actual deaths from the Red Terror must surpass all estimates. By one kind of terrorism or another, the deaths in Russia in the autumn of 1918 must have averaged a thousand a day. As the total deaths of the French Revolution from the fall of the Bastille to the beheading of Robespierre was only about ten thousand, the difference is noticeable. Except for the affair of the Conciergerie, there was also in France some pretence at trial. Nor was there anything to match the manifest of September, the product of Radek, the Austrian.

Next Government Will Be Labor?

Former Lloyd George Lieutenant Declares This is Inevitable

IT is freely predicted by those who have studied the matter that the ultimate triumph of the Labor Party in Great Britain is only a matter of time. Despite the enormous majority with which the Lloyd George Government was returned to power, it is possible to extract from the election figures the fact that the Labor Party commanded a very heavy vote. When it is considered that the number of soldiers who voted was small, the question as to what will happen when they get back and have a chance to assert themselves becomes one of vital import.

It is significant that as prominent a figure as Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who was a member of the Lloyd George Cabinet before the last election, comes out with a flat prediction that the next Government will be Labor. Writing in the *English Review*, he says:

I see that the industrial constituency which I should have contested as a Lloyd George man if I had elected to stay in the Coalition Government returned the ticketed candidate, who stood because I did not stand, by a majority of over 10,000. By way of contrast, I was defeated at South Tottenham, where I stood for Labor, by 853 votes.

There it is in a nutshell. I had only to go to —— and shout, "What's the matter with Lloyd George?" to be returned, *and any other man could have done the same.* The Prime Minister has carried on his back into Parliament a great majority, which includes an amazing collection of reactionaries, war profiteers, dummies, and worse, who counted for nothing to the small part of the electorate which "returned" them. The votes, especially the votes of middle-class women, were for that popular figure— Lloyd George. The man of action has triumphed, and when I reflect on the incorrigible dullness and inertia which characterize our governing classes as a whole, and the rarity with which mankind anywhere throws up a leader of men, I pay to a lost hope of democracy the passing tribute of a sigh.

In circumstances dictated by its foes organized labor did remarkably well at the election. The new Franchise Act, full of absurdities and anomalies, which afford a lively demonstration of the "progressive" value of Coalition legislation in domestic affairs, enlarged the membership of the House of Commons to 707, of which number British seats account for 602. The official list of Labor Party candidates before me aggregates 359, so that as many as 243 seats in Great Britain were uncontested by Labor. Yet the Party scored 2,375,202 votes, while the Coalitionists, who contested all the 602 seats, scored 5,096,233 votes. Comparing seats contested with the *Times* analysis of the voting, we get:

Labor contesting 359 seats obtained 2,375,202 votes.

Coalition contesting 602 seats obtained 3,484,269 "Unionist" votes, 1,450,443 "Liberal" votes, and 161,521 "N.D.P." votes.

There is little doubt that if the Labor Party had been in a position to contest every seat in Great Britain it would have scored at least 1,600,000 more votes, giving a voting strength, even in the existing conditions, of about 4,000,000, against the Coalition's 5,100,000.

But, as is well-known, a large proportion of the Labor candidatures were undertaken at the last moment from scratch, with little money and less organization. In my own case I had thirteen working days from the date of my first meeting to polling-day, and I started without a vestige of organization. There was a large number of similar cases, nearly a hundred Labor candidatures being endorsed in the few weeks immediately preceding the election. Often there was not money enough to go round in the new enormous electorates. Leisured men, able to give time freely to canvassing and other voluntary work, are, in the nature of the case, unknown to the Labor forces. Vehicles are not to be had. Labor has no daily Press, and that fact alone makes its electoral record astonishing. Thus at

every point the cards are marked against us.

Now that the war is over the question, "Who shall control us?" is no less urgent. Parliament at Westminster must remain a mockery of Government while the ownership which alone confers full power to rule remains in private hands. If the stimulus of patriotism did not move our capitalists to save us in war, what are we to expect of private ownership in peace? . The answer is written plainly in our inefficient industries and the filthy purlieus of our great cities. Our factories as a whole lag far behind the achievements of science, and our cities degrade the workers whose labor is so largely waster in working inefficient plants, and in useless or even maleficent employment.

Tories, Liberals, Conservatives, Unionists, Free Traders, Protectionists, Reformers, with Coalition labels or without—it matters little what they are called—they all stand for selling shipyards, factories, warehouses, engines, machinery, wagons, etc., worth hundreds of millions of pounds, which the nation to save itself in war, and with which the nation might begin forthwith to save its people in peace. We have the chance to "reconstruct" industry by modernizing its methods, changing its motive, and enlisting its productive agents as partners instead of serfs. Tories and Liberals alike are determined that the experiment shall not be tried. The factories and ships are up for sale even as I write. Buy, buy—who will buy?

But let those who buy and those who sell alike take notice. As surely as the day follows the night a Labor Government will be in power in this country within a few years. It will be the first duty of that Government to restore to public ownership that which is being most improperly sold. If a private electric power monopoly is set up it will be promptly dethroned. If our railways are bought out at an outrageous price there will have to be restitution. Mr. Lloyd George has promised the capitalists they shall not be plundered. The Labor Party promises the people that capitalists shall not be allowed much longer to plunder them as they have been plundered in this war.

The issue is clear and the battle joined. The Minority Parliament elected under fraudulent conditions in December is doomed even before it meets. The gigantic Coalition majority represents less than one-fourth of the electorate. The situation which consequently arises is one of grave difficulty and danger, and it is the plain duty of the Prime Minister to give an immediate pledge that a new General Election shall be held as soon as the soldiers are demobilized and in a position to record their votes.

Are We Communicating With Mars?

Marconi and Tesla Both Report Receiving Messages

TWO of the brightest scientists the age has produced, Marconi and Tesla, believe that communications are being received from the planet Mars. One of them, Tesla, has been endeavoring to reply to Mars for years, and is convinced that his messages must have been received there. This is not a report coming from visionaries or sensation mongers. The work of Marconi and Tesla has been so remarkable that credence must be given to anything they say, and the world must be prepared to accept as at any rate credible the suggestion that we may soon be exchanging intelligible messages with the sister planet.

When the brilliant electrician, Nikola Tesla, was informed by a newspaper reporter some weeks ago that William Marconi had received strong wireless signals seeming to come from beyond the earth, something like corroboration resulted. Nikola Tesla, as he is quoted in the New York *Evening Post*, remembered that years ago he recorded extra-

Do You Remember

The Old Corn Doctor?

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He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

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These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and tonight. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.

How Blue-jay Acts

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planetary signals in his laboratory at Colorado Springs. These extra-planetary signals were barely perceptible at the time, but their measured regularity was such that they could not, in Tesla's opinion, have been accidental static disturbances. They possessed order. Mr. Tesla admits that he could not say with certainty that they came from Mars, although, as quoted in the New York newspaper, this remains his belief. In our solar system, he adds, Venus, the earth and Mars represent respectively youth, full growth and old age.

"Venus, with its mountains rising dozens of miles into the atmosphere, is probably as yet unfitted for such existence as ours, but Mars must have passed through all terrestrial states and conditions.

"Civilized existence rests on the development of the mechanical arts. The force of gravity of Mars being only two-fifths of that on the earth, all mechanical problems must be much easier of solution. The planet being much smaller, the contract between individuals and the mutual exchange of ideas must have been much quicker. There are many other reasons why intellectual life on that planet should have been phenomenal in its evolutions."

Tesla is certain that the signals he transmitted in reply to those he detected years ago must have produced disturbances on the planet Mars. Whether there were instruments there to receive them or intelligence to recognize them as interplanetary messages is another question. He thinks the first step in communication with another planet must be made through the science of mathematics, as suggested by Marconi. Tesla feels that it will be difficult, however, to advance far by means of cosmic Esperanto because conversation can not be carried on with figures. It is not likely that anywhere in the universe there can be "knowledge without form." In mental or in physical vision is comprised the foundation of all knowledge. Now, pictures have been transmitted by telegraph. Why not by wireless?

"Granted always that on some of the neighboring planets there exist intelligent beings, as far advanced in civilization as we, or farther advanced, who understand wireless telegraphy, we should be able to flash pictures—say of the human face—by wireless, and receive in return pictures by wireless. When that step is taken the whole riddle of interplanetary communication is solved.

"Now, a speculation of this sort will always seem foolish, visionary, and idle unless we start from the premise that other planets of the universe are inhabited by life-form just as intelligent as the human beings of this world. I assume that such is the case. In fact, it is a mathematical certainty. It is ridiculous to think that life has not developed on the innumerable planets surrounding us."

In view of that fact that Mars is but thirty-five million miles from the earth when the two planets come closest together, Tesla says it would take a radio impulse less than five minutes to flash between the pair. The minimum distance between the planets was arrived at in 1909. "We shall again be within a hailing distance of 35,000,000 miles from Mars in 1924."

PARIS, ONT.

There are seven children, my husband and myself and you ought to see the hot time here when your book gets in. They all want to read it at once. We much enjoy the stories, also the recipes, to say nothing of all the other interesting things it contains. MRS. T. W. H.

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I have certainly received a great deal of information from your magazine and have been greatly delighted with the continued stories. It is the best magazine of its kind published. M. D.

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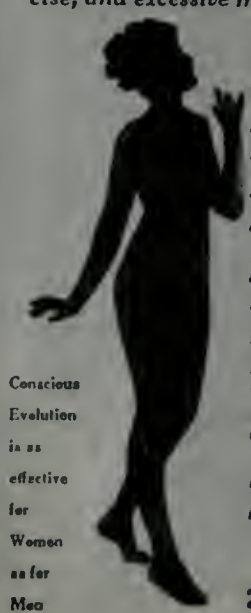
Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books--not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, but because they contain valuable ideas for you. Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians, and such men as Woodrow Wilson, Charles E. Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Armours, the Swifts, and McAdoos for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of power in body and mind that you so consciously or unconsciously desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.



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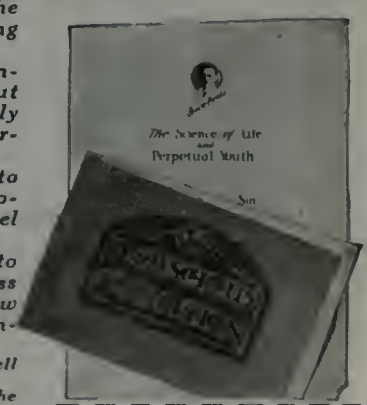

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Making Over a Nation

How Japan is Endeavoring to Rebuild Korea

JAPAN has a problem of very deep significance on her hands in the handling of Korea. It is the policy of Japan to denationalize Korea, to rebuild the dependency into a new Japan. Walter E. Weyl discusses theis policy in *Harper's Magazine* and, while paying tribute to the wonderful improvements that have been brought about in the country, he expresses a doubt as to the ultimate outcome. He says, in part:

It is, of course, natural that Japan, having so recently absorbed Korea, should try by one means or another to conquer the wills and secure the adhesion of the natives. For Japan everything depends on Korea. The Korean peninsula lies nearest to Japan; it is like a dagger pointed at Japan's heart. It was through Korea that Japan first came into contact with the old culture of China. It was Korea that the hardy islanders, over two hundred years ago, overran and sought to conquer. For the mastery of Korea, Japan fought two great and victorious wars against China and Russia. Thereafter, Japan assumed a protectorate in order to preserve Korean independence, and a few years later put an end to that independence. To-day Japan rules as absolutely in Korea as does Great Britain in Malta.

To lose Korea is to lose Japan's causeway to Asia, to surrender all dominion over the continent, to sink again to the status of a small island power. If, on the other hand, the Koreans can be converted into loyal Nipponese, Japan will have straddled the sea and will have one foot planted firmly on the mainland.

How is one to gain the loyalty of such a subject people, or, indeed, is such a thing at all possible? Japan is trying in many ways, by repression, by education, by a show of force, by a display of superiority, by good works, by promises.

That Japan has vastly improved the economic and cultural conditions of Korea is obvious even to the most careless traveler. From the car window one sees the once bare mountains covered with young trees planted by the million by the wise Japanese. Roads have been built and improved, railroads constructed, agriculture extended and made more intensive, and splendid technical schools have been established. The Japanese are introducing science, method, and careful administration into the country. In the little trade schools, in the schools for seri-culture, in the agricultural experiment stations, Koreans are gaining a new insight into the art of making a living. Though taxes and prices are higher than before, the country is more prosperous and the lot of the average Korean has been improved. The city of Seoul has been transformed, Occidentalized. The task of modernizing Korea has only begun, but the progress is already astonishing.

From the point of view of this economic development, Japanese rule in Korea could hardly be more successful. Everything is done to improve conditions, and whether this is done primarily for Koreans or for Japanese makes little difference so long as the result is good.

Of all the gifts of Japan to Korea, none has been better or more fruitful than security. The Korean peasant or business man no longer fears that what he earns and saves will be taken from him. He knows that taxes, although heavy, will be definite and that there will be no illegal extortion. He can, therefore, afford to become a more efficient worker in agricultural and industrial arts. He can afford to improve his lot and advance. Koreans need no longer fear to be economically ambitious.

It would be effrontery for me to pass judgment on this question, and it is dangerous even to hazard a guess as to the outcome. Perhaps one ought not even to approach the problem in this didactic

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spirit. It is a moving spectacle, a vast drama, and it is perhaps for us, the spectators, not to forecast the outcome or to criticize, not to hiss the villain or applaud the hero, but to look—and learn. For what is now being tried in Korea, despite certain new circumstances, is no new thing under the sun. We have seen something like this before in Judea, in Persia, in Gaul, in Britain, in Ireland, India, Egypt, Alsace, and Poland.

Yet one cannot quite help guessing, and it is at least permissible to ask questions. And the one most significant and searching question seems to be this: Can you supersede a language, a civilization, and an ancient tradition in a compact, growing people like the Korean? In another thirty years the Korean population will probably be doubled and children will be born faster than they can be taught Japanese. The school equipment must be vastly increased indeed if a real change of tongues is to be accomplished, and even then the language spoken at home will be Korean. What language the business men use is not significant compared with what the peasants speak. Can the *deracination* of Korean nationality be accomplished, therefore, in fifty years or in a hundred or in two hundred? And time is an element in the problem. If Korea is to be a bulwark of Japan, it must be composed of loyal people. The chances are that with the growth of education, with new ideas of democracy and nationality seeping in from abroad, Korea, if it is to be forcibly Japanized, will be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Prussia, with a six-to-one population, failed to Prussianize Poland. Can Japan, with only a three-to-one ascendancy, Japanize Korea?

New Life of Deposed Princess

She Has Made Her Home in the United States and is Working There.

THERE is an interesting contribution in the current issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* from one of the European princesses who was thrown on her own resources where, in the general shuffle, her father lost his throne. She has made her home in the United States and has secured a position incognito. Necessarily, the article is anonymous:

When my father ceased to be sovereign I felt more delighted than anything else, because for one thing I was glad he was relieved of the many responsibilities which had weighed him down.

I imagined, too, that I would find myself free to live the life I liked, to go about relieved from the trammels of an etiquette I had always disliked. I pictured to myself a condition wherein I would have plenty of money and people would be eager to make me forget that my position had undergone a change. But this was a short-lived illusion; a few days convinced me that very different experiences were staring me in the face, and that it was for me to accommodate myself to circumstances which my imagination had never pictured.

Remember, please, that I had always had persons beside me eager to help with their advice, and either to accept any suggestions I might make to them as to this or that, or ready to offer me suggestions of their own for any plan I might have had in my mind. But, as in the twinkling of an eye, these people disappeared or seemed to be afraid to talk with me, seemed indeed to hold me at arm's length and to dread being associated with me.

I realized then that I stood absolutely for myself in the world.

I turned to see what other princesses, who, like myself, had undergone a change in their existence, were doing, but most of them appeared to be so frightened by the magnitude of the disaster which had overtaken them that they could not find the mental energy even to think; they simply succumbed and cried like babies for the loss of the soft things of the world which now were no longer theirs!

I saw the questions I had to face: "What was to become of me? What was I to do in the altered conditions of life in which events, over which—at least so far as I was concerned—I had no control, had thrown me? I had not been taught how to earn my living, and yet it appeared to my anxious eyes that I had to do it. We still had money left, but why should not that in turn be wrested from us too?"

I had received a careful education, but, as I was to learn to my sorrow, a princess' education is about as useless to her as the numerous high-sounding titles to which she has been born.

I realized now that it was an education "de parade," one eminently useful in a drawing-room, but more burden than anything else in the new society which was organizing itself upon the ruins of the one in which we had taken a leading part.

I began to look around me, and to try to come to some decision as to my future. I began to study the local newspaper, and look in its columns for advertisements of different situations which I might be able to fill. There were quantities of them of course. So I made a try.

I wrote letters in answer to the most likely, and, dressed in simple clothes and veiled, I started in search of a position.

At first the novelty of the situation attracted me and I laughed at it myself, and wondered what my ancestors would have said, had they seen me go out without a lady-in-waiting or a chamberlain to accompany me, and make my way through the town in the streets of which I had never before shown myself otherwise than in a carriage with outriders. Not a soul recognized me, and that gave me hope. My photograph was in thousands of the homes I passed, I thought, and yet they knew me not!

Day after day passed, and I came back with a feeling of utter helplessness in my heart and bewilderment in my mind. No one seemed to want me. All the accomplishments of which I had been so proud were absolutely useless encumbrances in that practical, businesslike life in which I had imagined I might find a place.

It did not matter in the least that I could talk several languages, play the piano, sing and draw. I had not a diploma, therefore I could neither be a governess, nor a private secretary, nor a clerk in any public institution. I had received the careful education of a royal princess, and I was a useless being in a society which no longer had any use for princesses, and which did not even believe that they could ever become any help to it!

My heart sank when I remembered how many girls of my class were finding themselves in a like position. I thought of the fate that awaited my cousins and girlish friends and all the members of the royal families connected with my own. The days of our idleness were certainly over!

I sought counsel of my father, but could get no practical suggestion from him except to "wait." He was too entirely crushed under the magnitude of the catastrophe in which he had found himself involved.

I sought one of the few faithful attendants still left to us; but he also could give me no answer, vaguely murmuring that I might think of marrying some millionaire. Not much help in that!

I determined to shut out that past when I lived as with a veil stretched out before my eyes, preventing me from seeing things as they really were—poverty, crime, and the struggle for life of millions of human creatures for whom the world had shown itself a cruel stepmother, I made up my mind to become useful to others, where, formerly, people had been useful to me. So I began.

With my resolve, I put away my rank and name. I became, as I really was and am, a new person with a new identity.

I resolved that henceforth I would forget the fact that my birth had put me for a time outside the common interests of mankind.

What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have tea or coffee—you're surprised to find that this healthful cereal drink has a really delicious, satisfying flavor."

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

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Put a Yale Cylinder Night Latch on that closet door and you have a real safe deposit vault—a deadline against the porch climber, slinking intruder and the pilfering servant. They cannot pick, force or tamper with a Yale Cylinder Night Latch—and they *know* it.

See your hardware dealer to-day. Ask him for a Yale Cylinder Night Latch, see the trade-mark "Yale" on it and install it on your closet door.

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Yale Products for sale throughout the Dominion

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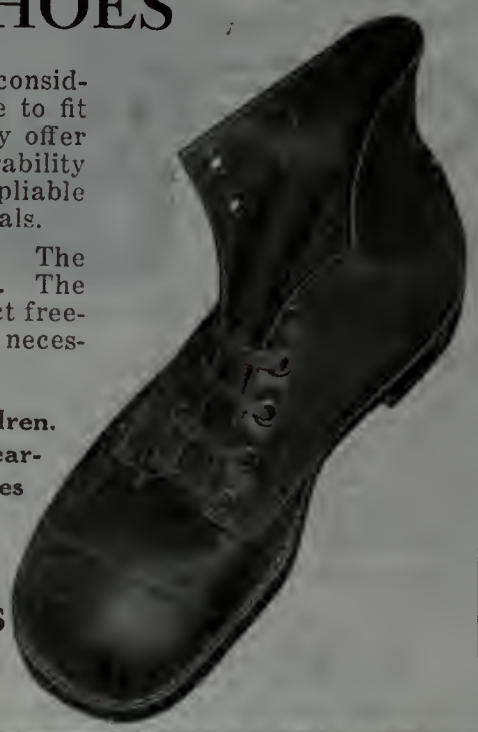
Remember this: Ill-fitting shoes will produce fallen arches, double or crossed toe, hammer toe and spinal trouble. Avoid all this trouble with **your children.** Make sure that their feet grow in nature's way—buy

Health, not style, is the only consideration. These shoes are made to fit the normal, healthy foot. They offer the utmost in strength and durability —yet they are soft, extremely pliable and as comfortable as our sandals.

No nails to irritate the foot. The stitching cannot touch the skin. The sole bends with the foot. Perfect freedom for growing feet, with the necessary support and protection.

Buy Chums Shoes for your children. Write to-day for name of the nearest dealer selling Chums Shoes and for full particulars.



Charles A. Ahrens
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Soldiers Will Enter Politics

American Veterans Intend to Take a Hand in Government

WRITING in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Sam Blythe predicts that the American soldier will play a big part in American politics from now on. He confirms his position by telling what the soldiers are thinking and saying and doing. They are coming back, he declares, to "show the country a few things." He writes in part, as follows:

The idea that these soldiers would be able to exert a great political influence after the war spread easily and rapidly, and the reason for that was simple, notwithstanding the lack of previous political thought. These men had been taken out of civil life, where they had worked and played and lived as individuals, each for himself, and fused into a great solidarity of thought and action. They were organized, disciplined, directed and used effectively in the mass. The men who were thus built into the fighting machine learned, first of all, that unity of action compelled by organization is the way to get results. They didn't know it, but they learned the lesson of homogeneity as opposed to heterogeneity. Hence, if things can be done by means of organization in war, things can be done by means of organization in peace also—all sorts of things for the benefit of the men who did the fighting, and for the men who were ready to fight when their turns came, including political things.

He goes on to show that the private has become not a little disgusted at the way certain things were run in the army. He did not get his pay regularly, his mail was held up, the system of promotion displeased him, and he objected to the distinctions drawn between officer and private. He has become convinced, therefore, that things higher up need reforming and he is going to use his influence toward having things run better. He then deals with the line that after war organization will take.

The Canadians have already organized their Comrades of the Great War, which will be a powerful political factor in the Dominion. After Lloyd George declared for a general election following the armistice I talked to a number of British soldiers, possibly a hundred at different times. Elaborate preparations had been made by the British Government so the British soldiers might vote in the field. Blanks were sent to them, and they were urged to exercise their suffrages. Most of those I talked to told me they had thrown away their blanks and did not intend to vote. The election has been held since then, and I suppose statistics are made showing just how many soldiers did vote. I have no record of that. The soldiers I talked to were of the opinion that Lloyd George had snapped an election on them, that he was shrewdly and politically trying for the indorsement he received so overwhelmingly through virtue of the victorious armistice.

"Wait until a year or so from now," they all said. "Wait until we get out of the army and back home to England where we can do as we please, and we'll take a hand in this business."

These are the ideas that the American soldier, as I found him—and I made it my business to talk politics with a great number of them, both officers and privates—holds, tentatively for the most part, but constructively so far as getting an organization is concerned. He has some grievances. He sees some rewards to be obtained. And among the best minds there is the concerted opinion that inasmuch as their experiences have shown them the governmental lacks in the business of war there probably are governmental lacks in other directions and places—lacks that it may fall to them to remedy.

The big fact of it is that this war and our entry into it have caused hundreds and thousands of young men who never gave the matter a thought before, to ask themselves—and one another—just what this thing called government is—this power that can seize them, put them in an army, send them to France, make them fight, get them wounded and killed, submit them to rigid limitations as to life and conduct—what is this thing called government anyhow? What makes it? Where does it get its power? Who is responsible for it?

Dimly, gropingly they are beginning to know that government derives its powers from such as they, instruments of it in its exemplifications in war and in peace—that they are the government. When they get the full realization of this, and sense the method of confering governmental powers on governmental persons—officials—they will be quick to avail themselves of that method for which they themselves hold so formidable an agent—organization and concerted endeavor; quick to try to impress their own thoughts upon it, to shape it to their own ends and uses so far as may be.

Finally, and there need be no misconception on this, the men who fought that war for us, and the men who were ready to fight it, but especially, the two million who were in France, are coming home with this firmly in their minds: They are against war. They know that the so-called glory of it is swallowed up in death and disease and in nameless horrors and hardships. They are against militarism because militarism means war. They are against militarism because they know what militarism means, having had experience of it. They know and, knowing, will be guided by what they know.

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Man a Machine

"CLOGGED-UP"

By Walter Walgrove

IF YOU had an automobile and never cleaned it internally, but allowed the oil, the residue from the fuel, and the particles of waste which the machine itself produces to accumulate, you would not be surprised if it clogged up and acted badly, even if it would "act" at all.

If your watch is left to its own resources and not cleaned internally in the most thorough way, it will, even though "dust tight," produce in itself enough foreign matter to put it out of business.

And every day that you compel an "unclean" watch, auto, or any other machine to run wears seriously its vital parts and saps its vitality.

Just so is the human vitality sapped and the "works" of humans worn—not, mind you, if we lived strictly up to the simple, primitive but rigorous laws of nature, but who does and who can?

If we were all farmers and labored in the fields from morning till night, or lumbermen chopping trees the day long—if we were able to earn our salt in one of the few, the very few occupations which call into play every muscle and joint which nature has supplied for the purpose of effectually throwing off the waste which our systems naturally create and accumulate—

If, in addition to this, we ate, drank and slept in strict accordance with exacting Mother Nature's demands, no one would have cause to say, "I have Spring Fever"; "I feel Yellow"; "I am Blue"; "I am Nervous"—but show me one who violates any of her laws who can truthfully say, "I am never afflicted with any of these."

Are you ever so afflicted?

The life we live is to a great extent artificial. Many of us endeavor in our spare time to satisfy Nature's requirements as far as possible by exercise, but does this suffice? Does this absolutely obviate for you all the mild and serious ailments to which you are subject? If it does not, as is doubtless the case, what further is required?

Man of to-day is as near a machine as he probably ever can become, and still exist, and to keep him in perfect "running order" he has to be treated as such. Now, if your watch or auto was "clogged up" with foreign matter threatening its very existence unless removed, would you apply acid to rid it of this foreign matter? You could get an acid that would do it, but you know that it would also injure the mechanism.

So I don't think you would use it—you would cleanse with that which nature has provided to make and keep it clean with no injury to the "works."

I wonder why everyone does not treat the most precious thing on earth to them, their physical bodies, in the same considerate fashion. Everyone knows that their internal organs make waste which is rank poison to the blood and the system, and, under our present mode of living, the functions ridding it of these are, without aid of some kind, unable to accomplish it.

Their first thought is of the drug shop and medicine. Never a thought of whether Nature can be assisted by her own provisions, but "Acid to the machine"—that's just what it means.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons has said: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, has said: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

This waste in the system can be effectually reached, and the intestines cleansed and kept pure by Nature's greatest cleanser and healer, warm Water, which, if properly introduced, is the only rational, safe and sure way of purifying, sterilizing and keeping in perfect working order the internal organism.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

No poison, no violence here. Just as sensible and sure a method as is external bathing certain to keep the pores open and the external organism sweet and clean.

That dangerous and incidentally very expensive disease, Appendicitis, is caused solely and directly by accumulated waste. Indirectly I would hesitate to name the complaints attributable to this same cause. It is a well-known fact that the blood, in circulating, comes in contact with the contents of the colon twice in twenty-four hours, and, taking up by absorption the poisons they contain, distributes them throughout the entire system.

The system is gradually weakened until it is no longer able to fight successfully against the microbes which are taken into the body through the air and otherwise, and are continually struggling for the mastery—those germs which are dominant at the time inevitably gain the upper hand and the particular illness which they produce develops.

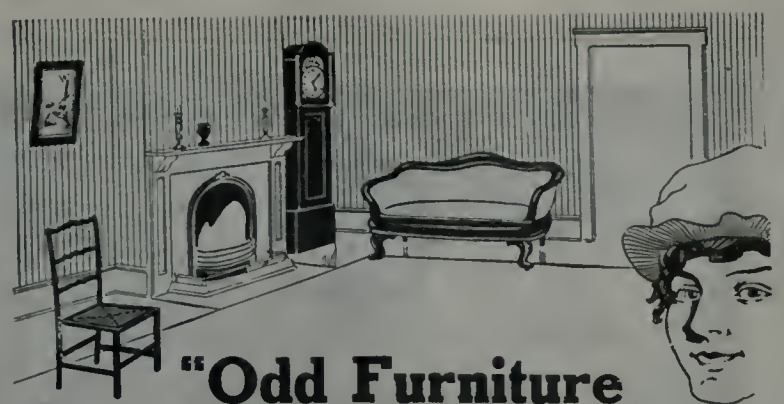
If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, why people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line has made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject.

Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Doctor Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife.

All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Suite 240, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in MacLean's Magazine and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

It will be very interesting to everyone, as it shows clearly how rational is the system of Internal Bathing, and in what way it differs from and is superior to forcing and injuring the functions by drugs—much clearer and in greater detail than can be covered by this brief article.



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A New Kind of Socialism

All Industry to be Organized Into Guilds

A NEW variety of socialism has sprung up in England and has found a very ready acceptance among those socialistically inclined, who are, by the way, a very numerous class to-day. It is called Guild-Socialism and is a combination of the modern day Public Ownership with the old idea of Guilds. The basic idea of Guild-Socialism is outlined very succinctly by Father Paul Bull, C.R., in *The Churchman*. He defines it as follows:

"1. The object of the National Guilds League is to abolish the wage system and to establish self-government in industry through a system of national guilds, working in conjunction with the State.

"2. The State would take the place of the capitalists, buying them out by guaranteeing them an income for a period of years.

"3. The State, while retaining ownership of the capital so acquired, would lease it to the guild for each particular industry.

"4. There would be two kinds of guilds:

(a) Civil guilds consisting of existing civil services, the Army, the Navy, the whole personnel engaged in education, the public health services (including the medical profession).

(b) Industrial guilds, which would arise out of the Trades-Unions of to-day, and include everyone who was engaged in the industry, both brain and manual workers.

Beyond the guilds would lie a number of occupations insusceptible of guild organization—journalism, art, literature, etc., whose members would live, as they do to-day, by their wits.

"5. The State would represent the consumers who own all the capital and means of production. The guild would represent the producers who manage every detail of the industry, pay, hours of labor, holidays and promotion. The consumers would be represented by the State in Parliament and Municipalities and the producers in the Guild Congress. The smooth working of the plan would depend on a balance of power between the two. The State would make its demand on the guild for what it needed, and supply capital for the expansion of the industry. The guild would pay an annual tax to the national budget in lieu of rent, and would have the entire control and arrangement of wages, hours of labor, election of foreman, managers, and all in authority. The Guild Congress would negotiate with the State on behalf of the guilds in fixing taxation, prices and other matters affecting both producers and consumers. It is of supreme importance to keep steadily in mind at every point under this system that *most consumers will also be producers, and all producers will be consumers;* so that the State and the Guild Congress do not represent two hostile classes, such as Capital and Labor, but in the main two aspects of the same persons, e.g., the worker on the railway is a producer in the matter of transit, but he is a consumer in the matter of food supply, housing, etc. This will be the best security for the harmonious working of the system.

"6. In matters of dispute, each guild will retain the power to strike, and the State in conjunction with the other guilds will deal with it by a just and righteous judgment, and raising the tax on the offending guild, and in the last resort by cutting off supplies."

The Man Behind Bolshevism

A Sketch of Radek the Apostle of Violence

ONE of the most sinister figures of the times is Radek, the Bolshevik who has had charge of the work of carrying the Bolshevistic propaganda into other countries. He is in many respects a remarkable man, not the least of his accomplishments being his ability to elude the watchful eyes of the police wherever he goes. An intimate picture of the man is given in *Current Opinion*:

No attraction of opposites could be more striking than that between Nicolai Lenin and Karl Radek, the Damon and Pythias of Bolshevism. In their devotion to the republic of the Soviets they are one. In all else, they are as the poles asunder, for Lenin inclines to moderation and Radek is the most fanatical of Spartacides.

Lenin, we learn from our French contemporary, is of goodly size physically. Radek is a pale, slim youth when not in one of his countless disguises. Lenin is well groomed, quietly dressed, his linen always white and starched. Radek is true to Bolshevism in the picturesqueness of his madly synthesized attire, the collar rolling, the hair a bush atop of the skull, the coat looking as if it had been slept in. Lenin evidently has a bourgeois tailor, but Radek looks as if he had attired himself out of the stock of a theatrical costumer who specialized in the period of the Robespierre terror. Lenin is bald. Radek has almost as much hair as Trotzky unless we are to assume that the real Radek is never seen through his perfect disguises. Some journalists accuse him of running regularly across to Paris in false wig and whiskers, equipped with forged passports, that bear the most suspicious scrutiny. Lenin looks hungry and emaciated. Radek has lots of neck, but his huge head neutralizes that accident. One would deem Lenin a country doctor. Radek looks like a metropolitan actor. Lenin has spectacles, a notebook and lead pencil that he chews nervously. No one ever saw Radek with such a professorial apparatus even when disguised, although he can give a marvelous imitation of a stuttering Englishman. Lenin is mild and smiling. Radek looks violent even in repose, and when in action his gestures make him look like a windmill. Lenin is satisfied and confident. He explains himself in a subdued tone, and the air of profound conviction shows that no argument could move him. Radek is nervous of speech, declamatory, argumentative, shouting proletarian ideas with a wave of a substantial fist. Lenin is no Jew, despite many statements that he is; but Radek is a Jew to the finger-tips. Lenin, again, is a true native Russian, whereas Radek is a Galician Pole who has been Germanized, but Germanized romantically, even poetically.

Radek's occupation is that of traveling man for Bolshevism, its agent in the field, and thus he shows markedly the difference between his temperament and that of the contemplative Lenin. All conspiracies must be hatched by the people's "commissars" at headquarters, but Radek is the only man with authority to actualize, realize, dramatize them in the name and with the authority of the Soviet republic. Radek will undertake to overthrow any bourgeois government anywhere, but he is true to Bolshevism and will never set to work until Lenin gives the order. Whether he is leading his bands through the Thiergarten at Berlin or blowing up the royal palace at Bucharest, Radek, the man of action, knows neither fear nor defeat, and he shouts his hatred of the bourgeoisie with a fury that makes Lenin seem tame. Radek in public is a master of invective.

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THE big dynamo whirling in the power station makes electricity for the big jobs---to light the city; to run the factory full of machines; to propel the street cars.

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A Road Across Europe

Bordeaux-Odessa Railroad Planned Via Lyons and Bucharest

DIRECT communication between the Atlantic and the Black Sea by rail is one of the "after-war" problems. This railway would link up Bordeaux, Lyons, Turin, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Belgrade, Bucharest, Galatz, and Odessa, the Russian wheat port. This would open up South-eastern Europe as a market to the rest of the world, and throw into the discard Germany's vaunted Berlin to Bagdad railway.

The Italians are now studying the plans of this road, and the Italians, Serbians, Roumanians, Ukrainians, Russians, British and Americans are vitally interested. The map given here shows the proposed route.

Is the Ex-Kaiser Haunted?

"White Woman of Brandenburg" is Said to be Visiting Him

IS the ex-Kaiser haunted by the hereditary ghost of the Hohenzollerns, the "White Woman of Brandenburg?" The rumor has spread through the army that the shade has been seen around Amerongen where the once haughty wearer of the Mailed Fist is hiding. The story, as it is referred to in the New York *Sun*, is given for what it is worth:

I don't know whether the interesting story that the ex-Kaiser has escaped the vengeance of the Allies only to find himself hag-ridden by the "White Woman of Brandenburg," who, you may remember, is the hereditary ghost of the Hohenzollerns, has reached New York yet, but it is common talk among the French soldiers here, particularly among the contingents from the eastern departments. They tell it in the most matter-of-fact way to explain and justify the report that the Kaiser is losing his mind.

"Eh bien!" one old *poilu* said to me when I told him that the guards had been doubled around the Kaiser's place of refuge to keep out kidnappers, "but they can not keep out the White Lady of Brandenburg."

Of course I had heard the story. Everybody has who has read Miss Mühlback. But I asked *le vieillard* what he meant.

"The White Woman of Brandenburg is after him and will get him," he said. "If the Allies won't make him pay for his crimes, she will."

A few days later I ran across the story from another *poilu*, who told me that he had heard that the ghost had appeared in broad daylight while his ex-Majesty was chopping wood, scaring Wilhelm out of seven years' growth.

The story of the White Woman of Brandenburg, or simply "The White Woman," as she is more often called, is one of the oldest and best known of the countless legends that grew and flourished about the House of Hohenzollern, during the generations it lorded it over Prussia and the Mark of Brandenburg.

Great Britain's Day

A Tribute of Admiration to the British Empire

THE United States lately devoted a day to celebration in honor of the part Great Britain played in the war. The *North American Review's War Weekly* thus contrasts "The Day" and "Der Tag" as anticipated by the enemy:

The Day demonstrates the solidarity of the British Empire. That is one of the most impressive and most significant facts in human history. It was not only the foes and the indifferent friends of England who confidently predicted the dissolution of that empire under the stress of war. Her own statesmen, even so intense an imperialist as Disraeli, looked for the refusal of the self-governing colonies to exert themselves in war for the United Kingdom, and their consequent secession from the Empire. Read to-day the refutation of those forebodings in the record of the Canadians at Ypres and the Anzacs at Gallipoli—yes, and in the record of Pathans and Sikhs and Ghoorkas on the plains of Mesopotamia and amid the hills of France.

We say that this rallying of all members of the empire to the support of the United Kingdom is impressive. It is unprecedented in human history. But greater still is its significance. It is a vindication of the virtue of British imperial government and of the world-wide democracy of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Russian Empire falls to pieces. The Austrian Empire is chaotic. The German Empire, despite the "Fatherland" traditions, trembles upon the verge of dissolution. The reason is plain. Each member thinks that it could govern itself better than the empire has governed it. But every member of the immeasurably greater British Empire feels that the Imperial Government is doing better for it than it could hope to do for itself unaided; and so the furnace heat and anvil strokes of war but serve to weld them all together the more indissolubly.

The Day reminds us of the triumphant efficiency of sea power. There is more credit than we can well express to be given to many of the factors which made for victory in the great war, but to none more than to those silent watchers of the solitary deep who, day and night, winter and summer, year after year, girt Hunland with a floating ring of tempered steel, through which there could be neither ingress to supply nor egress to ravage, and so maintained the freedom of the seas for the peaceful commerce of the nations, and kept the seaplanes safe for the feeding of the

Gift Suggestions

AT EASTERTIDE

ONE'S thoughts are again directed to the ever-increasing custom of giving gifts.

* *

IN the short space of time which now divides us and this Biblical season, consideration will be given as to the nature of the gifts you will feel disposed to purchase.

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nations and for the transport of our soldiers to do battle with the Beast. The British fleet has been the world's salvation. It has been America's salvation, and it is well that we give this day to grateful commemoration of the fact. Nor should we ignore the very practical lesson of that fleet's preparedness. It was the one militant factor among all the Allies that was prepared. If only there had been comparable readiness of all the other factors, how vastly different the outcome would have been!

The Day commemorates the swift demonstration of a military and industrial efficiency unrivalled in the history of the world. Grim humor recalls the Kaiser's sneer at the "contemptible little army." He little thought of the potentialities which lay behind the martyred few of Mons and Ypres. The Day reminds us that before the all-prepared Hunnish legions could triumph over that "contemptible little army" more than eight millions of free men rallied beneath the British flag with a perfection of discipline and equipment surpassing that of Germany herself; of whom four-fifths came from the United Kingdom.

Great Britain was not attacked. She had nothing to regain. But she had pledged herself to maintain the integrity of Belgium, and in certain contingencies to stand with France; and those pledges were not in her sight "scraps of paper." There never was a moment's question or hesitation. The moment faith and honor required it, her decision was made. German hatred raged against her, with "Gott strafe England!" solely because of her faith and loyalty. Germany railed against her as "treacherous" simply because she was not treacherous but true. Germany had vainly and vilely counted upon England's being as false and hypocritical as she was herself, and as selfish and sordid, and it was the climax of her disappointment and exasperation to find that such was not the case. Never before had history seen a nobler example of a nation risking its all and incurring immeasurable anguish and sacrifice just for the sake of keeping faith and honor true.

It is indeed the crowning glory of this Day, that the world-wide democracy of the British Empire and the world-wide empire of the American Republic are so closely united in mind and heart and spirit, in sympathy and in aims and in ideals, that no alliance is needed to assure their invariable co-operation. It is in that vein that we to-day raise everywhere the Union Jack by the side of the Stars and Stripes and pay the eager tribute of grateful reverence to "the great name of England, round and round."

Why Hohenzollern Failed

A Study of Bankruptcy in National Administration

LOOKING at the question of running the German Empire as a "business proposition," Bruce Barton, in the *American Magazine*, tells why W. Hohenzollern failed to "put it over":

"So the shutters are put up at the house of Hohenzollern & Co., which for so many years prospered in business and grew great. And on the shutters the receiver chalks his solemn warning where little business men, like me, in passing by may read and profit by the reading:

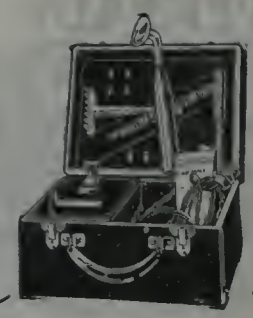
"The owner of this concern thought he knew more about everything than other men knew about anything (thus runs the writing).

"His success made him proud and arrogant, when it should have made him more modest, and humble and reverent.

"He never learned the meaning of 'enough.' He did not know when he was well off. He overreached himself, and in his greed for more lost even that which he had.

"He underestimated both his employees and his competitors; and the intelligence in them which he scorned was too much for him in the day of reckoning.

"He relied upon lies; and the Truth which he crushed to earth rose up to compass his undoing."



Do You Enjoy Being Ill?

Many will say "What a foolish question," but is it? If you stay **ill** when you can be **well,** it is either because you enjoy being ill or because you don't know how to get well.

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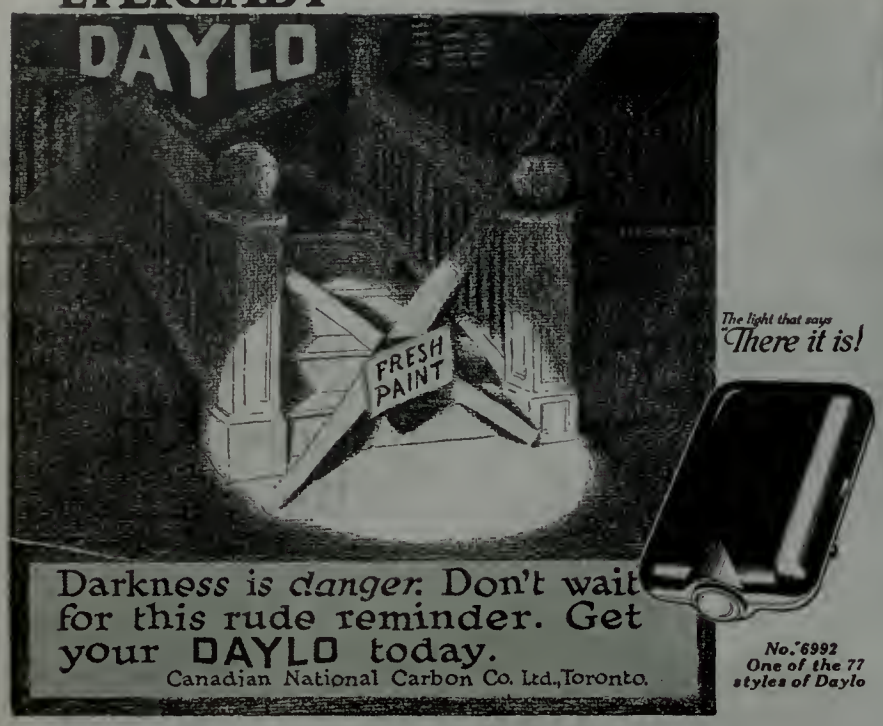

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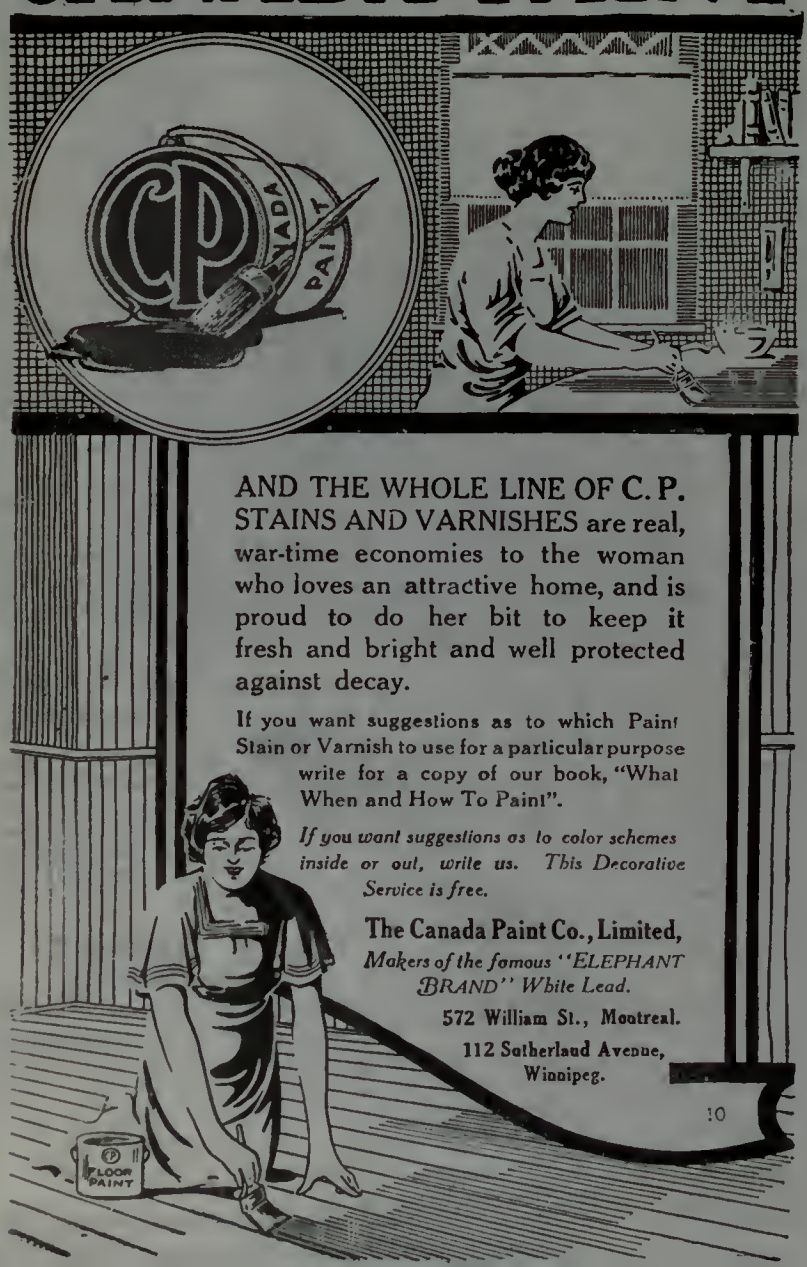

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The Sultan Takes Hold

Once Again is Power in Turkey Vested in the Potentate

THE world has been so engrossed in watching the supreme drama at Paris that developments of an unusual nature in Turkey have passed almost unnoticed. Pernaps the most interesting feature there has been the overthrow of the young Turks and the active seizure of leadership by the Sultan, who formerly was a figure-head in every sense of the word.

When Mehmet VI came to the throne he made up his mind to assert himself, and he has been doing nothing else ever since, to follow the account of him in the London *Post*. He has intelligence and strength of character and his first act was to reduce the powerful Enver from his supreme post of control over the land and naval forces. Mehmet sternly reproves all who do not at once recognize his authority and he is said to have ordered some rather summary executions. He made a great ado over the exclusion of the people from the first Selamlik of his reign. Now the crowd comes in as it can. His energy and self-assertion are the more amazing from the fact that during his years of obscuration an idea prevailed that he was weak and vacillating. The Sultan insists upon reading every document before he signs it and his Government is assuming more and more of a personal character. His principal advisers are Achmed Riza Bey and Tewfik. At last accounts Enver, Talaat and Djemal were fugitives in Berlin, resisting the efforts of the new Government at Constantinople to bring them back for execution. There seems little doubt that the new Sulton will give the former advisers of his dead and gone predecessor short shrift. Already the task of keeping him in some sort of tutelage is proving difficult for the powers, and the Paris *Humanité*, with all respect for President Wilson and his advisers at Washington, thinks they will find it no easy matter to manage the Turkish Government while swayed by so assertive a potentate advised by a coterie of traditional Hamidians.

This Year's Automobiles

Influence of the Liberty Motor on Automobile Motors

IS it possible to use the design of the Liberty motor with its immense horse-power for automobile motors? Such is the subject of discussion in an article in *Collier's*, by Lucian Cary, which treats also of French, British and American automobile design.

The writer says in part:

Just after the armistice was signed I overheard in a subway train a prophecy about this year's automobiles.

Said one strap hanger: "I suppose now they'll be using these Liberty engines for automobiles."

Said the other strap hanger: "Sure, every car'll have to have a Liberty motor."

Of course when you think twice about it you perceive the absurdity of fitting an ordinary car with a motor that develops some four hundred and fifty horse-power. A Liberty motor under full load uses from thirty-five to forty gallons of gasoline an hour. A Liberty motor is ten times as powerful as the average automobile motor. No touring car could possibly use so much power. If that much power were turned loose in a touring car, something would have to break. All the world's speed records might be broken first, but after that—Would there be premonitory cracks about the time you passed two miles a

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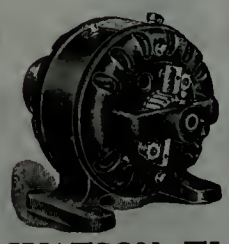

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minute or would everything go up in one tremendous bang as you approached three miles a minute? If the fenders held, they would certainly lift the car aloft on the air.

But there is something in the idea that the design of the Liberty motor might be borrowed for automobile motors. It will be borrowed. Or rather, it will be adapted. It is not feasible to make a precise copy of the Liberty motor on a small scale.

Anybody who compares British, Italian, French, German and American cars will see the man behind the engineer and the nation behind the man. An automobile is really an expression of nationality as well as an expression of applied knowledge. How else can you explain the striking differences in the cars produced by different nations? Nowadays technical knowledge is universal.

In a sense American cars are less distinctive than foreign cars. The American public is insatiable. We have every kind of car (save one) and everything in a car. The moment a European designer turns up something desirable, our manufacturers borrow it, or adapt it, or improve on it. European manufacturers are somewhat slower to borrow improvements from us because their public is less insistent. Thus an English automobile paper that has just come to hand seriously questions whether or not the British manufacturer will furnish electric starters on his after-the-war models. Imagine that discussion in America, where for years all cars except those in which cost has been cut to the last minimum have had self-starters as a matter of course. But the complete-to-the-last-word character of American cars is really no more striking than their power. British and French and German designers have always built a few powerful cars. But the average foreign car as used in foreign countries is about half as powerful as the average American car.

During the war I saw in an English technical journal a critical but appreciative description of an Italian light car. Though the engine was only half the size of a Ford engine and the car was very small, it was high-grade, costing nearly $1,500 before the war (the one type of car referred to above that we do not produce in America).

The next month there was an equally critical and rather more appreciative description of an American car. The car in question is one of high-grade, but by no means either the largest or most expensive type of car manufactured in America. Its price was then less than $2,500. The English expert noted with interest and frequently with enthusiasm the differences between American and British practice. But the thing that impressed him most was the amount of car the purchaser got for his money—the amount of material and the amount of fine workmanship.

I might go on, pointing out the uncommon skill with which the leading Italian designers have made the lines of their motor cars express the idea of sturdiness and speed at the same time. Or the constantly increasing "snappiness" of American design. Or the French insistence on long-stroke motors. But I want to get back to the question of adapting airplane engine practice to automobiles.

When you consider copying the Liberty motor for automobiles you are at once struck with the fact that the cost has been run 'way up and the weight 'way down. The cost factor is multiplied by the weight factor. The light weight means short life—short, that is, for an automobile. It would be quite stupid to sacrifice length of life in gaining light weight to any such degree in designing an automobile motor for commercial manufacture.

Just the same there are features of Liberty motor design which are bound to be adapted to automobiles. The valves are in the head. This gives the best possible shape for the combustion chamber and thus increases the efficiency of the explosive charge. Top valves have long been popular in this country, much more popular than in England, and those American designers who have avoided them have done so only in order to gain the slightly superior quietness of the L or T head engine.

Another distinctive feature of the Liberty engine is the built-up cylinder. The typical automobile motor of the day has cylinders and water jackets of cast iron. Sometimes the whole block of cylinders and water jackets is cast in one piece; sometimes the cylinders are cast in pairs; sometimes they are cast singly.

The cylinders of the Liberty motor are separate units—steel cylinders with light steel water jackets. These built-up cylinders are more expensive than cast-iron cylinders; but they are much lighter in weight; there are also some slight advantages in steel as a lining for cylinders. It is not at all unlikely that makers of large and expensive cars will adopt the built-up cylinder, but its advantages in small cars seems doubtful.

The aluminum piston, already a common feature of American design, has probably come to stay. Aluminum pistons reduce reciprocating weight. If you stop to think how fast the pistons in a high-speed engine shoot back and forth, coming to two complete stops hundreds of times a second, you will realize how desirable it is to make pistons as light as possible, reducing vibration and the strain on the mechanism. Aluminum has other advantages; for one, its superiority in conducting heat. The cooler the piston the less oil is burned and the less carbon is deposited in the cylinder.

But, generally speaking, the design, construction, and materials of the Liberty motor can be much more freely copied by the makers of big and expensive cars than by makers of medium or low-priced cars.

Changes in automobile design are bound to come slowly, however. It will be a year or two before manufacturers can take full advantage of the knowledge gained in airplane work and in their experimental rooms during the war. The members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce voted against holding the National Automobile Show this year on this very account. There wasn't time to bring out anything new. The New York and Chicago dealers' shows will no doubt present a number of interesting things, but these are likely to be minor refinements rather than serious changes. The real revelation will hardly come before next winter, if then.

The fact is that automobile manufacturers are going to be busy meeting the demand for cars this spring and summer.

The whole elaborate process of suspending one of our largest industries and teaching us to do without its product was all but complete when Germany surrendered. The next day the equally elaborate process of putting this industry back into its old relation to American prosperity was begun. It was rather a tense period—that. All the elaborate connections by which the small streams of an industry unite with the great streams were broken. Organizations built up over years had been gradually disrupted; arrangements for materials, parts, accessories were discontinued; factories were tooted up for the production of something else. The more completely a manufacturer had turned his plant over to war work the greater his difficulties in returning to his old peace time production.

Shattered in the middle of November, the automobile industry was actively recovering on the first of December; now it is proceeding under a pressure it has never known before to meet the spring demand.

By April most manufacturers hope to be making as many cars as they ever made and to be farther behind with their orders. The rate of production will in all probability increase for a year or two before it catches up with the demand, so nearly dammed up last fall and now opening in full flood.

After next winter we may see even greater changes in the automobile than the mere adaptation of the Liberty motor.

The search for a cheaper fuel than gasoline continues. Kerosene will certainly be widely used unless a still cheaper fuel is made possible by a new kind of engine before the public is thor-

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oughly sold to kerosene. Engines using heavy oils, costing less than a quarter as much as gasoline, and requiring no ignition system, have already been produced experimentally. And though these engines are too heavy for automobiles and wanting in the necessary flexibility, there is excellent reason for expecting within a very few years an engine that will do everything the present gasoline motor will do at a fraction of the cost.

Good Work Done In Canada

A Defense of Officers Who Were Retained as Instructors

IN the *Canadian Military Gazette*, Colonel A. T. Thompson takes up the cudgels on behalf of the officers and men who have suffered the galling fate of being compelled to do duty in Canada throughout the war, and in the course of his article he brings to light some new facts.

At the first call to arms, 33,000 men rushed to Valcartier. Of this magnificent fighting material, most of it very raw, an army for service against one of the most highly trained forces the world has ever seen had to be made, and that in a short time. No one realized that this force, which, at that time, to us seemed so large, was the small advance guard to that mighty army which Canada was destined to send to Europe—had we done so, many of our best men, who were allowed to depart with the first contingent, would have been retained in Canada for training purposes.

As it was, the whole instructional cadre reported at Valcartier, which was right, and all those of the different branches, except the infantry, went overseas, while sixty per cent. of the infantry instructors did likewise, which was wrong. Nor did it stop there. An almost equal inroad was made into the ranks of our various highly-trained staffs, and all of these officers, with the exception of one district, were permitted to go overseas.

Visualize, for a moment, what all this means—33,000 men take all the instructional cadre in Canada, except 40 per cent. of the infantry, practically all the district staffs and a large part of headquarters, and leave to the small residue the raising, equipping and training of half a million men. No wonder the Militia Department awoke to this mistake and forbade any more of these classes to go.

And what has it done, this little band of hard-working, silent, deserving and much-misunderstood men? It raised and despatched the second, third and fourth Divisions and thousands of reinforcements besides, in all some 260 battalions (including Pioneer and Forestry) of infantry, 85 batteries and other units of artillery, cavalry, engineers, signallers, machine gunners, Army Service Corps, etc. Canada does not yet begin to realize all she owes to these patient, patriotic men. Their portion has been, so far, indifference, and, in some cases, insulting and sarcastic references and abuse. Of this they themselves are painfully conscious, and so they have had to do their enormous task under the bitter feeling of personal wrong—a handicap indeed.

A concrete example demonstrates the way in which these officers and men have been placed at a disadvantage, both as to rank and pay. In one small section of the instructional staff, three junior warrant officers were allowed to proceed overseas. Two of these have become lieutenant-colonels, with decorations, and the third a captain, though they were no better men than many other warrant officers who were equally anxious to go, but were ordered to remain in Canada and who have received no honors and no promotion, many of them senior to the fortunate trio before war brought them their reward.

This is, in itself, hard enough for the unfortunate victims of circumstances, but when added to it is the coldness and sometimes the open sneering of the public, it is almost past endurance. Further, they are deprived of the privileges which come to the returned soldier; for example, joining the G.W.V.A., wearing a button which means something, and equal participation in the War Service Gratuity.

Colonel Thompson concludes his article by hoping that, during the present session of the House, the Minister of Militia will make very clear the facts and figures briefly stated in this article, and that the press of Canada will give great prominence to his statement, to the end that a crying injustice may be wiped away and a deserving class of hard-working and patriotic soldiers completely vindicated.

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Eighty-mile Ford of the Air Will Cost About $2,000

WITH a wing span of 18 feet, a landing speed of only 37 miles an hour, and an ability to fly 22 miles on a gallon of gas, an inventor, Captain Martin, appears to have gone far toward the consummation of our desire to each own his little old aerobus, says the *Scientific American*:

A most important development is the production of a low priced, most useful airplane, which is the equivalent of a Ford automobile. This machine has been produced by the noted aeronautic engineer, Captain James V. Martin. In reality, Captain Martin produced this little airplane to supply the military need for a light fighter capable of climbing to 25,000 feet within a half hour, with two guns to fight raiding Germans, having a speed of over 100 miles an hour. To obtain these results he evolved new and ingenious methods of construction and trussing which greatly decreased the weight and head resistance. He also evolved a retractable chassis, which folds up like a bird folds his legs when in flight. By this one device there is eliminated 11/100 of the total head resistance of the airplane, so that the speed is thereby increased by 11 miles an hour. The K-bar trussing reduces the head resistance through the elimina-

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1 cup orange, apple or banana pulp
1 cup sugar (½ cup if banana pulp is used)
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
Whites of two eggs. Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add fruit pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and beat together thoroughly. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. May be served with a custard sauce made with the remaining egg yolks. If a Charlotte is desired, line mold with strips of stale cake.

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Note: This recipe only uses quarter package of Gelatine and makes over one pint of Sponge.

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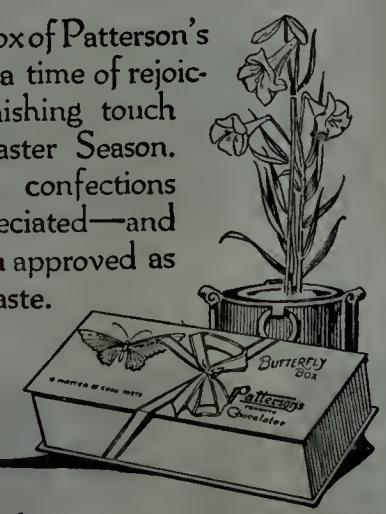

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tion of struts and wires and permits the increase of the gap and gives a higher factor of safety. The result is a very attractive little airplane, equipped with 40-horse-power engine, capable of carrying two passengers at a speed of from 70 to 80 miles an hour. A most remarkable feature is that this airplane will make about 22 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Having a span of only 18 feet, and weighing only 350 pounds, complete with motor, and having a landing speed of only 37 miles an hour, this plane can land on and start from almost any country road. It is expected to sell at about $2,000.

British M.P.'s.---Sartorially

Some Dress Eccentricities Which Have Amused the Commons

SIR HENRY LUCY—better known, perhaps, as "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*—writes in *Cornhill Magazine*, under the title, "An Eleven of All England," of the portraits which he has presented recently to the famous old Reform Club, London, England. "Toby" diverts his readers' attention, during the course of this fascinating article, from portraits to sartorial surprises which have, from time to time, served to lighten and brighten proceedings in the staid old British House of Commons. He refers, among others, to Joseph Cowen, once a North of England political giant, and says:

The picture (in the Reform Club group) preserves the costume in which he walked the streets of Newcastle, in no detail altered when he went to the House of Commons. A striking bit of color is supplied by the red shirt cuffs visible beneath his coat-sleeves. On his knees rests the soft felt hat whose appearance within range of the Speaker's eye forty years ago fluttered the dovecote of the House of Commons. At that time there prevailed a rule that made the tall silk hat an indispensable appendage to man's out-of-door attire.

Since then much has happened in the way of loosening the bonds of sartorial etiquette. I remember the thrill of pained astonishment that ran through the House when one afternoon, in summer-time, Lord Randolph Churchill, flinging himself down on his corner seat below the gangway, on the Opposition benches, held out to full view a pair of tan-colored shoes! Later still, in an exceptionally hot summer, waistcoats were discarded even on the Treasury-bench. Cummerbunds were openly worn by Secretaries of State.

In this connection one recalls the picture incidentally drawn by Wraxall, in memories dating something more than a century earlier. Ministers at that time took their places and their part in debate, arrayed in full Court dress, equipped with the sword which to-day even Sheriffs, attending to present a petition at the Bar of the House, are peremptorily ordered to leave in charge of the door-keeper, as if it were a wet umbrella. The gossip of the close of the eighteenth century tells how, on one occasion, George III's favorite Prime Minister, Lord North, rising from his place on the Treasury-bench with intent to quit the House behind the Speaker's chair, holding his sword horizontally in his left hand as if it were a lance, carried off on the point of the scabbard the wig of a colleague at the end of the bench who, at the moment, happened to be sitting with head bent downwards in meditative mood.

But that is a long time ago—a far cry from Joseph Cowen's felt hat, or Lord Randolph's tan shoes. Both, on their appearance, regarded as starting anachronisms, are now commonplaces of daily life in the Commons. Since Cowen's soft felt hat appeared on the scene we have had Keir Hardie's tweed cap, and the billycock built on the model of the roof of a Swiss chalet under which, before he went to the war and rose to the rank of Colonel, John Ward walked about the Lobby in the House of Commons. A more costly structure, as became a member of his family, was a hat constructed of finest Panama with which, for a while, Mr. Rothschild dazzled the eyes of his fellow members. Its flight through the lobbies was, however, meteoric. It excited such marked attention that the Member for Aylesbury, most modest of men, shrinking from the prominence attained, dispensed with a structure which, in conception and construction, had evidently cost him some thought.

Using Tanks for Peace Purposes

They Are Employed on Towpaths in France

TANKS are substituting for mules, and doing other odd jobs in France, says the *Illustrated World*. The large tanks are not as mobile as they might be, and endeavors are now being made to make the "Whippet" an instrument of civilian constructiveness.

"The tanks—the immortal tanks—which first lumbered over the top at the battle of the Somme in 1916, and caused the German soldiers to rub their eyes and look twice, are now startling the peasants of Northern France. Any day some of these huge fellows may be seen rumbling and roaring along the banks of the canals with which this region is criss-crossed. From fortresses they have been turned into mechanical mules engaged in hauling freight-laden barges along sluggish waterways.

"When Ludendorff's army ran away after Chateau Thierry, he did not leave a horse or a mule behind him. Quick communication had to be restored in the evacuated territory and with such parts of the railway lines as remained worked to capacity for army needs, the Allies had, in addition, upon their hands the great problem of feeding the non-combatants. The canals, though closed in many places with wrecked bridges and water released because of broken dikes, still were capable of rendering transportation service. Everywhere long lines of abandoned barges were idle. But without mules or horses, how were they to be utilized?

"Some ingenious mind hit upon the idea of the tanks. So these monsters, fresh from the hot pursuit of the enemy, were recalled in many instances. Their function was changed from that of the proud warrior to humble towpath mule.

"There was not time, nor indeed was there need, to alter materially the equipment. The armor was retained, only the guns, big and little, were removed. Thus suddenly the hum and bustle of industrial life again appeared in a novel form along the desolate stretches of waterways.

"The big tanks are capable of hauling many tons of foodstuffs and other supplies loaded on barges, chained or roped together. These noisy workers are performing their task admirably. In fact, they circumvent troubles that would stop a mule. Quite frequently the walls of the canals are badly broken or shell craters wipe out the path. Sometimes, too, great masses of stone or brick from gun-wrecked buildings present a barrier. The tanks surmount these obstacles with the same nonchalance they showed in going over the battered no-man's land or across the German trenches."

Liebknecht Was Clubbed to Death

Prussian Officers Carried Out Murder of Extremist Leader

WHEN Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg died, the world in general heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed as though the danger that Bolshevism might engulf Germany had passed. Sober second thoughts, however, leave people not so sure. It begins to look as though the old order is established still at Berlin, that the autocratic idea is still in the saddle. And men are beginning to remember that during the war the only man in Kaiserdom who had the courage to charge Germany with having started the carnage was Karl Liebknecht. Is it possible that the Spartacans were, after all, actuated with a desire to make the revolution really democratic? The question will not down.

And now comes the *Daily Telegraph* (London) with a story to the effect that Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were, in reality, clubbed to death deliberately in order to get them out of the way. An English correspondent tells this story:

When in my message describing the scene at Liebknecht's grave I tried to give you a hint of some deeper horror which was accountable for the extreme nervous tension among the mourners, and which had a very close connection with the deaths of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, I had only the thinnest thread, hardly amounting to evidence, on which to found my suspicion that behind the tragedies of these two deaths there was being deliberately hidden a truth which must ultimately come out, and would prove the facts to be of such a horrible character as scarcely to be believable. But a short hour ago I chanced on one who has given me what in all solemnity he assures me is the story of what actually took place. In themselves, as I have said, the facts are dreadful and revolting, but apart from the matter of the fate of the two victims immediately concerned, the whole awful story has a very grave bearing on the wider question of the true condition of Germany and the relative power of the various parties of the old military régime and the present Government—a condition which may be very different from the picture presented to the outside world, if one only knew what may possibly be going on beneath the froth of general elections.

My informant claims to have been an eye-witness of the incidents which he describes. He was staying, he says, at the Eden Hotel, where the horrible affair took place, and he returned there on the night of the tragedy at 10.30 to find an armed sentry guarding the door. This sentry told him that Liebknecht had been arrested and that it was intended to beat him to death. In the immediate neighborhood of the hotel nobody was to be seen. Thus the story circulated in the official report about the "infuriated crowds" was false, and the crowd existed only in the imagination of the military authorities who spread the report. When he entered the hotel he found a group of eight military officers and half a dozen civilians. There was an air of expectancy about them, and in about fifteen minutes Rosa Luxemburg appeared, accompanied by the *Kriminal Wachtmeister* (Chief of the Criminal Police). A few minutes later Liebknecht came down-stairs, after having been questioned by the military. He was guarded by armed soldiers.

Just when Liebknecht was passing the narrator of this affair, an officer of the Guards Cavalry suddenly sprang toward him, shouting, "Is that fellow still alive?" The officer then joined the military escort, which left the hotel with both prisoners. In about fifteen minutes he returned and said that Liebknecht had been beaten to death with the butt-

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ends of rifles. The blows were struck from behind, and at the second blow Liebknecht collapsed. Again the story circulated about Liebknecht's attempt to escape appears to have been invented by the authorities concerned and to be a downright lie. According to a statement made by one of the sentries, Liebknecht was deliberately murdered by the soldiers, who were encouraged to this deed by their officers.

The next step taken was to compel all civilians to leave the hall of the hotel while the military and hotel employees were assembled alone. These employees afterward declared, quite independently of each other, that Rosa Luxemburg had also been beaten down at the entrance to the hotel by soldiers and officers. There was no sign of any enraged crowd. My informant states that the official declaration of the Guards Cavalry Schützen Division was one complete untruth from beginning to end. A major who was present in the hotel could easily have investigated the affair, but caused a false statement to be issued instead of the truth. Later on the manager of the hotel was ordered to assemble all the employees and to read this false report aloud to them. In this way the employees were intimidated by that militarism which is by some supposed to have been thrust forever out of Germany.

The soldiers declared that they had thrown the body of Rosa Luxemburg into the canal. On the day following these terrible events all the officers who knew about them had disappeared from the hotel. The whole affair has now been placed in the hands of an impartial committee, which is working in conjunction with members of the Independent Socialist Committee. My informant is of opinion that while Liebknecht's body was being carried away in a car some revolver-shots—probably blank cartridges—were fired toward the car in order to give some sort of reality to the story of Liebknecht's flight. The struggle of the military officers for the maintenance of their old position is getting constantly fiercer, and is assuming the shape of a movement for removing the soldiers' councils and upholding the old system of subordination. The old spirit of militarism has, in fact, revived, and in a form which supplies a reason for caution. The attitude of the officers is intelligible enough. The majority of them are professional soldiers, and since the breakdown of military force have lacked occupation, and, in some cases, even the wherewithal to live. To them the revival of militarism means the possibility of gaining a living again, and since many of the returned soldiers are unable to find employment in trade or industry, they are only too willing to join the army and again become professionals. Recruiting for the army which is to be used against the Poles has provided a welcome opportunity to these men. It is obvious that these soldiers are willing to submit to the reinstitution of the old discipline, and the dissolution of the Berlin *Sicherheits-Wehr* (Safety Force) will drive numbers of others into the new recruited army, under rules which the revolution was meant to remove.

What Conquered the U-Boats

The Two Chief Weapons Used in Defeating the Submarines

THE U-Boats' comparative immunity from attack disappeared when the depth-bomb and submarine mine were brought fully into play. Robert G. Sherrett in *Munsey's* gives an interesting account of how these two weapons were successfully employed in combating the depredations of the Hun pirates. He says:

The campaign against the submarine has had two phases, defensive and offensive. The mine barrage represents the former; the most effective weapon of the latter has been the depth-bomb. The

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gun can reach its target only on the surface, and is foiled when the enemy submerges; the depth-bomb follows him under the waves and inevitably destroys him if he is within its radius of action when it explodes.

This new and formidable weapon is virtually an unanchored mine, which has only to be dropped overboard in the general neighborhood of the unseen foe to do its destructive work. From a bomb carrying perhaps forty pounds of high explosive it has matured to the size of a steel container capable of holding more than two hundred pounds of TNT.

Knowing how disturbing, if not destructive, a neighboring subaqueous blast might be to a submarine, the experts asked, soon after the outbreak of hostilities:

"Why not attack the hiding U-boat with mines, which could be dropped in the general vicinity of the hostile craft?"

The depth-bomb was the logical development, and the advent of TNT gave the ordnance engineer a more potent destructive agent.

The story is told of a freighter that tried to destroy a U-boat in the Mediterranean by means of a depth-charge, and escaped self-destruction by only a narrow margin. She was traveling at comparatively low speed when she surprised a submarine just poking its periscope out of the depths for an observation. As the merchantman got her stern over where the U-boat had ducked, she cast loose a large bomb. Before she could move onward far enough to be out of harm's reach, the charge detonated, and the violently upblown sea tore part of the vessel's after body away.

The submarine, when she dives, leaves a trail at the surface which, to the practiced eye, tells something of her movements under water. Air, caught in various parts of the under-sea craft, rises from the fleeing enemy, and this, together with a film of oil, suffices to betray the general course of the hidden foe for some distance. At the right moment the pursuing destroyer drops the steel-cased depth-charge over her own stern, and by the time the bomb has sunk to the exploding depth the destroyer is well away from the column of upheaved water.

One of America's most valuable contributions to the improved or perfected depth-bomb is a cunningly devised apparatus which makes it possible to adjust the firing mechanism so that it will operate at submergences of two hundred or even three hundred feet.

The best and surest sign of a telling hit is the persistent appearance of an area of disturbed water, produced by large quantities of air escaping from the crippled craft. This indicates that the sea has broken into the living and operative compartments of the boat.

It is said that the British not long ago devised a new order of subaqueous attack in their campaign against Germany's submarines. This is in the form of a shell, charged with high explosive, which can be fired from a naval rifle. The ordinary projectile ricochets, or bounds back into the air, when it strikes the sea, much as a thrown oyster-shell skips over the water. The new missile dives when it strikes the waves and travels for a considerable distance after plunging out of sight.

After reaching a fixed depth, or after going for a certain distance beneath the water, it explodes automatically. It is also detonated if, on its submerged journey, it meets a solid body. When it explodes, depending upon the size of its charge of trinitrotoluol, it acts substantially like a depth-bomb in its effect upon a near-by U-boat.

The pursuing destroyer or other armed surface vessel does not have to run in close upon the U-boat in order to attack it with much prospect of success. The moment a submarine is discovered thousands of yards away, a curtain of fire of these diving shells can be dropped in her proximity. The problem is not the hard one of striking the small tube of the periscope, or scoring upon a trifling area of exposed conning-tower. All that is necessary is to drop the projectiles within a couple of hundred feet of the target, and the missiles will do their dire work with deadly certainty.

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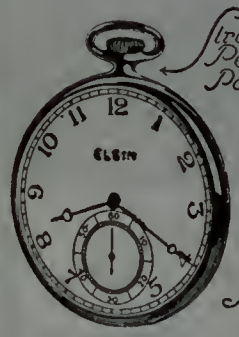

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U.S. Labor Denies Bolshevism

Samuel Gompers Announces Stand Taken by Organized Labor

AN important statement is made by Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, in an article in *McClure's Magazine* in which he definitely disassociates organized labor in the United States from Bolshevism. He writes:

I do not know that I am entitled to very great credit because I am not a Bolshevik. With my understanding of American institutions and American opportunities, I repeat that the man who would not be a patriot in defense of the institutions of our country would be undeserving the privilege of living in this country.

It is true that we have discussed democracy. We have used that term glibly and often without understanding. It is true that we have discussed freedom, and often without understanding. I have had the opportunity of travel in Germany. I have never heard any people so vociferously and enthusiastically sing and shout the terms of freedom and democracy as did the German people.

Freedom is not a condition, nor is democracy a condition. Freedom is the exercise, the functioning of freedom, the practice of freedom, the practice of democracy. All that society can give, all that Government can give, is the opportunity for freedom. It depends upon the people to be intelligent and grow into the feeling, the exercise and practice of the function of freedom. It was because the principles of freedom and democracy were menaced by the system of autocracy and militarism that the people of our country and the peoples of other countries and of the democracies of the world rallied around their banners and declared, and make good their willingness to make the supreme sacrifice, for the principles, the institutions and the practice of freedom which were threatened to be overwhelmed and crushed.

If I thought that Bolshevism was the right road to go, that it meant freedom, justice and the principles of humane society and living conditions, I would join the Bolsheviki. *It is because I know that the whole scheme leads to nowhere, that it is destructive in its efforts and in its every activity, that it compels reaction and brings about a situation worse than the one it has undertaken to displace, that I oppose and fight it.*

The American labor movement is founded upon the historic development of conditions of industry and commerce in our country, based upon the ideas and the ideals of American institutions; it is a movement that is rational, natural, orderly and yet insistent that the rights to which the workers are entitled shall be fully accorded.

The American labor movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor and our trade unions is this:

> We believe in progress; we believe that all the fruits and the results of the genius of past ages and of to-day do not belong to any particular class, that they belong in truth as a fair share, and opportunity for a fair share, to every man and woman who gives service to society and who aids civilization.

If society stands like a stone wall against that concept as a united body, against that presentation of thought and ideas, no one knows with what we may have to contend later.

The workers of America made many sacrifices during the war. Many of our employers and financiers reaped enormous profits out of the war. There are some lessons which this war has taught. There are some advantages which the workers have gained, and these must not be sacrificed upon the altar of greed and gain.

The standards of life of the American working people must not be lowered.

Labor can not live decently on a wage less than it now receives without bringing down the standard of living. Wages must not be reduced. In many instances they must be increased to enable the wage-earner to live in health and comfort. Hours of work must not be lengthened but shortened. The workers of our country must be given leisure and opportunity for the improvement of mind and body and spirit.

Our American Bourbons must understand that the day of absolutism in industry as in politics is at an end. Having defeated political autocracy abroad, the workers will not consent to have industrial autocracy enthroned at home. We insist that a better time shall come into the work and the lives of the working people and of all the people of our country.

We hope to bring about a better day and a better time, to see to it that this Republic of ours shall grow industrially, agriculturally, commercially, financially, spiritually, humanely.

Did Switzerland Save Allied Cause?

The Story of a Diplomatic Struggle That Ended Well

THERE was a time when Switzerland held the fate of the Allies in her hands. So at least declares Samuel Hopkins Adams, writing in *Collier's Weekly*. Here was the situation as he saw it:

Switzerland has no seaport. There was no way of obtaining outside supplies except through warring countries which were extremely busy with other considerations. Switzerland's food was getting low, her business was waning, her herds and crops were deteriorating at an alarming rate, and she had no coal. Far-reaching propaganda was being carried on by the Kaiser's emissaries; it is said that there were more than fifteen hundred German propagandists, secret agents, and spies in Berne alone.

A large portion of the country's German-speaking populace naturally leaned toward the Central Powers. For a time the German element appeared to be gaining the upper hand, and, either by pressure of insidious influences or by a well-timed coup, there was danger that the Swiss Government might be turned from its policy of defensive neutrality, which would have been fatal to the hopes of the Allies. For the German armies, augmented by the forces withdrawn from the east after Russia's collapse, now outnumbered the French and were taxing their utmost powers of resistance. Should the Swiss army withdraw from the German frontier, the mere fear of a Hun advance through the neutral territory would have compelled an extension and re-enforcement of the French lines along the Swiss border, and this, in the face of a superior enemy force, the French could not afford. Had Switzerland yielded still further to pressure and either joined Germany or, having demobilized, tacitly permitted her to go through, pleading helplessness as did Luxemburg, the right flank of the French army would have crumpled under the new assault, Paris would have been taken, and the way opened to a complete German victory. What would have been the subsequent fate of Switzerland at the hands of a conquering Germany is another question, and one which, operating potently upon the minds of those most concerned, constituted an incentive to continued neutrality.

Meantime the problem was becoming poignant for the shut-in republic; how to live through to the end of the struggle. Her representatives went to the Allies to present their desperate case. Translated from the formula of international comity into the everyday language of give-and-take, the conversations would run about in this wise:

Said Switzerland to the Allies: "We are short of food. We have no coal. We have no ships nor any avenues of supply. What will you do for us?"

Said the Allies to Switzerland: "We have not enough coal for ourselves. Food is scarce. Our own people are on short rations. We lack ships properly to move the munitions and supplies for our own people."

To which Switzerland replied: "What can we do? You tell us that we must maintain our defenses against the Germans and that we should not deal with them. Then we have no alternative but to die. If you cannot or will not help, we must do something for ourselves at once."

The Allies knew well what this might mean at its worst. It might mean a yielding to the constantly urged German propaganda, backed by German promises. They were even promising food, though they had none which they could send to the Swiss; anything to persuade their neighbors to the Hun argument: "Get your mobilized men back to the land if you expect to escape starvation. The Allies will do nothing for you. You must look to yourselves and trust to our good faith."

So the Allies countered by saying to the Swiss: "Why do you sell food to the Germans? Why do your skilled workmen make munitions for them?"

"Because we must have their coal," said the Swiss. "We are freezing."

It is difficult to withstand the logic of a radical necessity. The Allies abandoned that line of logic and tried another. "Suppose," they proposed, "we manage to get food to you, even though we stint ourselves to do so, what guaranty have we that you will not turn it over to Germany in exchange for coal?"

As a matter of fact, Germany had been forcing Switzerland's hand by demanding, in return for the coal which the little republic must have and could get nowhere else but from Germany (France having lost her mines in the Hun advance, and England having her hands full in supplying the French), cattle, milk, and other essential foods which the Swiss could ill spare from their own stock. To the Allies' demand the Swiss therefore responded frankly: "Better go hungry than freeze to death. Unless you can get coal to us, we must trade with Germany for it."

This was the crux of the situation as presented to the War Tax Trade Board at Washington by the Swiss representatives in the early winter of 1917. Would the United States stand by and see a helpless nation either starved into a more or less open German liaison, or, as alternative, compelled to face the danger of revolution inspired alike by Germany and hunger? Now, because without its license no smallest article may be exported from this country, the War Trade Board practically controlled the supply situation for Europe, exercising a power which made its compulsions felt in the farthest corners of the world. And this power could be turned to the uses of diplomacy and of humanity as well, in this case. The War Trade Board lost no time—there was none to be lost—in bringing the matter before the Allied Conference and went back to the Swiss representatives with this reply:

"We will send the food to enable you to hang on."

But here intruded another difficulty. The shipments must land either at a west coast French port or go down into the Mediterranean to the south coast of France. Either way they must traverse the "barred zones" which the Germans had established for their submarine depredations.

"How can we guarantee these shipments to you," asked the Allies, "when the submarines may sink them in transit?"

"That will be all right," replied the Swiss confidently. "The Germans have promised us safe conducts for vessels going to Cette."

For a time this worked well. The vessels landed at the port of Cette and the food got through to Switzerland. But the German spies there presently awoke to the fact that this food was just so much ammunition against them,

Of Interest To You Who Want A Greenhouse

HERE is a snug little house for a snug little price. Don't think, however, that because the price is what it is, that the house is not our best type.

From start to finish it is made with our standard materials, in the best possible way.

It costs complete with work room, heating system, benches, ventilating apparatus, everything, except, of course, the masonry, so little as $2775.

If you want the greenhouse without the work room, deduct $690.

The greenhouse is 18 feet wide and 25 long.

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STURDY and strong, light, elegantly shaped and finished—a canoe that completes the fisherman's outfit—That is the

CHESTNUT CANOE

The Chestnut Pleasure, Sponson and Cruiser Canoes are built of the toughest New Brunswick Cedar and covered with a seamless absolutely waterproof canvas. All the fastenings are of copper—the ends are protected with brass. They are built to withstand the effects of heat or cold, wear and water.

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For irritated membranes and nasal catarrh—there's quick relief in mildly antiseptic and soothing "Vaseline" Borated.

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It helps irritated or infected membranes to heal quickly. An excellent antiseptic dressing for scratches, bruises, insect bites and cuts.

Sold in handy tin tubes at drug and department stores. *Refuse substitutes.*

Send for free illustrated "Vaseline" booklet.

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since the Swiss, with their future assured, were constantly less amenable to their influence, and the hope of corrupting either the Government, the army, or the people into relaxing their jealous guardianship of Swiss soil waned. Suddenly the submarines began to run amuck and sink Swiss cargoes. Switzerland protested vigorously. Safe-conduct had been granted, and now here was food that they needed being sent to the ocean's bottom. What about the pledged faith of the German Government? Said the Germans:

"That's all very well for you. You get the food, and the Americans get from you the instruments and chronometers that you manufacture, and lumber which they need for their building operations in France. But what do we get out of it?"

The Swiss answered:

"You represent yourselves as our friends and sympathizers in the privations which you say the Allies have forced upon us. Now that food is sent to us will you cut it off and see us starve?"

"Will you trade the food you get, or part of it, for our coal?" demanded the Germans.

"There will be barely enough for ourselves," returned the Swiss truthfully.

Here was a problem for Hun diplomacy. If German subs now with official authorization sunk food destined for Swiss stomachs, Germany's protestations of friendship would appear equally empty. On the other hand, if she lived up to the safe-conduct, the conditions of want, which was her strongest card, since it would sooner or later force the demobilization of the Swiss army, would be alleviated. So she paltered, and her submarine commanders went out and sent American food destined for Swiss mouths to the bottom of the sea—"in error," as the German diplomats explained, since they "could not distinguish these ships from other enemy craft."

Now the struggle of diplomacy reached its crucial stage. Shipments promised by the Allies and anxiously awaited by the Swiss failed to arrive.

"See how the Allies have tricked you!" proclaimed the Hun propagandists at Berne. "You may gorge yourselves on false promises and eat empty words or starve."

To which the American representatives in the hungry republic replied: "We have sent the food and the Germans have sunk it."

"Lies; all lies!" cried the Germans. "They have diverted the supplies which should have come to you to the luxurious French and the fat and overfed English."

"What about that abrogated safe-conduct?" retorted the Americans.

But the Huns had the best of it. The hard facts argued their case. The food as promised was not there. Part of it had arrived, but not enough. The German propaganda for demobilization of the Swiss army took on new vigor. The army itself was restive. Anti-Ally and even anti-American sentiment found expression among politicians and in the press.

There was just one answer from the Allies to the Germans that the Swiss were of the temper to understand—food, promptly delivered.

Meantime the War Trade Board had been busy with the Swiss problem at the Washington end. And its brief deliberations culminated in positive action. It determined to get food to Switzerland if it had to mount a gun on every box. It went to the Shipping Board and said: "We must have ships at any cost for Switzerland." It said to the navy: "We must have convoys for the Swiss food ships"; and to the Food Administration: "Is the supply ready?" knowing that it would be at call. It got them all—food, ships, convoys—and the powerful influence of publicity, for it at once spread abroad through the press of Switzerland the glad news that at last food was assured. The American Government had determined to get it over if it took the entire American navy to convoy it! Subs or no subs, the Swiss might count upon it. In vain the fifteen hundred mouthpieces shouted: "Fraud! Lies! American brag!" Day after day the press was kept supplied with that news which the public was most eager to hear, the tidings of food on the way across the ocean. And when the first of the convoyed consignments arrived, the Hun plot was shattered. In this phase, food if it had not won the war, had at least saved it from being lost.

It got there none too soon. Shortly after came the April drive. Then had the German element in Switzerland prevailed to the extent of bringing about a relaxation of the Swiss military readiness, the German army might have come through and history have been written to a different purport. But the German army on the border was faced always with that line of active, wasplike mountain fighters, probably the best natural marksmen in Europe. So the chance for German victory from this source—a chance for weeks and months almost within the grasp of their diplomacy—was gone.

Racial Disturbances in South Africa

The Reason For the Hostility of Boer Nationalists

A STRIKING contrast is presented between the achievements of the South African troops in various theatres of the war and the anti-British agitation of the Nationalist party in South Africa. On the one hand we have the brilliant exploit of the conquest of German South-West Africa, the undying fame earned by the South Africans at Delville Wood in the battle of the Somme and in many other fights on the Western front, and finally the conquest of German East Africa; on the other hand we have the incitement of Dutch national feeling against Great Britain by the Nationalist party under the leadership of Gen. Hertzog, substitution of the "vierkleur," the Dutch National flag, for the Union Jack at Nationalist meetings, the singing of the Volkslied instead of the National Anthem, and many similar incidents.

In the *New Republic*, R. F. Alfred Hoernlé seeks to discover the deep-lying causes of the Nationalists' antagonism. This is the conclusion at which he arrives:

What is serious and vital in the "republican" movement of the Nationalists is not the republicanism, but the anti-imperialism. Allegiance to a British king would be a small matter, if the fate and policy of South Africa did not in vital respects depend on decisions taken in the British Parliament—decisions by which the Union is bound, but in the making of which, for all its "self-government," it has had no share.

The most ingenious and workable solution along the lines of a looser association, which has so far been mooted in Dutch circles, calls for complete autonomy for every dominion parliament, in the sense of abolition of all control or veto by the British Parliament, subject, in case of a deadlock, to appeal to an international court of arbitration.

It may be asked why the advocates of this scheme should be willing to submit to an international court, but not to, say, an imperial council on which representatives of South Africa would have equal seat and vote with the representatives of the other members of the Empire. It is possible only to hazard a guess at the answer. Some, no doubt, foresee that a closer union of the British dominions will but accelerate the disintegration and loss of Dutch ways and language, of

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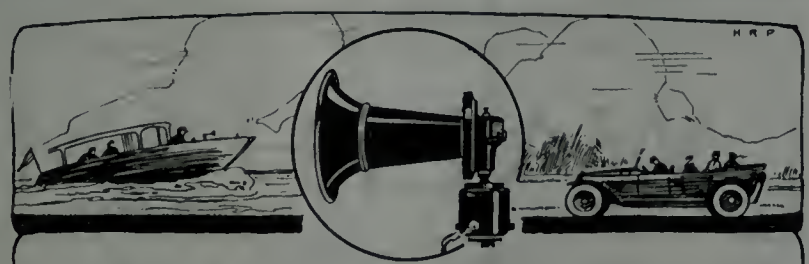

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Dutch cultural traditions. But the profoundest reason, not often openly confessed, lies probably in the fear of the Dutch that the pressure of public opinion in the Empire will force upon them a more liberal policy towards the negroes. The typical Dutchman, though not normally unkind in the treatment of natives, yet views them as nothing but "schepsels" (creatures), little better than animals, useful for their manual labor in field and mine, but not to be educated, not to be enfranchised, on no account to be admitted to an equality with the white man. Aristotle's famous phrase, "slaves by nature," hits off his point of view. The traditional British policy, which prevailed before the days of the Union in the Cape Colony and which aims at educating the native for citizenship, and admitting him progressively to the exercise of political rights, fills the Boer with deep distrust and aversion. Just before the outbreak of the war an act was passed—ostensibly for the purpose of preparing for the segregation of the white and black races by preventing the further acquisition of land by either race—the effect of which was to turn the numerous native squatters on Boer farms at one stroke into serfs bound to the soil. Meanwhile, nothing has been done towards effecting segregation or delimiting adequate native territories, and a sense of injustice and suspicion has been created in the native mind throughout South Africa which only the war has prevented from attracting the attention it deserves. A small nation which is liable to exploit its autonomy in favor of racial dominion of white over black, needs watching lest its policy be sinister for the future of the white man in Africa.

Is Prohibition Pendulum Swinging Back?

Continued from page 34b

"The conditions in this province under prohibition at the worst have been infinitely better than they were under the license system at its best," asserts the Edmonton *Bulletin*.

The "moderates" are extending their organization throughout British Columbia, and working for amendments, as indicated at the commencement of this article. The Port Alberni, B.C., *News* welcomes the formation of this party, under the heading, "Have no more use for the Prohibition Act," and says it is "the opinion of the members that the present Prohibition Act has proved a failure." But it doesn't want the bar back.

Despite the fact that "1,500 out the 1,900 labor organizations in Canada" have petitioned for more and stronger beer, there appears to be no certainty that the majority of labor men will be found opposing prohibition. The U.S. "no work, no beer" slogan has not yet cropped up in Canada. The Kingston *Standard* says this labor petition is "a further indication of public opinion," and the Border Cities *Star* says that "a plausible showing is made." The Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* remarks that "the appearance of organized labor, in both the United States and Canada, behind the demand for stronger beer is one of the curious facts of the situation."

"The Federations of Labor in Alberta and British Columbia" have made significant declarations in favor of prohibition," says the Toronto *Globe*. In addition, in Alberta "the Great War Veterans, the Liberal Convention, the Western Canada Lumbermen, and the United Farmers have declared for prohibition," announces the Lethbridge *Herald*.

The Toronto *Globe* asserts that this movement of the labor men for more and stronger beer is being "engineered by the brewers," and says:

"The stronger-beer movement is not attaining the proportions of a tidal wave. Those who are engineering it—the brewers and the brewery workers—have not had the expected response from the Labor Unions. . . . . .

"There should be no pretense that . . . . (these petitions) . . . . . represent spontaneous and unanimous desire and demand by the trades unionists of Canada. They will be the product of "active propaganda" by the brewery interests, regarded with indifference or open hostility by many thousands in the ranks of organized Labor.

This "indirect, insidious, and plausible" method of propaganda is asserted by the *Christian Guardian* to be under way both in the United States and Canada. The *Guardian* says:

"The liquor men, however, dare not come out into the open, as to do so would defeat the very object they have in view. If a wealthy brewer were to appeal to a generous public to allow the poor man his beer, the public would simply smile. If a millionaire distiller were to argue that liquor was good for 'flu' we should view it as a joke.

"And so we have letters from 'workingmen,' from 'church members,' urging the claims of the old."

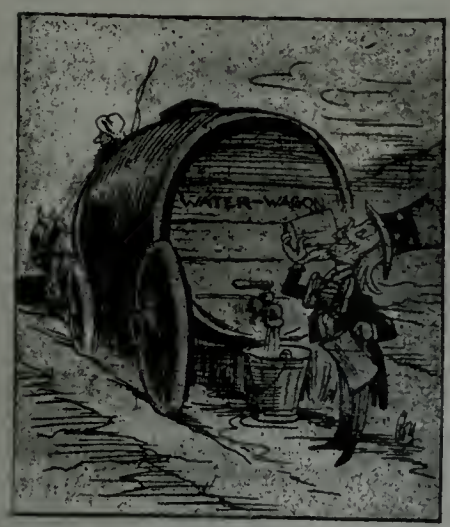
A Dominion-wide campaign is anticipated by the Prohibitionists, and George A. Warburton, one of the two prime movers in the Committee of One Hundred Campaign in Ontario, is now vice-president of the Dominion Prohibition Committee. This committee, according to the Toronto *News*, asserts:

1. That there is an insidious and far-reaching propaganda now being carried on which aims to discredit the Prohibitory Laws and restore liquor-drinking for the personal profit of the Liquor-Seller.
2. That the liquor people are behind a propaganda in the ranks of Labor that seeks to show that Prohibition is generally opposed by working people.
3. That the Liquor Interests are working behind the scenes in the political parties, and by underground methods, to discredit and oust from office any public man who is an outspoken prohibitionist. Watch for the evidence of this and prevent the success of their schemes.

The Edmonton *Bulletin* is wholeheartedly for Dominion-wide prohibition:

"The enactment of Dominion legislation which will absolutely and permanently forbid the manufacture, importa-

AN ENGLISH NOTION OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN VEHICLE.



—"Evening News" (London)
Uncle Sam—"Here's how!"

tion and storage under private auspices of any kind of intoxicating liquor is the only means by which provincial legislation can be supplemented to the point of thorough efficiency."

The Prohibition Committee, says the Toronto *Globe*, does not desire a "snap verdict," as its opponents claim, but asks that "the vote on this question be taken at a date to be fixed by the Government of Canada at least six months prior to the day of voting."

Toronto *Saturday Night* is definitely and whole-souledly opposed to prohibition, but pictures the "fate" of the United States as more despairing—from the "wet" stand-point—than that of Canada. In the Dominion, the *Saturday Night* believes there's still "hope":

"Much as we in Canada may resent the annoyances, injustices and hypocrisies to which pseudo-prohibition has given rise, we are not in an impasse where a law, however onerous and unworkable, is practically irrevocable and incapable of amendment.

"When it is remembered that in all that makes for good citizenship, business morality and humane civilization, the opponents of prohibition are at least the equals, and very frequently the superiors of the 'drys' the tyrannical nature of the laws can be realized."

"Dallying with the Demon," H. F. Gadsby calls his recent effusion on the temperance question. "Prohibition at Ottawa," he writes, "is not a moral question—it is a political one. . . . . It will be decided on the question of the greatest good for the greatest number —of votes. . . . . Union Government is not going to give Canada any more Prohibition than she actually wants. . . . . The 'drys' say: 'Nail it down for another year; that's all they ask."

"Parliament shows a new frame of mind toward prohibition this session which leads to certain honest questions. Did somebody slip something over on us while the casualty lists blinded our eyes with tears? Did the cold water people get by while we were looking the other way? Was prohibition a mood—all blue—or was it a conviction? Did we give up drink because giving up things was the fashion—horse races, baseball, banquets, time, money—all as nothing compared with the lives our boys gave up on the battle field? Did we give it up because it was the easiest, safest, long-distance way of martyrizing ourselves—of suffering something for the war which implied personal discomfort? Why did we give it up. And when we gave it up did we mean it?"

MONTREAL.

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Canadian Candy is wholesome

It produces real energy

ALL through the war the highest medical and food authorities were insistent in their recommendations to give the soldiers candy.

In Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes candy was allowed to seriously wounded patients whose condition called for constant nourishment in a light, nutritious, easily-digested form.

As the war progressed, the demand for candy grew to enormous proportions. Soldiers and sailors alike found by experience that candy produced real energy, while stimulants gave only deceptive temporary strength.

This war experience is supported by scientific opinion, and some misconceptions are set right in the following extract from the *Canada Lancet:*—

"Candy and Chocolate are nutritious, stimulating foods. There is not the least scientific foundation for the opinion that eating candy is injurious to the teeth. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth through impaired nutrition than even its excessive use is liable to do by any digestive troubles which might result from overuse.

"In like manner there is little foundation for the common opinion that the consumption of candy causes digestive troubles."

Candy brings sunshine into the lives of children. Children are fond of candy because their bodies require fuel which candy best produces. Not only eat it yourself, but encourage your children to eat candy in rational quantities.

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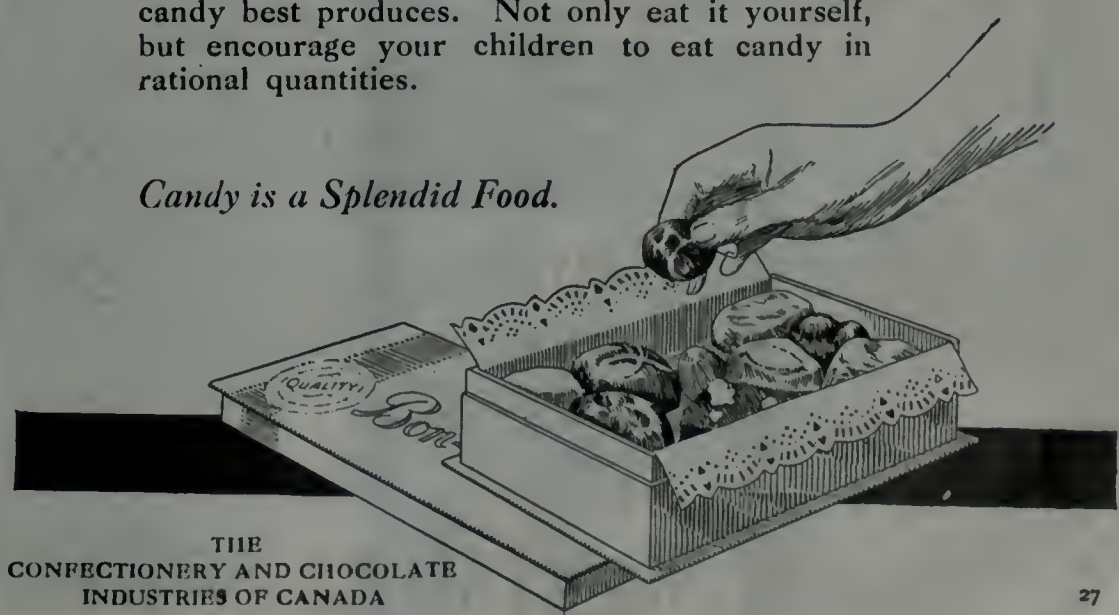


THE
CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE
INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

27

Reconstruction in Turkey

Continued from page 21

"But what," I urged, "do you do with them? What steps do you take?"

"We send them all," replied the little man, puffing at his pipe and growing obviously drowsy as he spoke, "to Woodrow Wilson. He can deal with them. He is the great conciliator of the world. Let him have—how do you say it in English, it is a Turkish phrase?—let him have his stomach full of conciliation."

Abdul dozed on his cushions for a moment. Then he reopened his eyes. "Is there anything else you want to know," he asked, " before I retire to the inner harem?"

"Just one thing," I said, "if you don't mind. How do you stand internationally? Are you coming into the new League of Nations?"

The Sultan shook his head.

"No," he said, "we're not coming in. We are starting a new league of our own."

"And who are in it?"

"Ourselves, and the Armenians—and let me see—the Irish, are they not, Toomuch?—and the Bulgarians—are there any others, Toomuch?"

"There is talk," said the secretary, "of the Yuko-Hebrovians and the Scaroovians—"

"Who are they?" I asked.

"We don't know," said Abdul, testily. "They wrote to us. They seem all right. Haven't you got a lot of people in your league that you never heard of?"

"I see," I said. "And what is the scheme that your league is formed on?"

"Very simple," said the Sultan. "Each member of the league gives word to all the other members. Then they all take an oath together. Then they all sign it. That is absolutely binding."

He rolled back on his cushions in an evident state of boredom and weariness.

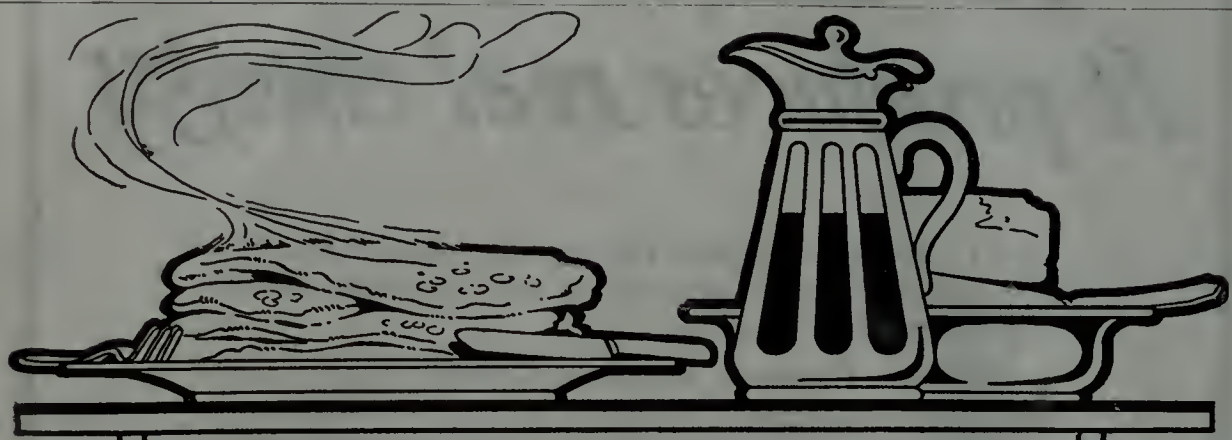
"But surely," I protested, "you don't think that a league of that sort can keep the peace?"

"Peace!" exclaimed Abdul waking into sudden astonishment. "Peace! I should think not! Our league is for war. Every member gives its word that at the first convenient opportunity it will knock the stuffing out of any of the others that it can."

The little Sultan again subsided. Then he rose, with some difficulty, from his cushions.

"Toomuch," he said, "take our inquisitive friend out into the town; take him to the Bosphorus; take him to the island where the dogs are; take him anywhere." He paused to whisper a few instructions into the ear of the Secretary. "You understand," he said, "well, take him. As for me,"—he gave a great yawn as he shuffled away, "I am about to withdraw into my inner harem. Good-bye. I regret that I cannot invite you in."

"So do I," I said. "Good-bye."



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Has War Wiped Out Disease?

Doctors Eradicate Many Causes of Death

IN a book that he has recently published, "The Doctor in War," Woods Hutchinson, M.D., makes the statement that "the war is the first war in which the doctor was given a free hand and he responded by almost wiping out disease." He goes on to say that the medical service proved their usefulness by bringing the death-rate from it in the camps lower than that at home, in saving 90 per cent. of the wounded and sending 80 per cent. of them back to the firing-line within forty days, and making the death-rate from all causes the lowest on record—barely 3 per cent. per annum, and for the past two years under 2 per cent. Only 2 per cent. of the wounded are crippled or permanently disabled: a vast improvement since the "vulgar brawls" which culminated at Agincourt, when the issue was decided by showers of arrows at fifty paces, or by sword, spear, and battle-axe, and the average loss in killed and wounded was anywhere from 15 to 30 per cent. of the forces engaged. The soldier's worst enemy enlists with him, for what killed most men in war was not bullets but "bugs," not the sword but the streptococcus. "Whenever you mobilize and call to the colors a thousand men," says Dr. Hutchinson, "you call with them at least twenty million tubercle bacilli, ten billion typhoid, five billion pneumonia, and a couple of million dysentery germs." Besides these the hosts of the Hun may be regarded as negligible. Inoculation protected our Armies against typhoid; splendid feeding, with plenty of meat and fat, against pneumonia and consumption; fly-campaigns against dysentery and diarrhœa; showerbaths and clean underwear against spotted typhus; and quarantine against measles, summer diarrhœa, diphtheria, and influenza. Only three "new inventions in the disease line" appeared—trench fever, trench nephritis, and trench feet, and all three were brought down to slight proportions by properly drained trenches, loose comfortable foot-and-leg wear, regular washing and greasing of the feet every night, and clean socks and plenty of them.

For some time the aviator was regarded as a man apart, and the heavy mortality among flying men as inseparable from the profession. But after some hundreds of patients were already dead it was discovered that a large share of this distressing mortality was not due to enemy fire, or to machine defects, but to accidents occurring inside the flyer himself. A Commission appointed to investigate found that the causes could be classified as follows: enemy gun-fire and other fighting casualties, 2 per cent.; engine trouble and defects of construction, 8 per cent.; heart failure, less of consciousness, or other sudden breakdown of the aviator himself, 90 per cent. Here was work for the doctors with a vengeance; they grappled with it firmly, and one of the things they found was that while the born flyer, as Dr. Hutchinson says, was "a distinctly *rara avis*," and a touch of genius was required to make an ace, for nine-tenths of the routine work an aviator is required to do all that is needed is "a man wid two hands an' two feet and all his teeth in his head," as Mulvaney put it. But that man must be well cared for from the first, and there is sound sense in the argument for a special Aviation Medical Corps which shall have charge of the aviator from the moment of his admission to the service till he needs "warning off" to save his life.

Too Much Wilson

British Editor Would End President's Leadership

IT is a very apparent fact that Woodrow Wilson is playing a big part in the Peace negotiations. To many it appears that he is playing the part of a world mediator, bent on finding the way by which perpetual peace may be assured. To others he appears in the role of an impracticable dreamer. Among the latter is L. J. Maxse, the hard-hitting editor of the *National Review* (London), who takes exception to the President's course in an article headed "Too Much Wilson." He says:

If Europe stood in need of a mentor at this moment President Wilson would be the right man in the right place, but ordinary people who do not move and live and have their being in Ministerial circles are at a loss to understand why nations that during the terrible ordeal of these five years have established their moral might as well as their material and military greatness, like France and Britain, to say nothing of Italy and others who have been bled almost white in repelling the assaults of the common enemy of mankind, should be regarded as incapable of regulating their own affairs, and as unworthy of that "self-determination" of which we hear so much. It is hardly fair to peoples who have laid down their lives by the hundred thousand, and lavished their treasure by the hundred million, that their statesmen should efface themselves and invite the American Superman to settle every European problem. Nor is it fair to place President Wilson in a false position from which there must come a rude awakening, as it is not humanly possible that those who have not paid the piper should call the tune at this juncture of the world's history.

Had the Great War lasted another year or two, as was anticipated by the shrewdest judges in London and in Paris, we should all have inevitably submitted with the best possible grace to an American Peace drafted in, and dictated from, Washington. In that eventuality the White House would have been the arbiter of the situation by force of circumstances. In 1919 the American Army, which its officers regarded as raw material last year (though there was never any question as to the zeal and capacity of the rank and file), would have developed into a formidable fighting-machine after it had bought its bloody experience like every European army. The American Navy and the American Mercantile Marine would have become equally important factors. The air would have been thick with the American aeroplanes, which hardly appeared in 1918. Englishmen eagerly anticipated America's growing share of the war in the near future. We are not a jealous or an envious people, and should have cheerfully conceded the decisive role to our American associates—whom we may not call Allies—in the campaigns of 1919 and 1920, with all the political consequences that would have followed from an American victory in the field. But as it happened, the enemy collapsed infinitely sooner than was expected under the incomparable leading and hammer-blows of Foch and Haig. It would take a fool to underrate the influence of the presence of the great American force in France, while on more than one occasion American troops gave us a taste of what to expect from a trained American Army. But by common consent of the Allies—Marshal Foch has most handsomely made acknowledgment—the lion's share of the last campaign fell on the British, whose record from August to November will live for all time in military history. This is in no way to detract from the genius of Foch, whose praise is on the lips of every British soldier who has come home this winter. But without the magnificent tenacity of Sir Douglas Haig's armies, which went from victory to victory against superior numbers, the illustrious French soldier would be the

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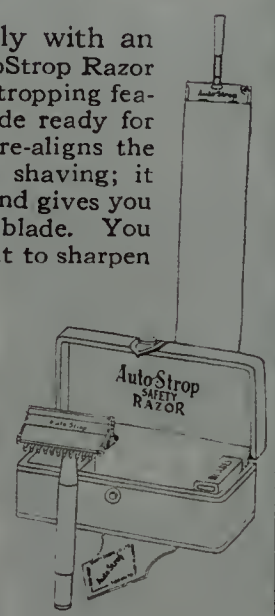

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first to recognize that the war must have dragged on for another year or two. The freshness of our war-worn divisions, much below strength, amazed every one. Britons are not boastful, and would not rob one laurel from any Allied army, but as our politicians are as modest in referring to the achievements of our Fighting Men as they are vainglorious over their own performances as "winners of the war," it is the duty of the conscientious chronicler to restore perspective by emphasizing the facts. It is not only that injustice is done to the British Army and the British Navy by slurring over their magnificent role, or by crediting their labors to others. Injustice is also done to the British nation and the British Empire, whose interests are nowadays treated as negligible by British statesmen unless they happen to suit the whim of a passing President in whose election no Briton had any voice.

Mr. Wilson strikes one as speaking from the fullness of his heart upon the subjects he cares about. He is genuinely convinced that Europe is out of date, that the time has come to create a new world—one gigantic United States—in which arbitration will replace armaments and the law be administered under the auspices of a Supreme Court. It is a magnificent conception, though hardly realizable until mankind ceases to be human. One cannot but admire the courage with which the President pursues these lofty ideas, while the superficial success which has attended his propaganda is striking. But then his intercourse has been confined to the tired sections of the various countries he has visited. It is only natural that weary Mandarins should succumb to the dream of a League of Nations, but outside official circles it is not a popular subject, and though Mr. Wilson has been told otherwise, it, as a matter of fact, "cut no ice" whatsoever at the British General Election. Beyond the ranks of professional politicians and journalists "in touch" with them, apart from a few "cranks," it is not easy to meet any one who regards the League of Nations as anything more than a topic for public men and leader-writers. It has not yet touched the Man in the Street, and is never mentioned by the Lady in the Tube.

For these as for other reasons our Press is serving us ill, nor is it assisting the American people by kotowing to President Wilson. Our "boomsters" are animated by the purest motives and fondly imagine they are promoting Anglo-American friendship. They are doing the reverse. They are unwittingly playing the enemy's game in encouraging the delusion that the British Government has no alternative but to say ditto to whatever proposition emanates from Washington. Germany is making it abundantly clear that she regards Dr. Wilson as her Patron Saint. He alone can pull her out of the Slough of Despond and set her on the high road to the gratification of her ambitions, via the League of Nations, which is visualized from Berlin as the apostolic successor of the defunct Pan-German League. Today the German Press is beslavering with praise the man whom yesterday it was besnattering with mud. This should give all idealogues pause. If the League of Nations be a German interest, it cannot be a British interest.

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Some Tricks of the "Mediums"

Tricks of Spiritualists Exposed by a Scientist

IN *Popular Science Monthly*, Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., describes some of the ruses to which alleged mediums have resorted to impose upon the credulous. Nothing could be simpler than these tricks—both to accomplish and to understand.

You sit around a table with ten other believers in spiritualism, the hands of all eleven of you spread out flat and your little fingers touching. Next to you is the medium—a big, likable fellow with a kind, frank face.

"If the spirit moves," says he, fixing his eyes on you, "I shall produce some startling phenomena with the very hand that your little finger now touches."

It sounds incredible. "Not if I know it," you say to yourself, pressing your little finger harder against his. You are determined that he shall not remove that hand—not for the fraction of a second.

Then the lights are lowered. Under cover of the darkness, the medium is seized with a series of convulsive twitches and spasms. His hands shake, and the table trembles.

However, you are not to be caught napping. You exert still more pressure on your little finger, and his hand is still there—or was. For lo! a dinner-bell is suddenly rung in your ears, a whistle is blown, a gong is struck, and a flashlight shines in your face.

You are not only amazed and bewildered—you are really scared. And when the lights are turned on, there, just as you anticipated, is his hand with your little finger resting on it. You could swear away your reputation that he had not moved it. How, then, did it all happen?

Do you recall the instant when he was seized with convulsive twitches? At that time he was drawing his hands nearer and nearer together until, in one violent spasm, he had withdrawn one hand altogether—the very hand under your little finger!

Oh, yes, you regained control of it again instantly, and you forgot all about the loss of it a moment later.

The fact is that the medium substituted the outstretched first finger of his other hand for the little finger of the hand you held—so that then you and the man on the other side of him were both controlling the same hand, leaving the remaining hand free to perform the manifestations. Can you imagine anything which would be more simple than this?

But there are more elaborate demonstrations of the same character. The whole hand of the medium may be apparently controlled; yet he manages to release it all the same! He sits in a chair and places his two hands on his knees, while an investigator sits on either side of him. The man on his right side grasps his right wrist, while the medium himself grasps the wrist of the man on his left side. Thus a circle is formed in which the medium is holding the wrist of one man, and is, in turn, having his other wrist held by the other man. Obviously, the wrist in the grasp of the other man cannot possibly be used to produce the manifestations. But they do take place, nevertheless.

After the lights are turned out, the medium requests the man on his right to remove his hand for a moment.

"I want to use my handkerchief," he says. In a moment he returns his hand. Returns it? What he does, in reality, is this. He slips both feet forward and crosses his knees, the left knee being on top. Then, when he requests the man on his right to hold his hand again, he allows him to hold his left wrist—the one that is holding the wrist of the man on his left. The right hand is now free. The man on the left cannot tell that the hand has been removed, as, indeed, it has not; and the man on the right cannot tell that any change has taken place in the position of the hands, since he grasps a wrist which the medium tells him is his right hand. Since there is only one knee, the trick cannot be discovered if an investigator feels the other knee.

But some people will tell you that they have received "spirit touches" while they knew they held both hands of the medium securely all the time the manifestations were going on. In this case, the medium blindfolded the sitter, if the séance was held in the light, and with his teeth extracted a long feather from under his vest, and with it produced soft "spirit touches" upon the head, face, and hands of the gullible person.

An ingenious "holding" test, made famous by the Eddy Brothers in their so-called "light séances," was carried out as follows:

Three chairs were placed in a row in one corner of the room. The medium sat in one—the right-hand one, as viewed by the spectators. The other two were occupied by investigators. The medium and the third man (in the opposite end chair) then grasped the arms of the man in the middle, one hand on the wrist and one hand high up on the arm. In this way the man in the middle was able to tell instantly if any hand was removed. A curtain was then pinned over the bodies of the medium and of his investigators. Presently manifestations took place. How?

Under cover of the cloth, the medium abstracted from his pocket a small piece of lead about the size of his hand. He bent this tightly around the arm of the man next to him, giving him the impression of being held by that hand.

Thus the hand could be removed and the impression remain—the left hand still grasping the arm lower down. Both hands were thus felt, while, as we have seen, only one was actually employed in holding the man—the other being free to play musical instruments and produce other "phenomena."

Of course, various devices have been resorted to in an endeavor to prevent mediums from producing "phenomena" fraudulently, particularly in dark circles.

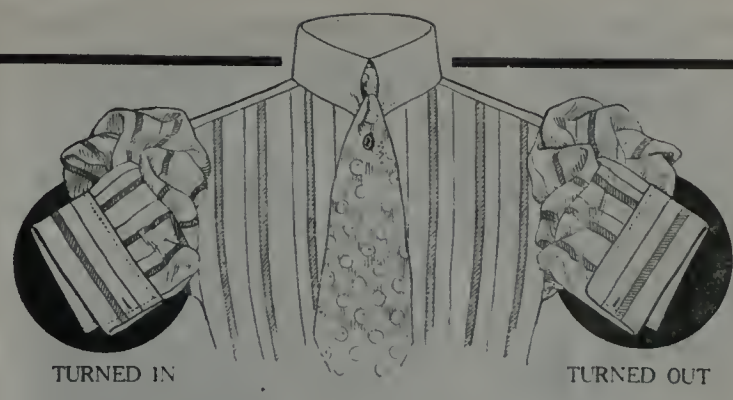
Among these may be mentioned ropeties of all kinds, chains, padlocks, handcuffs, etc., and especially various ways of holding the medium so that he cannot escape. These are known as holding tests. The aim of the medium is to evade these and, by releasing one hand or foot, to produce "phenomena" with the free members.

Sometimes "phenomena" are produced a long way from the medium—so far, indeed, that the sitter feels sure he could not have reached that spot, even had his hands been free. In such cases, the medium has produced from his pocket a long jointed rod, known as a "reaching rod," and after opening it is enabled to reach objects four or five feet away—to ring bells, shake the tambourine, etc.

The above are some of the simple methods by which fraudulent "physical mediums" bamboozle their sitters. I do not wish it to be understood, however, that I do not believe in any genuine phenomena of this kind. On the contrary, I am quite convinced that they sometimes occur. And it is for this reason that we "psychical researchers" are so anxious to eliminate the fraud. Spurious money does not prove that no genuine money exists: it is the same with spiritistic phenomena. I merely wish to warn would-be investigators of possible disappointments.

BRIGDEN, ONT.

I did not receive any copy of the last issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *and would appreciate it if you would forward me one if you have a spare copy. I am keeping every number and expect to have them bound in book form as I consider* MACLEAN'S *to be the leading magazine circulated or sold in Canada and therefore do not like to miss a copy.* C. C. W.



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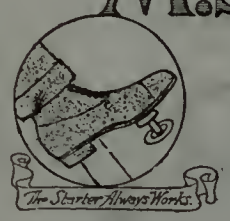

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Could German Fleet Have Been Sunk?

Writer Claims That Beatty's Signal Was Ignored

IT IS now clearly established, and even admitted by the Germans, that the British fleet won a very conclusive victory at Jutland. There seems reasons to believe, however, that the victory could have been made more decisive, even that the German fleet could have been destroyed, had certain defects in British equipment been remedied and if the command had seen fit to force the issue. Such, at least, is the impression given by H. W. Wilson, the naval historian, in an article in the London *Daily Mail.* He writes:

I understand that an effort is to be made in Parliament to secure an impartial inquiry into the defects of armament and organization in the British Navy which Lord Jellicoe has put forward as the explanation of his failure to defeat the enemy decisively at the Battle of Jutland, and into the question who was personally responsible for them.

The one fact which stands out from his account of Jutland is that at the critical moment of the whole naval war he did not place the destruction of the enemy above the safety of his ships. In this his leadership differs from that of Nelson, who discouraged rash and foolish attacks, but gave his officers very plainly to understand that he would support any captain who closed with the enemy, and that the enemy's destruction was to be the one overmastering object.

Lord Jellicoe's book contains no allusion to a signal from Sir David Beatty which is stated to have been made about 7.15, when the British Battle Fleet executed a second turn-away from the enemy, in face of a German torpedo attack on the rear of the British line. The effect of this signal was, I believe, this:

"If you follow me, sir, we can annihilate them."

It was addressed to the British battleship division leading the line, and it was made at the last moment when any chance of closing with the enemy remained, if a night action was not to be fought.

Lord Jellicoe had already decided that it was impossible for him to fight such a night action, because of his searchlights, want of star-shells, and destroyers.

What was the situation at this moment? The Germans, from the facts published, seem to have had only 16 Dreadnought batteships in line, with two battle-cruisers. Both those battle-cruisers had been violently battered by Sir David Beatty and the 5th Battle Squadron. Of the German battleships several had been badly hit. Against them were three battleships of the 5th Battle Squadron (for the Warspite had fallen out of the line owing to injuries received), 24 intact battleships of the main British battle fleet, 4 of Admiral Beatty's battle-cruisers, and 2 of Admiral Hood's ships of the same class.

The British superiority was overwhelming in numbers, and in weight of metal it was even greater. In close action, the British shells would have gone through the enemy's armor, and there is every reason to think that the German Fleet would either have been destroyed or driven to a *sauve qui peut* flight, in which it must have lost at least half a dozen damaged ships which ultimately reached port.

Between 6.14 and 6.30 the British battleships, owing to the first turn-away from the enemy, had been from 3,000 to 5,000 yards farther away from the enemy than Admiral Beatty's battle-cruisers, which emerged from this struggle without further heavy loss. That they were able to fight the Germans at so much closer quarters is evidence that the German fire had greatly deteriorated and that the Germans were a beaten fleet.

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The Sun Gazer

Continued from page 31

"When I kin git up an appetite for that sort of vittles, I'll go shares with you, ef y' aint got no objection!"

Having conceived this idea, Horner was seized with a fear that the captive might presently gain the power of flight and get away. This was a thought under which he could not lie still. In his pocket he always carried a bunch of stout salmon-twine and a bit of copper rabbit-wire, apt to be needed in a hundred forest emergencies. He resolved to catch the young eagle and tether it to a bush.

His first impulse was to set about this enterprise at once. With excruciating effort he managed to pull off his heavy woollen hunting-shirt, intending to use it as the toreador uses his mantle, to entangle the dangerous weapons of his adversary. Then he dragged himself across to the other end of the ledge, and attempted to corner the captive. For this he was not quite quick enough, however. With a flop and a squawk the bird eluded him; and he realized that he had better postpone the undertaking till the morrow. Crawling back to his hollow by the bush he sank down utterly exhausted. Not till the sharp chill which comes with sunset warned him of its necessity, was he able to grapple with the long, painful problem of getting his shirt on again.

Through the night he got some broken sleep, though the hardness of his bed aggravated every hurt he had suffered. On the edge of dawn he saw the male eagle come again, this time more confidently and deliberately, to feed the captive. After he was gone, Horner tried to move, but found himself now, from the night's chill and the austerity of his bed, altogether helpless. Not till the sun was high enough to warm him through and through, and not till he had manipulated his legs and arms assiduously for more than an hour, did his body feel as if it could ever again be of any service to him. Then, he once more got off his shirt, and addressed himself to the catching of the indignant bird whom he had elected to be his preserver.

Though the anguish caused by every movement was no less intense than it had been the afternoon before, he was stronger now and more in possession of his faculties. Before starting the chase, he cut a strip from his shirt to wind around the leg of the young eagle, in order that he might be able to tether it tightly without cutting the flesh. The bird had suddenly become most precious to him!

Very warily he made his approaches, sidling down the ledge so as to give his quarry the least possible room for escape. As he drew near the bird turned and faced him, its one uninjured wing lifted menacingly and its formidable beak wide open. Holding the heavy shirt ready to throw, Horner crept up cautiously, so intent now upon the game that the anguish in the leg which he dragged stiffly behind him was almost forgotten. The young bird, meanwhile, waited motionless and vigilant, its savage eyes hard as glass.

AT last, a faint quiver and shrinking in the bird's form, an involuntary contracting of the feathers, gave warning to Horner's experienced eye that it was about to spring aside. On the instant he flung the shirt, keeping hold of it by the sleeve. By a singular piece of luck, upon which he had not counted at all, it opened as he threw it, and settled right over the bird's neck and disabled wing, blinding and baffling it completely. With a muffled squawk it bounced into the air, both talons outspread and clawing madly; but in a second Horner had it by the other wing, pulling it down, and rolling himself over upon it so as to smother those dangerous claws. He felt them sink once into his injured leg, but that was already anguishing so vehemently that a little more or less did not matter. In a few moments he had his captive bundled up with helplessness, and was dragging it to a sturdy bush near the middle of the terrace. Here, without much further trouble, he wrapped one of its legs with the strip of flannel from his shirt,

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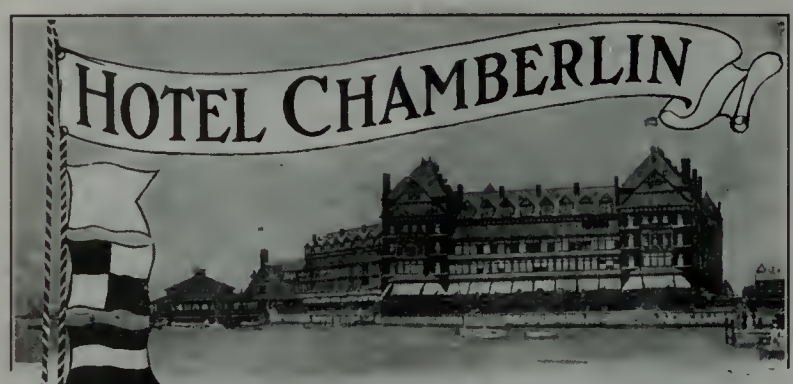

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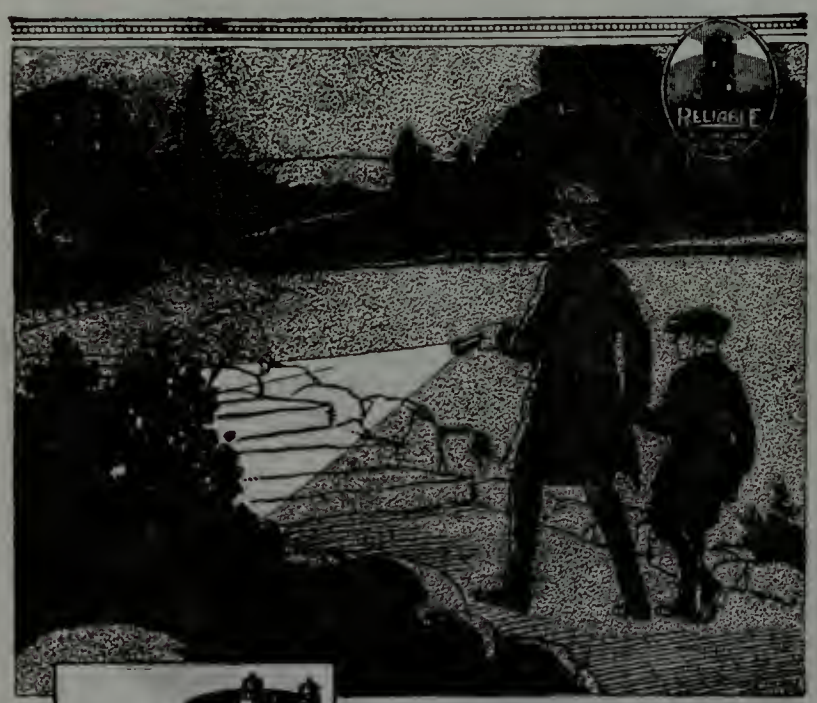

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twisted on a hand-length of wire, and then tethered it safely with a couple of yards of his double and twisted cord.

Just as he had accomplished this to his satisfaction, and was about to undo the imprisoning shirt, it flashed across his mind that it was lucky the old eagles had not been on hand to interfere. He glanced upward, and saw a dark form dropping like a thunder-bolt out of the blue. He had just time to fling himself over on his back, lifting his arm to shield his face and his foot to receive the attack, when the hiss of that lightning descent filled his ears. Involuntarily he half closed his eyes. But no shock came, except a great buffet of air on his face. Not quite daring to grapple with that ready defense, the eagle had opened its wings when within a few feet of the ledge, and swerved upward again, where it hung hovering and screaming. Horner saw that it was the female, and shook his fist at her in defiance. Had it been his old acquaintance and challenger, the male, he felt sure that he would not have got off so easily.

Puzzled and alarmed, the mother now perched herself beside the other eaglet, on the edge of the nest. Then, keeping a careful eye upon her, lest she should return to the attack, Horner dexterously unrolled the shirt, and drew back just in time to avoid a vicious slash from the talons of his indignant prisoner. The latter, after some violent tugging and flopping at his tether and fierce biting at the wire, suddenly seemed to conclude that such futile efforts were undignified. He settled himself like a rock, and stared unwinkingly at his captor.

It was perhaps an hour after this, when the sun had grown hot, and Horner, having slaked his thirst at the spring in the rock, had tried rather ineffectually to satisfy his hunger on grass-roots, that the male eagle reappeared, winging heavily from the farthest end of the lake. From his talons dangled a limp form, which Horner presently made out to be a duck.

"Good!" he muttered to himself. "I always did like fowl better'n fish."

When the eagle arrived, he seemed to notice something different in the situation, for he wheeled slowly overhead for some minutes, uttering sharp yelps of interrogation. But the appeals of the youngster at last brought him down, and he delivered up the prize. The moment he was gone Horner crept up to where the youngster was already tearing the warm body to pieces. Angry and hungry, the bird made a show of fighting for his rights; but his late experience with his invincible conqueror had daunted him. Sullenly he hopped away, the full length of his tether; and Horner picked up the mangled victim. But his appetite was gone by this time. He was not yet equal to a diet of raw flesh. Tossing the prize back to its rightful owner, he withdrew painfully to grub for some more grass roots.

AFTER this the eagle came regularly every three or four hours with food for the prisoner. Sometimes it was a fish—trout, or brown sucker, or silvery chub; sometimes a duck or a grouse, sometimes a rabbit or a muskrat. Always it was the male, with that grim black streak across the side of his white face, who came. Always Horner made a point of taking the prize at once from the angry youngster, and then throwing it back to him, unable to stomach the idea of the raw flesh. At last, on the afternoon of the third day of his imprisonment, he suddenly found that it was not the raw flesh, but the grass-roots, which he loathed. While examining a fine lake-trout, he remembered that he had read of raw fish being excellent food under the right conditions. This was surely one of those right conditions. Picking somewhat fastidiously, he nevertheless managed to make so good a meal off that big trout that there was little but head and tail to toss back to his captor.

"Never mind, pardner!" he said seriously. "I'll divide fair nex' time. But you know you've been havin' more'n your share lately."

But the bird was so outraged that for a long time he would not look at these remnants, and only consented to devour them, at last, when Horner was not looking.

After this Horner found it easy enough to partake of his prisoner's meals, whether they were of fish, flesh, or fowl; and with the ice-cold water from the little spring, and an occasional mouthful of leaves or roots, he fared well enough to make progress toward recovery. The male eagle grew so accustomed to his presence that he would alight beside the prisoner and threaten Horner with that old, cold stare of challenge, and frequently Horner had to drive him off in order to save his share of the feast from the rapacity of the eaglet. But as for the female, she remained incurably suspicious and protesting. From the upper ledge, where she devoted her care to the other nestling, she would yelp down her threats and execrations; but she never ventured any nearer approach.

For a whole week the naked hours of day and dark had rolled over the peak before Horner began to think himself well enough to try the descent. His arm and shoulder were almost well, but his leg, in spite of ceaseless rubbing and applications of moist earth, remained practically helpless. He could not bear his weight on it for a second. His first attempt at lowering himself showed him that he must not be in too great haste.

It was nearly a week more before he could feel assured, after experiments at scaling the steep above him, that he was fit to face the terrible steep below. Then he thought of the eaglet, his unwilling and outraged preserver! After a sharp struggle, of which both his arms and legs bore the marks for months, he caught the bird once more, and examined the injured wing. It was not broken; and he saw that its owner would be able to fly all right in time, perhaps as soon as his more fortunate brother in the nest above. Satisfied on this point, he loosed all the bonds, and jumped back to avoid the indomitable youngster's retort of beak and claws. Unamazed by his sudden freedom, the young eagle flopped angrily away to the farther end of the ledge; and Horner, having resumed his useful shirt, started to climb down the mountain, whose ascent he had so heedlessly adventured nearly two weeks before. As he lowered himself over the dizzy brink, he glanced up, to see the male eagle circling slowly above him, gazing down at him with the old challenge in his unwinking golden eyes.

"I reckon you win!" said Horner, waving the imperturbable bird a grave salutation. "You're a gentleman, an' I thank you fer your kind hospitality."

It was still early morning when Horner started down the mountain. It was dusk when he reached the lake, and flung himself down, prostrated with fatigue and pain and strain of nerve, beside his canoe. From moment to moment, through spells of reeling faintness and spasmodic exhaustion, the silent gulfs of space had clutched at him, as if the powers of the solitude and the peak had but spared him so long to crush him inexorably in the end. At last, more through the sheer indomitableness of the human spirit than anything else, he had won. But never afterwards could he think of that awful descent without a sinking of the heart. For three days more he made his camp by the lake, recovering strength and nerve before resuming his journey down the wild river to the settlements. And many times a day his salutations would be waved upward to that great, snowy-headed, indifferent bird, wheeling in the far blue, or gazing at the sun from his high-set watch-tower of the pine.

III.

TWO or three years later, it fell in Horner's way to visit a great city, many hundreds of miles from the gray peak of "Old Baldy." He was in charge of an exhibit of canoes, snowshoes, and other typical products of his forest-loving countrymen. In his first morning of leisure, his feet turned almost instinctively to the wooded gardens, wherein the city kept strange captives, untamed exiles of the wilderness, irreconcilable aliens of fur and hide and feather, for the crowds to gape at through their iron bars.

It was the cages of the great cats to which Horner first found his way,

Cinderella's Confession

The story of how a shabby little stranger became the best dressed girl in our town

By KATHRYN HOLMES
Illustration by Will Grefé

HER real name was Enid, and I'll never forget how she looked that first morning! When she came in the door the whole office stopped and stared and—I'm ashamed to say it—we grinned. That dress—I suppose it had been stylish once, about five years before! Its tired out bronze color made her face look even paler than it was and it fitted her as if it had been made for a big sister. A faded old-rose toque sat dejectedly upon her mass of unruly yellow hair. She *was* a picture—so shabby and forlorn that I pitied her!

We all thought she'd gotten into the wrong place by mistake. But she hung up her hat and made herself at home at Sara Long's old desk. And there she quietly did her work for months—always the office mystery and always an object of pity among the rest of the girls at Warner's. Hartley, the office manager, told us all he knew about her—an orphan from a little town in Iowa—that was her story in a nutshell. She roomed alone, and in the office and out she kept to herself. The truth was you just couldn't invite her out—in those clothes. And so we simply came to regard her as an office fixture that nobody quite understood.

Then one morning, early in the fall, Enid gave the office its *second* shock—a more surprising one, if possible, than the first. Everybody was on time that morning—except Enid. We spent the first few minutes after the bell rang wondering where she could be. But by nine o'clock we had all nicely settled down to work and the typewriters were clicking like mad when the door opened and in walked a wonderfully radiant creature in the neatest, prettiest, most becoming dress you ever saw and a charming hat that you just knew had been made for that little blonde head!

Every typewriter stopped as if by magic, and two dozen audible murmurs of admiration registered the effect on that office full of girls. Hartley looked up from a sheet of figures with a frown, yanked off his spectacles, and rose to learn the caller's business. He was halfway between his desk and the door before the young lady who had caused all the commotion smilingly removed her hat, and we realized for the first time that it was Enid!

No one in the office could keep her mind on her work the rest of that morning. After months of the shabby bronze dress, the old-rose toque, this was too much! And no one ever realized before how pretty Enid really was. But in her new attire she was simply a new creature. The transformation was so complete that even the old name didn't fit, and it just seemed natural that from that day we should call her "Cinderella."

NEXT morning, Cinderella was dressed just as tastefully in another charming dress. She had evidently worn the old outfit until she was ready to give us a *steady* surprise, because after that her dresses, waists, skirts and hats were always becoming and stylish to the last degree.

I never saw such a complete and sudden change in the attitude of a lot of girls. Cinderella, instead of being ignored, became the pet of the whole office. The girls consulted her about their clothes, beaux, and other things. She was deluged with invitations. Her costumes were admired in and out of the office and she was the envy of every girl in the place.

Gradually she became popular in the social life of the town. She was in constant demand at parties and dances. Cinderella, the little stranger, had taken the town by storm and all because of her magic transformation from shabby attire to radiant, becoming clothes.

One Saturday, as we were all leaving the office, Cinderella called us together.

"Girls!" she said, "I've a secret to tell you. This is my last day at the office. I'm going to marry Tom Warner Monday!"

Tom Warner! Cinderella was certainly living up to her reputation for surprises. Tom was the oldest son of the boss and one of the most promising young men in town. We could hardly believe our ears, but a moment later she stepped into Tom Warner's big gray limousine and was whisked out of sight.

None of us dreamed how much Cinderella would be missed in that office. We would gather into little clusters after lunch and recall her coming to the place and what a wonderful change had come over her and all the rest of us when she blossomed out in distinctive clothes that made her attractive, beautiful and lovable.

Then one morning Dan Hartley found in his mail a dainty scented envelope bearing a gold monogram. He opened it, called us all around him and read:

> "Dear Girls and Boys: I'm coming home to-morrow and I miss you all so much that you're to be the very first guests at our new home. I want you all to come out to 301 Arlington Avenue next Wednesday evening. Come right up from the office and don't bother about Sunday togs. I'm going to make my confession and I don't want any of you to miss it. With love, Cinderella."

Never will I forget that Wednesday evening. It was the most wonderful of our lives! We had never seen our Cinderella looking quite so sweet, so beautiful. And such a dinner as she gave us! After dinner she took us all through her new home and then, gathering us before a great log fire in the living room, she told us her story:

"OF course you all know what a wretched, forlorn creature I was when I first came to the office," she began. "That is all past now and I have blotted out of my memory the heartaches of those first cruel weeks when my shabby attire made me a fit subject for ridicule.

"I had never known what it meant to have stylish, becoming clothes. My home was in a little cross-roads town in Iowa. My mother died when I was a mere child and my father brought me up in a good, substantial home, but with never an opportunity to get out and see how other girls lived. I had no chance to learn the things about clothes that would have been familiar to most girls of my age.

"Two years ago father died, and when his affairs had been straightened out there was only a few hundred dollars left. So I took a correspondence course in stenography, and as soon as I had finished my course I came here, and secured a position at Warner's.

"And now for my confession. At the office for the first time in my life I realized how different I was from other girls. I saw that I was not one of you. I did not know how to make myself attractive. And I felt it. At first I was tempted to give up and go back to the little country town I had left. But one night at the boarding house a young woman whom I had secretly admired, but never spoke to, slipped her arm through mine after dinner and said, 'Come up to my room, child. I want to talk to you.'

"Once in her room she looked down at me with her kindest smile, and said, 'I'm Louise Stewart. I have the little dressmaking shop on Wilcox Square that you pass on your way to the office. Two years ago I couldn't sew a stitch. To-day folks say I'm the best designer and dressmaker in this city. And I learned all about planning and making fashionable clothes—right in my own room evenings.'

"'I have seen you going to your room every night,' she continued. 'How would you like to use some of your evenings learning to make stylish, charming dresses for yourself, garments that will be a delight to wear, wonderful dresses, waists and suits that will surprise your friends?'

"'Oh, tell me *how!*' I fairly gasped.

"'Sit right down *now*,' she said, 'and write a little note to the Woman's Institute and simply tell them you would like to learn to make your own clothes.'

"SHE gave me the address and told me this great institute had developed a wonderful plan by which any woman or girl, wherever she might live, could learn right in her home or boarding place, in spare time, to make all her own clothes and hats.

"I hurried to my room, wrote the letter and mailed it at the corner twenty minutes later. And that night I dreamed I was making and wearing more beautiful clothes than I had ever seen on living people, and that everyone liked me!

"In a few days an attractive, illustrated booklet came, telling me all about the Woman's Institute and its 17,000 members. The booklet contained many wonderful letters from these members praising the work of the Institute and telling how easily they had learned at home to make their own clothes. There were letters from housewives, business women, girls at home or in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. And there were, oh, so many letters from mothers who poured out their thanks because the Institute had taught them how to have dainty clothes for themselves and their little ones at a mere fraction of what they had cost before!

"Many others wrote that the Institute had made it possible for them to take up dressmaking and millinery as a business. Some now have important positions in big, fashionable city shops; others, like Louise Stewart, are making money in cosy, exclusive shops of their own. Still others have secured good-paying positions as teachers of sewing and dressmaking.

"The Institute's members, I found, are of all ages. There are girls of fifteen or sixteen and women of fifty or sixty. The majority live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom!

"Well, when I read all those letters and then read in detail about the plan by which the Institute teaches, I *knew* that, what all these other thousands of women and girls could do, *I* could do.

"SO, without telling anyone, I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking. I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came. And when at last I found it on the table in the hall one night. I carried it upstairs to my room and opened it as if it were a love letter! Turning the pages, I looked at the wonderful pictures! There are nearly 2,000 in the dressmaking course alone, and they illustrate perfectly just exactly what to do.

"And the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments. Why, that little blue organdie waist you admired so much I made from my third lesson! The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour a day. I found I couldn't *help* learning rapidly! The textbooks seem to foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

"And what was most important to me, I learned not only how to make every kind of garment, but I learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming to the wearer. My course opened up a whole new world to me. When, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress and stood before the mirror, I hardly recognized myself. I was tempted to wear it the next morning to the office, but I determined to keep my skill a secret until I had enough new things made so that I would never need to wear the old ones again.

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon working on elaborate dresses and suits. Gradually I learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"LUCKILY, I began my studies in the summer time and by fall I had more and prettier clothes than I had ever seen before in my life, and they cost me only one-fourth of what ordinary clothes would have cost ready made. I couldn't possibly have had them any other way.

"A little while after starting the dressmaking I had taken up millinery, too, and soon I was making and trimming hats such as I have been wearing lately. And so, just a few months from the eventful night when Louise Stewart told me about the Institute, I walked in on you that morning—in the results of my evenings of delightful secret study.

"So that's my confession. The rest of my story you know—what a wonderful change this made in my life—how friends and happiness seemed to follow close upon the change in my appearance that led you all to call me 'Cinderella.' I adore that name! The whole thing is like a fairy story! But of one thing I am sure—I owe it all to the Woman's Institute.

"And what *I did*—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could possibly have had any other way and attracting friends and happiness with them—*any woman or girl* can do!"

CINDERELLA was right! More than 20,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success as a dressmaker or milliner.

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whether padding restlessly to and fro, or staring past him with far, enigmatic eyes, neither the lions nor the tigers excited his sympathy. He was impartially interested in them, as a child might be. They were too remote to touch him. The leopard he did not regard so impersonally. It aroused his antagonism at once, by staring, not past or through him, but straight into his eyes with a sort of vigilant malevolence which trusted that its time might come. But the pacing gray wolf touched him with a kind of fellow feeling. He had no love for wolves; but this fellow, with his grim, sad, hating eyes, was in some sort a kinsman, though an enemy, and had once had the freedom of his own harsh but beautiful North. He would have trapped or shot the fierce marauder with unmitigated satisfaction in the wilderness; but here he felt almost friendly to him.

From the wolf-cage he wandered aimlessly past some grotesque, goatish-looking deer, which did not interest him, and came suddenly upon a paddock containing a bull moose, two cows, and a yearling calf. The calf looked ungainly, and quite content with his surroundings. The cows were faded and moth-eaten, but well fed. He had no concern for them at all. But the bull, a splendid, black-shouldered, heavy-muffled fellow, with the new antlers just beginning to knob out from his massive forehead, appealed to him strongly. The splendid, sullen-looking beast stood among his family, but towered over and seemed unconscious of them. His long, sensitive muzzle was held high to catch a breeze which drew coolly down from the north, and his half-shut eyes, in Horner's fancy, saw not the wires of his fence, but the cool, black-green fir-thickets of the North, the gray rampikes of the windy barrens, the broad lily-leaves afloat in the sheltered cove, the wide, low-shored lake-waters gleaming rosered in the sunset.

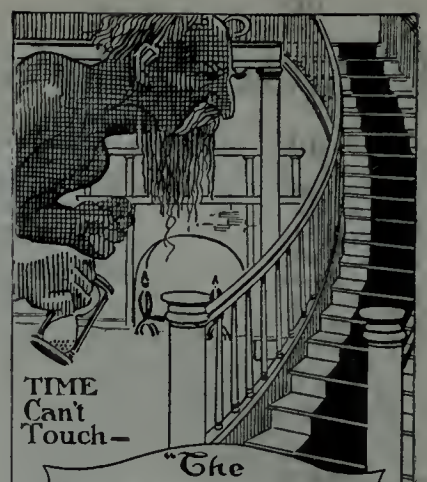
"It's a darn shame," growled Horner, "to keep a critter like that shut up in a 7 x 9 chicken pen!" And he moved on, feeling as if he were himself a prisoner, and suddenly homesick for a smell of the spruce-woods.

IT was in this mood that he came upon the great, dome-roofed cage containing the hawks and eagles. It was a disheveled, dirty place, with a few uncanny-looking dead trees stuck up in it to persuade the prisoners that they were free. Horner gave a hasty glance, and then hurried past, enraged at the sight of these strong-winged adventurers of the sky doomed to so tame a monotony of days. But just as he got abreast of the farther extremity of the cage, he stopped, with a queer little tug at his heart-strings. He had caught sight of a great, white-headed eagle, sitting erect and still on a dead limb close to the bars, and gazing through them steadily, not at him, but straight into the eye of the sun.

"Shucks! It ain't possible! There's millions o' bald eagles in the world!" muttered Horner, discontentedly.

It was the right side of the bird's head that was turned toward him, and that, of course, was snowy white. Equally, of course it was, as Horner told himself, the height of absurdity to think that this grave, immobile prisoner gazing out through the bars at the sun, could be his old friend of the naked peak. Nevertheless, something within his heart insisted it was so. If only the bird would turn his head! At last Horner put two fingers between his mouth, and blew a whistle so piercing that everyone stared rebukingly, and a policeman came strolling along casually to see if anyone had signaled for help. But Horner was all unconscious of the interest which he had excited. In response to his shrill summons the eagle had slowly, very deliberately, turned his head, and looked him steadily in the eyes. There was the strange black bar above the right eye; and there, unbroken by defeat and captivity, was the old look of imperturbable challenge!

Horner could almost have cried, from pity and homesick sympathy. Those long days on the peak, fierce with pain, blinding bright with sun, windswept and solitary, through which this great, still



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bird had kept him alive, seemed to rush over his spirit altogether.

"Gee, old pardner!" he murmured, leaning as far over the railing as he could, "but aint you got the grit? I'd like to know who it was served this trick on you. But don't you fret. I'll git you out o' this ef it takes a year's arnin's to do it! You wait an' see!"

And with his jaws set resolutely he turned and strode from the gardens. That bird should not stay in there another night if he could help it.

Horner's will was set, but he did not understand the difficulties he had to face.

At first, he was confronted, as by a stone wall, by the simple and unanswerable fact that the bird was not for sale, at any price. And he went to bed that night raging with disappointment and baffled purpose. But in the course of his efforts and angry protestations he had let out a portion of his story, and this, as a matter of interest, was carried to the president of the society who controlled the gardens.

To this man, who was a true naturalist and not a mere dry-as-dust catalogue of bones and teeth, the story made a strong appeal; and before Horner had quite made up his mind whether to get out a writ of *habeas corpus* for his imprisoned friend or commit a burglary on the cage, there came a note inviting him to an interview at the president's office. The result of this interview was that Horner came away radiant, convinced at last that there was heart and understanding in the city as well as in the country. He had agreed to pay the society simply what it might cost to replace the captive by another specimen of his kind; and he carried in his pocket an order for immediate delivery of the eagle into his eager hands.

To the practical backwoodsman there was now no fuss or ceremony to be gone through. He admired the expeditious fashion in which the keeper of the bird-house handled his dangerous charge, coming out of the brief tussle without a scratch. Trussed up as ignominiously as a turkey—proud head hooded, savage talons muffled, and skying wings bound fast—the splendid bird was given up to his rescuer, who rolled him in a blanket without regard to his dignity, and carried him off under his arms, like a bundle of old clothes.

Beyond the outskirts of the city Horner had observed a high, rocky, desolate hill, which seemed suited to his purpose. He took a street car, and travelled for an hour with the bundle on his knees. Little his fellow passengers guessed of the wealth of romance, loyalty, freedom, and spacious memory hidden in that common-looking bundle on his knees of the gaunt-faced, gray-eyed man. At the foot of the hill, at a space of bare and ragged common, Horner got off. By rough paths, frequented by goats, he made his way up the rocky slope, through bare ravines and over broken ridges, and came at last to a steep rock in a solitude, whence only far-off roofs could be seen, and masts, and bridges, and the sharp gleam of the sea in the distance.

THIS place satisfied him. On the highest point of the rock he carefully unfastened the bonds of his prisoner, loosed him, and jumped back with respect and discretion. The great bird sat up very straight, half raised and lowered his wings as if to regain his poise, looked Horner dauntlessly in the eye, then stared slowly about him and above, as if to make sure that there were really no bars for him to beat his wings against. For perhaps a full minute he sat there. Then, having betrayed no unkingly haste, he spread his wings to their full splendid width, and launched himself from the brink. For a few seconds he flapped heavily, as if his wings had grown unused to their function. Then he got his rhythm, and swung into a wide, mounting spiral, which Horner watched with sympathetic joy. At last, when he was but a wheeling speck in the pale blue dome, he suddenly turned, and sailed off straight toward the north-east, with a speed which carried him out of sight in a moment.

Horner drew a long breath, half wistful, half glad.

"Them golden eyes of yourn kin see a thunderin' long ways off, pardner," he muttered, "but I reckon even you can't make out the top of 'Old Baldy' at this distance. It's the eyes o' your heart ye must have seen it with, to make for it so straight!"

Bombing the Boche

Continued from page 34

a score or more aërodromes and just before the armistice was concluded had finished an immense aerodrome (near Chaumont, General Pershing's H.Q.,) designed as a home for the bombing-of-Berlin super-Handleys. This 'drome was to be under the jurisdiction of the I. A. F., but was another of those plans just-too-late.

Canadian Invented Improvements

A YOUNG Canadian who invented useful "gadgets" for the bombers was Lieut. Lloyd Lott, formerly of the 149th Battalion, Lambton County, Ontario, who had perfected, just before November, 1918, a device for dropping 200 to 300 Mills bombs in one "shower." He also had invented a device to prevent danger from fire, by which the gasoline tank could be dropped out of the machine if it were in flames.

One horror the Huns escaped was that of bombs equipped with Klaxon horns! These were being worked on during the summer of 1918, and a fearful and awesome thing they were said to be. The screech of the Klaxon as the descending bomb to which it was attached hurtled downward towards its mark is said to have led every person within a radius of several miles to believe the bomb was *coming straight at them!*

The Transformation

Continued from page 28

me, likewise, to give zee notice of my departure," said Jacques.

"And you, Cook?" said her ladyship.

Cook's louder weeping was an affirmation.

"Well," said the lady, sadly and resignedly, "don't think I am blaming you!"

"Were it a love-potion, your ladyship?" inquired Jane.

"A what?" said her ladyship.

"A love-potion?"

A SHRIEK of laughter burst from her ladyship's lips. Pelton looked at Jane and Jane looked at Pelton. "Is this madness?" said their eyes.

"I have it," said her ladyship suddenly.

"What?" said Pelton, jumping.

"The solution! I will have a chaperon."

"A chaperon?"

"What is simpler?"

"But who?" From Pelton.

"One of you!"

"Us, your ladyship!"

"Yes; I'll promote one of you to be chaperon!" Her eyes swept over them. "Cook!"

"Me?" stammered the cook.

"And you shall occupy a room of my suite! What could be more eminently respectable and satisfying to that high sense of morality? And now, of course, you will all withdraw your notices. And everything is lovely and pleasant, once more. And—good night! *So* good of you to come! No, Cook, you must not seek to escape. You are to remain. To

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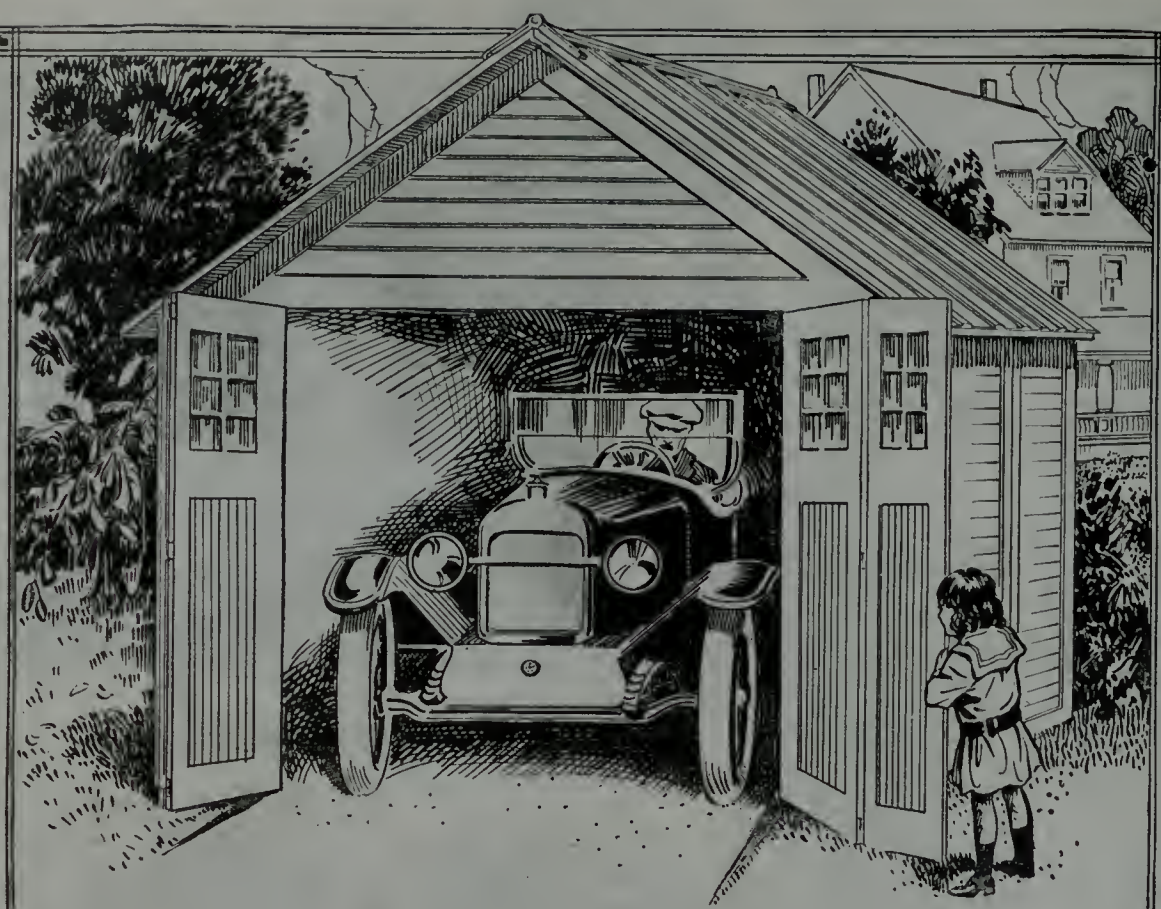

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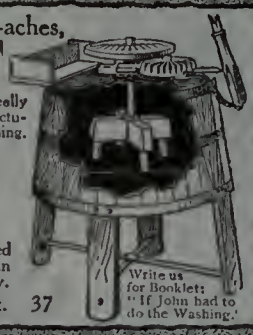

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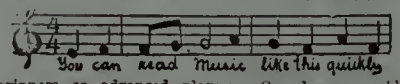

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guard my morals! What a comfortable feeling, to have some one to guard your morals! It makes one feel so free. Just like a bird! Such an absence of personal responsibility! Good night!" They trailed away and her ladyship stretched her arms.

"Just like a bird," she repeated. "I waive all sense of responsibility. What a delightful feeling! Enter!"

"Me?"

"Chaperons, first!" said her ladyship and, with a shriek of laughter, pushed her in.

"ZEE morality of ze country of my adoption, eet is magnifique!" said Jacques, down in servants' hall, a little later.

"Cook won't stand no nonsense from him," said Jane.

'Her can 'andle even a 'uman-tiger," said Pelton. "Her has a fist like a 'ammer!"

"And think what would happen if she *fell* on him!" said Tommy.

"In eyse he took it in 'is 'ead to walk in 'is sleep!" murmured Pelton.

"My eyes, she'd give 'im a head!"

"Anyhow, I feels more comfortable," said Jane virtuously.

'Zee morality of ze country of my adoption—" began Jacques.

'Shut up!" said Tommy.

CHAPTER XIV

ALEXANDER did not walk in his sleep, and the night passed uneventfully. Her ladyship and her chaperon breakfasted à la française, in their suite. Jane brought in the things.

"Am I to serve 'er?" said Jane, eying the cook, reclining gorgeously, if in somewhat bewildered fashion, on a dainty settee several sizes too small for her.

"Of course," said her ladyship from another settee. "As my chaperon it would be highly improper if you did not."

Jane's lips tightened. "I aint never served such as her," she remarked rebelliously. "It's the likes of her, begging your ladyship's pardon, what should be a-waitin' on me!"

'I'm sure I aint arsking anybody to wyte on me," said Cookie plaintively. "I wanted to go down and cook my own 'am and h'eggs."

"Ham and eggs!" cried her ladyship. "You have graduated from ham and eggs. You have now reached the proud dejeuner-à-la-fourchette period of life, Cook."

"Bless my heart!" said Cook. That sounded like a disease.

"You no longer eat. You partake of viands."

"Biess my heart!"

"There's a difference."

Cook looked at a small egg-shell-like cup. "Do I use that?"

"For your morning chocolate!"

"H'it'll break in my fingers."

"You will acquire proficiency."

"H'I 'ates chocolate."

"You will learn to adore it."

"Is them all I 'as with it?" Eying certain dainty little rolls about big enough to crumple in your fingers and toss to the birds.

"That is all. It is not ladylike to gormandize."

"But I ayn't a lydy!"

"You are my chaperon."

"I has been accustomed to 'earty food."

"Two bloaters, ham, fried eggs, and a 'ole pot of coffee!" From Jane, viciously.

"Sometimes I has a pair of kidneys for a chynge," said the cook dreamily.

"Eat kidneys, reclining, à la française! Impossible!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I am sure you'd have horrid indigestion."

"I could eat sitting up," suggested Cook.

"And so spoil the picture? Equally impossible!"

"Is it a part of my duties that I has to wait on 'er, your ladyship?" asked Jane, coming back once more to what was troubling her.

"It is!"

" 'Er, a-reclining there, like one of those 'orrid h'immoral French lydies, a-waiting for their lovers!"

"I ayn't a-waiting for a lover!" exclaimed Cook indignantly.

"When you breakfast à la française, you must recline à la française," interposed her ladyship gently. 'You have the wrong idea, Jane, quite!"

"Well, 'er don't look respectable, reclinin' there like that! I ayn't criticizing your ladyship's doing it—far from me! But 'er's too big!"

"Merely a charming embonpoint!" said her ladyship.

"Well, if *h'it* breaks down, don't be blyming me!"

"I won't, Jane." Sweetly. "And now, leave the things."

"I ayn't saying I'll continue to wyte on 'er, your ladyship," observed Jane, bristling, once more. " 'Er whose father was a butcher and 'er mother peddled fish! And not from a shop—"

"Don't you be aspergin' the character of my mother!" cried Cookie, a note of belligerency in her voice.

"With my own eyes has I seen 'er," went on Jane. "A horrid push-around, on wheels, and 'er, perhaps with a drop or two too much—"

"THAT will do," said her ladyship. And when her ladyship spoke like that her words carried conviction. Cookie sank back; she was heaving with emotion. And as she expanded and contracted thus, she looked larger than ever on the tiny settee. Jane bristled but went. When her ladyship's eyes flashed like that it meant business, and Jane had not the temerity to oppose her. But she carried her grievance below.

"Cook's a-reclinin' on a settee in her ladyship's boudoir," she told Pelton. "A-reclinin' in a robe!"

"Great 'eavens!" said Pelton. "W'at is h'it become? A mad'ouse!"

"My eye!" said Tommy.

"A-eatin' of a wafer and a thimbleful of cocoa for her breakfast!" went on Jane.

Tommy began to roll up with laughter. "And her such a stuffer! I say, this *is* a joke!"

Jane relaxed. "Maybe it is," she said. "Her ladyship called it *promotion*."

"And her dreamin' of bloaters and collops and herrings! Ho, ho!"

"Maybe it ayn't promotion," said Jane thoughtfully.

"My eye, I'd like to see her!"

Jane cheered up. "There's somethink in that wye of looking at it," she conceded.

What she meant was she might not find it such a task, under the circumstances, to wait on poor Cookie. It wouldn't, really, be waiting on her; it would be, secretly, gloating over her!

ALEXANDER sat up in the royal bed, stretched himself, and yawned.

"Did some one knock?"

"H'I, sir," said Pelton. "I thought you'd be having your bawth, sir. And 'ere's the *Times*, sir! And what will you be having for breakfast, sir?"

"Breakfast?" Alexander seemed to wake more fully. 'Breakfast; ah, you said breakfast?"

"What will you have?"

"What you got?"

Pelton, considering, no doubt, the best way to soothe a 'uman-tiger is to feed him, answered with an ingratiating smile: 'Her ladyship 'as a most bountiful larder. Everything on 'and in season! If you has a fair appetite—"

"I have!" Promptly. Get all you can while you can, no doubt, was his philosophy! Or, eat while the eating's good!

"How would a small styke do?"

"Rare," said Alexander.

"H'underdone, of course!" from Pelton, hastily. 'Uman-tigers *would*, naturally, like it that way. "For a delicacy, might I suggest 'ard-boiled plover's h'eggs!"

"And the plover!" suggested Alexander.

"We has several, 'anging. And 'ow about a bit of lemon sole, or a cold weal-and-ammer? Or a bite of wenison pie, from 'er ladyship's own estates in Scotland?"

"She got lands there, too?" said Alexander, betraying new interest.

"A werry h'imposing estate h'it is, with fine salmon fishing!"

"Good!" said Alexander. "I'll learn to fish!"

Pelton's heart sank. "'Er ladyship won't be going there for several months."

"I'll wait!"

"Here?"

"Of course!"

"Is there anythink else you'd particularly fancy for breakfast?" said Pelton sadly.

"Cabbage soup!"

"Cabbage?"

"Soup," said Alexander.

"For breakfast, sir?" said the horified Pelton. "H'I—h'I don't think we 'as any cabbages h'on 'and at the moment, sir."

"Couldn't you—ha!—go out and kill a few?" With a ferocious grin.

"Kill?" murmured the bewildered Pelton. "Oh, h'it's hares you are thinkin' h'of!"

"Bring what you got," said Alexander brusquely.

"I eat here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not with her?"

" 'Er ladyship breakfasts alone, with the co— I mean 'er chaperon."

"Which?"

"Chaperon, sir!"

"Is it an animal?" said Alexander. "You mean her dog, or her cat?"

PELTON again looked horrified. "H'it's a female animal of the 'uman sex," he explained. " 'Er was the cook, and is now the chaperon. We 'as thought h'it more 'ighly respectable."

Alexander pondered. Perhaps there was some sense in all this but it was hard to get at.

"If we 'adn't thought of h'it, somebody might 'ave been pointin' his finger at 'er ladyship!"

"Point his finger at her!" said Alexander.

"H'accusingly!"

"Point his finger at her, would he?" said Alexander fiercely. "Bah! I'd bite it off!"

"But that wouldn't help," said Pelton. "H'it would only make h'it worse."

"Let me catch him!"

"No, no," said Pelton. "H'it wouldn't do h'at h'all! We 'as to be diplomatic. You can't bite off the finger of 'igh respectability. Begging your pardon, sir, h'it can't be done. And"—more firmly—"h'it would be 'ighly improper h'and immoral to attempt h'it."

"I'd like to try," said Alexander, with characteristic persistency. "You show me the finger!"

"We 'as disposed of the finger, sir. 'Er ladyship 'erself thought of this wye!"

"*She* bit it off?"

" Er ladyship! Ha, ha! Just your little joke, sir! 'Er ladyship hasn't a bloodthirsty 'air, sir, in 'er 'ead! 'Er bite is in 'er brain, sir!" Alexander pondered. "She *has* a 'ead, her ladyship 'as." Proudly.

"You mean she likes to talk!"

"When the gentlemen are around, sir, 'er ladyship is the centre of attraction!"

"Ha!" said Alexander. "Have to stop that!"

"You'd be a-curtailin' of her ladyship's liberty of action?" Heavens, what a 'old!

"Of course," said Alexander, yawning. Then he frowned. "What is it?"

"What?"

"Chap—chap—"

"Chaperon?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Ha! there it is! I mean, *'er!*" Pointing out of the window.

ALEXANDER sat up higher in the bed and looked out upon the park-like expanse. Two figures were walking the park; one was her ladyship; the other—

"That's 'er! The chaperon! 'Er that was the cook."

"It's a woman," said Alexander.

"H'of course!"

"A fine woman," added Alexander.

"She 'as her qualities."

"A *big* woman!"

"She 'as a circumference," conceded Pelton.

"I like big women," said Alexander.

Pelton gazed at him with weird fascination.

"What a side view she has!" murmured Alexander.

"Just the same h'all h'around, I should say!"

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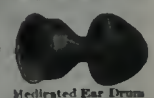

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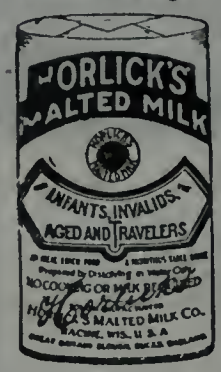

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"Just as *fine*, you mean!"

"That might be a way of putting h'it!"

"You don't agree with me?" Fiercely.

"By h'all means!" Quickly.

"I'd like to see the man that says she aint a fine woman," said Alexander.

"There ayn't a finer in h'all h'England," said Pelton hastily.

"That's all right," said Alexander. "Now you got some sense."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!"

"But you'd show more if you hurried up that breakfast."

"Yes, sir! At once, sir!"

"And never mind all those things. Bring up what you got. I'm in a hurry to get out."

"You are?" stammered Pelton.

"You bet," said Alexander. And glanced from the window.

"Great 'eavens!" thought Pelton. "What now? Poor Cookie! Little does she dream—"

"You still here?" roared Alexander.

"Going!" And Pelton fled.

At the same time Alexander sprang from the bed.

CHAPTER XV

New Perplexities.

"OH, LOOK who's coming!" said her lady to Cookie, the chaperon.

"How gorgeous!" said Cookie.

"Real English!" observed her ladyship proudly.

"Hasn't he 'andsome legs?" said Cookie.

"Do you wonder that man makes a strange impression on me?" said her ladyship dreamily.

"I'd wonder if he didn't," said Cookie. "He fairly do make my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Eh!" said her ladyship sharply. "Remember who you are, and what! In your present position you are supposed to be coldly and unemotionally observant. You are supposed to be secretly suspicious."

"Of *'im!*" said Cookie. "So 'andsome!"

"That is the very reason you are suspicious!" Severely. "You are to think he harbors *designs*. Evil designs. You are to be my prop—my support! Without you to protect me from him, I am lost. Do you hear? Lost!"

"Dear me!" In distress. "Is h'it as bad as that?"

"Worse!"

All this time Alexander was approaching. Alexander, in tweeds, with an English brier stuck in his mouth! Again, a new, a different, a transformed Alexander! Straight; erect; leisurely-looking; commanding! The look of a landowner in his eyes—an English landowner at that! Lord of all he surveyed and jolly well satisfied with it! Approval of the spark in his eyes; of the few bits of statuary; of her ladyship, and, no doubt of it!—of Cookie!

"Acts as if he thought all *this* goes with *me!*" murmured the lady, but not for Cook to hear. "Or, rather, I go with it! And, oh! how the fancied ownership of a bit of land does take the crook out of a man's spine! And his jaw, too!—I declare, it's lifted. Has a regular Hercules kind of a set now! And, oh! what would people say if they knew who he really is, and worst of all, *what* he is, to me? And what shall I do about it? If I tell, it will be awful; if I don't it's just as bad."

Part of this she half-whispered; part of it she said to herself.

"What am I to do with him?" she now said in a louder voice.

"Is your ladyship arsking me?" said Cookie.

"I'm asking anyone. I'd call it aloud from the steeples. Remember"—in a sterner tone — "suspicion, distrust, watchfulness! That's your role! Under no circumstance are you to leave me alone with him."

"Morning!" said Alexander, approaching. Were his manners improving with his clothes? The word didn't fall from his lips exactly like a jolt. He didn't quite bark it out.

THE lady smiled sweetly. She seemed to go with the primroses and the daisies and the delicately carved marble bench. "Good morning," she said.

But Alexander was not looking at *her* now. His gaze was for Cookie.

"I saw you from the window," he said to Cookie.

"Did you, now?" said Cookie, palpitating.

Alexander eyed her steadily. "You ask Pelton! He'll tell you what I said!"

Cookie moved uneasily. There was an awesome intentness in Alexander's gaze.

'How werry kind! Werry kind, I'm sure!" Cookie managed to murmur.

"No," said Alexander, louder, and standing over her with glowering look. "I couldn't help it!"

"Bless my 'eart!" said Cookie, beginning to wriggle.

"You ask Pelton!" repeated Alexander. "Ask him to tell you what I said."

Cookie began to look around uneasily. There was a light in Alexander's eye highly disconcerting. British modesty qualified beneath it. Alexander was as brazen as the unspeakable Oriental potentate, appraising the fair charms of a pulchritudinous victim displayed in the slave-mart. Unbounded approval for too pronounced embonpoint gleamed from his shameless eyes.

"A whopper!" he said. "Any one ever call you a whopper?"

"H'I—h'I—" began Cookie, but could go no farther.

"H'um!" said Alexander. What he implied was: "Yum! yum!"

COOKIE showed symptoms of almost supernatural embarrassment. Alexander bestowed upon her a most immoral wink, and Cookie got up.

"Where are you going?" cried her ladyship.

"Just going!" stammered Cookie.

"Is this the way you fulfil the duties of your new position?" expostulated her ladyship.

"I 'ands in my resignation at onct!" faltered Cookie.

"Nonsense!" said her ladyship sharply.

"I'd follow," said Alexander.

Cookie did not answer; she could not; but she did the next best thing. She fled.

"Wait!" said Alexander.

She fled faster.

"A nice way for a chaperon to act!" called out her ladyship.

Even this did not stop her. She continued to flee like a fawn.

"You ask Pelton!" shouted Alexander after her.

Cookie disappeared.

"Exit chaperon!" sighed the lady. "Now, what am I to do?"

ALEXANDER continued to stand motionless, gazing in the direction the vanished fair one had gone. He seemed meditating.

"As a disorganizer of households," said her ladyship, regarding him with justifiable displeasure, "I would match you against all comers!"

Alexander did not answer.

"I suppose," observed the lady, "it's the near-proximity of your country to the Oriental countries that makes you so! Temperamental contiguity! you might call it. Like smallpox, or the measles! No accounting for taste! But I am disappointed! You looked so nice and English and phlegmatic!—last night, I mean. And your conduct has been so perfect and highly respectable—with me, I mean! A modern knight! Ha! And now?" She sighed. "Isn't it awful? Oh, Alexander!"

Still Alexander did not answer. Was the man made of stone?

"He does not hear me," said the lady.

Alexander folded his arms and puffed at his pipe. His gaze was fixed on vacancy. At that moment Pelton approached excitedly.

" 'Er's gone! The cook!" he cried. " 'Er left in a hurry, and arsked to have 'er things sent h'after 'er!"

"Did she ask you what *he*"—indicating Alexander—"said?"

"She did, and that seemed to finish her! She's a-walkin' down the lane for dear life at this blessed minute. Fleein' from 'im! The 'uman-tiger!"

"It isn't his fault, Pelton," said the lady in sweet sad tones. "It's his being born in a country contiguous!"

"What's that, your ladyship?"

"Contiguous! That's what caused it."

"What, your ladyship?" stammered Pelton.

"Like measles, or smallpox, Pelton!"

"Bless my heart! 'As 'e them?"

"A figure of speech—that is all!"

"Is h'it?" Dubiously.

"Which brings us to: What next?" Her ladyship spoke almost wearily. Her attitude was that of one trying to bear up—to be brave against frightful odds, perhaps.

"That *is* the question," Pelton groaned.

"We mustn't forget that high morality we are guardians of, Pelton!" Impressively.

PELTON looked more miserable. The lady bore up better and better. Blood will count. "I have it," she said suddenly.

"Have you?" said Pelton more hopefully.

"Yes, yes!" She waved her little hand. "I'll—I'll have a dog!—a big dog, for a chaperon! A savage dog! He'll lie at my feet by day and sleep at my door by night."

It was plain that Pelton, in spite of his respect for the lady, and her reputation for cleverness, did not think much of this suggestion. "'E'd be making friends with 'im!" Jerking his thumb toward the motionless Alexander. "A-feeding him 'igh and making friends with 'im!"

"I suppose so!" Resignedly.

"He'd have 'im a-licking his 'and, your ladyship, and wagging his tail, instead of tyking chunks out of 'is legs!"

"'Is 'andsome legs!" murmured her ladyship absently.

"H'I beg your ladyship's pardon!" Horrified.

"Oh, the remark is not original!" Hastily. "It's only a quotation, Pelton."

"H'oh!" Dubiously. Of course, that wasn't quite the same as if the remark had been original with her ladyship.

"Which being the case, it would be a pity, all the same, now, wouldn't it?"

"W'ot?"

"To have chunks taken out of them?"

Pelton's chest rose and fell. "I'd like—"

"Wait!" said her ladyship.

Pelton waited. Her manner was impressive.

"I have it!—This time!—Really!"

"W'ot?" Bewildered.

"The chaperon! The new one! And how to keep her! Yes, yes; I've got it!" Vivaciously. "How to circumvent him. For embonpoint we'll substitute—attenuation!"

"W'ot's that, your ladyship?"

"I'll have a chaperon thin as a poplele!"

PELTON brightened. "A 'uman lath!" he murmured, "with a fyce like a 'atchet!" Pelton positively smiled. The 'uman-tiger wouldn't be licking his chops over 'er!

"There's Liza Jane Handsaw, down in the village," said her ladyship.

"With a fyce like a 'and saw!" chuckled Pelton.

"I'm sure she'd be glad to come!"

"Tickle her to death," said Pelton. "She 'ates real work. She'd tyke to reclining. And when I think of her fyce, and w'ot the 'uman-tiger will think when 'e sees her, if it weren't for your ladyship presence, h'I just 'ave to laugh!"

"Is this a laughing matter?" Reproachfully. "No, no! Go at once and fetch her!"

"At once, your ladyship!" Pelton started to go. At the same time, Alexander turned to walk away.

"Where can 'im be going, your ladyship?" ventured Pelton.

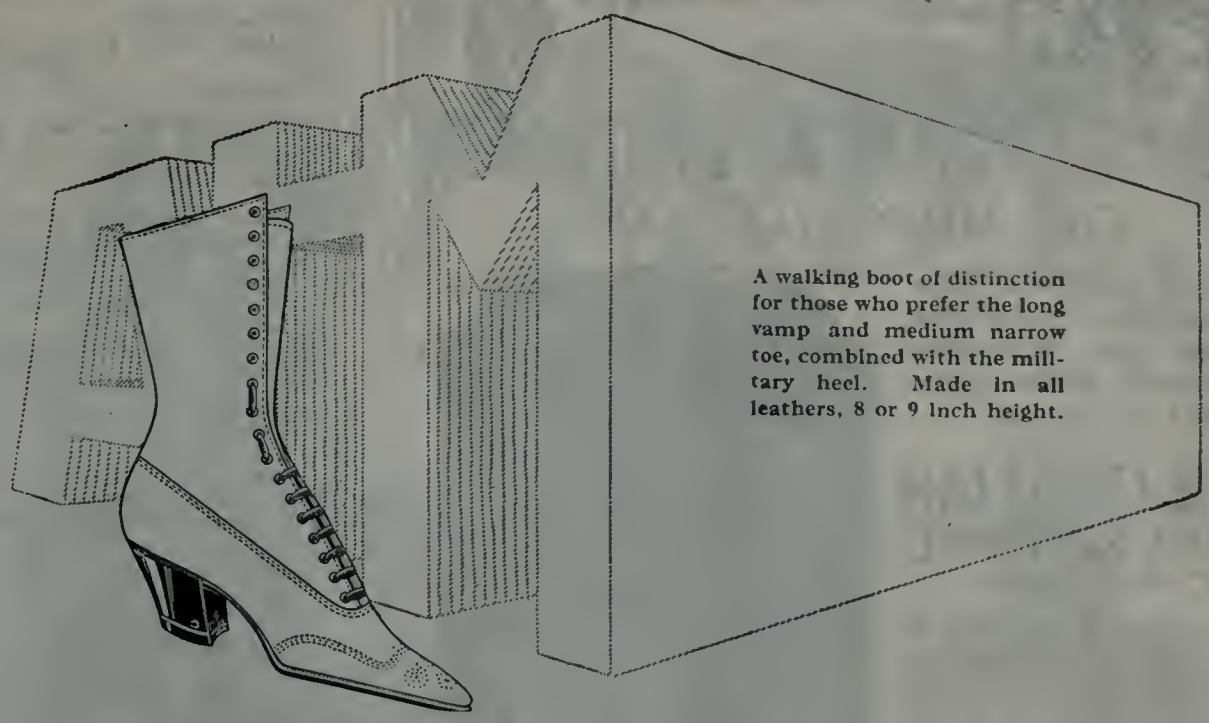
"Not after *her*!"

"Liza?"

"The other!—the cook," said her ladyship.

"If he do, he won't find 'er!" said Pelton. "Her'll be 'ome and 'iding before this, your ladyship! 'Er was going like a double-six, twelve-horse-power hen, down the 'ighway, w'en larst I seen her! 'E won't never get near her, h'any more!"

"I trust not," breathed her ladyship. There was a faraway look in her eyes. "I tremble to think—but I must not think! Go, go!" Imperiously. "And



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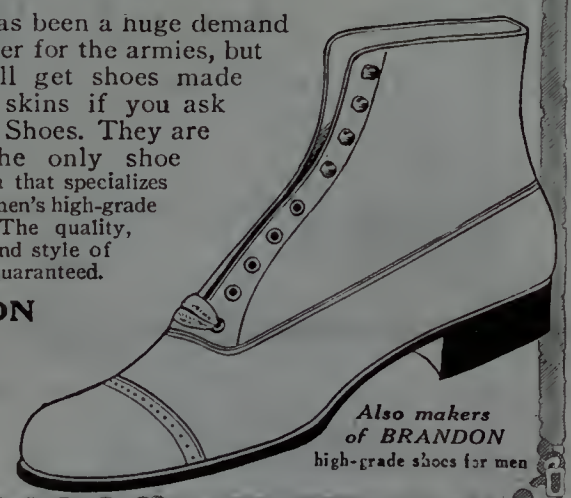

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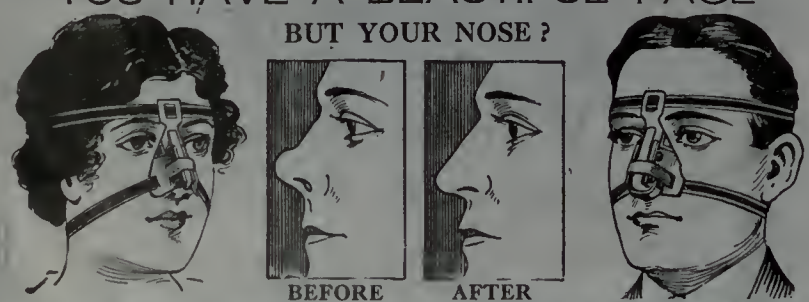

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do not fail me, Pelton! If you failed me?"

"H'I?" said Pelton.

"Handsaw, with a face like a hatchet!"

Pelton went.

HER ladyship leaned back on the marble-bench in the garden. In the bushes at her elbow the birds sang sweetly.

"I wonder," she said to herself, gazing in the direction Alexander had gone, "was it Cook, or—a public-house that has drawn him from my side?" Then an enigmatic smile swept her lips. "The latter, no doubt," she sighed.

Which was not far from wrong!

Alexander, not long thereafter, did turn into a public tavern—and not into the compartment reserved for the common herd, if you please! No; Alexander strode into the pew reserved for the gentry. And such was his bearing that he deceived even the barmaid. Now, when a man can deceive a barmaid, he is some deceiver.

CHAPTER XVI

An Echo From the Past

"I HAVEN'T seen her before," said Alexander, staring at Miss Eliza Jane Handsaw.

"No," said her ladyship. "She's just come. She's to take Cook's place."

"She!" said Alexander incredulously. "Take *her* place! Haw! haw!"

"I didn't come here to be insulted," said Miss Handsaw, rising stiffly.

"It's only his way," said her ladyship quickly. Heavens! was she going to lose her new chaperon almost before she had entered upon her duties? "His playful ways with the ladies!"

"Oh," said Miss Handsaw, 'if he only means to be plyeful I like a bit of plye myself, on occasions!"

"Yes, play is good for us all," said her ladyship soothingly. "And Alexander is like a big Newfoundland dog, always tumbling over somebody's finer susceptibilities! But he doesn't mean anything, and we that know him well do not mind."

"If it's only plye, I don't mind," said Miss Handsaw. "I has a special passion for Newfoundland dogs and kittens and all animals, whether of the higher or the lower order, that likes to plye!"

The look she cast upon Alexander was both forgiving and beaming. It seemed to convey the alarming intelligence: "If you want to plye, come on!"

"I used especially to adore 'ide-and-seek when I was a few years younger," she added. "It's such fun to 'ide!" Looking at Alexander.

"I'd like to," said Alexander sullenly. He seemed to regard it as a mean trick on her ladyship's part—this substitution of a "bean-pole" for a "whopper!"

Miss Handsaw stiffened.

"Ha, ha!" said her ladyship blithely. "More of his playful ways!"

"*Is* it plyeful?" asked Miss Handsaw suspiciously.

"Couldn't be anything else!" said her ladyship.

"That last sounded like an aspersion," said Miss Handsaw.

"Alexander is quite incapable of a double-entendre. If he says he likes to hide, it is that he still retains that happy predilection of young boyhood. Isn't it, Alexander."

"Humph!" said Alexander, obviously disgruntled!

"Is that plyeful?" asked Miss Handsaw.

"Of course! The trouble is, Alexander hasn't yet had his lunch. He's waiting! He's hungry! All men are like that when they're hungry! He's thinking of cold cuts of rare beef; of moldy old cheese; and greens, yes, greens! Ah, we mustn't forget the greens. Now look at him. See him brighten! See him change at the prospect of greens!"

AND truly, Alexander did look less disgruntled. How could a mere man listen to her ladyship's enumeration without brightening? Especially after that long walk he had taken after leaving the village inn!

"You see, Miss Handsaw's going to be our chaperon," went on her ladyship brightly.

"Got to have her around all the time?" said Alexander.

"Ha! ha!" laughed her ladyship. "What a way he has! Isn't he funny?"

"Ha! ha!" said Miss Handsaw dubiously. Alexander's sense of humor and playful ways got a bit on her nerves. But her ladyship's wages were high, and the thought of them helped Miss Handsaw preserve her poise.

"Yes," said her ladyship, "we may expect to have the pleasure of Miss Handsaw's presence for an indefinite period. Where *we* are, *she* will be!"

"For why?" said Alexander.

"English respectability," said the lady.

"It's far from my desire to intrude," said Miss Handsaw stiffly.

"Intrude? Oh, dear! We are delighted," said her ladyship quickly. If she lost Miss Handsaw what should she do? "As I was saying to Alexander, where can we find another such as Miss Handsaw for our purpose? And what did he say? What did you say, Alexander?"

"I"—began Alexander.

"Was it not: 'Where, indeed'?"—

"It was"—began Alexander. "Not!" he was about to add, but her ladyship went on:

"It's very hard to understand Alexander. He likes to show people the *other* side of himself."

"The plyeful side!" said Miss Handsaw, relaxing.

"I"—once more began Alexander.

"Let us eat!" said her ladyship quickly. "It is time. More than time! What a waste of time!" she rattled on, to cover up Alexander's delinquencies. "Rare roast beef; Scotch mutton; jugged hare!"—she thought the last would surely engross Alexander's attention, and it did.

ALEXANDER forgot what he had been about to say. Also, he appeared less resentful, once more, of Miss Handsaw's presence. Why bother about Handsaws when hares assailed your mental vision? What mattered if she had a face like a hatchet, or a form like a bean-pole? Alexander started impetuously toward the dining-room.

"Kindly give your arm to Miss Handsaw," said her ladyship.

And Alexander obeyed. Possibly he told himself that a quick compliance was the shortest route to jugged hare. Miss Handsaw might be a bean-stalk, but if at the top of the bean-stalk hung a hare? —Alexander, under the circumstances, could not do less than escort the bean-stalk to the hare.

"Isn't he a regular Chesterfield?" said her ladyship proudly. "Which reminds me, he, too, was very fond of jugged hare!"

"What a coincidence!" said Miss Handsaw.

"Yes," said her ladyship, with a happy smile. "Alexander reminds me of him in more ways than one."

"AND now," said her ladyship, as they smoked their after-lunch cigarettes in the library, "would you mind, my dear Miss Handsaw, if I had a word in private with Alexander? I believe a chaperon may extend that latitude to her charge. What is your opinion? Would it be proper?"

"'Ighly," said Miss Handsaw, who on occasions sawed off an "H." "And I always likes to be obliging?"

"Thank you so much! Of course you are not to leave the room."

"How would it be if I strolled out upon the balcony?"

"Good!" said Alexander.

"Not at all," said her ladyship, so quickly as not to give Miss Handsaw time to think. "You see, far be it from me to stretch a point where the proprieties are concerned. If, now, you were to retire to the other side of the room?"

"Delighted!" said Miss Handsaw. Sympathy for lovers' sweet confidences in her eyes!

"You see, I have something very important to say to Alexander!"

"Naturally," said Miss Handsaw with perfect understanding and tact.

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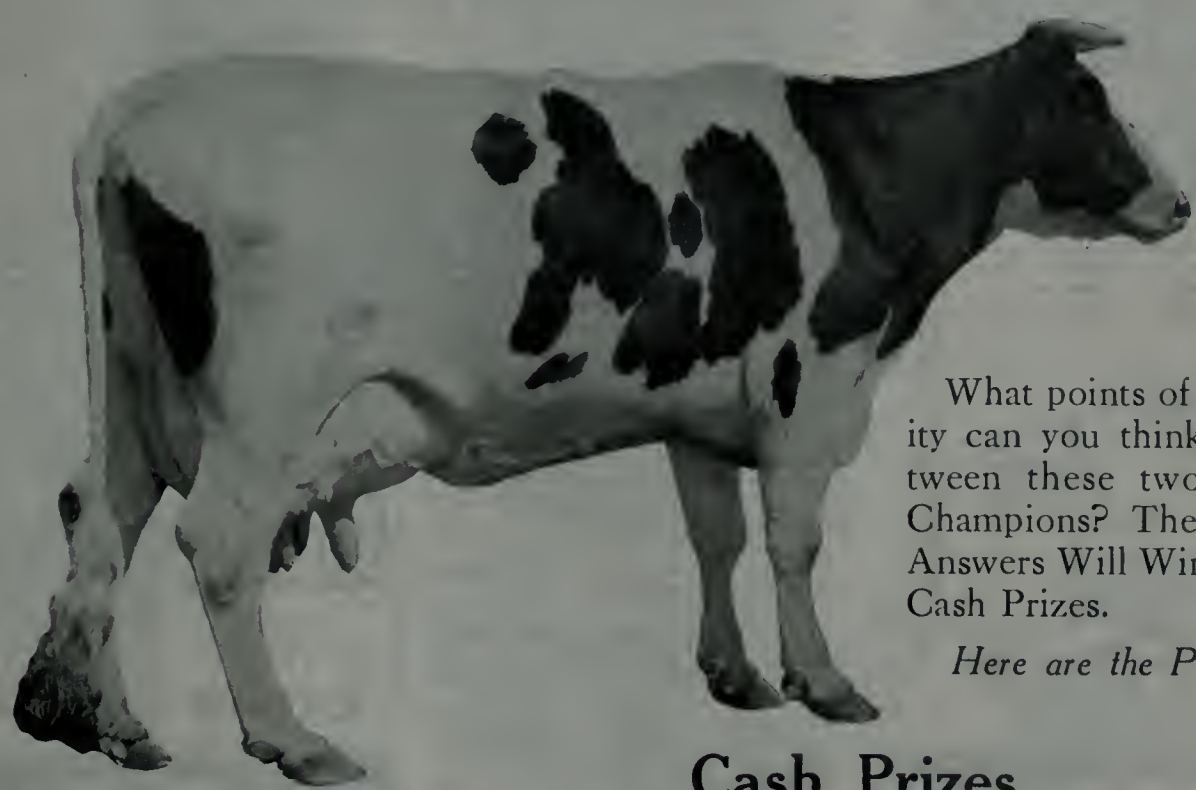

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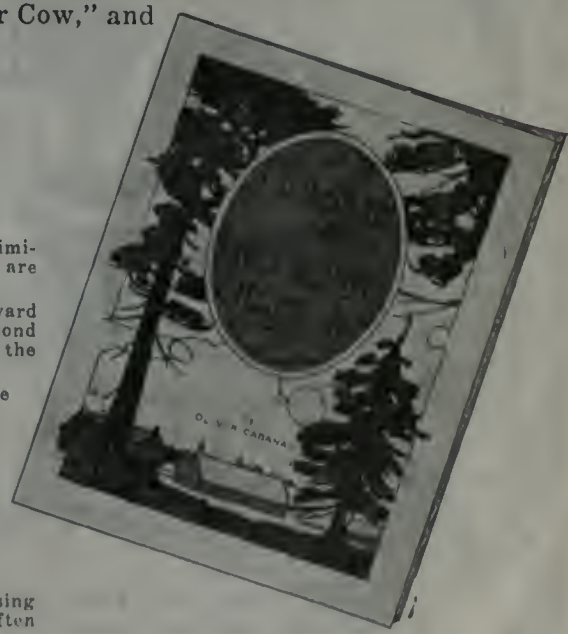

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"Something that would not do for other ears!"

"Naturally," said Miss Handsaw once more. As she spoke, she smiled on Alexander. Alexander shuddered. Miss Handsaw sighed. Love's young dream was so sweet!

"Why does she look at me like that?" said Alexander.

"Fie!" said her ladyship timidly.

MISS HANDSAW moved with little mincing steps across the room. She tried not to make her going too apparent—but just as if she were fading away through her own volition, and not because she had been requested to do so. Nothing could have been more delicate!

"What a charming girl!" breathed her ladyship, as Miss Handsaw deftly coiled herself upon a great couch on the far side of the room.

"Girl!" said Alexander.

"I think we shall get on very nicely."

"Shall we?" said Alexander ominously. "I don't like 'em that way."

"What way?"

"Up and down! I like 'em when they grow sidewise."

"We can remedy that very nicely," said her ladyship blithely.

Alexander regarded her suspiciously.

"I'll get you one of those magic-mirrors that make people look fat—the kind they have in museums!— and I'll arrange it so you shall always see Miss Handsaw reflected!"

"Rot!" said Alexander.

The lady made a gesture; then her face became serious. "How can we jest at such a moment! Alexander, I have some very serious news to impart. I have just received a note from the Honorable Bertie Brindleton."

"Who's he?"

"A man! A man I was half-engaged to before I met you!"

"Half-engaged?"

"There was, I believe, a partial understanding. At least, I think there was. You see, our two estates are contiguous."

"You mean you meant to marry him?"

"Half-meant," confessed the lady.

"Ha, ha!" said Alexander.

"Why this brutal levity?"

"He gets left!"

THE lady drew herself up. "I beg your pardon," she said. "It is, really, very awkward. To explain, I mean! You see, I haven't yet told any one *our* secret—our dreadful secret! Necessarily, it will have to come out."

"I don't mind."

"No; I imagine not. But it will be hard to tell Bertie."

"Let me tell him!"

"He will be terribly put out!"

"Smash him, if he doesn't like it!" boasted Alexander.

"You!—Smash an Honorable—the son of an earl!"

"I smash him just the same if he's a son-of-a-gun!" bragged Alexander.

"You don't understand. This matter is too delicate to be remedied by the smashing process. And the question is: Would Bertie marry a divorcee?"

"A which?"

"Me? After I have *un*married you?"

"*Un?*" repeated Alexander. "You think, then, I give you up?"

"You won't?" Gazing at him weirdly fascinated.

"I like it blame well here!"

"But, don't you see, you are only an incident? An hymeneal June-bug! You flutter a brief connubial moment, and then, your gay marital adventure comes to an end."

"June-bug, eh?" said Alexander, tapping his expansive chest. "You mean an eagle! That's more the kind of a bird I am! What I grab in my claws I keep!"

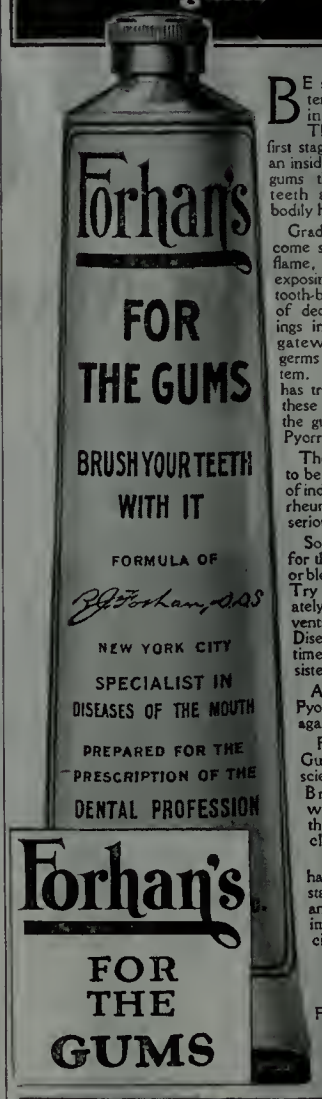
"An eagle?" said the lady, shrinking before Alexander's predatory gaze.

"Honorable Bertie!" scoffed Alexander. "When I hit him, his head crack like an egg-shell. Feel my muscle!" The lady laid a shy litle hand on his arm. She was much impressed.

"What an awful bulge!" she exclaimed.

And truly, Alexander had the biceps of an Atlas while his shoulders, to her startled eyes, seemed almost big

Be suspicious of tender gums



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And in preventing Pyorrhea—it guards against other ills.

Forhan's (For the Gums) cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

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Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

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enough to bear the world. In his new clothes, he had, oddly enough, acquired a new physical grace. When he navigated about the drawing-room his movements made her think of a big tiger. At such moments, Alexander was eminently satisfying. One might, under happier circumstances, feel cozily comfortable in his proximity.

"A June-bug, eh?" he jibed once more. "He put me out? Ho, ho!"

"But our agreement?" said the lady sadly. "Was it not the understanding, you were to permit me to *un*marry you? Did you not so agree?"

"I change my mind!" Brazenly. "Any man can do that! Tell me, *you* never change your mind?"

The lady did not answer. What could she say? Alexander's line of argument was quite overpowering.

"You change your mind sometimes; I change my mind; all people change their mind! What you say to that?"

"I'm afraid it is useless to argue the point."

"Isn't this good enough?" said Alexander, looking around him. "Nice place to sleep; good clothes; plenty beer; plenty meat!"

"Such appreciation!" mused the lady. "Right from the heart, too, unless I am mistaken. These sentiments are genuine."

"You bet!" said Alexander.

"Can one eliminate a guest so appreciative?"

ALEXANDER grinned. "Not easy! Maybe I never go!"

"Never! But this is too much!—too flattering!"

"You see!" Confidently.

"Words!—idle words! You but say that, thinking to—to please me! Soon you would grow bored; tire of it all; of me—"

"I don't mind you!"

"But you might! You would."

"No," he said. "I like to hear you talk."

The lady caught her breath. "Did you say, 'like'?".

"Sure!" Imperturbably.

"But since when?"

"I get used to it."

"But why do you like it?"

"I think of a lot of birds making a fuss in the bushes," said Alexander.

The lady gazed at him in amazement. Here was a side to Alexander totally unexpected. A different Alexander from the one who had glowered upon Cookie!

"A lot of birds fussing," she repeated.

"Yes," said Alexander non-amorously. In fact, he had seemed rather bored at the turn the conversation had taken.

"And do you—approve of birds?"

"I don't mind them."

"But, wouldn't you get to mind them?"

Alexander pondered. "No."

"But why do you not disapprove of birds?" persisted the lady.

"They make a nice sound."

"This is a revelation!" Not of the birds—but of Alexander!

"Once I kept a bird, in a cage," he remarked.

"You?"

"Sure! It sang me awake."

"Sang you awake?"

"In the morning!"

"You—you mean, it saved you the expense of an alarm-clock?"

"That's so," said Alexander practically. "Only it stopped singing, and then I let it go."

"Why?"

"Too much money to feed it!"

"Oh!"

"Besides, what's the use of a bird that doesn't sing you awake?"

"How eminently practical! And then you got an alarm-clock instead?"

"No!"

"Cost too much?"

"No! Alarm-clock sings you awake too quick! Gives you the hippety-hops! B-r-r-r-r!" Alexander shivered.

"OH?" Somewhere, in the depths of Alexander's profundities, lay a delicate supersensitiveness. "Perhaps you are right!" Languidly. "I dare say you are! But"—suddenly—"what has all this got to do with the Honorable Bertie, and the predicament you have got me into? And what in the world shall I say to him when he comes here?"

"He is coming here?" Slowly.

"To-day!"

"To-day?"

"Yes, and oh!"—looking out of the window—"there he is!"

"Ha!" said Alexander, with a tigerish smile.

"Go, go!" implored the lady. "Let me break the news to him gradually. Let me prepare him by slow degrees for the awful truth."

"I like to see him," said Alexander grimly. "I like to see this Honorable Bertie!"

"But not now, I beg! Do not make it harder. Go, I implore! Dear, dear Alexander!"

Alexander hesitated. "All right! But if he make a fuss, you call me."

"Yes, yes; I promise!"

ALEXANDER started to go; then he turned. "You think he kill you?" he asked with mild curiosity.

"Englishmen do not go to that extremity."

"In my country we use knife! Maybe I better stay, with long roast-beef carving knife under my coat?"

"No, no! Your solicitude is deeply touching, and, believe me, I am truly grateful, but—"

"You like me?" said Alexander. What was that—a spark in his eye?

"Like?" said the lady.

"You not like, I not go!"

"But you must—don't you see?"

"Then say you like me!"

"I—I—oh, dear! He's almost at the door. They must not meet like this! Go, go!"

Alexander folded his arms. "You got to say."

"Oh, well—I like—like—anything you like! I—I adore you, Alexander! You—you are all that is wonderful—magnificent! You—you are the apple of my eye! The—the—is that enough? I trust that will do?"

Alexander grinned triumphantly.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "Yes, that will do. You tell *him* that! I got good joke on Honorable Bertie."

"You—you call it a joke?"

"Make him feel good! Ha, ha!" And Alexander went.

"What a fearful man!" said her ladyship, gazing after him. "And what have I said? But I had to! To save Bertie's life! Wouldn't you have done it?" Feverishly, crossing to Miss Handsaw.

"What?" said Miss Handsaw, unwinding herself.

"Tell a fib to save a human life?"

"That would depend on whose!" said Miss Handsaw.

To be continued.

Man and Wife

Continued from page 24

"You are disposed to be a somewhat extravagant purchaser, are you not, Mr. Lyttleton?" and her lips curved with smiling scorn.

"The man in the Bible sold all he had to buy the pearl of great price," he answered. "I am not buying, though—I wish to help you, be your friend. It sounds like trying to buy, to bribe, but I do not mean it in that way. I want to point out to you what I would and could do, and, as I see it, the only way in which you would let me do these things."

"Now let me see." And there was bitterness in her face. "You will take me to church, and we shall make absurd promises that neither of us would think of fulfilling. I should have to take your name, I suppose? Then you would go through the business world announcing that you had bought Mr. Campbell's daughter, and were now paying for her—so much here, so much there. I should live in a house purchased with your money, wear clothes, eat food, paid for by you, and have so much money that I could spend without any account-

Pay Her $3

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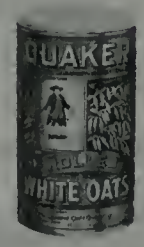
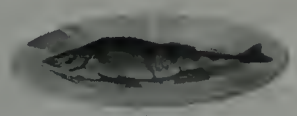


5 1-2 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



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Per 1000 Calories

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The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

In meat, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least $3.50.

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Make each empty package worth $3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow.

This is how some necessary foods compare in cost, at this writing, based on their calorie value:

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In Round Steak	2.54
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Quaker Oats means extra flavor without extra cost. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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Home conditions have been revolutionized during the past four years—New values have been placed on the time, energy and occupation of the housewife—Organized households are the result.

Time and labor saving improvements have been added to the household equipment because they are just as necessary in the home as in the office and factory.

Among the large and increasing variety of household improvements the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet stands out as the housewife's leading assistant—It saves her at least an hour a day—It eliminates wearisome steps around the kitchen, into the pantry—It minimizes the time spent in preparing meals—In short, makes home life infinitely more enjoyable.

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ing. You say you will not trouble me, but now and again we should have to appear together, I suppose, in public, that the trade might not appear to be too gross. What a subject for novel or play—having broken the father, the victor buys the daughter to grace his triumph! Have you no fear I might slip out of my part of the bargain? The thin chain of marriage is snapped so easily in these days—as easily as a thread 'Until death us do part.' Nowadays we take that to mean the death there is in boredom, dulness, hunger for change. You are not in the least the shrewd bargainer I imagined you to be."

"You shall not laugh my offer away," he answered, his blue eyes answering the fire in hers. "Why should it be ridiculous? I am of as good blood as you. My family slipped back in the direction in which yours is tending. My name is clean, there is no blot on my honor. Is it dishonor to have succeeded where others have failed? You think me a vain, empty boaster. Then I will boast. Last year I made a quarter of a million dollars by effort of hand and eye and brain. I made it in the same field in which your friends were being driven back, whipped by the adversary that was yielding fortune to me. In ten years I have climbed from nothing to the ownership of property worth to-day two million dollars, while those who were strongly entrenched, and had everything in their favor, were routed. If I had been a man moving in your own social circle, with the power and success I have achieved, would you have regarded my offer to marry you a subject for humor and contempt?

"Of those who know me none take me for a fool, and you shall not. What wrong have I done you? Is it a crime to love a woman, to lay at her feet all one has, to seek to save her sorrow? Send me away, but it shall be in the honor due me."

HER face crimsoned, and her figure swayed a little as if she were overborne by his assertive vigor.

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Lyttleton," she said. "It is I who deserve contempt. You must see the impossibility of what you ask. I have nothing to give you—nothing—nothing. I do not know you, I do not like you, and I have some self-respect left to me. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that without liking or love there is no marriage, let the church call it what it may."

"As you say, you do not know me—then one could not expect you to like me," he smiled. "You shall live your own life—we will frankly call it, between ourselves, a compact of friendship. On my faith as a man I will ask nothing of you, not as much as the touch of your hand. I will start again, with nothing, and seek fortune—to win my wife. Do not answer now, Miss Campbell. The thought is startling. I want you to consider it broadly. Talk it over with your friends, if you wish."

She hesitated a few moments, then looked up. She owed him something for her treatment of him.

"It is the height of folly," she said. "Still I will take time over what might better be said now. Can you call at this hour to-morrow?"

CHAPTER III

"I HAD a caller while you were out," she said to her father and mother when they returned from their drive. "Hugh Lyttleton was here."

"Lyttleton!" her father exclaimed. "After buying the place, I suppose?"

"Not exactly as you think," she said. "He came to ask me to marry him."

"His damned impertinence!" And Campbell's ruddy face grew still redder.

"That is what I suggested, in other terms," she laughed. "He is coming again to-morrow for his answer."

"Why to-morrow?" he asked. "Wasn't to-day good enough?"

"He didn't appear to think so," she said drily. "I don't wonder he made money. He is the most persistent, determined man I ever met. I hate him

The Health Bath

For the future welfare of Canada the children must be kept healthy now. Protect them from the germs and microbes of disease by using Lifebuoy Soap.

For the bath—nothing equals the healing, cleansing free-lathering vegetable oils in

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for what he is, what he has done, and what he thinks is within his reach, but he is a man of immense power."

"Why did you listen to him? You should have had him shown to the door at once," he fumed.

"I don't know. It was startling, amusing, interesting as a study in egotism, and then—I assure you, impressive." She laughed. "It was the most mercenary of propositions, and—well, the most wonderful tribute the most exacting woman could desire. He offered, if I married him, to bring me back from the church here, never to molest me, or even seen me unless I sent for him. It would be a compact of friendship, he said. He would pay your firm debts, father, buy and give me the house, provide for me at once with a life competence, so that the question of money would be disposed of once and for all. I know he would keep his word absolutely. He is the kind of man who never lies nor beats round the bush. So much is due him. If I did marry him he would give me what he would call a square deal, and much more than that."

"But, Mary, you do not contemplate such a step as possible?" her mother asked.

"It seemed the most ridiculous thing on earth up to the time he left, and then, do you know, I began to rock a little." She laughed. "I think the love marriage is usually the flimsiest of all marriages, and he put the marriage of convenience in a very agreeable light. All the benefits and none of the disadvantages would be mine. He would not expect me even to make a pretence of affection—and he has two million dollars. Love often vanishes with the honeymoon, but two millions go far, especially as he is adding to them industriously every year. He made a quarter of a million last year. I suppose I am a fool even to hesitate."

"I wish you would not talk in that flippant, cynical way," her mother rebuked. "The suggestion to me is horrible. It is unjust, as well to the man."

"I don't think so," Mary replied. "He gets all he bargains for—but do not be alarmed, mother. It would be mighty pleasant to have the money, and to know we should never have that kind of trouble again, but—the price, small as it seems, is yet too heavy."

WHEN dinner was over she went out on the lake with her father. He had been very silent during dinner, and said little to her until they were well out on the lake. Then he shut off the motor, and let the boat drift, giving his attention to his cigar. Mary had a book, whose leaves she turned idly. She saw her father's eyes turn wistfully toward the house they had left. To lose that would be more to him than his business and the mine. The furrowed brow spoke of care, anxiety, apprehension. After a lifetime in one place the world appears a wilderness.

Suddenly his brow cleared, he seemed to cast off the burden from his shoulders.

"The news about Lyttleton's coming startled me," he said suddenly. "Perhaps we ought not to look on it too severely. He has been an enemy, but a man who comes in the time of your need, and offers aid, can't be all bad."

"No, he impressed me the other way," she said. "Is it true you people tried to stamp him out when he started? That the tradesmen were warned that if they sold to him, the big men would boycott him?"

"I guess that was not far wrong," he admitted. "You see we had the monopoly and resented a new man coming in, especially as he had been just one of Williams' pitmen. We certainly jammed him as tight as we could but we couldn't manage to put him out. He was younger, always at it, and—I'll give him his due, wonderfully clever. I had no idea he thought of you, Mary. It was a great offer he made you. If everything had been right other ways."

"What ways?" she asked, her face quiet and grave.

"If he had been a gentleman," he replied.

"That did not strike me as his defect," she said.

"Of course the Lyttletons are good stock. The grandfather was a drinking man, and muddled things away, but, well you know, he worked in the gang—young Hugh I mean—like a common Austrian or Pole."

"One has to admit," he went on, "that Lyttleton is a comer in the big sense. Ten years from now folks won't care what his father and mother were—though they were clean, decent folk—they will know what he is. A man who has a couple of millions at thirty-five, with a bit of luck is going to be quite a figure. I guess, anyway, he will buy the house and all that goes with it, and there will be no trouble for him to get a wife to look after it for him. It will be hard to have to leave. Your mother says little, but it's killing her, Mary, just killing her. I dread the day—and it is very near now, when we'll have to go out, God knows where, to find shelter.

"I have been a fool—idle, wasteful, careless. Nobody knows better than I. None can lay the scourge on harder. I was a fool every way. There was Lyttleton who could have come in with me, and made me, but I picked the Williams crowd. Made young Jack Williams my manager because he was what was called a gentleman, and Hugh an ordinary workman. What happened? Williams thought he could stack up against the new-comer. It was like a child against a grown man. Lyttleton ran him off his feet, hit him when and where he liked, and then pitched him into a corner out of the way, as if of no more value. I'd be more content to see you the wife of the winner than that of any man I know, because he'll never fail you, and will always be to you better than his word. But there, don't let me instruct you. Do what you think is right. You are the one to decide, but make your choice with your eyes wide open. No doubt we look on the gloomy side of things just now, and matters will be more tolerable, at the worst, than we anticipate. So think well in your own interest about what Lyttleton offers."

THEY went ashore presently. Reaching home, she went at once to her room, and sat there long in the darkness, looking out of the window. It was late before she slept, and she rose early. She avoided her mother and father as much as possible during the morning, and was in her room when the maid came up to announce that Mr. Lyttleton was awaiting her in the morning room. He rose to greet her as she opened and closed the door.

"I have thought matters out, broadly, as you wished," she said. "In my own eyes my decision seems mean and despicable—but I am going to accept your offer. You will not expect me to speak of my reasons for this, nor will you look for me to humiliate myself by pointing out again my ungenerosity. I have no right to take, unless I am willing to give. I cannot give, and yet I am taking. You understand this? If there is anything you wish to change in your offer, please tell me now."

"I understand perfectly," he replied. "I will keep my word to the letter. Perhaps you would not care for any announcement—any unnecessary publicity?"

"We will announce it to-day," she answered. "You would wish the marriage to take place soon?"

"Yes, the sooner the better," he told her. "I will procure the special license. You would prefer a private ceremony?"

"No, public, in the church. It is little enough I am giving," she replied. His face expressed his gladness.

"Remember, Miss Campbell—" he began.

"Mary, please," she said, the shadow of a smile on her face.

"I will keep faith with you in letter and spirit," he told her.

"I know you will," she replied with calm frankness.

"I believe you will live to be made glad of this day," he said.

Turn the steam on and here is what often happens in the radiator

1 Steam gives up its heat. Water drops to the bottom of the radiator.

2 This accumulated water and air retard flow of steam into the radiator.

3 Radiator pounds and knocks. Valves leak. Radiator is part hot, part cold.

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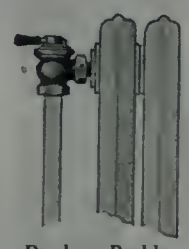

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The Dunham Radiator Valve regulates the flow of steam into the radiator, is really packless, cannot leak and is placed at the *top* of the radiator. At the *bottom* is the Dunham Trap which automatically removes the trouble-making air and water and lets the entire radiator get hot *noiselessly*.

Dunham Radiator Trap

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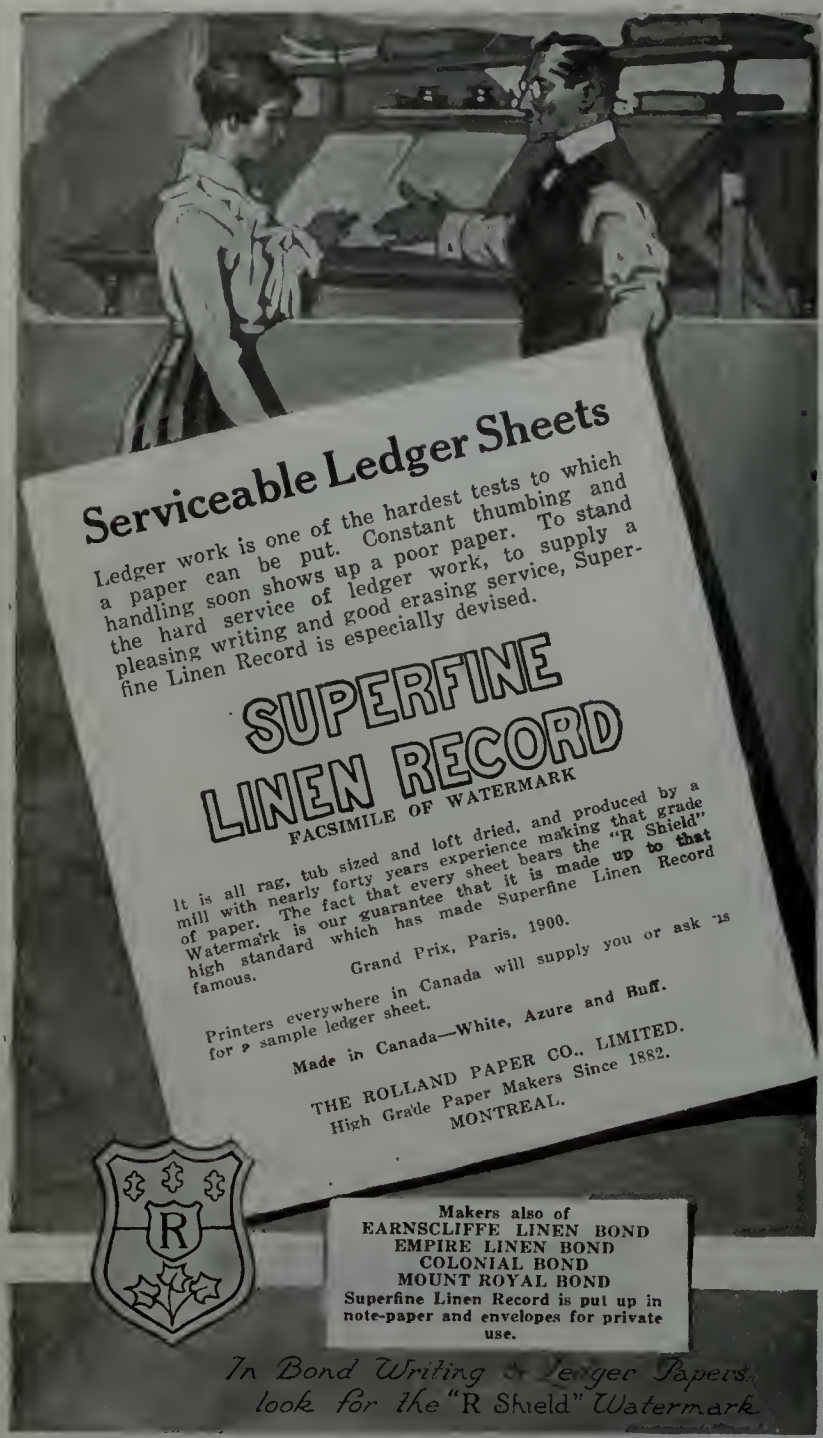

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HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONTARIO

"It will be pleasanter if neither of us regrets it," she responded with what seemed chillest politeness.

She accompanied him to the door and there they parted. She did not even offer her hand. Two persons separating after the most casual bargain-making would have been more cordial.

"I have promised to marry Hugh Lyttleton," she said, entering the room in which her mother and father sat. Before they could respond to the announcement she went up to her room.

SHE was not sorry she had struck the bargain. The world would say that she had been the most fortunate of women. A vast weight had been lifted from her mind. Never again would her father know anxious care. His name would be kept in clean honor. The house and all it signified to all of them had been saved. The horrible humiliations of poverty, felt most bitterly by those who have known comfort and luxury, belonged to the past. Yet she felt soiled, humbled. She had lost something—her independence of soul, her pride. From a woman of free will she had stepped down to be a bargainer, selling herself for money, place, comfort, and not even giving what the honest woman gives in trade

She thought no better of Lyttleton for his big generosity, rather the worse. He had tempted, laid the bait skilfully for herself, her father. No matter what he had thought of her before, she must seem a cheap, humbled creature in his eyes. Conqueror indeed he was, for her last possession, her pride, he had stripped from her. He had made his own terms; they were not hers. She had sold in the best market, getting all and giving as little as possible. That was sound business.

At dinner in the evening her mother was unusually silent, her father exuberant. The strain he had been under had been severe to a man of his pride.

"You should have asked Lyttleton to stay for dinner," he said.

"It never occurred to me," Mary replied.

He insisted on going down to the cellars and bringing up a bottle of rare old wine. She remembered that it had been among the articles listed by the sheriff's man. He drank to the health of the plighted pair, and was with difficulty dissuaded from going to the telephone and calling up Hugh to tell him what he had done.

CHAPTER IV.

GREATER than the sensation caused by the downfall of the Campbells was that occasioned by their swift recovery. Mary's telephone was busy all the next morning. The Williams family swept down solidly before ten o'clock to reproach her for the secrecy with which she had surrounded her charming romance. She was a wonderfully lucky girl, for Lyttleton had millions, and, it was said in town—they had heard it—that he was positively in the seventh heaven of delight. She would be able to do anything now. Of course she would not stay in a poky little backwoods town, but would have a town house, and—was she not the fortunate girl? And at such a crucial stage of their unhappy fortunes.

It was part of the burden that Mary had to listen smilingly to the verbose enthusiasm. They deemed it necessary to speak flatteringly of Hugh, whom, she knew, they hated with all the maliciousness of which they were capable. It was never suggested, or implied in their congratulations, that it was a match of esteem, love. All that they said reeked of money. She was looked upon as a bought woman, who had fetched a handsome price in the market, having landed a millionaire who had taken a fancy to her. Her father, to her great indignation, had not been able to keep to himself the details of Hugh's monetary aid, but had discussed them at the Williams' house the previous evening.

Still, it did not matter, everybody would know how it was. When she went into town, later in the day, she perceived how greatly the world had changed. She was no longer the broken man's daughter, but the fiancee of the millionaire, the consort-to-be of the king. Like mists before the noon sun her troubles vanished. Tradesmen, who had been cool as to the Campbell patronage, were eager to heed her slightest wish. Some, whom she knew in the friendly intimacy of a small community, congratulated her on her fortune. They spoke, almost with bated breath, of the power and greatness of the man who was to be her husband.

It was always the same—the fortune was hers, she was the one to whom the great benefits had come. Her sensitive ear fancied that she could catch a suggestion of wonder that he had fixed his mind on her.

There was only one man in the town whose opinion she really valued. This was an old doctor, who had a small estate on the outskirts of the camp district, and occupied his wealthy leisure in scientific research.

She met the old gentleman in the main street of the town, that morning. He stopped his pony chaise, and got down, with his wife, to greet her. She had rather feared his criticism, for he was very direct and blunt.

"So the big man has picked the right girl," he said. She colored with pleasure, not because he praised Hugh, but because he suggested that the bargain was not all on one side.

"You are sure?" she laughed.

"Absolutely," he replied. "Perhaps, even you, do not see it yet. There is the glamor, eh, Mary!" Her eyes met his, and she knew he read her mind. "You will see and know it. Better the enthusiasm that comes later, when you understand how fully you have obtained it.

"I suppose it was a little startling?" And his kindly eyes searched her face. "I understand—I understand—but it was no mistake. You will find out. It was no sacrifice. It is one of the occasions when the clerk of the marriage bureau shows glimmerings of wit. My dear—you have got a man. If he hadn't a dollar you'd be in luck. And I have been impressing upon him that he has got a woman, better than he is—but he knew it beforehand. Forget the money part—you know what I mean—get rid of the notion that the money makes the transaction a bargain. Give yourself and your man a square deal. It's a perfect match—a perfect match."

She took the strangest comfort in his words. It was dawning on her that the man she, in her little world, had regarded as an upstart, who had blundered on great money, was a figure in the bigger world, among men who knew.

"A square deal!" She wondered what Dr. Welch would say if he knew the terms of the deal. Did he know? Perhaps he had heard, and had spoken to her from knowledge.

WITH his swift promptness Hugh cleared up her father's business affairs, without appearing in them at all. Chaput managed everything.

It was he who negotiated the sale of the house and furnishings with Campbell, the sheriff, and the creditors, and sent the deed of it to Mary. From first to last the name of Lyttleton never appeared in any of the arrangements.

The Saturday before her marriage she received an intimation from a bank in a distant town that a sum of money had been deposited to her credit. It was sufficient to provide her with an independent competency for the rest of her life. She remonstrated with him on account of its extravagant largeness.

"Money need never come between us again," he replied.

With one swift stroke he accomplished every transaction that necessitated the payment of money. Thereafter—after their marriage—the fact that he was a man of wealth was buried. Still it was not hidden from her. It remained the one great fact dominating all. She wondered—had there been no trouble—whether he ever would have sought to know her. She knew that she would not have listened to him. It was the need—the horrible need of her people—that had driven her, and, no matter how great the generosity, even the love he

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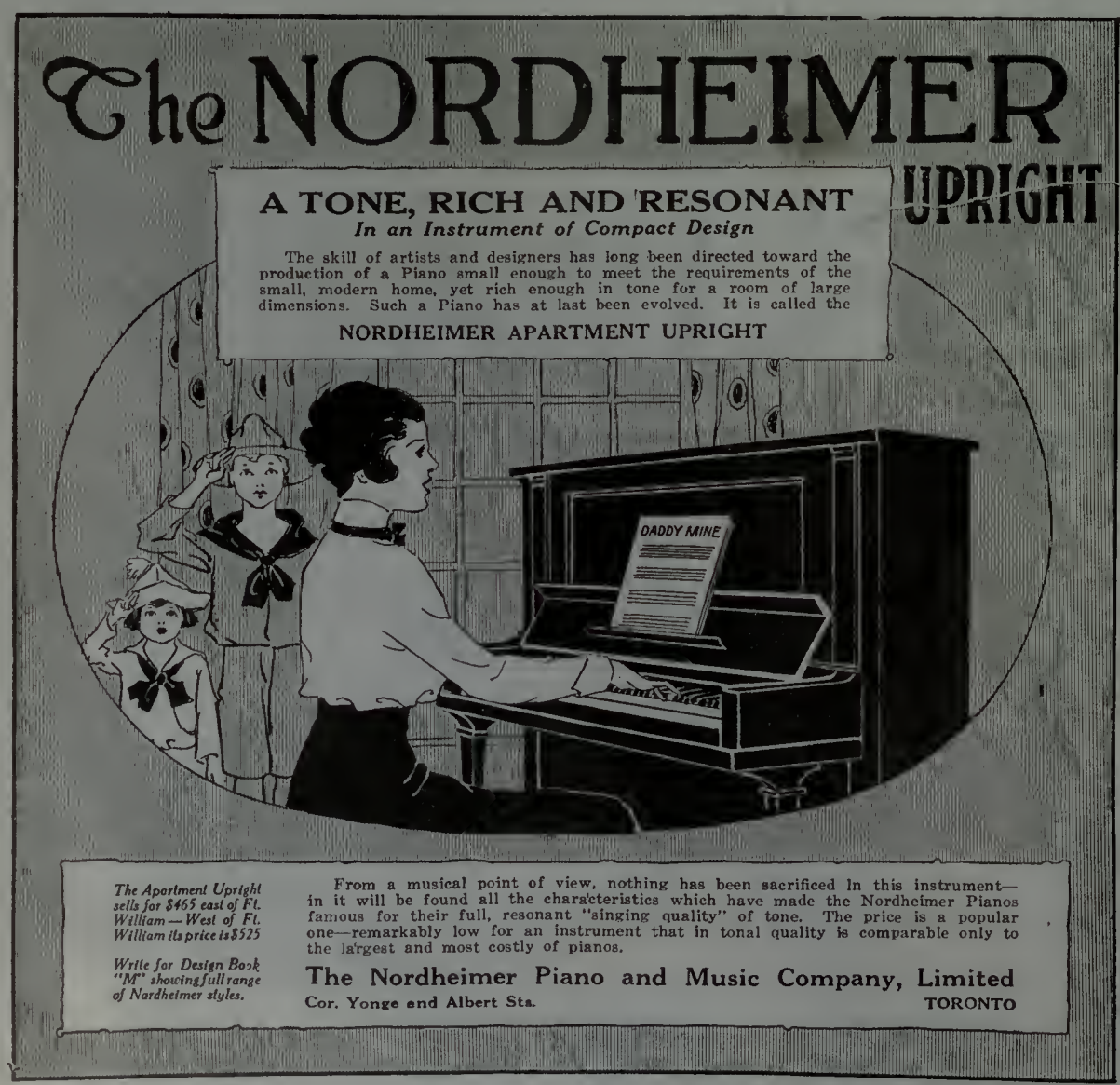

did not understand and yet professed for her, she must be in his eyes something bought, something that had given in exchange with pitiful miserliness. She would, in sheer independence of soul, with all her dislike, have gone to him and insisted that she be allowed to pay the full price the transaction called for honorably, but — the terms had been his not hers, she had not dictated, but had merely accepted. How did she know that he had not asked for all he desired of her? He had not offered her a home with him. She was glad he had not. It would be time enough to really reproach herself when he came and asked for her. She would then pay, she told herself.

Perhaps, at the root of all her dissatisfaction, was the thought that he had been so easily content. A great love would have made its lawful demands, not because they were lawful but because of the love. He would not come, according to his bargain, except she bid him, would not take unless she offered. She was in a difficult position, one in which the burden was laid upon her.

IN the early morning of a summer day, the wedding took place. Through the scented lanes she drove from the festal house to church with her father. Lyttleton awaited her at the chancel step as she came up the aisle in radiant white. For an instant she looked up at him, an almost questioning expression on her face, then stood by his side. She spoke the great promises, of which she had spoken so lightly, in a clear voice, laid her hand in his with confidence, outheld it to receive the ring upon her slim white finger. Sentimental folk commented on the fact that he had omitted to kiss his bride, after the country fashion. Perhaps that was one of the new fool fashions of upper folks.

Together they walked down the flower-strewn aisle and path, her hand on his arm, she palely sweet and gracious, he fit mate for so charming a woman. Smilingly she responded to the frankly spoken wishes of the throng that crowded the church and yard.

Yet it was a queer wedding, people said. No great party in the house, no dancing the night through, no honeymoon. He took her back to her father's house and came away in the afternoon. Folk said that the mines called for his special attention, but he must be a queer kind of man to let business stand between him and so fair a bride on their wedding day.

Then it was gossiped that it was only a sham marriage, that he had wanted her, and she had wanted his money for her father. That they had driven a clever bargain with him, for he was crazy about her, and had fooled him. They had got his money and she never meant to live with him. That was their pride. His money was all right, but they had no opinion of him. People, like the Williams', laughed and said that here was the one case in which the smart man had been outwitted. Mary Campbell thought no more of him than if he were the veriest wayside beggar. A fine bridegroom who had to part from his wife on their wedding day, without even a lip salute!

To keep up appearances he sometimes called at the house on Sunday morning, took her to church and brought her back home, staying to lunch with the family. There was no pretence of loverliness in their meetings. Those who happened to be guests at the house on these occasions said they played their parts with much skill. He was very attentive to her, she pleasant and friendly to him—very nice and courteous, but not a bit like lovers or man and wife. This was true enough. He asked nothing of her, she gave nothing. They never spoke of personal matters. She was greatly interested in his mines and big business projects. Once she drove out with him to look over his developing pits and mills, and gradually she came to know something of the scope and absorbing interest of his affairs, for he had business relations outside the little mining town.

So this strange pair spent the few hours in the week that they gave to each other (as some concession to public opinion) in discussing business. She was

clever, grasped business problems firmly, and was frankly gratified by his assumption that she was really intelligent.

THEY had been married several months when, driving down to the house one Sunday afternoon, he found the Williams family there. He came indoors and stayed a little while, presently making an excuse for early leaving.

"I wish you would not go, Hugh," Mary said to him, accompanying him to the door. It was the first time she had ever expressed a wish of the kind.

"Then I will stay," he replied.

"I wish you would not do everything I ask—just in that way, Hugh," she said, with something of impatience in her smile.

"Very well, if that is not doing precisely the thing you complain of," he laughed. "But really, Mary, with all due respect to your friends, I can't stand that particular mob. I like to have you all to myself when I come. It is not a great deal I see of you."

"That is a very pretty little compliment," she smiled.

"I don't pay you compliments, I just tell the plain truth."

"And that is still more gallant," she replied. "I'll try to plan things better in future. Never mind if you don't care to stay to-day. I quite understand. If you were not too busy—" then she hesitated.

"And if I were not?" he inquired.

"I mean to-morrow," she said.

"I am not a bit busy."

"How do you know you won't be?" she laughed. "I wonder if you would like to take me out for a drive, just — just the two of us. The Williams' will make remarks about your leaving to-day, and we could make a kind of counter-demonstration to-morrow. It would be quite a sensation, Hugh and Mary Lyttleton taking a drive together."

"Wouldn't it?" he replied. "I will come at two."

"The whole afternoon, and you will have dinner with us in the evening?" she asked.

HIS car was in the garage at the farther end of the grounds, and she walked with him over the lawn, toward it. He had never seen her so bright and sunny. She did a thing that had never happened before—she slipped her hand within his arm. A flush of pleasure passed over his face, as her fingers pressed his arm ever so lightly. The visitors were watching them from one of the windows.

"There is some good in the Williams crowd after all," he laughed down on her.

"I don't think that is as nice as some of the other things you said," she replied. "May I not be allowed credit for a little impulse of my own when I want to be agreeable?"

"I am an ungrateful brute," he said penitently, holding her hand more closely.

"What do you do with yourself, I wonder, on these long, dull, Sunday afternoons and evenings when you are driven away from me, or — grow tired?" she asked. There was bright mischief in her eyes.

"Sit, smoke, think, dream," he answered.

"About the all-engrossing business, I suppose?"

"Yes, the all-engrossing business."

"It must be dull."

"Fearfully dull," he agreed. "There's the wall, and one picture upon it, and I weave fancies and dreams about it."

"It must be dreadfully dull," she laughed. "Just a picture on a big drear wall."

"It serves till the better day comes," he told her, and he pressed her hand again.

"Be careful, Hugh," she rebuked him. "They are watching our every moment, and you will be accused of flirting most outrageously with your wife, to the public scandal. We have a great reputation for decorum to maintain."

SHE watched him drive away. At the gate he waved his hand. She had another of her little impulses, for she put her hand to her lips and wafted him a kiss. If the Williams people were looking for connubial scandal they should have good measure.

Alice Williams, a girl of about Mary's own age, came out to meet her as she neared the house.

"Too bad, Mary, that Mr. Lyttleton had to leave so soon. I am afraid our being here broke up a nice little domestic afternoon," she said.

"Hugh has a good deal of business on his hands," Mary replied.

"Yes, it seems all business. If he were my husband I think I should be much more exacting," said Alice. "You are the queerest married couple. No honeymoon, no home of your own, you do not live together. Sometimes one would think you had made a sort of business partnership and then, at others, you look like two beginning lovers, a little unhandy at love, but quite charmingly so."

"When you get married, Alice, and inquisitive little girls come along, as they always do, and want the benefit of experience, just tell them to be nice and good, and wait patiently for the only experience that counts — their own," Mary replied with smiling decisiveness.

"That's about all from me, I guess," the girl laughed. "But I am quite frankly curious about you two. Jack swears it is all make-believe, a trade — of course quite a fair and legitimate one—between a man who wanted a girl he admired, and a girl who knew which side her bread was buttered. I say that you are crazily in love with each other and don't know it. You want to come together and can't find a bridge over. Mind some nice, aggressive woman does not snap your man from under your nose. The world is full of ravenous women, seeking anything desirable, in the man way, whom they may devour, with an especially savage hunger for one who is young, good-looking, and a millionaire. I would not have a husband of mine going off to dingy mine offices, or hotel rooms, for his Sunday evenings. I'd make his world a bit more attractive for him. Here is Jack coming out to sigh over you, I think I had better stay and chaperon you."

MARY got rid of both by declining to join them in a trip over the lake. When the whole household had gone off in the launch she went into the morning room, and began to think again of the interview with her husband that first afternoon. The marriage, she realized, had been a tremendous experiment to make. Whether it was to be the success Dr. Welch had prophesied or a failure she did not yet know. Hugh came very rarely to the house. She was sure he could come more frequently, if he wished. Sometimes she wondered if he had grown tired of the one-sided bargain—if his care for her had been the outcome of impulsive chivalry, a passing liking, that had worn threadbare by time and neglect. Love lives by what it feeds on.

It struck her that two or three hours on Sunday afternoon, talking about mines and money-making, must be starvation diet. She was much of a puzzle to herself. He was winning his way with her, she confessed. The time had been when she hated him, but that had long since passed. She explained to herself that it was impossible not to like a person who gave one everything one wanted. That was merest gratitude. If Hugh had called her up at this moment, and said: "Mary, I want you to come up to the mine house here, and live with me, cook my dinners, wash my clothes, be my real wife," she would have been on the road to obedience as fast as she could jump. That was his due, and — she wanted to give him even a little more than his strict due.

To be continued

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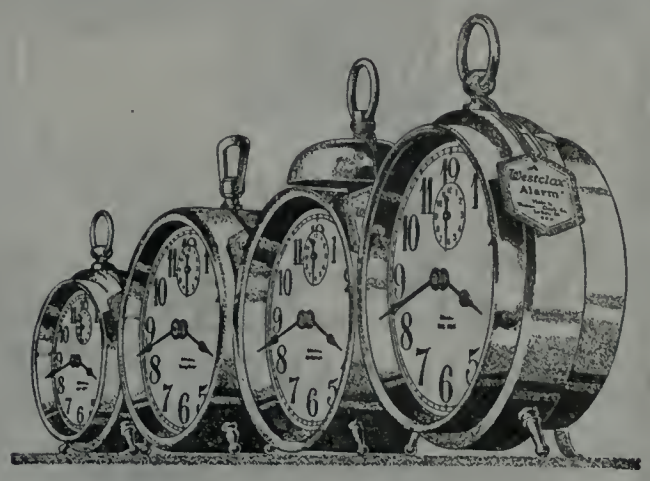
I have taken the magazine several years and like it better all the time. I like it better because it is better and I feel I cannot afford to miss a single number. I am reading both short and continued stories and find them first class—excellent. To sit down with such a journal as MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE after a hard day's work is rest indeed.

C. E. H.



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Opening the New Book

Continued from page 26

and hollering for the tariff reform their constituents demand. Something must be said to reassure a growling country that the Government that won the war can also demobilize, repatriate, reconstruct or do anything else that comes to its ready and ever willing hand. These things are being said by the ministers themselves. Truth to tell, everyone else around the place appears to carry a grouch of some kind and to be looking for an opening to unload it.

Will the Liberals Reunite?

AND what of the morrow? With the present admittedly safe for the Government what does the future hold? When the big Liberal convention meets next summer or next fall, will all the fifty-seven varieties of Liberals get back under one banner, elect a successor to Sir Wilfrid and the McKenzie, and with an unbroken front sweep on to victory? Perhaps. And perhaps not. Even such stalwart Unionists as Carvell and Calder are declaring that they are still Liberals and entitled to all the privileges of the party any time they want to assert themselves. Will they assert themselves? Will they stop being statesmen and become "vote hunting politicians" and "a danger and menace to their country?" They might. And provided the Liberals appoint a right kind of leader they may. If the convention's choice should be William Melville Martin of Pile o'Bones, Saskatchewan, you could hardly expect James Calder to refuse to follow the man he made Premier in his own prairie province. If Hon. F. B. Carvell could get as part of his reward a seat in Quebec, patriotism might induce him to take a jump. Otherwise the country might be deprived of his services altogether. For he sits for Victoria-Carleton by grace of a Tory majority that loves him not and that was only induced to swallow him as a means towards winning the war. Also Hon. A. K. Maclean is said to believe in his heart that there is much to be said to the advantage of party Government. And, if party Government is to come again, as come it must, there is only one party to which he could conscientiously belong.

As for Hon. N. W. Rowell the parting of the ways offers nothing for him. The Tories don't want him and the Liberals won't have him. There was a rumor one day that the meek and lowly Wesley was preparing to lay an oratorical wreath on the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Instantly there was hot rebellion in the Opposition ranks. The French members blazed forth with statements that if anything of the kind was attempted they would rise and leave the chamber in a body. It looked almost like a riot for a moment. Then peace came in the shape of a promise that Wesley would desist. And the gleeful glisten in Tory eyes showed that for once they were in complete accord with their Grit opponents. So, if this Union Government dissolves into parties, Mr. Rowell will have no place to stay and no place to go—unless indeed he decides to head a prohibition and uplift party. It would furnish all the opportunities for speech-making without the inconvenience of attending Parliament.

A Good Time to be Outside

SO there you have the situation as it stands. You have a Premier and four Cabinet ministers in Europe; and an acting-Premier and eight or nine ministers in the Commons; three Cabinet ministers in the Senate and a few more scattered over the health resorts and hospitals of the country. It is called Union Government. It doesn't look it. Moreover the leading members of that Government, excepting the Premier, declare that they are Liberals. The others hardly know what to call themselves. For the Conservatives are now the Ginger group, constituting one

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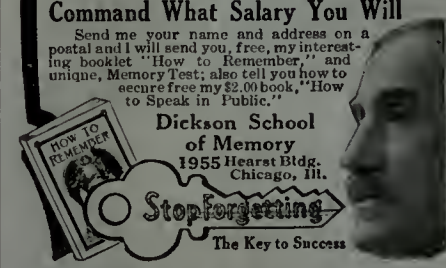

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of the strongest of the various oppositions the Government has to face. Cabinet ministers could hardly be expected to belong to that group and oppose themselves. Always again except Hon. Wesley. He is in a class by himself.

Across the floor are a crowd who confidently expect the country at their mercy in the course of a year or two. They are busy forming factions and arranging dickers that will give them individually a fair share of the perquisites. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King has visions of moulding them into a harmonious whole with himself as the leader. They'll swap him as they would a jack-knife. The new leader will be a man who can carry a constituency. He will also be an English-speaking Protestant. Sir Wilfrid Laurier impressed the necessity of this on his French followers during the late years of his life. They are agreed that it is only right, good politics and fair play. And whether or not W. M. Martin makes the grade it is a rattling good guess the new leader claims the West for his home.

But that is for the future. For the present we may expect a noisy, wrangling Parliament that will find increasing troubles as it blunders along. Hon. Bob Rogers dropped in for a day or two and took a look around. Then he packed his grip and departed. And as he said good-bye at the station his last words were:

"This is a rattling good time to be on the outside looking in."

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 16

then one hundred and twenty days, every one agreed that we had perished, except those few who thought we had been carried westward by an assumed westward drift and were in the ocean north of Bering Strait, where doubtless we would perish, as our chances of getting ashore were considered negligible by those who believed in the westward current.

Among the Eskimos of Alaska, who have no experience of ice except that immediately near shore, and no book knowledge of the success of such men as Peary in traveling over it farther east, the dangers of ice travel were so overrated that they all believed us dead, for other reasons than scarcity of food, and believed it doubly because they also believed in the food shortage. The white men—the whalers, the trappers, and the members of our own party—based their conclusion on the food shortage mainly. In the North there were a few men who had faith in the sanity of our plans, among them Capt. Matt Andreasen, the brother of my companion, Ole Andreasen, and my old friend John Firth, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Fort Macpherson. Now that we have been so long alive, a good many amusing arguments have arisen among whalers and others as to just who believed we were not dead, but most claims for that distinction are disputed.

Our Deaths Made Official

IN the south one or two friends at the American Museum had faith in our eventual return, and in Washington Admiral Peary expressed hope for our safety; his opinion to that effect would doubtless have been much stronger had he and others known that it had not been our intention to return to Alaska unless we had to, but this fact, strangely enough, never got into the papers, although it was well known to members of our expedition. In the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa in April, 1915, the Hon. Frank Oliver inquired of the Minister of Naval Service, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, what the chances were of our safety. After taking a day to consider the matter, as is customary in parliaments, the Minister replied in effect that he was sorry to say that there was no hope of our being alive. Upon further inquiry from Mr. Oliver, he said that the basis of this statement was the uniform opinion of all the Arctic authorities that the Government had been able to consult. On the basis of this official announcement a great many editors in various parts of the world published kindly and (as is often the case with the dead) flattering obituaries that are now the most interesting section of my scrapbook.

While these opinions were growing up farther south and finding expression through various channels, we were traveling successfully and comfortably northward, finding abundant food and fuel in these theoretically inhospitable regions, and securing them by methods which require only a moderate application of common sense, and that reasonable absence of ill luck which permits a careful man to cross Fifth Avenue with safety after the traffic policemen have gone home.

Bulldog Carney

Continued from page 19

thankful he followed a trail, for trails never led one into impassable country: the muskeg would run out and the trail swing west again. But for two hours he plugged along, quickening his pace, for he realized now that he was covering miles which had to be made up when he turned toward the rails.

Perhaps it was the depressing continuance of the desolate muskeg through which the shadowy figures of startled hares darted that cast the tiring man into foreboding. Into his furtive mind crept a suspicion that he was being trailed. So insidiously had this dread birthed that at first it was simply worry; a feeling as if the tremendous void of the prairie was closing in on him, that now and then a white boulder ahead was a crouching wolf. He shivered, shook his wide shoulders and cursed. It was that he was tiring, perhaps.

THEN suddenly the thing took form, mental form—*something was on his trail.* This primitive creature was like an Indian—gifted with the sixth sense that knows when somebody is coming though he may be a day's march away; the mental wireless that animals possess. He tried to laugh it off; to dissipate the unrest with blasphemy; but it wouldn't down.

The prairie was like a huge platter—everything stood out against the luminous evening sky like the sails of a ship at sea. His footprints lay along the trail, for it was hard going on the heavily-grassed turf. To cut across the muskeg that stretched for miles would trap him. In the morning light the Sergeant would discover that his tracks had disappeared, and would know just where he had gone. Being mounted the Sergeant would soon make up for the few hours of darkness—would reach the railway and wire down the line.

The Wolf plodded on for half-a-mile, then he left the trail where the ground was rolling, cut east for five hundred yards, and circled back. On the top of a cut bank that was fringed with wolf willow he crouched to watch. The sun had slipped through purple clouds, and, dropping below them into a sea of greenish-yellow space, had bathed in blood the whole mass of tesselated vapor; suddenly outlined against this glorious background a horse and man were silhouetted. The stiff erect seat in the saddle, the docked tail of the horse, square cut at the hocks, told the watcher that it was a policeman.

New Stomachs for Old in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely re-made stomachs—stomachs which have been re-made in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation, or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plaintest, simplest foods *correctly combined*!

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he *eats*. What we take into our stomachs to-day, we are to-morrow, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal sympton had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappeared, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man of 70 years old, who had been travelling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal troubles which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a cheque for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he had written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice, although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 1504, 432, Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

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When the rider had passed the Wolf trailed him, keeping east of the road where his visibility was low against the darkening side of the vast dome. Half-a-mile beyond where the Wolf had turned, the Sergeant stopped, dismounted, and, leading the horse, with head low hung, searched the trail for the tracks that had now disappeared. Approaching night, creeping first over the prairie, had blurred it into a gigantic rug of sombre hue. The trail was like a softened stripe; foot-prints might be there, merged into the pattern till they were indiscernible.

A small oval lake showed in the edge of the muskeg beside the trail, its sides festooned by strong-growing blue-joint, wild oats, wolf willow, saskatoon bushes, and silver-leafed poplar. Ducks, startled from their nests, floating nests built of interwoven rush leaves and grass, rose in circling flights, uttering plaintive rebukes. Three giant sandhill cranes flopped their sail-like wings, folded their long spindle shanks straight out behind and soared away like kites.

Crouched back beside the trail the Wolf watched and waited. He knew what the Sergeant would do; having lost the trail of his quarry he would camp there, beside good water, tether his horse to the picket-pin by the hackamore rope, eat, and sleep till daylight which would come about three o'clock; then he would cast about for the Wolf's tracks, gallop along the southern trail, and, when he did not pick them up, would surmise that Jack had cut across the muskeg land; there he would round the southern end of the swamp and head for the railway.

"I must get him," the Wolf muttered mercilessly; "gentle him if I can, if not —get him."

He saw the Sergeant unsaddle his horse, picket him, and eat a cold meal; this rather than beacon his presence by a glimmering fire.

The Wolf, belly to earth, wormed closer, slithering over the gillardias, crunching their yellow blooms beneath his evil body, his revolver held between his teeth as his grimy paws felt the ground for twigs that might crack.

If the Sergeant would unbuckle his revolver belt, and perhaps go down to the water for a drink, or even to the horse that was at the far end of the picket line, his nose buried deep in the succulent wild-pea vine, then the Wolf would rush his man, and the Sergeant, disarmed, would throw up his hands.

THE Wolf did not want on his head the death of a Mounted Policeman, for then the "Redcoats" would trail him to all corners of the earth. All his life there would be someone on his trail. It was too big a price. Even if the murder thought had been paramount, in that dim light the first shot meant not overmuch.

So Jack waited. Once the horse threw up his head, cocked his ears fretfully, and stood like a bronze statue; then he blew a breath of discontent through his spread nostrils, and again buried his muzzle in the pea vine and sweet-grass.

Heath had seen this movement of the horse and ceased cutting at the plug of tobacco with which he was filling his pipe; he stood up, and searched with his eyes the mysterious, gloomed prairie.

The Wolf, flat to earth, scarce breathed.

The Sergeant snuffed out the match hidden in his cupped hands over the bowl, put the pipe in his pocket, and, revolver in hand, walked in a narrow circle; slowly, stealthily, stopping every few feet to listen; not daring to go too far lest the man he was after might be hidden somewhere and cut out his horse. He passed within ten feet of where the Wolf lay, just a gray mound against the gray turf.

The Sergeant went back to his blanket and with his saddle for a pillow lay down, the tiny glow of his pipe showing the Wolf that he smoked. He had not removed his pistol belt.

The Wolf lying there commenced to think grimly how easy it would be to kill the policeman as he slept; to wiggle, snake-like, to within a few feet and then the shot. But killing was a losing game, the blundering trick of a man who easily lost control, the absolutely last

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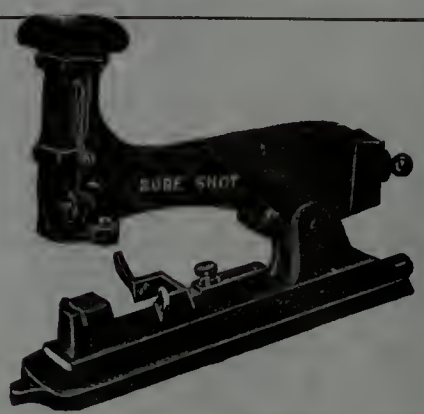


resort, when a man was cornered beyond escape and saw a long term at Stony Mountain ahead of him or the gallows. The Wolf would wait till all the advantage was with him. Besides, the horse was like a watch-dog. The Wolf was down wind from them now, but if he moved enough to rouse the horse, or the wind shifted—no, he would wait. In the morning the Sergeant, less wary in the daylight, might give him his chance.

Fortunately it was late in the summer and that terrible pest, the mosquito, had run his course.

The Wolf slipped back a few yards deeper into the scrub, and, tired, slept. He knew that at the first wash of gray in the eastern sky the ducks would wake him. He slept like an animal, scarce slipping from consciousness; a stamp of the horse's hoof on the sounding turf bringing him wide awake. Once a gopher raced across his legs, and he all but sprang to his feet thinking the Sergeant had grappled with him. Again a great horned owl at a twist of Jack's head as he dreamed, swooped silently and struck, thinking it a hare.

BROUGHT out of his sleep by the myriad noises of the waterfowl the Wolf knew that night was past, and the dice of chance were about to be thrown. He crept back to where the Sergeant was in full view; the horse, his sides ballooned by the great feed of sweet-pea vine, lay at rest, his muzzle on the earth, his drooped ears showing that he slept.

Waked by the harsh cry of a loon that swept by, rending the air with his death-like scream, the Sergeant sat bolt upright and rubbed his eyes sleepily. He rose, stretched his arms above his head, and stood for a minute looking off toward the eastern sky that was now taking on a rose tint. The horse with a little snort canted to his feet and sniffed toward the water; the Sergeant pulled the picket-pin and led him to the lake for a drink.

Hungrily the Wolf looked at the carbine that lay across the saddle, but the Sergeant watered his horse without passing behind the bushes. It was a chance; but still the Wolf waited, thinking: "I want an ace in the hole when I play this hand."

Sergeant Heath slipped the picket-pin back into the turf, saddled his horse, and stood mentally debating something. Evidently the something had to do with Jack's whereabouts, for Heath next climbed a short distance up a poplar, and with his field glasses scanned the surrounding prairie. This seemed to satisfy him; he dropped back to earth, gathered some dry poplar branches and built a little fire, hanging by a forked stick he drove in the ground his copper tea pail half-full of water.

Then the thing the Wolf had half expectantly waited for happened. The Sergeant took off his revolver belt, his khaki coat, rolled up the sleeves of his gray flannel shirt, turned down its collar, took a piece of soap and a towel from the roll of his blanket, and went to the water to wash away the black dust of the prairie trail that was thick and heavy on his face and in his hair. Eyes and ears full of suds, splashing and blowing water, the noise of the Wolf's rapid creep to the fire was unheard.

WHEN the Sergeant, leisurely drying his face on the towel stood up and turned about he was looking into the yawning maw of his own heavy police revolver, and the Wolf was saying:

"Come here beside the fire and strip to the buff—I want them duds. There won't nothin' happen you unless you get hostile, then you'll get yours too damn quick. Just do as you're told and don't make no fool play; I'm in a hurry."

Of course the Sergeant, not being an imbecile, obeyed.

"Now get up in that tree and stay there while I dress," the Wolf ordered.

In three minutes he was arrayed in the habiliments of Sergeant Heath; then he said, "Come down and put on my shirt."

In the pocket of the khaki coat that the Wolf now wore were a pair of steel handcuffs; he tossed them to the man in the shirt, commanding, "Click these on."

"I say," the Sergeant expostulated, "can't I have the pants and the coat and your boots?"

"The Wolf sneered: "Dif'rent here, my bounder; I got to make a get-away. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you your choice of three ways: I'll stake you to the clothes, bind and gag you; or I'll rip one of these 45-plugs through you; or I'll let you run footloose with a shirt on your back; I reckon you won't go far on this wire grass in bare feet."

"I don't walk on my pants."

"That's just what you would do; the pants and coat would cut up into about four pairs of moccasins; they'd be as good as duffel cloth."

"I'll starve."

"That's your lookout. You'd lie awake nights worrying about where Jack Wolf would get a dinner—I guess not. I ought to shoot you: the damn police are nothin' but a lot of dirty dogs anyway. Get busy and cook grub for two—bacon and tea, while I sit here holdin' this gun on you."

The Sergeant was a grotesque figure cooking with the manacles on his wrists, and clad only in a shirt.

WHEN they had eaten, the Wolf bridled the horse, curled up the picket line and tied it to the saddle horn, rolled the blanket, and with the carbine, strapped it to the saddle, also his own blanket.

"I'm goin' to grub-stake you," he said; "leave you rations for three days; that's more than you'd do for me. I'll turn your horse loose near steel; I aint hoss stealin' myself—I'm only borrowin'."

When he was ready to mount a thought struck the Wolf. It could hardly be pity for the forlorn condition of Heath; it must have been cunning—a play against the off chance of the Sergeant being picked up by somebody that day. He said:

"You fellers in the force pull a gag that you keep your word, don't you?"

"We try to."

"I'll give you another chance, then. I don't want to see nobody put in a hole when there aint no call for it. If you give me your word, on the honor of a Mounted Policeman, swear it, that you'll give me four days start before you squeal I'll stake you to the clothes and boots; then you can get out in two days and be none the worse."

"I'll see you in hell first. A Mounted Policeman doesn't compromise with a horse thief—with a skunk who steals a working girl's money."

"You'll keep palaverin' till I blow the top of your head off," the Wolf snarled. "You'll look sweet trampin' in to some town in about a week askin' somebody to file off the handcuffs Jack the Wolf snapped on you, won't you?"

"I won't get any place in a week with these handcuffs on," the Sergeant objected. "Even if a pack of coyotes tackled me I couldn't protect myself."

The Wolf pondered this. If he could get away without it he didn't want the death of a man on his hands—there was nothing in it. So he unlocked the handcuffs, dangled them in his fingers debatingly, and then threw them far out into the bushes, saying, with a leer: "I might get stuck up by somebody, and if they clamped these on to me it would make a get-away harder."

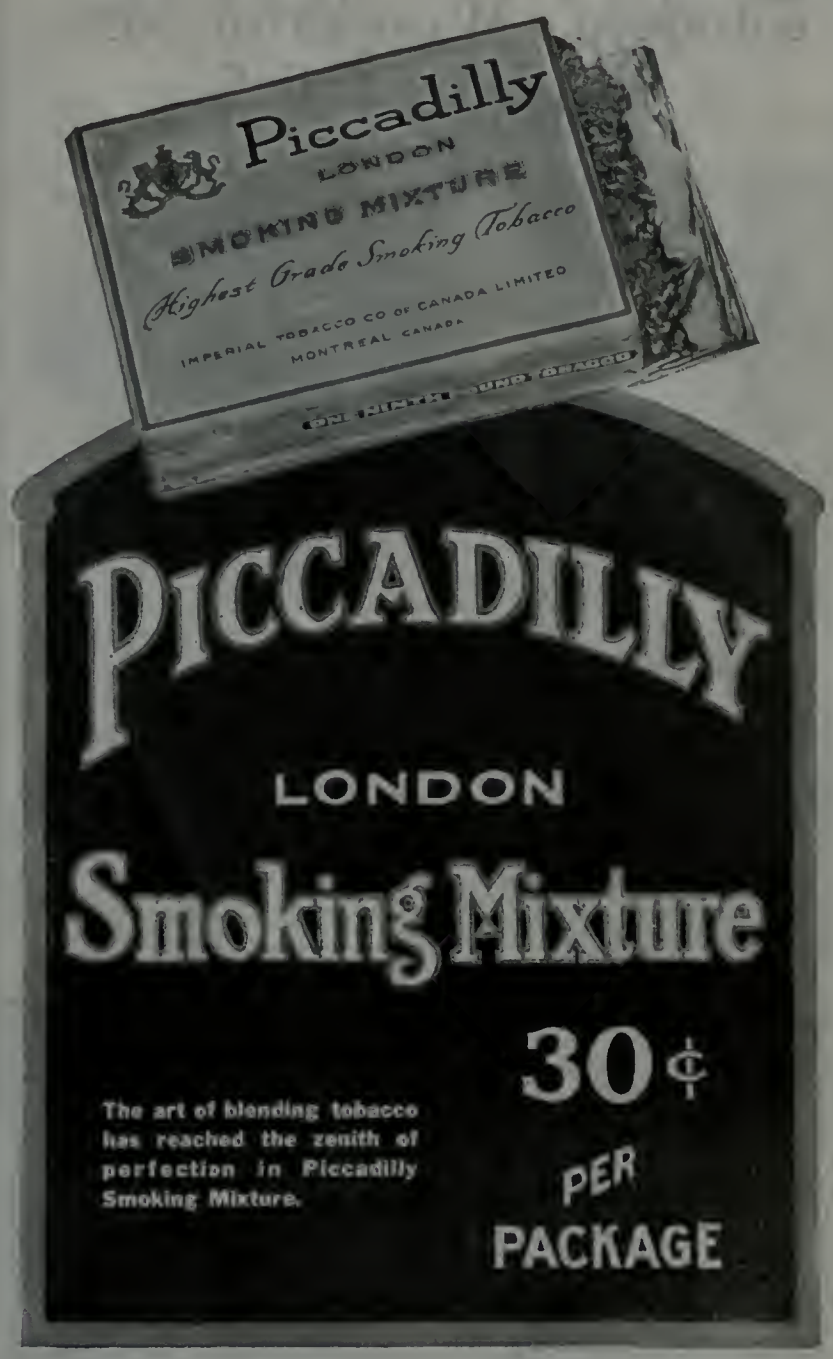
"Give me some matches," pleaded the Sergeant.

With this request the Wolf complied, saying: "I don't want to do nothin' mean unless it helps me out of a hole."

THEN Jack swung to the saddle and continued on the trail. For four miles he rode wondering at the persistence of the muskeg. But now he had a horse and twenty-four hours ahead before train time; he should worry.

Another four miles, and to the south, he could see a line of low rolling hills that meant the end of the swamps. Even where he rode the prairie rose and fell, the trail dipping into hollows, on its rise to sweep over higher land. Perhaps some of these ridges ran right through the muskegs; but there was no hurry.

Suddenly as the Wolf breasted an upland he saw a man leisurely cinching a saddle on a buckskin horse.



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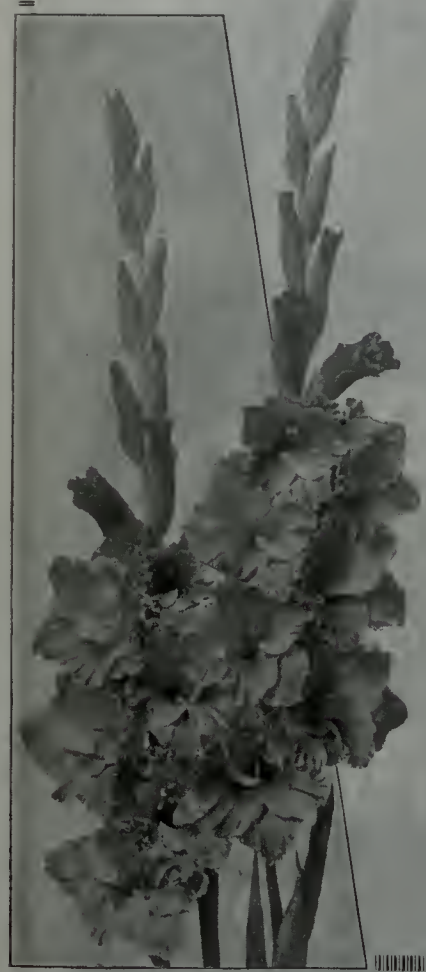

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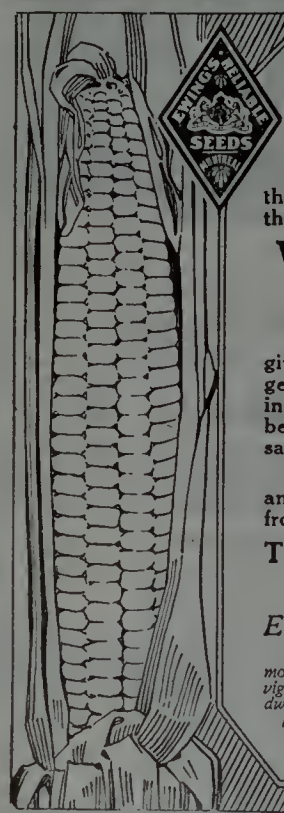

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"Hell!" the Wolf growled as he swung his mount, "that's the buckskin that I see at the Alberta; that's Bulldog: I don't want no mix-up with him."

He clattered down to the hollow he had left, and raced for the hiding screen of the bushed muskeg. He was almost certain Carney had not seen him, for the other had given no sign; he would wait in the cover until Carney had gone; perhaps he could keep right on across the bad lands, for his horse, as yet, sunk but hoof deep. He drew rein in thick cover and waited.

Suddenly the horse threw up his head, curved his neck backward, cocked his ears and whinnied. The Wolf could hear a splashing, sucking sound of hoofs back on the telltale trail he had left.

With a curse he drove his spurs into the horse's flanks, and the startled animal sprang from the cutting rowels, the ooze throwing up in a shower. A dozen yards and the horse stumbled, almost coming to his knees; he recovered at the lash of Jack's quirt, and struggled on; now going half the depth of his cannon bones in the yielding muck; he was floundering like a drunken man; in ten feet his legs went to the knees.

Quirt and spur drove him a few feet; then he lurched heavily, and with a writhing struggle against the sucking sands stood trembling; from his spread mouth come a scream of terror—he knew.

AND now the Wolf knew. With terrifying dread he remembered—he had ridden into the "Lakes of the Shifting Sands." This was the country they were in and he had forgotten. The sweat of fear stood out on the low forehead; all the tales that he had heard of men who had disappeared from off the face of the earth, swallowed up in these quicksands, came to him with numbing force. To spring from the horse meant, but two or three wallowing strides and then to be sucked down in the claiming quicksands.

The horse's belly was against the black muck. The Wolf had drawn his feet up; he gave a cry for help. A voice answered, and twisting his head about he saw, twenty yards away, Carney on the buckskin. About the man's thin lips a smile hovered. He sneered:

"You're up against it, Mister Policeman; what name 'll I turn in back at barracks?"

Jack knew that it was Carney, and that Carney might know Heath by sight, so he lied:

"I'm Sergeant Phillips; for God's sake help me out."

Bulldog sneered. "Why should I—God doesn't love a sneaking police hound."

The Wolf pleaded, for his horse was gradually sinking; his struggles now stilled, for the beast knew that he was doomed.

"All right," Carney said suddenly. "One condition—never mind, I'll save you first—there isn't too much time. Now break your gun, empty the cartridges out and drop it back into the holster," he commanded. "Unsling your picket line, fasten it under your armpits, and if I can get my cow-rope to you tie the two together."

Carney slipped from the saddle and led the horse as far out as he dared, seemingly having found firmer ground a little to one side. Then, taking his cow-rope, he worked his way still farther out, placing his feet on the tufted grass that stuck up in little mounds through the treacherous ooze. Then calling, "Look out!" he swung the rope. The Wolf caught it at the first throw and tied his own to it. Carney worked his way back, looped the rope over the horn, swung to the saddle, and calling: "Flop over on your belly—look out!" he started his horse, veritably towing the Wolf to safe ground.

The rope slacked; the Wolf, though half smothered with muck, drew his revolver and tried to slip two cartridges into the cylinder.

A sharp voice cried; "Stop that, you swine!" Raising his eyes he was gazing into Carney's gun. "Come up here on the dry ground," the latter commanded. "Stand there, unbuckle your belt and let it drop. Now take ten paces

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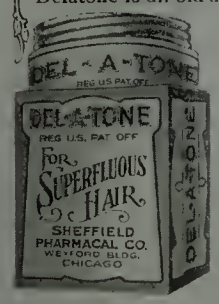

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Bulldog Carney

Continued from page 90

straight ahead." Carney salvaged the weapon and belt of cartridges.

"Build a fire, quick!" he next ordered, leaning casually against his horse, one hand resting on the butt of his revolver.

He tossed a couple of dry matches to the Wolf when the latter had built a little mound of dry poplar twigs and birch bark.

When the fire was going Carney said: "Peel your coat and dry it; stand close to the fire so your pants dry too—I want that suit."

THE Wolf was startled. Was retribution so hot on his trail? Was Carney about to set him afoot just as he had set afoot Sergeant Heath? His two hundred dollars and Lucy Black's five hundred were in the pocket of that coat also. As he took it off he turned it upside down hoping for a chance to slip the parcel of money to the ground unnoticed of his captor.

"Throw the jacket here," Carney commanded; "seems to be papers in the pocket."

When the coat had been tossed to him Carney took from it two packets—one of papers, and another wrapped in strong paper. He opened the papers, reading them with one eye while with the other he watched the man by the fire.

Presently he sneered: "Say, you're some liar—even for a Government hound: your name 's not Phillips, it's Heath. You're the waster who fooled the little girl at Golden. You're the bounder who came down from the Klondyke to gather Bulldog Carney in; you shot off your mouth all along the line that you were going to take him single-handed. You bet a man in Edmonton a hundred you'd tie him hoof and horn. Well, a friend of mine in that poverty hole bet one of your friends two hundred that I'd rope you first—see? Turn you over to the Government tied up like a bag of spuds; and that's just what I'm going to do, Sergeant Liar. I'm going to break you for the sake of that little girl at Golden, for she was my friend and I'm Bulldog Carney. Soon as that suit is dried a bit you'll strip and pass it over; then you'll get into my togs and I'm going to turn you over to the police as Bulldog Carney. D'you get me, kid?" Carney chuckled. "That'll break you, won't it, Mister Sergeant Heath? You can't stay in the Force a joke; you'll never live it down if you live to be a thousand—you've boasted too much."

The Wolf had remained silent—waiting. He had an advantage if his captor did not know him. Now he was frightened; to be turned in at Edmonton by Carney was as bad as being taken by Sergeant Heath.

"You can't pull that stuff, Carney," he objected; "the minute I tell them who I am and who you are they'll grab you too quick. They'd know me; perhaps some of them'll know you."

A sneering "Ha!" came from between the thin lips of the man on the log. "Not where we're going they won't, Sergeant. I know a little place over on the rail"—and he jerked his thumb toward the west—"where there's two policemen that don't know much of anything; they've never seen either of us. You aint been at Edmonton more'n a couple of months since you came from the Klondyke. But they do know that Bulldog Carney is wanted at Calgary and that there's a thousand dollars to the man that brings him in."

AT this the Wolf pricked his ears; he saw light—a flood of it. If this thing went through, and he were sent to Calgary as Bulldog Carney, he would be turned loose at once as not being the man. The police at Calgary had cause to know just what Carney looked like for he had been in their clutches and had escaped.

But Jack must bluff—appear to be the angry Sergeant. So he said: "They'll know me at Calgary, and you'll get hell for this."

Now Carney laughed out joyously. "I don't give a damn if they do. Can't you get it through your wooden police head that I just want this little pleasantry driven home so that you're the goat of that nanny band, the Mounted Police; then you'll send in your papers and go back to the farm."

As Carney talked he had opened the paper packet. Now he gave a crisp, "Hello! what have we here?" as a sheaf of bills appeared.

The Wolf had been watching for Carney's eyes to leave him for five seconds. One hand rested in his trousers pocket. He drew it out and dropped a knife, treading it into the sand and ashes.

"Seven hundred," Bulldog counted. "Rather a tidy sum for a policeman to be toting. Is this police money?"

The Wolf hesitated; it was a delicate situation. Jack wanted that money, but a slip might ruin his escape. If Bulldog suspected that Jack was not a policeman he would jump to the conclusion that he had killed the owner of the horse and clothes. Also Carney would not believe that a policeman on duty wandered about with seven hundred in his clothes; if Jack claimed it all Carney would say he lied and keep it as Govment money.

"Five hundred is Government money I was bringin' in from a post, and two hundred is my own," he answered.

"I'll keep the Government money," Bulldog said crisply; "the Government robbed me of my ranch—said I had no title. And I'll keep yours, too; it's coming to you."

"If luck strings with you, Carney, and you get away with this dirty trick, what you say'll make good—I'll have to quit the Force; an' I want to get home down East. Give me a chance; let me have my own two hundred."

"I think you're lying—a man in the Force doesn't get two hundred ahead, not honest. But I'll toss you whether I give you one hundred or two," Carney said, taking a half dollar from his pocket. "Call!" and he spun it in the air.

"Heads!" the Wolf cried.

The coin fell tails up. "Here's your hundred," and Bulldog passed the bills to their owner.

"I see here," he continued, "your order to arrest Bulldog Carney. Well, you've made good, haven't you? And here's another for Jack the Wolf; you missed him, didn't you. Where's he—what's he done lately? He played me a dirty trick once; tipped off the police as to where they'd get me. I never saw him, but if you could stake me to a sight of the Wolf I'd give you this six hundred. He's the real hound that I've got a low down grudge against. What's his description—what does he look like?"

"He's a tall, slim chap—looks like a breed, 'cause he's got nigger blood in him," the Wolf answered.

"I'll get him some day," Carney said: "and now them duds are about cooked—peel!"

The Wolf stripped, gray shirt and all.

"Now step back fifteen paces while I make my toilet," Carney commanded, toying with his 6-gun in the way of emphasis.

In two minutes he was transformed into Sergeant Heath of the N.W.M.P., revolver belt and all. He threw his own clothes to the Wolf, and relighted his pipe.

When Jack had dressed Carney said: "I saved your life, so I don't want you to make me throw it away again. I don't want a muss when I turn you over to the police in the morning. There aint much chance they'd listen to you if you put up a holler that you were Sergeant Heath—they'd laugh at you, but if they did make a break at me there'd be shooting, and you'd sure be plumb in line of a careless bullet—see? I'm going to stay close to you till you are on that train."

OF course this was just what the Wolf wanted; to go down the line as Bulldog Carney, handcuffed to a policeman would be like a passport for Jack the

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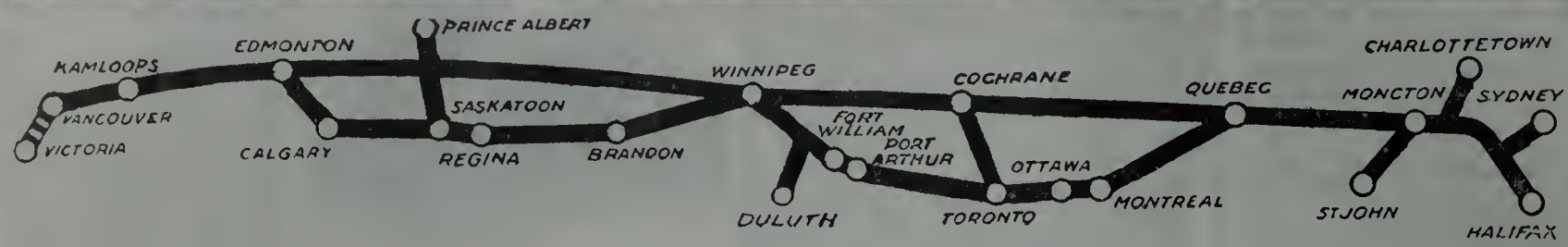

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Wolf. Nobody would even speak to him —the policeman would see to that.

"You're dead set on putting this crazy thing through, are you?" he asked.

"You bet I am—I'd rather work this racket than go to my own wedding."

"Well, so 's you won't think your damn threat to shoot keeps me mum, I'll just tell you that if you get that far with it I aint going to give myself away. You've called the turn, Carney; I'd be a joke even if I only get as far as the first barracks a prisoner. If I go in as Bulldog Carney I won't come out as Sergeant Heath—I'll disappear as Mister Somebody. I'm sick of the Force anyway. They'll never know what happened Sergeant Heath from me—I couldn't stand the guying. But if I ever stack up against you, Carney, I'll kill you for it." This last was pure bluff—for fear Carney's suspicions might be aroused by the other's ready compliance.

Carney scowled: then he laughed, sneering: "I've heard women talk like that in the dance halls. You cook some bacon and tea at that fire—then we'll pull out."

As the Wolf knelt beside the fire to blow the embers into a blaze he found a chance to slip the knife he had buried into his pocket.

WHEN they had eaten they took the trail, heading south to pass the lower end of the great muskegs. Carney rode the buckskin, and the Wolf strode along in front, his mind possessed of elation at the prospect of being helped out of the country, and depression over the loss of his money. Curious the loss of his own one hundred seemed greater enormity than that of the school teacher's five hundred. That money had been easily come by, but he had toiled a month for the hundred. What right had Carney to steal his labor—to rob a workman? As they plugged along mile after mile, a fierce determination to get the money back took possession of Jack. If he could get it he could get the horse. He would fix Bulldog some way so that the latter would not stop him. He must have the clothes, too. The khaki suit obsessed him; it was a red flag to his hot mind.

They spelled and ate in the early evening; and when they started for another hour's tramp Carney tied his cow-rope tightly about the Wolf's waist, saying: "If you tried to cut out in these gloomy hills I'd be peeved. Just keep that line taut in front of the buckskin and there won't be no argument."

In an hour Carney called a halt, saying: "We'll camp by this bit of water, and hit the trail in the early morning. We aint more than ten miles from steel, and we'll make some place before train time."

Carney had both the police picket line and his own. He drove a picket in the ground, looped the line that was about the Wolf's waist over it, and said: "I don't want to be suspicious of a mate jumping me in the dark, so I'll sleep across this line and you'll keep to the end of it; if you so much as wink at it I guess I'll wake. I've got a bad conscience and sleep light. We'll build a fire and you'll keep to the other side of it same 's we were neighbors in a city and didn't know each other."

TWICE, as they ate, Carney caught a sullen, vicious look in Jack's eyes. It was as clearly a murder look as he had ever seen; and more than once he had faced eyes with that look in them —the look of a man who thirsted for his life. He wondered at the psychology of it; it was not like his idea of Sergeant Heath. From what he had been told of that policeman he had fancied him a vain, swaggering chap who had had his ego fattened by the three stripes on his arm. He determined to take a few extra precautions, for he did not wish to lie awake.

"We'll turn in," he said when they had eaten: "I'll hobble you, same 's a shy cayuse, for fear you'd walk in your sleep, Sergeant."

He bound the Wolf's ankles, and tied his wrists behind his back, saying, as he knotted the rope: "What the devil did you do with your handcuffs—thought you Johnnies always had a pair in your pocket?"

"They were in the saddle holster and went down with my horse," the Wolf lied.

Carney's nerves were of steel, his brain worked with exquisite precision. When it told him there was nothing to fear, that his precautions had made all things safe, his mind rested, untortured by jerky nerves. So in five minutes he slept.

The Wolf mastered his weariness and lay awake, waiting to carry out the something that had been in his mind. Six hundred dollars was a stake to play for; also clad once again in the police suit with the buckskin to carry him to the railroad he could get away; money was always a good thing to bribe his way through. Never once had he put his hand in the pocket where lay the knife he had secreted at the time he had changed clothes with Carney, as he trailed hour after hour in front of the buckskin. He knew that Carney was just the cool-nerved man that would sleep—not lie awake through fear over nothing.

In the way of test he shuffled his feet and drew from the half-dried grass a rasping sound. It partly disturbed the sleeper; he changed the steady rhythm of his breathing; he even drew a heavy-sighing breath: had he been lying awake, watching the Wolf, he would have stilled his breathing to listen.

The Wolf waited until the rhythmic breaths of the sleeper told that he had lapsed again into the deeper sleep. Slowly, silently, the Wolf worked his hands to the side pocket, drew out the knife and cut the cords that bound his wrists. It took time, for he worked with caution. Then he waited. The buckskin, his nose deep in the grass, blew the pollen of the flowered carpet from his nostrils.

CARNEY stirred and raised his head. The buckskin blew through his nostrils again, ending with a luxurious sigh of content; then was heard the clip-clip of his strong teeth scything the grass. Carney, recognizing what had waked him, turned over and slept again.

Ten minutes, and the Wolf drawing up his feet slowly, silently, sawed through the rope on his ankles. Then with spread fingers he searched the grass for a stone the size of a goose egg beside which he had purposely lain down. When his fingers touched it he unknotted the neckkerchief that had been part of Carney's make-up and tied the stone in one corner of it. Now he had a slung shot that with one blow would render the other man helpless.

Then he commenced his crawl.

A pale, watery, three-quarter moon had climbed listlessly up the eastern sky, changing the sombre prairie into a vast spirit land, draping with ghostly garments bush and shrub.

Purposely Carney had tethered the buckskin down wind from where he and the Wolf lay. The other had not read anything out of this action, but Carney knew the sensitive wariness of his horse; the scent of the stranger in his nostrils would keep him restless, and any unusual move on the part of the prisoner would agitate the buckskin. Also he had only pretended to drive the picket-pin at some distance away; in the dark he had trailed it back and worked it into the loose soil at his very feet. This was more a move of habitual care than a belief that the bound man could work his way, creeping and rolling, to the picket-pin, pull it, and get away with the horse.

At the Wolf's first move the buckskin threw up his head, and, with ears cocked forward, studied the shifting, blurred shadow. Perhaps it was the scent of his master's clothes which the Wolf wore that agitated his mind, that cast him to wondering whether his master was moving about; or, perhaps, as animals instinctively have a nervous dread of a vicious man, he distrusted the stranger. Perhaps, in the dim uncertain light his prairie dread came back to him and he thought it a wolf that had crept in to camp. He took a step forward, then another, shaking his head irritably. A vibration trembled along the picket line that now lay across Carney's foot and he stirred restlessly.

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THE Wolf flattened himself to earth and snored. Five minutes he waited, cursing softly the restless horse. Then again he moved, so slowly that even the watchful animal scarce detected it.

He was debating two plans: a swift rush and a swing of his slung shot; or the silent approach. The former meant inevitably the death of one or the other—the crushed skull of Carney, or, if the latter were by any chance awake, a bullet through the Wolf. He could feel his heart pounding against the turf as he scraped along, inch by inch. A bare ten feet, and he could put his hand on the butt of Carney's gun and snatch it from the holster; if he missed, then the slung shot.

The horse, roused, was growing more restless, more inquisitive. Sometimes he took an impatient snap at the grass with his teeth; but only to throw his head up again, take a step forward, shake his head, and exhale a whistling breath.

Now the Wolf had squirmed his body five feet forward. Another yard and he could reach the pistol; and there was no sign that Carney had wakened—just the steady breathing of a sleeping man.

The Wolf lay perfectly still for ten seconds, for the buckskin seemingly had quieted; he was standing, his head low hung as if he slept on his feet. Carney's face was toward the creeping man and was in shadow. Another yard, and now slowly the Wolf gathered his legs under him till he rested, like a sprinter ready for a spring; his left hand crept forward toward the pistol stock that was within reach; the stone-laden handkerchief was twisted about the two first fingers of his right.

Yes, Carney slept.

As the Wolf's finger tips slid along the police pistol butt, the wrist was seized in fingers of steel, he was twisted almost face to earth, and the butt of Carney's own gun, in the latter's right hand, clipped him over the eye; and he slipped into dreamland. When he came to workmen were riveting a boiler in the top of his head; somebody with an auger was boring a hole in his forehead; he had been asleep for ages and had wakened in a strange land. He sat up groggily and stared vacantly at a man who sat beside a camp fire smoking a pipe. Over the camp fire a copper kettle hung and a scent of broiling bacon came to his nostrils. The man beside the fire took the pipe from his mouth and said: "I hoped I had cracked your skull, you swine. Where did you pick up that thug trick of a stone in the handkerchief? As you are troubled with insomnia we'll hit the trail again."

WITH the picket line around his waist once more Jack trudged ahead of the buckskin, in the night gloom the shadowy cavalcade cutting a strange, weird figure as though a boat were being towed across sleeping waters.

The Wolf, groggy from the blow that had almost cracked his skull, was wobbly on his legs—his feet were heavy as though he wore a driver's leaden boots. As he waded through a patch of wild rose the briars clung to his legs, and half dazed he cried out, thinking he struggled in the shifting sands.

"Shut up!" the words clipped from the thin lips of the rider behind.

They dipped into a hollow and the played-out man went half to his knees in the morass. A few lurching steps and overstrained nature broke; he collapsed like a jointed doll—he toppled head first into the mire and lay there.

The buckskin plunged forward in the treacherous going, and the bag of a man was skidded to firm ground by the picket line, where he sat wiping the mud from his face, and looking very all-in.

Carney slipped to the ground and stood beside his captive. "You're soft, my bucko—I knew Sergeant Heath had a yellow streak," he sneered: "boasters generally have. I guess we'll rest till daylight. I've a way of hobbling a bad man that'll hold you this time, I fancy."

He drove the picket-pin of the rope that tethered the buckskin, and ten feet away he drove the other picket-pin. He made the Wolf lie on his side and fastened him by a wrist to each peg so that one arm was behind and one in front.

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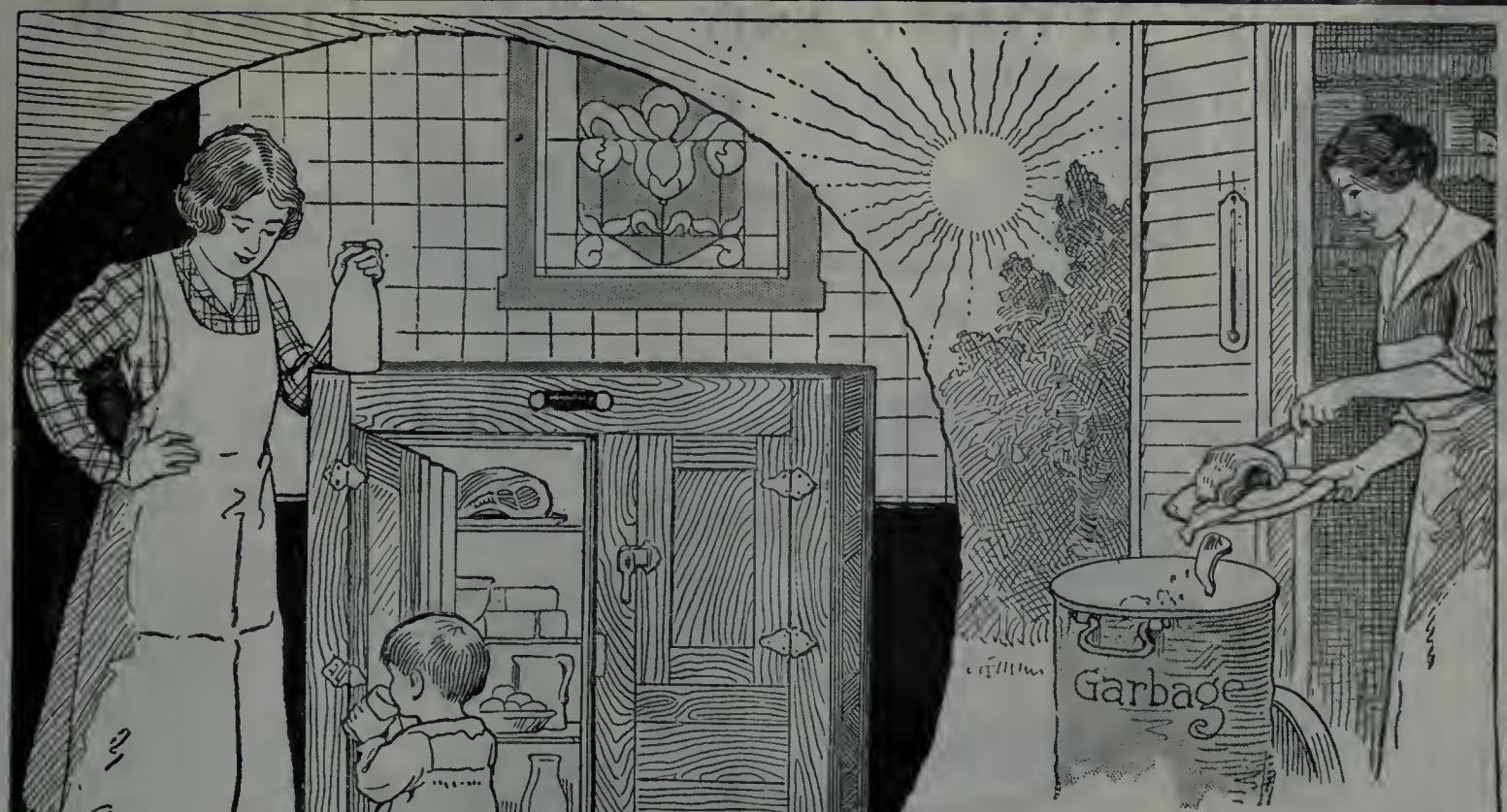

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Mother's Pensions

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

The lack of some system which provides for leaving a mother at home to take care of her children is an outrage against the rights of the nation's childhood.

WE can see a question more clearly if we make it personal. Suppose you were a widowed or deserted mother without means. As conditions are now, in all but one province of the Dominion, you could choose among three courses. First, you could put your children in an institution; second, you could keep them at home uncared for while you worked ten, twelve or fourteen hours a day; third, you could stay at home with them and let them starve. But suppose new legislation provided that you, as a mother, could apply to the Government for help to support your children so that you could stay at home and take care of them, would it take you long to decide which would be the best thing to do?

For a long time Governments have subsidized railroads, settlements, infant industries; the country needed these things. Now the war has taught us that what the country needs more than anything else is well-cared-for, healthy, normally brought up children. Is it so very unreasonable that the Government aid which protects infant industries, and incidentally helps men to found homes and support families, should be held back from the woman when she is left alone without means to bring up her little brood? Governments are beginning to realize this. They are beginning to see that one of the highest services to the state is rendered by the woman who has children and who is bringing them up to good citizenship. When she is left alone with the responsibility of supporting them she should be treated as a civil servant—not as a subject for charity. Even as an economic proposition the system of pensioning needy mothers is found to be most reasonable. Where it has been tried the cost has been less than the cost of keeping the same number of children in institutions. Further, the people who know most about institutional care of children are the most discouraged with it. They find that the child misses something which only home life can give; he comes out more or less marked. They even go so far as to claim that the most poorly managed home is better than the best managed institution, provided the home is morally correct.

MOTHERHOOD has been universally glorified in picture and song, in story and political speeches. It has been acknowledged the crowning honor and privilege and service that could come to woman. What then about asking a woman to crowd all this honor and privilege and service into an hour at the end of an over strenuous day at some other woman's wash-tub or polishing some other woman's hardwood floor? There is something, to say the least, unfair in the system or lack of system that makes it necessary for a woman to rise at some unreasonably early hour in order to get her children dressed and breakfasted and delivered at a day nursery in time for her to get to work at eight o'clock, and at the end of the day, tired out in body and spirit, to collect them, take them home, get their supper and in this weary, disheartened condition give them whatever companionship and teaching they are to get. Everyone agrees that the home is the world's best institution for moral training, but you can't expect much inspirational contact between mother and children under these conditions. A few rare mothers of superior mental and physical strength have been known to make a good job of their mothering under such a handicap, but it is too much to expect of even the exceptional mother.

And the children who are left at home unsupervised all day, or at least after school hours, while the mother is away at work—what about them? Every wide-awake mother of growing boys knows the dangers of the back-alley rendezvous with its crap-shooting and cigarettes and common type of conversation—more harmful perhaps than either. The Juvenile Court's report of delinquent children shows the rather striking fact that in one city of Ontario, forty-nine per cent. of the children on probation had lost one of their parents. One hundred delinquent children were wards. A number of these, it goes without saying, were sent to reformatories and most reformatories, make the best you can of them, are places where a boy learns all the wickedness he needs to know to start him on the way to higher schools of crime. In some of the states it is estimated that in reducing the cost of crime, alone, Mother Pensions have paid for themselves. "But," someone says, "there are homes and orphanages to take care of children whose mothers have to work. Why can't they be sent there?" Partly because a good mother will part with her children only as a last resort. And she is right. Apart from the deadening, disheartening influence of institutional life what future is ahead of the institutional child? Com-

Every wide-awake mother knows the dangers of the back alley rendezvous.

pare his possibilities with those of a family where the mother was left a widow with two boys of eight and six years and a little girl of four, and who received a regular monthly allowance from a fraternal society of which her husband had been a member. The oldest boy is now a professor in a university, the other is a leading lawyer and the girl is a domestic science teacher—a result made possible by a mother's allowance system. How many children from an institution have a chance to become professors or lawyers or teachers? They usually enter the unskilled labor market and in turn bring up their families in poverty.

A MOTHERS' pension law should start a direct upward trend in the health of the community. The district nurses are among its strong agitators, because they are constantly going into homes where the poverty is so great that whole families are undernourished and fall a prey to every contagious disease that comes along. Then there is the calamity of a mother going out to work two or three months after her baby is born, with all the results in the way of ill health likely to follow. And there is the inevitable effect on the baby. A women's organization doing social work in Toronto found that in the crowded districts the infant mortality was noticeably less among the Jewish families. They investigated, and found that the Jews had a system of mothers' allowances which made it possible for the women to stay at home and nurse their babies instead of having to wean them and go out to work.

When the Ontario Government sent its representative to conduct public hearing in several cities of the province on the question of mothers' pensions, some interesting points were brought up. Everyone agreed that a system of allowances for needy mothers was a want long overdue; they also agreed that there were many difficult problems to be worked out in the administration. Should the act be limited to widows alone or should it be extended to take in other mothers equally deserving—the deserted mother, the unmarried mother, the woman whose husband was insane or in prison? Someone suggested that a Government grant of pensions to deserted mothers might encourage a lazy husband to discharge his responsibilities by running away, but the majority felt that a man who didn't care any more for his family than this would be likely to go anyway. The gathering's attitude to the problem of the unmarried mother was evidence of a new growing humanity in society; they were beginning to realize that the unmarried woman with a child who wants to keep her child with her is more often than not a person worthy of respect and sympathy. However, the people who have done the pioneer work for this movement feel that it will be necessary at first to limit the scope of mothers' allowances, and suggest that "at first the allowance be made with respect to children of widows, with a provision that, in exceptional circumstances, the allowance may be paid with respect to other analogous classes of children."

REGARDING the amount of the allowance, the committee advises that instead of a fixed schedule of payments being established, the administration should be allowed to consider the needs of the individual family and, considering other possible supplementary sources of income, to decide on an adequate allowance. The important thing is that the allowance in every case should be sufficient to enable the children to have satisfactory home care, *and that it should be conditional upon his receiving such care.* The pension for a certain child would stop when the child reached working age, which the Factory Act of Ontario places at fourteen years—quite young enough it seems.

Then comes the question of how the cost is to be borne. The Social Service Committee on mothers' allowances recommends that the cost be divided about equally between the province and the municipality, the province to pay the cost of the central administration and supervision and half the amount of all

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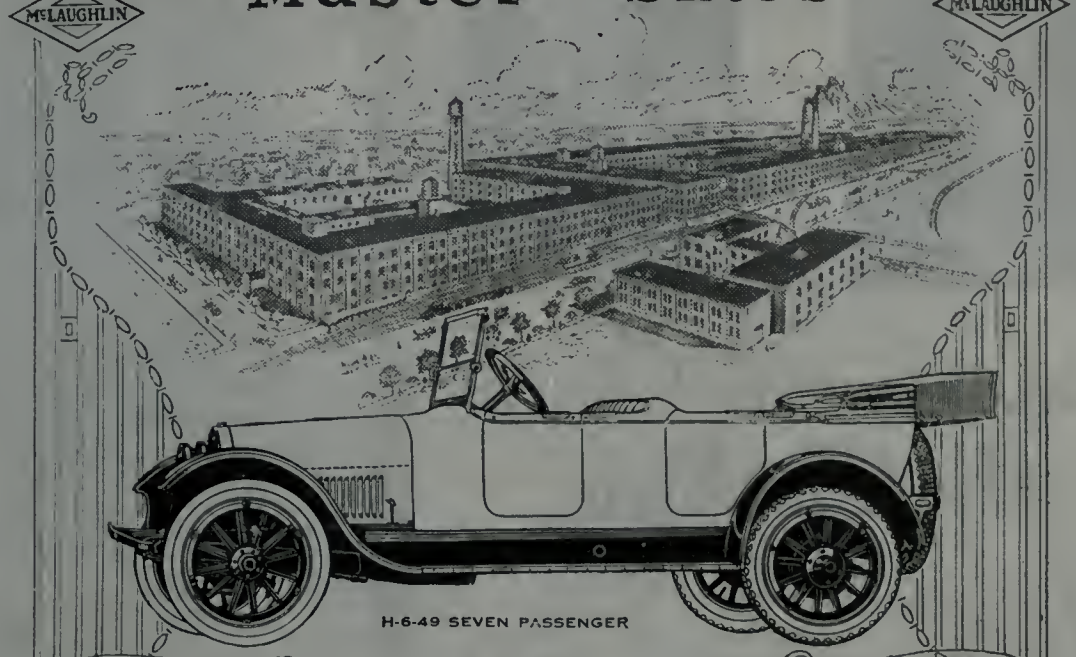

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allowances, the remaining half of the allowances to be charged against the municipalities of the province in proportion to their population. One reason for dividing the responsibility between the province and the municipality is, of course, that if the municipality were given too much responsibility it would be impossible to maintain a uniform satisfactory standard throughout the province. In backward communities the legislation would be a dead letter; in others its administration would be overdone. If too great responsibility were given the province, local interest would weaken and the expenditure would be heavier.

Whatever law is framed, the success or weakness of its working out will depend to a great extent on the people appointed to administer it. It is most important that there be strong, wise central control and direction, and it is recommended that a Commission be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor to consist of seven public-spirited citizens interested in child welfare work, to serve without salary, at least three of whom shall be women. With this there would be local or county committees to receive and pass upon applications for allowance and to meet at least monthly and report to the Commission.

THE question was raised as to whether the system of pensioning a family would tend to pauperize them. Some one wondered whether it would be a good plan for the Government to ask the children when there were old enough to work to pay back a part of the money spent on them and thereby retain their self-respect, but the suggestion, raised a little storm of protest from every corner. It was the general opinion that in as much as well-cared-for, promising children are a source of far greater national wealth for the future than the country's richest mines or fields or forests, they have already paid for their existence. They can be counted as one of the nation's assets and developed as such.

And the system of mothers' allowances is no untried, doubtful, new thing. I suppose Moses was the first child brought up on a mother's pension and there is no denying that it worked well in his case. You remember how Pharaoh's daughter sent for the child's own mother and said, "Take this child and care for it and I will pay thee thy wages." Pharoh's daughter was a wise woman; it seems as though we have been inexcusably slow in copying her example. However, mothers' pensions have been in operation in New Zealand for some time with most practical, good results. They have proved successful wherever they have been tried in most of the States of the Union. They have been working satisfactorily for two years in Manitoba and the legislation has been passed in Alberta.

When the subject has been considered in the Ontario legislature we can reasonably hope for a law founded upon humanity and economy.

Bulldog Carney

Continued from page 96

Carney chuckled as he surveyed the spread-eagled man. "You'll find some trouble getting out of that, my bucko; you can't get your hands together and you can't get your teeth at either rope. Now I *will* have a sleep."

The Wolf was in a state of half coma; even untethered he probably would have slept like a log: and Carney was tired; he, too, slumbered, the soft stealing gray of the early morning not bringing him back out of the valley of rest till a glint of sunlight throwing over the prairie grass touched his eyes, and the warmth gradually pushed the lids back.

HE rose, built a fire, and finding water made a pot of tea. Then he saddled the buckskin, and untethered the Wolf, saying: "We'll eat a bite and pull out."

The rest and sleep had refreshed the Wolf, and he plodded on in front of the buckskin feeling that though his money was gone his chances of escape were good.

At eight o'clock the square forms of log shacks leaning groggily against a sloping hill came into view; it was Hobbema; and swinging a little to the left, in an hour they were close to the Post. Carney knew where the police shack lay and, skirting the town, he drew up in front of a log shack, an iron-barred window at the end proclaiming it was the Barracks. He slipped from the saddle; dropped the rein over his horse's head, and said quietly to the Wolf: "Knock on the door, open it, and step inside," the muzzle of his gun emphasizing the command.

He followed close at the Wolf's heels, standing in the open door as the latter entered. He had expected to see perhaps one, not more than two constables; but at a little square table three men in khaki sat eating breakfast.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Carney said cheerily; "I've brought you a prisoner, Bulldog Carney."

The one who sat at table with his back to the door turned his head at this; then he sprang to his feet, peered into the prisoner's face and laughed.

"Bulldog nothing, Sergeant; you've bagged the Wolf."

The speaker thrust his face almost into the Wolf's. "Where's my uniform —where's my horse? I've got you now —set me afoot to starve, would you, you damn thief—you murderer! Where's the five hundred dollars you stole from the little teacher at Fort Victor?"

He was trembling with passion; words flew from his lips like bullets from a gatling—it was a torrent.

But fast as the accusation had come, into Carney's quick mind flashed the truth—the speaker was Sergeant Heath. The game was up. Still it was amusing. What a devilish droll blunder he had made! His hands crept quietly to his two guns, the police gun in the belt, and his own beneath the khaki coat.

ALSO the Wolf knew his game was up. His blood surged hot at the thought that Carney's meddling had trapped him. He was caught, and the author of his evil luck should not escape.

"That's Bulldog Carney!" he cried fiercely; "don't let him get away."

Startled, the two constables at the table sprang to their feet.

A sharp, crisp voice said: "The first man that reaches for a gun drops." They were covered by two guns held in the steady hands of the man whose small gray eyes watched from out narrowed lids.

"I'll make you a present of the Wolf," Carney said quietly. "I thought I had Sergeant Heath. I could almost forgive this man if he weren't such a skunk, for doing the job for me. Now I want you chaps to pass, one by one, into the pen," and he nodded toward a heavy wooden door that led from the room they were in to the other room that had been fitted up as a cell. "I see your carbines and gunbelts on the rack—you really should have been properly in uniform by this time—I'll dump them out on the prairie somewhere, and you'll find them in the course of a day or so. Step in, boys, and you go first, Wolf."

When the four men had passed through the door Carney dropped the heavy wooden bar into place, gathered up the fire arms, mounted the buckskin, and rode into the west.

A WEEK later the little school teacher at Fort Victor received through the mail a packet that contained five hundred dollars, and this note:—

Dear Miss Black:—

I am sending you the five hundred dollars that you bet on a bad man. No woman can afford to bet, even on a good man. Stick to the kids, for I've heard they love you. If those Indians hadn't picked up Sergeant Heath and got him to Hobbema before I got away with your money I wouldn't have known, and you'd have lost out.

Bulldog Carney.

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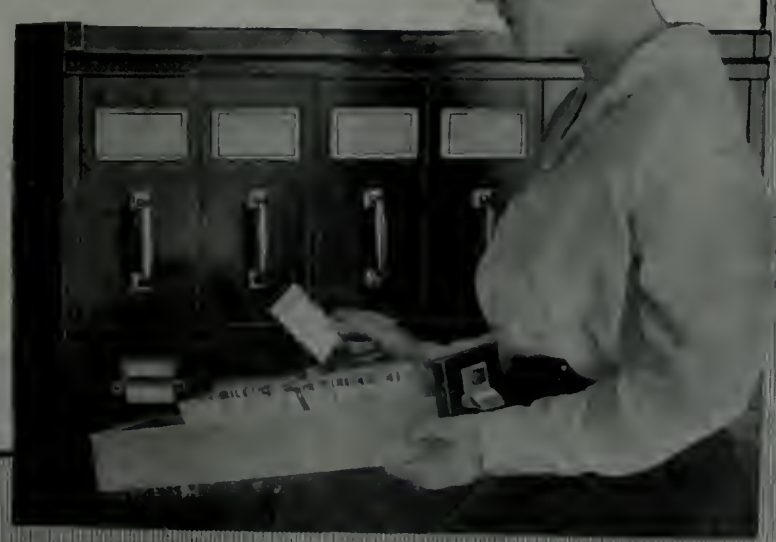

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T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

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THE CANADIANS *in* SIBERIA

Allied troops marching through Vladivostok

A soldier in Siberian outfit, including the Yukon cap. Below: A Jap patrol in the streets of Vlady.

By CAPTAIN W. E. DUNHAM

"LOOK at that, will you?"

A Canadian soldier, standing at the rail of the troopship, pointed a finger across the ice-choked bay to where a huge galvanized iron warehouse with a rounded roof stood out against the grey sky of the early January morning. It was a peculiarly shaped building, what we learned later to speak of as a "godown." The outstanding feature about this particular "godown," however, was the fact that painted across it in huge black letters were the words *Canadian Ordnance.*

"Look at that, old top. Musta been expecting us!"

"I'm too blank cold to talk," grumbled his companion, getting further back from the rail. "This place is Siberia all right. *Whew!* I'm frozen clean to the marrow of my bones. Remember that fellow that Service wrote a poem about, that Sam McGee who got froze up? Well, I'm going to be Sam McGee the second."

It was unquestionably cold. It had been a pretty frigid trip across, in fact, right from the time that we came within hailing distance of Japan. The men—we had one thousand Canadian troops on board—were luckily a picked lot and in the very finest of condition. So they had been able to stand the rigors of the trip without real difficulty. The night before, however, when the word got round that we would dock in the morning, a high wind had sprung up as though to confirm the news that we had reached Siberia, the land of snow and ice. The morning showed a temperature of 27 below and a high wind from off shore that cut like a knife. It was none too comfortable along the rail and even the discovery that Canada had already made her mark on Vladivostok to the extent of having a dock warehouse labelled as our own, failed to create much interest. For myself I was chiefly interested in the work of the icebreakers.

The harbor of Vladivostok, or "Vlady" as we soon got to calling the place, is kept open the whole winter through by these energetic and sturdy little boats.

All day and all night long they weave back and forth across the harbor, cutting swaths through the ice which forms so rapidly in that climate. I understand that they never let the ice get thicker than six inches and they steam through that thickness like a keen knife through cheese. As a result the harbor is churned up and kept in a navigable condition, although our ships steamed in through masses of floating ice. I found that we had been navigating a sea of ice from a distance of forty miles out. Our bows were covered with it.

The New Battalion of Death

AS we drew in toward the dock, I found myself beside a staff officer who had come out to meet us with the pilot. He had been in the country some little time so I seized the opportunity of finding what was doing ashore.

"What's ahead of us?" I asked. "Any chance of the Bolsheviks sending armed forces to drive us out?"

He shook his head. "No," he declared, "they fight with a new kind of weapon. Their method will concern you fairly closely. You're on the Y work, aren't you?"

I nodded.

"Well," he said, "you'll have your hands full, I'm afraid. The Bolsheviks have sent another Battalion of Death to stay our advance, an army of women—only the members of this battalion have blonde hair and rouged cheeks and they're scattered all along the line from Vlady to Omsk."

He proceeded to give me the details of what clearly is one of the most diabolical phases of the whole war.

Hordes of the most attractive women of questionable character in European Russia were gathered up and sent out to Siberia. They were promised abundance of money and their instructions were to create havoc among the allied forces. "Which," my informant proceeded, "they succeeded in doing during the early stages of the Allied occupation. Luckily, we found out what was in the wind early and all the Canadian troops have been kept strictly within bounds."

I was thunderstruck at this information, but any doubts that I may have had were soon dispelled. The facts given us as soon as we landed showed how serious the menace was. But I shall refer to this again later.

The Siberian Outfit

THE men were lined up along the dock after disembarkation. By this time the sun had come out but it made little difference in the temperature, so far as we could tell. It seemed to be light without warmth, a hazy glow that turned the sombre grey of the Siberian sky into a dull yellow and touched the edges of the gloomy buildings with the same almost unhealthy tint. The men had to stamp their leather "kitcheners" most vigorously and even swing their arms to keep warm.

They were wearing the full Siberian kit, which is a most sufficient and superior outfit indeed. "Yukon caps" were worn—cloth tops with a fur band which, when turned down, covered the ears and part of the face, leaving only eyes, nose and mouth visible. This was enough, more than enough for some, however. Most noses appeared too long that day and continual rubbing was required to keep them from freezing.

The cold did not seem to bother the coolie laborers, who swarmed about the landing like ants. They were muffled up in rags and were indescribably dirty. A European, as scantily clothed as these lean Mongolians, would soon have succumbed. The coolies did not seem to be even inconvenienced and they went about their task of unloading the cargo with the chatter of a thousand tongues. They worked under Russian supervisors, who kept them on the rush with sharp commands that pierced through the hubbub. A long line of curious little Russian wagons were halted by the roadside, shaggy and rather diminutive horses being hitched to each. The box of the wagon was something like a shallow boat without bow or stern. The coolies piled the freight into these basket-looking affairs, loading them lightly. In this way the freight was taken to the "godowns."

I found my staff acquaintance at my elbow with another interesting piece of information.

"Look at those poor brutes of horses," he said, pointing at the patient rows. "All that are a decent size are blind."

"How's that?" I asked.

"The owners put their eyes out to prevent them being commandeered by the authorities. Used quicklime, I understand."

It was a fact. The callous cruelty of the men who made their living out of the labor of their faithful four-footed slaves had not stopped at this infamous practice.

The Coolie a Clever Thief

MY informant pointed out one other peculiarity of the docks before we marched on—the scientific stage to which thieving has been carried by the coolies. Dotted along the wharves were inspectors who watched the scurrying coolies with a hawk-like vigilance. "Those fellows don't seem to have much chance to get away with anything," he said, "but they're artists at it. They'll all have to be searched before they leave the docks and every kind of article will be turned out of their clothes."

As he spoke there was a crash quite near us. Two coolies had been carrying a case between them and they had, quite conveniently it seemed, dropped it. There's an art in dropping cases. Let them fall on a certain corner and in a certain way and they break open. The coolies know all about this. The case in question split open neatly and packages of chocolates strewed the dock.

There was a frenzied rush of scurrying feet and four score coolies or more had plunged into the store of chocolate in the batting of an eyelash. The guards could roar and swear and plunge with flailing fists and busy feet into that mass of humanity; but nothing could be done until the last atom of chocolate had disappeared. Then the coolies went back to work.

The serious side of this proficiency on the part of the coolies will be realized when it is pointed out Vladivostok has been accumulating supplies ever since the war started. Munitions of all kinds, and civil supplies as well, billed for Russia, were sent by the Pacific route when war blocked the European frontiers of Czardom and bottled up the Dardanelles. Vlady became the neck of the Russian bottle and a serious effort was made to pour through it four times as much as its capacity allowed. The Trans-Siberian railway, which connects Vlady with European Russia, is single-tracked road. It could not begin to carry the freight that came in by boat. As a result the goods stocked in Vlady, awaiting shipment by rail, grew and increased and multiplied. Every available bit of space around the harbor front was utilized and huge tarpaulin-covered mounds arose on all sides. It would be difficult indeed to compute the value of the stocks which are still lying around there.

Needless to state it is necessary to keep a very close watch over these supplies or the coolies would soon riddle them.

Marching Through Vlady

THE Canadian troops swing off through streets that were literally jammed with humanity. We took more interest in the crowds, however, than they took in us. The arrival of more foreign troops meant little to the people of Vlady. The streets were thronged but the crowds were scurrying along about their own business—the Canadians were a mere incident of their kaleidoscopic life. There were Russians and Chinese and Japanese and Czechs. There were United States troops and Jap policemen and German tradesmen. I soon learned that Vlady is at present one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the world and that every nation under the sun is represented in the street throngs. The strange feature of it was the prevalence of uniforms. My first glimpse of the streets was a little bewildering on that account. Nearly everyone seemed to be in a uniform of some kind and some of the combinations were indeed fearful and wonderful!

Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who commands all British troops in Siberia.

I saw one big Russian, with yellow hair and peasant face agape, wearing a handsomely corded tunic that had once served an officer in the Czar's army. The tunic was the only thing military about him. With it he wore blue overalls, rough peasant's boots and a dirty cloth cap. I saw men with officers' cloaks over woollen smocks; men with khaki trousers and scarlet tunics; men in the rag tag and bobtail of military accoutrement, incongruously sorted together.

There were two reasons for this as I learned later. When the citizens of Vlady found that Allied armies of occupation were being poured into their city, they concluded that safety for them would be in some pretention to military status. Every man who could get a uniform, or any part thereof, promptly donned it. Sometimes only military boots were worn or a long military coat, no matter what the color or cut. Military medals glittered on breasts that had never been exposed to the foeman's steel. The underlying thought seemed to be that a person in any kind of uniform would have a measure of protection and would receive a deference that would facilitate business relations.

Another reason given—and perhaps the main one—was that the people had nothing else to wear. Refugees had flooded across Siberia when the Red Terror began in Russia and many thousands had reached Vlady in almost destitute condition. In order to clothe them, military stores were requisitioned. Perhaps some of the almost ludicrous nondescripts that we saw on the streets once ruffled it among the aristocrats of Russia. Perhaps the man we saw with canvas sacking for shoes and a ragged tunic on his back had once driven in his fine linen and furs along the Nevski Prospekt!

Here indeed does East meet West. The customs, the products, the people themselves of two different worlds converge here, making Vladivostok one of the strangest and most cosmopolitan corners of the earth.

Another thing the men were compelled to observe as they marched through the city was the peculiarity of the cobble stone roadways.

"These Russian blighters," said an officer to me, "must have looked for the sharp corner of each cobble and put it upward!"

The men stumbled along and grumbled volubly. It was painful going. The wind had blown the streets almost bare of snow and the cobbles were exposed and slippery. I heard soldiers say that they would rather march through the mud of Flanders than over these uneven, flinty pavements.

A Massive City

THE paved roads were fairly typical of the whole city. The buildings are massive stone or brick structures, some of the architecture very ornamental and to the Canadian eye quite foreign. Other buildings are of modern and familiar design. The very fences are heavy, being built not of boards but of plank; not scantling framework, but beams, six by six inches and larger are used. The diameter of a gate post is not measured by the inch but by the foot. The very locks of the doors and the keys of the locks are massive. One would not care to carry a very large bunch of Russian keys in his pocket.

It was a surprise to most of us to learn that a street car system was in operation in Vladivostok, but there it was, a narrow gauge system with German style and build of cars. The system is municipally owned, and at the time of our arrival was not operating any too regularly.

Military motor cars and trucks rumbled over the cobble roads in great numbers and at terrific speed. It was not necessary to be informed that there was no speed limit. One of the marvels of this city, teeming in interest, was its comparative immunity from accidents in its thoroughfares. How the quaint little drotskies managed to dodge danger was to the onlooker inexplicable. The drotsky is a funny little carriage on four small wheels, the front wheels being about eighteen inches in diameter. The driver sits on a high seat and behind him there is a low seat for a passenger. The drotsky is rather well built and some of them have indications of former finery. There is a single pair of shafts by which the drotsky is drawn, and into which a fair sized horse is harnessed with a high bow-like hames fitting over the collar. At the side of the horse a shaggy pony is hitched, one would think, as an after thought. Riding in such an outfit with a grizzled and roughly clad shouting driver is an experience indeed. The drotsky is usually for hire but is fast being replaced by the taxicab.

The Last Stand of the Bolsheviks

ONE of the buildings we passed was the British Mission, so named because of the present use it was being put to. It was chiefly interesting to us as the scene of the last stand of the Bolsheviks in Vlady. A story is told of their characteristic treachery. When the Czechs had driven the Bolsheviki forces to take refuge in this building a white flag was shown and when a couple of Czech officers went forward to investigate, they were shot dead as they approached. In a frenzy the Czechs attacked and immediately captured the building, out of which eighteen dead Bolsheviks were taken.

There were still some signs of the engagment quite noticeable in the shattered masonry where the bullets of the attackers had struck.

The railway station was another point of interest along the line of march. I visited it often later and always found throngs of refugees in the waiting rooms, both day and night. It was one of the few buildings to which the homeless could go for warmth. A companion remarked to me as we left the building one evening: "I do not know which it is hardest to stand, that atmosphere in there or the cold without.

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"You put your hands up on the bar or something will happen."

Bulldog Carney's Alibi

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Bulldog Carney," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

A DAY'S trail north from where Idaho and Montana come together on the Canadian border fumed and fretted Bucking Horse River. Its nomenclature was a little bit of all right, for from the minute it trickled from a huge blue-green glacier up in the Selkirk's till it fell into the Kootenay, it bucked its way over, under, and around rock-cliffs, and areas of slid mountain sides that still held gigantic pine and cedar.

It had ripped from the bowels of a mountain pebbles of gold, and the town of Bucking Horse was the home of men who had come at the call of the yellow god.

When Bulldog Carney struck Bucking Horse it was a sick town; decrepit, suffering from premature old age, for most of the mines had petered out.

One hotel, the Gold Nugget, still clung to its perch on a hillside, looking like a bird cage hung from a balcony.

Carney had known its proprietor, Seth Long, in the Coeur d' Alene: Seth and Jeanette Holt; in the way of disapproval Seth, for he was a skidder; Jeanette with a manly regard, for she was as much on the level as a gyroscope.

Carney was not after the gold that is battled from obdurate rocks with drill and shovel. He was a gallant knight of the road—a free lance of adventure; considering that a man had better lie in bed and dream than win money by dreary, unexciting toil. His lithe six feet of sinewy anatomy, the calm, keen gray eye, the splendid, cool, insulated nerve and sweet courage, the curious streaks of chivalry, all these would have perished tied to routine. Like "Bucking Horse," his name, "Bulldog" Carney, was an inspiration.

HE had ridden his famous buckskin, Pat, up from the Montana border, mentally surveying, his desire a route for running into the free and United States opium without the little formality of paying Uncle Sam the exorbitant and unnatural duty—that was why he first came to Bucking Horse.

The second day after his arrival Seth Long bought, for a few hundred dollars, the Little Widow mine that was almost like a back yard to the hotel. People laughed, for it was a worked-out proposition; when he put a gang of men to work, pushing on the long drift, they laughed again. When Seth threw up his hands declaring that the Little Widow was no good, those who had laughed told him that they had known it all the time.

But what they didn't know was that the long drift in the mine now ran on until it was directly under the Gold Nugget hotel.

It was Carney who had worked that out; and Seth and his hotel were established as a clearing station for the opium that was shipped in by train from Vancouver in tins labelled "Peaches, "Salmon," or any old thing. It was stored in the mine and taken from there by pack-train down to the border, and switched across at Bailey's Ferry, the U.S. customs officers at that point being nice, lovable chaps; or sometimes it crossed the Kootenay in a small boat at night.

Bulldog supervised that end of the business, bringing the heavy payments in gold back to Bucking Horse on a laden mule behind his buckskin; then the gold was expressed by train to the head office of this delightful trading company in Vancouver.

This endeavor ran along smoothly, for the whole mining West was one gigantic union, standing "agin the Government"—any old Government, U.S. or Canadian. Carney's enterprise was practically legitimatized by public opinion; besides there was the compelling matter of Bulldog's proficiency in looking after himself. People had grown into the habit of leaving him alone

THE Mounted Police more or less supervised the region, and sometimes one or two of them would be in Bucking Horse for a few days, and sometimes the town would be its own custodian.

One autumn evening Carney rode up the Bucking Horse valley, at his horse's heels a mule that carried twenty thousand dollars in gold slung from either side of a pack saddle.

Carney went straight to the little railway station, and expressed the gold to Vancouver, getting the agent's assurance that it would go out on the night train which went through at one o'clock. Then he rode back to the Gold Nugget and put his horse and mule in the stable.

As he pushed open the front door of the hotel he figuratively stepped into a family row, a row so self-centred that the parties interested were unaware of his entrance.

A small bar occupied one corner of the dim-lighted room, and behind this Seth Long leaned back against the bottle rack, with arms folded across his big chest, puffing at a thick cigar. Facing him, with elbows on the bar, a man was talking volubly, anger speeding up his vocalization.

Beside the man stood Jeanette Holt, fire flashing from her black eyes, and her nostrils dilated with passion. She interrupted the voluble one:

"Yes, Seth, I did slap this cheap affair, Jack Wolf, fair across the ugly mouth, and I'll do it again!"

Seth tongued the cigar to one corner of his ample lips, and drawled: "That's a woman's privilege, Jack, if a feller's give her just cause for action. You aint got no kick comin', I reckon, 'cause this little woman aint one to fly off the handle for nothin'."

"Nothin', Seth? I guess when I tell you what got her dander up you'll figger you've got another think comin'. You're like a good many men I see—you're bein' strung. That smooth proposition, Bulldog Carney, is stingin' you right here in your own nest."

Biff!

That was the lady's hand, flat open, impinged on the speaker's cheek.

THE Wolf sprang back with an oath, put his hand to his cheek, and turned to Seth with a volley of denunciation starting from his lips. At a look that swept over the proprietor's face he turned, stared, and stifling an oath dropped a hand subconsciously to the butt of his gun.

Bulldog Carney had stepped quickly across the room, and was now at his side, saying:

"So you're here, Jack the Wolf, eh? I thought I had rid civilization of your ugly presence when I turned you over to the police at Hobbema for murdering your mate."

"That was a trumped-up charge," the Wolf stammered.

"Ah! I see—acquitted! I can guess it at once. Nobody saw you put that little round hole in the back of Alberta Bill's head—not even Bill; and he was dead and couldn't talk."

Carney's gray eyes travelled up and down the Wolf's form in a cold, searching manner; then he added, with the same aggravating drawl: "You put your hands up on the bar, same as you were set when I came in, or something will happen. I've got a proposition."

The Wolf hesitated; but Bulldog's right hand rested carelessly on his belt. Slowly the Wolf lifted his arm till his fingers touched the wooden rail, saying, surlily:

"I aint got no truck with you; I don't want no proposition from a man that plays into the hands of the damn police."

"You can cut out the rough stuff, Wolf, while there's a lady present."

Carney deliberately turned his shoulder to the scowling man, and said: "How d'you do, Miss Holt?"

touching his hat. Then he added: "Seth, locate a bottle on the bar and deal glasses all 'round."

As Long deftly twirled little heavy-bottomed glasses along the plank as though he were dealing cards, Carney turned, surveyed the room, and, addressing a man who sat in a heavy wooden chair beside a square box-stove, said: "Join up, stranger—we're going to liquidate."

The man addressed came forward, and lined up the other side of Jack Wolf.

"Cayuse Braun, Mr. Carney," Seth lisped past his fat cigar as he shoved a black bottle toward Bulldog.

"The gents first," the latter intimated.

THE bottle was slid down to Cayuse, who filled his glass and passed it back to Wolf. The latter carried it irritably past him without filling his glass.

"Help yourself, Wolf." It was a command, not an invitation in Carney's voice.

"I'm not drinkin'," Jack snarled.

"Yes, you are. I've got a toast that's got to be unanimous."

Seth, with a wink at Wolf, tipped the bottle and half filled the latter's glass, saying: "Be a sport, Jack."

As he turned to hand the bottle to Carney he arched his eyebrows at Jeanette, and the girl slipped quietly away.

Bulldog raised his glass of whisky, and said:

"Gents, we're going to drink to the squarest little woman it has ever been my good fortune to run across. Here's to Miss Jeanette Holt, the truest pal that Seth Long ever had—*Miss Jeanette.*"

Cayuse and Seth tossed off their liquor, but the Wolf did not touch his glass.

"You drink to that toast damn quick, Jack Wolf!" and Carney's voice was deadly.

The room had grown still. One, two, three, a wooden clock on a shelf behind the bar ticked off the seconds in the heavy quiet; and in a far corner the piping of a stray cricket sounded like the drool of apfirrari.

There was a click of a latch, a muffled scrape as the outer door pushed open. This seemed to break the holding spell of fear that was over the Wolf.

"I'll see you in hell, Bulldog Carney, before I drink with you or a girl that—"

THE whisky that was in Carney's glass shot fair into the speaker's open mouth. As Wolf's hand jumped to his gun the wrist was seized with a loosening twist, and the heel of Bulldog's open right hand caught him under the chin with a force that fair lifted him from his feet to drop on the back of his head.

A man wearing a brass-buttoned khaki jacket with blue trousers down which ran wide, yellow stripes, darted from where he had stood at the door, put his hand on Bulldog's shoulder, and said:

"You're under arrest in the Queen's name, Bulldog Carney!"

Carney reached down and picked up the Wolf's gun that lay where it had fallen from his twisted hand, and passed it to Seth without comment. Then he looked the man in the khaki coat up and down and coolly asked: "Are you anybody in particular, stranger?"

"I'm Sergeant Black of the Mounted Police."

"You amuse me, Sergeant; you're unusual, even for a member of that joke band, the Mounted."

"Fine!" The Sergeant sneered, subdued anger in his voice: "I'll entertain you for several days over in the pen."

"On what grounds?"

"You'll find out."

"Yes, and now; declare yourself!"

"We don't allow rough house—gun play, and knocking people down, in Bucking Horse," the Sergeant retorted; "assault means the pen when I'm here."

"Then take that thing," and Bulldog jerked a thumb toward Jack Wolf, who stood at a far corner of the bar whispering with Cayuse.

"I'll take you, Bulldog Carney."

"Not if that's all you've got as reason." And Carney, either hand clasping his slim waist, the palms resting on his hips, eyed the Sergeant, a faint smile lifting his tawny mustache.

"You're wanted, Bulldog Carney, and you know it. I've been waiting a chance to rope you; now I've got you, and you're coming along. There's five hundred on you over in Calgary; and you've been running coke over the line."

"Oh! that's it, eh? Well, Sergeant, in plain English you're a tenderfoot to not know that the Alberta thing doesn't hold in British Columbia. You'll find that out when you wire headquarters for instructions, which you will, of course. I think it's easier for me, my dear Sergeant, to let you get this tangle straightened out by going with you than to kick you into the street; then they would have something on me—something because I'd mussed up the uniform."

"Carney aint had no supper, Sergeant," Seth declared; "and I'll go bail—"

"I'm not takin' bail; and you can send his supper over to the lock-up."

The Sergeant had drawn from his pocket a pair of handcuffs.

Carney grinned.

"Put them back in your pocket, Sergeant," he advised. "I said I'd go with you; but if you try to clamp those things on, the trouble is all your own."

Black looked into the gray eyes and hesitated; then even his duty-befogged mind realized that he would take too big a chance by insisting. He held out his hand toward Carney's gun, and the latter turned it over to him. Then the two, the Sergeant's hand slipped through Carney's arm, passed out.

JUST around the corner was the police barracks, a square log shack divided by a partition. One room was used as an office, and contained a bunk; the other room had been built as a cell, and a heavy wooden door that carried a bar and strong lock gave entrance. There was one small window safeguarded by iron bars firmly embedded in the logs. Into this bull-pen, as it was called, Black ushered Carney by the light of a candle. There was a wooden bunk in one end, the sole furniture.

"Neat, but not over decorated," Carney commented as he surveyed the bare interior. "No wonder, with such surroundings, my dear Sergeant, you fellows are angular."

"I've heard, Bulldog, that you fancied yourself a superior sort."

"Not at all, Sergeant; you have my entire sympathy."

The Sergeant sniffed. "If they give you three years at Stony Mountain perhaps you'll drop some of that side."

Carney sat down on the side of the bed, took a cigarette case from his pocket and asked: "Do you allow smoking here? It won't fume up your curtains, will it?"

"It's against the regulations, but you smoke if you want to."

Carney's supper was brought in and when he had eaten it Sergeant Black went into the cell, saying: "You're a pretty slippery customer, Bulldog—I ought to put the bangles on you for the night."

Rather irrelevantly, and with a quizzical smile, Carney asked: "Have you read Les Miserables, Sergeant?"

"I aint read a paper in a month—I've been too busy."

"It isn't a paper, it's a story."

"I aint got no time for readin' magazines either."

"This is a story that was written long ago by a Frenchman," Carney persisted.

"Then I don't want to read it. The trickiest damn bunch that ever come into these mountains are them Johnnie Crapeaus from Quebec—they're more damn trouble to the police than so many Injuns."

The soft quizzical voice of Carney interrupted Black gently. "You put me in mind of a character in that story, Sergeant; he was the best drawn, if I might discriminate over a great story."

This allusion touched Black's vanity, and drew him to ask: "What did he do—how am I like him?" He eyed Carney suspiciously.

"The character I liked in Les Miserables was a policeman, like yourself, and his mind was only capable of containing the one idea—duty. It was a fetish with him; he was a fanatic."

"You're damn funny, Bulldog, aint you? What I ought to do is slip the bangles on you and leave you in the dark."

"If you could. I give you full permission to try, Sergeant; if you can clamp them on me there won't be any hard feelings, and the first time I meet you on the trail I won't set you afoot."

Carney had risen to his feet, ostensibly to throw his cigarette through the bars of the open window.

Black stood glowering at him. He knew Carney's reputation well enough to know that to try to handcuff him meant a fight—a fight over nothing; and unless he used a gun he might possibly get the worst of it.

"It would only be spite work," Carney declared presently; "these logs would hold anybody, and you know it."

In spite of his rough manner the Sergeant rather admired Bulldog's gentlemanly independence, the quiet way in which he had submitted to arrest; it would be a feather in his cap that, single handed, he had locked the famous Bulldog up. His better sense told him to leave well enough alone.

"Yes," he said grudgingly, "I guess these walls will hold you. I'll be sleeping in the other room, a reception committee if you have callers."

"Thanks, Sergeant, I take it all back. Leave me a candle, and give me something to read."

Black pondered over this; but Carney's allusion to the policeman in Les Miserables had had an effect. He brought from the other room a couple of magazines and a candle, went out, and locked the door.

CARNEY pulled off his boots, stretched himself on the bunk and read. He could hear Sergeant Black fussing at a table in the outer room; then the Sergeant went out and Carney knew that he had gone to send a wire to Major Silver for instructions about his captive. After a time he came back. About ten o'clock Carney heard the policeman's boots drop on the floor, his bunk creak, and knew that the representative of the law had retired. A vagrant thought traversed his mind that the heavy dispositioned, phlegmatic policeman would be a sound sleeper once oblivious. However, that didn't matter, there was no necessity for escape.

Carney himself dozed over a wordy story, only to be suddenly wakened by a noise at his elbow. Wary, through the vicissitudes of his order of life, he sat up wide awake, ready for action. Then by the light of the sputtering candle, he saw his magazine sprawling on the floor, and knew he had been wakened by its fall. His bunk had creaked; but, listening, no sound reached his ears from the other room, except certain stertorous breathings. He had guessed right, Sergeant Black was an honest sleeper, one of Shakespeare's full-paunched kind.

Carney blew out the candle; and now, perversely, his mind refused to cuddle down and rest, but took up the matter of Jack the Wolf's presence. He hated to know that such an evil beast was even indirectly associated with Seth, who was easily led. His concern was not over Seth so much as over Jeanette.

He lay wide awake in the dark for an hour; then a faint noise came from the barred windows; it was a measured, methodical, click-click-click of a pebble tapping on iron.

With the stealthiness of a cat he left the bunk, so gently that no tell-tale sound rose from its boards, and softly stepping to the window thrust the fingers of one hand between the bars.

A soft warm hand grasped his, and he felt the smooth sides of a folded paper. As he gave the hand a reassuring pressure, his knuckles were tapped gently by something hard. He transferred the paper to his other hand, and reaching out again, something was thrust into it, that, when he lifted it within, he found was a strong screw-driver.

He crept back to his bunk, slipped the screw-driver between the blankets, and standing by the door listened for ten seconds; then a faint gurgling breath told him that Black slept.

Making a hiding canopy of his blanket, he lighted his candle, unfolded the paper, and read:

> "Two planks, north end, fastened with screws. Below is tunnel that leads to the mine. Will meet you there. Come soon. Important."

There was no name signed, but Carney knew it was Jeanette's writing.

HE blew out the candle and stepping softly to the other end of the pen knelt down, and with his finger tips searched the ends of the two planks nearest the log wall. At first he was baffled, his fingers finding the flat heads of ordinary nails; but presently he discovered that these heads were dummies, half-an-inch long. Suddenly a board rasped in the other room. He had just time to slip back to his bunk when a key clinked in the lock, and a light glinted through a chink as the door opened.

As if suddenly startled from sleep, Carney called out: "Who's that—what do you want?"

The Sergeant peered in and answered: "Nothing! thought I heard you moving about. Are you all right, Carney?"

He swept the pen with his candle, noted Carney's boots on the floor, and, satisfied, closed the door and went back to his bunk.

This interruption rather pleased Carney; he felt that it was a somnolent sense of duty, responsibility that had wakened Black. Now that he had investigated and found everything all right he would probably sleep soundly for hours.

Carney waited ten minutes. The Sergeant's bunk had given a note of complaint as its occupant turned over; now it was still. Taking his boots in his hand he crept back to the end of the pen and rapidly, noiselessly, withdrew the screw-nails from both ends of two planks. Then he crept back to the door and listened; the other room was silent save for the same little sleep breathings he had heard before.

With the screw-driver he lifted the planks, slipped through the opening, all in the dark, and drew the planks back into place over his head. He had to crouch in the little tunnel.

PULLING on his boots, on hands and knees he crawled through the small tunnel for fifty yards. Then he came to stope timbers stood on end, and turning these to one side found himself in what he knew must be a cross-cut from the main drift that ran between the mine opening and the hotel.

As he stood up in this he heard a faint whistle, and whispered: "Jeanette."

The girl came forward in the dark, her hand touching his arm.

"I'm so glad," she whispered. "We'd better stand here in the dark, for I have something serious to tell you."

Then in a low tone the girl said:

"The Wolf and Cayuse Braun are going to hold up the train to-night, just at the end of the trestle, and rob the express car."

"Is Seth in it?"

"Yes, he's standing in, but he isn't going to help on the job. The Wolf is going to board the train at the station, and enter the express car when the train is creeping over the trestle. He's got a bar and rope for fastening the door of the car behind the express car. When the engine reaches the other side Cayuse will jump it, hold up the engineer, and make him stop the train long enough to throw the gold off while the other cars are still on the trestle; then the Wolf will jump off, and Cayuse will force the engineer to carry the train on, and will drop off on the up-grade, half-a-mile beyond."

"Old stuff, but rather effective," Carney commented; "they'll get away with it, I believe."

"I listened to them planning the whole thing out," Jeanette confessed, "and they didn't know I could hear them."

"What about this little tunnel under the jail—that's a new one on me?"

"Seth had it dug pretending he was looking for gold; but the men who dug it didn't know that it led under the jail, and he finished it himself, fixed the planks, and all. You see when the police go away they leave the keys with him in case any sudden trouble comes up. Nobody knows about it but Seth."

There was a tang of regret in Carney's voice as he said:

"Seth is playing it pretty low down, Jeanette: he's practically stealing from his pals. I put twenty thousand in gold in to-night to go by that train, coke money; he knows it, and that's what these thieves are after."

"Surely Seth wouldn't do that, Bulldog—steal from his partners!"

"Well, not quite, Jeanette. He figures that the express company is responsible, will have to make good, and that my people will get their money back; but, all the same, it's kind of like that—it's rotten!"

"What am I to do, Bulldog? I can't peach, can I—not on Seth? And he's been kind of good to me, too. He aint—well, once I thought he was all right, but since I knew you it's been different. I've stuck to him—you know, Bulldog, how straight I've been—But a thief!"

"No, you can't give Seth away, Jeanette," Carney broke in, for the girl's voice carried a tremble.

"I think they had planned that you being here in Bucking Horse, the police would kind of throw the blame of this thing on you. Then your being arrested upset that. What am I to do, Bulldog? Will you speak to Seth and stop it?"

"No. He'd know you had told me. Besides, girl, I'm in jail."

"But you're free now—you'll go away."

"Let me think a minute, Jeanette.

AS he stood pondering, there was the glint of a light, a faint rose flicker on the wall and flooring of the cross-cut they stood in, and they saw, passing along the main drift, Seth, the Wolf, and Cayuse Braun.

The girl clutched Carney's arm and whispered. "There they go. Seth is going out with them, but he'll come back and stay in the hotel while they pull the job off."

The passing of the three men seemed to have galvanized Carney into action, fructified in his mind some plan, for he said:

"You go back to the hotel, Jeanette, and say nothing—I will see what I can do."

"And Seth—you won't—"

"Plug him for his treachery? No, because of you he's quite safe. Don't bother your pretty little head about it."

The girl's hand that had rested all this time on Carney's arm was trembling. Suddenly she said, brokenly, hesitatingly, just as a school-girl might have blundered over wording the grand passion:

"Bulldog, do you know how much I like you? Have you ever thought of it at all, wondered?"

"Yes, many times, girl; how could I help it? You come pretty near to being the finest girl I ever knew."

"But we've never talked about it, have we, Bulldog?"

"No; why should we? Different men have different ideas about those things. Seth can't see that because that gold was ours in the gang, he shouldn't steal it; that's one kind of man. I'm different."

"You mean that I'm like the gold?"

"Yes, I guess that's what I mean. You see, well—you know what I mean, Jeanette."

"But you like me?"

"So much that I want to keep you good enough to like."

"Would it be playing the game crooked, Bulldog, if you—if I kissed you?"

"Not wrong for you to do it, Jeanette, because you don't know how to do what I call wrong, but I'm afraid I couldn't square it with myself. Don't get this wrong, girl, it sounds a little too holy, put just that way. I've kissed many a fellow's girl, but I don't want to kiss you, being Seth's girl, and that isn't because of Seth, either. Can you untangle that—get what I mean?"

"I get it, Bulldog. You are some man, some man!"

There was a catch in the girl's voice; she took her hand from Carney's arm and drew the back of it irritably across her eyes; then she said in a steadier voice: "Good night, man—I'm going back."

Together they felt their way along the cross-cut, and when they came to the main drift, Carney said:

"I'm going out through the hotel, Jeanette, if there's nobody about; I want to get my horse from the stable. When we come to the cellar you go ahead and clear the way for me."

THE passage from the drift through the cellar led up into a little store-room at the back of the hotel; and through this Carney passed out to the stable, where he saddled his buckskin, transferring to his belt a gun that was in a pocket of the saddle. Then he fastened to the horn the two bags that had been on the pack mule. Leading the buckskin out he avoided the street, cut down the hillside, and skirted the turbulent Bucking Horse.

A half moon hung high in a deep-blue sky that on both sides was bitten by the jagged rock teeth of the Selkirks. The long curving wooden trestle looked like the skeleton of some gigantic serpent in the faint moonlight, its head resting on the left bank of the Bucking Horse, half-a-mile from where the few lights of the mining town glimmered, and its tail coming back to the same side of the stream after traversing two short kinks. It looked so inadequate, so frail in the night light to carry the huge Mogul engine with its trailing cars. No wonder the train went over it at a snail's pace, just the pace to invite a highwayman's attention.

And with the engine stopped with a pistol at the engineer's head what chance that anyone would drop from the train to the trestle to hurry to his assistance?

Carney admitted to himself that the hold-up was fairly well planned, and no doubt would go through unless— At this juncture of thought Carney chuckled. The little unforeseen something that was always popping into the plans of crooks might eventuate.

When he came to thick scrub growth Carney dismounted and led the buckskin, whispering, "Steady, Pat—easy my boy!"

The buckskin knew that he must make no noisy slip—that there was no hurry. He and Carney had chummed together for three years, the man talking to him as though he had a knowledge of what his master said, and he understanding much of the import if not the uttered signs.

Sometimes going down a declivity the horse's soft muzzle was over Carney's shoulders, the flexible upper lip snuggling his neck or cheek; and sometimes as they went up again Carney's arm was over the buckskin's withers and they walked like two men arm in arm.

They went through the scrubby bush in the noiseless way of a wary deer; no tell-tale stone was thrust loose to go tinkling down the hillside; they trod on no dried brush to break with snapping noise.

Presently Carney dropped the rein from over the horse's head to the ground, took his lariat from the saddle-horn, hung the two pack-bags over his shoulder, and whispered: "Wait here, Patsy boy," slipped through the brush and wormed his way cautiously to a huge boulder a hundred feet from the trestle. There he sat down, his back against the rock, and his eye on the blobs of yellow light that was Bucking Horse town. Presently from beyond the rock carried to his listening ears the clink of an iron-shod hoof against a stone, and he heard a suppressed, "Damn!"

"Coming, I guess," he muttered to himself.

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The man who had bound him gathered up the bags of loot.

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

PART II.---Subsisting in the North

Pressure ice piled up by collision between fields of ice.

THE 10th of April, 1914, found Storker Storkersen, Ole Andreasen, and myself with one sledge, six dogs, provisions for a month, and the faith that the sea and ice would furnish us food when needed, embarked upon an exploration of the unknown frozen ocean north of Alaska.

That the main portion of the unexplored Arctic lies north of Alaska and north of Siberia, rather than north of Norway or Greenland, results partly from accident and partly from well-known, although seldom realized, geographical conditions. It is in a sense accidental that the civilization of our time has flourished mainly on the two shores of the Atlantic. The Atlantic has been the greater highway of our ancestors and our contemporaries, and the Pacific is only beginning to come into its own.

But the Pole would not as yet have been reached, or at least it would not have been reached so easily, had the Atlantic in certain definite, natural aspects been similar to the Pacific. Both oceans have their warm currents and their cold ones, affecting powerfully the climates of various lands. The warm currents of the Pacific have no access to the Arctic, for the gateway through Bering Straits is too narrow and too shallow, and even the more southerly chain of the Aleutian Islands turns them effectively aside. But the Atlantic is open to the north, and that greatest of all rivers, the Gulf Stream, sweeps up through the wide and deep gap between Norway and Greenland, carrying unmeasurable quantities of water warmed in the tropics north into what otherwise would be an ocean perpetually covered with ice. Iceland is arctic in name, sub-arctic in latitude, but temperate in climate because of the warm waters from the Gulf of Mexico that reach its shores. Few, even of those who know that Iceland is not as cold as its name, realize how far it falls short of the rigorous climate it is supposed to have.

The Pole of Inaccessibility

IT is obvious that if you can sail six hundred miles nearer the geographic Pole on the Atlantic side than on the Pacific, then the geographic Pole is not the most difficult point to reach by sled, for the point most difficult to reach is necessarily the one most remote from the farthest port attainable by ship. This spot will then be about three hundred miles away from the North Pole in the direction of the Pacific. We may call it the "Pole of Inaccessibility," and it is roughly, as would be expected, the centre of the million square miles of unexplored area that lay white on all properly constructed maps at the beginning of our expedition.

It was now our task to make as deep inroads as we could into this region of mystery, and we had undertaken to do it not by employing an elaborate transportation system to keep us supplied with food and fuel brought from more southerly latitude, as had been the custom of previous explorers, but by living by forage in a region described in most polar books and characterized in most men's minds by "desolate," "lifeless," "barren," "cold," and other forbidding adjectives.

We had, in other words, undertaken to do on the surface of the moving polar ice the same things that the whole world is trying to do in the latitudes of cities and farms, of cereals and orchards; that is, to make a living. And this, being analyzed, meant four things—that we had to find on the ice or in the water enough of some wholesome kind of food and enough of some suitable sort of fuel, and that we had to be so dressed as to be comfortable by day, so housed as to be warm at night. The more you have read of polar literature the more convinced you will be that not one of these four desiderata is easy of attainment. We shall proceed to a summarized exposition of how we attained each of the four.

In the main our food was seal. It may appear surprising at first that we should find seals abundant, in view of their having been so seldom seen by polar explorers and their absence having been so frequently asserted. Other explorers started from home with the universally held assumption that the Arctic was a desolate region, and they, therefore, provided themselves with food for the entire journey, and, having the food in their sleds, their whole concern was to make the journey before that food was eaten. But we had started with a different assumption, and we consequently had eyes for things they had not seen. Instead of assuming the barrenness of the Arctic Sea, we accepted that conclusion of oceanography which says that in a given cubic unit of ocean water there is least plankton, or floating life, at the equator, and that it increases northward and southward towards the Poles. In other words, there are more tons of animal life in a cubic mile of water in the West Indies than there are at the equator, and more in the latitude of New York than in the West Indies, and more again at the Arctic Circle. Seeing that this plankton life is the food of the seals, we expected to find the seals everywhere, believing they would "follow the feed," and we concluded that the reason they had not been observed by the explorers of the past was the same which prevents the tourists from noting the rich life of the oceans they cross.

It may occur to some that even if seals were everywhere in the Polar Sea, they could not be secured, because they would be under the ice. Even were they under the ice they could have been secured, by methods which I have described in a book published some years ago, but we found no occasion for the use of this particular hunting method on the present voyage, and I need not repeat the description here. That method is used on the immovable ice near shore or between islands, but we were travelling over an ocean more than a mile deep with the ice on top broken everywhere by the stresses of winds and currents. It is not an unjust comparison to say that the pieces of ice in the Arctic are represented with moderate correctness by pieces of boards, with interspersed small chips, floating close together on the surface of a pond. In traveling by sled we sometimes have to cross an ice-cake twenty-five or more miles in diameter, but more frequently the cakes are a few miles or a mile or a few hundred yards or even a few dozen yards in extent, and we make progress by crossing from corner to corner where the cakes touch. We generally aimed to make camp in the vicinity of some patch of water, and while the other men built the snow-house I would sit on a cake of ice beside the open water and watch for a seal.

Numerous gulls in the open leads were encountered before Banks Island was reached.

How We Caught Seals

IT would take about an hour to make camp, and if before that time a seal came up he was shot—shot through the head, for a body wound might let water enough into his lungs to sink him. The animal, once dead, would in nine cases out of ten float horizontally on the surface like a short log of wood. To get him "ashore" on the firm ice we had a retrieving arrangement consisting of a knob of wood about the size of a grapefruit, from three sides of which were sticking out recurved hooks resembling cod-hooks. To one end of the knob is attached a long, slender cod-line which is held coiled in one hand, while the knob of wood at the end of about a fathom of line is swung at high speed over one's head and can then be thrown three or four times as far as a cowboy can throw a lariat. Your aim is to throw beyond the seal and then, when you pull the line in, hand over hand, the knob will eventually slide over his back, when one of the sharp hooks will pierce his skin, and he is easily hauled in. If the seal is too far away to be reached with this retrieving device, we sometimes let him lie in the water overnight, hoping that in the morning young ice will have formed strong enough so that a man can crawl out and get him. Or if the meat is needed for immediate consumption, we launch what we call a "sled raft," which is our sled converted into a boat by spreading a tarpaulin on the ice, setting the sled in the middle of it, and lashing it up on the sides. This tarpaulin was of No. 2 cotton canvas, waterproofed with lard, and weighed about forty pounds. It enabled us to convert a fourteen-foot sled into a boat that would easily carry a thousand pounds.

While the weather is cold we get all our seals in the water by the method just described. But when summer approaches the seals love to bask in the sun, and are then found more commonly on top of the ice, sleeping on a slippery incline by the edge of a lead, or by one of their breathing-holes in which they have lived all winter and which in spring has been enlarged by the thaw water or by the animal's own teeth, so as to en-

"Landing" on the ice field after crossing a lead.

A Record of Five Years' Exploration for the Canadian Government

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

The final stage in building a snow-house—beginning the row that is to be the vaulted roof.

able him to haul himself out. The seal's sun-naps are continually disturbed by his dreams of his enemy, the polar bear, or at least that seems a reasonable way of interpreting his behavior, for after sleeping for thirty seconds or perhaps a minute, he will wake up, raise his head as high as he conveniently can, which is fourteen or sixteen inches, and make a complete survey of the horizon. If nothing suspicious is seen, this survey takes about ten seconds, after which he drops his head on the ice again and sleeps a minute more. Sometimes the ice is a little rough in his vicinity and you can crawl up and shoot him from behind cover, but more frequently he has chosen a level expanse where no concealment is possible, and you must, therefore, approach him realizing that he is going to see you before you are near enough to shoot.

NO mammal known to me has eyesight which at all compares with that of a man. A wolf can see you under favorable conditions a little more than half a mile away; a caribou at a little more than a quarter of a mile; and a seal commonly at about three hundred yards if you are standing up, or one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards if you are lying down. You can walk unconcernedly toward a seal until less than four hundred yards away, after which you begin a careful approach. You crawl ahead on all-fours while he sleeps, and you lie flat and motionless while he is awake. It might seem that something could be gained by wearing white clothing to match the snow, but this is the reverse of wisdom, for the seal's one enemy that he fears is the polar bear, and the polar bear is white. If a seal sees anything that is suspicious and white, he takes discretion to be the better part of valor and dives promptly into his hole. If the suspicious object is black, he assumes that it is probably another seal that has come out of another hole to bask in the sun. It is therefore the task of the hunter to simulate a seal.

Since this picture was taken, Storker Storkersen spent seven months on an ice-floe drifting through the Arctic sea.

When the seal first sees you his actions are unmistakable. He turns so as to face you directly; he raises his head a trifle higher than before, and instead of bending his neck to survey the complete horizon, he looks at you steadily and intently. You must be careful that his first view of you shall be a broadside view, for a man lying flat resembles a seal most in that position. It is best to lie still with one's head on the ice for about half a minute; but the seal knows the habits of his own kind as well as the careful hunter knows them, and if you were to lie motionless for more than a minute at a time he would strongly suspect that you are not a seal, and in two minutes he would probably be convinced and would go into the water. It is necessary, therefore, after about half a minute of quiescence, to raise your head seal-fashion twelve or fifteen inches above the ice, keep it there about eight or ten seconds, and drop it on the ice again. By the time this has been repeated three or four times the seal is commonly convinced that you are one of his kind and will begin again to take his interrupted naps. If he is more suspicious than ordinary, it may be advisable to move your feet a little as well. Like many other animals, a seal is commonly lousy, and scratches frequently with his hind flippers. If a man lying flat flexes his legs from the knee, the motion is similar to that of a seal scratching with his hind flippers. These tactics nearly always convince the most skeptical seal, and when once his regular naps are resumed you move ahead snake-wise while he sleeps, and play seal whenever he is awake, watching you.

Approaching a seal in this fashion is tedious at best, for it takes an hour and a half or two hours to get within fifty to seventy-five yards. A man with uncommon eyesight might score a brain shot at one hundred yards or over, but I have found by long experience that in ordinary conditions of light I have to be within seventy-five yards to be certain of a brain shot. No other kind of shot will do than through the brain or spinal cord, for the animal is lying on an incline of wet ice so slippery that, if he gives the least quiver after death, his body will slide into the hole. Its buoyancy is enough eventually to float it, but the momentum of its downward glide will take it diagonally into the sea ten or fifteen feet and the body will rise underneath the ice at an unknown point and cannot be recovered. In the summer-time the creeping approach is disagreeable as well as tedious, for then the surface of the ice is covered with ponds of water, from a few inches to as much as a foot and a half in depth, and you have to advance through these without splashing and without any unseal-like movements, which means that your mode of locomotion through the water as well as over the ice has to be that of a snake. But if you are careful and make no splashes, and if the wind is strong enough to prevent the seal's hearing you distinctly and not strong enough to flap your clothing, you can crawl near enough to a seal to take hold of one of his flippers with your left hand while you stab him with a knife with your right. Eskimos occasionally do this, but only for a stunt or when they have happened to lose their harpoons.

A completed cabin ready for all weathers.

In so far as the polar bear is an item in our diet, the affair is far simpler than with the seal. You do not have to hunt the bear, for he generally saves you the trouble by hunting you. This is not the case on or very near land, for there the bears are timid because they fear their two enemies—man and the wolf. It does not seem likely that wolves ever kill bears, but still it is certain that the bear is in great fear of the wolf and the dog. At sea the bear knows no fear. Besides his own kind, he is familiar on the ice-pack with only three living things—the seals, on which he lives; the foxes which he unintentionally provides with most of their food, but which never come near enough to him to give him a chance to catch them, and the gulls, which cry loudly and flutter about him while he is at his meals. It is known to zoölogists, but not commonly realized by the laity, that the white fox is almost as much of a sea animal as the polar bear, for it is likely that 90 per cent. of them spend their winters on the ice. They are not able at sea to provide their own living, so several of them will usually be found following each bear wherever he goes.

Frequent Visits From Bears

THERE is no doubt that the bear is able to tell the difference between a living seal and the meat of a dead one when he sniffs them in the air. There is always seal meat in our baggage and the smell is always about our camps, so that when a bear passes to leeward the only odor which interests him of the many that come to his nostrils is that of the seal meat. Knowing no fear, he comes straight into camp, walking leisurely because he does not expect the dead seals which he smells to escape him; neither has he in mind any hostility or disposition to attack, for, through long experience with foxes and gulls, he expects any living thing he meets to make way for him. But if, on coming within one hundred or two hundred yards of camp he happens to see a sleeping dog, and especially if the dog were to move slightly, as is common enough, the bear apparently thinks, "Well, that is a live seal, after all!" He then instantly makes himself unbelievably flat on the ice and, with his neck and snout touching the snow, he advances almost toboggan-fashion toward the dogs, stopping dead if one of them moves, and advancing again when they become quiet. If there is any unevenness in the ice, as there nearly always is in the vicinity of our camps—for we choose such camping-places—he will take cover behind a hummock and advance in the shelter of it.

Our dogs are always tied, for in the dead of night a good dog may be killed or incapacitated in a fight with his companions in less time than it takes a sleeping man to wake up and run out of the house to interfere. But we knew the danger from approaching polar bears and endeavored to scatter the dogs in such a way that, while the bear was approaching one dog in an exposed situation, another dog would get the wind of the bear. Usually, too, we tie the dogs to windward of the camp, so that the bear shall have to pass us first. When one dog sees or smells the bear, he commences barking, and in a second or two every other dog is barking. Upon the first rapid movement and the first slight noise made by the dogs, the bear loses all interest in them. He apparently thinks, "After all, this is not a seal, but a fox or a gull." His mind reverts to the seal meat he has been smelling, he gets quickly up from his flat

A sled fully converted into a boat which will carry one thousand pounds.

position and resumes his leisurely walk toward the camp. By that time, even though we may have been asleep, one of us will be out with a rifle, and the bullet near the heart ends the story.

IT is a clear conclusion from our experience, and from that of a hundred thousand Eskimos and Indians, that all that is necessary for a satisfying and wholesome diet is meat and fat. There are, of course, many other combinations that make a satisfactory diet, but I have for years failed to see why any of them should be used by explorers in the far north, for all others have to be brought from a distance and have the disadvantage of costliness and difficult transportation, and no advantage other than of whatever prejudice we may have in their favor, because of the accident that those are the foods to which we have been accustomed from childhood.

The same animals that solve our food problem dispose of our fuel problem also. In the early stages of our journeys, for six weeks or two months after leaving our base camps, we commonly use kerosene, burning it in blue-flame stoves. We carry the oil in ten-gallon, galvanized-iron tanks, which are clinched and not soldered, so that we can later on convert them into stoves that shall stand any amount of heat. When the kerosene is gone from it the top is cut out of one of these tanks and a little slit is made near the bottom for a draught-hole. Blubber will not burn without a wick any more than tallow will, so to start our fire we take a piece of any sort of cloth, an inch or so square, soak it with seal-oil, and place it on the bottom of the stove. Over this bit of greased rag we make a heap of seal or bear bones saved from yesterday's dinner, and on top of the pile we lay a few slices of blubber. When the greased rag is lighted the flame plays up between the bones and strikes the blubber, which immediately begins trying out, the oil trickling down over the bones and forming a film on them which catches fire and flares up, burning thereafter with a fierce heat indefinitely so long as occasional strips of blubber are added. This makes a fire as hot as any that can be built in a spruce forest, and is satisfactory for cooking in every way except that the smoke is very thick and sticky. The soot of it is, in fact, the best quality lampblack, which colors anything that happens to be to leeward.

Living in Complete Comfort

AT a later time I hope to discuss fully the interesting technique of the building of a snow-house, but here, in emphasizing that we live comfortably whether at sea or on land in winter, I simply say that a snow-house, which can be built in about fifty minutes, is, when properly furnished, practically as comfortable as a room in a hotel or club. The floor is covered with two thicknesses of reindeer-skins, so that we are insulated from the cold of the snow underneath. The house is built on a deep snowdrift. For entrance there is an excavated passageway coming in through a hole in the floor. In the top of the snow dome there is a ventilating-hole of required size, commonly two to three inches in diameter. When you heat the house, whether by a blue-flame kerosene-stove or the Eskimo type of seal-oil lamp, a certain portion of the warm air escapes through the ventilator. The doors of our houses are never closed, but it is obvious that the cold air they admit cannot rise from them into the house any faster than the warm air escapes at the top, for the well-known reasons that cold air is heavier than warm and that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

We maintain in the snow-houses a temperature that has an inverse relation to the temperature outdoors. If the weather is warm outside—and by warm we mean anything above zero, Fahrenheit—it is not possible to heat the interior of the house much above the freezing-point of water without melting holes in the roof. But the colder the weather is outside, the higher the temperature that can be maintained within, for the roof is only from two to five inches thick, according to circumstances, and although snow is one of the poorest conductors of heat, still enough cold penetrates from the outside to neutralize the heat inside and prevent thawing.

Stefansson dragging to camp a seal which he had shot.

A Snow House is Warm

A SNOW-HOUSE is the most adaptable of dwellings. If it gets too warm either for the comfort of the inhabitants or because the roof begins to thaw, you can lower the temperature by enlarging the ventilating-hole with your knife. If it gets too cold, you make the hole smaller by stuffing a mitten into it. If the roof begins to thaw because it is made of blocks that are too thick, you send a man out with a long knife or *machete*, and he thins them down until the frost without neutralizes the heat from within and the thawing stops. But if you have made your roof too thin, and hoar-frost begins to form from your breath and from the steam that rises from the cooking, then a man goes out with a shovel instead of a knife and throws a little soft snow on the roof to blanket it from the excessive cold.

We use no ration of fuel. We have confidence that when the kerosene we carry is done we shall find plenty of blubber, which will be just as good, so we do not have a stove specially constructed to concentrate all the heat on the cooking-pot, but are glad to have much of its escape into the room to warm it up. If, when the cooking is done, the room is not yet warm enough, we let the stove burn until the temperature is what we desire, which will be about sixty degrees, Fahrenheit, if the temperature outside is perhaps fifty below zero. Commonly we allow the temperature to rise even higher than this, until the snow walls and roof begin to thaw. We keep feeling the blocks in the walls and roof, and when the thawing commences the water does not drip down, but is soaked up into the snow, blotter fashion, until the inward half-inch of the blocks becomes damp and soft. Then we put out the fire and temporarily enlarge the ventilating-hole, allowing the temperature to drop low enough so that the half-thawed inside layer of the house is converted into ice. There are several reasons for doing this. One is that while the blocks are cold and dry they are crumbly and if you rub against them the snow will stick to your clothing and fall down on your bedding, whereas after the inside layer is changed to ice this no longer happens. Another reason is that the newly built house is comparatively fragile, but when the inner layer has been congealed it becomes so strong that as many men as there is room for can stand on top of it without breaking it down, and polar bears can and sometimes do walk over the roof without breaking through. This strength, however, is of the nature of the strength of an egg-shell, and while a bear would not break a house if he merely ran over it, taking it to be a snow hummock, he could easily break through with a blow of his great paw. This has never happened to us, but we have known of it happening to Eskimos, when the bear was in search of the seal meat that he could smell from within.

How We Dress in the Arctic

IT is not easy to make clear just what comfortable arctic clothing means. In dealing with the problem of dress we realized that the condensation of hoar-frost could not be avoided, but that it would obviously be relied upon to take place in one of the outer layers of clothing. Our system of dress varied, according to the materials available, but this principle was adhered to—that the underwear or innermost layer should be composed of furs, preferably reindeer-skins, with the hair next the body; outside of this layer we had two or three others, in one of which the hoar-frost would condense.

It did not freeze in our snow-houses at night, so that there was no chance for hoar-frost to accumulate in our sleeping-bags. On rare occasions, when we were camped on thin ice which might break up during the night, we kept our clothing on, but when we were in no special danger or emergency we would take off every stitch of clothing before going to bed. If there was anything in the house, such as some cooked food, which we wanted to keep from freezing, we would drive a peg in the snow wall and hang it up, for, although it occasionally freezes on the floor at night, it hardly ever does so at two feet above the floor. We found that in the snow-houses the temperature varies twelve or fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit, to the foot, so that if it is at freezing on the floor it will be forty-five degrees a foot or eighteen inches above the floor, while the warmest point is about a foot below the ceiling.

The next step in converting this sled is to draw over it the water-tight tarpaulin.

The cooking of breakfast always made the house especially warm, so that when we ate we commonly sat up and let our sleeping-bags fall down, sitting stripped to the waist until it was time to put on our clothing. The clothes that were dry in the evening we first put on, then we went down in the alleyway or out into the porch, and with a small stick beat all the hoar-frost out of the garments that we had left outside.

Our comfortable houses have the one disadvantage that when the weather is bad one is greatly tempted to lie indoors all day, rather than go out and face the weather, be it a gale or merely extremely low temperature. Descriptions are common and popular of explorers writing short entries in their diaries with fingers that are numb in spite of mittens. We sat in our shirt-sleeves and wrote our diaries with fountain-pens.

Starting across the open lead. Before this method was in vogue, Arctic journeys were seriously hampered by the open leads.

Entering the Unexplored Region

WE were about fifty miles from the coast of Alaska when we entered the unexplored region, for the whaling-ships in this portion of the north have always been forced by ice conditions to hug closely the north shore of the mainland in their journeys from Bering Straits to the whaling waters north of the mouth of the Mackenzie. The day our support party left us, we started off cheerfully, but after half a mile came, not to open water, but to mush ice that was too thick for crossing in an improvised boat and not strong enough to bear up a man or sled. Although the temperature was only about zero, Fahrenheit, on account of the extraordinary spell of warm weather we were having, this mush hardened during the night sufficiently to enable us the next morning to travel about ten miles. About noon that day a gentle breeze sprang up from the west, with a light fall of snow, but it gradually increased so that by the middle of the afternoon we knew we were in for a gale. Fortunately we had the good sense to take care in the picking of our camp site. At first we thought we would camp in the lee of a pressure ridge where the blocks of broken ice were heaped about thirty feet high. It was not cold enough for a snow-house, and when we were pitching out tent we happened to notice a crack caused by the next previous gale just where we were about to make camp. I think it was Andreasen who noticed this, and as it turned out the following night we probably owed our lives to him. After a little careful prospecting, we selected a camp site one hundred yards away from the nearest weak spot that we could detect, on ice about seven feet thick. By seven in the evening it was blowing one of the hardest gales we ever saw, probably over eighty miles an hour. We decided to stand watch turn about, and the first turn fell to Storkersen. He went outside, but came back again in less than half an hour. He said that for a considerable portion of that time he had been shouting to us at the top of his voice, but we had not heard him for the flapping of the tent. The snow was blowing so thick, he said, that he could not keep his eyes open nor see the length of the room, and the wind whistling in his ears prevented him from hearing the rumble of the breaking ice, just as it and the flapping of the tent prevented us inside from hearing. Now and then we could feel underneath us the shivering of the ice when it was in special stress, and occasionally we could feel rather than hear the thumps when big ice-cakes, that had been rising on edge somewhere near by, flopped over upon the flat ice with a crash which was easy to imagine. We have often under more favorable conditions watched the formation of a pressure ridge; and occasionally a cake, whether it be three feet thick or double, will rise slowly on edge until it resembles the solitary gable of a ruined church, and when it tilts a little beyond the vertical will break near its base and topple over flat. If any such cake had happened to topple over on our tent it would have flattened us out like mice in a trap.

We knew the danger, but there was nothing to do, for remaining still was the safest chance. There is no sense in trying to flee from dangers you cannot locate, for you may walk into greater ones. The greatest danger in moving about in a gale is that of stepping into open water. For when the ice is buckling it will, before it breaks, bend down in some place as well as up in others, or, speaking geologically, it forms synclines as well as anticlines, and in these low places you may have ten or fifteen feet of water. A little later, when the limit of bending has been passed and a break occurs, and when the ice progressively crumples, forming the miniature mountains which we call pressure ridges, there form between certain of the cakes holes and cracks of all sizes and shapes through which he who stumbles may fall into unfathomable depths

During the early part of the evening we were under high nervous tension—a euphemism for fear. But you can't stay scared for many hours consecutively—you get tired of it after a while—and before midnight we were all asleep and slept until morning.

Blizzards in the north frequently last several days, but this one began to calm down about four o'clock, and a little later we heard dogs howling. At the height of the gale this could not have been heard, but it was fortunate that we did hear, for when Storkersen went out he found that a crack was gradually opening about three feet from the tent and that one of our dogs was tied in such a way that a minute or two later he would have been dragged into the water. It proved further that the place about one hundred yards off, where we came near camping the evening before, was now an indescribable chaos of huge blocks of ice, tilted at all angles, with pools of water here and there between them. A pressure ridge about twenty feet high had also formed, with its near edge less than ten feet away from our tent.

The evening before we had noticed a bear track about a mile away from camp. To get some idea of the extent to which the ice had been telescoped by the pressure, I walked back in the direction from which we had come in the evening, looking for this bear track. Clambering over ridges, I found here and there, sometimes in level spots and sometimes on the side of a tilted cake, the trail our dogs and our sled had made. I eventually found the bear track about three hundred yards from camp, so we can calculate roughly that the ice in our vicinity had been crumbled into one-fifth its former area, and must, therefore, have been on the average five layers thick. This telescoping, by the way, is the method by which six- or seven-foot-thick ice, formed by the ordinary winter freezing, is transformed into the huge blocks sometimes two hundred feet thick that are found aground in the shallow waters near shore.

The gale had one bad effect, but two good effects that far outweighed the bad. It was unfortunate that the previously comparatively level ice in this vicinity had now been converted into a series of jagged ridges. But the soft snow in which the dogs had floundered the day before had been packed by the fierce gale into drifts hard enough to bear up men, dogs, and sleds, and, better yet, the air seemed to have been cleared, the wind had changed from the warm southeasterly to a chill northwesterly breeze, and for two or three weeks the temperature fell to at least twenty below zero every night and sometimes much lower. This tended to make travel not only easier, but safer. During the warm weather we had many narrow escapes from losing our loaded sled by sinking, and the men fell into the water now and then, for small patches of thin ice had been blanketed by deep layers of soft snow, which made treacherous going. In addition to making these smaller danger spots safe, the cold weather quickly converted the wide leads that had formed during the gale into level patches of ice winding like smoothly frozen rivers sometimes for many miles on end through the Bad Lands of the pressure ice.

Passing the Continental Shelf

A LITTLE before the time of the gale just described, we passed that belt of keen interest to geographers known as the Continental Shelf. Going north from Alaska, the ocean had been deepening at the rate of about a fathom to the mile. Then came a comparatively steep downward slope, so that in the course of half a dozen miles our soundings increased to forty-five hundred feet and no bottom. One of the many misfortunes connected with the loss of the *Karluk* was that with her went most of our good sounding-wire. We had now about two miles of piano wire, but only about three thousand feet of the braided, nine-strand copper wire with a tensile strength of over forty pounds, the only sort of wire we have tried that is suited to the rough usage of repeated soundings through ice. As soon as we got great depths we let out all our wire, but it was not strong enough to stand its own weight and the tug of the strong current, so it broke at forty-five hundred feet, and although thereafter on our journey it never broke again, we had to be content with carrying forty-five-hundred-foot no-bottom soundings across the Beaufort Sea.

When the water had deepened to a mile we had reached to the point where our views of the presence of animal life conflicted with those of the whalers and most arctic authorities. It seems that sailors have for generations believed, for reasons similar to those which support so many untrue theories, that seals were not found when the water got too deep for them to reach bottom, which, in the common whaler-view, is about at one hundred fathoms. We had had so much trouble with warm weather that now, when it got cold and travel for a while was good, we did not like to stop to hunt seals for the testing of our theory, and we passed many good holes of open water, sometimes an acre, sometimes a square mile, sometimes of unknown extent, without, as it happened, actually seeing any seals. We did not, however, seriously fear that owing to reliance in our theory we should be left in the lurch, for, although we did not see the seals themselves, we now and then saw their signs.

When stopped by an open lead, wooden pieces are lashed across the sled to serve as a boat.

FOR three weeks we hurried along, sometimes making only five or ten miles a day because of the numerous pressure ridges, through which we had to make roads with pickaxes, and again making as much as twenty-eight miles in a day when we happened upon almost level going. Bear tracks, which had been so numerous near land that we crossed one fresh trail at least each mile of travel, became less and less frequent as we got farther and farther from land. This we correctly diagnosed as meaning, not that seals were necessarily more scarce, but that here the ice was so seldom broken because gales were fewer to seaward and the danger of the ice breaking up was less. The bears, therefore, had fewer opportunities to catch the seals, for the seal

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MAN *and* WIFE

A Romantic Story of Quebec

By C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

She suddenly stopped and drew back into the shadows

SYNOPSIS

Hugh Lyttleton, after a long struggle with his old-established rival in the mining business in Quebec, Robert Campbell, gets so long a lead that Campbell goes into bankruptcy. Lyttleton has fallen in love with Mary Campbell, his rival's daughter, whom he has never met. On the day previous to the sheriff's sale that will take away the Campbell home, Lyttleton calls upon Mary and proposes. He offers to pay her father's debts, to re-establish his business and to settle a sum upon her sufficient to make her independent. She will not need to live with him and all he asks is the right to see her sometimes and thus have the opportunity of winning her love. Mary consents finally and they are married. Her old dislike of Lyttleton turns to a warm friendship, even to a very high regard.

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

BUT he seemed very content with things as they were. She wished he were not so very conscientious about his word, that he were a little more masterful with her. A wise man only holds a very small part of a woman's restrictions to be binding. Many of them are framed for the sheer pleasure of making them go down in a soul-cheering crash. She felt indeed that she might easily be in imminent danger of falling in love with her husband.

The return of the lake party put an end to her reflections, but when they had departed in the evening, and her parents had gone to bed, she resumed the discussion with herself in the privacy of her room. She was slipping—that she knew—slipping toward her man. She pictured him in the dusty, dingy room over his offices, for he stayed there much more than in his quarters at the hotel. The telephone stood invitingly near. She moved toward it, considered a few minutes, then called his office on the private wire he had installed for her. To her satisfaction he was still there.

"Hugh!" she called. "Yes—I wondered if you were still up. It has been fearfully dull all the evening. You know I count so much on the little talks we have that I missed you tremendously to-day. I was all the more disappointed because just after you had gone everybody went out on the lake, and I was here alone. I went into the morning room, the room in which I received you, you remember, when you came first to see me.

"I thought it all over again, and—I wondered if it hadn't been all a great big mistake, and whether you did not think so. I know it is horribly selfish of me, but I get distressed by the thought that perhaps you don't care as much as you seemed to that afternoon. Of course it ought not to matter whether you care or not, since that was not in the bargain, but, you know, a woman rarely wants to be fettered in a trade, she wants to be on the gaining side all the time. . . . . Then you are not disappointed and you *do* care . . . . . Yes, you may say it all over again. There was nothing in the bargain, was there, forbidding you to say nice things to me, or make the least little bit of love? . . . . Of course I could not say this if you were not my real husband, and it is easier to say these things over the telephone. I am counting the hours till you come tomorrow. Good-night, Hugh, dear. Did you catch what I threw after you this afternoon? Well, here is another one. Have you got it?"

She laughed and hung up the receiver.

HE came in the early afternoon of the following day. They sped delightfully through the country villages to Levis, crossed the ferry, and dined delightfully on the heights of Old Quebec. In the waning sunlight and the soft, white shining of the moon they returned through the scented lanes, over steep hills, across broad valleys teeming with autumnal richness, past lakes of molten silver, feathered by sweet, cool night winds.

"It has been the happiest afternoon and evening of my life," she said, as she stood a moment in the open doorway of her home. He came up to her, bringing her wraps, and laying them on the chair.

"In mine also. You must give me many more such afternoons," he said. "Good-night, Mary!"

"Hugh!" she called him.

He came and stood on the step beneath her.

"Just another silly impulse," she said with a nervous little laugh. She put her hands on his head and drew his lips to hers, then turned and hastened indoors.

He stood unsteadily, as one to whose brain the soul of wine has gone, then returned to his car and went home.

CHAPTER V

CHRISTMAS came and went. It was about the turn of the year that Mary noticed a change in her father. There was a return of his old moody spirit. He was an emotional man, either on the heights of exultation or deep in the sloughs of depression. She had attributed much of his irritability to the loss of occupation. There was little to do about the place to interest him. Daily he went into town, often calling to see Hugh, lunching at the hotel or with his friends the Williams', returning home in time for dinner. She had supposed that his visits to her husband were but time-killers.

Latterly, however, he was curt in his references to Hugh, and it was evident that there had been some trouble. Whether because of this or not, Lyttleton had called more rarely at the house recently, and when he had been there, Campbell kept out of the way. Mary had resolved to speak to Hugh, but before she had opportunity of doing so, Campbell himself revealed the source of the dispute. He had been deceived, he said, grossly deceived by Lyttleton. The latter had known of the wealth of the Campbell mine. After doing a little cheap work he had found deposits of great value, within easy reach. The money Hugh had outlaid on their behalf had been the merest bagatelle in comparison with the value of the properties he had gained. It seemed that Williams and he had been in close association.

Now her father wanted his mine and mills brought under his own control. He would allow Lyttleton an interest in the working for his trouble and pains, and would permit the pits to be run under their present conditions, as part of the big Lyttleton plant, but he must be in control of the subsidiary company and the two Williams', his old associates, would join him. He further stated that he had been advised that it was very doubtful whether the arrangements effected by his son-in-law would hold in law. The properties really should have been allowed to pass under the sheriff's hammer, to make any kind of satisfactory title. In a word Campbell claimed that he had been led into the trap by misrepresentations, and he had gone to Hugh demanding what he called his rights. They had been rather brusquely refused him.

Mary listened to him without comment of any kind. The uppermost thought in her mind was what Hugh could think of the family with whom he had allied himself.

"I can see through it all now," the angry man declared. "The artfully framed plot, the sympathy and philanthropy masking the grasping purpose! Even you were brought into the plot and your sympathies with your own people enlisted in order that you might save them from disaster. We might have known no good could come of such a bargain. It's been suggested to me that it might be possible to have the marriage annulled. You have never lived together. You were trapped and cajoled into marrying the man. Williams is sure some such breaking of the bond could be effected."

"I wish you would not discuss me or my relations with my husband, with the Williams' or any other person," Mary said. "I married Hugh with my eyes wide open, and have no desire whatever to go back on my bargain. I really wonder, father, what the world will think of us, of you and me, I mean."

"And you would side with this schemer, this interloper, against your own people?" he asked furiously.

"I think I should," she answered. "Surely there can be a shred of commonest gratitude left to us."

"There is Hugh himself coming up the drive," said her mother, who was standing at the window.

HE met her father with an open-handed cordiality that Campbell could not but reciprocate.

"I thought I would step down and talk that matter over with you, Mr. Campbell," he said. "The best thing will be to send for Williams—or both of them if you wish—as they've been mixed up in the affair. I'm afraid it has troubled you all more than was necessary. But it can be all cleared up inside ten minutes. Perhaps Williams will come the more readily if you don't tell him I'm here. He works best out of sight."

Mary and he went out for a walk through the snowy grounds until they saw the two men arrive. Then they returned to the house. The visitors were surprised to find Lyttleton there.

"I'm sorry to be brought into what is really a family affair," said the smooth elder Williams. "Mr. Campbell sought my advice, and it seemed to me, from all one heard, that it might be that he had possibly disposed of his property rather cheaply. Of course you, Mr. Lyttleton, could not be expected to know the value of the place before you had tested it. Still, it seems a matter for a little diplomacy and mutual accommodation."

"Perhaps, as one who had some experience of the Campbell mine, I might put a few questions to Mr. Lyttleton that would simplify the situation. About the newly exposed veins, now—" interposed young Williams.

" You would simplify them most by keeping out of what does not concern you," replied Hugh.

Thereupon Campbell began a lengthy recital of what he thought and had heard.

"I take it that you think you've been unfairly treated," said Lyttleton, after the elder man had talked for some time. "I'm asked to grant an interest in the lately acquired property that means the surrender of it, so far as control and management are concerned. It would be run without my interference, and practically with my capital. I don't know what the qualifications of the new managers are, unless, having run their concerns on the rocks in the first attempt,

they want a second try. If the mine is as valuable as you say it is you have the chance of your lives. I will deed it back to Mr. Campbell for the money I have outlaid."

"All you have outlaid?" asked the elder Williams.

"What do you mean?" demanded Hugh.

"I understand there was the purchase of the house and——" he began.

"We were speaking of the mine, not the private affairs of my wife and myself," said Lyttleton sharply. "I have spent some $80,000 in clearing up the affairs of the company; Chaput, the notary, has all the papers and accounts. Give me this sum and take the mine. You'll have all the wealth for yourselves."

"It would be a crippling load for Mr. Campbell to assume at the outset," observed the elder Williams.

"Mr. Campbell may pay me any time," Hugh answered. "If he wishes to take the mine he can have it to-day, and I'll accept a mortgage to safeguard my interests."

"I don't know whether the financing could be managed," reflected Williams.

"I know it couldn't," laughed Lyttleton. "You say I took the mine over cheaply, but when I offer it back on the same terms, you decline. Then I say that Mr. Campbell may have it without actual outlay, and that doesn't suit you. As for the rumors of wealth, I haven't taken a pound of mineral from the place. Everything has been outlay. I would suggest also, Mr. Campbell, that if there is any arrangement to make, any difficulty to clear up, you'll find me ready to meet you justly, without the intervention of outsiders."

HE sat down at the table, and wrote his offers, leaving them open for three months, handed the paper to Campbell, and rose to leave the room, Mary accompanying him. She stood silently near the door for a moment.

"I wonder what you think of us, Hugh?" she said.

"You mean what I think of you?" he replied. "I thought I made it quite clear long ago."

"Is that true? Just the same?" she asked.

"A little more true, more satisfied," he told her.

"You must go back?"

"It is not necessary. I wondered if we might take another holiday. The roads are good, it is not too cold, and I brought heaps of robes in the hope I might coax you. You look as if you had all the cares of the world on your head," he said.

"Oh, I am tired of myself and the meanness that is in us," she said impatiently.

"If you say that I shall be tempted to forget my promise," he told her.

"Promise!" she repeated.

"I was not so much as to lay hands on you without your consent," he laughed.

"And I have to ask," she said, her face gay again. "But you mean that we are to have a holiday?"

"I am waiting."

As she hurried her dressing she heard him call up the office and say that he would not be back that day. She ran into the room to tell her mother that she was leaving for the day with Hugh. The four watched them go down the drive, Campbell and the elder Williams apart from the rest.

"You were mistaken, Campbell," the other said. 'Mary is in love with her husband. He is winning out all round."

IT was to Mary another day in Arcady. They drove fifty miles through the white, sunny country to a village nestling at the edge of the sea, a hamlet of Champlain's time, picturesque Brittany in the New World, a reminiscence of the seventeenth century brought up for contemplative delig the twentieth; a lo ay in a lover's world, a day whose fragrance lasts as life, whose colors abide fadelessly on the canvas of memory.

"You are spoiling me, Hugh. I shall never be content to go back to the few hours on Sunday afternoon. You see what it means to encourage me, what the awful burden of a wife is!" she told him, as they lingered at the door on their return.

"My days are yours," he laughed. "All you have to do is to call when you feel very generously inclined toward me. They bring me a little nearer the end of the dream time."

She stood a moment irresolutely, driven by an eager impulse to turn away from the door of her old home, re-enter the car, and bid him take her to their home. She glanced at him as he waited in the dim light of the hall lamp. If she had seen desire for her there, she would have stepped down to his side.

"Good-night, Mary! Is there no reward to-night?"

But she had fled within the house.

There was a smile on his face as he re-entered the car and drove away.

SHE watched the lights flit along the road till hidden from sight by the intervention of the hills. Long she sat in the darkness, and there the decision was made. Her place was no longer in the old house. It had held her heart at one time, but now her heart was in the Mine house, and there must she be. The few hours on Sunday, a holiday now and again would not satisfy the heart hunger. Where he was she must be, at his side, his mate, his wife. No longer should there be the prideful waiting for him to call her. She had made the bargain. The summons must be hers. She would not send the call; she would go to him, to his arms and home and tell him that she had come to be with him always.

To-morrow she decided she would go, at nightfall. She would surprise him in his loneliness.

Presently he called her on the telephone to say that he had reached home. They chatted for a little while, and then she put up the receiver with something like a glad sigh. That was the last time she would need it. It had become to her not the link of union, but the symbol of separation.

CHAPTER VI

DURING the following morning she went from room to room of the old place, not with any sense of regret. She bade silent farewell to the old life. Long she lingered in the morning room, recalling their first interview. It seemed that she was only gradually fathoming the depth of his wonderful love for her. She remembered her bitter word of contempt and his strong rebuking, she remembered it all with shame and yet gladness. Out of them love had been born. She had seen the man he was even then, though dimly. There had been a time when in her thought he had represented everything cruel, bitter, hateful, the destructive storm cloud on her skies; and out of the storm had come light and love. It had broken over her, not with destroying lightnings but the soft, mellow sunlight of a happiness hitherto unimagined.

Not till late in the afternoon did she speak to her mother of her decision. They were alone in Mrs. Campbell's boudoir.

"Mother," said Mary. "I am going away to-night. Going to Hugh. You know the arrangement we made when he spoke of marriage. He was to leave me here, and not come until I sent for him. I married him without love, without liking, because of his money and his promises to help us out of our troubles. Everything has changed from that day. He made me respect him. Then respect grew to liking, and now liking is—is love. He is everything to me. I think I'm the happiest woman alive.

"I've hoped he would break his promise," she went on, "not because I feared to tell him of the change, or was too cowardly to send for him, but I thought sometimes that perhaps he didn't care as much as he did at first. I was afraid my willingness to marry him for what he would give had lowered me in his eyes and that his regard was just the chivalry of his heart. Now I know he still loves me and I'm going to him."

"I've been longing for you to make the decision," said her mother. "I knew it would come."

And together they sat in the darkness. They talked as mother and daughter close bound to each other by unusually intimate affection. Then the car was brought around, and Mary drove away.

SHE left it at the town garage, and set out to climb the hill to the offices over which Hugh had his rooms. The night was pitchy dark, and the way rough and lonely. At the top of the steep ascent she turned into the lane leading to the offices and mills. There was no work going on. She could dimly see the tall derricks at the edges of the vast quarry deeps. No house was near. The lane was deep in snow with a narrow track made by the feet of the pitmen.

Presently she saw the light of the offices and hastened toward them. She paused a little breathlessly when she came near to them, a smile on her face, great happiness in her heart. The big general office was deserted, and she went on to the end of the building where Hugh had his private office, with a door opening into it from the side.

She hastened on, glancing through the window. Then she suddenly stopped, and drew back into the shadows. Hugh was there, by the side of his closed desk, and seated near him was Alice Williams. The girl was talking in her wontedly vivacious manner, and Hugh was laughing with her. It seemed to Mary as if her world had suddenly slipped from under her feet. Her exultant dreams of happiness faded into empty blackness.

She turned and went swiftly down the dismal lane again. Before she reached the foot of the steep she had recovered possession of herself, but her bewilderment had given place to a fixed, settled calm. The storm of angry resentment had passed, and she was hard, placid, bitter. In the street she met Jack Williams.

"Are you going away, Mrs. Lyttleton?" he asked, noticing the small bag she carried.'

"No, just returning

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"My courage failed me . . . I will wait for Hugh to come for me."

SAFE IN THE SADDLE?

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "Opening the New Book," "We Aim to Please," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. CASEY

"EYES West" was the single sentence on the orders of the day when Parliament swung into its steady stride for the session. No sooner had the statesmen selected their boarding-houses and unpacked their trunks than they got busy asking. "What are those Grain Growers going to do?"

And the Grain Growers did. From the railway trains they headed straight for the caucus room, and from behind its closed doors came echoes of terrible things that were about to happen to the tariff. It was to be hanged, drawn, quartered, and its mangled remains smeared on the doorposts of Eastern manufacturers. The caucus developed into caucuses. The horny-fisted farmers got up early and burned the late lantern in order that their work might be done. The delegation from the Prairies, taking pattern from the Peace Conference, elected a supreme council and subcommittees, in order that some might continue to caucus while others ate and slumbered. And all the while the telegraph wires from the West never ceased to hum. Little yellow envelopes rained in on the tariff wreckers. Their one refrain, sung in solo and chorus, was "No compromise. Let no single tariff remain. Your duty is to smash the duty." They shouted as only telegrams can shout: "We, the United Farmers of the Great Untramelled West, are sitting up nights to see that you do not falter. We'll hold up the spring plowing, if necessary, to uphold your slaughtering hands." Many of these yellow messengers were prepaid. Many others emphasized their senders' earnestness by being marked "collect."

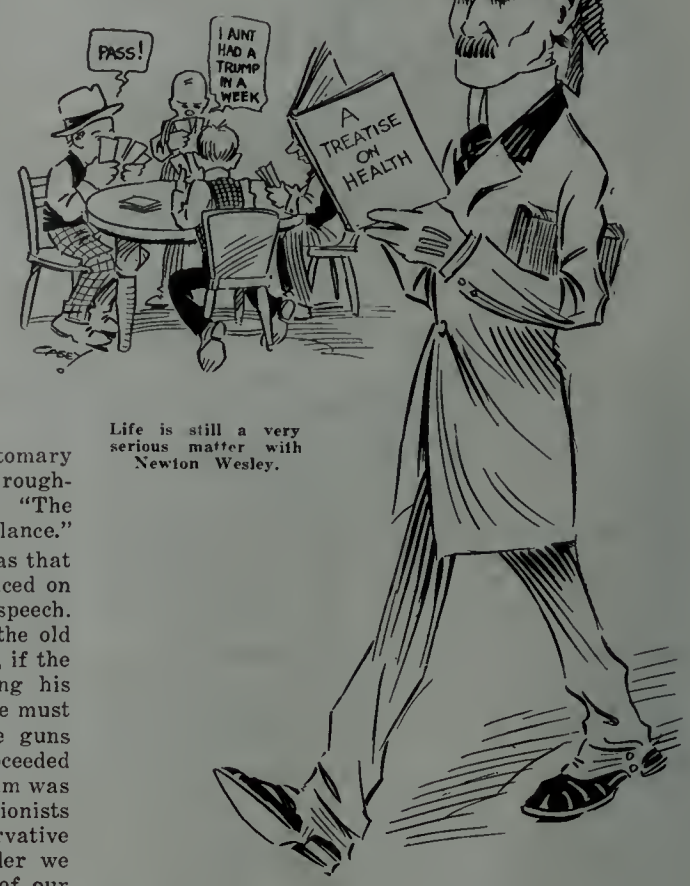
Wearied press gallery men talked of "cockeyes," a newly coined plural for caucus, and a wag hung up a sign which read: "Western members will caucus daily at 9 and 11 o'clock a.m. and at 3, 5, 7, and 9 o'clock p.m. Official notice will be given of special meetings. Mr. Mackie of Edmonton will open each session by resigning his seat as a protest against the Government's tardiness in meeting the views of the West."

Nor was the excitement confined to the caucus room and the corridors. A rumor that a farmer was about to speak in the debate on the address was enough to fill the House and press gallery. And when the Western men took the floor correspondents sat with pencils gripped and mouths open, ready to record the first symptoms of rebellion. Dr. Michael Clark was the pace-maker, and also the first of the peace-makers. Red Michael was eloquent as always, but he sneered at the Liberals opposite, their policies, their practices, and their new leader. His was not an inspired utterance, but it fairly shrieked: "Liberal Unionists, you have nothing to hope for across the floor. Keep the Union Government alive that the soldiers may be demobilized and the country's business reconstructed." Cabinet ministers were of one mind and not afraid to express what was in it. Red Michael had made the greatest speech ever delivered from the floor of the Canadian Parliament.

Still the "cockeye" continued; still the telegrams poured in; more and more they happened to be marked "collect."

Henders, president of the Manitoba Grain Growers, was the next man up. He, too, raised the banner of reconstruction and repatriation, and owned to a deep and abiding faith in Sir Thomas White as the greatest of tariff makers.

It was then the storm broke in all its fury. The rain of telegrams from out the West became a yellow blizzard. Mr. Henders spent sleepless nights; so did a number of his colleagues. Every time they dozed off the telephone bell signalled another telegram in the offing. And it was under these adverse circumstances that Maharg, the curly-headed boy statesman from Maple Creek, raised his voice. Mr. Maharg is president of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers. Also he was born in Dufferin County, which gave to the world President Halbert, of the United Farmers of Ontario. How could man be better fitted to give voice to the woes of a down-trodden and tariff-burdened yeomanry! He did it. Reading the famous platform of the Council of Agriculture, he planted both feet on it, endorsed its every principle, waved his hat around his head and yelled for more. He told the Government that the war was over. He intimated that the Great West was hungry for its pound of flesh. And he hinted at wholesale resignations in Prairie constituencies unless the enraged voters were pacified by a clean-swept tariff sheet. He held the Western gun at the Union head already cocked and uttered the customary "Stand and Deliver" without a stutter. And throughout the land some excitable newspapers shouted: "The fate of Union Government trembles in the balance."



Life is still a very serious matter with Newton Wesley.

But the only noticeable effect on the House was that Col. J. A. Currie stood up in his place and placed on Hansard a regular old-time Tory Protectionist speech. The Union Jack flew from every corner of it, the old National Policy breathed in every sentence, and, if the shade of Sir John A. Macdonald was working his ouija board in the twentieth plane at the time, he must have spent a pleasant afternoon. Also, since guns were going, the Colonel reached back and proceeded to show that he travelled "heeled." His ultimatum was brief and might be translated: "If you Unionists monkey with the tariff we'll call the old Conservative party into convention. If funerals are in order we always carry our private graveyard as part of our personal baggage."

And again the temperamental press shrieked "crisis," and called upon all and sundry to keep their ears open for nation-shaking news. Instead came the long-expected tariff caucus. It had been saved up as a safety valve. In its alleged secrecy twenty-five members poured their surcharged feelings into seven-minute speeches. And when it was all over Sir Thomas White broke the news to them gently, but none the less firmly.

No Hope For Extremists

By the time this is in print the budget will probably be down and the Commons chamber will surely be full of the howls of disappointed extremists. For though that time is still weeks ahead you don't need to be a political prophet to foretell what is going to happen.

Sir Thomas White is coming—coming with a rush.

There will be a bit of tariff tinkering. It may hurt the feelings of some ardent protectionists. It won't come near meeting the wishes of various telegram writers in the sorrowing West. There will be no general tariff revision till times have returned to normal. That somewhat indefinite date is not found in the almanac, but you will be prepared for its coming by tariff conferences held at different centres at which all sides to every question will be heard.

That much Sir Thomas White whispered to his muchly mixed following. They took it in such good part that the air was cleared, and everybody could see with half an eye that there never was, nor is there likely to be, such a thing as a crisis. Three or four Unionists may attempt to save their political hides by jumping across the floor, but the great majority of Unionists, whether they be protectionists or free traders, will go right on demobilizing and reconstructing under the Union banner. The Union Government is here for this session—and next session and other sessions—till it expires through the effluxion of time or appeals to the country through the will of its ministers.

The Hold of Sir Thomas

There are many reasons behind this prediction. But the greatest of all these reasons is Sir Thomas White. Gentle reader, as Sir Walter Scott would say, I have never been charged with being a hero worshipper. I have looked through the official robes of many a political wonder and seen but common clay in the man beneath. But I would have to be stone blind, and deaf as well, not to admit the wonderful hold Sir Thomas is getting on the members of this House of Commons.

Right from the start Sir Thomas appeared to see that the war that had been fought for democracy had not been fought in vain. Stepping down from the pedestal on which premiers and acting premiers have been wont to pose, he proceeded to treat mere members of the back bench variety as men and brothers. He had a glad hand and ready smile for all. Moreover, his democracy appeared to have communicated itself to his colleagues in the Cabinet. Whereas ministers had had the habit of wrapping themselves in their dignity and treading a rather solitary path to glory, they now appeared to realize the joys to be found in the society of their fellows. At any hour you could see a couple of them shaking hands in the corridors, and if you glanced into Room 16 you might even see spoiled pets of political fortune helping the boys tell stories or looking on at the euchre game. But, let there be no mistake, Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell was not one of these. Life is still a very serious matter with Newton Wesley.

But the others kept at it religiously. Old members who complained that last session Sir Robert Borden never even nodded to them enjoyed ten-minute conversations with the acting Premier. They told him their troubles and got sympathy, if not relief. They began to discover virtues in Sir Thomas they never before suspected, and—well, just a year ago now Sir Thomas White was in California, and it is whispered that he had to hurry home to rescue his finance portfolio from the Hon. Arthur Meighen, who was walking around with it in his pocket. To-day, if Sir Robert Borden

wants to keep his job as Premier, he had better do a bit of hurrying home himself. For in other days, when there was talk of finding a new leader, it always came to a full stop with "Who are we going to put in his place?" The Unionist following has answered that question by inserting the name of Sir Thomas White.

But the impression still continues to grow that Sir Robert Borden does not intend to return except temporarily. Those who know him best are satisfied that his solid dignity would find lasting peace in some overseas job to which a peerage is attached. The continued rumors that he is to be British Ambassador to Washington won't wash, but they are taken to mean that someone is industriously looking for a job for him "over there." If it is Beaverbrook he is as good as placed. If it is Sir Clifford Sifton his chances are still good. If both are at work then the Canadian Premier is assured of something real good.

But to get back to Sir Thomas. Not only has he caught the fancy of his followers, but he is also gathering the respect of his opponents. He is a fine figure of a man, is Sir Thomas, and when an exalted being who looks the part treats you with respect and consideration you think a bit the better of both yourself and him. And then even his worst enemies are beginning to admit he has brains. In fact a glance at his career compels the admission.

A Glance at His Career

It seems only the other day that tall and somewhat self-confident young man called Tom White was chasing items for the Toronto *Telegram* and drawing down the princely salary of nine dollars per week. Being possessed of ambitions he looked around for other fields that could be cultivated for larger financial returns, and found a job in the assessment department at Toronto City Hall. From that vantage point he studied law, contributed "specials" to the *Telegram*, and added to his daily amusements by teaching night school. The day he graduated from Osgoode the new National Trust Company laid a detaining hand on his shoulder and made him its manager, He is reported to have taken a prize for oratory at the law school, but even those who can be made to believe this do not hold it against him.

Once Tom White's feet had fairly hit the financial pathway, he got to running and, by the time the reciprocity election came along, he was rich enough and prominent enough to be one of the Sixteen famous—or notorious (depending on which side of politics you are)—Grits, who went over to the protection party in a body. With the election won Sir Robert Borden reached out a long arm, plucked Tom White from political obscurity and made him Minister of Finance. There were heart-burnings among the Tories over the picking, and some went so far as to charge that the Finance Portfolio was the price paid for the flop of the muchly-mentioned Sixteen. Also others whispered that he was a bankers' pet, propelled into the Ministry to attend to such odd jobs as they might want attended to.

When Tom White arrived in Ottawa and tacked the prefix Hon. to his rather unpretentious name he was a bit bumptious. He affected the personal pronoun to a degree hitherto discouraged in political circles. This habit caused a press gallery man to propound the conundrum: 'What is the difference between Tom White and the sky?" And the answer came in chorus: "The sky has only a million eyes."

But the reporter—assessor—financier—statesman has adaptability as well as grey matter. The "I" has largely disappeared from the later Hansard reports of his speeches. Also he gathered that urbanity was part of the equipment of a rising young statesman, and he laid in large quantities of it which in turn he ladled out in such quantities that he was sometimes accused of slopping over. But he kept right on learning. Now he knows how to be nice. Nobody does it better. In short, he's coming—coming with a rush. And the question most often asked is: "Will Sir Thomas White arrive before Sir Robert Borden is ready for him?"

The Voting "Bulge"

So there is one reason why the Union Government is here to stay. Another, perhaps equally good, is that members who might desert have no place to go to. The Liberal Party across the floor is neither very large nor very liberal. And it is more or less leaderless. The Mackenzie lends little to his new job except a Scotch name and an unquestioned Presbyterianism. Sure it is that accession to the leadership appears to have affected his voice. Time was when he would lead the House in a laugh over one of his own dry Scotch jokes. Now he does not even quote the Scriptures or the Shorter Catechism. The death of Laurier took a statesman out of the life of Canada; it also lost to Parliament one of the few peculiar personalities on the Liberal side. For the Mackenzie is lost in his new job.

But, even if the free traders had some place to go to, there are hardly enough of them to make the going worth while. When the Western tail started in to wag the Canadian dog it overlooked a detail or two. First of all it should have been sure the tail was intact. Then it should have picked a Parliament that was not so abnormally lop-sided. As things are now the West is by no means a unit. Saskatchewan cries wildly for free trade. Alberta may be equally earnest, but is not so vehement. Manitoba is split up to a certain extent, and British Columbia is partly protectionist. Counting it all up, the West may count perhaps thirty to thirty-five really rampant free traders. But even if they all jumped the Government would still have a small majority—it has 73 to the good at the present time. And all of them won't go. So all or nearly all will stay.

Then there is that indemnity. There is said to be a solemn promise. given in caucus, that the yearly stipend of a member of Parliament will be raised to $4,000 a year. And when a member seeks the solitude of his bedroom, examines the contents of his pocket and asks himself whether the country needs an election worse than he needs the $4,000, he is apt to look before he leaps. If there were enough of him to line up behind a Liberal leader and form a new Government without an appeal to the country, it might be different. But there isn't. And again things are working a bit crosswise. For whereas it was figured that the Union Government's big majority was a source of danger, that big majority is now proving to be its salvation.

The Colonel reached back and proceeded to show that he traveled "heeled."

The Antics of Sir Sam

With the Union Government safely set in the saddle, unless some unforeseen contingency arises and the tariff is wiped off the slate of crisis-producing probabilities, you can turn to take a look at other people and possibilities with some sense of security. And right away your eye rests on Sir Sam Hughes. Sir Sam started in early to create sensations with charges that Sir Arthur Currie had sacrificed the lives of Canadians to enhance his own glory. That speech flashed over the country with an electrical effect little suspected by the House. For those who know the "greatest driving force of all time" best pay least attention to his utterances. Everybody likes Sir Sam. His egotism is so pure and undefiled that it no longer repels. It is simply a natural attribute of a peculiar personage. When he rises to speak in the house everybody settles back for a pleasant afternoon—that is everybody except Sir Thomas White and Hon. F. B. Carvell. These two are his pet aversions. He has a suspicion that the former had something to do with his dismissal from the Cabinet. He knows that the latter was behind the charges that brought on the fuse investigation. He never fails to fire a volley in their direction when the opportunity offers. That volley always brings a laugh from the Opposition and a quiet smile from the Government following. And statesmen don't like being laughed at.

But laughter is the tribute that Sir Sam's speeches always bring. When he starts an oration you listen first for the laugh from the Opposition, then for the laugh from the Government, then for the laugh all together. And you never fail to hear all three. Had the charges against Sir Arthur Currie been made by some one other than Sir Sam, Parliament would have stood aghast, and an investigation would have followed at the earliest possible moment. But it was only Sir Sam! And but for the effect on those who do not know the warrior those charges would have probably gone unanswered—but for that and one other thing. A grateful country is preparing to give Sir Arthur Currie some substantial recognition of his services. It may even be, you know, that Sir Arthur may pull down a peerage. And a Canadian peer who had to get out and rustle a job would disgrace this young country in the eyes of an enlightened aristocracy.

So Colonel Cooper of Vancouver was put up to take the first sting out of the Hughes oration. And this introduced to the house an entirely different kind of soldier—the top-hole chap. Like many of his kind who never got to Parliament, Colonel Cooper did good service at the front, and as a character witness for Sir Arthur he was all that could be desired.

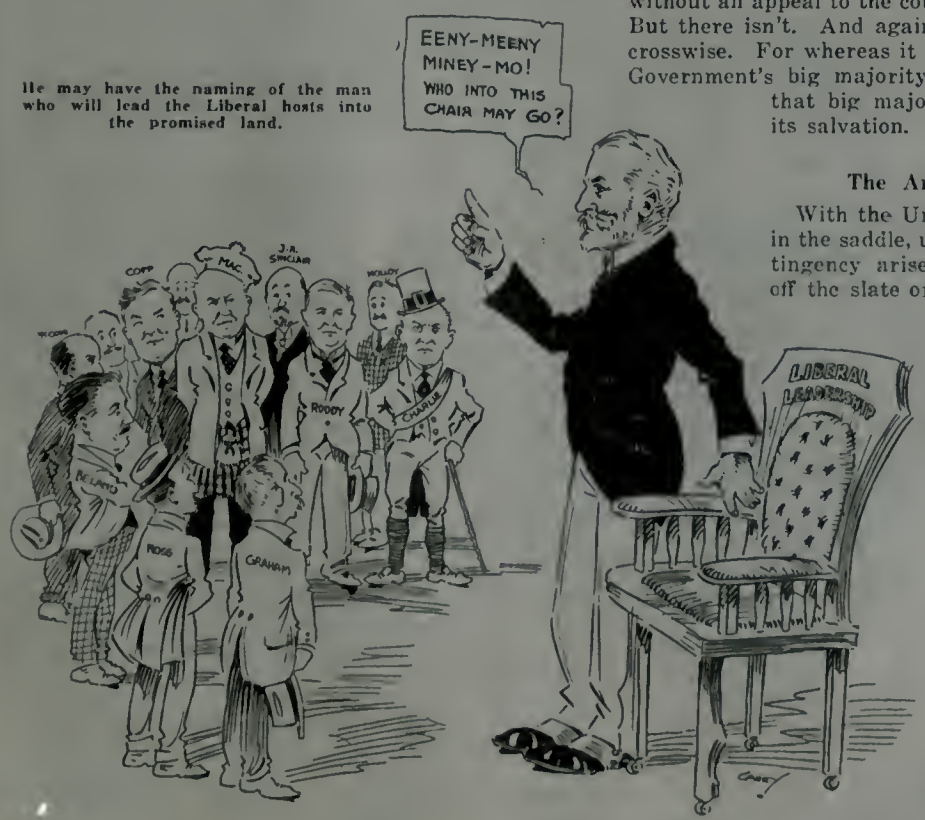
Colonel Peck to the Front

Then one afternoon the House got up and cheered as Colonel Peck, V.C., entered the chamber and found his way to a seat. Fresh from the wars he came, and he looked the part. With his face in repose and just a trifle more droop to his moustache he would pass for "Old Bill" in "The Better 'Ole." His tunic was decorated with all the ribbons valor can gather, while his nether limbs were covered with a tartan almost as noisy as the bagpipes. In short, he was all Sir Sam Hughes would like to be.

And hardly was his seat warm when he was on his feet defending Sir Arthur Currie. Nor had he uttered more than half-a-dozen sentences before the House discovered that it possessed a brand new personage. He knew what he wanted to say and said it so that all

Continued on page 88

He may have the naming of the man who will lead the Liberal hosts into the promised land.



The lady and Alexander seated themselves in a corner of the great hall.

The Transformation

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM

Author of "Nothing But the Truth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

CHAPTER XVII

CROSS PURPOSES

THE Honorable Bertie was announced. There may have been—or did the lady imagine it?—a shade of embarrassment in his manner.

"This *is* jolly," he said.

He was a big man—big and blonde. Alexander was big and dark! Both were husky, too, and strong. Her ladyship wondered which was stronger? Alexander, no doubt! She felt a wild desire to ask Bertie to let her feel his arm. "This is jolly," said the Honorable Bertie once more.

The lady shivered. "I wish you wouldn't repeat yourself, Bertie!"

"Repeat?"

"You see, I particularly detest that word 'jolly,' and I'm going to ask you a frank question, Bertie. When we last parted, did you consider we were—what shall I call it?—partially engaged?"

THE Honorable Bertie looked embarrassed. He had taken the lady's hand doubtfully. Even when he had said: "Awfully jolly!" there had been a furtive expression in his usually open gaze.

"I—" he now stammered. "Well, to tell you the truth, there might have been a—a partial—"

"Would you go as far as to say we were half-engaged?" interrupted the lady anxiously. "Or, would you even reduce the fraction further? Say, an eighth-engaged?"

Bertie looked at the lady quickly. Sometimes his slow brain was overtaken by fugitive glimmerings.

"An eighth-engaged?" he muttered, eyes still on the lady. "That *is* rather a small fraction."

"But"—nervously—"wasn't it, after all, only a *very* partial understanding? A very small fraction of an understanding?"

Bertie studied her. "I don't know as I'd go as far as that—quite!"

She straightened. "The point is, how far does a very small fraction of an understanding—possibly no understanding at all!—bind one?"

"Ha!" said Bertie. Just like Alexander! How like men were. in some things!

"The question is: Is the fraction of a thing the thing itself? Being so much less than the thing!"

"Ha!" said Bertie once more.

"Or if," with logic irrefutable, "being only one-eighth bound, and seven-eighths not bound, or seven times not bound, to one time bound, you are not, by mere preponderance, bound at all?"

Bertie stared. "What is this? A lesson in fractions? I always was weak in mathematics."

"To descend to plain English, then, Bertie, I believe I—I flirted with you, just a little bit, and you, in equally plain English, responded—very slightly!"

Bertie looked uncomfortable.

"Any one *would* flirt with you!"

"Thank you!"

"Confound it, you know it!"

"Thank you, again!"

"I—I never flattered myself I was the one and only man you'd flirted with, Estelle."

"Is that a reproach?" Studying him.

"That depends!"

"On what?"

"How—how far you may have gone with someone else! I know—know how many of the chaps were—were mad over you!"

"Is this—jealousy?"

"You might—"

"Or would-be tyranny! You have no right—"

"What about that fraction?" said Bertie shrewdly.

"Did I altogether concede its existence?"

"Didn't you?"

She looked at him. "If one flirts a little—"

"I should say it depends on how far—"

Was he trying to trap her? "I don't concede it went far at all, with you!" A little breathlessly.

Bertie bowed like a gentleman. "That's for you to say!"

THE lady blushed. Then she drew herself up proudly. "Let's look facts in the face! It was moonlight; you did look big and handsome." Bertie looked foolish; and again that expression of vague uneasiness overspread his face. "There's something about big men that has always appealed to me!" dreamily. "No, no! I don't mean that. How perfectly brazen and shocking!"

"Never mind!" Bertie looked uncomfortable. "I, too, forgot myself," he muttered awkwardly. "But by jove, there was some excuse; you did look—ripping!"

The lady went on: "No words were spoken. No promises exchanged." Did her accents betoken thankfulness? Bertie's look became more searching.

"Are words necessary," he said suddenly, "when heart speaks to heart?"

"Oh!" gasped the lady.

He took a step toward her.

"Oh!" she repeated.

"To what does this tend?" he said sternly.

"When you speak to me like that," she said, recovering, "I deny the existence of any understanding."

"Oh, you do!"

"I do! And I beg to remind you I have heard about a few of your own little affairs!"

BERTIE shifted abruptly. His expostulations rang, in the least, hollowly. "Here am I, hurrying up to see you, at the first opportunity, and this is the way I am received! Is it what I expected? Is it, I ask?" The lady looked unimpressed. "Shall I tell you what my feelings were, as I hurried here? The impatience?"—He suddenly checked himself. Was anything wrong with Bertie?

"Are you sure you didn't forget me?" Clear-eyed, she regarded him.

"Forget?" He threw out a hand. "Could I?" Half-bitterly. "That kiss!" His tones were hoarse. "Could *any* man forget—"

"Perhaps not," said the lady calmly, "if it had been a real one! If my heart had gone with it! But as it was—a mere peck! And—it seemed *one* way to stop your foolish conduct. Indeed I quite absolve myself of the incident!"

"You do?"

"I do! A peck, cold as moonlight!"

"She calls it a 'peck,'" muttered Bertie. "What a word!"

"And you come here on the strength of that, hoping to force me to marry you!"

Bertie looked startled. "Of—of course!"

"You considered I had given my soul to you with a peck!" she demanded.

"Don't call it that! I hate that word!"

"You—you care for me, so much, then?"

Bertie looked down. "Can you ask?" In a low depressed tone.

"Or was it you felt in honor bound to come up here and ask me to marry you?"

Bertie lifted a startled glance. "I—of course—well, you know—"

"Quite intelligible! And intelligent!"

Each studied the other now.

"What has she been up to?" thought Bertie.

"What has he been up to?" thought the lady.

"Something awful!" thought Bertie.

"Something awful!" thought the lady.

"Won't you sit down?" said the latter politely.

Bertie did. "Wager she's engaged herself to some man!" he thought.

"He's got over his head with Polly or Dolly, or some circus creature!" thought the lady.

"Light a cigarette," she said aloud.

"Thanks!" Gloomily.

THE lady looked down. Was this the time to tell her awful secret? By any possibility, did Bertie care for her? His face was as long as a yardstick. And they *had* been chums for years! And their estates *were* contiguous! And had it been only and absolutely a mere "peck"? Had she cared, a very little bit? Not in the way that leads to the altar! Of that she was certain.

But Bertie? Had she injured him in her thoughts? A man might fall under the spell of a Dolly or a Polly, and still cherish a deeper, more abiding passion. And Bertie was handsome! Almost as handsome as Alexander! And Bertie was a gentleman, while Alexander was merely good to look at, with the mental equipment of a clown. It was all very confusing.

"I wonder if I have acted right?" now thought the lady.

"Maybe she is free, and only sounding me," thought Bertie. "What if she has an idea I really *should* marry her!" Bertie wiped his brow.

"Feel better?" said the lady.

"Yes—no," said Bertie.

The lady decided not to tell all of her secret, just then. Of course she would have to account for Alexander's and Miss Handsaw's presence in the house. And if she didn't tell all the truth, how much should she tell? She was relieved that Miss Handsaw had withdrawn to the balcony at Bertie's entrance.

"How did you hear of my home-coming?" she now asked.

"Your uncle, the lord high chancellor, told me."

"Yes, I wrote him. And you were overjoyed?"

"Of—of course!"

"I must tell him," thought the lady.

"Don't say you are engaged to some other fellow!" said Bertie, as reading that impulse.

"I may truthfully say, I am *not* engaged!"

Bertie slid deeper into his chair.

"Would you—have been very jealous?" said the lady.

"Would I?" Loudly. "Would I?"

"And if brought face to face with this hypothetical individual?"

"But you are not engaged?"

"No; but if I were?"

"What's the object of supposing?"

"*Might* be then," suggested the lady.

"I don't think," said Bertie slowly, "I'd like to trust myself in his presence! That is, at first!"

THE lady laughed nervously. Then she bent over him with a sprightly look. "Bertie, would you mind—would you take it as a liberty, if I asked you to let me feel your muscle?"

"Charmed!" said Bertie, and bent his forearm.

The lady's fingers pursued their investigation.

"Not so bad!" said Bertie with assumed indifference. He knew, indeed, his biceps were something to be proud of. "All there, eh?"

But the lady only smiled enigmatically. "Poor Bertie!" she said.

"What's that?"

"Nothing! A mere expression of sympathy! That is all."

Bertie stared. "See here, Estelle, what's all this mean?"

"I wish I knew!"

"Got a notion to hang around and find out!"

"Did you bring your luggage?"

"No."

"Then how could you hang around?"

"When my own place was let, last time, I came down here; I remember leaving a lot of things for Pelton to look after!"

"Yes; I remember that as one of your failings. Easier to leave old duds at week-ends than to bother taking them away!"

"Oh, there's a method in it," said Bertie. "I have lots of clothes scattered around different places where I'm expected about every so often! Under the circumstances, feeling kind of uneasy about you, I *could* manage to stay and get Pelton to resurrect some of my old duds."

"Oh, no, you couldn't!" Wild laughter rang from her ladyship's lips.

"Why not?"

The lady looked out of the window. In the distance stalked Alexander imposingly arrayed in tweeds.

"Ha, ha!" said her ladyship.

"Why not?" said Bertie more sulkily.

"Because, at present, your wardrobe is otherwise engaged."

Bertie frowned. "Engaged?"

"Rented out, as it were!"

"But I say, Pelton has a nerve!"

"It wasn't Pelton. It was I!"

"You! But confound it—"

"Don't say 'confound it,' Bertie. Say what you think!"

"What do you mean?"

"Damn!"

CHAPTER XVIII

AN OMINOUS MEETING

"AND now, shall we walk in the garden?"

"But you haven't told me why?"

"Hasn't there been enough explaining, for the present? Let us stroll and forget ourselves. I am sorry I can't provide a little moonlight—"

"Eh?"

"You won't take it from me as inhospitable that I don't?"

"Not at all! Ha, ha!" But Bertie's laughter sounded artificial. "You're sure you're not engaged, or half-engaged, to some other fellow?"

"I am not even half-engaged, Bertie. I give my sacred word of honor. I swear it on the honor of a daughter of a belted earl!"

"Confound it, Estelle, I can't make you out!" he growled.

"Why try?" Merrily. "Why not take me as I am!"

Bertie looked positively startled; then recovered himself. "You've been away quite a time," he said, "and I've half a mind you've had some experiences or adventures—"

"Experiences!" she laughed. "I could a tale unfold—"

"Unfold it, then!"

"Here? How unromantic! Let us go into the garden! That identical spot!"

For the moment Bertie looked scared.

"Come," she said, with gay abandon.

And Bertie went. As they approached a marble bench the lady spied Alexander there. At sight of them he got up. The lady stopped.

"It is already occupied," she said wistfully.

Bertie stared at Alexander. "My tweeds!"

"You recognize them? They *are* rather pronounced!"

Bertie did not make an amiable response. He eyed Alexander with disfavor. Alexander smiled.

"My clothes!" repeated Bertie.

"Aren't they a perfect fit?" said the lady enthusiastically.

"Confounded liberty," I call it.

"You should see him in your evening suit," said the lady.

"I should, should I?" said Bertie, glaring at Alexander.

"Only they are a bit tight across the shoulders!"

"He should have them let out," said Bertie in a funny tone.

"So he could. They would be a bit more comfortable."

"I hope so."

"He has such nice broad shoulders, it's a shame to pinch them in!"

"Beastly!" said Bertie.

"It's too bad your shoulders weren't a little broader," murmured the lady. And Bertie, who was rather proud of his tolerably broad shoulders, said something under his breath.

"I wouldn't," said the lady. "He's frightfully strong."

BERTIE again glared at Alexander. The latter smiled sweetly. He didn't offer to approach them.

"No; you mustn't go any nearer," said the lady quickly to Bertie. "Don't let his sweet expression deceive you. He is really dangerous when aroused. The 'uman-tiger, Pelton calls him!"

Bertie's disgust was unutterable. "Under the circumstances I might be justified in punching—"

"No, no," said the lady quickly, placing a detaining hand on his arm. "Why court destruction?"

"For me, or for him?" Ominously.

"You, of course!"

Bertie made a sound. "In that case," he said witheringly, "I had better fly."

Bertie turned on his heel. "Discretion is the better part of valor!" he murmured.

"Indeed it is," said the lady, and they walked away.

"I hope he isn't coming after me," observed Bertie, in those same withering accents.

"No, he isn't!"

"I'm so frightened I daren't look around," said the Honorable Bertie, with a slight sneer. "And now, may I ask, how much rent are you getting for my clothes?"

"I?"

"Or, is it Pelton?"

The lady giggled. "How deliciously impertinent! You *are* improving. Who has been improving you? Has *some* one been improving you?"

Bertie walked a little faster.

"If I did not have every faith in you, I should say someone had been sharpening your wits!"

"Why can't you be serious? I come down here and find someone wearing my clothes. What am I to think? What would any man think?"

"Shall I tell you the truth?"

"If you"—Bertie paused—"will be so good!" he added. "Why have you rented out my clothes?"

"Oh, that was just a figure of speech. They aren't really rented."

"Presented?"

"I believe he considers them his."

BERTIE glanced over his shoulder and stopped.

"Don't obey that impulse!"

"Hang it, he's smoking my pipe, I believe!" burst from Bertie.

"If you *will* leave things around! I always told you it was a bad habit!"

"Anything else of mine he's pre-empted?"

"I believe you left some shirts."

"Is he wearing my shirts?" More explosively. "I say, this—"

"They're a little tight at the neck, and—"

"I wish they'd choke him!"

"You aren't jealous, are you, Bertie?"

"Jealous?" Bertie's anger seemed to fade magically.

"You see, he's only a castaway. We took him in. He was cast up by the sea. His garments were torn almost to tatters. He was a sight! So we fed, clothed and revivified him. Would you have had me do less? Tell him to go on—to expire in the byways, perhaps?"

"You say he was shipwrecked? The fellow's only a poor sailor, or something of the kind, then?"

"Something of the kind! A porter, I believe!"

"He looks jolly well at home, for a—"

"The tendencies of the time! Poor fellow! why begrudge him?"

Bertie didn't. A shipwrecked sailor! His pres-

THE STORY SO FAR

Lady Estelle Langlenshire is held in Germany at the start of the war. She escapes by going through a marriage ceremony with a Greek porter and crossing the border as his wife. They are wrecked and, by a coincidence, land on the shore near the lady's ancestral home. Alexander, the husband, refuses to leave and is lodged in the royal suite. He begins, mysteriously, to shed his uncouth ways, but complications arise with the arrival of Her Ladyship's former suitor.

ence there seemed natural enough, and there was no reason why he shouldn't sit on a bench during the period of his convalescence. Bertie did not think, then, to inquire why Pelton had dubbed the visitor a 'uman-tiger, or to endeavor to reconcile the incongruity of bedecking the shipwrecked one in his (Bertie's) evening clothes. In his confused mental state Bertie overlooked a few questions he ordinarily would have asked.

"Where are we walking?" said Bertie.

She lifted her eyes, and then Bertie blushed. The pathway before them had long been known as "Lovers' Lane." Bertie bit his lips. The lady walked on dreamily; Bertie eyed her uneasily. She was very beautiful—too beautiful!

"Of course, I was only jesting about its being a partial understanding," she said. "You did think I was jesting, didn't you?"

"Ye—es!"

"You don't think I would let someone say— do what—you know, and then—You don't think *that* poorly of me!"

"I—I—" Bertie didn't know what he thought.

"You didn't?" In an excess of emotion.

"No—oa!"

Was that a sigh of relief? "I had to hear you say it. And now I do feel sure of you!"

"Do—you?"

"And of myself! Need I say more?"

"I think not," said Bertie hoarsely. Had he not been told by Some One, only recently, no woman could resist him?

"Uncle will be so pleased!"

"The lord high chancellor?"

"Yes. He has frequently pointed out that the two estates are contiguous."

Bertie was silent.

"I *am* so glad you came down!"

"Are you?" In a whisper.

"Very!" Feverishly. "I was so afraid you wouldn't!"

"Were you?"

"You were as anxious to see me as I was you?"

"Yes, yes! Of course!"

"And you do forgive me, teasing you? About being only *half*-engaged?"

"I *half*-thought you were in earnest," said Bertie hoarsely.

"You did? Oh, Bertie! After all these years we've known each other!"

"Seemed too—too good to be true!" mumbled Bertie.

"Silly boy!" Tone positively caressing!

They walked on.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" Shyly. "Oh, shameless! An upward look from the blue eyes flared like a spark into Bertie's remorseful and smoldering gaze. "You didn't used to be so—" The red lips curled. Brazen red lips!

MECHANICALLY, Bertie slipped an arm about that perfect waist. The lady's head inclined; so a fair flower might bend to the wooing breath of a warm summer breeze! Bertie looked down.

"Home again!" sighed the lady.

"Must seem fine!" muttered Bertie.

"Can you ask?"

Bertie stooped for a "peck." He felt obliged to. The exigencies of the situation demanded such enterprising action on his part. But to his relief she drew back.

"Not now! Let us wait!" Hastily. "The moonlight! Same place!"

"All right!" As if a little postponement mattered much! Nothing mattered much.

"Shall we keep it a secret for a little while?" suggested the lady. "Our engagement?"

"Ye—es! I think we'd better."

"Only for a little while!"

"Make it long's you like!"

"But?"

"What do I care, long's we know?" Recklessly.

The lady laughed joyously. She was certain now. If Bertie wasn't engaged to Polly or Dolly, or Flossie or Fluffy, why that guilty manner? Of course any one of those artful stage-hussies *could* get Bertie, simply by flattering him and telling him how handsome he was! Bertie had come with the intention of trapping—studying her (Estelle); he wasn't exactly sure what might be expected of him.

Her ladyship determined to make Bertie pay; she would give him a bad half-hour or so. She gazed up at Bertie, more languishingly. Having reached the end of Lover's Lane, they turned and came back again.

And emerging, in lover-like fashion, whom should they encounter but Alexander!

CHAPTER XIX

A Chance to Retaliate

HER ladyship gave a gasp, knowing Alexander's truculent disposition. Too late she realized her own awkward situation. She, a newly-wedded bride, and caught like that! A hysterical desire to laugh mingled with a vague apprehension. Would Alexander start in to annihilate Bertie, or to slay her? Hastily she disengaged herself from Bertie's arm and Bertie did not seek to detain her. Her ladyship drew herself up, expectantly.

To her surprise, Alexander did not go into a mad rage and tear everything to pieces; on the contrary, the lady saw a look on his face she had never seen there before! His eyes rested on her steadily. Heavens! what a deep look! It positively seemed to pierce her. Then Alexander drew a long breath, puffed at his pipe, and—did the last thing on earth she expected of him! He walked by.

The lady stared after him. Oh, man of wonderful surprises! It was certainly interesting, having him around. Thrills emanated from his presence, or permeated his immediate proximity. Even now, gazing after his powerful receding figure, she was aware her breath came and went quickly. It was a new and novel experience, to expect to be crushed to the earth or to be ground beneath a crunching heel, and then to have absolutely nothing happen. Where Alexander was there was no monotony.

BERTIE did not share her emotion, but gazed after Alexander with almost approval on his face. Truth to tell, Bertie was just as well pleased Alexander *had* happened to go casually by at that moment. Bertie had begun to feel the way he had that night—*the* night before her ladyship had gone a-journeying. As he had been wanting in steadfastness after her going, so now, with her ladyship so near, Bertie had begun to experience, anew, certain definite and pronounced heart palpitations. And might have yielded to the same, and so turned the tables on her ladyship! Her ladyship did not know what a narrow escape she had had!

Bertie, interrupted in this dangerous but fascinating pastime by Alexander, now pulled himself together. No more Lover's Lane for him! Honor forbid! And how was he going to tell her ladyship, now, what honor bade him impart? He couldn't; he would go away and write about it.

"Good-looking chap, your castaway!" Bertie vouchsafed graciously.

"Do you think so?" In a startled voice.

"Carries himself as if he had been born to strut around private estates!" laughed Bertie.

"It's the clothes," said the lady absent-mindedly. "You dress a hod-carrier in good clothes and he immediately straightens up."

"I'd like to talk to the fellow." Patronizingly.

"No, no!" Quickly.

"Why not?"

"I don't think it would be best. You—you see he's very eccentric!"

"And is that the reason you give him free run of the place? Frankly, I don't understand it, Estelle."

"Don't try to! Don't assume that managerial tone yet! One would think the ceremony had already been performed."

Bertie turned scarlet and swallowed. The lady noticed and rejoiced.

"Why shouldn't I give him free run of the place?"

"Why not?" Absently.

"And if you begrudge him such a little thing—my giving away your clothes, now!—how will it be *after?*" said the lady. "Will you be preaching economy?"

"Glad he's got the clothes," said Bertie hastily. "And if he's short on shirts I'll send down some more—nice silk ones!"

"Now you are charming! You see I have a special reason for being nice to him!"

"You have?"

"Yes; you see, he—he saved my life!"

"He did?"

"Would you have me consign the savior of my life to the servants' quarters? Would you have me to tell him to eat with the scullery-maids? Would you have me deny him your clothes, your shoes, your shirts?"

"No, no!" said Bertie. "Here, give him that!" Handing her his watch. "He has everything else!"

"Is this levity?" said the lady severely.

"Beg your pardon, but do you mean to say he eats with—not with—"

"Me? Yes!"

"A porter!"

"Exigencies of circumstance! *You* might have been born a porter!"

BERTIE disdained this. "How long has he been here?"

"Ah, you consider you have the right to—to question me, now!"

"Oh, never mind!" Hastily.

"But I do mind! And you have the right! He has been here since yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"But it's quite all right! He occupied the royal suite, and I—I had Cook for a chaperon, and a very good chaperon she is, too."

Bertie gazed at her. "The royal suite! Whew!" he whistled.

"Isn't it romantic?"

"Rather!" Looking at her hard.

"For him, I mean! As for me—"

"For you?"—

"My book of romance has been closed!"

"Closed?" Mechanically.

"By you!"

"By jove, Estelle!" he exclaimed. "Of one thing I'm sure! The man who gets you won't have a dull moment."

"Perhaps you flatter yourself!"

Bertie blinked. "Here he comes back," he said.

The lady thrilled. "You two must meet!"

WAS Alexander returning to assassinate or to play with his victims? The lady waited expectantly. Strange conduct! He did not look at them as he drew near. Indeed, he seemed oblivious of their presence. Was this but duplicity? When their backs were turned would he spring upon them? Did he seek to lull them with a sense of false security, and then abruptly, without warning, consummate the dire deed? He got by once more. The lady looked around. Nothing happened. He was reserving his treachery. She came to a sudden resolution.

"Alexander!"

He stopped.

"Come here!" Would he obey? Wonder of wonders, he did.

"This is the man," she said to Bertie.

"Awh!" said Bertie patronizingly. "Her ladyship tells me you saved her ladyship's life." Alexander did not answer. "A fine fellow! Awh!"

"Yes, Alexander's quite uncommon—quite out of the ordinary!" Now would he spring upon them?

Alexander's face was like a block of wood—expressionless!

"I haven't yet learned the circumstances, my good man," went on the Honorable Bertie, "but you have been greatly privileged, to have saved the life of one of her ladyship's prominence and position!" It was a long speech for the Honorable Bertie and, somehow, he felt it wasn't exactly what he wanted to say, but Bertie was inwardly perturbed and confused.

HER ladyship suddenly laughed. She couldn't help it. She was thinking what Bertie would say if only he knew *all!* The whole dreadful truth! Perhaps Alexander would blurt out the terrible secret? Yet he was now oddly silent; strangely still! An impassive, ominous Alexander! Of what was he thinking? Though her life depended on her tact, her ladyship could not restrain her gaiety.

"How pompously you said that, Bertie!" she observed. "It was, really, quite unworthy of one usually so clever!"

"I get him," said Alexander gravely.

"He means he understands your stupid platitudes!"

The look Alexander bestowed upon her again seemed to read her very soul. "What an eye that man has!" thought the lady, but she wasn't going to let herself be intimidated.

She looked him in the eye, and for a moment it was a question of what might happen. Alexander's breast, she conceived as a fiery furnace. He had intimated, only too plainly, that he regarded her as his—his goods and chattels! Now his gigantic egotism must be boiling! With what delight she could continue to pile on the fuel! Regardless of the outcome! Let a volcano engulf her! She cared not!

"Besides," said her ladyship gaily to the Honorable Bertie, "you mustn't enhance, too greatly, the value of his services, or he'll be raising the price!"

"The price?" said the Honorable Bertie with a slight frown. "I say, my good fellow—"

"There! there!" said her ladyship. "I won't have him scolded."

"Oh, I no mind him," said Alexander.

HE was standing very straight and steady—meditating what? What crime? He was an inch or so taller than Bertie and even better put-up, nearer high

"I

Bertie was an excellent specimen of fine physical manhood. Her ladyship couldn't help making comparisons to Alexander's advantage. Was it right to approve of one's prospective slayer? At least it showed large-mindedness, her ladyship reflected.

Bertie found himself shaking his head. "Still, you know, my good fellow, you must really leave it to her ladyship, or"—remembering how impractical her ladyship was about money matters—"to her ladyship's friends!"

"Maybe I not get anything," said Alexander shrewdly, "if I leave it to them! Maybe they try to cut it down!"

"Maybe they'll do no such thing!" said her ladyship. "Maybe they'll not interfere!"

"But—"

Bertie eyed Alexander. Dolt! Did he not know he was playing with thunder and lightning? Her ladyship moved between them. She had seen a spark in Alexander's eye and she divined forces, elemental, about to burst their bonds!

"Is my life of so little consequence that we stand here and quibble about the price I am to pay to this gallant"—nothing like flattery to smooth things out!—"gentleman?"

"Gentleman?" queried Bertie.

The lady threw back her head. "Well, he knew what knives and forks to use," she said. "He never made a mistake, once. If you don't believe me, ask Pelton!"

Bertie pondered. "How many courses were there? One?"

She regarded the speaker with scorn. "It was a dinner of even larger proportions than usual! Is it likely I would bestow upon the savior of my life an abbreviated repast?"

"Is it likely a common porter would eat a large dinner without making a mistake?"

"He isn't a common porter. He's an uncommon! Didn't he win a pound from me at billiards, afterward?"

"Making hay while the sun shines, eh?"

ALEXANDER held himself aloof but the lady noticed his deep, penetrating eyes were bent very fixedly and inquiringly upon Bertie, as though seeking to read him up and down and across both ways. There was a burning concentration in Alexander's gaze now.

"Got a pound out of you, did he?" said Bertie. "I suppose, under the circumstances, it's up to me to get it back!" As he spoke Bertie grinned. Regular billiard shark, was Bertie!

"Good!" said her ladyship, retaliation in her tones. Alexander had played her a trick; it was only right he should be made to suffer. "But perhaps he won't play?"

"I play, all right," said Alexander.

She led the way to the house gaily. Upon the balcony they encountered the most recent of her ladyship's staff of employees.

"This is Miss Handsaw," said her ladyship to Bertie.

The Honorable Bertie bestowed upon Miss Handsaw a sour look.

"My chaperon!" said her ladyship. "Concession to high respectability and English morality! A very respectable person!"

"Locks it!" muttered Bertie, but not loud enough for Miss Handsaw to hear. Then they all entered the house.

"Now for [illegible] of Alexander!" thought her ladyship, [illegible] herself blithely in an easy chair [illegible] room. Bertie chalked his cue and looked along it with the eye of an expert. Alexander didn't bother taking any such precautions.

"In——in the Seventh Heaven," lied Bertie, like a gentleman.

Then Bertie began and it was charming to watch him; ease, grace and certainty characterized his every play. He made a nice run which her ladyship applauded, while mentally she saw Alexander reluctantly handing over the pound. Cupidity should be punished.

Alexander played very poorly at first, and the lady beamed with satisfaction. Then he picked up a bit; then a bit more! Now it was neck and neck. Then, by a seeming fluke, Alexander won. He put out his hand; Bertie paid.

"A bally accident!" he said between his teeth. "Make it two this time. Double or quits!"

Alexander eyed the coins wistfully. Cupidity struggled with caution in his gaze.

"Afraid?" said the lady derisively.

Alexander looked at her. "I'll play."

Again it was very close, and again Alexander just managed to pull off the game in his favor, but he had to struggle mightily; he took so much time over the shots that Bertie waxed sarcastic, and even her ladyship could not refrain from a cutting word or two. Bertie gritted his teeth.

"Double or quits!" he said.

ALEXANDER looked at the four gold pieces. Caution seemed to get the better of cupidity.

"Four birds in the hand," he murmured, "are better—"

"Coward!" breathed her ladyship. "And to think my life was saved by such a hero!"

That settled Alexander. "All right! But this is the last!"

This time he played more carefully than ever, and again her ladyship "rooted" for Bertie, seeming to forget that Alexander was her savior. His methods were most exasperating; he would start to do something, and then he would do something else, after a period of protracted consideration.

"Lightning artist!" grunted Bertie. "Ought to have a time limit!"

Alexander won. "Put me to sleep!" muttered Bertie savagely. "That's what he did!" Then he helped himself to the Scotch-and-soda Pelton had brought. "Double or quits!" he said. "If you win, I'm done! All the coin I've got with me! But we have to have a time limit."

"No dawdling this time!" From her ladyship.

"Eight birds in the hand!" said Alexander, looking at the gold. "Eight gold birds! Why I take chances?"

"But suppose there were sixteen?"

That was too much for Alexander. "All right!"

"And no dawdling!" repeated her ladyship. "If you dawdle the wager's off, and I shall be the judge."

"I'll not dawdle," said Alexander. And he didn't. He hardly looked at the balls; he leaped on them. And the way they flew around and performed made Bertie's eyes bulge. Now Alexander fairly sprinted; he was like a panther on the trail, and brought the game to a close in record time. Bertie stood drooping.

"Stung!" he murmured.

"Did I dawdle?" said Alexander to the lady.

"He's got my clothes, and now he's got my purse," said Bertie.

Alexander looked at the money. "Sixteen golden birds in the hand!"

"A whole aviary!" snapped Bertie. "Is there anything else I've got you want?"

"Maybe," said Alexander, and as he spoke his dark impelling eyes swept to the lady.

"Be thankful you are alive, Bertie!" murmured the latter.

Alexander's eyes suddenly snapped. The lady saw.

"Yes; I suppose I ought to be glad he hasn't taken my life!" grumbled Bertie.

"There is yet time for that," said the lady gaily.

Did Alexander smile? She was not sure.

"Haven't even got car-fare to get back to London with!" muttered Bertie.

"Perhaps you won't need car-fare," said the lady.

THIS time she was sure she saw Alexander smile.

"I'll borrow a quid or two from Pelton," said Bertie.

"Instead of giving him the customary?"

"Oh, you'll all be borrowing if your hero hangs around here much longer," said Bertie in a nasty tone.

Alexander continued to look at the coins. "I play you, for your note!"

"No, you don't!" Bertie thrust his hands into his empty pockets.

"I put in my dress-suit, the shirts, and the sixteen gold birds, against your note for twenty-five!"

"Your dress-suit!" cried Bertie.

Continued on page 79

ORGANIZING FOR PEACE

The Story of the G.W.V.A.

Lieut.-Col. N. F. Purney, Halifax, President of the G.W.V.A.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. Hendrie, Hamilton, Ont., First Vice-President.

V. Wakefield, Calgary, Second Vice-President.

By GEORGE PEARSON

"BECAUSE of our part in the defence of this country we would never permit Bolshevism to gain control of it and could be depended upon to suppress anything in the nature of a Bolshevist uprising here. We have grievances but we will remedy them by constitutional means and not by violence. We will be found on the side of law and order and not of Bolshevism."

Those are the words of W. E. Turley, the Ontario Provincial Secretary of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, when I asked him as one who was most closely in touch with the aspirations of returned men to epitomize the general attitude of the returned men to one of the great problems of the day.

My own connection with and knowledge of the association enables me to most heartily subscribe to that view; although I could not have said the same eighteen months ago. But things have changed.

Certainly, one could imagine no greater bulwark against Bolshevism than the creation of an organized body of men, trained to arms and at the same time bound in such a close and sympathetic contact with the rest of the population of Canada that the two are one. And by doing all in their power to establish proper relationships with this organization the country can build up just such a bulwark against the internal disorder that responsible Cabinet Ministers have recently informed us is quite possible.

A few days ago I heard officials from the various branches of the association in Toronto comparing notes on Bolshevism. It was: "There's none of that in our branch," and "Well, we had some but we fixed 'em," and "They don't dare to let a peep out of themselves in my branch."

The Inception of the G.W.V.A.

The organization of the veterans is bound to prove one of the vital factors in Canadian affairs. Its importance, in fact, cannot be overestimated and should not be overlooked.

The movement was not confined to any one section. It sprang to life simultaneously in a score of places between our coasts, out of the need of the moment. It came to life in Toronto in May, 1916, as the Discharged Soldiers' Association, and this Toronto movement was duplicated in Winnipeg in 1917 under the name of the Great War Veterans' Association. As an illustration of the fact that identical ideas gestate simultaneously out of a similarity of conditions is the fact that at this very time W. E. Turley, who had never even heard of that name, now suggested it as a title for the Toronto association.

Now for the linking up of these widely separated attempts at some articulate expression of the swelling burst of thoughts that clawed for expression in the breasts of the returning men. They knew. But the people about them did not, lulled as they were by their own national self-esteem, their pride of Empire, and worst of all, having no leaders worthy of the name to voice that tremendous desire to suffer and sacrifice that animated every true Canadian breast. The returning soldiers laughed satirically when their friends at home pointed to what Canada had done already, shoving their chests out until they made a pouter pigeon look round-shouldered. The returned men knew and said that what Canada had done was not a marker to what she was going to do before she piled up on the winning side. They knew that many things must be changed, that reinforcements must be raised; that conscription must come, that the national viewpoint must change.

The Discharged Soldiers' Association of Toronto took out a provincial charter as the Great War Veterans' Association at this time, but it received so many enquiries from all kinds of soldier organizations in other parts of the province that a meeting or representatives from all of them was held in Toronto so as to get acquainted with one another and co-ordinate the common effort. Thus the Ontario Provincial Branch of the Great War Veterans came into existence in March, 1917.

The presence of representatives of the Winnipeg veterans in Toronto on a parliamentary enquiry, led to their being invited to attend the sessions of this Ontario provincial convention with the result that it was decided to form a Dominion wide organization to be known as the Great War Veterans of Canada.

The Purposes of the Association

THE first convention was held in Winnipeg in April of that year, 1917, when the present constitution was drawn up. It has been found satisfactory so far but is capable of improvement and, being elastic, will be amended and improved upon from year to year at the annual Dominion convention. One of its chief clauses is: "To impress upon its members that they are to continue in their service to Canada as citizens, the same spirit of sacrifice and loyalty which they have shown to Canada and the Empire as soldiers, and to remain as members of the Association, non-sectarian and non-partisan."

Others are: "To perpetuate the close and kindly ties of mutual service in the great war, the recollections and associations of that experience, and to maintain proper standards of dignity and honor between all returned soldiers," and another: "To ensure that proper provision is made for the care of the sick, wounded and needy among those who have served; including reasonable pensions, employment for such as are capable, soldiers' homes, medical care and equitable provision for dependent families of enlisted men."

The G. W. V. A. ran true to Canadian form in going to Nova Scotia for its leader. Lt.-Col. N. F. Purney was elected at this convention and still is the Dominion President. The military records of all who aspire to office in this organization are closely scanned and Colonel Purney measured up, for he had a good fighting record in a Nova Scotia battalion of the 2nd Division. N. F. R. Knight, a former private, representing the sailors and soldiers of the Windsor-Walkerville district, another little Ontario group, was elected Dominion Secretary—a colonel and a private sharing authority together, without Bolshevism.

A most dramatic incident occurred at this convention. A posthumous award of the V.C. was to be made to Sergeant Frank Hall of the Little Black Devils of Winnipeg, he having died in the winning of it. His mother was a member of the Winnipeg Ladies' Auxiliary of the Winnipeg Branch. Some of the delegates, hearing of this, conceived the idea of having the presentation made to the mother of the dead boy as a part of the convention proceedings.

As that little woman in black, grey of hair, gentle of face, her motherly soul shining through, came into that hall she unconsciously created the natural, artistic background for an occasion which tugged at the very roots of the sentiment of all assembled hearts. And when Sergeant-Major John Robertson of Vancouver, the first D.C.M. of the Canadian Army, with thirty years of fighting service behind him, with the tears trickling down his cheek, had finished his speech of presentation to that little Canadian mother, amongst all those men, bearing evident scars, there was not a dry eye. And someone, bursting with emotion, struck up a tune that all joined in, standing at attention, their cheeks wet, the small figure of the bereaved mother standing in the heart of them:

"M is for the million things she gave me;
O means only that she's growing old;
T is for the tears she shed to save me;
H is for her heart of purest gold;
E is for her eyes with lovelight shining;
R is for right, and right she'll always be:
Put them together and they spell Mother:
The word that means the world to me."

Tommie is a rank sentimentalist.

The Association is Democratic

SINCE that convention the movement has grown steadily. There were between four and five [illegible] represented there and twenty [illegible] organiza-

Delegates from the Maritime Provinces at the last Dominion convention.

The delegates from Winnipeg

tions. To-day there are approximately 60,000 men in the association and a present growth occurring at the most rapid rate that has been attained yet owing to the great increase in the number of men now returning. Extensive organization work was begun in November of 1917 and by the end of the year six branches had been established in Ontario. There are one hundred branches established in the province now and others constantly being formed and about two hundred in the Dominion.

It is a distinct achievement that this is the only organization of its kind that has surmounted the barrier of the Great Lakes and it is noteworthy that no other organization of any kind, religious, political or otherwise, has surmounted that barrier quite so thoroughly.

The association is essentially democratic. I who believe that the Canadian army and many of our institutions are far from being democratic—the opening of some of our Parliaments for instance—can say that in all sincerity. For a time there was serious danger that the association might institute a class autocracy of its own in revenge for that of the army, by not permitting officers to join it; but that unfortunate point of view was happily overcome and with us now a general is just as good as a private.

The Ontario Provincial Executive is typical of the lack of classes and the mixture of them. The president is a padre, a captain; the vice-president a major and the members of the executive include a gunner, an infantry private and a medical officer, while a nursing sister is vice-president of the St. John, N.B. branch. Bombardier or brigadier, it is all the same, merely a matter of their ability and willingness to serve. We have all known generals whom we would not want to run a peanut stand for us and privates who loomed up like young Napoleons. We have not got down to getting our best on top in the G. W. V. A. yet, but we are getting to it. We do not always select leaders on the basis of ability for in such a heterogeneous mass if a man is noisy enough, keeps on his feet and talks a lot, no matter how ignorantly, he can be elected to something—for a while. But just for a while. Consequently the accredited representatives of branches, executives, etc., are not always a fair representation of the intelligence of that particular group of returned soldiers. But in another couple of years when we have settled down, they will be.

The association functions chiefly through the agency of the voluntary executive committee and the paid secretary who represents each local branch, the provincial and the Dominion organizations. Government proceeds in this way: At the head there is the Dominion command and secretary, stationed at Ottawa, elected yearly by vote of the Dominion convention. Next, there are the executives and secretaries of each provincial organization, elected yearly by their respective provincial conventions and called the Provincial Command.

NOW we approach the actual membership. Any unorganized group of returned men can, by applying to the provincial secretary of the G.W.V.A. in their province—he is usually situated in the provincial capital—be organized into a local branch which elects representatives to attend the aforementioned yearly provincial and Dominion conventions which determine the broad lines of provincial and national policies respectively for the coming year. In addition each branch elects its own executive and secretary. The branch meets once or twice a month and by functioning through these various executives is able to bring its suggestions before other branches, get their endorsement and present them to the Provincial and Dominion Commands for passing on to the Government as the suggestion of the national or provincial body as the case may be. For purely local conditions, each branch operates through its own executive machinery and by publicity given to the resolutions passed in the meeting.

In the case of some of the larger towns, there may be a number of branches scattered over the city and linked up by a District Command which is based on the Provincial and Dominion Command idea, as in the case of Toronto where there are six branches and where there will probably be three times that number eventually. It is optional with each local branch as to whether it will exist as one large branch or as a number of smaller ones linked up by means of a District Command or some similar body. Usually, as in the case of Toronto, the only paid officials are the secretaries and their office assistance, the executive and all others volunteering their services, which incidentally run into a considerable amount of working time in the course of an ordinary month, time which most of us can ill-afford to spare.

Where the Public Can Help

ANOTHER way in which the Toronto G. W. V. A. functions is through its Publicity Department, which creates channels of publicity and keeps the doings of the association well up in the public eye. The local papers heartily support the idea and are most generous in their space. The Toronto *Star* in particular runs an exceedingly bright, daily Veterans' Page which is a feature of the paper; the *Telegram* runs a daily column, "Shrapnel Corners," filled with news of the soldiers and the other papers are doing what they can. The suggestion is here made to all those Canadian papers that have not already instituted such a feature that the doing of it now would constitute a real service to their community and to their local soldiers. This is pure propaganda, but that is because I am part of the publicity machine of the Toronto organization.

CERTAINLY the newspapers and the general public, particularly the employing portion of it, can perform no greater service to itself than to help this young association grow in the right direction. It is already very powerful. It will become more so. And it will be a great force for good or for evil in the life of this Canada of ours in proportion as it represents the Canadian public. There is no middle ground for it. The decision as to which it will be rests as much with the general public as with the members of the association itself. Personally, I can say in all sincerity that it has tremendously improved since I first began to study it and that all indications point toward a continuation of the policy of purging itself of evil influences and adopting a constantly improving standard of conduct. In this task the general public can perform no greater service than to urge all their friends and relatives who are eligible to join the association, particularly those men who have nothing to gain by joining it, for we want the best blood of Canada in this force, not merely the discontented and the needy amongst the soldiers. It should be impressed upon all returned men that it is their duty as Canadians to take advantage of their privilege as returned men to join this organization and thus help to make it a force for good and not permit it to degenerate into the plunderbund of a class interest such as the Grand Army of the Republic eventually became in the United States. Surely all good Canadians who read this article will agree and will so urge their friends to join, or, if they are not eligible to at least pass the word along. Make it serve Canadian and not class interests.

I can honestly say that in spite of offsets here and there, idealism does at present dominate our ideals, but all good Canadians should make it their business to see that it continues to do so.

Our Main Aim

THOUSANDS and thousands of soldiers want no reward for what they regard as a privilege that was denied less fortunate men—that of fighting for their country—a privilege which like the Irishman's twins they would not exchange for a million dollars any more than they would give ten cents for another one like it. I saw in a Toronto paper the other day a report that the local office of the Board of Pension Commissioners had returned to it three pension application forms, the writers stating that they did not need pensions and would not receive them under any consideration. Those are the men we want in the G. W. V. A.

Now, I do need a pension, badly; for I am a writer; which means that I am a poor man and always will be. Nevertheless, I will not accept a pension under any consideration either, although I can make out a pretty fair case for one. In fact, I refused to accept the one I was awarded the first time I went up before a pension board in Toronto in 1916. My only regret is that I did not accept it and apply it to some of those deserving cases I have since become acquainted with, cases of men who with terrible disabilities are not receiving as much as they should or of widows and orphans who are getting next to nothing. The habitual detachment of the writing temperament enables one to discuss these private matters and be immune to either shame or vanity.

We do not believe a man should draw a pension merely because he was overseas. That is graft.

But, however, much we may deprecate any raid on the public treasury for ourselves, even those of us who want nothing from the Canadian Government or people for ourselves, are insistent that men who have been badly disabled and dependents who really need assistance, should receive something that is less a pension than a salary. The blind for instance. Or consider the case of the men made insane by war. Are they to be exposed to the brutalities of the average civilian or military institution? Or the soldier's widow struggling to bring up her little brood? Is the pittance of a pension that would force her to work and keep her children from school justice to her dead soldier? Nothing less than an income sufficient for her to remain at home and send her children to school would be plain elemental justice in such a case.

Every meeting opens with this: "At the word of the chairman all present will stand with bowed heads in silence for one minute in memory of and out of respect for our fallen comrades and those who are yet in the trenches." That little custom strikes the central and dominating note.

Association is Far-flung

LIKE Canada, the association is wide-flung in all its phases. The first convention was held in Winnipeg, the second in Toronto. The third, in June of this year, will be held in Vancouver. The president comes from Halifax, the first vice-president from Vancouver and the second vice-president from Windsor, Ontario.

Continued on page 89

The delegates from Quebec.

I unfolded my tale of woe in a dingy office.

A Bright Love Story

Cornering Mr. Cobb

By LLOYD OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

LIKE the devoted brother and affectionate old bachelor uncle that I am, I was naturally at hand to meet my sister and niece on their return from St. Augustine. They had been away a long time—three or four months—and I had missed them as much as might an old dog who had been left at home with the servants. They were all the family I had, and when a man is past forty and is beginning to get a little bald and gray, such ties mean more and more to him, and no acquaintance, however wide, can exactly replace them.

That Kitty had been a widow for many years had helped, I suppose, to draw us closer together than is usually the case with middle-aged brothers and sisters, and if I had had a daughter I could scarcely have loved her more than I did my only niece. When I saw Kitty and Viola coming toward me ahead of the stream of passengers, both so pretty in their different ways, and both so animated and charming, I suddenly realized how very lonely I had been without them and what a joy it was to get them back.

In the confused kissing that followed, with an impatient porter, loaded down with grips, mutely urging us to expedition, I became conscious of a very tall, thin, young man, whose embarrassed smile and arrested manner seemed to imply he belonged to our party.

"Mr. Cobb," said Kitty, introducing us.

"My uncle, Mr. Williams," added Viola, in what seemed to me a kinder tone than her mother's.

I shook hands with Mr. Cobb, who murmured politely that he was delighted to meet me, though his eyes all the while were on Viola's face and any transports my acquaintance may have occasioned him were somewhat concealed by the eager conversation he continued to carry on with her. I caught vaguely that he would be at the Windsor Hotel; that he would telephone at nine; that he would secure the opera seats as soon as he could get them; then, raising his hat, he suddenly departed in a long-legged way after his own porter, who was piling his things into a cab. I was about to ask who he was when Kitty touched me sharply with her elbow, and gave me a warning look to avoid the subject of Mr. Cobb before Viola.

Later, in the taxi, when Viola happened to mention his name, I was stupid enough to repeat my question, and get a second dig in the ribs that recalled my happy infancy, in which the pokes of an elder sister contributed so largely to my upbringing.

"A delightful young man we met at the hotel in St. Augustine," said Viola, who, fortunately, had not detected her mother's signal to me. "Oh, Uncle Hartley, I am just crazy about Mr. Cobb, and so's Mumsey! Aren't you, Mumsey doodums?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mumsey doodums, with what I thought a certain evasiveness, and an ensuing jump for a fresh topic that hurried us past Mr. Cobb and left him abandoned and forgotten—conversationally. After an absence of four months this was not difficult, especially as for these two it was a homecoming, with arrears of domestic history to be brought up to date—including the re-covering of the Sheraton sofa, Mary Ann's embroilment with the janitor, the missing vacuum nozzle, the fire next door, and other items of palpitating interest. Dinner was awaiting us in the cozy little dining-room of the apartment, and here there was more kissing and enthusiasm and general rapture at being once more under their own roof-tree.

AFTERWARD, when Viola left us to run upstairs and see her chum, Isobel Latimer, who had been telephoning down repeatedly, and whose impatient ringing and ringing I had found not a little irritating, I lit a cigar and drew up a chair beside that dear sister of mine.

"It's mighty good to see you back, Kitty," I said.

"Dear old boy," she murmured, reaching out a plump hand and giving mine a squeeze. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed it has," I said, gazing at her affectionately.

"Hartley," she broke out suddenly, "I am dreadfully worried."

"Worried?" I repeated, much concerned.

"It's this Mr. Cobb," she explained, coloring faintly.

"The young man who was with you at the station?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

Kitty sat up.

"That's what I would give anything to know," she exclaimed. "He's a man of mystery—an enigma."

"My experience with men of mystery," I observed, "is that they usually end by letting you in for their club bills or something equally expensive or disagreeable. My advice, as a bald-headed brother who has had considerable experience in this vale of tears—would be to put a large piece of distance between yourself and this enigmatic Mr. Cobb."

"You don't understand," said Kitty helplessly. "Viola is awfully taken with him, and it would not surprise me any moment to hear that they were engaged."

"Engaged! To a man who has no antecedents—why, Kitty, what are you saying?"

"That's why I am so worried, Hartley, it's dreadful."

"But is she satisfied to know nothing about him?—a level-headed, clear-sighted girl like Viola to take up with a perfect stranger who may be somebody's valet?"

"She's in love; they are all lunatics when they are in love; I was no better myself at her age."

"Tell me all about it," I demanded. "Right from the beginning, Kitty."

"Well, there he was at the hotel, with a big yellow motor of his own, and every appearance of being a most correct and eligible young man—and when Viola made his acquaintance at a dance and seemed to take to him tremendously, I folded my hands and thought: 'Bless you, my children.' Viola is twenty-five and of course it must happen sooner or later, mustn't it? After that they played out together all the time. At first, quite innocently, I asked him a few questions about himself, and only realized by degrees how cleverly he slipped out of answering them. Then, when I pressed Viola about him, she flared up as girls do and almost bit my head off. They are all tiger-cats if they think you are trying to take away their young man."

"But surely she understood your natural feeling of responsibility?" I said.

"GIRLS in love never understand anything," she replied with conviction. "They pay about as much attention to fathers and mothers as a runaway horse does to a shrieking driver—the more you yell the faster they run."

"If I had been you I would have traced down the person who vouched for him in the first place."

"That's precisely what I did; a Mrs. Gilbert introduced him, and she referred me back to her husband, who referred me back—to one of the hotel clerks! Then I looked over the register and found he came from Walton, Massachusetts."

"Well, that's all right. It will only take me two days to get a line on him; I will ask our credit man to——"

"But, listen, Hartley, listen."

"Yes?"

"There isn't any Walton in Massachusetts!"

"Are you sure, Kitty?"

"Sure—of course I am sure! I looked it up in two different atlases. There are fifteen Waltons, but none of them in Massachusetts, and it was written quite plain—M-a-s-s."

"By George," I exclaimed, "it does look black, doesn't it?"

"It couldn't be worse, Hartley—it simply couldn't."

"It was foolish of you not to have had it out with Viola—not to have nipped it in the bud the moment you suspected this fellow."

KITTY is a soft, round, helpless little person, and she looked softer, rounder and more helpless than ever as I reproached her.

"I—I tried to," she quavered.

"Yet you allowed this man to come up with you on the train?"

"I—I couldn't help that," she whimpered, with suffusing eyes. "I couldn't stop him buying a ticket, could I?"

"You ought to have asserted yourself. Any woman—any mother—with the slightest sense and knowledge of the world, would have asserted herself."

"I—I tried to," she wailed.

"Even a chicken will fight for its young," I went on angrily. "Even a worm will fight for its wormlets; yet you meekly tolerated this scamp, this valet, maybe, this possible bigamist and scoundrel, and couldn't think of doing anything more than wringing your hands."

"I—I was afraid of Viola," she gasped out through her sobs. "She acts as though she were engaged to him and doesn't allow me to open my mouth. It's all very well to talk about c-c-chickens, but what could I do?"

I thought for a while in silence, puffing hard at my cigar.

"He is at the Windsor Hotel," I said at last. "I'll drop in on Mr. Cobb to-morrow and then we'll see what he has to say to the man of the family."

Kitty looked up gratefully.

"Oh, what a comfort you are, Hartley," she exclaimed. "I was trying to nerve myself all the time to send for you, but I just couldn't. Yes—that's the best thing—for you to see him, and take that attitude—the man of the family and all that. I can't help thinking he is some dreadful kind of impostor."

"I'll know for sure to-morrow," I said. "I'll know to-morrow if I have to stand him on his head."

I JUDGED it wiser not to telephone beforehand. Forewarning such an ambiguous young man might result in his keeping out of my way. I got to the hotel a little after midday, and made up my mind to remain there until I had cornered Mr. Cobb. On going to the desk to inquire for the number of his room the clerk stopped me smilingly before I was half through.

"Oh, if it's Mr. Cobb you want," he said, "he is right over there in that chair."

Sure enough there was my man, with his long legs stretched out, and a neglected morning paper in his lap. Even in his careless attitude he looked a very presentable young fellow, and I noticed the excellent cut of his clothes, as well as his pleasant, unconcerned expression. I had a sudden misgiving that I might be making a fool of myself, and rapidly edited the remarks with which I had intended opening the engagement. But before going over to him, I asked to have a glance at the register, and suddenly bristled with renewed suspicion as I read the entry: *Montgomery J. Cobb, Walton, Mass.* I had already confirmed the fact that there was no Walton, Mass.

"I beg your pardon," I began, as suavely as I was able, "I am Mr. Hartley Williams—Mrs. Trudell's brother—whom perhaps you will recall meeting last night."

Mr. Cobb sprang up and shook hands with the most unruffled assurance. Indeed, assurance was evidently this young man's long suit. It was only in his eyes, those blue, rather protuberant eyes—that I could detect the least hint of discomposure.

"I am a business man," I said, "and you will excuse me if I come to the point without any preambles or beating about the bush?"

He nodded amiably.

"Circumstances demand that I should know something about you," I continued. "A frank understanding between us would help materially."

"Help what?" he inquired.

The subdued impertinence of the remark nettled me, but I managed to restrain my temper.

"You have been paying very pronounced attention to my niece," I said. "As her uncle and guardian, and as much as I dislike this unpleasant task—it is my duty to learn something about you."

"Miss Trudell is a most charming young lady," he observed, "and while it is true I admire her I scarcely think you are justified in calling my attentions pronounced."

"I have it from her mother," I said.

"Mrs. Trudell is a most charming lady," he went on with the same exasperating blandness. "I would not for anything in the world cast the slightest reflection on Mrs. Trudell, whom I admire and respect; but in holding me up in this fashion she—"

"Nobody is holding you up," I interrupted warmly. "I simply mean that a continued acquaintance is impossible unless you inform us who you are and where you come from. If you are a gentleman you have no possible reason for withholding such information, which you ought not to put us in the position of insisting upon."

"The word insist is a very disagreeable one," he said, as imperturbably as ever, shaking the ash from his cigarette.

"So is the word adventurer," I retorted, now quite angry. "A man whose only address is a non-existent town in Massachusetts has only himself to thank if he inspires a certain suspicion."

"I am forced to agree with you," he remarked, with an air of sharing my point of view, and looking long and earnestly at his brilliantly polished shoes. "I am forced to agree with you; I admit it frankly."

"And this is how the matter is going to rest?" I demanded, after a considerable pause.

"It can rest any way it pleases," he replied, awakening from a sort of brown study. "My private affairs are my own business, and if you can not bring yourself to take me on trust, I am afraid our brief acquaintance will have to end."

"All our acquaintances will have to end," I said, with a marked stress on the first word. "Even my niece, I think, will appreciate the need of that."

I THOUGHT his smile wavered for a moment as his shoes again engrossed his entire attention; he was plainly less easy than he would have me believe.

"It's too bad," he remarked finally in an aggrieved voice. "If I could explain I would—only the truth is, I can't."

"Then you will kindly keep away from my family until you can," I said. "A man can do without a toothbrush, and he can do without socks, but he has to have antecedents."

"Well, I'll agree to one thing," he said, recovering his smiling effrontery, "I'll agree to keep away from *you* all you like."

I swallowed the insult in silence, though inwardly I was boiling. Then I rose quietly, and without raising my voice or departing from an ordinary conversational tone, said: "You have told me very little, but I have learned all I want to know. You are evidently a sharper and a rascal, and if you continue this impudent courtship of my niece, I shall take some very effectual means to squelch you. Good day, sir, good day!"

With that I turned on my heel and left him, with a disconcerting sense of having got the worst of it.

THAT feeling increased during the next few days when I heard he was a constant caller at Kitty's apartment, and that Viola and he were going out together almost every afternoon or evening. Protesting to Kitty seemed absolutely useless; she would agree to everything I said, and then do nothing; I would put words into her mouth to say to Mr. Cobb, and then, when he came, she dared not say them. I gathered, however, that she had some violent passages with Viola in private, with no results save sullenness and resentment.

Viola, who knew mighty well what I thought about it all, showed a remarkable adroitness in eluding me. She was always just going out, or having a letter to write, or a pressing engagement with Isobel Latimer whenever I tried to pin her down for that lecture she was so plainly dreading. One day, after a week had gone by in this manner, I lost all patience with her. As she was about to flutter away in a whirlwind of animation and excuses. I put my back to the door and smilingly held her prisoner.

"We have to have a talk about Mr. Cobb," I said, "and we are going to have it right now."

"Oh, but Uncle Hartley," she pleaded, "I can't, I can't! I haven't a moment to spare—truly I haven't. I have a dress-fitting at Estelle's, and I am already ten minutes late."

"I am a week late," I said. "A week late trying to see you, and always getting put off. For once your engagements will have to give way to the claims of a wild and woolly uncle. I've got a lot to say, and you've got a lot to hear."

APPRECIATING that I was in earnest, she sat down, but with a flash of her eyes and a mutinous tightening of her lips that boded ill for my long-deferred interview. She was a pretty girl in her way, with masses of fair hair, and a trim, nice figure; I had always credited her with an an affectionate disposition as well until I ventured to lay hands on Mr. Cobb.

"Let's get it over with," she said, fidgeting in her seat. "As my uncle you think you have a right to roar about Mr. Cobb—well, roar!"

"Come, come, my dear," I protested. "Try to be polite even if we don't agree about Mr. Cobb. Even an uncle is entitled to some of the elementary courtesies."

"Oh, I hate to have him insulted!" she exlaimed, a shade apologetically. 'You are all against him, and it is so aggravating to know what you are going to say before you have said it."

"I'm not sure you do," I retorted. "I may be middle-aged and commonplace, but I'm not quite a parrot. Anyway, my dear, when one loves people one is entitled to be a little—officious."

"Oh, you are not that, Uncle Hartley!" she said relentingly. "I've been horrid and rude, and I beg your pardon. But both you and Mumsey are both so prejudiced against poor Mr. Cobb!"

"I like poor Mr. Cobb well enough, and I think he is a very presentable young man; but if he insists on being a young man of mystery, whose fault is it that we distrust him?"

"You think I'm an awful little fool, don't you?" she remarked, with the first glimmer of a smile.

"No," I answered, "you are simply young—young and trustful, as a nice girl ought to be. But that is all the more reason to listen to the watch-dog's honest bark."

"I'm listening," she said.

"Bark number one," I continued. "Tell Mr. Cobb you have a horrid, disagreeable old uncle who makes your life a burden to you with questions you can not answer. Tell him you are at your wit's end to satisfy this old ogre. Then if he is straight——"

"Of course he is straight," she interrupted, with another little flare of resentment. "Mr. Cobb is a gentleman through and through, and ——"

"And what?" I asked, as she hesitated and stopped.

"He has his own reasons—very good reasons—for hiding his real name, and ——"

"Good heavens," I cried out. "You mean to say he isn't named Cobb at all?"

"No," she replied. "It is all part of a very strange and romantic secret. You see, he is liable to be arrested at any moment!"

My look of consternation was more effective than all my previous reproaches.

"I promised never to tell a soul," she hurried on, as though apprehending some outburst on my part, and feverishly eager to forestall it. "But of course that meant Mumsey, who couldn't be expected to understand, or—or make allowances. I can't have you think he is a criminal, Uncle Hartley, or anything of that sort. He's a gun-runner."

"A what?" I demanded.

"That's what they call people who run guns across the Mexican border to the rebels," she explained sweetly. "It is terribly dangerous, but very, very profitable, and he was making lots of money till finally the Federal authorities at El Paso got after him and issued a warrant for his arrest. His real name is Marion Joyce Carlisle, but he changed it to Montgomery J. Cobb for his initials on his things—to keep them the same, you know. If he were arrested he would get into the most frightful trouble, though he says in a year or two it will all blow over. But in the meantime, of course, he is in a very false position—he realizes that keenly."

"He certainly couldn't be in a worse," I said, as crossly as I felt. "But if there is a word of truth in this egregious story, why doesn't he get away to Canada where he would be safe?"

"He would rather stay here," she replied, in some confusion. "Nearer to me—and all that, you know."

"Oh,"— I murmured. "So that's why he stays, is it?"

'Yes, that's why he stays," said Viola, as if pleased at last to find something we could agree on.

"But tell me, what was he before he took up this highly spectacular, moving-picture occupation?" I inquired. "He can't have spent his whole life in gun-running. What was he before he —— gun-ran?"

The tinge in Viola's cheeks turned to scarlet.

"I—I don't know," she replied. "He's always been rather reticent about himself, and n-naturally I never liked to p-p-press him."

"Viola," I exlaimed, "you must drop this man like a red-hot potato—drop him quicker than scat."

"I can't," she murmured. "Or rather I mean I won't. I may as well confess that we are engaged."

"Engaged!" I cried out, aghast. "Engaged to a man with an alias, no antecedents, and escaping from the police?"

"Yes," she returned somewhat tremblingly, "and if you bother or harass him or draw Mumsey into any fuss about him I warn you it will be a very short engagement. Otherwise we intend to wait until the hue and cry is over—until the rebels become federals, and all danger is past."

I rose and took my hat and cane.

"You are twenty-five years old and legally entitled to go to the devil," I said. "Only if I were you I would make a little surer that this gentleman isn't married already. It wouldn't be very pleasant if he were, would it?"

With that parting shot I left, after a peck at a very averted cheek.

I DOUBT if there is a more detestable position in the world than being related—closely related—to a young woman who is making an idiot of herself. One feels so responsible and so helpless; she is too big to spank and too unreasonable to argue with; legally she is a woman, and in reality a child. It is no pleasure, either, to become the cruel uncle of romance; to realize that one is regarded as a horrid old busybody who has no understanding of youth and love.

Of course, if my sister had been a different sort of woman, I would have regarded all this as much more her affair than mine. But Kitty is one of those impossible people who fly off at a tangent at anything like a crisis, and meet it by creating another—with unlimited tears, hysterics and heart failure.

The next morning I decided to consult a private detective I knew, named Bloomer. We had once employed him to stop a series of petty thefts in our warehouse, and he had nailed the culprits in thirty-six hours. So after telephoning for an appointment I went along to Bloomer's and unfolded my tale of woe in a dingy office. Bloomer was a grizzled, bovine personage, remotely policemanlike and Irish, with smouldering eyes and a cowing manner. He listened with hard-breathing patience; took notes in a large, greasy book and asked a number of very searching questions.

"That fellow's a crook," he said at last in his booming voice. "The idea is to get the goods on him and run him out—scare him out. Hey, is that right?"

I said it was. Yes, that was it exactly.

"It can be done slow or fast," he went on. "Slow's cheap and fast's dear—which is it to be?"

"I want results," I said, "and the quicker the better. Money is no object if you can get results."

"I'll get them," he declared with a robust assurance that shook the office. "But, understand, it means a lot of telegraphing, a lot of oiling the police ropes, a lot of money flung away here, there and everywhere. Detective work is just like fishing, Mr Williams—the bigger your net the surer you are of landing your fish, and the cost is in proportion."

"Go ahead," I said. "Show me results and I don't care what I pay."

A shade of misgiving suddenly appeared on those bovine features.

"Of course, I don't guarantee he's a crook," he remarked. "If he aint a crook, he aint, and there's no more to be said. But I take it, it's his record you've wanting, even if it's clean."

"Precisely," I agreed.

"Where will you be by five o'clock?" he asked, reaching for some telegraph forms. "I think I ought to be able to report something by five."

"At my club," I returned, giving him the telephone number. "I shall make a point of being there from four-thirty on."

He had already noted my hotel and business address, and now verified them again with an air of concluding the interview. He escorted me to the door, massively and ceremoniously, and a party of chattering girls, descending from a theatrical agency above, were very much impressed by the sight. I stopped in the street and looked up at the dusty windows where within the web was being stretched for Cobb. I glowed with satisfaction; I felt that the wires were already humming; best of all, it was my affair no longer, but Bloomer's.

He rang me up a little after five.

"I've got some queer news for you," he said. "There aint any such party known at El Paso, nor is there any warrant out for him."

"No?" I exclaimed.

"Whatever our party is running away from it certainly aint from a U.S. Federal warrant," he continued. "There aint a warrant, Federal, state or local out for anybody—for smuggling arms, d'ye understand? Hey, have you got that?"

I replied that I had.

"It looks like a blind," he went on in his vibrating voice. "Nearly all crooks have blinds to throw off the police. Meantime, of course, I have been trying to place the Walton our party mentioned—the town he gave on the hotel register, both here and down South. Well, and what do you think?"

I murmured my inability to do anything of the kind.

"I have covered all the Waltons in the United States and Canada, and our party, either as Cobb, or Carlisle, or Marion, Montgomery or Joyce aint to be found or recognized in any of them!"

"Perhaps my description of him wasn't good enough," I said, suddenly troubled that the fault might be mine. "I am afraid it would have been better if you had seen him yourself."

Boomer burst out laughing.

"I guess we know pretty well what he looks like after shaddering him all day," he exclaimed. "Why, you weren't gone ten minutes before I had him under observation, with one of my best men reporting progress every hour. And here's another mighty queer thing, Mr. Williams."

"Yes?"

"It aint guns he's interested in—it's *furs!*"

"Furs?"

"Yes, sir, *furs*! We tailed him to Lefferts & Co., furriers; to W. H. Hall & Co., to Papillon Freres, furriers. At the last place he stayed a long time and then took one of the salesmen out to lunch and spent nine dollars and forty-five cents on him at Martanne's. Afterward, he strolled along St. Catherines, stopping at every window where there were *furs*."

"I know who you are!" I thundered.

I EXPRESSED my astonishment, though not as emphatically perhaps as Bloomer seemed to desire.

"But this is all negative," I said. "We are still as much in the dark as ever, aren't we?"

Bloomer laughed confidently.

"Listen," he boomed, with a jubilant note in his voice that dispelled my latent suspicion. "I was wondering about these here furs, and seeing no daylight anywhere, when kerplunk, I got another line on our party that put him right under the searchlight. I can't be absolutely positive till Chicago rings me up in twenty minutes, but it's dollars to doughnuts, Mr. Williams, that we've landed our man. He's Harold Spindler, twenty-eight, married, formerly assistant cashier of the Grangers' and Drovers' Bank, now a fugitive from justice, and wanted for forgery and embezzlement. There is a thousand dollars reward for his apprehension, and as soon as we get in touch with the officers who think they have tracked him to Duluth, they'll be sent on here to arrest and extradite him!"

This was thrilling. I had a sudden strangling feeling in my throat. We always think of crime as something inconceivably remote from our commonplace, everyday life, and when it brushes against us, concretely and individually, we are stunned.

"There's Chicago calling now on my other wire," exclaimed Bloomer suddenly. "Hey, hang up a moment—I'll ring you up again as soon as they are done."

A FEW minutes later, as I waited nervously beside the switchboard operator, I was called again into the booth. It was Bloomer, resounding and triumphant.

"He's our party all right," he announced. "He's Harold Spindler for sure, and the officers will be here to-morrow with the warrant, requisition papers and finger-prints! Good work, hey? No time wasted, hey? Mr. Cobb's a smart boy, but I guess he's cornered this time, Mr. Williams."

I had hardly breath enough to ask him to keep the affair out of the newspapers.

"Sure, it will be kept out of the papers," said Bloomer. "The young lady's name has to be protected; I know that."

"Where is he now?" I asked. "Where's Cobb now?"

"Up at your sister's apartment," said Bloomer, answering my question with a certain uneasiness. "But don't you disturb him, Mr. Williams; keep away from him, please; he'll run at the fall of a hat, and then where would we be?"

I murmured non-committally that I would be very careful. It was beginning to dawn on me that Bloomer and I were at cross purposes as to Cobb's final fate. I had no wish whatever to have the fellow arrested, since his name could only too easily be linked with Viola's in an odious publicity. I wished for nothing better, in fact, than his complete disappearance and obliteration. But Bloomer was so much a policeman himself that I felt he would be acutely put out to fail his brother officers from Chicago. Besides, there was that thousand dollars reward, in which, no doubt, my burly friend expected to share. My increasing perception of all this caused me to temporize.

I said good night and left the booth. Once outside I hurriedly called up a taxi and gave the chauffeur Kitty's address. Cobb's knell had sounded; his vile masquerade was nearing its end; vengeance, in a very stuffy red box, was swiftly moving in his direction to overtake and crush him.

The maid wanted to help me off with my overcoat, but I pushed her aside and strode into the sitting-room just as I was.

The first person I saw was Cobb himself seated with Viola on the sofa, very lover-like and close. A little farther off was Kitty in a rocking chair, with some embroidery and several brightly colored balls of silk in her lap. At my startling entry they all looked up and there was an electrifying instant as we stared at one another without a word being said.

I advanced on Cobb with my finger outstretched.

"I know who you are," I thundered. "I've had detectives on your trail and we've run down your infamous secret. Get out of here, you cur—get out!"

One might have thought the two women turned to stone; I doubt if they even breathed. As for Cobb he flushed as red as fire and his face was a picture of rage and mortification. I expected him to slink away in silence, but instead he had the effrontery to remain where he was, staring back at me furiously.

"You ought to have your nose pulled for making a scene before ladies," he exclaimed with incredible impudence. "As for my secret, I was just nerving myself to tell it when you burst in like a cyclone."

"I'll tell it for you," I cried, incensed beyond measure. "I'll tell them what you are in plain English."

"Go ahead," he retorted, cringing a little in spite of his bold words. And then he added with a nervous giggle: "Go ahead—a man can only die once."

"Viola," I said, in an intonation that would have cut ham, "let me present Mr. Harold Spindler of Chicago, a young married man, who is wanted by the police for forgery and embezzlement!"

One might have expected the women to scream or something; but they remained as stricken as before—as motionless and silent as two statues. It was Cobb who made all the noise.

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CANADA *at the* PEACE CONFERENCE

A Glimpse Behind the Curtain at London and Versailles

By J. W. DAFOE

Editor of the Manitoba Free Press and Representative of Public Information on the Canadian Mission

THREE months in Europe—one in London while the preliminaries of the Peace Conference were engaging the attention of the diplomats of the allied nations, and two in Paris while the Conference was actually in session—gave the writer an opportunity to acquire some first-hand knowledge of some of the problems which are inseparable from the huge task of making a just, wise and permanent peace upon which the public men of the allied world are now engaged; and the series of observations or notes which follow, based upon this information, may be not without a measure of public interest.

The Canadian Mission, to which I was attached temporarily as representative of the Department of Public Information, was already installed in offices allotted to them by the British Government in Whitehall Gardens when I arrived in London at the beginning of December. They had gone over on an earlier boat, the majority of the party having left Canada before the armistice was signed. The apparently precipitate departure of Sir Robert Borden and three of his colleagues, Sir George Foster, Hon. A. L. Sifton and Hon. C. J. Doherty, was the subject of considerable criticism on the part of some Canadian newspapers. In some of them the charitable and kindly opinion was expressed that Sir Robert Borden had seized the opportunity to fly from Canada to Europe to escape the urgent domestic problems which would arise the moment the guns fell silent along the front. The fact was that Sir Robert and his party left on the shortest possible notice as the result of an urgent hurry-up call from Mr. Lloyd George. At that time it was expected that the allied principals would begin almost immediately their consideration of the terms of the preliminary peace; and the British Premier paid Canada the well-merited compliment of requesting the presence of her representative at these deliberations. There appears to be no sound reason why the text of Lloyd George's summons—for this is what it was—should not have been made public when it was received; it would have imparted to the Canadian Mission from the outset the importance that belonged to it, and would have stopped or checked much ill-considered criticism. The interesting fact that these messages were despatched from Great Britain to Canada some time before the signing of the armistice suggests, what many supposed at the time, that the signing of the armistice was the mere formal ratification of a conclusion that had been reached at an earlier date.

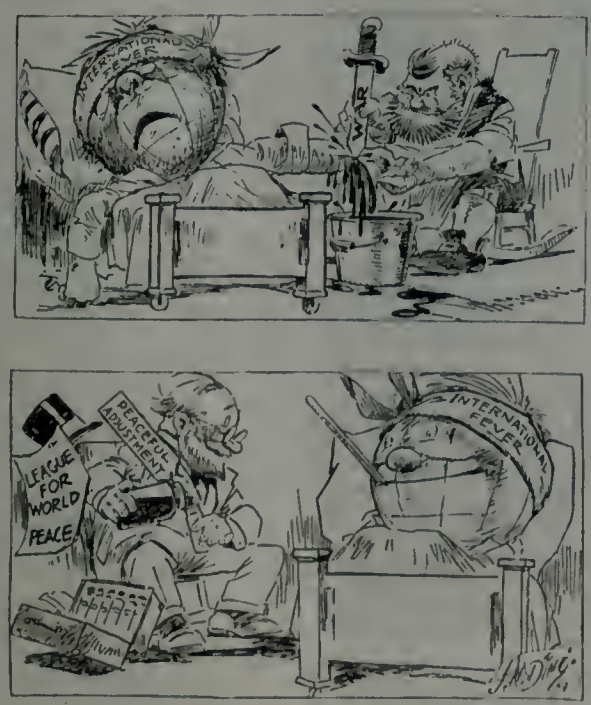
An Early Peace Was Expected

WHEN I reached London about the first week in December, it was the general expectation that there was to be prompt action in dealing with the terms of peace. Premier Clemenceau of France, Marshal Foch and other less distinguished French officials were at that moment in London; and preliminary conversations between them and British representatives were in progress. At that time Great Britain was in the midst of a vigorously-fought general election campaign, which was to be decided upon December 14; but it was announced that immediately after polling day Lloyd George would proceed to Paris, where in conference with President Wilson, (who was due to arrive about that date), the French Government and representatives of Italy, some agreement would be reached upon the general outlines of the peace that would be submitted to Germany. This was to be followed by an early conference of all the Powers that had been associated in the war to consider and ratify the peace conditions; and then the formal Peace Congress, at which the enemy countries were to have representation, was to be convened at Versailles and the definitive peace treaty signed. At that time the advisability of speeding up the settlement was not in question; and relatively early decisions were expected. The members of the Canadian Mission rather looked forward to spending Christmas in Paris; and there were optimists in plenty who predicted that everything would be signed, sealed and delivered by the middle of March.

Changes in the anticipated programme were soon foreshadowed. Lloyd George did not go to Paris on the date indicated; or did he go a week later, which was the extent of the postponement as first announced. In fact he did not reach Paris until January 11, traveling on the same train that carried the Dominion delegations. And in the interval President Wilson, varying his original programme of awaiting the representatives of the big Powers in Paris, had visited both London and Rome. The reasons for these changes of plan can only be surmised; but it would probably not be a wild guess to say that they were related to the factor that occasioned all the hesitations and delays of the Conference—the emergence of diverging points of view among the Great Powers.

THERE was at the time a story current in London, to which not much credence was given but which looked at in retrospect and bearing in mind subsequent developments in Paris, has the hues of reality. This had relation to the occasion of President Wilson's visit to England during the Christmas holidays—a visit which was carried out upon very short notice. President Wilson—so the story ran—left Washington with the conviction that his idealistic programme of a moderate and healing peace, to be followed by the launching of a new international order by the inauguration of a League of Nations, would be regarded with but little favor by the hard-headed, practical realists of the British Governments, weeded to the traditions and animated by the motives of the old order. He was however buoyed up by the hope that France—republican, idealistic and forward-looking, as he conceived her to be—would be an ardent partisan of his views; and that this combination would be sufficiently powerful to give effect to them at the Conference. The disillusionment of his first interviews with Clemenceau was a considerable shock to him. As the world knows from his extremely frank speech a few days later in the French Chamber of Deputies, Clemenceau flouted President Wilson's project of establishing peace on earth by the device of a League of Nations on the particular ground that it offered no adequate security for France against the menace of a revived Germany; and expressed his reasoned preference for a military alliance of the four Great Powers for the purpose, first of imposing a stiff peace upon Germany and then of providing sufficient force to enforce it and to maintain it for the period necessary to make its provisions fully effective. President Wilson found that, after her dire experience of the preceding five years, France was frankly sceptical of the protection afforded by documents, regardless of the weight of the signatures attached to them; and further that her representatives and advocates had very decided views as to the terms of peace that should be imposed upon Germany if France was to be preserved, despite the victory in the field, from the financial and commercial ruin planned for her by the Hun.

Sir Robert Borden, who has presided at all Overseas Conferences



—Darling, in New York "Tribune"

The Old Way—and the New

Britain in Accord With America

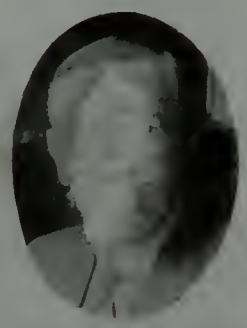
PRESIDENT Wilson thus had his first experience of the realities of European international politics; and he was so impressed—not to say disconcerted—by it that he decided to cross the Channel without delay to ascertain at first-hand the attitude of the British people and their representatives towards the projects to which he had committed his reputation. The result was a revelation as pleasing as it was unexpected. There was no questioning the meaning of the popular reception to Wilson as he passed through the crowded streets of London on his way to Buckingham Palace. It was more than the compliment paid to the head of a kindred nation and an ally in the Great War; there was the plain revelation of passionate sympathy with the ideals with which Wilson's name was associated—the creation of a new international order based upon the theory of a continuing peace. President Wilson in his contact with Britishers found everywhere this evidence of sympathy and understanding, and his interviews with Lloyd George and Balfour, with their revelation of a common aspiration for something better in the future for the world than the periodic recurrence of war, laid the basis for useful co-operation at critical moments of the conferences at Paris.

One can easily find in England and Canada ill-considered criticisms of United States policy in Paris, based upon an impression that it is cock-sure, arrogant and expressed without much regard to the sensibilities of the Allies; these critics ought to know that there is a fundamental community of sentiment and interest between the British and United States delegations which is not seriously affected by minor divergencies of view as to the most practicable means of attaining the objects they have in view. There was, it seemed to me, a fixed desire in both camps in Paris that, whatever the Peace Conference might do or might fail to do, there would be the development of mutual friendship and understanding between the two great English-speaking groups to a point which would ensure for all time an alliance of affection and regard between them. British or Canadian citizens who think, as some appear to, that they are in some mysterious way serving their national interests by cultivating an anti-American bias, are not doing their country the services they think they are.

THE long delay in London while the preliminary arrangements for calling the delegates of the allied nations together—a period of seven weeks—was not a time of idleness for the members of the Canadian Mission, as some people in Canada appeared at one time to think. An extensive series of offices had been set apart for their use in No. 2 Whitehall Gardens, the home of the War Cabinet; and here the ministers and their associates and assistants toiled faithfully day after day at tasks set for them by the development of events. Some of those were domestic in character, arising from the termination of hostilities; and in consultation with the Government at Ottawa and with the official staff, important decisions had to be reached with respect to such matters as demobilization of the troops, the extent and character of the gratuities to be paid, the repatriation of soldiers' dependents, and so forth. The operations of the Canadian Trade Mission, headed by Lloyd Harris, with Frank P. Jones and R. J. Younge as associates, does not come into this story; but during December they were deeply engrossed in the apparently insoluble problem of mastering the combination which would open the closely barred British gates for Canadian imports, and they found it necessary to engage almost daily the service of the Prime Minister and the Minister of Trade and Commerce in their wrestle with British officialdom. Twice weekly all the members of the Canadian Mission, including the trade commissioners, met in Sir Robert Borden's office to consider the matters in hand; and the range and importance of these questions, as revealed by the discussions, amply justified, if there was need of justification, the presence in London at that time of these Canadian Ministers and their associates.

In addition to all this, of course, was the business which was the primary cause for the presence of the Canadian Ministers in London: the preliminary consideration of the British policy which was to be advanced at the Peace Conference. For this purpose the Imperial War Conference was convened. Available for its sessions were representatives of all the overseas Dominions, with the exception of New Zealand—Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward did not arrive in Europe until ten days after the opening of the Peace Conference. W. M. Hughes and Sir Joseph Cook of Australia had remained in London from the time of the war conferences of the preceding summer; General Smuts of South Africa was also resident in London; and there were also available as representing India the Maharajah of Bihanir and Lord Sinha. It was thus possible to get an Empire-wide judgment upon questions of moment.

ONE domestic matter of Imperial consequence, which had been the occasion of bitter partisan controversy, particularly in Canada, was settled when the Dominion representatives agreed to the proposal that Viscount Jellicoe should visit the Dominions to advise them on the basis of the naval policy recommended by the Dominion Premiers in the summer of 1918—that is, the frank acceptance of the view that overseas development of this character should take the form of local navies under local control. This long-standing issue has thus been settled upon a basis which recognizes the nationalism of the overseas Dominions—an important decision which has been somewhat overlooked by the people interested, owing to the pre-occupation of the world with developments at Paris.



President Wilson, who has worked closely with the British

The Fight For Representation

THE vital matter of the direct representation of the Dominions in the Peace Conference became, at an early date, a matter of discussion. There had been already an interchange of views between the Great Powers and it had been decided that five Great Powers should have five representatives each in the Conference, with a representation varying from one to three delegates for the smaller allied countries. Apparently no consideration had been given to the question of representation by the British Dominions; if the matter had come up it had been assumed that the British representation of five would take care of this claim of the Dominions for a direct hearing. Various suggestions in relation to this matter were heard in December when the question was before the Imperial War Cabinet. There was the proposal that one of the five British representatives should be a Dominion Premier charged with the duty of representing all the British Dominions—Sir Robert Borden being the favorite for this position. This, however, was not practicable because the Canadian Prime Minister could not be expected to represent the interests of the other Dominions; nor was it reasonable to suppose that the other Dominion's representatives would be content to limit their participation to advice tendered to the British delegation through the medium of a British conference of delegates in which they would be represented. It was also suggested that the Dominion representation upon the British delegation should be drawn from a panel made up of the Dominion Premiers; and that each Dominion would appear through its own representative when matters of particular interest to itself should be before the Conference. This proposal was vetoed by the Canadians, who pointed out that as they had no special Canadian problems to bring before the Conference they would under this arrangement never have representation.

An Absolute Demand From Borden

FINALLY as the result of conferences among the Canadian Ministers themselves and interchanges of views with the representatives of other Dominions, Sir Robert, Borden, at a meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet, asked for the direct representation of the Dominions in the Peace Conference apart altogether from any right they might have to say in the com-

Darling, in the New York "Tribune"
The League of Nations Argument in a Nutshell

position of the British delegation. From what I heard at second hand Sir Robert's statement to the Cabinet, though courteous, was absolutely flat-footed in its terms. He said that he could not agree that any belligerent country, apart from the Great Powers, should have representation around the Conference table upon a basis differing from that accorded to Canada; declared that he could not accept any arrangement by which Canada's influence would be limited to the tendering of advice to the British delegation; and indicated that, unless Canada was given equality of treatment with the secondary Powers of the great alliance, he would have to consider whether he would be justified in absenting himself from his pressing duties at Ottawa. Lloyd George, whose mind is very open to the suggestion of new ideas, accepted without question or debate Sir Robert Borden's proposal; and undertook to recommend it to the favorable consideration of the other Powers. The strong possibility of objections by them to a decision which would greatly increase the representation of the British Empire at the general meeting of the Conference was recognized; but a formal statement of the claim of the British Dominions which had played so great a part in the war for direct representation was forwarded, with the full backing of Great Britain, to the associated Powers. There the matter had perforce to rest until the meeting at Paris of the executive committee of the Great Powers which had charge of the organization of the Conference.

The committee of the Great Powers which constituted itself the organizing agency for the Conference was made up of two representatives from each of the five. Thus the British Empire was represented by Lloyd George and Balfour; France by Clemenceau and Pichon; the United States by President Wilson (who, it is interesting to recall, explained that he was present not as President but as Prime Minister of the United States) and Lansing. This body was called upon to decide the basis and character of the representation of each Power, and the procedure which was to govern the proceedings of the Conference. At the first meeting of this committee, held in Paris on January 12th—this was a Sunday gathering, by the way—the proposal that the Dominion should be given direct representation came up for action; and objection to it came from a quite unexpected quarter—the American representatives. Both President Wilson and Mr. Lansing questioned the suggested arrangement. It was the first projection into the field of international diplomacy of the singular, not to say anomalous, relationship which exists between Great Britain and the British Dominions; and it is not surprising that the logical and acute mind of President Wilson should have seen objections to the proposal. It was understood at one time that President Wilson based his criticism not upon the fact that the adoption of the arrangement would give the British Empire a representation in excess of that of the other Great Powers; but in the interest, as he expressed it, of the smaller countries. He said—so I have grounds for believing—that even if Canada's claim for equal representation with Belgium, Serbia and other allied Powers of the second class were conceded, the proposal went still further, because, in addition to having all the representation that Belgium, for instance, had, she would have the additional undefined but important status of partnership in the British Empire. Assuming that this report of President Wilson's remarks is accurate, as I believe it is, it is evident that his criticism was based upon his idea that Canada ought either to be content with her representation as a part of the British Empire or accept what he regarded as the logical inference of her request for special representation.

Lloyd George stands strongly for Permanent Peace

Wilson Gives in Gracefully

THE Conference Committees adjourned without reaching a decision. There was much perturbation in the Dominions' delegations when the American attitude became known; and Sir Robert Borden called a meeting of representatives of the Dominions for the following morning in his room in the Hotel Majestic. It is interesting to note that at all meetings of the overseas delegates Sir Robert presided. From this meeting they proceeded to a meeting of all the Empire delegations, at which they renewed their demand for special representation. The voice of the Canadian Premier led in the demand that nothing short of full representation would be accepted. Lloyd George, who had brilliantly championed their cause the previous day, returned that afternoon to the Conference Committee prepared to renew the struggle; but at the opening of the meeting President Wilson rose, withdrew his opposition and himself proposed the adoption of Lloyd George's request that the Dominions be given representation. Doubtless upon reflection Mr. Wilson realized that it would be ungracious for the United States to seem to offer opposition to the claim of the British Dominions that they were entitled to representation in the Conference that was to fix the terms of peace.

As the result of this happy termination of a situation that might have resulted in unpleasantness, the British Empire delegations made a brave show at the first plenary session of the Peace Conference, which was held the following Saturday afternoon in the French Foreign Office. The handsome reception room was filled with a table which ran along both sides and across the top. At the middle of the head table sat Clemenceau, the chairman; immediately to his left was Lloyd George and then came the other British representatives filling the head table and running around the corner and down the side—fourteen in all; or only one less than the combined delegations of France, the United States and Italy, which held the corresponding positions on the other side of the room. In all three plenary sessions of the Conference which I attended the Dominions, in addition to their nine direct representatives—two each for Canada, Australia, South Africa and India and one from New Zealand—also had representatives upon the British Empire delegation of

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A Flight Through Fableland

Based on the Aerial Journey Recently Made from Cairo to Karachi*

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

Who wrote "The Intercepting Spark," "The City of Lost Laughter," etc.

OH, not by land and not by sea
From Cairo unto Karachi
We follow the trail of Old Romance—
Nay, blaze it, amid the dizzy dance
Of stars by night and clouds by day;
We scatter the sky in Medea's way!

Old Pharaoh sleeps with dignity
As we set forth for Karachi,
And Cleopatra lies forbid,
I guess, in a crumbling pyramid;
Only three boys and a beggar stare
At the ship we loose for the glamored air.

But the course rolls out, a glittering road
Where wheel nor keel e'er grooved its trode.
It takes the breath like an open door
That slams as we cross its threshold o'er—
Two airmen bold with a purpose old
As Daedalus' vans in the Age of Gold.

Three boys look up and the beggar begs
And we quit the Land of the Dozen Plagues;
The ooze of the inundating Nile,
The Sphinx and "the cunning crocodile"
Have shrivelled far under our gloating eyes
To mud-pie, doll and lizard size.

We fly, we fly, and the helmsman smiles
Like a glutton gulping the spicy miles.
Damascus throws up an anxious glance
As we startle her out of her midnight trance;
A buzzard beating against the stars
High over the peace of her hushed bazaars.

A few short hours and Bagdad's hive
Gapes up at her legend come alive—
A Wishing Carpet carrying two
Desire-swift through the breathless blue.
"The Devil's in it," exclaims a Turk
And he blesses himself as he goes to work.

In a twinkling Bander Abbas slips
Mirage-like under our Ship of ships,
With all her masts of dwarfish size
To a downward glance from the swinging skies
And, pilot, I swell with the birdman's pride
To mark them over our wingèd side.

The sea embraces Abushehr
Like a lover, 'tis sport to spy on her
Unblushing but lovely in scents and dyes
And priceless woollens, with wanton eyes
That lazily lift as our shadow blots
Her sun, unwist as the Argonauts.

In a day and a half—far Kismet's kind—
The Garden of Eden shrinks behind;
Omar's forgot and we quote Tagore
As India stretches her rolling floor,
More rich than a carpet of Karachi,
Our goal and her gate by the harbored sea.

So tread we the sky on our flying horse,
Pegasus, Pegasus, keeping the course!
In troth 'tis a 'plane, but we feel him prance
As we venture this route of quaint Romance,
Over pyramid, mosque and temple fair,
First couriers of enchanted air.

*General Salmond and Captain Ross Smith recently flew from Cairo to Karachi, India, crossing all the Oriental countries that lay between.

The Man Who Commanded the Guns

A Sketch of Major-General Morrison

By THOMAS M. FRASER

THE soldier whose friendly face adorns the front cover of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE this month is, by common consent of all Canadians, what Gilbert called "the very pattern of a modern Major-General"; and the soldiers of Great Britain, France, and Belgium, who more than once had their way made easier for them by the smashing work of Morrison's big guns, will heartily re-echo the sentiment. MACLEAN'S is rather particular about who shall appear on that front cover. Haig, Foch, Beatty, Currie, Pershing, Lloyd George and Bishop, have all been there—and that is pretty distinguished company; but Major-General E. W. B. Morrison, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commander of the artillery of the Canadian corps, is fairly entitled on his merits as a soldier and a man to rank with the best.

There have been brilliant feats of arms performed in this war, and great reputations fairly earned, by men who went into it with little military knowledge; but, generally speaking, those who have distinguished themselves in such corps as the artillery or the engineers, where a high degree of technical skill is absolutely necessary, have been men who slogged away at their soldiering during the piping times of peace, when their enthusiasm and devotion was looked on by the populace with indifference, tolerance, or, sometimes, with contempt. Perhaps Canada hardly realizes even yet what she owes to the men who devoted their leisure and their means to forming the backbone for that army of half a million men who are now every day handing in their weapons and equipment with the nonchalance of men called on to do a little job, who have done it, and will now merge their identity with that of other citizens.

Major-General Morrison is fifty-one years old. He was born at Dundas, the son of a Scotchman from Glasgow. He has been soldiering for the greater part of his life, laying down the pen to take up the sword when there seemed to be more need of fighters than writers. He began to learn the rudiments of both writing and fighting in Hamilton a good many years ago, when he was a reporter on the *Spectator*. Later on he moved to Ottawa, where he became editor of the *Citizen;* and, while helping to create or to "scrap" big political guns, kept on assiduously learning all he could about artillery fighting. His genial smile and quiet manner is somewhat disarming; but whether it was pouring hot shot into Grits or Germans, Morrison never willingly passed up a reasonably good opportunity for a scrap.

WHEN the Boer war began, he was editor of the *Citizen*, and a Captain in the Royal Canadian Artillery. He reverted to Lieutenant to get into the thick of the fighting quickly, and had his wish, in a double sense. At Koomati he did great service with his battery, and, together with four other Canadians, was mentioned in despatches by General Smith-Dorrien, commanding the column. Of the other four, three received the V.C., one the D.S.O. Morrison was passed over, although, as the London *Chronicle* said, "he had certainly done as much as anyone else to save an apparently hopeless situation." But the British War Office was annoyed. Morrison had been writing some very excellent war letters to the *Citizen*, and one of these, describing the punitive measures taken against the Boers, had been sent to the New York *Sun* by its Ottawa correspondent, after it had been altered out of all semblance to its true import. The *Sun* was then as strongly anti-British as it is now friendly; and this letter was used for propagandist purposes against Great Britain, and also made use of by the peace party in England. Lieutenant Morrison found himself very decidedly "in wrong" with the powers that grant decorations—or withhold them. The truth came out eventually, however; the *Sun* apologized, and, some time later, Morrison got his D.S.O. He was fairly entitled to the V.C., and doubtless would have got it but for the facts above related.

He returned to the *Citizen*, and remained there until about two years before Armageddon. He kept assiduously on with his artillery work; and in 1912 became Director of Artillery on the headquarters staff. Accompanied by Mrs. Morrison, he traveled all through Germany by special permit from the Kaiser, received through the British War Office, and saw enough of the German defences and preparations to convince him that war was coming soon. The Germans were apparently very friendly, and honored him with guards to meet him everywhere. They expressed great admiration for the work of the Canadians in South Africa, and especially for the Canadian horses. "We would make an exchange with you, Colonel Morrison," said one German officer of high position. "If you would give us one of the Canadian ponies you used in South Africa, we would give you two of our jumping cavalry horses."

Ever after the South African war, Morrison believed that there was no soldier on earth like the Canadian; and in an article written in the *Citizen* after he

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THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION-

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Manufacturers and Farmers Face Each Other Across Tariff Trenches

East is East, and West is West; Where Shall the Twain Meet?

DISCUSSING the tariff—"the unhappy ghost that walks behind the scenes of our Canadian politics"—the Brockville *Recorder and Times* says: "There is no member of the House at Ottawa, in the Government or out of it, who knows exactly where he is at." This statement, coming from that daily paper in which Hon. George P. Graham is chief stockholder, may be considered to have exceptional weight and veracity. And, in addition, it expresses the state of mind of the average Canadian citizen, whether he be manufacturer, Western farmer, laborer, or merely the ultimate consumer—who doesn't seem really to count.

"The farmers of the West," says the Montreal *Star*, "have declared that the tariff must come down, or they are ruined. The manufacturers swear that it must stay up, or it is all over with their industries. Organized labor clamors for high wages and the trampled consumer still sobs for low prices."

"The result," concludes the *Star*, "is a chorus of noisy dispute."

According to the *Recorder and Times*, there are four distinct groups in the House of Commons:

A.—Members of the Government:

1.—A "group that is unwaveringly in favor of the highest protection that can be secured by legislation."

2.—A group the "members of which believe in a fairly stiff tariff, with a few concessions here and there, more for the sake of peace than for the sake of political economy." In this group the Finance Minister, and Acting Premier, Sir Thomas White, is classed.

3.—Another "group, composed mostly of Liberals, who believe in the fiscal policy enunciated by the Liberal party, and joined the Unionist party during the war period only."

B.—Members of the Opposition:

4.—Liberals who have not joined the Unionist party, are avowed free trade advocates, and resent any attempt to form a "permanent Unionist party."

THE tariff question has loomed large since the commencement of the present session. "Business has been transacted," says the Fort William *Times-Journal*, but "there has been one eye on business and the other glued on the tariff."

At the Unionist caucus on March 19, Sir Thomas White stated that "he saw no insuperable difficulties in the way of dealing with the tariff in such a manner as would carry the judgment of the Unionist party as a whole."

This caucus was quite a love-feast, and the deduction made by Canadian editorial writers at its conclusion was, as the Toronto *Globe* remarked, that there would be "tariff changes this year; general revision later." The Fredericton *Gleaner* confidently anticipates "something on account," while the Vancouver *Province* announces a "tariff armistice—the postponement of general tariff revision until next year, with some immediate mitigation." The *Province* reminds its readers, however, that "no tariff action or inaction will satisfy all Canadians."

Colonel Currie, member for North Simcoe, livened up the debate on the speech from the throne by his tariff speech, in which he came out flat-footed for the highest possible protection, and announced that he was "descended from the Covenanters, who never compromise." Mr. Maharg, representing Maple Creek, Sask., followed, with the "demand of the Western grain growers for a general lowering of the tariff, and the free admission of goods which they buy." The Hamilton *Herald* believes that such an appeal is an agitation for "class legislation." "It is not," says the *Herald*, "the Canadian people as a whole that Mr. Maharg and his constituents care about; it is their own interests only. As for other classes, let them look after themselves."

MANY newspapers, in the East as well as in the West, resented Col. Currie's remarks. "Speeches of the inflammable nature of Col. Currie's will not prove conducive to the peace of mind of the Western-

—Toronto "Telegram"

Col. John A. Currie, M.P.: "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its broad base as soon as I"

ers," says the Belleville *Intelligencer*. "The attack on the Western farmers," the Edmonton *Bulletin* points out, "is not an isolated incident. It is only part of a general effort that is being made to shape the process of reconstruction in such a way that the financial benefits will accrue to the manufacturing interests rather than to the public at large."

The Saskatoon *Star* claims that:

"Col. Currie gave an indication of the weakness of his case when he charged the Western low-tariff advocates with Bolshevik ideals and with spreading Bolshevik propaganda. As Mr. Musselman, of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers, said the high tariff champions . . . . feel that their mighty walls of special privilege are tottering or they would not resort to the silly nonsense and gross immorality of associating the Grain Growers' Association with Bolshevism and slandering the president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture as being an annexationist."

"A campaign of flag-waving," says the Edmonton *Bulletin*, "is designed to stampede the public into voting for a continuance of high tariff." The Calgary *Albertan* has similar views of Col. Currie's remarks and says: "When everything else fails, the manufacturers insist upon questioning the loyalty of their opponents."

Mr. Maharg's speech, demanding "immediate and substantial reduction," met with almost universal approval in the West.

Many newspapers took occasion to counsel against any cleavage between East and West, or between manufacturer and farmer, or between producer and consumer. "The rift between the farmers of the West and the manufacturers seems to be growing wider," remarked the Stratford *Beacon* as the session progressed, and the Hamilton *Times* warned the country that "this leads only to disruption." "Canada will not prosper except there be unanimity," points out the Manitoba *Free Press*. The Galt *Reporter* is of like mind, and says:

"Men who seek and inspire cleavages, who promote class feeling—these men are engaged in disruptive and discreditable work. Never was it more necessary for Canadians to show a united front than to-day."

THE Toronto *Star* expresses relief that the "cleavage" should be on such a subject as the tariff:

"After all, if we must have a 'cleavage' in Canada it is not so bad to have it on economic as on racial or religious lines. The conflict does not embitter social relations; it does not make such an appeal to passion and imagination; the quarrel is not handed down from generation to generation."

Both East and West, manufacturers and agriculturists, claim that all they ask for is "justice." The claim of the manufacturer is set forth concisely by the Sydney, N.S. *Post*:

"Canadian industrialism must feel assured of the conditions under which it will have to operate in the future, before making plans for expansion and engaging in production on a large scale, to meet the demands of the new markets opening up on all sides."

The Montreal *Gazette* sets forth the manufacturers' case in the following words:

"The manufacturers can neither desire nor expect more than to be fairly dealt with. All they ask is that their industries shall not be exposed to unequal competition, that the dice shall not be loaded against them, that capital shall be encouraged to investment in manufacturing, that labor shall find steady employment, and that a great home market shall be built up through the operation of a reasonably protective tariff, as in the United States."

Sir Edmund Walker, in a widely-quoted interview, says that he:

" . . .. is not a believer in that kind of tariff which enables maunfacturers to prosper in Canada without feeling the competition of foreign manufacturers, but he urges the necessity of sufficient protection to enable manufacturers in Canada to compete. Without some measure of protection several new fields of manufacture, made possible otherwise by our experience during the war, will still be impossible."

The Montreal *Gazette* crystallizes the issue when it asks:

"Will Western farmers persist in their quest for free imports even though the consequence be the serious impairment of manufacturing industry, and possibly a resulting commercial crisis? Or will they adopt the

sane view that tariff protection should be high enough to encourage and stabilize manufactures and no higher? These questions are the root of the whole controversy."

And, what sayeth the West?

J. H. WOODS, editor and proprietor of the Calgary *Herald*, in an article contributed by him to *Industrial Canada*, the C. M. A. organ, discusses the question with exceptional sanity and commendable moderation. Mr. Woods is a Conservative, and a former president of the Canadian Press Association. Above all, he is a "Westerner"—but not selfishly so. He says:

"Let me define our differences from a Western point of view.

"Some are fiscal, and these are mostly essential differences. We are an agricultural country, producing our earnings from the soil. The East must recognize our needs, and the tariff must be revised to facilitate the progress of agriculture in the greatest possible degree. But the East will find—and this is important to realize—that the West does not want to tear down Eastern industry, nor to erect a selfish Western prosperity at the expense of Canadian manufacturers. The West only wants justice as it sees it, and, though its view may sometimes be distorted, it is quite sincere. The West will respond readily and generously to fiscal claims that are justifiable in the interests of Canada as a whole. Nay more, it will make willing sacrifices to maintain the integrity of Eastern industrial trade."

The Lethbridge *Herald*, which voices the sentiments of its editor, W. A. Buchanan, M.P., some months ago came out in advocacy of a "Western Party," out has not pressed of late for its formation. But it still is emphatic that the "voice of the West" must be heard—and heeded:

"The voice of the West is loud in the land in regard to the revision of the tariff. It is uttered with an emphasis that cannot be unheeded. The farmers are not in the mood to brook delay in the way of urgent remedial legislation for the removal of the tariff burden."

The Moose Jaw *Times* asserts that "politics have ceased to be a factor in the tariff question, so far as Western Canada is concerned," and points out that,

". . . . from Alberta to the eastern boundary of Manitoba the farmers are of unanimous opinion, and the Legislatures of Saskatchewan and Manitoba have unanimously demanded substantial and immediate reduction of the tariff. All Western development and progress is handicapped by the tariff."

The Edmonton *Bulletin* is loud in its protest against the present tariff, and demands "a reduction in the hold-up price demanded for manufactured goods." The Saskatoon *Star* says: "The tariff issue has come to a 'show-down,' and promises and subterfuges will not avail." "The days of procrastination are over," is the Winnipeg *Tribune's* warning. Each paper thus epitomizes the demands of the newspapers in its province.

The Canadian Council of Agriculture convened in Winnipeg early in April, and passed the following resolution:

"The Canadian Council of Agriculture urges the Dominion Government during the present session of Parliament to incorporate in its fiscal proposals for the rehabilitation of Canada, following the expenditure of the economic power of the country during the war, provision for the removal of the 7½ per cent. war tax and a substantial reduction in the present protection tariff, as set forth in the farmers' platform, believing that no fiscal policy of reconstruction will be complete which does not seriously and specifically aim at adjusting the unfair burden of taxation upon the consuming and producing classes of Canada, developed out of the existing system of raising Federal revenue by indirect taxation."

Commenting on their attitude the Toronto *Times* says:

"Canada must stimulate and develop both the home and the foreign market. Canada must raise an enormous revenue to meet war debt and pension charges. We believe that the program of the Canadian Council of Agriculture is impractical and visionary. If it were crystallized in legislation the result would be unemployment, widespread distress and chaos."

THE Kingston *Standard* remarks that "thoughtful men must agree" with this view.

There are a number of evidences that friction is very close to the surface. For example, the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association about the end of March declared that "the farmers' platform is not intended to provide material for fine speeches by politicians. Trifling with the Association's tariff demands will mean trouble for someone. The farmers are apparently not in the mood for official sophistry; soft words must be replaced by action."

These views were communicated to the Western members at Ottawa by Secretary Musselman, and his message is harshly criticized by the Hamilton *Spectator* which says: "An insolent telegram has been sent by Secretary Musselman, of Saskatchewan Grain Growers, to Ottawa, threatening dire things if their overbearing demands are not complied with. He talks like a Turk and should be treated as such."

The Ottawa *Journal-Press* pooh-poohs the claims of the West as those of a youngster who is yet adolescent, but assumes the garments of manhood, asserting the rights of maturity. It remarks:

"Nor is a cry about 'What the West Wants' worth a darn as an argument in a discussion of this kind, either. The West is coming along fine, but it contains as yet less than one-third of the people of Canada, and a great deal less than one-third of the business means of Canada, and if the West wants anything, the rest of us have a right to be like the man from Missouri—we have a right to be shown."

—By Sam Hunter, in Toronto "Sunday World"

The tariff is only one of the many questions for the returned soldier to turn his attention to, the "World" thinks.

The Winnipeg *Tribune* takes exception to the Ottawa paper's statement, and says:

"Why the use of the hot words found in the *Journal* article? Every full-fledged Canadian has a right to say, through the ballot-box, and then through Parliament, how the nation shall be governed—what its policy shall be."

The Montreal *Gazette* says that "in the opinion of self-thinking men there are times for all things," and takes the Western low-tariff members to task for thinking that the present is the time for tariff changes. The West is called "obtuse," and in an editorial headed "The 'obtuseness' of the West," the Manitoba *Free Press* has the following remarks to make:

"To give way to anger is usually an evidence of weakness in argument. Perhaps that is why the Montreal *Gazette* in a recent issue became abusive while simultaneously adopting an attitude of superior wisdom towards 'the prairie legislators' who have dared to demand a lower tariff at a time when the Dominion Government is called upon to make large capital expenditures. . . . . .

"The West, after all, sees farther and more clearly than the few bigoted protagonists of high tariffs can be expected to realize. The 'prairie legislators' are blazing the trail by which the whole Dominion may escape from the morass of national indebtedness and commercial ineptitude into which the war and the selfish, short-sighted policies of the high protectionists have led it. To refuse to follow that trail will be to court disaster."

THE C. M. A., in page advertisements in the press from one end of Canada to the other, initiated a campaign in which it asked the farmer to assist them in its endeavor to secure an adequate protective tariff. The C. M. A. also issued an interview several columns in length expressing its reasons for objecting to a lower tariff. This roused the ire of the Regina *Leader*, which says:

"It is questionable, however, if during all these years the manufacturers ever issued such a palpable dishonest, snivelling, disgusting appeal as that handed out this week by the General Manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association by the direction of the Executive Council of that body. It is worthy of the despicable, unspeakable Hun who, having plundered, destroyed and mutilated to the limit of his ability, throws up his hands when the hour of retribution comes, and like an arrant coward shrieks, 'Kamerad! Kamerad!'"

The Moose Jaw *News* takes the *Leader* to task for "such stupidly unnecessary language," and adds that to hand out to the farmers of the West, "a level-headed class of men with keen business capacities, such language as quote above as arguments in favor of their claims is only to insult them."

The "McMaster Resolution," as it has been termed, created quite a tempest in the House, when A. R. McMaster, M.P., for Brome, Quebec, introduced just before the conclusion of the debate on the speech from the throne, an amendment suggesting that:

"The increase of duty of 7½ and 5 per cent. be repealed, that the offer of reciprocity by the reciprocal trade agreement with the United States be accepted in its entirety, that all staple food products and domestic animals be admitted duty free from places admitting like Canadian articles, that all farm and garden implements, machinery, tools, raw materials entering into the manufacture of the same, lumber, fuel, oil, cement and fertilizers, and lastly a substantial reduction of the tariff all round."

The amendment was defeated by more than two to one, the "rump Liberals" polling only sixty-one votes. Its defeat is held by the low-tariff advocates throughout Canada to be due solely to its untimeliness. Free traders of the calibre of Michael Clark, Levi Thomson, Crerar and Carvell supported the Union Government, preferring to express their views at a later date. The Lethbridge *Herald*, W. A. Buchanan's paper, heads an editorial the day after the vote, "a crafty move frustrated," and goes on to say:

"The line in the National Anthem, 'Confound their politics,' was put into practice in the House at Ottawa when the McMaster tariff resolution was given a short shrift. This not so much with regard to the resolution itself as the spirit in which it was engineered."

THE Toronto *Globe* asserts that the vote on the amendment was in no way indicative of the feeling throughout Canada; and final action, it believes, will be quite different. The *Globe* says:

"Were the removal of the War Surtax, for example, to be voted upon on its merits there are probably not sixty members in a House of over two hundred and thirty who would vote for the retention of this no longer defensible tax, which took over $45,000,000 in customs duties from the pockets of the Canadian consumers last year, and probably twice that amount in excessive profits on goods manufactured at home under shelter of excessive duties."

The Saskatoon *Phoenix* sums up the opinion of those papers in the West who support Union Government, but insist on a lower tariff, and forecasts a general election with the tariff as the issue:

"The McMaster amendment was not well-timed. The Opposition could not expect low-tariff supporters of the Government to side with it at this moment. Liberal Unionists can justify their action in voting to avoid an election just now.

"The hour for an election has not struck. Let the Finance Minister bring in his budget; let the country learn what the Government proposes to do with the tariff; then, if its proposals are inadequate and the Liberals on the Government's side, and the country as a whole, are convinced that no more can be secured, a vote which would be tantamount to a vote of want of confidence can properly be given. Mr. McMaster did not promote the cause of tariff revision by bringing in his amendment at this juncture. . . . . .

". . . in the opinion of the *Phoenix* low-tariff votes will dominate the House of Commons following a contest fought on that question."

The Saskatoon *Star*, an avowed low-tariff advocate, endorses the attitude of the Western members in voting

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REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

German Army Was Ready to Capitulate

Truth of the Situation Before the Armistice is Revealed

IT is becoming clearer all the time that the signing of the armistice precluded a complete capitulation of the German forces. This point is forcibly made by Leo J. Maxse, in an editorial in the *National Review*. He writes:

The German Higher Command was on the point of capitulation. The story was most clearly set forth in a speech at Heidelberg by Herr Fehrenbach, President of the German Constituent Assembly. It is one of the most noteworthy statements of the war, upon which we should like to hear expert French, British, and American opinion. According to Herr Fehrenbach, on September 26 a confidential communication reached the Grand Committee of the Reichstag to the effect that Bulgaria was coming to terms with Germany's enemies. "All of us knew what that meant. Ludendorff declared that Germany must ask for an armistice within forty-eight hours and that the war was lost. It was Ludendorff's misfortune that he tried to be a Moltke and a Bismarck combined in one person. His political activity was disastrous."

On November 8 the revolution broke out in Bavaria, and on November 9 in Berlin, Prince Max of Baden being replaced in the Chancellorship by Herr Ebert. On November 10, in the words of Herr Fehrenbach, "a number of us assembled in the Chancellor's Palace in Berlin to listen to the telegram from Spa announcing the terms of the Armistice which the Allies were prepared to grant. There were present Ebert and Scheidemann and the members of the new Government, Prince Max of Baden and the members of the old Government, and I myself was there in my capacity as President of the Reichstag."

At this gathering Dr. Solf read out the conditions offered to Germany. In the words of Herr Fehrenbach:

"You can imagine with what feelings we listened to him. Then he read a telegram from our delegates at Spa saying that we could either accept the conditions or reject them: there was no middle course. It was a terrible moment, but if there existed a[illegible] as to the course to be followed it was dispelled by a telegram from Hindenburg, which Solf read to us after he had read the telegram from our delegates at Spa."

Hungerford, in Pittsburgh "Sun"

The Dime Novel

—Kirby, in New York "World"

The Anxious Survivor

In this:

Hindenburg telegraphed an urgent request to accept all the conditions stipulated by the Allies without any delay because he could not undertake to hold the German army together any longer. Hindenburg added that the German army was already beginning to run away and that if we did not accept the Allies' conditions immediately, he would be obliged to capitulate with all the forces under his command.

Hindenburg---After the Armistice

General is Compelled by Revolutionist to See American Interviewer

AN article of very great interest appears in the current issue of *Everybody's Magazine* from the pen of Herbert Corey, the war correspondent. As soon as the armistice was signed Corey took the grave chance of slipping across the German border. He even got as far as Berlin and the impressions that the trip left on his mind are valuable in the extreme. He brought back the impression of an unrepentant Germany. Perhaps the most interesting part of his article is the account of his interview with Vno Hindenburg.

The officer of the Rath (Soldiers and Workmen's Council) who had us in charge at Cassel differed from the usual military adjoint in that he was a true revolutionist. He was slender and corseted and diffident, and clicked his heels most sensationally when he saluted.

He came to us with this plaint when we were somewhat merrily inclined. We were at dinner, and engaged in demolishing our fifth goose in two days. Goose meat is not covered by the meat cards in Germany, and so he who has the money may eat goose when he will. We had the money, and although we had lost our appetite for the German's best friend, hunger had driven us to it. Everything had become a joke to us in the reaction from the depression occasioned by too much goose. "We knew Hindenburg would not see us," we said. "We knew it all the time."

"Ah!" said the young lieutenant.

He bowed and heel-clicked formally to each of us as he withdrew. An hour later we were told to present ourselves at the Field-Marshal's office on the following day. The little lieutenant accompanied us, perhaps to see that his orders had been obeyed. We found the Field-Marshal a pathetic figure, his clothes hanging loose upon his huge frame, his gray eyes sad under his overhanging brows. But his eyes flared in anger at the sight of this unknown little man in an officer's uniform. Officers do not enter the Field-Marshal's rooms unbidden.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in a true field-marshal's roar.

"I am the president of the local Rath," said the little man. He bowed and heel-clicked valiantly, and if his spirit was shaken his knees were not. "I arranged the interview for these gentlemen and I have come with them."

That was all. But I shall remember von Hindenburg's face as he turned toward his chair, long after I have forgotten what he said. Enemy or not, the Field-Marshal had been a great soldier, and even to-day, with the Empire crumbled about him, he remained the idol of the people and the army alike. Every man we met spoke bitterly of Ludendorff and von Kluck and von Tirpitz and the lesser figures of the war, but only affection and respect were manifested for Hindenburg. To see him forced to obey a Rath made up of men who are patriots, but can only seem to him a body of unclean rebels, had something about it which touched the heart.

"You have come to me at a moment of great depression," said the Field-Marshal, slowly. "This is the time of my country's greatest sorrow. What is it that you wish to know?"

One had no time in which to phrase courteous and circumlocuitous queries. We blurted out the question in which we were all most deeply interested: "Why did you remain at the head of the German armies under the revolutionary government?"

"It was my duty," said the Field-Marshal. "I had a struggle with myself, but I felt it was my duty. I must stay in command until my men have been demobilized and have gotten safely home. Then I feel I may lay down my arms. I am getting to be an old man, and I am very tired. When this task is completed I feel I shall have done my part."

He dismissed queries as to the possibility that the old Government may return to power and as to the form the German army may assume in the future, with a wave of the hand. "That is beyond my province," said he. "I cannot discuss such things. Let events decide."

As we rose to go, the Field-Marshal added: "I hope our friendly relations with the United States will soon be resumed." There was a second's pause and he added: "We are suffering greatly." We bowed ourselves out.

—Racey, in Montreal "Star"

IN THE EX-GERMAN COLONIES

Demonstration of deep sorrow on learning from Paris that they will not be returned to the Germans.

Events of the War Foretold by Stars

Heavenly Phenomena Marked All Stages of the World Struggle

IT is not to be seriously suggested that coming events on this earth are foreshadowed by the stars, but it is a fact that before and during the course of the war the heavens yielded many signs. If coincidences they were, there is no denying that they were interesting coincidences; and a most fascinating article is woven around them by John J. Ross in *Chambers's Journal.* He tells of nearly a dozen remarkable astrological and astronomical facts all readily applicable to the progress of the war — signs which preceded the start of the war and marked practically every important climax thereafter. His references to two of the most important are appended:

Shortly after the capture of the Holy Places a celestial occurrence of pleasing appropriateness took place. The planet Venus was then a brilliant object in the early night sky, and on 5th January, 1918, it reached an epoch of maximum brilliance as an evening star, an event which occurs at successive intervals of about five hundred and eighty-four days. At such times Venus shines with a lustre so surpassing that it has often been spoken of by imaginative beholders as a return of the "Star of Bethlehem." As an evening star the planet is always to be seen in the Western heavens, and it is obvious that the "Star of the East," though viewed in the East (terrestrial locality) by the Wise Men, must have been seen shining in the Western sky, since their journey was towards the West. The 5th January is the eve of (or day preceding) the Church festival on which is commemorated the Epiphany of Our Saviour and His Adoration by the Magi. If we suppose the 6th January to be indeed the correct anniversary of the day upon which "star-led chiefs" did "Assyrian odors bring," there appears the interesting fact that soon after the "little town of Bethlehem" was restored for the first time for centuries to Christian rule, the brightest and most beautiful of planets —Star of Bethlehem or not—shone down upon the city with its maximum brilliance on the night corresponding to that of the conclusion of the journey of the Magi to the shrine at Bethlehem. Surely a felicitous coincidence!

In September 1913 a comet was discovered in Aquarius by Delavan, a South American observer. A year later it was easily visible to the naked eye. In the words of the great French astronomer Flammarion, "A comet that will be known in future as the 'War Comet' reigned in the heavens throughout a year, and it will be visible for the ensuing five years. Such a long period of a comet's visibility is unknown in astronomic annals. . . . Without asserting the influence of the stars upon our planet's events, the coincidence is, to say the least, worthy of notice." At the time of its greatest brilliance (September 1914) this comet was passing close beneath the "Plough" or "Charles's Wain," the asterism formed by the seven brightest and best known stars of that most familiar of all constellations—the Great Bear. The alteration of appearance which its presence temporarily produced in the constellation attracted much attention, and as the Bear was long a symbol of the great Muscovite Empire the occurrence naturally suggested a connection with the war. It was hailed as an omen for the success of the Russian arms—surely, however, a case of the wish being father to the thought, for comets have always been looked upon as portents of evil. The sequel showed that the traditional view would rather have been justified. Also, as stated above, the comet was at the time of discovery in Aquarius, and this, according to tradition, foreboded misfortune to kings under Aquarius.

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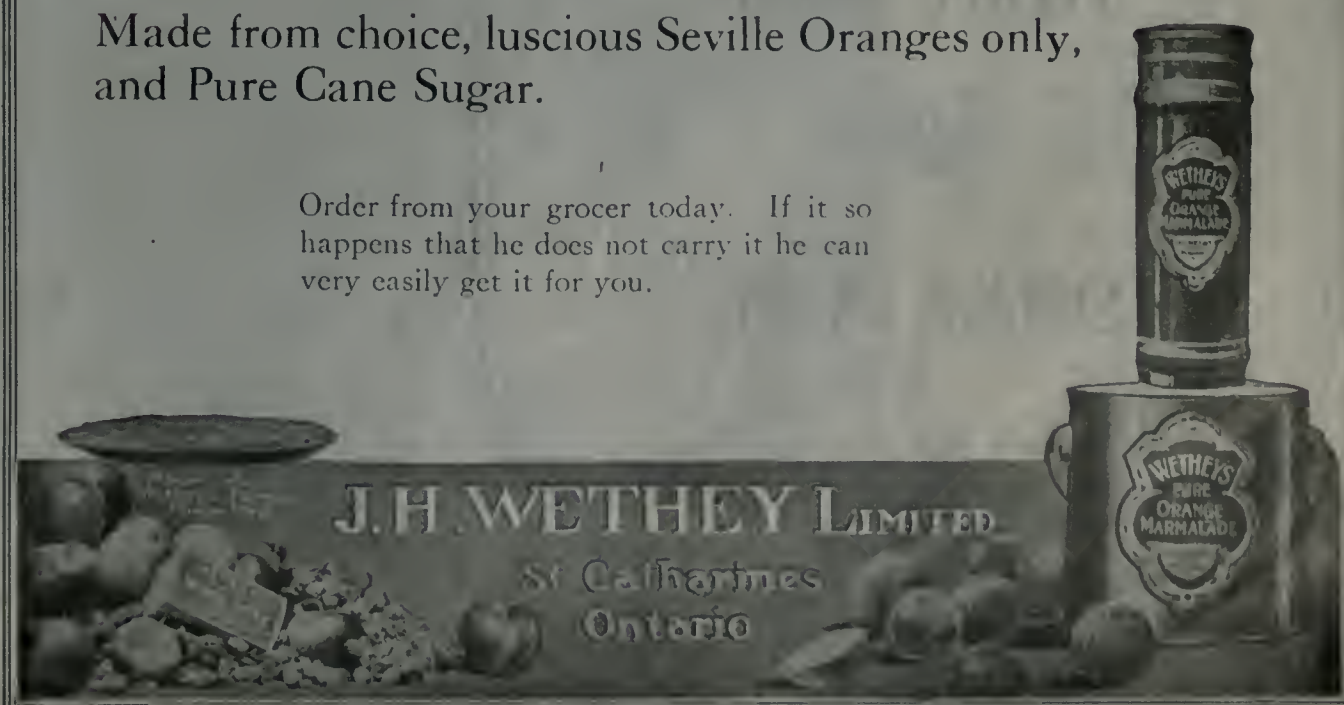

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is reputed by astrologers to be the ruling sign of Russia and Prussia. It must be granted that this tradition also has been abundantly justified by the event. These facts are almost as striking as the coincidence which marked the return of Halley's Comet in 1910. Halley's is the most famous of all comets. Its visits to our neighborhood occur only at intervals of seventy-six years. Yet on that occasion its nearest approach to the earth (one day out of seventy-six years) occurred on the very day of the late King Edward's funeral. Little wonder that some of his South African native subjects believed the huge and imposing ethereal visitant to be a chariot sent to bear the monarch's soul to celestial regions.

A High-born Bolshevik

Tchicherin, Soviet Foreign Minister, Was Once an Aristocrat.

ONE of the most picturesque figures among the leaders of the Russian Bolsheviki is Tchicherin, who acts as Foreign Minister of the Soviet Government. Tchicherin was born an aristocrat and was once in the Russian diplomatic service. He does not appear, however, in the light of the Egalite of the Russian revolution. Rather he is the Saint-Just of Bolshevism with perhaps a touch of Mirabeau. An interesting picture of Tchicherin is presented in *Current Opinion*, made up of extracts from various continental papers:

Well deserved, in the opinion of all who know the people's commissary for foreign affairs at Petrograd, was the tribute paid to him by Kerensky on the eve of his own fall: "If Tchicherin were with me now, I could defy that agronome!" The "agronome" was Lenine. Tchicherin had already gone over to him. This same Tchicherin is the most mystical idealist in the whole Soviet republic, says the Socialist *Avanti*, and there is justification for the assertion of the Paris *Humanité* (also Socialist) that he is the ablest diplomatist in Europe. Tchicherin is acknowledged as a man of genius even by his severe critics in the *Temps* and he has the additional advantages of wealth and aristocratic origin. The grandfather of the Bolshevist foreign minister was one of the famous statesmen of the reign of Nicholas I. Another of his ancestors was a confidential adviser of the great Catherine. For a period of over two hundred years this family has contributed ambassadors, governors, generals, ladies in waiting and exalted bureaucrats to the service of the Romanoff dynasty. The Tchicherins have also played their part in all the revolutions and conspiracies of the past five reigns. They have been territorial magnates for generations, and the great-grandfather of this Bolshevik foreign minister was noted in his day for the immense number of serfs upon his innumerable fields.

The present commissary Tchicherin, who was born not far from Moscow about forty-two years ago, impresses all the journalists who meet him with his culture, his sincerity and his ability. Nearly every character-sketch of him in the foreign press is a personal eulogy. Much is made of his perfect good humor and his absolute humility. He will receive a correspondent of the London *Mail* with apologies for being in his pajamas, seeing that the solitary pair of trousers he has left are undergoing repairs in the shop of a "comrade." He has not known what it is to have a mattress since he assumed office. "I have eaten an egg," he assured the Briton who wanted something for his paper that would pass the censor, "and that is an event of significance here now." On another occasion he told the correspondent of the *Journal* (Geneva) that he was glad Mr. Balfour could make himself understood in the French language, "for he certainly can not make himself understood in the English language." To an editor who found him with a copy of Walt Whitman, Tchicherin said in his excellent English: "This is inspired." Another American writer dear to the people's commissary is Emerson, whose portrait adorns the wall of his study near Moscow.

As the son of one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in Moscow, young Tchicherin received the education of a youth of fashion. His early manhood, says the Manchester *Guardian*, was spent in that quarter of the town called the Byeli Corod, the family mansion being on one of the big boulevards. He went, naturally, to the great university founded by one of his ancestors, and, although there were thousands of students, he was distinguished among them all for his poetical personal appearance and his skill on various musical instruments. He was reared in the orthodox communion by a pious mother long on terms of intimacy with the mother of the late Czar. A Swiss newspaper, reciting these particulars, adds that the young Tchicherin early manifested the thirst for knowledge in every field which remains one of his conspicuous traits. He nearly compromised his health by his long vigils in the great university library at Moscow. He won prizes for Greek composition before he was twenty-one. His orations before the student body revealed the excitable personality which is thought to give him an almost hypnotic influence over those who come into contact with him. He is said to fall now and then into fainting spells when much under the influence of his own emotional excitement. The death by drowning of a young girl to whom he was engaged very early confirmed a tendency to melancholy which asserted itself later and led Tchicherin to resolve upon the life of a hermit in the Gobi desert. He was with difficulty dissuaded from donning the garb of a monk and going upon a pilgrimage to Thibet. At this period of his career began also his well-known enthusiasm for Tolstoy and mystic theology. Tchicherin accepts implicitly to-day the gospel narrative of the miracles of Jesus and from all accounts lives very like a primitive Christian. He was at one time a vegetarian and for a year or more went about with garments of hair next his skin.

Yielding to the entreaties of his parents, says the Italian Socialist organ, Tchicherin in his early twenties entered the Russian diplomatic service. He had acquired the language of Central Europe and was fairly well acquainted with the practice of the chancellory at Petrograd. After a probationary period there, he became first secretary of the embassy in Berlin. Speaking German with facility, graceful on the back of a horse and in the dance, Tchicherin spent a whole year in the Potsdam circle before the peculiar melancholy and mysticism of his nature, which he had suppressed at his father's command, reasserted itself. Then, we learn from the London *News*, he took to Socialism in its extreme form, devouring the writings of Karl Marx and Engels, and accepting Karl Kautsky as an oracle. When it became generally known at the imperial German court that the secretary of the Russian embassy was a regular attendant at Socialist mass-meetings in Berlin and Munich, the Wilhemstrasse made representations at the Nevsky Prospekt. The elder Tchicherin made a hurried trip to Berlin and remonstratrated with his son in vain. The young man gave up his post after a stormy scene with his father, the details of which got into the *Vorwärts* at the time. The theory of his relatives was that Tchicherin had lost his reason, a notion which derived some confirmation from the eccentricities of speech and deportment to which he had always been prone.

For several years after this episode, Tchicherin wandered about Europe, living upon an allowance made him by his mother, who in her day had been a great heiress as well as a famous beauty. Her son now formed one of the great colonies of political refugees which lend color to

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the Swiss towns of Berne and Kienthal. Tchicherin wrote brilliantly for all the leading revolutionary gazettes published in Switzerland. His pamphlets have been circulated by the thousand in his native country. He seems not to have run across Trotzky until after that agitator took up his own abode in Paris, but Lenine always on the lookout for young men of promise, sought his acquaintance while Tchicherin was still in the diplomatic service. The two became intimate friends. They lived in the same house at Zimmerwald before the great war.

What Rights Has Aviator?

And What Have Those Below?—Puzzlers for the Future

A WRITER in the Little Rock, Arkansas, *Gazette* discusses with considerable interest and genuine knowledge some of the troubles and trials of the earth-dweller when flying becomes a common method of locomotion.

For instance, it may be asked, what rights has the owner of a house against an aviator flying over him? Again, "if a chauffeur can be arrested and fined for driving his noisy car past your bedroom windows with his muffler open, why should an aviator not be forbidden to fly over your roof with the sleep-waking rattle and bang of his engine running without a muffler?" And still again, suppose an aviator "drops a monkey-wrench from five thousand feet in the air and cracks your child's skull—how are you to identify the owner of the plane or prove that the monkey-wrench was dropt by him?" An Inter-Allied Air Commission is working on aviation problems in Paris and will institute a system of marks for aviators, a meteorological service, and a system of education in air navigation. People interested in aviation have suggested a number of questions that must be settled by some authority and settled before very long. The writer in the Little Rock daily calls attention to several of these interesting new problems:

1. How shall we fix the limit to be placed on a landholder's ownership of the air above his land?
2. Should not a property-owner have the protection of the law against the noise-nuisance of air-machines?
3. How can a man's legal privacy be protected against the prying eyes of air-machine passengers?
4. If the old rule is maintained and individuals and corporations own the air above their property and claim protection against trespass, should they be taxed for the air as they are for the land, and how much?
5. If several machines are flying at the same time over a man's land, and one of them drops a monkey-wrench or other object and injures him or one of his family or his property, how is he going to place the responsibility?
6. Can we regulate the use of telescopes and photographic apparatus by aviators flying over private property? The powerful photographic instruments now used by aviators give a clear view of intimate personal affairs that are happening on the earth miles below.
7. When a machine is flying high, how is a landowner always to determine exactly and to a legal definiteness whether or not it is over his property and thus guilty of trespass?
8. The State can tax the land and take it for public use under certain conditions from private owners by payments of a reasonable sum. Can the State do the same with the air?
9. Assuming that the use of the air by airplanes constitutes trespass against owners of property lying beneath, what would prevent unscrupulous capitalists from buying a circle of land about every great city, thus isolating it and preventing air-machines from entering the city at all?
10. If a man owns a very narrow strip of land it is not considered trespass if a neighbor jumps over it. How much more a trespass is it if a machine flies over a proportionately wide strip?
11. If an aviator is flying with the wind, can he claim that he is in the same air that he was in when he started on his trip?
12. It is admitted that railroads operating under franchises from the State endanger the safety of the public, but public interest justifies this. Can not the State give air-ships a similar right to navigate?
13. Shall hunting and shooting from airplanes of shore birds and animals that roam in the open be forbidden?
14. What provisions against crimes can be made in the matter of aerial navigation? In times of industrial or social disturbances, when it is necessary to keep watchful guard over such places as reservoirs, railway bridges, arsenals, and the like, could not a member of the trouble-making element drop poison or dynamite from a plane overhead and thus elude the guard?
15. If a man has a grudge against another, what is to prevent him making a night flight and dropping dynamite on his enemy's property, demolishing it, and probably killing the occupants?
16. What rules and regulations can be devised to make air traffic safe? what signals will be necessary? If certain air "highways" are not designated and followed, who is to prevent collisions in midair when planes become numerous?
17. What system of examination and licensing of pilots could be rigid enough to prevent danger to person and property due to accidents resulting from the over-confidence and carelessness of pilots?
18. What system of aerial policing could be devised for the apprehension of law-breakers in the air? Will aerial traffic stations be installed for the prevention of speeding and joy-riding? Would it be possible to contrive some such arrangement as the auto-trap? How can license numbers be shown large enough to be practical?
19. If the air police are inadequate or helpless to apprehend trespassers or marauders, shall landowners be allowed to have the protection of a cannon or machine gun, and thus take the law into their own hands, as is the practice on land?
20. If an aviator is flying high and commits a crime, how can we decide what county or State has jurisdiction over him?
21. If a man sees a machine in the air and is certain it is over his land, how can he have the pilot arrested?
22. Probably property-owners in New York and other large, congested cities would not consider themselves trespassed upon by aircraft, inasmuch as all that the pilots and passengers could see as the machine passed over the city would be chimneys, church steeples, and roofs with washing hanging out. On the other hand, farmers, mercantile establishments with part of their plant in the open, stock farms, and such would consider it trespass. Where is the line to be drawn?
23. A ship in distress at sea can, if necessary, descard any or all of its cargo, and only the fish are affected, but what would the result be if a cargo-carrying ship of the air were in similar predicament?
24. If airplanes and dirigibles are to be allowed free and unregulated passage through the air, what is to hinder the owners of apartment blocks and houses near ball-grounds, race-tracks, etc., from allowing capacious captive balloons to be hitched to their buildings while the occupants watch the sport?
25. What provision can be made for the protection of lumber-yards, munition-factories, and the like against fire due to neglect or design on the part of air pilots? In taking preventive measures against fire or explosion would it be necessary to place "Keep Off" signs in clear view of approaching planes?

Failures Included in Cabinet

Sweeping Indictment of Several Selections by Lloyd George

THE defeat of Mr. Asquith at the recent election is generally accepted as the logical outcome of his war attitude. It is rather surprising, in fact, to see how very generally this view is now expressed. In the current issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*, clearly the best and most reputable of English magazines, there appears a summary of the election results and the causes, which confirms many of the contentions set forward by Colonel Maclean in this magazine and in the *Financial Post* at all stages of the war. *Blackwood's* says:

The defeat of Mr. Asquith and all his lieutenants marks the awakening of England from a dismal dream. The Bill of 1832 made the middle class omnipotent, and the middle class had its way. And its way was bad, because of all classes it has shown itself the most bitterly selfish, the least capable of understanding. It despised the class below it, it was jealous of the class above. The working class has kept itself hardy by manual toil; the leisured class has strengthened its muscles and its brains by field-sports. The middle class, on the other hand, has been content with the counting-house. The bagman's millennium has seemed its golden age; to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest, was for it the whole duty of man. If child labor helped the cotton-spinners in the fierce struggle for wealth, then children must be condemned to work ten or twelve hours a day in the factories. And it should be remembered that all the Bills which alleviated the lot of the workers were passed by Tory Governments.

The ideal, or its lack, of the nineteenth century was the ideal, until yesterday, of Mr. Asquith and his friends. They had learned nothing from the war. They went to the country confidently with all the old cries. Their torn banners still bore the foolish device Free Trade, and they seem to have believed that nothing more was asked of them except devotion to the time-worn creed of Manchester. And they are one and all out of Parliament. We shall hear no more of their class-selfishness, of their egoism, of their lust after large profits and quick returns, of their ready sacrifice of national interests to provincial greed. At last the door of good British oak, which they took pride in banging, bolting, and barring, will be opened to our kinsmen overseas; and the Empire, which they, being true little Englanders, sincerely despised, will grow in strength and unity. In brief, the election has dissipated a dark cloud which overcast us for nearly a century, and the sun of patriotism will perhaps shine upon us once more.

The article then goes on to deal with the new Cabinet of Lloyd George and to point out certain mistakes he has made in the matter of his selections:

The result of the General Election is said to be a personal triumph for Mr. Lloyd George, and the triumph is not wholly undeserved. Whatever his failings may be, and they are not few, he was resolute to beat the Germans, and he has helped to inspire the country with the will to win. But by a manœuvre, which no wise man will applaud, he put his own ticket on such candidates as he supported, and he is plainly entitled to exact their allegiance as part of a well-understood bargain. Wherefore in the making of his Cabinet he should have had a free hand. If only imagination and courage had been his, he might have ensured a strong and honest Government. And he has failed, where success was easily within his grasp. A vast and docile majority in the House would have supported him had he chosen new men for old places. But being a mere politician, he has thrown away his opportunity with a careless cynicism. His new Cabinet is made up of the old materials, and the most that he has ventured to achieve is to shift a plank here and there into a fresh place. This method does not make for stability, and we shall not be surprised if the strongest majority known to history does not melt away like snow in sunshine.

For some of the appointments we have nothing but praise. We rejoice to see that Lord Milner is to preside over the Colonial Office, and that Mr. Austen Chamberlain is once more Chancellor of the Exchequer. The country has confidence in Mr. Arthur Balfour, and welcomes him back to the Foreign office. Some other Ministers are practiced administrators, and in less troubled times might be trusted not to make mistakes. But when we have said so much, we must acknowledge that Mr. Lloyd George has, for the rest, betrayed the trust reposed in him. To put Sir F. E. Smith on the Woolsack is to lower the dignity of English life. Neither his career in politics nor his legal attainments justify his elevation. Thus an injury is done not only to the country but to a high office, which has been held by many great and learned men. The politicians are not held in good repute just now, and they will not recover the respect, which once they won and deserved, if they find levity a better guide of conduct than the profit of the State.

A Prime Minister who has made Sir F. E. Smith Lord Chancellor could not omit Mr. Winston Churchill from his favor, and the most unpopular demagogue in England is now our Minister for War. A worse appointment could not have been devised, for it proves that in Mr. Lloyd George's opinion those who have failed disastrously in politics should be marked out for promotion. Mr. Winston Churchill has enjoyed a particolored career. He has held many offices, and it cannot be said truthfully that he has adorned any one of them. But evidently he is indestructible. The most of men would never have recovered from the adventure of Lamlash Bay. Mr. Churchill was the hero of that adventure, and he is Minister for War. The "gambles" in which he has indulged during our struggle with Germany have been costlier for others than for him. For Mr. Churchill it was merely a matter of heads I win, tails you lose. So, immune from punishment and relieved of all responsibility, the men entrusted with the conduct of public affairs do what they will, and keep a closer eye upon their own prosperity than upon the welfare of the country. As for the army, it will be asked to make the best of a bad job, and Mr. Lloyd George will be lucky if his dangerous appointment to the War office does not shatter what might have been the strongest Government of all time. Perhaps he thinks that, since the Armistice is signed, the army matters less than Mr. Churchill's displeasure.

With an equal cynicism Mr. Lloyd George has reinstated Sir Alfred Moritz Mond at the Board of Works. As we have pointed out already in these pages, nothing could be more grossly indelicate than this choice. Sir Alfréd Moritz Mond is German in blood and race. The fact that he was born upon English soil alone makes him an Englishman, and as he presides over the Board of Works, it will be his duty to approve and control the monuments set up by the country in honor of our dead heroes. Nearly a million Britons have fallen in the war which this country has helped to wage against Germany. And a man who is German in name and race, a man who is bound to Zeigenhain in Hesse-Cassel by a long line of ancestry, and whose "lineage" is all unsullied by one speck of British blood, is permitted to decide what shape and form the national memorials dedicated to those who gave their life for Britain shall assume. Can you believe that the Germans themselves would ever permit a

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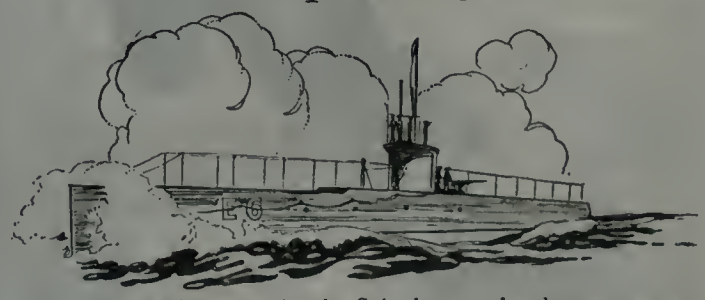

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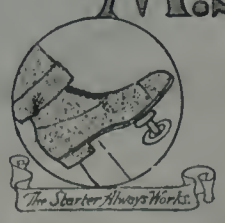

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like outrage? Not even Herr Houston Chamberlain, the staunchest champion of Deutschthum in the world, would be allowed to perform the deelicate duty of setting up a shrine in honor of Germans fallen upon the battlefield. Mr. Lloyd George is obviously unconscious of the incongruity, and Sir Alfred Moritz Mond has so little sense of the fitness of things that he does not decline a post from filling which with dignity he is debarred by his antecedents. Humor is a quality which has escaped him as plainly as propriety. Not long ago, in speaking of Stonehedge, he referred with some unction to our ancestors. Were, then, the Monds, the Weinbergs, and the Löwenthals among those who worshipped the sun on Salisbury Plain? Did Zeigenhain and Cologne also send their representatives across the sea to do proper obeisance at the summer solstice? For our part we would far rather see our dead heroes honored only in the hearts of those who mourn them than admire the loftiest pillar, golden and far-seen, set up to their memory with the sanction and concurrence of Sir Alfred Moritz Mond. If Mr. Lloyd George refuses to respect the susceptibilities of all true-born Britons, he will create for himself an unpopularity which he cannot withstand. The laws of England decree that a man is a motor-car if he is born in a garage. And in accord with this law, which needs amendment, Sir Alfred Moritz Mond is an Englishman; he is not the kind of Englishman who should help to record the sacrifices of our soldiers.

How Mackensen Was Caught

Grim Prussian Marshal Was Trapped by French Officer.

THE one German commander who came through the war with an unimpaired reputation for military success was Von Mackensen, who smashed Serbia and Roumania and took such an important part in the Russian debacle. Von Mackensen had the good fortune to be left in the eastern area and so escaped being involved in the defeats inflicted on the Germans on the western front. There can be no question that he would have succumbed to the hammer blows of Foch just as surely as Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff but it is probably true that of the three he possesed more of the qualities of the successful general. It is interesting to note that this grim Prussian Marshal is supposed to be of Scotch descent, his name being a Germanization of McKinnon.

When the armistice was signed Von Mackensen was in Roumania and he was, therefore, left in a decidedly ticklish position. He attempted to get back with his army to Germany through Hungary but was interned en route. An interesting story of how his internment was brought about is told in *L' Illustration* of Paris:

To a request from the Hungarian Government that he give his word of honor that he would not try to escape into Germany, Mackensen had made this cryptic reply:

"I give my word that I shall not leave as long as there is a German soldier on Hungarian territory."

The Hungarians, not knowing exactly how to go about disarming and interning Mackensen's 80,000 veterans, then asked their commander to order them to give up their arms and submit to internment.

"I will give the order," said Mackensen with fine irony, "but I cannot answer for its being carried out. My troops, you see, are so undisciplined!"

Meanwhile, his divisions, fully armed and equipped, were moving steadily toward Germany. And soon evidence that their commander meant to follow them reached Lieutenant-Colonel Vix, head of the French military mission at Budapest. Vix heard one day a few weeks ago that Mackensen was actually packing up his belongings, and at once communicated with the commander of the French troops in Belgrade, asking permission to detain Mackensen in order that the terms of the armistice might not be violated, and asking at the same time for a detachment of soldiers to enable him to arrest the grim Prussian. General Henrys, French commander of Belgrade, at once ordered four squadrons of spahis, or French colonial cavalry, under Colonel Guespereau, who were stationed at Temesvár, to proceed with all possible haste to Foth.

In the meantime, things were moving quickly at the latter place. Mackensen's baggage had already been sent away. The Marshal's departure seemed a question of hours. Lieutenant Genevrier, of the French army, who had motored from Budapest to Foth in order to keep an eye on the German, found himself in a difficult position. He had secretly posted a few men to watch every exit from the château where Mackensen was living and keep him informed of the prisoner's movements, but, having no armed force, he realized that he could do no more. He also realized that if Mackensen got wind of the fact that he was being watched by a French lieutenant, he would at once take alarm and dash away in an automobile, spoiling the whole plot.

Genevrier proved himself a man of craft and resource. First, he had all the telephone wires cut, so that Mackensen and his suite could not communicate with the outside world by wire. Then, leaving his automobile a few hundred yards away, he crawled into the park surrounding the château under the protection of night, and placed himself where he could see what went on inside. Soon one of Mackensen's aids entered the room where the telephone was, and tried to ring up someone. He rang again and again. Then, with an oath, he dashed the instrument on the ground. Genevrier realized that something important was afoot. It behooved the Frenchman to keep himself posted on everything occurring in the château, but, should he be discovered lurking in the park close to the house, his mission would be guessed and his prey would escape him.

And—where were the French cavalrymen? According to the arrangements made with the commander at Belgrade, they should have reached Foth by the time that Genevrier had crawled into the park. But there was no sign of them—Hungary's war-time railways had proved inadequate to the task of getting them there on time. Genevrier's position was becoming embarrassing.

Then he had a brilliant idea. Presenting himself suddenly before the commander of the Hungarian guard placed over Mackensen, Genevrier declared that he was a French officer sent on a special mission to Vács, a village near Foth, and that his automobile had suffered an accident a short distance down the road. Would not the Hungarian be so kind as to send a few men to help the chauffeur fix it?

The Hungarian was all sympathy. At once he dispatched some of his men down the road where Genevrier's chauffeur—whom the lieutenant had apprized of his scheme—was lying flat under the car looking for imaginary damage. While the men sought to help, the French lieutenant, sticking close to the château, chatted affably with the Hungarian officer of the guard. They got along so well that, after two full hours had elapsed, they were still chatting. And, down the road, the chauffeur and the Hungarian soldiers still tried to tinker Genevrier's automobile into shape.

At last, from three different directions, the French spahis galloped down upon the château of Foth. Genevrier turned to the affable Hungarian with a smile:

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"Lieutenant," he said, "I thank you for your hospitality. My mission is accomplished."

"What do you mean?" demanded the Hungarian.

Lieutenant Genevrier pointed silently to the spahis. Then he went up to Colonel Guespereau, their commander.

"Colonel," he said, "Mackensen is still here."

Guespereau demanded at once to be taken to the German Marshal. The latter, in a fury at what happened, refused to receive him.

"I am a prisoner of the Hungarian Government and acknowledge no other authority here," he said.

Guespereau insisted. Then Mackensen said that he would send an officer to the park outside the château, where the French soldiers were posted, to parley with their commander. But the Colonel was adamant.

"I have orders to see Marshal Mackensen," he announced, "and I will see him, if need be, by force!"

That settled it. The Colonel was taken to Mackensen. Guespereau crossed the threshold of the room and saluted. Mackensen said to him in good French:

"*Bon jour, monsieur.*"

That was enough. All Guespereau had wanted was to assure himself that Mackensen was indeed in the château. He threw a strong guard around the building and put a French officer in the next room to the German Marshal with strict orders to watch him.

Under the terms of the armistice, the Field-Marshal might be interned only on Hungarian soil; so a few days later he was removed in a special train to the château of Count Chotek, brother of the Countess Sophie Chotek, wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who with her husband was a victim of that historic murder in Serajevo in 1914, which was the starting-point of the world-war.

The New British Opposition Leader

A Sketch of Mr. Adamson, the Head of the Labor Party

As a result of the overwhelming majority of the Lloyd-George Government, there really is no clearly defined Opposition in the British House of Commons. The Labor Party, as the largest of the various independent bodies, will probably be designated as the official Opposition Party and Mr. Adamson of East Fife will become the official leader. J. B. Firth tells something of Mr. Adamson in the course of a pungent article in the *Fortnightly*. He writes:

Let us turn from this most disappointing Ministerial Reconstruction to the House itself. It is going to be a very scrambling sort of Opposition in the new Parliament. There will be no large, well-organized, and well-disciplined group of "His Majesty's Opposition," under the lead of a recognized Leader of the Opposition, with the nucleus of a potential administration at his side. The bench to the left of the Speaker will, indeed, be occupied. But it is one thing to sit in a place and another to fill it, and it is manifest that there can be no Front Opposition bench in the old sense of the term. These words imply no disrespect to the Labor Party, which, as the largest body outside the Coalition, has formally claimed the place and the title of His Majesty's Opposition. The irony of the situation is that even they would have to go if the Sinn Feiners chose to exercise the right which attaches the numerical strength, for they are seventy-three, and Labor is only sixty-three. But apparently the Sinn Feiners are standing aside, and so Labor has stepped forward to take what there is to be taken, and Mr. Adamson will be the Leader of the Opposition. The right honorable member for East Fife—to give Mr. Asquith his old Parliamentary name—is thus succeeded by the right honorable member for West Fife. It sounds but a little change, but no political instrument known to man can measure the difference. The speeches delivered at the conference of the Labor Party where this important decision was reached were full of confidence. The Labor leaders believe that the future is theirs —not the distant future, but the near. Either the next General Election or, at furthest, the next but one is to give them the Parliamentary majority which will make them rulers of the State. It is an intoxicating prospect; and some are obviously intoxicated by it. The golden fruit which seemed so high beyond their grasp ten years ago is now about to drop into their lap! They have only to wait for the hour of reaction, they think, and the new voters who piled up such colossal majorities for the Coalition will vote next time for Labor. Time will show whether such a forecast is right; for the present, the Labor Party in the House of Commons is essentially a party of Trade-Unionists. The miners are in the ascendant: hence the choice of Mr. Adamson as leader. The I.L.P. element, which was pacifist and defeatist during the war and is revolutionary and Bolshevist in spirit, is left without representation in the new Parliament. The Intelligentsia section has suffered the same fate. What remains is solid Trade Unionism, which regards itself as moderate and averse from extremes, and which is usually reasonable in temper and in counsel. Nevertheless, it is nervously afraid of the Labor Left Wing, which, despite its present extinction at the polls, is tireless, implacable, and burning for revenge, and which will vent its energies in fomenting discontent, industrial trouble, and social disorder. The Labor Party holds a vicious wolf by the ears, and the situation is the more extraordinary, because the Left Wing is powerfully represented on the ruling committee of the Labor Party. Thus the Labor Party outside the House will continue to exercise a very powerful influence upon the action of the Labor Party within it, and no one imagines that Mr. Adamson has an easy or pleasant time before him.

He enjoys, indeed, the respect and sincere good wishes of all who have watched his short Parliamentary career. But he has not hitherto sharply impressed himself upon the House. He is a slow, almost a labored, speaker. Speech seems hard for him and thought still harder. He holds his principles sure and fast, but their range is narrow. He is a leader whom men will trust for his integrity, but there is no magic on his lips, and no leader of men can reveal visions to others which he does not himself see. Mr. Adamson, indeed, is in rather a forlorn position. For though it is a great thing to hold the Leadership of the Opposition, to excel in it requires exceptional gifts. Even to cut a tolerable figure calls for a fairly generous endowment. Among the Leaders of the Opposition of the past have been masters of invective like Disraeli; stately and dignified orators like Fox and Gladstone; supreme Parliamentarians like Peel, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Asquith; keen dialecticians like Mr. Balfour; first-class men-at-arms like Sir William Harcourt, ready to deal good slogging blows at any hour of the day or night; solid men, but of sterling ability, like Sir Stafford Northcote; dashing guerilleros like Lord Randolph Churchill. Where in this gallery is the appropriate panel for Mr. Adamson? The House is generous; it will hope, if only for its own sake and for its great tradition, that the Labor Party will do well in its new occupancy of the Front Opposition Bench But it will be a startling change, and it is not the mere change of personnel that matters; it is the change of tone, the change of mental outlook, that will be so marked. One side of the House

of Commons will talk, think, and look like a section of the Trades Union Congress. Will that add dignity to its bearing, persuasion to its voice, or wisdom to its decrees?

Mr. Adamson, therefore, is faced by one of the most severe ordeals which ever confronted a British Parliamentarian, and though Mr. Clynes may be a tower of strength at his side, we do not see the impulsive Mr. J. H. Thomas sitting very close to the bonds of party discipline.

Norse Bravery in Jaws of Hun

How Norway Played Her Part in the War For World Freedom

ONE of the most interesting series of articles appearing in any publication is "Loose Leaves of Diplomacy" by Samuel Hopkins Adams in *Colliers' Weekly*. In a recent issue he takes up a certain crisis that arose in the relationship between Norway and the Allied nations under the colorful heading "Skaal to the Norsemen." It deals with the peculiarly difficult position in which Norway was placed and how the Allies extricated her. He writes in part:

Both for business reasons and for sentiment, the Norse preferred the English market to the German. The alliance between the British and the Norse reigning families bent the national mind strongly toward the Allied cause. Probably 90 per cent. of the populace was pro-Ally. But though Germany had sympathy against her, she had fear on her side. At first indirectly, and later in the most brutally browbeating fashion, the Huns threatened their almost defenseless neighbors on the north with raids by water and by air unless she continued to trade with Germany. Norway was doing business with a pistol to her head.

True, the business was enormously profitable. But also it was terribly costly. The pitiless quality of the submarine warfare was nowhere better exemplified than against the unarmed Norwegian fleet. Except where the ships were engaged in the German trade or in carrying certain cargoes for Norway's own necessary upkeep, the U-boats sunk them without warning. Before the infamous "spurlos versenkt" suggestion (to be sunk without leaving a trace) was made known to the world, its principle was being practised upon the Norse ships. What could Norway do? Declare war? Provocation had been given a hundred times over. But the Allies did not want her in the war. They could not protect her. Germany could have ravaged her coasts unhindered, and even had it been worth the effort, invaded her. So Norway endured without reprisals such outrages as had not been inflicted upon any other neutral except Belgium. But though she could not fight, neither would she surrender her rights. She grimly stuck to her maritime commerce. Barred zones upon the high seas were not for the descendants of the Vikings to respect if they were to continue to respect themselves. Submarines, torpedoes, and mines might make the face of the waters deadly for traffic, but the Norsemen's keels would take and keep to the sea despite them all. And they did. To the end of the war they did. It cost them a million tons of shipping and—a more terrible price by far—the lives of a thousand drowned sailors to do it. The war casualties of this neutral were greater in proportion to population than those of the United States. But this was the national pride of a brave and hardy people. They made it good.

Commercially Norway prospered. But this did not save her from falling on evil times. Wealth, in the topsy-turvy of war conditions, is not always convertible into sustenance. Bank notes, considered purely from a food viewpoint,

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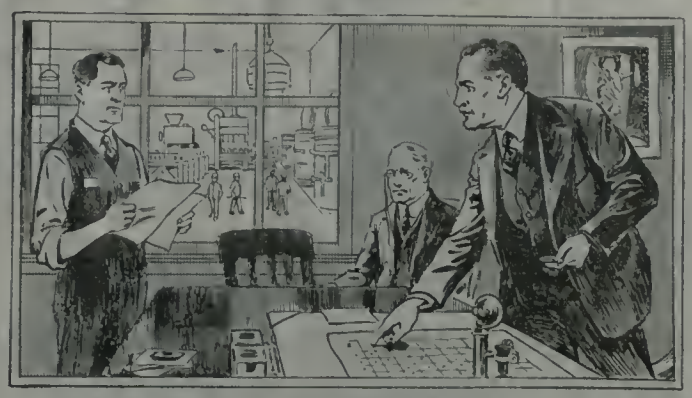

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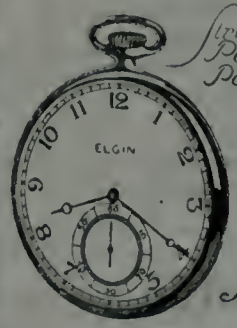

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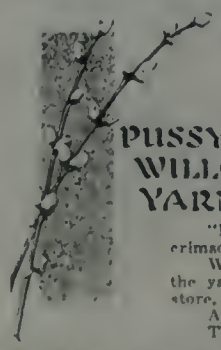

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are deficient in calories, and gold pieces show a lamentable lack of protein. What Norway needed was not prosperity, but food. She grows only about half of her necessary bread grains and is dependent upon imports for her vegetable and mineral oils, her coal and many other necessaries. By the time the United States had drawn the sword Norway was getting pretty hungry and decidedly uneasy. She needed our help in the line of the commodities mentioned above; also fodder, lubricants, tea, coffee, cotton, and iron. As special representative to the United States, to lay before us the situation, she sent Fridtjof Nansen of Arctic fame, a national idol in his own home, and a man of wide repute and popularity here; altogether a happy choice.

But if the choice was happy, the mission was difficult. Officially there was not only a kindly but a warmly admiring feeling here for Norway because of her dogged courage in maintaining her part in the world's sorely needed traffic. But—as a source of supply she was invaluable to Germany. How could we help support her when she was helping support our enemy? So when Nansen presented his country's cause, we said:

"Can you reasonably expect our goods, trading as you do with Germany?"

"But if we do not trade with her," the emissary pointed out, "Germany will attack us. We are already under threat."

Deadlock. Just what went on thereafter behind the curtain of Norway's inner politics will perhaps never be fully known. Nansen's position was not made any the easier by the fact that the party to which he belongs was not in power. For this or other reasons his hands were bound; he lacked the power to conclude a binding agreement. In spite of this, however, by his tact, patience, and statesmanship, he was able little by little to forward matters so that when the time should come the basis of agreement would be ready and there would be no further delay for settlements of detail. Poverty at home, meantime, not of money, but of resources and maintenance, was forwarding potently his efforts. Meats had more than doubled in price since the beginning of the war; eggs were almost four times their pre-war cost; butter and cheese about three times, and sugar a little more. The average cost of living was two and a half times what it was in 1914.

All this time the ships of the Norsemen were going to and fro on the errands of the world's commerce—and not infrequently going to the bottom of the sea, "surlos versenkt." They needed our coal and our ships' stores. But our War Trade Board, in full control of bunker and stores licenses, without which no ship can equip herself to leave our ports once she has entered them, resolutely refused to release any craft which might take trade to Germany.

Cut off from the German market and largely from their own home ports, the sturdy Norwegian captains took trade for any other port where they could be of use; traded with the West Indies, carried merchandise to South America and brought back fruits and other exports, snapped up charters for Mexico or the coastwise cities; everlastingly kept the traffic moving. Norwegian steamers bore food from America through the barred zones to Mediterranean ports to be sent into hungry Switzerland. Belgian Relief cargoes went out from our ports under the blue-barred red of the Norse flag. Still our partial embargo was held, not that we wished anything but well to Norway, but because we had to keep all possible support away from Germany and, if feasible, cut away what she already had.

Finally this was accomplished by a formal schedule signed after long delay, on the last day of April, 1918. By the terms of this, as agreed upon between the War Trade Board and Dr. Nansen, Norway was assured of 300,000 tons of bread grains, 200 000 tons of oil cake and Indian corn, 20,000 tons of oilseeds, an allowance of vegetable and mineral oils, hides, tobacco, rubber, tin, tanning extracts, and other commodities.

The United States and the Allies got the use of a million and a quarter tons of Norwegian shipping out of the two million tons remaining to her. Germany got left.

Why, then, did she not carry out her dire threats against Norway? Because, by the terms of the agreement, she was not totally cut off. Enough commodities could still be shipped to her from Norway to make it an object for her to accept that pittance rather than declare war and lose it all. Instead of the 200,000 tons, plus, of fish per year, as formerly, she got 48,000 tons and no other foodstuffs. Munition materials, ores, and minerals were almost as heavily cut down. England might now cease to add to her catacombs of innumerable ancient fish and the Allies stop the purchase of munition materials simply for the purpose of keeping them away from the foe.

The Many Kings of Jerusalem

The Title is Still Held by Various Claimants.

THE setting up of a Jewish nation in Palestine has evoked a tremendous amount of interest in everything pertaining to that land and to the form that the new Government is to take. It has been suggested—although it is sure that nothing will come of it—that the new Government should be a limited monarchy; and this leads Frederick Cunliffe-Owen to tell the story in *Munsey's Magazine* of the Kings of Jerusalem. After dealing with the reasons why the deposed Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain still claim the title, and explaining that both the King of England and the King of Italy once claimed it, he proceeds to deal with the bogus kings:

During the reign of Nicholas I of Russia, some Armenian agitators, on the lookout for a man who could serve as a pretender, to form the nucleus of a nationalist movement, found an adventurer named Klenko, who was wont to boast that he had somewhere in his veins the blood of the former Lusignan rulers of Cyprus, of Jerusalem, and of Armenia. For want of some one better, they took the man at his word. They dubbed him with the name of Louis de Lusignan, and the title of Prince of Armenia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem. They concocted parchments endowing him with a pedigree that traced his decent to Guy de Lusignan, the crusader sovereign.

It suited Russia's policy, at the time, to countenance his pretensions. It was on the eve of the Crimean War, and the Emperor Nicholas I was anxious to secure the support and good-will of the Armenians subject to the Turkish Sultan's sway. Klenko, *alias* Louis de Lusignan, was invested by the Czar with the rank of colonel in the Russian army, and hailed as Prince—not King—of Armenia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem. But when the Czar found that the Armenians in Asia Minor did not give the promised assistance to the Muscovite army of invasion, he caused the so-called prince to be dismissed from the army, gave him a sum of money with which to leave Russia, and declined to have anything further to do with him.

Louis de Lusignan died in extreme poverty at Milan, leaving an only son named Michael. Michael earned a precarious living as a waiter at Milan and at Florence; and in the course of his service he succeeded in interesting two or three credulous, good-natured Russians in his behalf. At their suggestion, and with money furnished by them, he proceeded to Petrograd, hoping to obtain some financial compensation for the treatment that his father had received. It is understood that he did obtain some pecuniary assistance from Alexander III, in the closing years of his

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reign, as an act of pure charity, and also from the late Nicholas II, who caused the withdrawal of a charge of forgery and fraud, for which the man had been arrested in the Russian metropolis.

Michael repeatedly endeavored to ameliorate his lot by marrying some rich woman. About ten years ago he addressed to the head of the marriage-license bureau at the New York City Hall, a remarkable letter inviting the assistance of that official in securing a rich American wife for "a prince of royal blood, Prince Michael de Lusignan, Prince of Armenia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Comte de la Marche, fifty-seven years of age, and without a fortune." His matrimonial designs were as fruitless in America as they were in Russia, however, and he died in October, 1912, at Petrograd, in the Oboukofsky Hospital, in the utmost poverty and obscurity, and without leaving any heir.

With him there disappeared the sole and only person who in modern times has ever been officially, if erroneously, recognized by any foreign Government as entitled to bear the name of Lusignan. More than questionable as was his own status, he was never tired of denouncing the *soi-disant* Prince Guy de Lusignan of Paris, and the latter's son Leon, as utter frauds.

With regard to this Prince Guy de Lusignan, who persuaded a number of credulous English and Americans into a belief in the authenticity of his claims, and induced them accept the bogus orders of knighthood which he conferred upon them, his real name was Kalfajan.

No sketch of the Kings of Jerusalem, past and present, bogus and authentic, would be complete without a mention of the dethroned Kaiser's extraordinary pretensions to the title. He boldly assumed it on the occasion of his theatrical entry into Jerusalem in 1898, when he rode into the Holy City arrayed in the white mantle of the crusader sovereigns, and carrying their emblem, a cross. In the almost blasphemous sermons that he preached on the Mount of Olives and in the Lutheran Church at Jerusalem, he emphasized his claim to the kingly title once held by Frederick II of the old German Empire. At home, however, he never included it in the official list of his multifarious honors as German Kaiser and autocrat of Prussia.

The former Kaiser was not content to ascribe his rights in the matter to descent from one of the medieval rulers of Jerusalem. He goes back to an epoch much more remote—to King David of the Old Testament, whom he claims as an ancestor. Hanging in a conspicuous position in his workroom in the Neues Palast at Potsdam is, or was, a huge and beautifully framed genealogical tree, showing the name of King David at the root and that of the Emperor William at the top. According to this tree, the dethroned Kaiser is descended from King David through the eldest daughter of Zedekiah, who, with her sister, fled to Ireland in charge of the Prophet Jeremiah, to be married to Heremon, King of Ulster.

This genealogical tree is the work of a clergyman of the Church of England, named Glover, who devoted most of his life to the study of genealogy. In 1869 he wrote to Queen Victoria, informing her that he had discovered her to be descended in an unbroken line from King David. The Queen sent for him to come to Windsor, and to his amazement informed him that what he thought he had been the first to discover had been known to herself and to her late husband, the Prince Consort, for many years.

It is quite natural that Victoria's grandson, the former Kaiser, with his intense if somewhat curious religious ideas, should have been deeply interested in this family tree. Soon after his accession to the throne of Germany he requested his grandmother to let him have a copy, which was sent to him handsomely engrossed and gorgeously framed. Its contemplation naturally tended to increase his belief in the divine origin of his sovereignty. He never went quite so far as to describe himself in official documents as "first cousin of the Almighty," like some of the old French kings, but it is probable that he sincerely believes himself to be a distant kinsman of that other and very different Son of David, the Founder of Christianity.

Irene Castle's Story of Her Husband's Career

His Wife Writes of His Many-sidedness

SOME intimate and fascinating pen pictures of Vernon Castle are told in a book just written by his wife, and reviewed by Harrey Estey Dounse in the New York *Sun*. The book gives a fascinating series of sidelights on the story of the Castles.

"An airplane manned by an instructor and a cadet was about to land safely on a Texas flying field when another machine, piloted by a student, rose just in front. The instructor, who was riding in the front seat, made what is called an Immelman turn in order to avoid a collision.

"Those who saw the accident say that, possessing as he did so perfect an understanding of flying, the instructor must have been certain that the forty feet between him and the ground was not enough space in which to make the turn. It was enough, however, to avoid cleverly the other machine. His own crashed, nose down. The instructor, Vernon Castle, was killed."

Thus well and simply Mrs. Castle begins her memoir of her famous husband.

"Certain papers," she continues in relating the accident, "put it that Vernon Castle had 'made good by his glorious self-sacrifice.' Their idea seemed to be that by his death Vernon Castle had atoned for his earlier sins, whatever they may have been. It seemed inconceivable to them that a dancer—a professional dancer and man of the stage—could be a fighter."

He was not, says his wife, a fighter in the sense that he liked war. "He was not a soldier of adventure nor any other kind. He hated discipline and the restrictions attached to a life in barracks. He loved above all other surface things the theatres, restaurants, cafes and other places of amusement. All this he gave up gladly because his country was at war and he was too good a sport to shirk his share of the hardship and dangers that are the lot of a soldier."

There was the Vernon Castle whom all this continent knew, and so did France of other lands abroad. That was the civilian Castle, Castle of Castle House and "The Sunshine Girl" and the whirlwind tour—on which last, assisted by Mrs. Castle and two or three couples of their associated instructors in modern dancing, and accompanied by the ragtime orchestra of one James Reese Europe, whose surname seemed geographically misplaced (he's now Lieut. Jim Europe, bandmaster in chief to Col. Bill Hayward's dusky heroes)—on which, to repeat, being thus assisted and accompanied, young Mr. Castle taught the whole country what maxixing and one-stepping and such could be when tastefully done.

And there was Vernon Castle in English khaki, ornamented with the airman's silver wings—Capt. Vernon Castle, this, who bagged his German airplane more than once in fair fight aloft, and as an instructor of pilots probably did better service, both in quantity and quality, than any tremendous number of English speaking instructors did; and who at last in Texas, as Mrs. Castle has described, died a finer death than most of us who survive him are likely to be granted.

And then there was a third, Vernon Castle himself, the man inside or behind the meteoric public character. This man possibly one person knew for each million who knew the others, and of course no one knew him as well as the "Sweetheart" of his letters from camp and front. It is to reveal him somewhat, while the world is still remembering who Vernon Castle was, her book, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, with many of the letters in it. It seems like a touching endeavor to help in the career of the husband's memory much as she helped him so wonderfully in his flashing career in life.

Later, Mrs. Vernon Castle tells of her husband's training for the air war, and then of his first war flight:

"He always delighted in talking of his first flight over the German lines. He had been commanded to take twenty-four pictures of the enemy trenches. Now picture taking is the job most dreaded by fliers and therefore is always given to men on their arrival at the front to test their nerve and prepare them for the worst, for the worst it is. They are bound to fly low enough to be within range of the anti-aircraft guns all the time, and the pictures themselves would be difficult enough to get even under the calmest and most ordinary circumstances.

"What the aviator has to do is to keep his camera straight, the central object in focus and to fly his machine under the very trying conditions which the Germans provide. It is not an easy matter, as Vernon soon learned.

"He was much concerned and distracted by the bursting shells . . . in order to prevent the guns below from getting a direct range he zigzagged and flew all around the country between each picture. He was very shaky about it all and not a little distressed, but finally he got what he thought he had been sent for and flew home, radiant with the satisfaction of a job well done.

"The next morning his commanding officer sent for him and said: 'Castle, did you take these pictures?' Vernon saluted him in true soldier fashion, and said, 'Yes, sir,' with great pride in his voice, expecting to have something pinned on his chest. Then, to his surprise and disappointment, the officer tore up the pictures and told Vernon they were hopelessly out of focus, crooked and worthless. He used rather strong language and left no doubt in Vernon's mind about the failure of his little expedition over the German lines.

"Then he demanded to know why Vernon hadn't done better. By this time Vernon, thoroughly humbled, explained that they had been firing on him pretty heavily and that he had been forced to abandon his course very often because of the bursting shells. This, it seems, was the worst thing he could have said.

"His squadron commander was a man of boundless courage. He knew no fear; he had attracted a great deal of attention because of his bravery in flying, and he had only contempt for those who admitted the slightest fear. All this Vernon learned afterward from his fellow fliers.

"He told me that he felt much like a child, who, having been severely punished, hopes to be run over in the street so that his parents may feel truly sorry for their cruel, harsh treatment. He got into his machine very hurt, and angry, but determined that he should not be sneered at a second time, and so flying low in a straight line over the German front and never wavering in his course (though on such missions the flier is supposed to circle around after each picture to make it more difficult for the gunners below) he took his twenty-four pictures all over again. Flying bits of shell tore holes in the planes of his machine, one bit went through the collar of his coat, and finally his rudder was so badly ripped away that he had great difficulty in landing.

"I doubt if on this trip he ever heard the guns booming, for his mind was so determined and his heart so wounded.

When he landed his machine told the story, and the splendid pictures he turned in were proof of his courage. The prettiest part of this little story is that his commanding officer and he became fast friends from then on. It was he who finally sent Vernon to Canada after he had had a bad fall in France, for fear something might happen to him."

A considerable part of Mrs. Castle's memoir is taken up with her husband's letters to her. They tell of the incidents of an army airman's life, and something of his combats, etc. But mainly they tell his wife how much he loved her, and although she has published them it would seem not far short of sacrilege to reprint them in this place.

The Sweep of Bolshevism

All Europe is Being Impregnated With the Fever

AN estimate of the world threat of Bolshevism is published in the *New Republic*, presenting a gloomy picture indeed. It is shown that the new fever of Communistic Government is spreading and that all central as well as eastern Europe is being impregnated. Without suggesting that the march of the Soviets cannot be stopped, it is stated plainly that the situation is alarming indeed.

Hungary gone Bolshevik; German Austria dangerously restless; Germany itself talking openly of the possibility of rejecting the Allied peace terms and joining forces with Russia; news from the Polish house of cards bearing every evidence of careful censoring and sifting; Rumania and Jugoslavia uneasy and uncertain; the Ukraine passing over to Lenineism; Egypt and Korea in revolt; Spain under martial law; Italy fully of murmurings; such are the salient items in the news of the recent days. The Reds throughout the world are jubilant. Just so, they assert, would the Revolution begin, the proletarian revolution international in character, world-wide in scope. The old order still has vast potential power, the revolutionists admit, but it is directed with incredible stupidity. Look at the bankrupt statesmanship at Paris, preoccupied with nationalistic tugging and hauling for one bit of landed loot or another, priority in indemnities, commercial privileges, as if something vastly transcending national claims, the whole system of middle class rights, all conventional law and order were not at stake. Under such leadership, what can the forces of the old order achieve in their struggle with the forces of revolution?

The revolutionists are over-sanguine, we believe. There is more life left in the existing system than they assume, and it is not yet certain that its representatives at Paris are absolutely incapable of reading the signs of the times and of taking better counsels than those with which they have afflicted the world in recent months. There is a rising flood of revolution. It has broken the dykes in Hungary. The case is grave, but cannot be called hopeless as yet.

The Hungarian revolution is indeed ominous. It exhibits an advanced stage in the process that has overwhelmed Russian institutions. The men who started the Russian revolution did not know how far it would go. The party of Lvoff and Miliukoff did not foresee Kerensky; the followers of Kerensky did not foresee Lenine and Trotzky. Therefore the Russian revolution was a matter of factions and internecine strife. To the outside world Russian appeared impotent, all its energies neutralized in civil warfare. In Hungary the case is quite otherwise. Karolyi and his liberal followers have no illusions about a halfway stage in revolution. They accept the whole of the process and its terms, a Government by workmen's, peasants' and soldiers' councils, socialization of the means of production including whatever of their own estates remain after the annexation of provinces by Czecho-Slovaks, Rumanians and Jugoslavs. They accept the abolition of titles and privileges, of which their own are among the most important. Doubtless there will arise a Magyar faction that will turn against the new regime. But it will be a long time before we hear men asserting that only the riff-raff and Hooligans support the Hungarian Bolsheviki. The dictatorship of the proletariat comes near being a dictatorship of the people.

Will the movement spread? That is the pertinent question. And if we try honestly to answer it, we shall be forced to admit that there is grave danger.

The Magyars were ugly oppressors, but let us not too hastily conclude that their example will therefore be without effect among the peoples they oppressed. For there was never any serious quarrel between the Magyar proletariat now in power and the oppressed nationalities. The privileged classes alone were responsible for the injuries wrought against Slovaks, Rumanians and Croats; and by the revolution those classes cease to exist. The Rumanian peasants in Transylvania are permeable by Magyar Bolshevism, and even more permeable are the peasants of old Rumania, rack-rented by the most rapacious landlords in the world and already stirred up by propaganda from the rapidly Bolshevizing Ukraine. Let us not fix on Rumania as a country that cannot hold its own against the racing floods of Bolshevism. But it would be futuous to repose much confidence in her.

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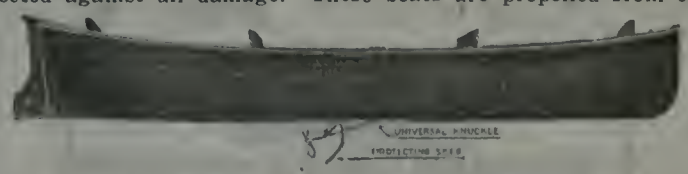

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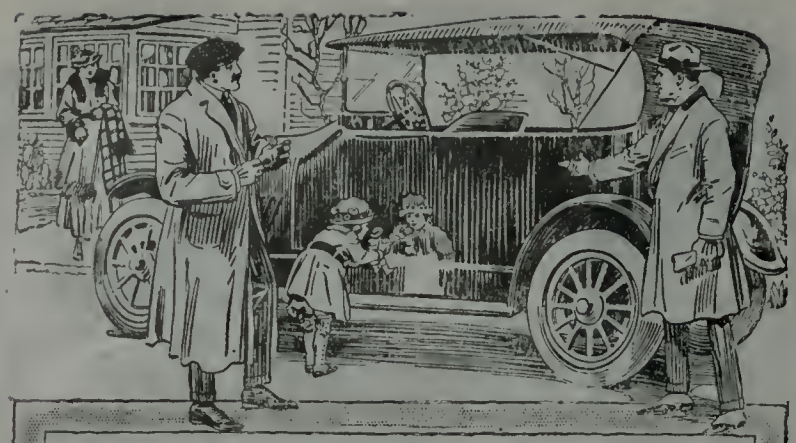

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To Internationalize the Rhine

Allies Will Probably Insist On Throwing the River Open.

ONE of the points which created lengthy and serious discussion at the Peace Conference was the disposal of German territory on the left-bank of the Rhine, other than Alsace-Lorraine. There was a party in France which demanded the cession of this territory to France as a matter of defence. Perhaps by the time this is printed the point will have been settled. In the meantime, however, an important point is raised by Will Irwin in the course of an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*—the possibility of internationalizing the Rhine. He writes:

Finally, in this moderate program comes the question of the Rhine itself, that greatest developed waterway of the world. Flowing in most of its course through Germany the lords of Prussia have seen to it that not even a non-German rowboat should navigate it without special permission. We, with the mighty Mississippi in our midst, have a coastwise shipping law which prevents vessels of foreign register from trading between port and port. A foreign vessel, however, is free to sail from its home port to any part on the Mississippi, there to discharge cargo. The Germans made not even that legal concession. Moreover, we hold the banks of the Mississippi from source to mouth. Switzerland lies along the upper reaches of the Rhine, which is navigable clear up to Basel.

And now, when France takes permanent possession of Alsace, she herself will have a strip of the left bank. The Rhine, the French say, must be—probably it will be—internationalized. By that policy, curiously, neutral Switzerland will profit more than any of the victors in this war. Forced for her cheap water transportation to pay any discriminating carrier rates that Germany might wish to impose, she was held in commercial slavery to her gigantic neighbor. With a free Rhine a Swiss merchant marine becomes possible.

More, indeed, may follow. It is quite feasible to run across Switzerland a canal connecting the Rhine with the Rhone, which traverses France and empties into the Mediterranean at Marseilles. With this waterway completed there would be direct inland water communication via Switzerland between the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

Finally, there is another proposition; this one may not be entirely at variance with the wishes of the millions who inhabit the left bank of the Rhine—I shall discuss their feeling later—it is to make of this district a neutral state or a series of neutral states, the neutrality guaranteed by the Powers, as was that of Belgium. This state would be forbidden to arm or to fortify; and it might be held under some kind of tutelage until the German debt was paid.

And what a stake of empire it is, that river Rhine! I have in my mind's eye two pictures of it. The first I caught when, having crossed out of the Saar country, we traversed the hills and saw rolling before us the stretch of its valley from Ludwigshafen to Worms. I could think of nothing to express it better than the stock adjective of the land boomer—"imperial." It spread away to the hills in gentle undulations, giving the impression of an earth made to bear crops, as a coolie is made to bear burdens. In the sunshine of that clear winter day its banks were fringed as far as the eye could reach with factories, wharves and warehouses, wharves, warehouses and factories. In a forty-mile run along its banks we seemed never out of sight of great stone smokestacks.

Again, when General Mangin went down the river from Mayence to dedicate the new pontoon bridge at St. Goar we were allowed to join his party and to follow him in a little American-built submarine chaser. Descriptions of that classical trip down the castled Rhine are old stories of travel. Besides, a snowless January is a poor time to see a picturesque country. Therefore I shall spare the scenery. Indeed, through most of the trip a winter mist hung over the hills where the castles are.

In one sense I was rather glad of that. It blotted out the distractions, and watching the nearer banks one got an impression of its richness and its industrial uses. Here again the improvements seemed almost continuous. Along this river, indeed, Germany has installed harbors that compare favorably in docking space, warehouses and all facilities with her great sea-coast harbors. And as General Mangin, a born Lorrainer, pointed out, she has done it all since she stole Lorraine—and mostly from the indirect profits of her theft.

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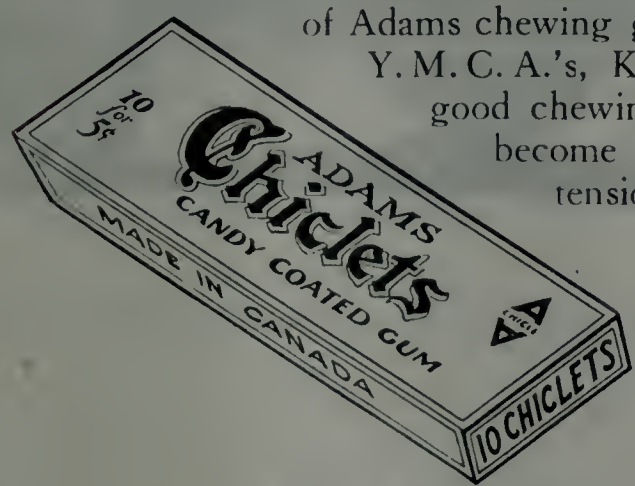

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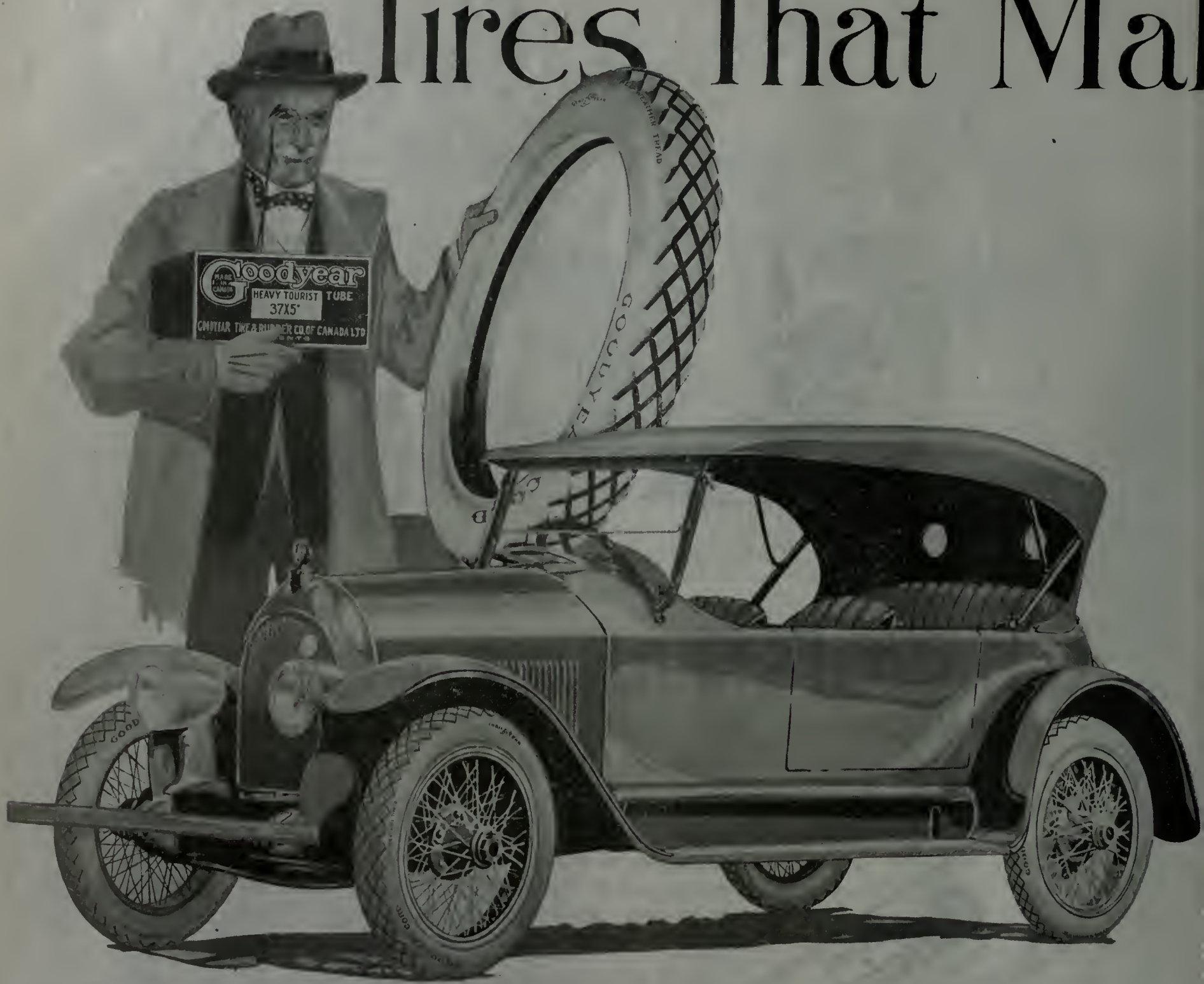

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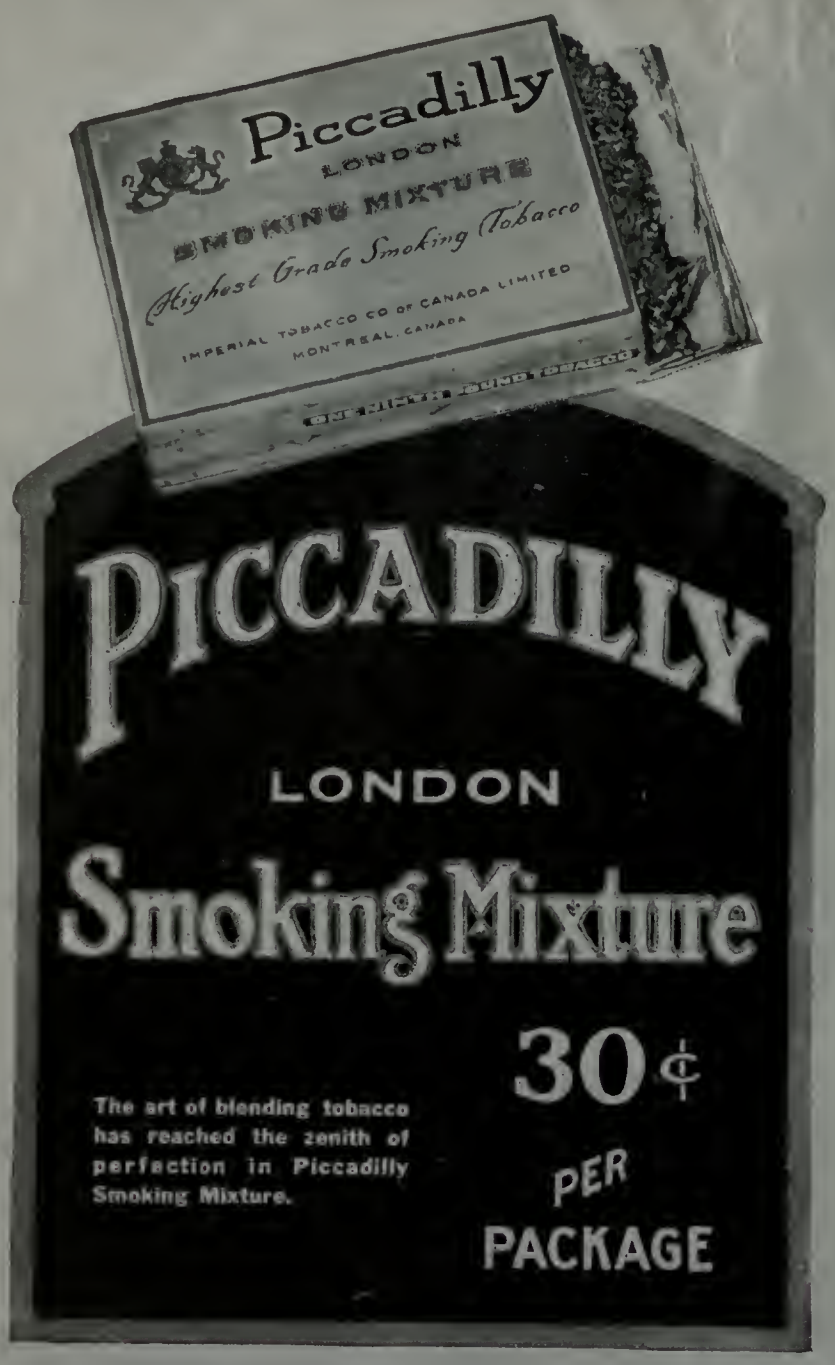

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Is British Foreign Office Against League?

European Newspapers Charge Aristocratic Families With Intriguing

THE story is circulating among European newspapers that the British foreign office is in reality very bitterly opposed to the League of Nations plan. *Current Opinion* prints an article that on first thought suggests serious differences in Britain. It attempts to show that the aristocratic old families of Britain, who are said to control the foreign office as they controlled it for many generations, are utterly against the League and that, in case the League actually goes through, they will endeavor to convert it into an instrument for the perpetuation of oligarchical forms of Government. It must be borne in mind, however, that this article is based entirely on extracts from European newspapers most of which if not all, are openly against the League.

The article is presented for what it is worth:

Baron Sonnino's organ, the *Giornale d'Italia*, and the somewhat royalist *Gaulois* have hinted that "Wilsonism" is a disappointment to the whole school of diplomatists which, ever since the reign of Queen Victoria, has controlled the foreign office in London. Mr. Balfour is the most skilled in concealing the true state of his feelings. He is supposed to content himself with a theory that the Wilsonian League will be controlled by the Anglo-Saxon race, an idea dreaded by the Latin nations, which fear the effect upon the continent of Europe. German agents and Russian agents have made one with envoys from Hungary in saturating Switzerland with the argument that whatever form may be assumed by Mr. Wilson's League, it will in reality be an Anglo-Saxon combination for world dominion based upon sea-power. Mr. Balfour is accused in certain Swiss propaganda of working along these lines, as the one hope of safety for the traditional diplomacy which has conducted British foreign policy for three generations. Mr. Tchicherin, Bolshevist foreign minister, is credited with holding this notion. It long held the field, says the Rome *Tribuna*, in Vatican circles. If the old guard at the British foreign office gets its way, the new Germany will be kept out of the League of Nations indefinitely and so would a Soviet Russia. In fact, a scheme to make the Government of the League of Nations oligarchical is charged against the whole Conservative clique in the Lloyd George ministry. This explains some peculiarities in the first draft.

What perplexes the British foreign office is the attitude to be taken by the League of Nations when the monarchical agitation is ripe. As yet the tendency of the advocates of a League has been too republican to suit the pundits in London's official world, the men like Lord Curzon and the Lord Chancellor. The alarm was at one time so great that the American delegates in Paris assured the British that the Washington Government would not undertake to dictate to any nation in Europe the form of its Government. This did not satisfy a certain Tory element in London. The League, it held, ought to take a definite stand against any further overthrow of dynasties in Europe. What the reply of the Americans was does not appear in the comments of the inspired press; but the extreme Socialist papers abroad are complaining that, as it is now framed, the constitution of the League requires its members to come to the aid of any monarch in the covenant whose people desire to get rid of him. That is the object for which, among others, the British foreign office is fighting. The Bolshevists are flooding Germany with leaflets, says the *Matin*, in which the League of Nations figures as a device for the perpetuation of European monarchy. The *Humanité* especially objects to the toleration by the League of orders of nobility and their extension by royal "favor and condescension" to the republics signing the covenant.

THE outcry in London Liberal circles against the oligarchical Government proposed for the League of Nations is interpreted in the bolder Paris press as part of a plan to wrest the British foreign office from the clutches of the aristocracy which has ruled it since Queen Victoria's day. The British foreign office, as anyone may realize who studies the comments of the past few months in the London *News* and the London *Globe*, is the citadel of secret diplomacy. Entrance to the British diplomatic service is difficult to all but a favored few. The system of competitive examinations is applied with certain reservations to this department of the public service. The diplomacy of Great Britain is thus handed over generation after generation to the selected families.

The New Life in a Dry America

What it is Going to be Like According to Popular Author

HOW is Uncle Sam going to manage after June thirtieth of this year when the long drought starts? They are asking that question across the line, and it is causing some degree of uneasiness. Will the new era last long? How will New York, or rather the visitors to New York, get along without it? Will there be a gain in national efficiency and health?

Harry Leon Wilson, the American humorist, who has created some very famous characters including Bunker Bean, Cousin Egbert, Ma Pettingill and the Honorable George, essays an answer to some of the questions that crop up in the course of an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. He does it, of course, in a facetious vein, but he leaves the impression that on the whole he believes it is going to do the American people a lot of good to have their tipple cut off. He believes, most important of all that drink will never come back. Further he believes that drink is only the first of the national vices to go by the board. He says:

And so it should now be the mission of our ablest evangels to undermine the reputation of the two narcotic poisons that still retard our progress. I have tried, so as not to shock the sensitive, to lead up gently to this venomous proscription of your old friends, tobacco and coffee.

Again the raucous laughter of disdain. All right, laugh on! But these drugs were foredoomed the day proud rum was brought low. I can imagine a conscientious drinker just now writing this in pained sarcasm, but I hope no one in this vast and attentive audience will think me in the least flippant or frivolous when I assert that tobacco and coffee have in the aggregate wrought more havoc to the human system than ever did the ousted member of the great narcotic triune. Because of their wider use, it is true. They have not killed outright so many weaklings, but year by year, almost unobserved, they have lowered the efficiency of their thousands where drink has but slain its dozen.

We have in flawless working order a political machine of such cunning po-

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1919 finds Dunlop Traction Tread—Cord and Regular—out to surpass all quality records.

In 1918 more new friends were made—more "Tractions" were sold—than in any other year.

Our own men, motoring in the various portions of Canada on their daily duties, had an excellent opportunity to see countless "Tractions" in service. They saw them on big city streets, in the quiet of the country, over the even, carefully-graded expanses of highways, and on the hilly going of the mountainous districts; but the important point is that they saw them delivering service of a new order—the kind of service that has no "backfire," no "added entries" of cost to the Tire Bankbook.

With "Tractions" now obtainable in Cord, as well as in Regular Construction—with each part of the tire made sturdier than ever before, with countless car owners saying "'Tractions' Deserve Well Because They Serve Well"—the logical choice for tire equipment is the "Master of the Road."

The "Two Hands" Line consists of: Dunlop Cord—"Traction" and "Ribbed;" Dunlop Regular—"Traction," "Special," "Ribbed," "Clipper," "Plain." Dunlop "Clipper" and Dunlop "Ribbed" (Regular)—both anti-skids—sell at the price of "Plains," a remarkable opportunity.

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In December 1917, we installed a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine, and at that time were very doubtful as to its adaptability to our system of accounting, and whether it would result in any real saving in a moderate size business.

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All entries for previous day posted each morning.
Each account has correct balance printed in plain type.
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Accounts always up-to-date.
Customers not kept waiting.
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Statement mailed first day.

But here is the greatest benefit. Our financial year ended at six o'clock December 31st, and at nine o'clock that night we had completed our sales summary for the year and Annual Balance Sheet, and Profit and Loss Statement with the exception of figuring the inventory. On January 3rd the Statements were ready for Auditor.

We will be glad to give more detailed information at any time as we have been converted into "Burroughs Boosters" for "Better Bookkeeping".

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in addition to what Mr. Dunlop tells in his letter on the page opposite

On the evening of December 31st Dunlop-Magee Company, Limited, closed at 6 o'clock, as usual.

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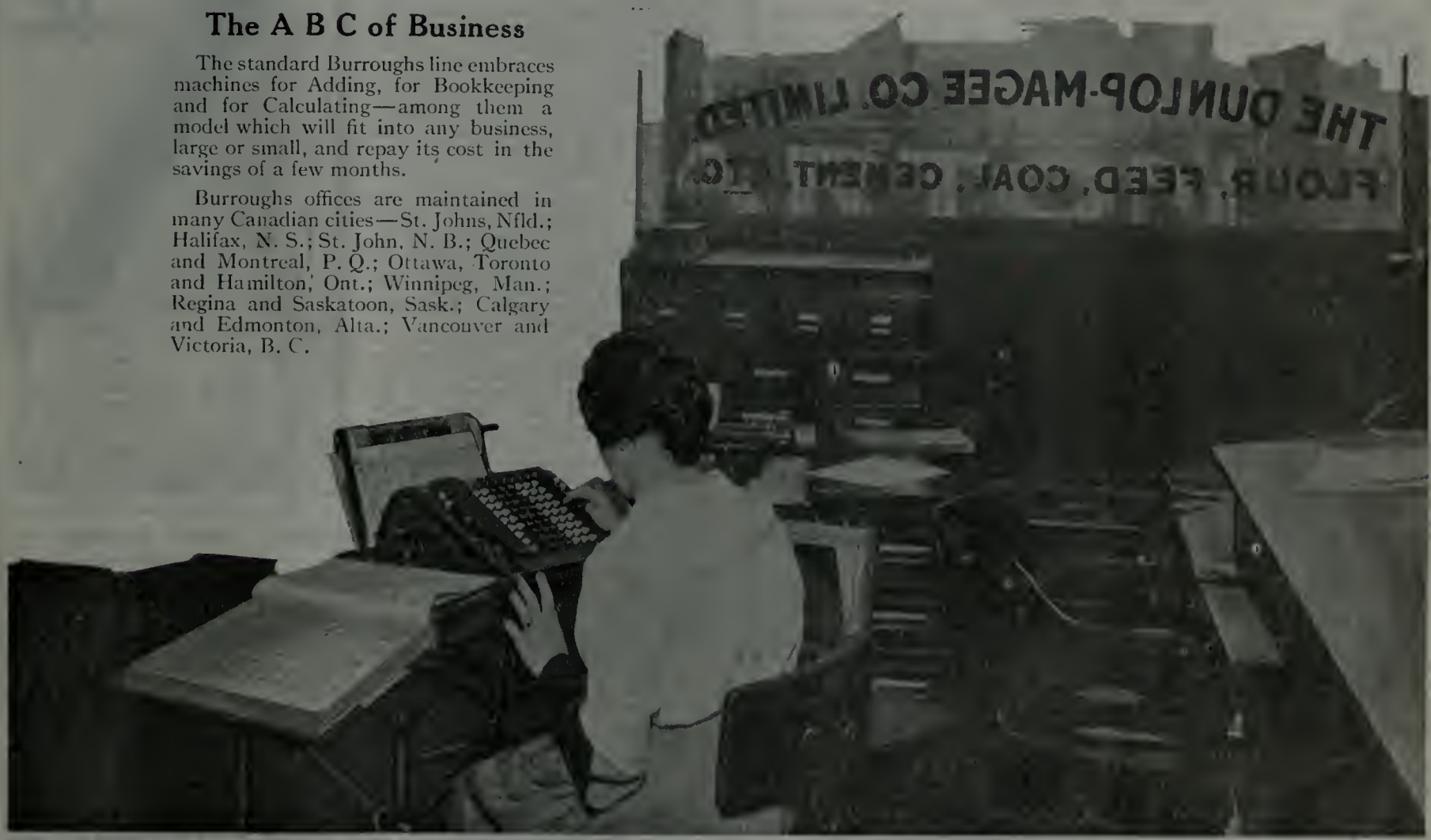

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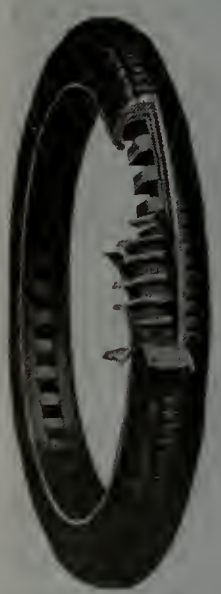

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tency that no obstacle may withstand it—a machine that in five more years, if it chose, could make corned beef and cabbage illegal. And having done with alcohol what the wisest statesman, the canniest politician did not believe even faintly possible five years ago, does anyone believe this same superb machine can't—and won't—put beyond the legal reach of us the two narcotics that unquestionably do to us what the workingman's beer did to him? Not so! The campaign is on. And the machine will be stronger. For a lot of irritated voters don't care what happens now.

I want a law passed as soon as may be, forbidding us to batter down our hearts with this narcotic ram. I know that generations to come will be better without our high percentage of tobacco hearts. I not only think other people should quit smoking, but I have long wished to quit myself. And I shall quit, too, the very day I can no longer obtain any tobacco by purchase, beggary or theft.

Coffee will fight even harder. Equally iniquitous with the other poisons, it yet has more addicts and so is thought more moral. There are still those—though of a low cranial index—who even consider it to have a food value. Here we shall need a long campaign of education; though, to be sure, with brains cleaned of alcohol and tobacco toxins, we shall educate quicker.

Alcohol, he declares, is gone for good. On this point, he sees the possibility of a "carry over"—large supplies safely cached, private stills and so on. But all that sort of thing will be passing phenomena.

But the hoards of cached liquor will seep out with this generation. And those devices for home brewing and distilling will rust soon enough with neglect. Here and there an enthusiast will keep alive the homely old custom, but it is going to die swiftly for all but a few of us, and ultimately for that few. Because under such restraint as even a widely derided law can impose we shall not only quit drinking, but we shall quit thinking of drink.

Really the vast languid majority of us care too little for drink to go to the trouble of making it. There are scared tipplers who think to whistle past the graveyard, but they can't whistle forever, and this particular graveyard is endless. I guess that within so few as ten years anyone suggesting our return to the open sale of alcoholic drink will merely be studied, amid suitable surroundings, by one or more alienists. Probably more. Lots of them will be intrigued by the case, as we novelists like to put it. It may seem hard, old scouts; unbelievable and outrageous; but in a way of speaking you are up against it. And personally I am delighted. As a student of human beings I like to observe them under novel stresses. We are in a way to have new light on the race.

What effect is this going to have on the lives, the habits and the customs of people? Mr. Wilson does not think it is going to bring about the millennium, but he rather typically sees some advantages.

We shall no longer sit up with our nerves to hear the Jewish black-face comedian tell funny jokes about his mother-in-law in a dialect neither Jewish nor black-face; nor to watch dainty little Florine Fluflu dance the quaint old folk dances of Gomorrah without her stockings on. Nor shall we longer crowd into a palace of the dance at midnight, there to try the new steps and the old drinks until an hour when the proprietor doesn't dare sell another round. We shall still wish to stay up and do these things, but we never did do it on ginger ale and we can't now.

As for music with meals, I look for the first lynching of a jazz band to occur on Broadway about August 1, 1919. I myself have always believed that these offenders should be picked off with firearms where they sat, but I suppose I shall have to let orderly mob law take its course.

Finally, he raises a point that would not occur to many people, the effect of abstinence on the written annals of our age.

Little remains to be told. But I should like myself to be told what a poor writer of fiction is to do in this new time. The war hit us hard. Take the important matter of villains. Just now we simply can't have an English villain; nor a French nor an Italian nor a Belgian. And since it has become illegal to shoot a German there is little to be done with a German villain; he was never worth much anyway except for the coarser sorts of crime. For the present a villain subtle enough to keep a tired business man awake must be Turkish, and this will cramp the style of the best of us. Of course in about two years the normal relations of antipathy will have been resumed, and we can again take our choice of villains, but until that time it's dark days for the plot.

But this limitation is insignificant beside the handicap a dry law puts upon us all. Some of us are beyond the need of villains, but all must suffer for want of drinking characters. What are the creatures of the underworld to sop up in their foul dens while planning the great pearl robbery for a ten-cent magazine? Could you fancy a burglar who toys with a nut sundae? Or in the thirty-five-center can Reggie Van Vanvan come to his bachelor apartments after his rejection by Alicia Van Something else and order his perfectly trained man-servant to fetch him a mug of buttermilk? Dash it all, no! The moment he has to quite ordering brandy and soda in quantities that insure our shuddering respect it's going to be all off with Reggie, old top. We shall begin to see that he is like the rest of us and ought to go to work.

And what about dear old Colonel Van Whoosh and his cellar of rare vintages laid down in sixty-eight? Do you think for a moment the dear old chap can get by with a cellar of unmolested grape juice laid down in July, 1919? Not with me. The old soak may even make all sorts of a nasty row with the club steward about his bottle of vintage sarsaparilla being corked, but I shall be left cold.

In short, who after this can pretend to write with a straight face of certain of the lighter iniquities hitherto made venial by drink? Can a man about town continue to be that on mineral water? In life, certainly; but not in any fiction that gets into a window display. What about the fast hunting set?

What about the character that has sunk low through the drink, and goes out to the great clean West to be made a man again, and comes back in a late chapter, slightly gray at the temples but bronzed and rugged and dry—dry! I get thirsty thinking of him.

And that dear land of Bohemia, to be incorporated now as a respectable suburb—East Philistia—with a steam laundry and water taxes and a Civic Purity League! This is no joke.

And look forward a bit, as I have tenderly warned you to. What will a dinner be like? I mean one of those smallish smart affairs in the rich millionaire's palatial home on Fifth Avenue, which is still being used for residence purposes in fiction though mostly occupied by bird and animal stores and smart shops where they charge you seventy-five cents for a soft collar if you are not smart. But let that go. Get to this dinner in your chosen magazine. Will there be that dry old Oloroso sherry with the *tortue verte, claire?* I should say not! And no Château Malescot with the *filet de dinde à la Périgueux;* no 1905 champagne with the *selle d'agneau;* no special Madeira of 1850 to help the terrapin; no Romanée Conti, 1865, with the canvasback ducks; no decent Chablis with the *chile con carne;* no sparkling Moselle with the mashed turnips; no 1811 brandy with the pickled beets; no prime chartreuse with the fried mush *à la camp de lumber;* no rich elderberry cordial with the bread pudding; no bock beer with the —— But you know the way a competent writer can drag out these little affairs.

And then the fair hostess in any decent magazine would tell Parkins in low, well-bred tones to get a move on him and serve coffee in the Louis Quinze drawing-room. Pretty soon she won't do that. Pretty soon she will know darned well that Parkins would be

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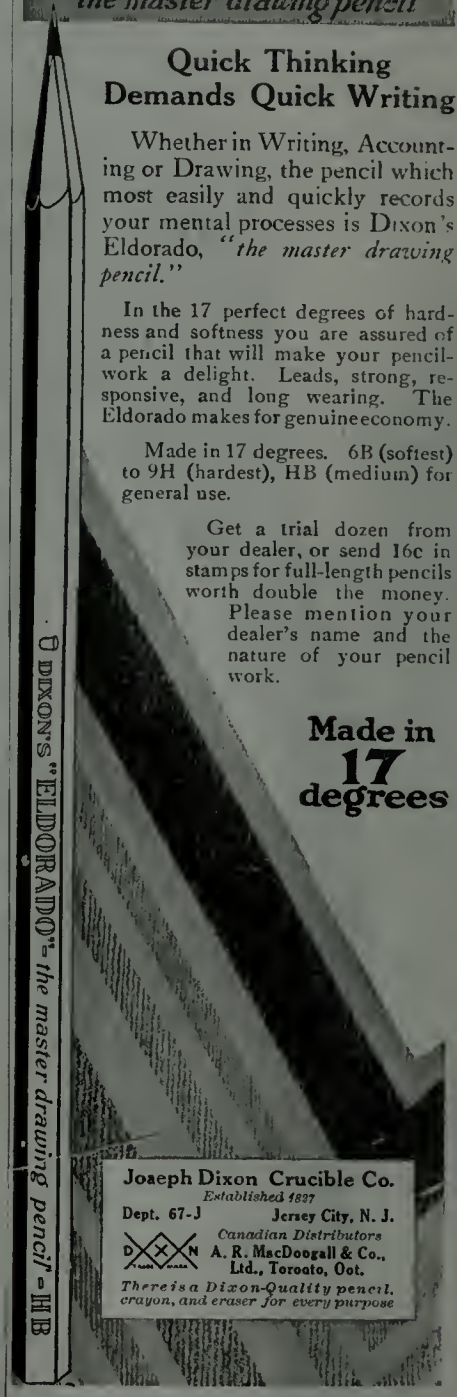

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pinched if he tried to pull off that little thing. For the first few years Parkins may get by with it down among the stationary washtubs, but not in any drawing-room; nor even out in the woodshed if that happens to be in view of the neighbors.

Nor will the host then gaze dreamily reminiscent through the azure cloud of his pure Havana; nor will the hero absently flick the ash from his cigarette. The best he can do in those days will be to mumble a bit of illicit cut plug while his hostess rallies him merrily upon his silent manner. And hostess herself, mind you, no longer clasping a dainty perfumed cigarette between her jeweled fingers. For so low had we fallen that only in Iowa and certain parts of Los Angeles was it still believed that none but abandoned women smoke cigarettes.

It was time for the awakening. But think of the difference to us who learned to write of another sort of people. The outlook is painful. I think of studying to be a bricklayer or an egg candler. Or I may abandon all brain work and write scenarios for moving pictures.

Ambassador Tells Story of Peace Ship

U.S. ex-Minister to Denmark Writes Humorous Account of Ford Party in Copenhagen.

JUST what did the Danes think of the Mme. Rosa Schwimmer-Henry Ford Peace jaunt to Denmark? The inside story is told in the *Colliers' Weekly* by Maurice Francis Egan, lately American Minister to Denmark. He writes of Mme. Schwimmer's first visit to him in 1915, and of her American plans, chronicles the arrival of that wonderful aggregation aboard the peace ship, and then tells how he had to manoeuvre to rid Denmark of them, in order that the U.S. should not be made a laughing stock. He writes:

My first intention as regards the Ford Party was to feed them, prevent them, if possible, from being ridiculed, and assist them to slide out of the country as soon as possible. Mme. Rosika Schwimmer was installed at the Palace Hotel, from which she issued her commands and ordered money to be spent with a lavish hand, and not selfishly, as calumniators have asserted. Mr. Plantiff, groaning in spirit, in public, and protesting piteously, in private, saw the hard-earned cash of Mr. Ford disappearing rapidly. But it generated great enthusiasm; songs of welcome were liberally paid for, and every kindness shown to Madame Schwimmer and the pilgrims was acknowledged at once by gifts of exquisite flowers in fitting vases, or by some tribute presented after the manner of royal people when they give decorations. There was great rejoicing among the Uplifters in Copenhagen, and the people at large were much impressed by the meetings and the speeches—made in English—by the orators, who comprised at least more than half of the pilgrims.

When delegations of these pilgrims appeared at two "teas" given by my wife, assisted by the ladies of the legation, who with their friends were greatly excited over the prospect of the joys to come, I felt that I must do something to assist Mr. Plantiff in smoothing the tumultuous waves that surrounded him; and, besides, I began to fear that some of the Copenhagen journals, who are painfully outspoken at times, might change their tone and even insinuate that the free and easy manner in which some of the pilgrims conducted themselves might be misinterpreted.

As the pilgrims came to shake hands they astonished me by their youth. For instance, a very young lady, apparently just out of school, said: "I am Miss Hattie Green"—the "Miss" being pronounced rather indistinctly. "And this is your husband?" I asked, noticing a very slender youth who accompanied her. She laughed. "Oh, no," she said, "that's Billy Doe; he's from Montana; I'm from Michigan. I just picked him up on the voyage; but we are good pals, aren't we, Billy?"

To another young lady, hardly out of her teens: "Are you a delegate?" "Oh, no," she said, "I'm a stenographer. My boss couldn't come, and he said: 'Ladies, don't you want an ocean voyage?' And I said: 'Sure!' I say, Mr. Minister, your wife certainly does know how to spread the grub."

In the meantime poor Mr. Plantiff had taken refuge at the tea table with Madame de Hagermann-Lindencrone, who was having celebrities pointed out to her. Having shaken hands with many youths and maidens—including the very young and charming secretaries of the society for making better babies—I approached Mr. Plantiff, who for a moment seemed to have forgotten his woes.

"Some of these people are so very young," I said. "Haven't you some kind of a chaperon on board?"

"My God!" Mr. Plantiff answered, forgetting propriety in his fervor, "do you see that old lady over there with the white mustache and the stern manner? She started out as a self-elected chaperon; but her mustache turned white on the voyage!"

There were editors, among them Mr. Hi Henry, whom I had met in the South; there were poets, who took me aside and read beautiful tributes to peace; but a majority of the pilgrims seemed to be gay and happy persons, bent on enjoying the fruits of wealth for the first time; and some of them so unidealistic that, I fear, Madame Schwimmer found them very trying; nevertheless she went on with the formation of a great plan which included a standing committee at Stockholm and the establishment of a machine with ramifications everywhere. She was evidently very sincere, very fervent and not self-seeking—but her progress resembled that of a modern Boadicea to whose fiery chariot Mr. Ford's unhappy financial representative had been closely tied. Being a Philistine, I could not fathom the plans of Madame Schwimmer, though they appeared to be lucid compared to those of the followers in her immediate circle. It was necessary to relieve the agony of Mr. Plantiff, who knew Broadway much better than the paths of Utopia.

Besides, the papers began to hint that young ladies and gentlemen, even if they were Americans, could not be seen in the cafes—there were cafes and cafes in Copenhagen—too late at night. And then there were the dances. Some of the elder pilgrims seemed to think that they might vary their work by assuming the privileges that they would have had in Paris, in the old days, by visiting the Danish equivalents to the Moulin Rouge and the Galerie des Lilas: the necessity of getting rid of my compatriots became more and more apparent. My colleagues in Stockholm and Christiania could give me no help. Count Szechenyi, the Austro-Hungarian Minister, generally very gallant, showed no interest in Madame Schwimmer. He said that he had seen the Peace Party from a distance.

IN the meantime, although some of the more sane and better known of its members telegraphed to our State Department for passports that would enable them to go through Germany on their way to Holland, it was in vain. The party must go by sea to Holland or be closed up, perhaps until the end of the war, in Copenhagen. They were offered the opportunity of engaging the only disengaged vessel; it had been lying in the harbor for some time. Ships were at a premium, and the underwriters asked $50,000 for the use of this one. It was understood, too, that they had very reluctantly permitted the pilgrims to engage this ship. I called on my best friend in Denmark, Admiral De Richelieu, who was never weary of doing kindnesses to America.

"Why $50,000?" I asked.

"The war risk," he answered.

From his tone I gathered that the voyage of this ancient vessel through tempestuous seas in the depth of winter meant other risks; and I was rather

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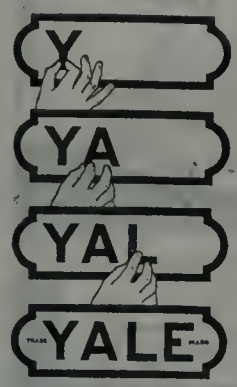

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frightened—because, after all, even professional uplifters are mere human beings.

"But, admiral," I said, "if I can get them out in any other way, would your people cancel the contract?"

"With the greatest pleasure," he answered, evidently very much relieved, "and we shall be very glad to return the option and cross off any expenses we have been put to. We can refuse nothing to the Minister of your country, which we so much admire."

The United States was still neutral, and I was on very good terms with my German colleague, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. Of course I could not approach him officially. My Government would not have permitted that; but our personal relations were excellent, and I had every reason to believe that he was by no means in sympathy with the frightfulness of the Military Party; besides, although the Peace Party had failed in its object, its very attempt, founded on an idea which was more sympathetic to the Central Powers than to the Allies, might make the former amiable at the moment, notwithstanding the attitude of Count Szechenyi, who had "seen the Peace Party from a distance!"

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau was insidiously approached. I argued that if these pilgrims perished in the seas, as the members of the Children's Crusade has perished long ago, our Government would be held responsible by those impracticable people who believed that even the lives of cranks were precious. There are such people. At the worst, my Government could only disavow or promote me or recall me—the promotion I most feared! So I brought all the personal influence possible on Count Rantzau, who, in spite of the opposition of the military authorities, permitted the pilgrims to be sent through Germany into Holland in almost hermetically sealed cars. Mr. Gaston Plantiff, by way of gratitude, left what was left out of the sum of $600,000 for distribution to the House of the Young Women's Christian Association at Copenhagen and to the Orphan Asylum at Odense. The last bill he paid was, I think, for evening dresses for some of the women pilgrims, who at a great farewell banquet were compelled by convention to lay aside their sandals and their cockleshells.

Plan to Destroy British Fleet

Naval Engagement Was Stopped By German Mutiny.

THE story of a plan that the German High Command had formed to attack the British fleet just before the armistice was signed is told by Webb Waldron in *Colliers' Weekly*. The writer was one of the first American correspondents to get over the line into Germany and he was there during the most interesting phases of the revolution. It was in this way that he learned of the grandiloquent plan to destroy the battleships of Britain, the plan was never tried out because of the mutiny that broke out in the fleet In fact it was the plan itself that led to the mutiny.

Here is the story as Mr. Waldron tells it:

The spring of 1919 is the time that was set last summer for the final offensive that would smash the German army. And it was thought that when the offensive began the German High Seas Fleet would, if ever, make its long-expected attack—in the hope of staving off defeat. If it did not stave off defeat, at least it would do one thing: It would stop the gibes that had been tossed at the German naval command ever since Jutland.

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Few people in England and America know, however, that only the spread of a false rumor among the stockers of the Third German Battle Squadron prevented the carrying out of such an attack in October, 1918—an attack intended not only to stave off defeat but, if the plan did not miscarry, to annihilate the English fleet.

At the time of the November revolution several dispatches stated that the trouble in Wilhelmshaven had been precipitated by the refusal of certain crews to put to sea for battle. No details were given. When we were in Berlin, in January, Captain Hinzmann, former staff officer of the Imperial fleet, acknowledged in a Berlin newspaper that an attack had been ready; he gave an outline of the plan. Later we went to Kiel—the first American civilians in the German naval base since America entered the war. There we gathered full details of the grandiose German plan. We also learned its curious connection with the revolution and the tragic-comic story of what followed the ignominious return of the Third Battle Squadron.

Captain Hinzmann says that the attack was originally set for the first week of October. The primary purpose he gives was the breaking of the communications between England and France, so as to check the Allied offensive in Flanders. If, in the process, the English fleet was destroyed, so much the better. But bad weather and other considerations forced a postponement till the end of October. The attack was actually got under way when the armistice terms were in process of discussion—a last desperate throw.

The attack was to proceed in three great waves: (1) U-boats; (2) mine layers, torpedo boats, and light cruisers; (3) the heavy battle fleet.

On October 23 the U-boats were to proceed westward from Wilhelmshaven and take up positions outside Scapa Flow, the Humber, and the Thames, the three points where the English fleet was concentrated. German naval men admit that never during the war was there a large number of U-boats at sea, though they are inclined to put the figure slightly higher than the nine to sixteen of Admiral Sims. The U-boat campaign had been largely called off at the beginning of October, however, and the boats returned to port, plus those newly completed or repaired, gave, I was told, a fleet of eighty-six for the attack—more than had ever been concentrated up to this time.

Early in the evening of October 26 the mine layers, protected by torpedo boats and light cruisers, would proceed westward—two flotillas to the mouth of the Thames, one to the Flanders coast. Six hours later the battle squadrons would follow, steaming to the Terschelling Lightship off the coast of Holland.

The Germans expected that the U-boats would have taken up their positions without being observed, and that the mine layers would reach their objectives before dawn. At dawn the alarm at the aproach of their battle fleet would bring the English out with a rush. But they hoped the English fleet would be so reduced, first, by the massed U-boats and next by the mines strewn thickly in its path by the mine layers, that by the time they came to grips with it, off the Flanders coast, they would have a good chance of success in the battle.

On October 23 the U-boats left as planned. On the afternoon of the 26th the second wave—mine layers and convoy—was made ready. The battleships and battle cruisers—the third wave—got orders to clear. Here came a dramatic halt. The stokers on the battleships of the Third Squadron, the *Markgraf*, *Grosser Kurfürst*, *Kronprinz*, *Bayern*, and *König*, climbed out of the hold. Their spokesmen came forward. "We refuse to go to sea," they announced. Somehow a rumor had spread that the fleet was to be run on the English coast in order to avoid surrendering it under the expected conditions of the armistice.

How had this rumor got started? Certain young officers had been talking wildly. They had been saying that, if the Allies intended to demand the surrender of the fleet, it would be better to run it on the rocks of the English coast. Did the stokers take this story literally? Or were they only pretending to do so? The officers I talked with in Kiel thought it was all an accidental misunderstanding.

But you must remembers another thing. The Independent Socialists, Ledebour, Barth, Dittmann, and others had been agitating revolution in Wilhelmshaven all summer, using money furnished by Lenine. These men are shrewd psychologists. If there is going to be discontent at all among fighting forces, it will come, not among the men who are *fighting*, but among the men who *can't fight*—among the men who sit around or stand around, always being promised an enemy to hit but never seeing one. Such men have time to *think*. Even if a man isn't the thinking sort, physical rebellion against restraint or any sort of direction is natural and almost inevitable if he is left long enough rotting in inaction. The German fleet was *rotten with inaction*. The German naval command knew this as well as the agitators. They got up constant deck drills and battle manœuvers in the narrow sea spaces where they could safely operate. "But," said one sailor to me, "these things got just as tiresome as doing nothing. It was always the same thing over and over."

Some agitation had already gone on at Wilhelmshaven. It had been partly successful. So Ledebour and his friends had good reason to think full success was within reach. Naturally they would be alert to take advantage of the least indiscretion on the part of the naval command or any officers; it may well be that they encouraged belief in the story that the fleet was to be run on the rocks of England. At any rate, the whole fleet was in an excited mood, and any such story would gain easy ground.

The stokers were obstinate. There were no men to take their places; others of the crews were joining in the refusal to put to sea. Von Hipper, commander of the fleet, was forced to call the whole plan off. He wirelessed to the U-boats to return.

So a little crowd of half-naked, sooty-faced men crushed the gigantic and daring hope of an empire to save itself from downfall.

Nurse Cavell's Trial

How She Faced Death, Described by French Scientist Condemned to Imprisonment at Same Ordeal.

ONE of the men condemned at the same trial that witnessed Nurse Cavell's death-sentence—a man condemned for a similar act—has written a detailed and intimate account of the affair. He is Monsieur G. Hostelet, Doctor of Science, who was engaged in research work in Brussels. In "The Nineteenth Century" he explains how he escaped the death sentence owing to the timely intervention of a friendly German journalist.

After giving the details of his arrest, and summary preliminary trial, Mr. Hostelet writes of the "terrible moral tortures and often even physical violence" undergone by those who had to face the Hun inquisitors. The other prisoners are not allowed to discuss with Miss Cavell details of the case. Distorted signed confessions are used to extort other admissions. Mr. Hostelet then says:

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Before telling what I saw of the trial I will explain briefly what had been, as far as I knew it, Miss Cavell's part up to her arrest.

After the battle of Mons, numerous English wounded and fugitives were taken in by the inhabitants of the district. Soon they had to think of getting them away. Among the wounded was a Staff Colonel, who as soon as he was able to stand wished to get to the frontier so as to return to duty. An engineer (M.C.) brought him to Brussels. The first stage proved that he was not yet strong enough to endure the fatigue of the rest of the journey. With whom should he find a sure refuge if not with the English matron of the Nursing School, whose courage and devotion were universally known? A few persons were in the secret. But soon other wounded recovered and were fit for service. They were sent to Miss Cavell, who consented to give them hospitality until guides could be found to take them to the frontier. But the way to the frontier became more and more difficult, so that from December 1914 till July 1915 Miss Cavell's house was always full, first of English soldiers, then of French, and lastly of young Belgians trying to get out of the country to enlist.

In my frequent visits to Miss Cavell, I was able to see the risks she was running. The presence of a lot of men was obvious as soon as one entered the house, voices, songs, cries. I often pointed this out to her, and she replied calmly and resignedly: 'What would you? I cannot impose silence on them.' She even consented to let them go into town to amuse themselves. I remember her fright when one night some of them came back singing and disorderly, scandalizing the neighborhood.

It was then that I and some other friends determined to put these dangerous guests in private houses or with reliable inn-keepers. But the more we housed, the more came. One day six guides arrived bringing thirty men concentrated at Mons and sent to Rue de la Culture (Miss Cavell's Home). At this time the Home became publicly known as a refuge for fugitive soldiers. I was very worried and went to try to induce her to break off all relations for a time with this group of guides and soldiers, telling her that the work itself was imperilled and must be diverted into other channels. We had sure knowledge too that some suspicious persons knew of our pre-arranged signals. But she would not listen. 'Nothing but physical impossibility, lack of space or lack of money, would make me close my house to Allied fugitives.' So she went on, never ceasing her devotion to the work till the German police got on her track and made three perquisitions in her house, after which she was arrested. In her trial she was accused of recruiting, but she only spoke the truth when she replied: 'My object was to get the men sent to me across the frontier; once there, they were free.' She was also accused of espionage. Denial here was absolutely justified. That espionage was facilitated through her is certain, but she never took an active part in it. Absorbed in her work as head of a Nurses' School she never dreamt of running a recruiting office or a spy service. She wished to save men, Englishmen first, then Allies, and she gave herself up entirely to this humanitarian and patriotic work.

If one considers the results of her activity, it was not in vain. She saved from illness, from fatigue, from certain imprisonment several hundred fugitive soldiers. She admitted passing two hundred men on to the frontier, but thanks to the ramifications due to a great extent to her initiative the number of soldiers sent to the Allied armies was far higher.

The Trial

Thursday, October 7 (first day.).—Yesterday I was told to be ready for 7 a.m. German time is kept here. I was up at 5.30 so as to get ready without hurry. Seven struck from the belfry of St. Gilles and breakfast did not come. What could I do to curb my impatience? Read by the light of my

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candle in the dim light? I tried physical exercises but that was not good enough. I had to find occupation. I arranged all my things as if I were going away. Where to? I did not know, but after the sentence which was to be passed on Saturday I should certainly have to make a move.

'Hurry up with your breakfast,' said the gaoler, bringing my coffee and bread. I hurried all the more because I did not know when I should be allowed to eat again, and as I ate I thought of my family. From the very beginning, I had the conviction that I should come out safe and sound, after the conclusion of Peace. This hope was unquenchable, but it was the only thing certain. Until then, I was at the mercy of my gaolers.

Two by two, we went in silence through the passages of the Parliament House to the Senate Hall. On my right was a little woman in deep mourning. We found about thirty other accused already sitting on the seats of the sensators, nearly all working-class folk, and a few soldiers scattered among them. We were shown to our places. Soon after eight more prisoners arrived, guarded by a soldier.

"Cheer up," whispered Mme. C. to D. the chemist, "you are not among those destined for heavy punishment." "That does not mean anything," he returned, and one could guess that he was more and more despairing. At last a young woman in a heavy black veil came forward, with an attendant also dressed in black. "Sit here, Princess," said the police officer, in a respectful tone. In front of us was the long judges' table. A good-looking officer, with an intelligent and brisk manner, walked in and laid on it a voluminous *dossier* and his helmet. He was the military prosecutor, on whom our fate depended. With high coloring, black hair and waxed moustache, he looked round the room in an assured, almost happy manner, like a knight before a tournament in which he expects to shine. A compact group of civilians was let in, among whom I saw with joy a friend, who, however, did not appear too cheerful. He looked carefully for someone, evidently for me, and at last I was able to catch his eye. The little fat man with him, in a light overcoat, must be my counsel. Then some officers arrived and a discussion took place, after which the civilians were sent away. My friend, who, being a lawyer, had hoped to attend, made a gesture of disappointment, but only the counsel who could plead in German were allowed to remain. The sitting began. The accused were called and the counsel stated for whom they were pleading. I was able to salute my defender, M. Dorff. Then we were sent away, only Miss Cavell remaining.

It was nearly two o'clock before I was called back to the court. I had to sit down facing the prosecutor, while beside me was the interpreter. After having stated my civil standing, the auditor asked me whether I admitted having helped to recruit men of military age, knowing that by doing so I gave an advantage to the Allies and a disadvantage to the Germans. This was the formula at the head of my deposition. I replied simply—Yes.

"Here is a determined patriot," he said as he marked my bill of indictment. (What *was* he writing?) "Do you admit having been in communication with the following persons and having given them a sum of of about 1000 francs?"

"Yes, I admit it."

"All right."

At that moment my counsel interrupted to present a letter from a German newspaper-correspondent residing in Brussels to whom I had previously rendered some service. He evidently praised my conduct on his behalf. They asked if I knew him. I said I did, and was dismissed.

I got up with the conviction that these were only preliminary formalities. This was a mistake, for I was never examined again.

The officers arrived together and slowly took their seats. "Stand," shouted the interpreter fiercely. The auditor declared the sitting open.

The examining lieutenant returned, as the prosecutor wished to sum up.

First of all he pointed out some anomalies. Some of the accused would not agree to the depositions they had made at the examination and said that mistakes were due to the examiner having misunderstood them. After having solemnly taken the oath, the whole court standing up, the lientenant defended himself. According to his methods, any misapprehension was impossible.

I think really that he was right. But there is one thing he did not count on, and that is the pressure exerted at the inquiry and which everyone obeys, in spite of himself, when his deposition is dictated. The examiner's will weighs on each witness and alters the truth more or less. Before the court, one wishes to return to one's own confessions, but it is too late, the written statements speak against one. Just after, when I heard the disquieting interpretation put on the whole affair by the prosecutor, I regretted some rather bold words I had put into my deposition at the instigation of the examiners and for which I would doubtless pay heavily.

The prosecutor saw in the affair a deliberate and careful organization of which all the accused were members. Given its size and its duration, he considered it not only as recruiting but as espionage. He was convinced that some of the men possessed important military information and wondered whether Joffre's offensive had not profited by it. In any case all this activity was high treason.

Friday, Oct. 8 (second day).—I woke up early as usual and, thinking of our fate, I realized that the affair was too important in the eyes of the military prosecutor for the sentences to be light.

This time the court was held in the House of Commons.

The accused were on the right and the judges sat in the first row of armchairs on the left, the counsel at the foot of the tribune. The prosecutor opened the sitting with the same happy, brisk manner as yesterday.

He began by a statement of the affair, showing the framework of the organization and the principal parts. Behind the German front were recruiting agents who directed escaped prisoners in various directions. These found in the Mons district every facility for being sheltered, furnished with false papers, and sent to Brussels. Here they were received in private houses, or, when these were full, in small hotels where they waited till they could be formed into convoys for Holland. There they were received by Beligan or Allied agents who sent them back to France. Our affair was one of the branches, or perhaps the trunk of the organization. In France the organizers were grouped round the Prince of Croy, helped by the Princess his sister, the Comtesse de Belleville and Mlle. Thuliez. In the Borinage were the engineer Capiau, the lawyer Libiez and the chemist Dervaux, who were accused of providing false identity papers, most of them naming non-existent places. At Brussels Miss Cavell's Institute was the centre. M. Séverin and Mme. Bodart were closely concerned and I—whom he was again pleased to call the determined patriot—organized the financial side, paying the guides and for the soldiers' lodging, and providing the provisions for the journey to Holland. Lastly came M. Baucq, who was accused of marking out the routes, distributing *La Libre Belgique* and handing on military information.

"All this activity," he concluded, "is akin to high treason and the law punishes it with the death sentence."

At that moment, a serious disquietude took hold of me, while he began to read the list of sentences he proposed. "Baucq—death sentence. Miss Cavell—death sentence. . . ." When will he stop? . . . "For the Princesse de Croy, in spite of all my wish to take account of her peculiar situation as regards her brother, I ask ten years' penal servitude." Ouf! the terrible propositions are over! I feel relieved. At last for M. Hostelet, the "determined patriot," ten years' penal servitude.

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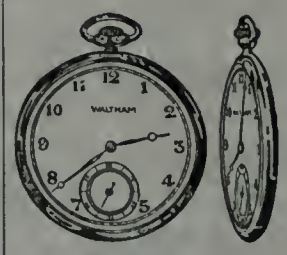

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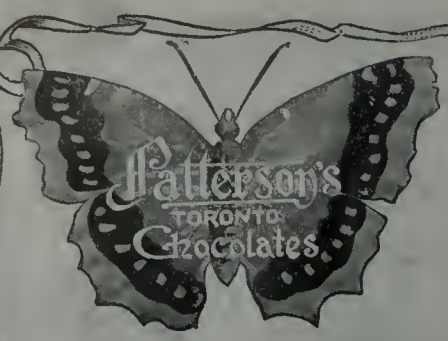

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Then came the guides and hosts, whose sentences varied from one to five years.

Almost the only cool person through this recital was the prosecutor. The judges did not seem to enjoy it. The counsel were out of countenance. The accused were rather excited or depressed except Miss Cavell, who retained the calm which never deserted her. Baucq, leanwith his chin in his hands, looked as if he were stunned. Mlle. Thuliez was feverish and looked right and left as if to assure herself she was not dreaming. Comtesse de Belleville was slightly flushed, but looked absent-minded. M. Libiez quite close to me, got pale and began to run his fingers through his moustache. M. Severin, who up till then had been holding his paper, dropped it on the floor.

The interpreter in his brutal voice repeated the terrible proposals of the prosecutor in French, and in his mouth the death sentences sounded like a knell. Mme. C. fainted.

Then the counsel were allowed to speak.

When he had finished, the prosecutor asked us in turn if we had anything to say.

Capiau, very calm and self-contained, said that all this organized plan was new to him. He had acted according to circumstances and, in any case, the charges against him had been exaggerated. Thus Miss Cavell had stated that she had received 1,000 francs from him, whereas he had given her nothing. Miss Cavell was called and stepped forward, her manner calm, almost rigid. She admitted her mistake.

"Why did you lie?" demanded the interpreter.

"My memories were confused, afterwards I remembered that it was not he."

Note was taken of the alteration and she was abruptly dismissed.

I was called. I went forward with strange mixed sentiments of relief for myself and oppression for the others.

My statement was cut up every minute by having to be translated and lost its continuity and effect. However, when we got thus far the interpreter asked, "Do you want a lesser sentence?" I said I did. They took note of this and I was dismissed.

Next came more counsel. Maitre Kirschen took the line of extenuating the crimes of his clients and asking for indulgence. He spoke of Miss Cavell and praised her as a woman whose whole life had been devoted to the wounded. He recalled her work in the Balkan war. This time she had begun by taking in English wounded. Then others came, and by force of circumstances she played the part now known, not ignoring the danger, trying to avoid it, but never refusing the services asked of her.

As for Mme. Bodart, also of English origin, she had come to Miss Cavell's assistance when her house overflowed; could one demand her death?

M. Severin had also helped Miss Cavell and had been carried away by his well-known generosity and the constant appeals to it.

"What have you to say in your defence?" shouted the interpreter in a voice like a challenge.

"Nothing," said Miss Cavell.

Maitre Braun then began the defence of the two titled persons. He displayed most of his eloquence and his seductive arguments in favor of the Princess de Croy.

"When you think," he cried, "of her generous devotion to the German wounded in her château, can you expect that this devotion should be denied to her friends? It would have been superhuman. Doubtless her brother took a great part in this affair, but can you, in his absence, hold the sister to blame for it?"

There was a German lawyer in officer's uniform whose duty was to undertake the defence of those under heavy sentence. His manner was energetic, he had clear-cut features and a trenchant voice. His hand on the back of a chair, he leant forward and talked and talked, too fast and indistinctly for me. He defended Mlle. Thuliez and the big Louise. I guessed that he put forward the patriotic fervor of the former and the latter's greed of gain. Like the Belgian counsel, he appealed for the greatest indulgence possible.

Just then, the Princesse de Croy stood up and turned to the judges. "My lords," she said in a scarcely audible voice, "be merciful to these women whose death sentence is asked of you. My brother and I are the real culprits. It was we who, in undertaking the evacuation of French and English soldiers, led them into this affair." This appeal did not seem to awake any response, the judges having, in their own minds, already decided how to allot the responsibility.

The verdict would be told us in prison.

Monday, October 11. Reading the verdict.

"I think they will call you this afternoon to hear your sentence," said my gaoler furtively when he brought my dinner. "From what I could gather from the N.C.O., things look black, very black, for M. Séverin. As for you, your sentence is reduced."

"And the others?"

"I know nothing for certain, but they talk of several executions."

"What is the use of reducing my sentence," I thought; "I shall never get the benefit of it in any case? It is Séverin's fate and that of the others that disturbs me."

I heard doors opening; it would be my turn next. My gaoler, opening it, murmured, "M. Séverin is number 3. There are five death sentences. . . ."

The prosecutor read the verdict in German as if he were reading a list of honors. Five times the sinister "Todesstrafe" (death penalty) was heard. For Baucq, Miss Cavell, Séverin, Mlle. Thuliez and Comtesse de Belleville. I got off with five years.

Mme. C. was acquitted. She fainted. The melodramatic but generous coalminer was acquitted. He wept. The greybeard was acquitted. He never budged. The suicide was acquitted. . .

The interpreter signed to us to leave the room. . . . I saw Miss Cavell leaning against the wall, cold and impassive. I went to her and said a few words of hope. "Madeemoiselle, make an appeal for mercy." "It is useless," she answered placidly, "I am English and they want my life." At that moment the sub-commandant of the prison came for her. With care and deference he led her out of the room; he seemed to have some grave and painful communication to make to her.

I had scarcely got back to my cell when I was informed that I was to lodge with Séverin and Libiez. The hope of being able to comfort my poor comrade and help him pass the hours of waiting for the decision of the Governor made me accept joyfully.

I found Séverin in a state of deep despondency. He had just written farewell letters to his wife and children. But he soon warmed to the atmosphere of sympathy and hope with which we surrounded him.

After we had tidied up the cell, which was cumbered with our bedding, clothes, books and provisions, we all sat round the table, talking about the trial and the verdict, while we enjoyed some excellent liqueurs and cigars. It was in an entirely detached and philosophical mood that we continued the conversation until late in the night. For, thanks to Séverin being under sentence of death, our light had not been put out at curfew.

After dawn I could not sleep. A door opened, and steps died away in the distance. Another door opened, and the same vague sounds followed. I listened anxiously with the fear that our door would open in its turn. I watched Séverin, sleeping heavily on his bed. . . . Happily everything became quiet again. Only the sound of the sentry's boots, tramping up and down, disturbed the silence like the ticking of a clock. From time to time he looked in at the grating. . . .

The military chaplain visited us at breakfast time and told us that Miss Cavell and Baucq had met their death heroically.

G. HOSTELET
Doctor of Science, Brussels

Vienna is Doomed

Second City on European Continent Threatened With Extinction.

THE changes that are being made in the map of Europe are bound to have effects that few have anticipated. For they will materially change the great cities of Europe. Writing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Alonzo Englebert Taylor, predicts the passing of Vienna as one of the great cities of the world. It has to-day over two million population and is in many respects the second city on the continent, second only to Paris. What, he asks, is its future?

German Austria contributed little to the Vienna of the past. In Vienna resided the capitalists not only of the Austro-Hungarian Empire but of Poland, Rumania and the entire Balkan south-east. Vienna was one of the great markets of Europe for grain and cattle, her exchange one of the most influential, her position in commerce unique. She was the centre of a double fan: From the west and north radiated lines from Switzerland, Munich, Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg, and Dantzic; from other quarters radiated lines from Warsaw, Petrograd, Moscow, the Black Sea, Budapest, Belgrade and the Adriatic. No amount of Prussian boasting about the "Hamburg to Bagdad" railway could disguise the fact that Vienna was its very centre. The satire in Vorwärts a few weeks ago that "the Hamburg to Baghdad line had become the Hamburg to Bodenbach" was in every way more keenly felt in Vienna than in Hamburg.

Now with the subdivision of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the Viennese realize that the fan lines will be reversed. The Viennese now anticipate that the Poles and the Czechs will direct their traffic away from Vienna; they certainly cannot expect that the traffic from Belgrade and Budapest will be directed toward Vienna. The Czechs already have arranged to run through trains from Prague to Budapest without passing through Vienna. Vienna sees herself in the future a switching station, and has about the same feeling toward the traffic intentions of her neighbors that the Philadelphian possesses when he observes a train from Pittsburgh to New York passing by on the Trenton cut-off.

With the present division of the geographical areas Vienna will cease to be the southwestern mart for cattle and grain. Here again is a point of bitter realization. The determination of the Hungarians to prevent the producers of Serbia from having access to the Vienna market was one of the original causes of feeling between the Serbs and the Austro-Hungarians and probably contributed as much to the Pan-Slavonic agitation in Serbia as any other single fact.

The finances of Austria-Hungary, and indeed of the whole area between Budapest and the Black Sea; were centralized in Vienna, but the Viennese have no hope that this will continue. The agriculture of Hungary, the industries of Bohemia, the shipping of the Adriatic were largely financed in Vienna; and through her international banking connections Vienna was in a position to direct the economic operations of this large section. Now it is not believed that the manufactures or the mines, furnaces, glass works, porcelain factories and textile mills of Ceskoslovensky—Czechoslovakia — will be financed or directed from Vienna. To realize the import of this fully one must recall that eighty-five per cent. of the industries of the Austrian Monarchy are in the present Ceskoslovensky. The Viennese know that the day of their direction of Adriatic shipping has passed. They recognize that the land barons of Hungary will confine their operations to Budapest. In other words, they expect that the banking of Vienna will be restricted to the financing of German

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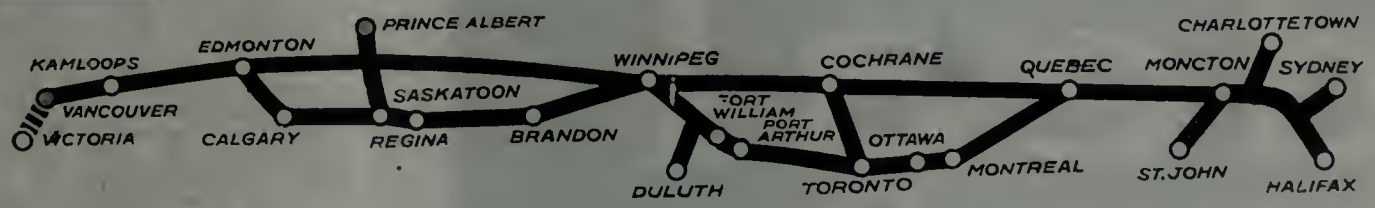

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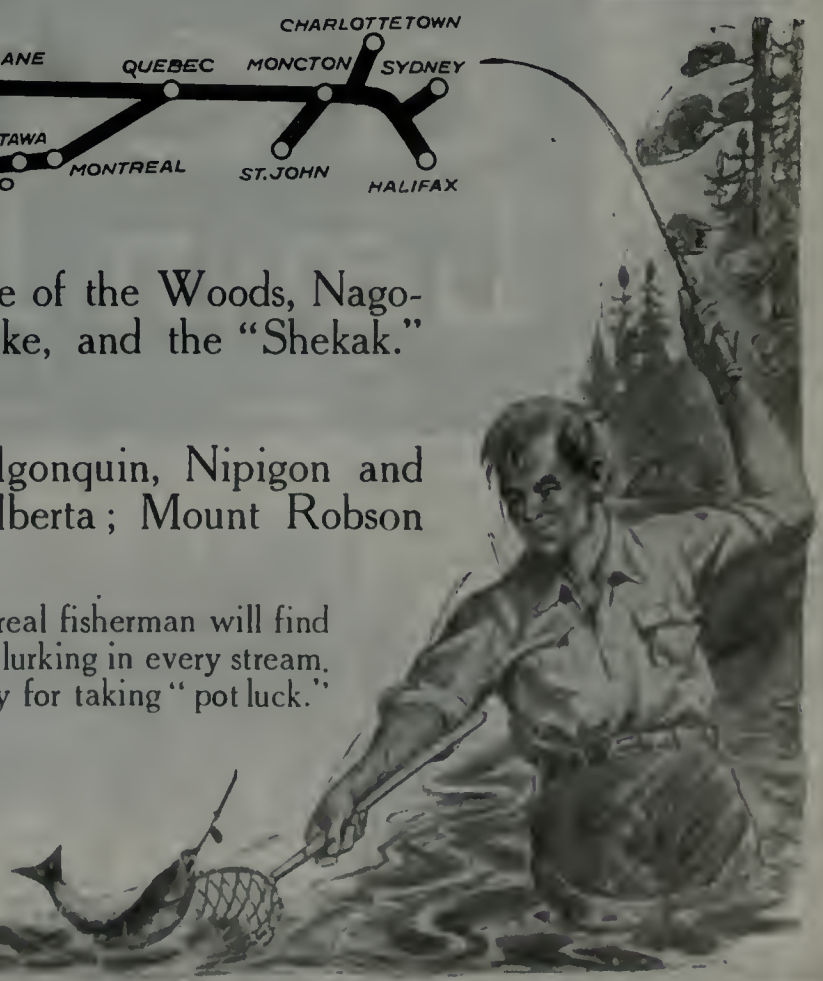

Austria, with eight million people. This is the end of the dream of financiers who had expected, with Berlin, to control the development of the Balkans and of Turkey and Persia beyond!

Contemplating all that was and imagining with fearful anticipation what may be, the Viennese revert to history for analogies of their fate—Carthage, Syracuse and Venice. At these names the Viennese shudder. Is this indeed her fate? Applying to Vienna such retrogression as has occurred in Venice, what hope is there for Vienna? Deprived of trade and finance Venice still remains a beautiful city, unique in the world, the Mecca of the tourist. Vienna is located on the bank of a stream that has little beauty, in surroundings that are scarcely attractive. The youth of all nations look forward to the gondolas of Venice, the novelty of the water streets, the Campanile, the Bridge of Sighs, and to the great Church of St. Mark's with which St. Stephen cannot compare. The Prater has no such attractions, and the Ring may be duplicated in any European city, expect to the student of technical architecture.

Regina, Sask.

In the past few months I have heard a good deal of favorable comment on MACLEAN'S and we always look forward with interest to each new issue.

I. J. C.

Didsbury, Alta.

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H. E. C.

But whichever way the Viennese turn it seems merely a choice of evils for them. They see no hope except that of escaping from something worse. A most unique and almost ludicrously pathetic view of the future of Vienna was given to the writer by a man of international prominence in the world of art.

"German Austria," he said, "has one hope—to become a resort, an upland Monaco, of which Vienna would be the inland Monte Carlo; a resort of art, music, opera and theatre, racing, gambling and prostitution. How large a population a city possessing such attractions would maintain the future alone can decide; and to these dimensions Vienna will shrink. This is the eleventh hour; the twelfth will not be long."

Striking at the Hun's Flank

The Part the Arabs Played in the War and What They Want

COMPARATIVELY little has been heard of the events in Arabia during the war and since. It is a fact, however, that certain important moves on the huge chess-board of the war were made on the squares marked "Hedjaz." An interesting story of it is told by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, who is representing the *Outlook* at Paris. Mr. Abbott secured an interview with Prince Faisal, a son of the recently created King of the Hedjaz, and from him learned of the part the Arabs had played and, what is probably more important, what they want in the way of peace arrangements.

On the first score, Mr. Abbott writes:

The Hedjaz comprises the two sacred cities, Mecca and Medina, and the region round about them on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. This kingdom, virtually free from the Turk, was quiet and contented. There was no reason why it should court trouble. The war was going rather badly for the Allies, General Townshend and his forces had capitulated at Kut after a disastrous and painful campaign, the Gallipoli venture had ended in failure, and things were looking, as an Englishman would say, "rather stodgy." At that very time the suggestion was sent to the Hedjaz that the Arabs come in and help. The English were holding and more than holding their own in Egypt, but there was need for an aggressive campaign. If you look on the map you will see that the Hedjaz is situated so that an attack from their quarter would bring trouble to the Turks on their flank in Palestine and the rest of Syria. The Arabs were gallant. They answered, "Yes, we will come in, only we shall need food and ammunition from you." So up they went along the Red Sea and struck the Turks. At times they were only 2,000 men, at other times 40,000; but they moved here and there with such rapidity that they kept the Turks guessing. They lost heavily, but at one time they sent in prisoners four times their own number. As Colonel Lawrence, an English officer who was with them, remarked to me, "It was as if during the attack on the Western front a small body of mobile allied troops should suddenly appear at Cologne." We know what happened to Jerusalem and these other parts of Syria, and in Mesopotamia; and for that result the Arabs should have their due share of recognition.

What the Arabs want in the way of peace settlements is, in brief, complete independence without protectorates or mandatory powers or other measures of control. Prince Faisal outlined this view to M. Abbott quite clearly.

"The Hedjaz," replied the Prince, "seeks nothing for itself. What it desires is only freedom and independence for its brothers. There are many Arabs that are not of the Hedjaz, and over them the Hedjaz seeks no control. When I left to come to the Peace Conference, my father, the King, bade me defend the rights of Mesopotamia and Syria to their own life and freedom. They have been delivered from Turkish rule; now they want their deliverance preserved. There would be no gain if Turkey's rule should be merely replaced by the rule of some other Power or Powers. If the kingdom of the Hedjaz endeavored to rule them, they would resist. The Hedjaz wants no authority over them, not even a mandate. It simply asks that these Arab peoples be given their freedom and be not subjected to a new conquest. If it is necessary to give some Power a mandate in order to secure their freedom, let them select their own mandatory."

Japan's New Foreign Policy

The Entente Victory Has Strengthened Alliance With Nippon

AT one time, when the prospect of allied victory looked far off, it was freely predicted that Japan was wobbling in her allegiance to the Entente. It is a fact that there was a powerful element in Japan that looked with favor on the seeming efficiency and efficacy of German effort. What is the sentiment in Japan now that the Prussian has bitten the dust?

This question is answered by Tokiwo Yokoi in the *New Europe*, a weekly publication from London which can always be depended upon to get at the truth of international relationship. He writes in part:

On matters of foreign policy the new Cabinet seems determined to represent the latest pacific sentiments which have come to prevail in the country. In Chino-Japanese affairs the present writer understands from a recent first-hand source that there has taken place a complete transformation in the attitude and sentiment of the public at large. If, a few years ago—say, for instance, during the Okuma Cabinet—a group, or groups, of irresponsible advocates of a high-handed policy were much in evidence, these seem to have completely quieted down, having lost both self and public confidence through failure after an attempted trial of some of their favorite schemes. The Government has already announced its intention to bring about in concert with the Allied Powers the reunion of the north and south in China, which have been for some years in a state of civil war; to allow no underhand loans (to cancel any such loans already in negotiation, if possible) likely to bring suspicion on the good faith of Japan, and to support China wherever possible in her legitimate desire to regain her financial and political prestige. The renewed emphasis laid by the present Cabinet on the carrying out of a policy with which the late Prince Ito's name is associated is apparently based in part on the opinion of the leading firms engaged in Chinese trade, who have become increasingly convinced that their phenomenal success in recent years is due largely to a genuinely friendly attitude and to the use of fair dealing, which have come to prevail among Japanese business men in China. They realize that their prominent place in Chinese trade is assured, and that there will result nothing but disaster to their own and the national interest from the pursuit of a policy open to suspicion.

As for international policy, Japan stands for peace and amity all round, particularly with its long-time ally England, and her historical friend the United States. The Premier, Mr. Hara, and the Foreign Minister, Viscount Uchida, before they assumed their present responsibilities, and when the question of Siberian intervention came up for consideration, took the view that Japan should venture on no policy unless with the unreserved endorsement of those two countries. One of the first announcements made by Viscount Uchida as Foreign Minister was that the Japanese Government heartily approved in principle the League of Nations. I believe, though I have never been inside the secret conclave of the big Powers, that the Japanese delegates are most conscientiously working for peace, and if in certain cases they took a decided stand, it was solely with a view to a just settlement and the successful working of the coming League of Nations.

In conclusion, let me add that the victory of the Allies and the breakdown of German militarism is evidently exercising a most beneficial influence on the course of politics in Japan. If there was at one time a possibility of militaristic ideas gaining influence, that possibility is gone forever. On the other hand, there is no chance of Bolshevik ideas finding influential supporters. As I said at the beginning, Japan stands for moderation.

Light On Naval Mysteries

How Admiral Beatty's Great Battle Cruisers Were Sunk in the Jutland Battle

ONE of the great naval mysteries of the war is the loss of Admiral Beatty's three great battle cruisers, the Queen Mary, Indefatigable, and Invincible in the battle of Jutland. Two of these magnificent ships were lost early in the engagement within a few minutes of each other, the third being sunk later in the day. All three sank with great rapidity after being hit, the suggestion being that their magazines were exploded by a lucky enemy shot. Various conflicting theories have been advanced as to what occurred, but a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* claims to have obtained from a source of unimpeachable authority an explanation of the true facts given below. He also throws some light on the battle off the Falkland Islands and on other naval matters which have hitherto been obscure.

The loss of the Queen Mary with 1,550 lives, the Indefatigable with 962 lives, and the Invincible with 968 lives, off Jutland, on May 31, 1916, has never been explained. The Admiralty has remained silent, and it was a noticeable feature of Lord Jellicoe's and Sir David Beatty's despatches that no account was given of the end of these three mighty battle cruisers.

Be it always remembered that of the crews, numbering 3,507, of these cruisers, only twenty-six were saved—Queen Mary, 19 saved, two captured; Indefatigable, two captured; Invincible, three saved. What actually occurred will never be known with absolute certainty, but the charge of the critics of the Admiralty has always been that the flash-tight doors of the ammunition hoists were at fault, and that explosions in the turrets caused by enemy shells communicated with the magazines and resulted in the destruction of the ships.

That is one theory, but it is no more than a theory, and there is strong presumptive evidence in favor of another. Explosions preceded the sinking of each cruiser—that is known—but there is very high authority for the belief that the explosions did not take place in the magazines.

Again it must be pointed out that no unchallengeable evidence exists, but the second theory of the cause of these grave disasters is that, in defiance of all rules and regulations but animated by intense zeal and anxiety, the officers responsible, in preparing for immediate action, had assembled in the turrets the cordite which should have come up the hoists as required for serving the guns. When the enemy were engaged the turrets were struck and the cordite fired.

Among the experts who accept the theory that the magazines exploded there are those who are convinced that the magazines were reached owing to the inadequacy of the protective deck. This involves another charge, but in common fairness it must be recalled that the Queen Mary, Indefatigable, and Invincible, which were designed under Lord Fisher, were the first battle cruisers in the world, just as the Dreadnought was the first Dreadnought. Speed was the main essential, and they were not designed to fight in the line at all.

Lord Fisher summed up his require-

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ments in the words, "Speed and heavy guns." No cruiser had ever carried 12-in. guns before. At Coronel the Germans overwhelmed our cruisers because they had more modern, homogeneous batteries. The Good Hope had two 9.2-in. and 6-in. guns, but in the early stages of the battle one of the 9.2's was knocked out, and the position was hopeless. The Scharnhorst and Gneisenau had 8½-in. guns. Big guns and speed were obtained at the cost of, among other things, heavy deck armor.

There were other considerations that weighed in favor of the design. The highest naval authorities contemplated a certain maximum range of action, but the enemy had provided for a gun elevation giving a much longer range. A remarkable and little known fact is that a shell from the Emden struck the bridge of the Sydney at a range of sixteen miles. The shot was a lucky one, but it conveyed a lesson.

The value of gun power and speed was demonstrated at the Falkland Islands. By virtue of the speed of his ships Admiral Sturdee reached his destination in time, and by virtue of his 12-in. guns he put down the enemy fleet. There was no element of luck in Admiral Sturdee's achievement. Some day Lord Fisher may be able to tell how he knew of von Spee's plans; how, on the principle that it is useless to send a tortoise to catch a hare, he told the admiral to take the Invincible and the Inflexible; and how, with a fine knowledge of the British sailor's superstitions, he accelerated the admiral's departure in order to avoid sailing on Friday, November 13.

When criticizing much of the new constructions of the early months of war, and nearly all the criticisms have regard to the construction of that period, it must be borne in mind that the War Cabinet issued instructions to the Admiralty in the belief that the war would, or could, not last more than a period very much less than was generally suggested at the time. Rapidity of construction was imperative, and designs were adapted and modified in order that this might be secured. It was only when it became apparent that the first estimates of the duration of the war were wrong that new construction entered upon another phase, and a policy was adopted which has borne wonderful fruit in the shape of the British Navy's overwhelming might. The German Admiralty knew more than people at home, and the future was destitute of a vestige of hope.

With certain other critics a future First Lord of the Admiralty may yet deal. A type of vessel has been denounced because of obvious defects, but criticism will be silenced when their special purpose is known. The depth of water in a passage through which a dash is to be made imposes a definite limit to the draught of the vessels to be engaged in the enterprise, but their application to other uses when that enterprise has been abandoned implies no failure because they are not ideal for these purposes.

The monitors, or certain classes of these useful vessels, have been described in scathing terms, but these "gun platforms" have done magnificent work. As a high naval authority remarked, "They were designed for bombarding the Belgian coast, and not for pleasure trips." The submarine classes run from E to R, and there is no shadow of doubt that the vessels of many of them —big vessels built for offence—would have caused terrible havoc among the enemy's capital ships in a fleet action.

During the past four years, between fifty and sixty vessels of new design have been put into the water, many of them multiplied by the score and by the hundred. The test of battle has been denied, but their silent pressure has driven Germany to surrender through despair. The men who have worked during these four years to prepare our "sure shield" for its mighty task are of the Silent Service, but they feel very keenly the attacks, to which they cannot reply, of critics who do not know the facts.

The Man Who Commanded the Guns

Continued from page 35

came home said: "Here in this young northern country, quite without premeditation or obvious object, we have bred up, and are breeding up, soldier material equal to the best the world has ever seen. That sounds like big talk. But wait till the dust of this war clears away, and the days of cool-headed sifting and analysis come. Or, better still—for this was only a curtain raiser—wait till the next big war, when Canada sends a division all her own. Then will be some fighting."

The Great Work of the Canadian Guns

WHEN the call came in 1914, Morrison volunteered at once; and as Lieutenant-Colonel, took the First Artillery Brigade overseas. He commanded the First Brigade, during the second battle of Ypres, at Festubert, Givenchy, and Ploegsteerte, and was constantly being mentioned in despatches. After a year and a half of this work, he was taken back to England to train the Second Division of Canadian Artillery, and did it in three months, which is about a record for any army. He was promoted to Brigadier-General and went back to France in command of the Second Division. He further rounded them into shape at the Ypres salient, and for the manner in which he led his Division through the Somme offensive he got the C.M.G.

Two years ago he became General Officer Commanding the Canadian Artillery; and at one time this newspaperman, who learned his gunnery after the afternoon edition went to press, had under him, while he was yet only a Brigadier, four full-fledged generals, and directed the operations of British, French, Canadian and Belgian guns. The artillery work of the Canadians at Passchendaele and Vimy Ridge made the whole of the allied armies wonder. After Vimy a French officer said: "I have never seen anything equal to the accuracy of the Canadian artillery firing. They broke the wire at Vimy until there was not enough left to make a bird-cage." Our infantry always had absolute confidence in the guns clearing the way for them; and have never been backward in expressing their trust and appreciation. The Canadian Artillery in all consisted of 456 guns, with 17,500 officers and men.

Crossing the Rhine on King

WHEN the Canadians went across the Rhine, General Morrison rode on "King," the blue-ribbon winner he took from Ottawa with him and who has gone all through the war. "King danced all the way across the bridge to Bonn," he wrote. "The Belgians pinned a decoration on him. . . Though it is announced that all horses will be left behind, I think I will find a way of getting old King back, as there is a strong feeling that officers who have special chargers that have come all through the war will be allowed to take them home." King behaves like a lamb under shell-fire; but has a rooted aversion to the sight of the smallest piece of paper flying across his path. Rather odd for an old newspaperman's horse!

What you learn about this sturdy little Canadian fighter, you have to get from his letters, or from Canadians who know him. He has very little to say about himself, but is always ready to talk about any other Canadian soldier. Writing on the sights in the forward trenches after a big artillery duel, he says: "As I study the psychology of the Canadian under the strain of this war, there is much of the Red Indian in his cold-blooded courage and philosophic fortitude. They are grim, silent fighters, and they repress their feelings to the point of apparent callousness. There is no fussing over the wounded and dy-

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American and European Plans

ing, beyond fixing them up with first aid; and the latter are grimly content to be let alone. If a wounded man is lying under fire and can be got at, an officer or n.c.o. orders the nearest man to bring him in. The man ordered does it as a matter of course, and with about as much theatric emotion as he would evince in doing a chore at home. The man brought in, unless he is an unusually polite individual, does not even say 'Thank you.' And the other men in the trench sit about and look bored." After relating some deed of bravery on the part of two of his men, he says: "I dare not particularly praise them because I am convinced that any other two subs in the brigade would have done just the same. That is a mighty pleasant thing for an O.C. to be able to say, is it not?"

Using the German Guns

THERE are some interesting stories told of Morrison's methods as a fighter. For example, in the months of preparation which preceeded the Canadian attack at Amiens, he obtained models of the enemy's principal guns, and selected picked men for instruction in handling them. When the attack was launched, these artillerymen went forward with the infantry, and after the guns had been taken, turned them on the retiring foe, and on points ahead, the ranges of which had already been taken and noted. The gunners had even been taught enough German to read the instructions on the guns and ammunition.

General Morrison made an excellent book out of his experiences in the Boer war ("With the Guns") and is likely to write a bigger story of this one—a story that will stand out even among the flood of war literature with which the world has been drenched. He has always had the courage of his convictions; and would give a true history, no matter whose corns might be stepped on.

The Month's Vital Question

Continued from page 37

against the McMaster amendment, and adds:

"Western Unionist members, having served notice on the Government of their intention of taking what steps they can to bring about tariff reduction, took the proper course of waiting to see what the Government decided to do. The Government's decision could not properly be announced in advance of the budget speech."

MANY newspapers throughout the country, both low and high tariff advocates, condemn the amendment in the following phrases:

"Fooling with Free Trade"—Charlottetown *Guardian.*

"Very much a part of the game of politics"—Calgary *Albertan.*

"Tactics dictated by political considerations"—Saskatoon *Star.*

"Playing politics"—Quebec *Chronicle.*

"Rump Liberals. . . showed their weakness"—Moncton *Times.*

"Mr. McKenzie's. . . mistake in strategy"—Montreal *Gazette.*

"Cheap and not very clever political play"—Edmonton *Journal.*

"The Opposition has not scored. . . in the eyes of the country"—Kingston *Standard.*

"Tactical mistake"—Hamilton *Times.*

A few papers express keen disappointment because the amendment was lost. The Quebec *Telegraph* says:

"The rejection by the House of Commons of the McMaster motion to revise the tariff downward shows clearly where the Unionists party stands. Practically every Liberal-Unionist in the House reneged on his professed principles in the vote which he cast against this resolution for freer trade. . . . . The coun-

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try now sees clearly what measure of fiscal relief it can expect from the present authorities at Ottawa."

The Edmonton *Bulletin* also despairs of a change under Unionist Government, and says:

"Clearly there is only one way to change the tariff policy of Canada, and that is by changing the Government out of the control of Big Business into the control of the people.

"The West is under the heel of the profiteer, largely through the present tariff. It is there because its representatives in Parliament keep it there."

The Moose Jaw *Times* blames Western Unionists for "smothering the tariff resolution," and looks at the situation in the following fashion:

"The Western Unionists in the House of Pretence at Ottawa, at the bidding of Borden Impotence, smothered the McMaster resolution for Tariff Reform, proved traitors to the principles they profess to believe in, but true to their pledge to support the Borden Government above everything else in return for the support they received through the corrupt manipulation of the soldiers' votes under the iniquitous War Time Elections Act.

"This, we believe, is a brief but correct summing up of what took place at Ottawa."

SHELVE serious tariff alterations until the reconstruction period is past, counsel several newspapers. "It is a question if it can be done during the reconstruction period," believes the Nelson *News*. "Not the proper time," says the St. Catharines *Journal*. The Government should "courteously decline presently to meddle with the tariff," says the Kitchener *News-Record*. The Toronto *Star*, Kitchener *Telegraph*, Quebec *Chronicle*, and many others urge a speedy settlement by compromise in order to clear the boards for "a whole armful of problems that the year 1919 must dispose of for better or worse."

Professor Leacock, humorist and Political Science Professor at McGill University, in the Montreal *Star* advocates a Tariff Commission in the following words:

"In the highly organized world in which we live it is possible to get together about a dozen men who can speak for the manufacturers of Canada; another dozen who can promise that the farmers will do this or that, and another dozen who will assure us that organized labor will accept such and such terms. I do not refer to authorized representatives duly elected. That plan is useless. That would be as bad as the Canadian Parliament. I mean small groups of men, officials or unofficial leaders, who have got sufficient prestige and practical control of the class they represent to be able to make an informal bargain in its name.

"The Government need take no thought to the matter other than to shut these people into a room and let them wrangle it out like dissentient jurymen. There let them stay till they came out with a tariff made and completed, suiting nobody but accepted by everybody. The only understanding should be that the tariff when made was made to stay, and that the nation might turn its mind to higher things than the more greedy wrangle of conflicting selfishness that is called the Canadian Tariff Question."

The *Canadian Railroader*, Galt *Reporter*, Kitchener *News-Record*, and other papers also favor a tariff commission. The Fort William *Times-Journal* is skeptical of its success; the Toronto *Times* and others claim the "tariff is essentially a political issue," and the Saskatoon *Phoenix* sees only an excuse for "further delay."

Canada at the Peace Conference

Continued from page 34

five. Thus at the first sitting Sir William Lloyd of Newfoundland sat at the head table; at the second Hon. C. J. Doherty of Canada and Sir Joseph Ward of New Zealand; at the third Sir Joseph Ward again and with him Hon. A. L. Sifton of Canada.

Our International Staus Recognized

IN some of the Paris papers there was peevish and ill-considered objection to this recognition of the British Dominions, while the French colonies, which had also done their fair share of fighting were ignored—a criticism which took no note of the fundamental difference between the British Dominions, independent and self-governing and the French colonies, which constitutionally are part of France and have direct representation in the Chamber of Deputies. This distinction was recognized by the Conference Committee which later drafted the Covenant of the League of Nations; this instrument provides for the inclusion in the League of Dominions if self-governing. Article 8 of the Covenant which contains this provision has no reference, however, to the British Dominions already represented at Paris; they will enter the League not through the gate opened by this provision, but as charter members by virtue of their membership in the Peace Conference. This, at least, is the understanding of the Dominion representatives in Paris, though I have heard a contrary view expressed. It is also the opinion of the American critics of the League of Nations who have sought to make much capital from the fact that the British representation in the Body of Delegates by virtue of the number of Dominion delegates, will out-rank that of the United States. Thus as the result of the successful demand for representation at the Peace Conference Canada—and the other Dominions as well—has had her international status as a nation, and yet a member of the British Alliance recognized by the powers which are to be the signatories to the Covenant of the League of Nations. This is an achievement whose significance is not likely to be fully realized by those who have given only a casual consideration to this complex matter of the relationship of the British Dominions to one another and to the outside world.

An illustration of the problems that may arise as a result of this duality of status was afforded by an early development of the Peace Conference. In the list of powers in attendance at the Conference, the Dominions were mentioned by name as among the Powers with particular interests in contradistinction to the Great Powers having general interests. The Powers with particular interests were constituted into an electorate from which minority members of all the Conference Committees were chosen; but the British Dominions after considering the matter did not avail themselves of the opportunity of associating themselves in these matters with the secondary Powers. They preferred to qualify for representation on these Committees as part of the British Empire; and at meetings of the British delegations to appoint the British members of these committees their claims to representation were given a cordial consideration. Sir Robert Borden was appointed to the committees to fix the boundaries of New Greece, and was subsequently made vice-chairman; Mr. Sifton filled a similar position on the very important committee to determine what waterways and channels of transportation required to be internationalized; Sir George Foster served on the Economic Commission; General Smuts was a member of the League of Nations Committee; W. M. Hughes of Australia of the Repatriations Committee; Premier Massey of New Zealand on the

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Penalties of War Commission. Nearly half the British representatives upon Conference Committees was Dominion in its character.

The change in the "managing" procedure of the Conference, for reasons that I never heard adequately explained though I sought diligently for them—by which control was exercised, not by a body of twenty-five, embracing five representatives from each Great Power, as had been agreed to by the Conference at the instance of the Great Powers themselves, but by the smaller Council of Ten, directly affected the interest of the British Dominions. Had the original procedure been followed one of the five representatives of the British Empire upon the governing committee would always have been a representative of the Dominions: and thus overseas British opinion could have found, when needed, first hand expression. This body of twenty-five was never called together; but the small committee which organized the Conference continued its "conversations"—this was President Wilson's word for the interchange of views which was adopted as an official definition. There were two British representatives upon this Council of Ten, as it came to be called; nominally, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister, but in practice the British representation was varied to meet the requirements of the issue under consideration. Thus Winston Churchill, Minister of War, attended when Russian questions were being considered; and Lord Milner was present upon the important occasion when the matter of the composition of the Economic Commission to write the economic terms of peace was being settled. Lord Milner, as Colonial Secretary, was present to champion the rights of the British Dominions to special representation upon this commission and to give notice that the nations of the British Empire desired, and intended, to retain their right to make between themselves special preferential family arrangement. Upon one occasion Sir Robert Borden served as one of the two British representatives, in company with Mr. Balfour. Sir Robert seized this occasion, according to reports in the Paris press, which were well founded, to urge greater expedition in the work of the Conference and to this end suggested the adoption of a schedule and time table for the greater expedition of the work remaining to be done.

Discussing Imperial Problems

THE institution of the meetings of the Empire delegations made it possible to focus the opinion of all the Dominions for the information of the British representatives in the Council of Ten. These meetings were held at the call of the British Prime Minister, or the senior British representative, in the Villa Majestic; they occurred about twice a week, though daily sittings were not unknown, when acute questions awaited settlement. All the British Dominions were represented at these meetings—Sir Robert Borden was usually attended by one office colleague on behalf of Canada—and the issues of the Conference were discussed with complete freedom. Every Dominion was free to give expression to its views upon every question as it arose in the Conference; and decisions reached in these discussions became instructions to the British members in the Council of Ten. With respect to at least two very important matters upon which there was great diversity of opinion in the Council, policies determined upon by the British delegations after debate among themselves were submitted by the British delegates to Council, and were accepted by it. These were the definite refusal to enter upon a great military adventure in Russia, and the adoption of the policy of varying the terms of the mandates for dependent territories in keeping with their possibilities of political development. Subordinate to these Empire meetings were the informal meetings of the Dominions representatives themselves to consider matters which it was thought desirable to bring before the Empire meetings. These meetings were almost invariably called by the Prime Minister of Canada, whose position as dean of

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e overseas delegations—as representg the senior Dominion—was thus icitly recognized.

he Results From Canada's Standpoint

WITHIN the limits of this article no complete survey of Canada's part n the great Conference can be given; ut, in conclusion, some of the more imortant results to Canada—and to the ther British Dominions as well—of articipation in the Conference may be ummarized.

Canada has been given international recognition as a nation in league with the other British Dominions. By reason of this recognition, Canada is a member of the Peace Conference and will be a member of the League of Nations.

As a member of the Conference the Canadian plenipotentiaries, it may be assumed, will sign the peace treaty as alone entitled to bind the crown for Canada—an act which will have very important constitutional implications.

Canadian trade interests were protected by direct representations upon all the bodies which had to do with economic matters; upon the Supreme Economic Council which is to control all matters of supply and relief, during the period of reconstruction; and upon the Economic Commission, which is to fix the permanent economic conditions of peace. The duty of protecting Canada's economic interests in these important respects could not be entrusted to outside agencies; had we been content to rely entirely upon the efforts of the British representatives we might have found that despite excellent intentions they had accepted conditions very hampering to our future development as an exporting country.

To put it in the briefest terms, Canada by being represented at Paris has made good her claim to be a nation; had she been content to leave her interests solely in the hands of British representatives she would have conferred herself in fact and in aspiration a colony and nothing else.

Cornering Mr. Cobb

Continued from page 32

"That's a lie," he shouted, springing to his feet. "That's an outrageous, wicked lie. I'm not married, and I'm not Harold Spindler, and I never stole a cent in my life!"

"Oh, what's the use of all this stage-play?" I said quietly. "You know you are cornered, Cobb; you know the game's up; the officers will be here to-morrow with the warrant and extradition papers."

HE uttered a sort of a groan and sank down on the sofa again.

"I am not Harold Whatyd'yercallum," he protested. "I'm not! I'm not!"

"Then kindly condescend to inform us who you are," I said, with all the sarcasm at my command.

"Uncle Hartley, you know yourself his real name is Carlisle," Viola burst out at me in panting resentment. "He was mixed up in the Mexican rebellion —with running guns across the border, and you are horribly unjust and unkind to ——"

"Every word of that is a lie," I interrupted. "Lie on lie, and lie on top of that."

With flashing eyes Viola turned to Cobb for his denial; but all he did was to quail and hang his head.

"It wasn't true," he admitted at last, still unable to meet her championing glance. "I am not named Carlisle and I never saw a Mexican in my life."

I felt sorry for Viola. She reeled as if she had been struck in the face.

"I—I believed in you, Monty," she quavered, "b-b-but I don't know what to think now."

"He's Harold Spindler," I cried. "I know he is Harold Spindler."

"Call me that again and I'll choke you," he snapped at me as if goaded beyond endurance. "I am not Harold Spindler, and to-morrow your officers will look like a pack of fools. The real trouble with me is —— my business. That's what drove me to all these wretched falsehoods, knowing that the truth would cost me the girl I love."

"The truth never could do that," exclaimed Viola passionately. "It's lies that kill love. If you have a spark of manhood in you, tell me your real name."

"It's Montgomery Joyce Cobb," he replied, almost sulkily. "But it's not my name that matters, it is —— my business. I had to hide that."

"If it is honest I don't mind what it is," she said with a suddenly reviving confidence. "I wouldn't care what my husband did as long as he was upright and honorable!"

But Cobb still hesitated.

"I won't tie you to that," he murmured. "It would not be manly or right to hold you to that. Tell me to go —— and I'll go without a word."

"Your business is robbing banks," I shouted.

"For shame, Uncle Hartley!" exclaimed Viola. "Poor Mr. Cobb is going to tell us everything, and then you will feel like going down on your bended knees. I am sure his fault is simply being over-sensitive and over-honorable."

"If I were a starving doctor nobody would ever point a finger at me," Cobb said in a tone of grateful agreement with Viola, to whom he turned as if Kitty and I had ceased to exist. "If I were a shabby, baggy-kneed lawyer or a third class school-master out of a job, I would have a sort of social position if I had nothing else. But because I struck out for myself in a fresh field—made a go of a thing that has always been thought impossible, I am exposed to the cruelest jeers and insults. I have to hide my business as if it were a crime; I daren't mention or allude to it; though I am a college graduate and make twenty thousand dollars a year, people sniff at me and shut their doors in my face."

"For heaven's sake, what is your business?" Viola cried.

"Robbing banks," I interjected.

"This is what I have earned by my superior initiative and enterprise," continued Cobb despairingly. "Viola, I ask you again, can you stoop to marry an — outcast?"

I THINK Viola's pause was more due to dramatic effect than to any real hesitation. It certainly gave a superb value to her avowal when it came.

"Yes, if I loved him," she said.

Instead of brightening at this, Cobb seemed only to grow more woebegone. One could see that he was struggling with that impending revelation; the unsaid words were seeking utterance; suddenly—gaspingly—they were born.

"I raise skunks," he said.

"Skunks?" I exclaimed.

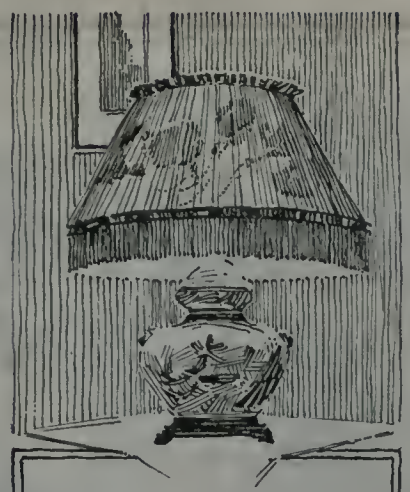
"Skunks?" cried Viola.

"Skunks?" bleated Kitty.

"Yes, skunks," repeated Cobb, almost defiantly. "I am the only successful skunkraiser on the American continent; my skunk farm in New Brunswick is the only place where skunks were ever raised on a large scale in captivity. I am—why should I not claim my unfortunate distinction—I am the Skunk King!"

For a moment we remained spellbound, and then with one common, irresistible impulse we began to laugh as I believe no three people ever laughed before. The relief—the reaction, the awful feeling that we shouldn't—only added to our convulsions of mirth. Viola was the worst of us all; she simply could not control herself; she laughed till the tears came. Meanwhile Cobb sat there scowling, and so injured-looking and humiliated that the sight of him impelled us to fresh outbursts. We knew we were committing an enormity, and the more we knew it the more we laughed.

"You were right not to tell me before," said Viola at last, breathlessly strug-



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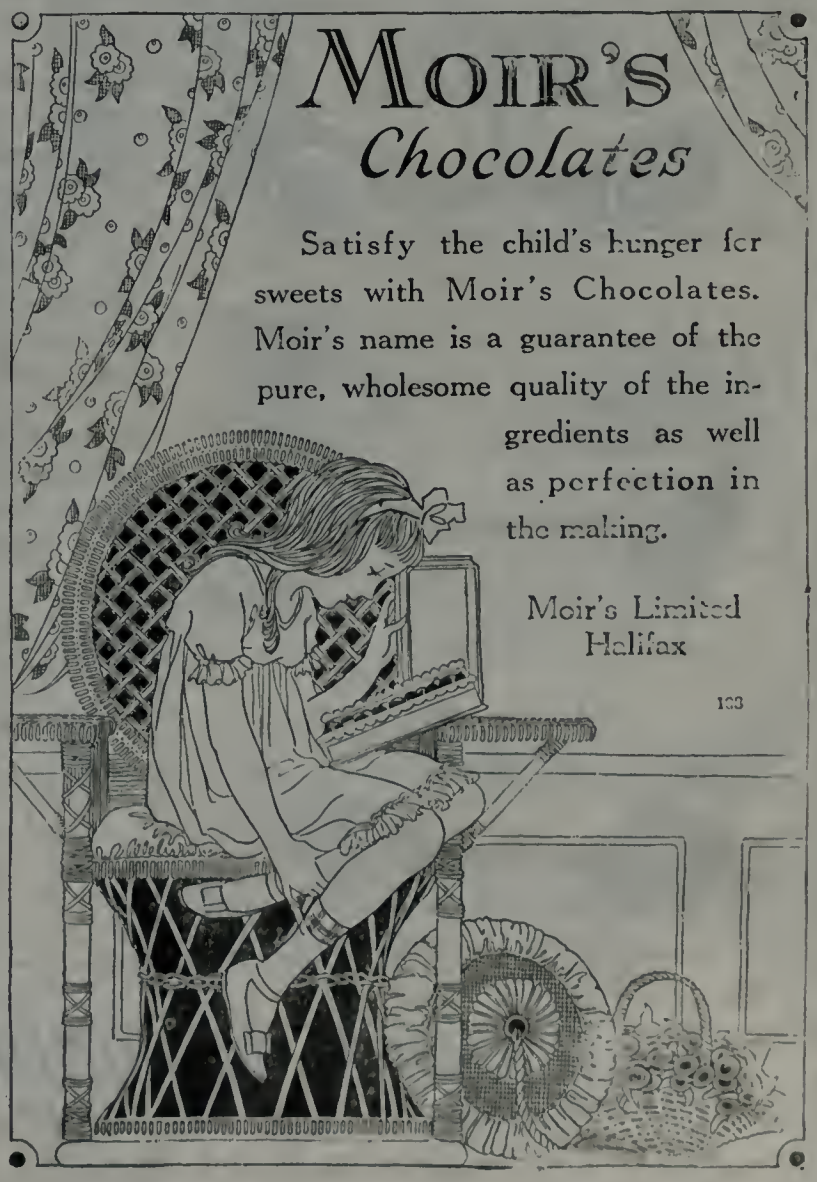

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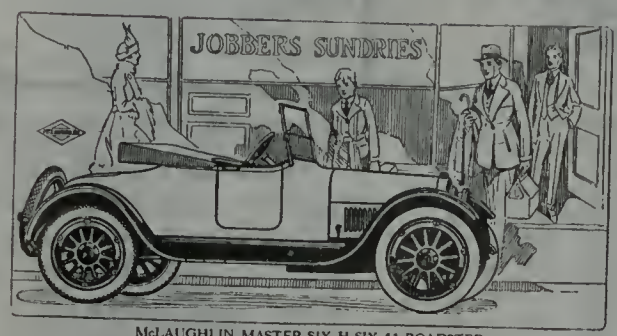

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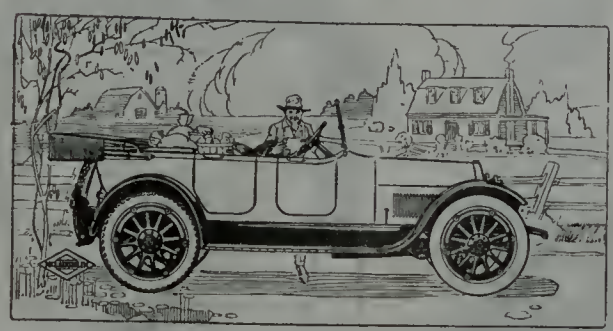
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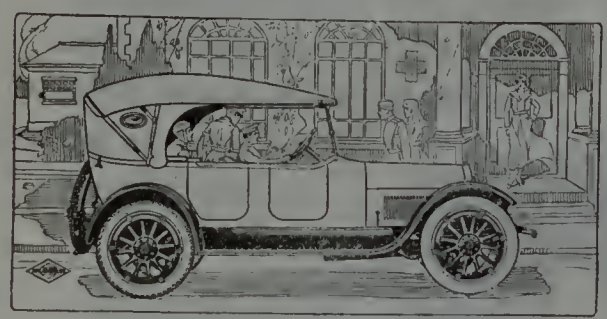
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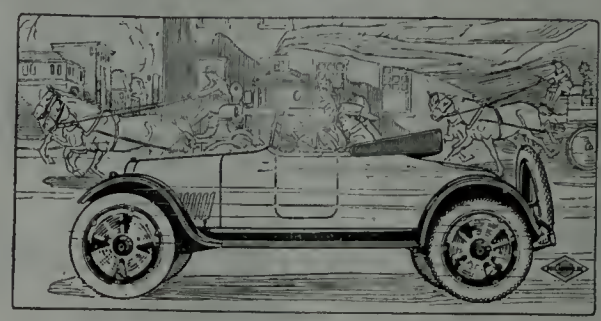
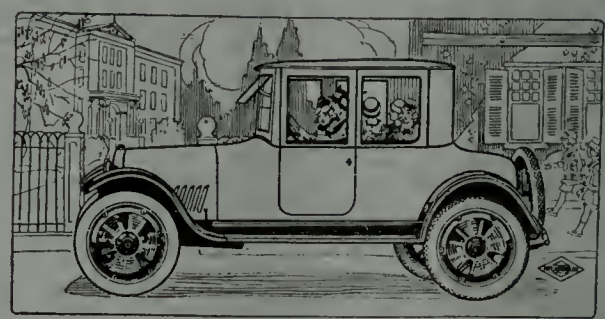
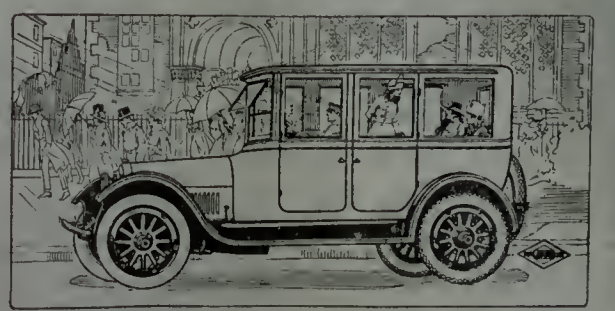

McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX ROADSTER H-6-62


McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX COUPE H-SIX-62

McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX TOURING H-SIX-63

McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX SEDAN H-SIX-63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gling to console the dejected young man. "At the beginning I don't think I could have stood it, Monty. Girls are so silly and high-flown and —"

"But now?" he pleaded, interrupting her with an intensity in his voice that made me feel for him. "Does this let me out, Viola?"

"You darling boy, of course it doesn't," she exclaimed. "I was only laughing because I was so pleased it wasn't worse. Why, we'll go off and raise skunks together, and live happily ever afterward."

Cobb beamed.

"They are the nicest, cleanest, friendliest little creatures in the world," he said enthusiastically. Then, looking at me rather significantly, he added: "In fact, the more I see of people the better I like skunks."

BEFORE I realized what he was doing, he was suddenly emptying all his pockets of letters, bills, memoranda and what not, and accumulated a thick little packet which I was astonished to have passed to me.

"I am no Dr. Cook in this skunk business," he declared. "Read these, and satisfy yourself that I am all right. It is my last five days' correspondence, and there isn't a letter that isn't full of skunk."

"Oh, I am quite reassured about you!" I said, accepting them with some demur. "It is plain as a pike-staff that you aren't Harold Spindler, and these proofs are superfluous."

"Uncle Hartley was only trying to protect me, Monty," said Viola softly, aside to him. "You must not bear him any ill-will. Shake hands with him like a dear fellow, and let by-gones be by-gones."

We did so cordially. It was fine of him after all the things I had said, and my heart went out to him. Then I kissed Viola, and Cobb kissed Kitty, and then I kissed Kitty, and Cobb kissed Viola; and we all glowed and felt very red and self-conscious, as any family always does when emotion has betrayed it out of its usual reserve.

We owed it to Kitty that the ensuing constraint was broken.

"I'll have to change all my ideas about skunks," she remarked naively. "Well, well, to think that we are going to marry into them!"

The Transformation

Continued from page 27

"I add my shiny shoes!"

"*Your*—" but words failed Bertie.

"You won't?" said Alexander with a sweet smile.

"I won't!"

"You 'fraid?"

"I am!"

"You call me coward?" said Alexander to the lady. "Me!" He tapped his chest. "I add silk socks—my pipe—"

Bertie took another drink. His hand shook, so great was his agitation.

"Perhaps I'd better be crawling away," he said weakly.

"Would you leave me?" she said reproachfully. And her eyes added: "Alone with him!"

"But if he should get hold of Pelton first, I shouldn't be able to borrow the car-fare," said Bertie.

"Would you not walk back for my sake if you had to, Bertie?" she asked tenderly.

Alexander suddenly became very attentive.

"I—I—oh, of course," said Bertie huskily.

TO the lady's fascinated gaze, Alexander's shoulders and arms seemed to become more bulgy and muscular. And what did that sudden tightening of his lips portend? "Maybe you won't be able to walk!" This was playing with fire. She was glad of a chance to change the conversation.

"Oh, look who's coming!" she said suddenly, gazing out of the window.

"The bishop, and the curate, and their wives, and a few other ladies!" said Bertie blankly.

"They've heard I've come back and have called to congratulate me!"

"What are you going to do with *him?*" observed Bertie, jerking his finger toward Alexander. "Introduce him as your guest?"

"Why not?" Vivaciously. "Isn't he? Fortunately, he has a foreign name and one overlooks a good deal in a foreigner. Little crudities of conversation, for example!"

"Oh, I can just hear his light and merry persiflage!" said Bertie with a guffaw. "And I bet he'll hit the bishop for a fiver the first thing. Or pre-empt his gaiters!"

Alexander listened patiently. His was the aspect of a man who was biding his time. Her ladyship skated on thin ice; she knew it, but what matter?

"Come," she said in her ordinary society tone, and they went.

NOTHING especially out of the ordinary happened. Alexander kept an eye on Bertie and did about what he did. The lady had been surprised when Alexander had acquired proficiency in tableware prestidigitation. Now she was doubly surprised when she saw how he picked up drawing-room manners by watching Bertie. He didn't fall over the ladies' feet nor step on their toes. He didn't spill tea down any one's neck or drop his bread-and-butter on the floor, butter-side down, and pick it up again and eat it.

In a word, he committed no *faux pas*. Instead, he seemed quite popular. The gushers, old and young alike, were attracted by his stunning masculine beauty. He talked, too. Or at least he seemed to be moving his lips when her ladyship looked his way. Her ladyship did not have time to observe very particularly; she, herself, was kept rather busy dealing in vague generalities concerning her recent experiences. Incidentally, she imparted very little real information. But what about Alexander in this respect? How much was he telling? Of course, the world would have to know, sometime, what now she was keeping secret, but she wanted to talk things over with her uncle, the lord high chancellor, first!

She wanted to be advised what to do about Alexander, or with him, and who could advise better than a lord high chancellor? With his stupendous accumulated wisdom and knowledge! She wondered what would Alexander do, coping with a lord high chancellor? How his assurance would fall from him!

Her ladyship had laid all her plans. She had found time to send a little telegram that would bring results soon. Of course, after the lord high chancellor had blasted Alexander with all the power of his judicial might and reduced him to mere nothingness, her ladyship would plead for him. And—well, *then* she would be rather nice to him!

ALL this passed through her mind while chatting gaily, and telling all (nothing!) about her recent experiences. But her ladyship could tell nothing with greater charm than most people can tell a great deal. She possessed the art of making her nothings pass for a great deal, while most people's great deal passes for nothing. It wasn't necessary to remember what her ladyship said; in fact, it was rather impossible. As well try to put sunbeams or rainbows in cold storage! You can't can the diaphanous, or preserve such airy effervescence in mental fruit jars for future reference.

Guests come; guests go!

"What a singularly intelligent man Mr." — mentioning Alexander—"is," said the bishop's lady before departing.

"Do you find him so?" said her ladyship, in a funny tone.

"So well-versed in theology!" Enthusiastically.

Now the good woman liked to talk theology.

"We agree perfectly," said the bishop's wife.

"I suppose," thought her ladyship, "Alexander nodded his head, not knowing what else to do!" But what she said was:

"Oh, yes; he's a wonderful authority!"

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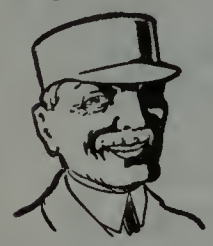

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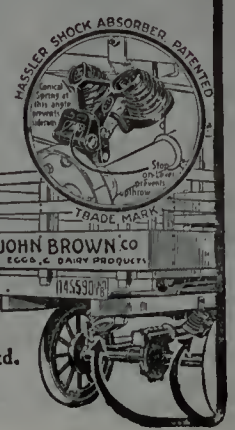

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"I wish he'd come over some time and talk to the bishop!"

"I am sure he would be delighted," said the lady, with another funny look. Fancy Alexander taking a dish of tea with the bishop and talking theology!

"What a delightful man, Mr."— mentioning Alexander—"is," said a lady who had been called upon to sing a ballad. "He just knows everything about music!"

"Everything?" said her ladyship, with another funny look.

"Well, almost everything! For example, we agree perfectly on tonal effects."

"I'm sure you would do very well singing duets," said her ladyship.

"Oh, will you lend him to me?" Enthusiastically.

"Reluctantly! For the sake of art!" Think of Alexander singing half a duet!

"Art!" murmured a third. "My dear Lady Langlenshire, I congratulate you on your charming guest. One seldom meets a man so well posted. Post-impressionism and all that! We were quite one, in thinking—"

THEY all went, at last. Her ladyship looked at Alexander.

"*You* were quite eclipsed, Bertie!"

Bertie looked sulky.

"Bally lot of gushers!" he said.

"Oh, no! Just ordinary people! But don't feel badly. He almost eclipsed me."

Bertie eyed Alexander with supreme disfavor.

"I wonder," said the lady, "if he will eclipse the lord high chancellor?"

"Bally nerve, I call it!" said Bertie ill-humoredly.

"Oh, no," said her ladyship. "It only proves an old proverb."

"What's that?"

"Silence is golden."

CHAPTER XX

The Lady on Her Mettle

"BUT pride sometimes has a fall," said the lady, thinking of the lord high chancellor.

"I don't fall down," said Alexander confidently.

"No?" purred the lady sweetly.

"No," said Alexander, drawing himself up like a conqueror and eying Bertie. "When I want something"—looking at her ladyship— "I sweep it" —looking at Bertie—"aside!"

"Isn't he delicious?" purred the lady. "'Something!' 'It!' Neuter gender!"

"I don't know what the bally deuce he's talking about," said Bertie.

"We are slightly at cross-purposes, that is all. He was thinking of 'something' and 'it,' and I was thinking of something else! But what right have we to think? Three people have vouched for his super-cleverness. Connoisseur, judge, arbiter-elegantarium!"

"Dick Turpin, or Jesse James, I should call him," said Bertie.

"A master of music, art, theology!" mused the lady. "No one ever told me you knew everything, Bertie!"

"Did they say that about him?"

"Three people! All authorities in their respective lines!"

Alexander drew himself up. "I show them," he said proudly.

"I suppose," said the lady, "you think you know more than they do?"

"Sure," said Alexander. "Only I no tell them that." Shrewdly.

"What frightful artfulness!" said the lady. "I know of but one person in the world wise enough to cope with him."

"The lord high chancellor has come, your ladyship," said Pelton, at that moment entering the room.

"How apropos!" cried her ladyship. "You will entertain him, Bertie?" indicating Alexander. "I have matters to discuss with my uncle."

"Well, he's got my shirt, my pipe, my boots, my clothes and my money," said Bertie, eying Alexander. "Yes; I think I can entertain him now with tolerable safety."

"I'm sure of it!" gurgled the lady, and floated out of the room.

FOR a moment the two men eyed each other.

"Have a cigarette," said Bertie ironically, tendering his case.

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"Thanks!" said Alexander, and took one. Then he looked at the case Bertie had, inadvertently, handed to him. "Nice case!"

"Eh?" Bertie started.

Alexander made as if to hand it back, but his gaze was wistful.

"Keep it," said Bertie. "You've got everything else! Forgot I had this! I apologize!"

"That's all right!" Complacently. "Maybe I get a better one some time! This all right for now!"

"You take such a load from my mind," said Bertie. "So glad you may find it of service temporarily!"

"Have a match!" said Alexander. And handed Bertie one.

"Thanks!" said Bertie. "Thanks so much!"

"Eh? It go out? Have another!"

Bertie took it. "Don't overwhelm me," he said.

"You think you marry her?" said Alexander nonchalantly, nodding toward the door through which her ladyship had passed.

Bertie turned red. "None of your d—" He checked himself. "What business is it of yours?"

"H'um!" Alexander didn't commit himself but studied Bertie. "You no want to talk about her?" Shrewdly.

"I certainly don't!" snapped Bertie. He was about to add, with a sneer: "With a porter, even if he is privileged!" But he didn't! Bertie had reasons for not wanting to quarrel about her ladyship or to pose as her champion.

"Very fine woman!" said Alexander, his glance like an eagle's, bent on Bertie.

"That's neither here nor there," said Bertie curtly. Did the fellow wish to force him into that champion-role?

"You think so?" pursued Alexander with burning gaze.

"I don't think!"

"I see! I have eyes," continued Alexander. "Out there!" He meant in Lovers' Lane.

BERTIE, enraged, felt himself getting deeper in the toils. But how could he give way to that overwhelming anger? He *had* been indiscreet.

"What she tell you, eh?" said Alexander.

Bertie wanted to strangle him but refrained. "Can't we find some more interesting topic of conversation?" he observed desperately. "No, no; I don't mean that! Her ladyship is always interesting, of course! More—more profitable topic, was probably what I meant to say!"

"Profitable?" said Alexander. "You mean you play billiards?"

"Anything!" With a groan.

"My dress-suit, the shiny shoes, the sixteen gold birds, against your note for twenty-five?"

"Anything," repeated Bertie, and followed Alexander.

HER ladyship greeted her uncle affectionately.

"When did you arrive, my dear? Yesterday! And didn't let me know until to-day?"

"Well, you see, I wanted time to recover myself."

"Yes? You have, no doubt, experienced many vicissitudes. We have worried about you. But where did you land? Folkestone?"

"No; on the beach, below!"

"Bless my soul! How?"

Her ladyship unfolded the entire story. The lord high chancellor listened without comment.

"And now, what do you think of it?" said the lady, when at last she had concluded.

"Bless my soul!" said the lord high chancellor.

"Is that all?"

"All," he answered.

The lady waved her hands despairingly. 'And I looked to you!" she said reproachfully.

"I am afraid you overestimate my poor talents, my dear child," said the chancellor humbly. "Only a brain that involved you in such a quagmire could extract you therefrom!"

"You mean you desert me?"

"On the contrary! In nautical phraseology, I feel it my duty to stand by."

"That's all right, then," said her ladyship in livelier accents. "When people talk about high respectability, or duty, I feel safer. Now, I am positive it will come out all right!"

"And I, my dear child"—in the same humble tones—"would sooner trust your intuition than my wisdom."

"Is that what you call 'standing by'? It sounds to me more like evasion," said the lady.

"Watchful waiting, my dear," corrected the lord high chancellor. "Wisdom waiting on intuition!"

"Wisdom shouldn't wait. I want to be guided by your wisdom."

"This matter is not one to be settled in a second. It may take years."

"Years!" said her ladyship blankly. "I don't understand. Of course, there is only one thing to do."

"You mean to hale him into the courts and toss him out of the window, neck and breeches? Good! Now we are getting practical, at last."

"But," said the lady, "I don't want him *tossed* out!"

"How then?"

"Could you not accomplish the same result more—decorously?"

"Fudge! A common porter!"

"AN uncommon one!" said the lady. "He has certain unusual traits."

"So I gathered when you were telling me the story!"

"Let us be just! It was I who asked him to marry me!"

"And he did—for a consideration? Ahem!"

"But didn't he nearly lose his life on my account? And didn't he save mine? And bring me ashore like—like Neptune bearing Aphrodite?"

"So you have informed me before!" Dryly.

"I could only think of some fabulous water-god!"

"A common porter; a water-god!"

"But he isn't a common—"

"More repeating."

"He keeps getting less and less common all the time! He has a marvelous gift of mimicry. He learned what knives and forks to use almost at once by watching me, and what to do in a drawing-room by watching Bertie. He has become a marvel of grace; he even overshadows me."

"Dear me!"

"In the conversational art, though, he only says: 'Yes' and 'No'!"

"Ha!" said the lord high chancellor.

"He is terribly artful. He deceives people. He makes them think he is gifted with wonderful knowledge by just sitting still and looking wise."

"A good many of us do that," said her uncle. "I have myself, on occasions, resorted to the subterfuge."

"Well, at any rate, people go away singing his praises. And that isn't the worst! He has a frightful cupidity. He has all Bertie's clothes, and his pipe, and his money, and, I am not sure, he is not planning to take his life."

"Bless my soul!" said the lord high chancellor.

"In fact, he may, already, have taken it!"

"God bless—"

"And all this happening in a highly respectable community!"

"A good deal might happen in any community, my dear, where you are!" said the lord high chancellor. "But you spoke of Bertie Brindleton? Is that honorable young gentleman here?"

"He is!"

"Then you've heard about his marriage—"

"His *what?*—Oh, yes!" In light fluty tones. "Bertie was telling me *all* about it! *Whom* did he marry?"

Again the chancellor stared. "Tossie Tiddles! Gayety girl! She got him in her toils shortly after you left!"

"Of course! Though that isn't exactly the way Bertie put it to me," remarked her ladyship.

"Naturally not! I suppose Bertie thinks he got her in his toils?"

HER ladyship began to laugh. "Poor Bertie!" And then: "Do me a favor!"

"A million!" Gallantly.

"Do not let Bertie know I—I am married!"

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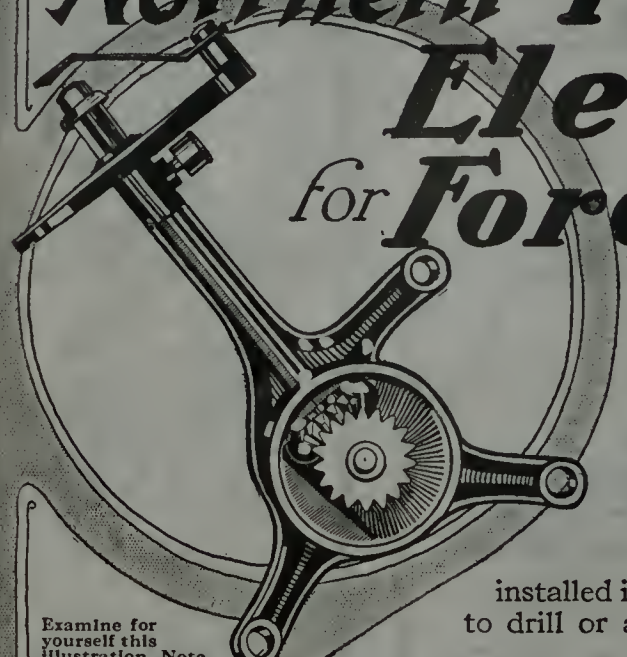

Examine for yourself this illustration. Note its simplicity and sturdy construction.

is a valuable but inexpensive accessory that will save you time, trouble and money.

Northern Timer Elevator attachment is a boon to all Ford owners because it is the solution to 90% ignition troubles traceable to the Timer, and because it can be installed in less than 30 minutes—no holes to drill or any alterations to make.

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—Away from Mud and Oil

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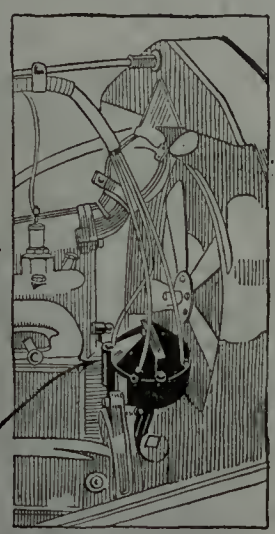
The Northern Elevator brings the Timer well up to a more convenient and easily accessible position—away from exposure to dampness, mud, grit and oil.



The Indicator shows how the Northern Elevator and Timer looks when installed

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"Why not? You do not seem dreadfully worried about it?" Ironically.

"I? Oh, no! It's Bertie who's worried, and I want him to be!"

"I understand perfectly," said the chancellor, not understanding at all.

"You see, I want Bertie to leave thinking I am heart-and-fancy free!"

"But suppose he elects to remain?"

"He can't. He hasn't any clothes. His garments are already occupied. He hasn't even a clean collar."

"Bless my— But who?"

"Alexander!"

"And when am I to have the privilege of gazing on this interesting gentleman?"

"Now! And, uncle, you may go as far as you please!"

"Divorce?"

Her ladyship caught her breath. Then the spirit of the Langlenshires looked out of her eyes. "Why—why, what alternative could there be?"

CHAPTER XXI
Words of Wisdom

"WHAT! In the billiard-room again?" said her ladyship.

Bertie put down his cue hastily. "So glad you've come!"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"He's won a fifty-pound note, and was just proposing to make it a hundred."

"Why, Alexander!" said the lady, shaking reprovingly her fair head.

"Before that, he got my cigarette case!"

"Bless my soul!" said the lord high chancellor, buttoning his frock coat and folding his arms over his pocketbook.

"Isn't he wonderful, uncle?" said the lady, indicating Alexander.

"I quite agree with you, my child. But won't you present me to this gentleman of so many and diversified accomplishments?"

The lady did, introducing the lord high chancellor by all his titles. The chancellor greeted Alexander with all the grace of the old school, but Alexander did not appear abashed. He was imitating the lord high chancellor's manner now.

"Isn't he wonderful?" said the lady again. Here was Alexander, a gentleman of the old school!

BUT the chancellor did not answer. He was regarding Alexander with considerable earnestness and attention.

"You will excuse me, please," here Bertie put in hastily. "Got just time to catch my train!"

"Must you go?" said the lady, with a trace of emotion. "And when shall I see you again? To-morrow perhaps?"

Bertie mentioned something about telegraphing.

"Very well," said the lady. "And that little matter—please do not speak of it!"

"I won't," mumbled Bertie.

She went with him as far as the door.

"In about a week!" she murmured.

"What?" said Bertie miserably.

"You may tell every one."

"Great!" In a hollow voice.

"I wish now I had *let* you!" she whispered, just outside the door. "Down in Lovers' Lane, you know!"

"Got to go!" said Bertie hoarsely.

"To-morrow, then, or next day?" She held out her hand.

"I'll telegraph," he repeated nervously.

"Are you happy?"

"In—in the seventh heaven!" lied Bertie, like a gentleman.

She thrilled with a happy laugh. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" lied Bertie again. The worst was, she looked so beautiful and tantalizing and altogether alluring, his heart was going thump-thump!

"If only you didn't have to go so soon!" said the lady. "What *am* I saying?"

"Good-by!" whispered Bertie wildly, Heavens! how she loved him! he fled.

THE lady went back into the billiard-room where Alexander was toying with the balls, and the lord high chancellor was watching him.

"Did he offer to play you a match?" said the lady to her uncle.

"He did, my dear."
"And you declined?"
"Regretfully."
"Oh, Alexander," breathed the lady, "is there no limit to your propensities to acquire other people's possessions?"
"I play fair," said Alexander with a sweet smile.
"Granted! But is it a clean-cut sporting proposition?"
"I no cheat," said Alexander.
"Oh, uncle, you put it to him!" she implored. "If we don't curb Alexander's sporting proclivities, what will become of our guests? Would we not soon find ourselves shunned—isolated by society?"
"There *is* an alternative!"
"You no want me to play billiards, eh?" said Alexander. "All right! I won't. I play bridge, instead!"
"No, you won't." said the lady quickly. "You'd soon have all the money in the kingdom!"
"*Can* you play bridge?" said the chancellor, studying him.
"I learn soon. I learn games mighty easy! I hear it bully good game for country-houses. I do very well!"
"I'm sure of it," said the lady.
"Is not money good?" said Alexander simply.
"What are you going to do with a man like that?" said the lady despairingly to her uncle.
"He should do very well in London. His talents are lost down here."
"In the city!" said the lady enthusiastically. "He would soon own the Bank of England."
"How would you like to migrate to town, Alexander?" said the lord high chancellor. "To pack your things now and go back with me?"
Her ladyship started.
"Pack my things!" repeated Alexander.
"Or Bertie Brindleton's! Ha! ha! Think what a good joke it would be on Bertie!"

BUT somehow Alexander did not seem to see the joke.
"You want to take me away from here?"
"I do."
"For good?"
"You mean forever? Of course!"
Her ladyship turned her head. It was too absurd! Whence this sudden little thrill of emotion? Engendered by the novelty of the situation, no doubt!
"From her?" went on Alexander.
"Of course!"
"I don't see her any more?"
"Naturally not!"
Alexander pondered. "I go away; I never come back; I never see her?" he repeated, as if to make sure that he got it all clearly defined in his brain.
"That is a summary of what I have already informed you," said the chancellor.
"You mean she never come to me?"
"Naturally, if you never see her more!" said the chancellor patiently.
"She forget me?"
"I trust so! Proper thing to do!"
"You want me to go?" said Alexander to the lady.
"You—you don't think it could be otherwise, do you?" she answered, but her voice had an artificial inflection.
"I never see you?"
"Naturally," she said.
"And you never see me?"
"Naturally!"

ALEXANDER looked at her. "You no speak in *your* voice. You speak in his."
"Not at all!" said the chancellor hastily. "I am but 'standing by.' The lady is capable of speaking her own mind."
"If those your words," said Alexander to the lady, "you come out in garden, alone with me, to say them!"
A red spot appeared on the lady's cheek. Heavens! Alexander appeared handsome at that moment. As he thus challenged her he looked like an aggrieved Greek god.
"No, no," she said. "I—I wouldn't trust myself alone with him. Not for worlds!"
The lord high chancellor looked from one to the other. "You fear he may do you an injury, my dear?"
"Can you ask? Look at him!"
Alexander did not look as fierce as

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might have been expected. In fact, his eyes were almost tender; deeply introspective!

"He doesn't look exactly ferocious to me," observed the chancellor.

"It's—it's his artfulness! He wouldn't let you see!"

"I won't touch her with a little finger," observed Alexander. "I promise only to use words!"

"No, no; it wouldn't do at all!" said the lady quickly. "I—I am afraid of him!"

Alexander folded his arms. "I—I ever give you cause to be afraid of me?"

"Well, you're very big!"

"A fault of nature, my dear!" interposed the chancellor justly.

"And very strong!"

ALEXANDER smiled. There was sadness in his smile. "Did I ever beat you?"

"I will confess," said the lady, "you have spared me—so far!"

Alexander looked at her. The domineering eyes were soulful; they sent little thrills into her.

"I promise to strike you—*never!*" he said. "Nothing like that! Something—different!"

The lady shrank back in her chair.

"Say something!" she gasped to the chancellor.

The chancellor said something quickly—in some language she did not understand. Alexander, wheeling, responded in the same language.

"I thought so," said the lord high chancellor.

A whimsical smile swept Alexander's lips. He stood, leaning forward a little, his head slightly down-bent.

"What was that you said?" asked the lady. "Let Alexander tell you," said the lord high chancellor, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXII

"AND now," said the lady, facing Alexander.

Alexander, for one so handsome, looked sheepish. "I'm sorry," he said.

"About what?"

"He spoke when he did!"

"And why should you be sorry?" she demanded.

"Because I thought I was beginning to 'get on'!"

"Get on? What do you mean?"

"With you!" Humbly.

"You thought that? You dared think that?" This porter—

"I dared," he said in a low tone. She didn't quite recognize that tone. It was different—something new!

"Yes, I'm sorry," he repeated, "and yet, I'm glad."

"About what?"

"That you didn't actually kick me out! Though you would have been justified!"

Whence came these finely modulated tones?

"You still seem very presuming!"

"I wouldn't be," said Alexander. "It is my heart's desire to lay my life's service at your feet."

"Say that again!" cried the lady, standing in a daze.

"And every service I shall count as a sweetest boon!"

WHAT music was this? Alexander's voice had lost all harshness and stridency. His tones were deep and mellifluous. So the surf might murmur on the shore.

"I hear," said the lady, as one trying to catch a new song, "but I do not seem to understand."

"Do you not see, it is my heart that I am laying at your feet?"

"Your heart?" The lady felt her own move. "What heart? How do I know you have a heart? I seem to have stepped from somewhere, into somewhere else."

"Step into my life," said Alexander in booming tones, "forever! And I will build there a shrine for you!"

"Very pretty! Only more inexplicable!"

"No more so than sunlight, birds' songs, the joy of life, the ecstasy of another's presence!"

"Ecstasy?"

"For me!"

"A poet?" Staring at him.

"Not I! Love speaks."

"Love!—a monster!"

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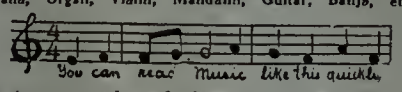

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"Love, a cooing dove!" murmured the big Alexander insidiously. "Love, as gentle as the summer breeze that hardly dares to kiss the rose!"

"Eh?" said the lady.

"Love as humble as the brook that washes at the feet of lilies, on the woodland bank!"

BUT Alexander was not done. Like Orlando, he seemed to be able to go on forever.

"And yet love"—swelling his chest—"as aspiring as the cloud that dares to float before the refulgent and beneficent orb of day!"

"Charming!" murmured the lady. "And all the while I was apprehensive you were going to woo me with a club!"

"Do you fear to step out into the garden with me now?"

"I am quite sure my uncle would not have left me here with you, alone, had he not felt I would be perfectly safe in your company."

"Safe?" His eyes glowed. "With me? Why, I would hold you against the world."

"Would you? That sounds reassuring."

Alexander put out a big hand and just touched the golden hair. His fingers, for all his air of big assurance, were uncertain as if he were caressing the air. "Come!" he said.

"Well?"—After all, it was the lord high chancellor's fault. They stepped outdoors.

Miss Handsaw saw them and started to follow—at a discreet distance. Alexander stopped. Her ladyship looked at him, almost timidly. Alexander seemed to have usurped all authority.

"Yeu are discharged," he said, frowning at Miss Handsaw.

"I takes my orders from her," said Miss Handsaw.

"It's quite all right," said her ladyship hastily.

"*Indeed!*" said Miss Handsaw. "Was I 'ired by 'im?"

"No; only fired by him!" said Alexander. "Ha, ha!"

"Just his playful ways!" said her ladyship hastily. "You are to go. But you will be sent a month's wages."

"I'll go," said Miss Handsaw ominously. "And it's not for me to say what people will be saying!"

"Tell them," said Alexander, "there are hearts that say: 'Boo!' and likewise: 'Pooh!' to 'igh respectability! Tell them we are free as eagles that soar above mountain-tops!"

"Lor'!"

"Is it wise?" said her ladyship musingly.

"What?" said Alexander.

"Thus to cast all conventions to the winds!"

"If you're arsking me?" began Miss Handsaw.

"She isn't," said Alexander promptly.

Miss Handsaw looked like a hatchet—all edge.

"Ha, ha!" laughed her ladyship nervously. "Just his playful—"

"Plyeful?" The edges of Miss Handsaw's lips curled.

"Tell them we snap our fingers at high respectability," repeated Alexander.

"Just like MacDuffy!" murmured her ladyship. "Who says bishops is humbugs!"

"That we live our own lives!" went on Alexander.

"You might add, however," said her ladyship, "this gentleman is my husband."

"Oh!" said Miss Handsaw, disappointed.

"To 'Boo!' and 'Pooh!' I will now add: 'Shoo'!" said Alexander.

AND with such a sudden gesture that Miss Handsaw flew!

"Oh, oh!" said her ladyship, laughing. "Where am I? Or where are we? And, somehow, I seem to have thrown my cap over the windmill. I don't seem to know any of the whys and wherefores, or to care much!"

"That's as it should be," said Alexander, as Miss Handsaw vanished from sight like a startled exclamation point. "Do the leaves question the night-wind that causes them to rustle? Do the leaping waves make inquiry of the moonbeams? Does the nightingale say to the rose: 'Wh' do I sing?'"

"Go on," said the lady. "You are a kind of a magical porter, I suppose—like the one in the *Arabian Nights*. And you talk like a volume of poetry to preserve the unities—poetic justice, or something like that! I am a little mixed up on these ethical questions."

"What do they matter?" said Alexander vigorously. "I am yours; you are mine! What else is there to say? What else possibly could be said?"

"Nothing, I suppose," said the lady humbly, falling in with this grand and exalted idea. "Unless one did, or might, confess to a little curiosity?"

"Huh!" said Alexander. She tried to bear up beneath his lofty glance. "You mean, what did your uncle say?"

"Yes. I could see that he knew you, the way he looked at you from the first! It caused me to wonder. Why should he have known you?"

Alexander looked around. Was he seeking to evade her? "It was here I saw you and *another*—"

She waved her hand airily. "Absolutely nothing!" she said. "Only to punish him!"

"Punish?" One could see Alexander thought that an odd way to punish—

"Yes, I wished to make him suffer!"

"For an impertinence?" A little of the old rumbling Alexander!

"For conceit!"

"You led him to do that?" Was this fire in his eye?

"Because it was the last thing he wanted to do!" her ladyship found herself saying hastily.

"Explain!"

"Is that a command?"

"A petition!"

"Oh!" Suspiciously.

"A humble petition!"

She explained.

"Ha, ha!" said Alexander.

"A rude and boisterous laugh for a poet!" she observed.

"Oh, I'm laughing like a man!"

"I had quite a bit of you as a man," said the lady. "Be a poet once more!"

ALEXANDER touched her lips with his. So a leaf might have swept by.

"Shameless!" said the lady, apostrophizing herself. "And I do not even know who you are!"

"Yet you come to me?"

"I?" His arm encircled but hardly touched.

"You!"

"Madness!" she said. "Also hardly respectable!"

He gathered her to him.

"Shocking!" said the lady.

But her breath came fast, and so the poet really kissed the lady.

"AND now," said the lady breathlessly, "who are you?"

"Your lover."

"Who else?"

"Your husband."

"Who else?"

"You called me a—a water-imp once!"

"Imp?" she said scornfully. But never mind!"

"Maybe it was Neptune?"

"That's all very well, as far as it goes," said the lady. "But it doesn't go very far. And don't you think I've been rather patient to permit you to proceed thus far without—"

"Must we disturb the dream?" murmured Alexander.

"Would you force me to go to my uncle and say: 'Who is this man who has—has grabbed my heart, and is squeezing the same in his big fist?'"

"Do you think *that* adequately expresses—" he began with large indignation.

"How would you put it?"

"Who is this man—" began Alexander. "This man"—looking at her—"who has cast his—his whole heart at the *earth* at my feet?"

"Can it be?" she asked. "You—you who laughed—and jested and smiled—and seemed so—well, so utterly oblivious to the torturing flames of love?"

Was she laughing? Alexander's eyes flamed. "There are flames within the earth, even beneath the snows," he said. "Cold flint has sparks, yet you must strike it right to find them."

"What's that to do with who you are?" she countered.

"What matters the worldly tabulation?" he rumbled.

"It helps," said the lady. "For ex-

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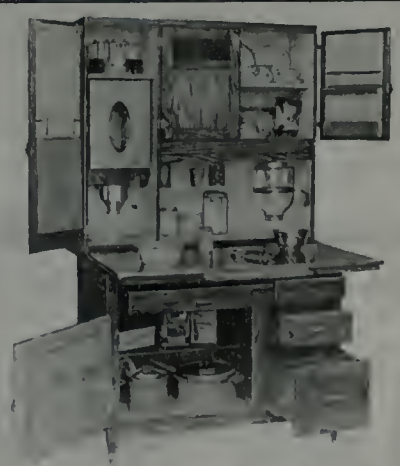

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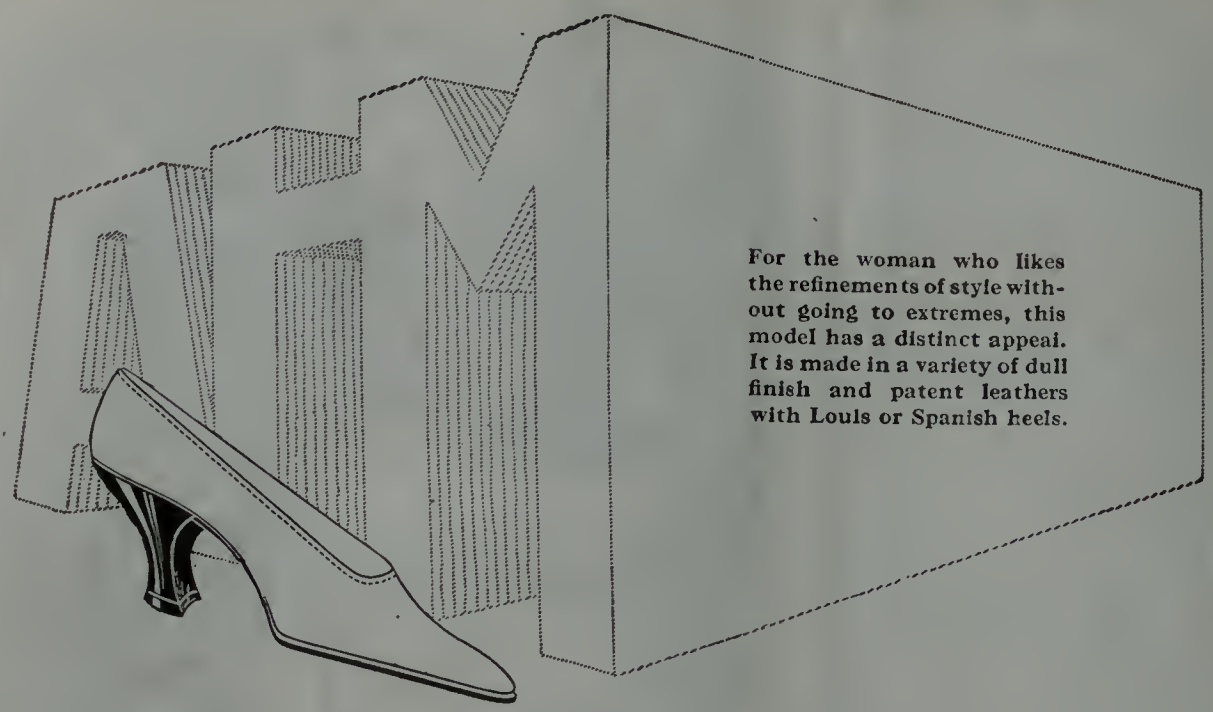

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ample, if you got lost, it would help to find you."

"That's so," he said. There was a reason why people should be tabulated with names and labeled with addresses like merchandise. A good reason! So if they got lost— He had never thought of that before. Clever! He devoured her with his eyes.

LIKEWISE he touched her hand tenderly to his lips. The lady half-closed her eyes; for the moment she forgot curiosity. Idly drifting! What could be pleasanter? A dream for a day! Or a few minutes! A leaf fell to her lap as she sat on the marble bench; she took it in her fingers and touched her lips with it. Even nature seemed sympathetic. Alexander took the leaf and pressed his lips where hers had touched it. Then he put it in his pocket—left side.

"A solicitous little leaf!" said the lady.

"It got its reward!" said Alexander.

He put her head against his broad shoulder and she let it stay there. A little animal peeked at them; found nothing interesting in the spectacle and went back to its tree. Alexander breathed deeply; likewise, he gazed at the heavens. His broad chest rocked—a cradle for the golden head!

Light laughter awoke him. He started. He was conscious he was holding said head on its resting-place.

"Am I—making myself ridiculous?" he inquired.

"Not at all!" said the lady. "It is all eminently satisfying, only, unfortunately, I have a sense of humor."

"Humor!"

"Pray forgive! And don't think me unfeeling. I couldn't help laughing."

"At such a moment," said Alexander, " a moment divine, you experience only —merriment?"

"Oh, no! And that is why I laughed, I suspect. I felt myself being wafted away—to realms ineffable! I don't know where. Perhaps you can enlighten me?"

"You jest?" The reproach in Alexander's tones was prodigious. "You —cold as ice!"

"No, no! It was just that! I was floating—floating—and I just caught myself in time!" The red lips smiled. "Or rather, that sense of humor caught me!"

"And what did it say to you?"

"It said: 'Whose shoulder is this?' "

"Ha, ha!"

"You see the joke?"

He took her head in his hands.

"Ha, ha! That is funny!" He looked deep into her eyes—laughing eyes! "Love laughs!" he said. "Why shouldn't it? Isn't love happy? 'Whose shoulder?' "

"Well, whose?"

ALEXANDER gazed at her tenderly. "How beautiful you are!"

"Is that an evasion?"

"Eh?"

"Never mind," she said. "What does it matter? Don't tell me! I'm sure it must be quite all right and 'ighly respectable and all that, or my uncle would not have turned me over to your tender mercies. But he did take you off your guard, didn't he, when he spoke to you in that language so foreign to my ears?"

"He did," said Alexander.

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'I am glad to meet you again, Prince Milanof!' " said Alexander sheepishly.

"Oh, that's it," said the lady quietly.

"I'm sorry," said Alexander humbly.

"Will that help?" she said more quietly. "Will that bring back my porter?"

"I'm sorry," he repeated more contritely.

"But that doesn't do any good. It—it doesn't restore anything."

"I know," he said. Alexander looked unhappy.

"You might as well explain," said the lady resignedly.

Alexander sighed. "The porter—the *man*—wanted to win you," he said. "I had so much of this prince business. I wanted to forget it."

"Why?"

"I was a follower of Tolstoi and I suspect I made myself what you English

would call a bally nuisance to my Government. But I detested autocratic power. At any rate, I was given my choice between fleeing, and a long, enforced vacation, eastward! I had met your uncle on one or two occasions at the court of Petrograd. He remembered me. As porter, I have since been enabled to serve my Government. You can imagine how? I passed as a Greek. Indeed, I am free to return to my own country now at any time. A portion of my estates have, I believe, been restored, I can go back. But I only want to—as one of the people! The old order is going—so fast—crumbling! Why could they not see?—The new—the people, for the people." He paused. For the moment his vision was bent afar. She, too, was still. Something held her silent. Then near them a bird began to sing and Alexander stirred. His eyes returned to hers. Somehow, the lady felt a different nearness—a larger nearness?—She couldn't define the feeling.

"Listen!"

The birds!

"Fussing in a bush!" laughed the lady. "Well, I have lost my porter. And in his place a poet has foisted himself upon me. I suppose I have no choice but to accept the responsibility!"

"Sadly?" he said.

Her answer was 'ighly unrespectable.

"Gladly!" her lips said on his.

THE lord high chancellor watched them return.

"All right?" he said.

"Quite," said the lady.

"Fine," said Alexander.

"I thought I could trust him to you—I mean, you to him, my dear," observed the lord high chancellor. "The prince is an idealist; you are eminently practical. It should prove an ideal match."

"I trust I shall prove worthy of her," said Alexander humbly.

"I feel my own limitations fearfully," said the lady.

"Do you?" said the chancellor in an odd tone. "How about that, Alexander?"

"Does one ask the sweetest perfume to be sweeter? Does one say to the sunlight, 'Why aren't you brighter?'" Alexander frowned. "As well criticize the music of the spheres!"

"Should I keep him or not, uncle?"

"Since you ask my advice, after having already concluded what to do, I will state, in my humble opinion, you could not do better."

"Poor Bertie!" said the lady. "I must send him a telegram."

"A telegram?" said the chancellor.

"I don't want him to feel bad any longer. I don't want any one to feel bad."

Alexander said nothing.

"Dinner," said Pelton, looking in at that moment.

"And Alexander not yet dressed in the Honorable Bertie's beautiful evening togs!" said the lady. "Never mind!" And then, as they went in: "Don't pretend!"

"What?" asked Alexander.

"That you don't know without watching me what knives and forks to eat with! Which reminds me: What will the servants say?"

"The servants?" said the lord high chancellor.

"Yes! You see, they appointed themselves my guardians, and the guardians of high English respectability. Very nice of them!"

"Most commendable!" said the chancellor.

"But now, uncle, to relieve their apprehensions, you must explain."

"Gladly! Explaining is one of the greatest privileges of any high office."

"Since Alexander 'shooed' poor Miss Handsaw away, they'll be worrying worse than ever."

"That won't do. Call them in after dinner, Pelton. The explanation, my dear, will be masterly."

AND it was! One or two of the maids almost wept as his lordship chopped off the Finger of Scorn and replaced it with the uplifted Hands of Approval. He smashed the withering blight of doubt and planted a flower in its place. He set said flower in a beautiful garden. Morality was like a modest English garden; no tiger-lilies wanted there!

"Nor 'uman-tigers!" From Pelton, sotto voce.

He eulogized the Committee promulgated for the Uplift of Master and Mistress, and recommended a national organization along these lines, in the event of the creation of which her ladyship would be glad to be a patroness, and he, to serve as a patron.

"I, too," said Alexander modestly.

"You hear the prince?" said the chancellor.

" 'Er ladyship's *'usband!*" From Jane proudly.

"As I've made you extra work," said her ladyship, "you should have extra pay. I'm sure I should pay for having my morals properly guarded!"

"But, your ladyship," stammered Jane, "there wasn't no real need!"

"But there might have been! The fact there was not a real need, and never may be, makes the need of the committee the more imperative. Am I not right?" To the chancellor.

"Absolutely!" Rubbing his nose.

"It is to guard against contingencies!"

"Ten pounds apiece for you from me!" said Alexander.

"And 'im a-wearin' of the Honorable Bertie's clothes!" whispered Pelton to Jane. And then aloud: "Begging your pardon, your 'ighness, but 'ow about MacDuffy? Does that include 'im?"

"As you have to drop an 'H' from 'highness,' Pelton, I would suggest that henceforth you address me as 'Sir.' "

"But—" Dismayed.

"You see, I dropped the 'prince,' myself, some time ago."

"For why?" said the horrified Pelton.

"Bally nuisance!"

"Then her ladyship ayn't a prineess?" murmured the disappointed Jane.

"Don't look so downhearted," spoke up her ladyship. "You see, there are to be no more grand dukes or princes in Russia. So the prince dropped the title—"

"Before it dropped him," said Alexander. 'And most of my estates! Gone, quite properly, too — for cabbage-patches. For one feudal lord, we are to have a thousand Mrs. Wiggses."

"A very common person," said Jane, with a toss of the head. "From h'America!"

"And Russia!" said Alexander. "The Russia of the future! We shall not only have our Mrs. Wiggses, but Mr. Wiggses. too!"

"Thank 'Eaven, this is h'England!" said Pelton. "Where we still 'ave our clawsses and our h'acres—"

"How can I break it to him?" murmured her ladyship. "The truth is, Pelton, I am going to dispose of my superfluous acres—the idle ones, you know—"

"Your ladyship means to sell—"

"No. Give—renounce—*restore*—I am not sure of the proper word—" Turning to the lord high chancellor.

"Don't ask me," said that individual weakly.

Pelton forgot himself. "Great 'Eavens! h'England will be populated by little Wiggses."

"Zee Voltarian idea!" chirped Jacques. "Zee every man with zee every cabbage-patch! Mon Dieu! Zee Mr. Wiggs—he be zee Englishman of zee future—and zee Mrs. Wiggs—she represent zee lovely Mrs. John Bull."

Pelton breathed hard. "Shall you be a-wanting of us, at all? H'after?—"

It wasn't a chaperon her ladyship needed; it was a keeper. Only Alexander's eyes shone with a vast approval.

"Oh, yes. I expect to maintain an establishment. One mustn't become a public-charge, you know."

Pelton groaned. "It h'all comes of your ladyship comin' 'ome, like that!"

"Unconventionally?"

"With one shoe h'on and the other shoe h'off, limpin' from h'anywhere—"

"A-followed by 'im!" said the confused Jane.

"A prince w'ot ayn't a prince!" half-bitterly from Pelton.

"That will do, Pelton. And you may all go. Thank you so much."

"Wishing your ladyship every 'appiness!" murmured Pelton.

"Hear! Hear!" said Tommy.

The others murmured in like vein—then vanished.

"And now," said the lord high chan-

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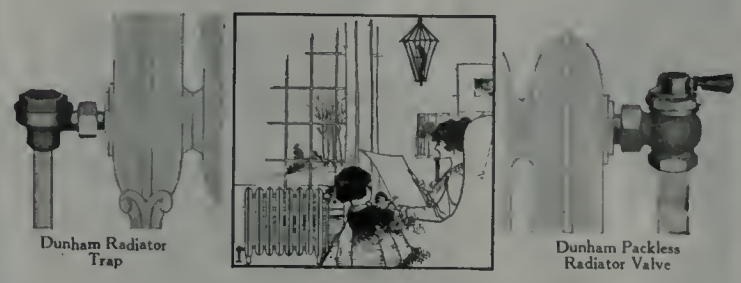

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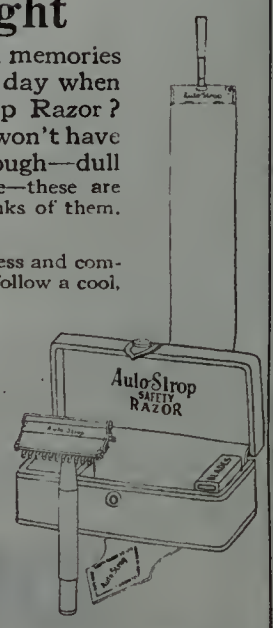

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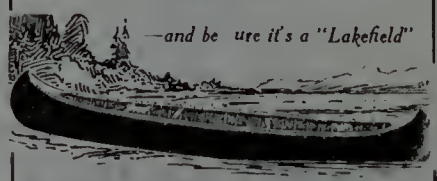

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cellor, simulating an endeavor to conceal a yawn, "have I, likewise, your permission to retire, my dear?"

"But, my dear uncle, we've hardly had time yet to get acquainted, all over again."

"Indeed?" Dryly. "For me, the day has seemed a rather full occasion. Besides, don't you think I deserve a little rest after my oratorical efforts?"

"Go, then!" she said. And he went.

THE lady and Alexander seated themselves in a corner of the great, dimly-lighted hall.

"Who is this MacDuffy, Pelton spoke of?" asked Alexander.

Her ladyship explained—how MacDuffy wouldn't have anything to do with guarding her morals.

"Ha! I must reward him!" said Alexander. "Handsomely!"

"Do you wish my advice?"

"I implore it."

Think of talking together about domestic affairs like that! Alexander settled back with a wondrous sense of domestic felicity.

"I think," said the lady, "you have a misconception of the situation."

"You should know," said Alexander. Words which fell from such softly-curving lips should be respected—nay, reverenced!

"MacDuffy did not refrain from joining the committee because of confidence in any supernatural discretion on my part. He was indifferent. He didn't care. I might have gone to the D. bow-wows, for all of him."

"D. bow-wows," said Alexander, puzzled.

"Same as throwing your cap over the windmill," explained the lady.

"If he didn't care," said Alexander, with a frown, "why should I reward him?"

"Why? Besides, think of the demoralizing effect it would have on the others!"

"Others?"

"Servants!"

"Demoralizing?—oh, of course! It *would* be apt to demoralize them, wouldn't it?" said Alexander, with a funny look.

"Frightfully! One has to be careful. They might all up and leave us."

"*Us!*" Alexander gazed at her. Blissful plural!

"Shall I light your cigarette?" said the lady.

"No. Nothing extraneous!"

"Extraneous?" Lifting her brow.

"Only you!"

The lady's eyes were very bright.

"Are you glad you didn't turn me from the door?" he laughed.

"Don't ask me *what* I'm glad about."

"Ah!" Triumphantly. "What did I tell you? Love doesn't reason."

"It certainly does not," said the lady. "When one feels like ceasing to think, or to have logical sequences of thought — What does it portend? Brainstorm?"

"Heart-storm!" said Alexander.

But it was a very gentle tempest that burst upon her.

THE END

Safe in the Saddle

Continued from page 23

could understand. He had a wit all his own. He was jealous for the honor of his overseas comrades, and served notice that if any more aspersions were thrown around he would make somebody wish he never were born. It was a fighting speech from a fighting man and may be just teeming with possibilities.

The Strength of Crerar

But outside the soldier class, which is evidently going to have amusements all its own, Hon. T. A. Crerar is probably attracting most attention. The Farmer Minister makes a friend of almost everyone he meets. There is a boyish frankness about him that is as unusual, in this political atmosphere, as it is attractive. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux bumped into it rather unexpectedly one night. He was having a lot of fun with the mixed opinions represented in the Union Cabinet, and got quite personal

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with his questions as to what each minister thought of the famous platform of the Council of Agriculture. What did the Minister of Agriculture think of it?

"I pause for an answer," he said.

And he sat down dramatically, feeling that the only answer would be a strained silence. But he didn't know Crerar. With a boyish smile twinkling in his eyes the minister rose.

"Two years ago I helped to draw up that platform," he said quietly. "I thought it was a good thing then. I think so still."

Then he sat down while Mr. Lemieux covered up by declaring that Mr. Crerar should resign from the Cabinet. A few minutes later the Minister, to a group of friends in the corridor, explained: "I couldn't get up in the morning and find the newspapers shouting that I had gone back on my own people."

Hon. James Calder, when he had the same question thrown at him, dodged and ducked in the best political style. And the funny part of it is that the Crerar stock has risen by comparison while Hon. James Calder appears to have suffered. It may all mean that Canada is demanding a new brand of politics in which there will be a larger proportion of frankness and honesty and less of smoothness and political trickery.

As expected, Hon. W. S. Fielding is the man to stand by himself and to whom may flock some of the free traders who cannot find what they want on either side of the House. His speech on the debate was unique. He boxed the political compass and left himself on a little island between the Government and the Opposition. He'll be there when the big Liberal convention meets next summer. If by that time his following has grown to a respectable size who knows but that he may be the Liberal Moses—or at all events have the naming of the man who will lead the Liberal hosts into the promised land?

Organizing for Peace

Continued from page 29

It has been recognized in a thousand different ways by municipal, provincial and Dominion Governments. When the Government concerned evinces any tendency to forget the association or its wants, the G. W. V. A. branch or executive in that locality is not at all backward in calling such omission to its attention with great promptitude.

In many cases legislatures and ministers anticipate the wishes of the soldiers and give more than is asked for. The recent war gratuity is a case in point, a wise move on the part of the Government to tide over a probable period of unemployment in the soldier's life while he is shifting from the army to civilian life. Another case is the measure passed by the Quebec Legislature in February, making it very easy for soldiers to get desirable farm lands in that province. This and much similar legislation has arisen as a direct result of the organized demands of the Great War Veterans.

There is also the Government housing programme. How many people are aware that this is a direct result of G. W. V. A. investigations and recommendations? Fifty-five thousand Canadians have died and more have been badly crippled. They can only be replaced and the average of mentality and physique of the next generation of Canadians be replaced if the standard of living in this country is such that all Canadian children grow up freed from the retarding influences of over-crowding slum conditions in our cities.

To mention just a few other Government programmes which the G.W.V.A. stirred up! There is the post-discharged pay, increased separation allowances, increased pensions, vocational re-education and land settlement.

The acquaintance of Government officials that develops from their contact with the G.W.V.A. officials has led to the Government absorbing many of the latter and placing them in administrative positions, where within the Government they are now approaching these problems from the soldiers' viewpoint. It is the ambition of one wing of the G. W. V. A. to fill all Government posi-

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The many occasions on which chocolates can be served with relish and appreciation make them almost a household necessity.

As delicate, delicious desserts—at afternoon tea—as a relish for luncheon—'mid the family circle in quiet hours—or at late suppers—chocolates may be served with excellent taste and good form.

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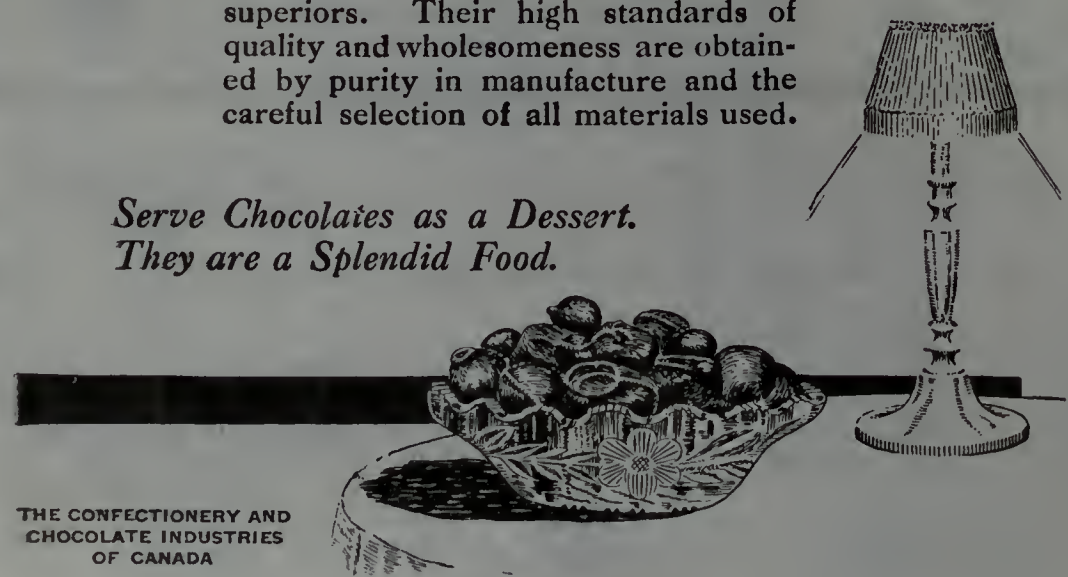

THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

15

tions with returned men. Another wing of the organization is opposed to this policy as being likely to give the returned men sole control of all offices and build up a returned soldier's bureaucracy. The one wing is frankly endeavoring to secure control of all the governmental machinery: the other prefers to share control with all other classes of the community.

The first committee of first-class national importance where representation was secured was the appointment of three G. W. V. A. men on the National Repatriation Committee; one each in Winnipeg, Vancouver and the Maritime Provinces. Now, the Dominion Executive of the association, which sits at Ottawa, is so firmly entrenched that it constitutes an unofficial advisory committee of the Government and maintains a close contact with the Premier, the Cabinet and all other responsible officials and is frequently invited to express the soldiers' views on questions of importance, covering a wide range of effort. In short the Dominion Executive is a sort of super-lobby, but with none of the furtiveness usually associated with lobbyists but on the contrary, inviting the widest possible publicity for all of its demands, secure in the knowledge that the sentiment of the country is behind its membership in all just ones.

So close is the contact of the association with the Government that Cabinet Ministers go out of their way in public speeches to urge business men and the general public to similarly co-operate with and use the veterans' machinery for reconstructive and all other national efforts which would benefit by the tremendous influence the G.W.V.A. exercises.

In Toronto a committee of the Grand Council of the Board of Trade maintains close contact with a G. W. V. A. committee and by means of sub-committees representing each employing class in the city functions to create employment of returned men, the elimination of enemy aliens and the prompt investigation of all soldier complaints.

The Veteran in Politics

IN spite of this relation with the Union Government, the association is not tied to it, indebted to it, committed to it or to any other Government by any promise of political or any other allegiance. The veterans do not feel that they are indebted to any party and object to any hat in hand attitude on the part of their representatives. They say: "These are our rights and the rights of the Canadian people: We respectfully call your attention to this condition of affairs. We suggest that you do so and so."

The G. W. V. A. helped elect the Union Government because it supported the Military Service Act, but there its allegiance ended. In fact, the constitution at present not only forbids its going into politics but prevents even the discussion of them in meeting, as it is felt that until all the Canadian soldiers and nursing sisters have returned, those in Canada now are merely acting as trustees for all and should not commit absent men to any policy, political or otherwise that might not adequately represent their views. For the women who have served are eligible to membership too. The association has made enemies, some powerful ones, as a result of this aloofness and their position has even been misrepresented to their comrades overseas by certain newspapers and officials as a result of this policy but those are the facts.

Numerous branches are beginning to grow restless under this restriction which keeps them out of politics and there is no doubt that in view of the changed situation the decision will be reconsidered at the June convention in Vancouver although the outcome is impossible to foresee. As things stand, the soldiers are free to go to any political party on an equal footing. If they should affiliate with any one, however, their efforts would become more circumscribed and they might become the prey of politicians both within and without their own membership. On the other hand they might adopt the middle course of throwing their support to men, meas-

ures and parties who from time to time seem best to express ther views, shifting such support as occasion warranted and without tying to any one body permanently unless they should decide to create a political party of their own. As things stand it seems that the farmers' party and perhaps even the labor organizations are with the veterans, travelling on roads which converge more and more to one another and that may eventually blend into one strong party. At the moment there are differences and aside from an invitation from the Councils of Agriculture to the Winnipeg G.W.V.A. Branch to co-operate with them, I know of no actual tendency toward any such union but on the contrary do know that the veterans resent the farmers' attitude on conscription, and in hide-bound Toronto, for instance, are opposed to the farmers' free trade tendencies, so that many of them dismiss this probability as unworthy of consideration.

However a scanning of the programmes of the various organizations mentioned will discover the fact that they are all based on the same fundamental consideration, that of labor being much the farthest removed from the soldiers' aspirations, but none the less perhaps representing some of them since most of the soldiers are workers. This fact alone, especially in view of some of the tendencies of modern labor make it highly essential that all good Canadians who are eligible should join the G.W.V.A. so that they may bring to bear on these momentous decisions of the future the unselfishness of a patriotism removed from any thought of benefiting by that class interest which threatens to disrupt the world to-day.

That the returned soldier will be the most powerful factor in the politics of the future goes without saying. His vote will be the vote the politician will most sedulously court. That the bulk of the candidates for office will be returned men in the not far distant future is also to be expected.

But of the part that the organization as an organization will take, it is impossible as yet to say. It will depend on circumstances. We believe it will be a big part.

Helping the Individual

ONE of the most valuable services of the G.W.V.A. has been the shouldering of many responsibilities which the clumsiness of the governmental machinery does not adequately care for even though the impartial observer of to-day must give full credit to the Canadian Government and people for the generosity of their attitude to their returned men. The number of distress cases cared for by the various branches and their ladies' auxiliaries, one of which is attached to each branch, is legion. Claims of widows, orphans and crippled soldiers are constantly being adjusted and in cases where Government action lags, the veterans themselves cheerfully vote money out of their own funds.

Women are particularly good on these cases requiring sympathy and tact and it is hoped that a large accession to the strength of the organization will occur, when many of the women who have been engaged in war work will take as much pride and interest in helping the returned men as they did in knitting socks for them while they were soldiers. Of course, these women are tired of it. Well, so are we, absolutely fed up but we have to knock along and do our whack to turn the right kind of a Canada over to those who follow us. Others did it for us. Will we do less? To any women who seek such an outlet for their patriotic services I would say: "Join the Ladies' Auxiliary of the G. W. V. A. in your town," for membership in that is not necessarily confined to relatives of returned men.

The Men in the Van

THE association has not actually developed any man who can be said to be a leader in Canadian life, yet for the very simple reason that the entire effort of such men as it has actually developed is concentrated on the association itself and not politically or in some other form of public life outside the association. It

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has, however, developed a number of men, some already well-known, others obscure, into leaders within the association, and as such, able to exert a tremendous influence on the trend of all national policies.

Private Peat, the well-known Canadian war lecturer, was a delegate to the first Dominion convention at Winnipeg, in April 1917. He was unknown up to this time and had not had any experience as a speaker, so that the G.W.V.A. can fairly claim to have had its share in developing a man who has done so much to advertise Canada in the States. There were other speakers as good, perhaps better at that convention who devoted themselves to the association, while he, doing no less, worked in another way. The association has and is developing hundreds of excellent speakers in its branch meetings. Men who had not the faintest conception of parliamentary procedure or any equipment as speakers are getting a new insight into Government on the one hand and into their own capabilities as speakers and leaders on the other, becoming articulate for a great stirring mass of citizenship.

There are others less spectacular than Peat. There is Lt.-Col. Purney, an unknown lawyer of Halifax, that spawning ground of lawyers. Now, as President of the Dominion Command, he is nationally known and in a position to influence Government at its source.

There is Captain, the Reverend Jekins, who was, I am told, a good sample of the average Church of England rector. It was the G. W. V. A. that gave him scope for his latent possibilities and now as president of the Brantford, Ontario Branch and also of the Provincial Command, he is a public man of the first importance in his town and province and like many others, is just started. He is a first rate speaker, having lectured in the States with great success, is on the Board of Education of Brantford and was recently elected President of the Chamber of Commerce; a rather variegated career for an Anglican clergyman, but certainly a career that is of inestimable benefit to the life of his community. Under his leadership, his branch has become the most progressive and perhaps the most powerful in Ontario. There is probably no officer or man in Brantford who is eligible who does not belong to it.

The first vice-president of the Dominion Command is Lt.-Col. Wm. Hendrie, a gentleman who is well-known to all lovers of good horses and clean sport throughout the Dominion. He is a brother of Sir John Hendrie, the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and comes from a family so well known throughout Ontario that the presence of one of its members on the Dominion Command of the G.W.V.A. ensures for the G.W.V.A. in the rigid Ontario eyes and mind a degree of respectability which no other human agency could attain. Because Ontario is Ontario.

Then there is Poynton of Belleville, the Ontario representative on the Dominion Command. He is a young lawyer, unknown except in Belleville until this office gave him broader scope and developed him beyond what his own fellow citizens had suspected him capable of. He has developed wonderful powers, especially as an executive man and his presentation of the G.W.V.A. views to the Dominion Cabinet, due to his legal training and his zeal for the returned men, is said by old timers in Ottawa to equal any presentation ever made to that body.

C. J. McNeil, the Dominion Secretary-Treasurer, who camps on the trail of the Government at Ottawa, was not heard of before his activities in the G.W.V.A. in Alberta. He gave up the prospect of a brilliant public life in his native province to shoulder his present onerous duties; which, however, have the compensation of carrying with them a power which premiers might envy.

There is "Bill" Turley, at whom the returned men shout in meetings throughout Ontario: "Hullo, Bill." He was an unknown reporter on the Toronto *Telegram* before the war, had never made a speech in his life and had, as he often emphasizes, once followed the honorable profession of a navvy and is first cousin to a pick. He is now Ontario Provincial Secretary of the association and as an organizer drags a couple of new branches into the G.W.V.A. cave every day or so. He is an eloquent little whirlwind on his feet and is one of the best all-round extemporaneous speakers I have heard on his chosen subject, on which he has the true fanaticism of the idealist he is—the subject of repatriation, of the raising of all Canadian standards and of replacing the loss of life by an improved manhood and childhood by preventive and helpful measures now and forever.

These are all chicks whom the G.W.V.A. has hatched, without however being able to take the credit of such ability as they have. There are thousands like them on the nest and tapping away at their shells. I have only mentioned a few of those I happen to know about and because I live in Ontario I am better informed of events and men here and not able to do full justice to the men in the other provinces. A man just returned from the Pacific Coast says that there is a wonderful feeling all over the country; the G.W.V.A. is leading public sentiment everywhere.

A keen observer said to me the other day: "It is safe to say that the big men of Canada for the next fifty years will be recruited from the G.W.V.A." The loyalty of the ex-soldiers to their military units, their pride in regiment and corps, is now being transferred to the community in which they live; a natural transplantation in which all good citizens should assist, for it is one of the great imponderables of the war, an invisible, silent and powerful moral force, constructive to the highest degree.

CONDEMNATION of the visionary aspirations of soldiers and their sympathizers, laughing at them as wild, Utopian, and foolish, only adds fuel to their consuming fire. Only the acid test of "Is it right?" or "Is it wrong?" goes to-day. An honest and impartial survey of the national situation and an honest effort to improve it is essential, even though much that is dear to all of us in the old life before the war must go, never to reappear again. For the world has so moved in the last four years that we are as far removed in thought from the year 1914 as though a century or more of ordinary time had elapsed, and that man or woman who to-day thinks in terms of 1914 lives in a fool's paradise.

The mere gaining of a military victory did not end the war. Our dead died for a better, greater Canada. The war has driven home into all Canadian hearts the need, the privilege of service. Let us all be soldiers together, fight their fight and assume our full responsibilities as citizens and turn over to their children and ours such a Canada that they will say: "Well done, good and faithful countrymen."

Canadians in Siberia

Continued from page 12

Personally I'll take my chances with the cold." Within the building the air was almost unbreatheable, a sweaty human stench. Without it was bitterly cold; but I agreed with my friend.

Where the Canucks are Quartered

THE troops were glad indeed when they finally reached their quarters, for the cold had become so intense that not even the exertion of marching had served to keep them warm. The first sight of our quarters was very cheering—huge stone barracks that had been erected after the Russo-Japanese war. They were roomy, clean and well lighted. What was more important than all, they were splendidly heated. There were huge furnaces in each barracks, reaching clear to the ceiling and capable of heating the buildings in any weather. As the supply of coal was ample, we were always able to keep comfortably warm when inside.

There were groups of these well-built barracks around the city and vicinity with a total accommodation of 120,000.

We found that everything was in splendid order and that every detail in connection with our occupation of the country had been very carefully systematized. The first intimation we had received of this was when we steamed into the harbor and saw the words *Canadian Ordnance* painted on the "godown." The promise of a carefully co-ordinated system contained in this was amply borne out at every stage.

What They Have Done

THE activities of the Siberian Expeditionary force have been very limited. There has, in fact, been very little to do. The Bolshevik forces have been driven nearly four thousand miles back when we arrived and, as far as I know, our forces have seen little or no actual fighting. A unit of artillery was sent up to support the British force at the "front" before Omsk. Some Canadians were left in Vlady and attached to General Elmsley's headquarters staff there. The bulk of our forces, however, were stationed at East Barracks, four miles outside the city, and at Garvastai Barracks, eight miles out, which are situated on the hills surrounding a bay of the same name. It was from this bay that a Japanese fleet of cruisers shelled Vladivostok during the Russo-Japanese war. The hills are very heavily fortified to prevent any such occurrence again in the future.

At second river, about ten miles from the city, another large Canadian detachment was quartered. Small units are stationed elsewhere along the line between the base at Vlady and the "front" at Omsk, four theusand miles away.

At best the expedition has little more activity than garrison duty. The monotony of the life is, to say the least, irksome and to these high-spirited Canadian lads after their splendid work in France it is proving very dreary and drab. They recognize that they are being well cared for and their boast is that no force in Siberia can equal the Canadians in point of equipment, organization and personnel; but that is not enough to keep them up.

"A soldier with nothing to do becomes a devil," said one of the senior officers, as soon as it became apparent that active service was out of the question. It was recognized that something would have to be done to keep them occupied. Drill and training exercises were ordered to be rigidly maintained. Steps were taken at once also to provide healthy amusements. Hockey rinks were laid out at once. The Y.M.C.A. had sent over a consignment of hockey equipment—enough for an eight-team league. These were supplied gratuitously to the troops and the league was organized at once. Hockey has been one of the main amusements right through the winter.

The Troops Are Homesick

BUT nothing we could do served in any adequate way to mitigate the homesickness that permeates the force. If the war were still on the troops would accept their monotonous lot as part of the game. But they know that the guns are silent on the Western front, that their comrades are pouring home across the Atlantic and they long for Canada and civil life again. It is the same in all ranks.

"If I could get back home by reverting to the ranks, I'd do it in a minute," said an officer to me just before I sailed for Canada.

"If I could get out of here now," said a husky young private to me, a wistful look in his eyes, "I wouldn't stay if they offered to make me a colonel!"

They both meant it. The hunger for home is in every heart. The homesickness is quite as prevalent as the seasickness on the voyage out, and that is saying a great deal, for most of the men learned by experience what Irwin Cobb meant when he, in writing of seasickness, said: "You can't eat your chicken and keep it too."

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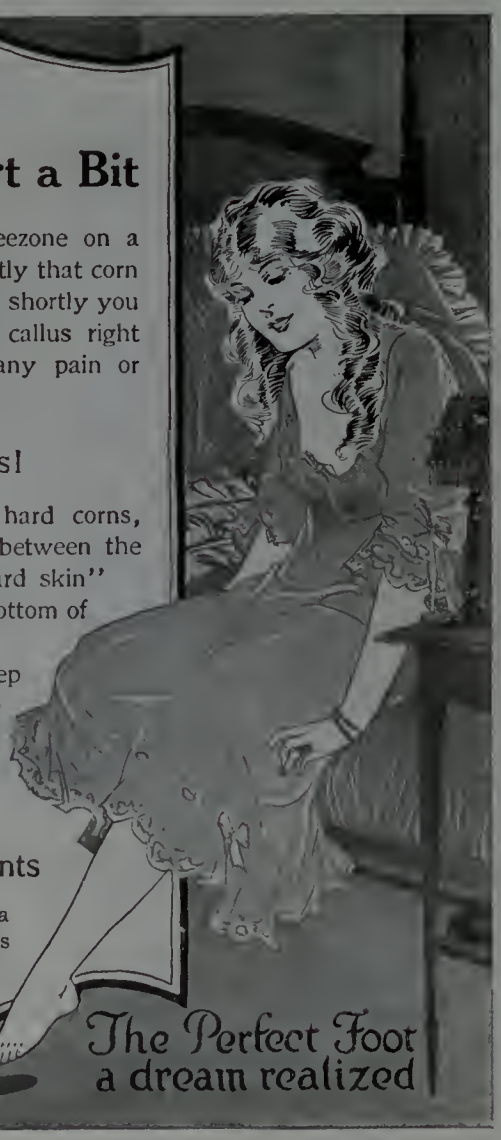

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OF course, this condition makes the menace from the harpies still more intense. This was, we found, the great problem to be solved—to keep our men out of their clutches. I want to allay at once the anxiety that must be felt in Canada on this score. The difficulty has been solved and the men have been protected; but the menace is always there.

Too much praise cannot be given the authorities, military and medical, for the network of restriction and education they have thrown about the troops. The medical men from the first did not give any encouragement to the idea of cure or prevention or treatment of any kind. Their primal warning was "stay in barracks." The military authorities placed the men in areas far removed from centres where the Bolsheviks were carrying on their diabolical attack. Places known to be frequented by the emissaries were placed out of bounds by most of the Allied armies. One might well ask, why not place the harpies under arrest or drive them out of these centres? Where would they be driven to? It was far from feasible, for their number was legion. The authorities placed a military picket in every known district and the men of our army who disregarded restriction and advice were placed under arrest and severely dealt with. Were it possible to make a comparison in an article of this kind between the methods adopted by General Elmsley and his staff and that of some other troops in Siberia the facts would plainly show how individually our men have been protected.

Realizing the value of the social work of the Y.M.C.A. General Elmsley requested the increase of the establishment to three times its present strength. In doing so, he remarked: "I consider this increase in establishment necessary owing to the fact that the force is scattered, which makes it most important that a larger number of recreation rooms, canteens, etc., be established. I also consider that, by increasing the opportunities for entertainment, the men will be kept out of town to a greater extent and this fact will reduce the number of venereal cases. This necessary personnel should be recruited and be dispatched from Canada at the earliest possible date."

This reference to General Elmsley's attitude is not given as a boost for the Y.M.C.A. but to show the attitude of the G.O.C. to the welfare of his men and the way in which he assumes responsibility for them.

The Allies Are Needed

PEOPLE in Canada, I find, are asking what have we got to do with Siberia? Why should our troops be there?

In the first place they are there at the request of Great Britain. They are not necessarily a punitive force but they are to hold Siberia from becoming the bloody ruin that European Russia is to-day. There are huge military stores on the docks and in the "godowns" of Vladivostok. Should these fall into the hands of any particular political faction they would be used to exterminate their opponents, for the first thing the Russian thinks of when opposed is force, brute force. He believes implicitly in the now exploded German philosophy that the end justifies the means. Moreover since the military occupation of Siberia by the Allies, and particularly the arrival of the British including the Canadians, the political factions have not dared to resort to force. They are proceeding in a more peaceful manner to sift their theories and change their leaders until they obtain what they want. They know they want a new form of Government but they are far from one mind as to the form it should take.

The people of Siberia resent the presence of the Allied troops there, despite the fact that the occupation is the only thing that prevents carnage and anarchy. They regarded us as intruders. They probably still do. Some of them, who were opposed to the Bolshevists.

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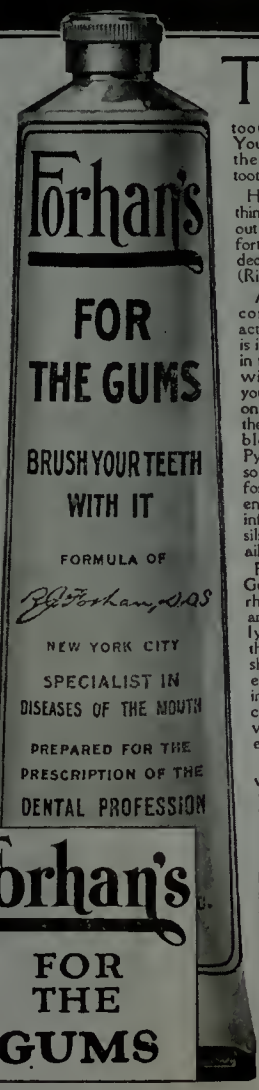

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were anxious that our forces should be employed to attack the Reds in Russia. Our Allies, the Czecho-Slovaks, had grown impatient with the inactivity and were threatening to fight their way through Russia to their own home land again, just as they fought their way out. The Czechs are splendid fighting men and deserve a great deal of credit. They will withdraw almost certainly from Siberia this spring.

The people of Siberia, as I said before, are striving to get a better form of Government but they do not know yet what form it is to take. They are all Bolshevists in the meaning of the word as it is used here. A Bolshevist, with them, is one who wants a change.

If the Allies should withdraw before a stable Government is established it would mean that that vast land, so long a land of sorrow and suffering, would become a bloody riot from end to end. If they stay until the people have settled upon the most workable method of Government there is no reason why it should not become in the very near future a bright and prosperous country, similar in life as it is similar in typography and climate to our own Northwest.

And so, the Canadian Expeditionary Force has the consolation of knowing that its enforced stay in this now dreary and uninteresting country is serving a tremendously valuable purpose.

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 19

is safe as long as the ice is unbroken above him and as long as he gets his fresh air through the little breathing-hole (no larger than the top of a water-tumbler) which is kept open all winter by his constant gnawing. But when the ice in the vicinity of a seal breaks so that he sees the chance of coming up and sporting in the open water, he always does so, and this gives the bears their chance, for they crouch on the edge of the thick ice, and when through the transparent water they see the seal rising toward the surface to breathe, they dive like a flash to meet him, and before the seal can arrest his momentum and turn off his course the bear has him, either in his mouth or between his paws.

It did not worry us seriously, therefore, to find the bear tracks so scarce, although we should have welcomed a visit from a bear, for no method of securing food at sea is easier than that of having a bear obligingly bring into camp a thousand pounds of fresh meat. There are several entries in my diary of that time, noting our desire that a bear would turn up. The reason for this was that the summer was almost upon us; the cold weather could not last much longer, and we were unwilling to lose a day by stopping beside one of the waterholes to wait for seals. We, therefore, went on half-rations for three or four days, and so did our dogs. Our fuel had given out, and for two days we fed the dogs on half a grizzly-bear skin each day, while we cooked our food with the hair. We had never heard of such a thing being done, but we found that hair, or at least the hair of a grizzly, makes surprisingly good fuel, although the smoke from it can hardly be considered fragrant.

Before the weather turned excessively warm the wind changed from a northwesterly to an easterly direction and we began to have more open water. Although we could easily cross a lead that is less than two miles wide by converting our sled into a boat, we did not care to do so as yet, for there was too much young ice on the leads, and, while it might not have been very difficult to break a road through it for the boat, the young ice chafes the canvas so rapidly that even the strongest canvas would not stand more than a dozen crossings or so before being worn through. One of these wide leads delayed us for half a day until the motion of the ice closed it up. During this time we saw two or three seals, but they were too far away to be shot. A day or two later we felt we had sailed as close to the wind as we dared, for the dogs were beginning to lose their strength through insufficient food, so we stopped and made up our minds that we would not move again until we had caught a seal.

The three of us took our positions in different places along the lead, and for several hours we waited without seeing anything. When the ice is badly broken up, as it was in this vicinity, seals seem to travel around in schools, and one day they may be as numerous as ducks in a pond, their heads bobbing up everywhere, and then for several days after you may rarely see them, and sometimes for a whole day not at all. In this case a seal did come up without our waiting long and was killed, but he sank promptly. And the same thing happened with the second. But the third, which came up about two hundred yards from me, floated. It was only a curious chance which made the first two sink, but it gave us a few hours of serious anxiety. I am still of the opinion—an opinion based on wide experience—as I was then, that not more than one seal in ten ought to sink at this season of the year, so that the sinking of the first two killed was a rather remarkable chance.

The killing of the first seal had no ill effects, for we ate of it in moderation, fed the dogs reasonably, and went on. But a day or two afterward, when we killed the next seal, we felt like celebrating, so we fed the dogs liberally and ate more than was good for us, especially of the delicious fat.

What Seal Tastes Like

IT has always been a mystery to me why the word "blubber" should carry such a disagreeable connotation to millions of people, though not one in a million has ever tasted it. I am often asked what seal meat tastes like, and am commonly driven to saying that it tastes like seal meat, for it does not resemble any commonly known type of meat. But neither does mutton resemble any meat known to me, and still mutton is good eating, and so is seal. But the fat is much easier to describe. When the blubber is eaten raw, as we commonly eat it by preference, it has a flavor very similar to that of fresh cow's cream, but when boiled it closely resembles the fat of mutton. For that reason Mr. Wilkins, who came from the sheep district of Australia, was that member of our whole expedition who most readily fell into the eating of the seal fat. In general, most men refrain from tasting blubber because it is named blubber, until they become so fat hungry that they are eventually driven to trying it, and when they try it, to their surprise they invariably find it so delicious that, if not restrained they overeat and, as is well known, overeating any form of fat causes nausea and other distressing symptoms. After one or two experiences of this sort, I am now careful never to allow a man to eat all the blubber he wants the first time he tries it, for if he gets sick he is almost certain to blame the seal and not his own gluttony.

Drifting Further Out to Sea

BY the 26th of April the weather had become so warm that we saw there was no hope of traveling much farther north unless we were willing to spend the entire summer on the ice. This we did not care to do, both because we were not then as confident in our minds as we now are that doing so would be perfectly safe, and also because I had instructed the *North Star* to meet us at the northwest corner of Banks Island. We therefore turned east and on the 25th of May we were probably about fifty miles from Banks Island, when we came to a lead about half a mile wide. We stopped beside it, and, had we acted promptly, we could doubtless have crossed, for it takes us only about three hours to unload a sled, convert it into a boat, and ferry our load across in two instalments. But we thought this lead

Prune Jelly

½ Lb. Prunes
1 Cupful Water
Rind of Half a Lemon Grated
1 Inch of Cinnamon Stick
¼ Cupful Sugar
1½ Tablespoonful Gelatin
1 Cupful Fruit Juice
Shredded Almonds
Chopped Nut-meats

WASH the prunes, cover them with water and allow to soak for thirty minutes; then put them both into a saucepan, add the grated lemon rind, the cinnamon stick, and the sugar. Cook until tender, strain off the liquid, and rub the prunes through a sieve. Crack a few of the stones, blanch the kernels, and add them to the pulp. Put the liquid from the prunes into a pan, add the gelatin, and the fruit juice and dissolve over the fire. Strain this into the pulp and stir occasionally until nearly cold. Rinse out a jelly mold with cold water and decorate with shredded almonds; fill up with the prune jelly, and set aside in a cool place until firm. Decorate with a few chopped nut-meats.

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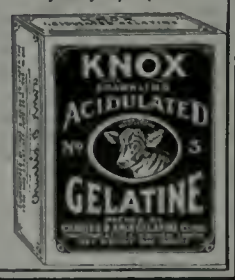

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might possibly close up, and before we realized it it had become a mile wide. A few hours after that it was more than five miles wide, for we could not see the ice on the other side; the ocean to the eastward looked as open as the Atlantic, and white-caps began to run. The wind from the east had freshened, and we suspected, what our sextants later proved to us, that it wasn't the ice to the east that was moving away, but we that were drifting seaward. We did not think of taking a sounding the first day, because of our disappointment in not getting across the lead, but the next day when we sounded we got bottom at about twenty-five hundred feet, the first bottom-sounding since leaving Alaska. For the next two days we sounded once a day and got a deeper sounding each time, and on the third day we were in water too deep for our forty-five-hundred-foot wire.

To be continued

Bulldog Carney's Alibi

Continued from page 15

THE heavy booming whistle of the giant Mogul up on the Divide came hoarsely down the Bucking Horse Pass, and then a great glaring, yellow-red eye gleamed on the mountain side as if some Cyclops forced his angry way down into the valley. A bell clanged irritably as the Mogul rocked in its swift glide down the curved grade; there was the screeching grind of air brakes gripping at iron wheels; a mighty sigh as the compressed air seethed from opened valves at their release when the train stood at rest beside the little log station of Bucking Horse.

He could see, like the green eye of some serpent the conductor's lantern gyrate across the platform; even the subdued muffled noise of packages thrust into the express car carried to the listener's ear. Then the little green eye blinked a command to start, the bell clanged, the Mogul coughed as it strained to its task, the drivers gripped at steel rails and slipped, the Mogul's heart beating a tattoo of gasping breaths: then came the grinding rasp of wheel flange against steel as the heavy train careened on the curve; and now the timbers of the trestle were uttering a protest like the twang of loose strings on a harp.

Carney turned on his hands and knees, and, creeping around to the far side of the rock, saw dimly in the faint moonlight the figure of a man huddled in a little rounded heap twenty feet from the rails. In his hand the barrel of a gun glinted once as the moon touched it. Slowly, like some ponderous animal, the Mogul crept over the trestle; it was like a huge centipede slipping along the dead limb of a tree.

When the engine reached the solid bank the crouched figure sprang to the steps of the cab and was lost to view. A sharp word of command carried to Carney's ear; he heard the clanging clamp of the air brakes; the stertorous breath of the Mogul ceased; the train stood still, all behind the express car still on the trestle.

THEN a square of yellow light shone where the car door had slid open, and within stood a masked man, a gun in either hand; in one corner, with hands above his head, and face to the wall, stood a second man; while a third was taking from an iron safe little canvas bags and dropping them through the open door.

Carney held three loops of the lariat in his right hand, and the balance in his left; now he slipped from the rock, darted to the side of the car, and waited.

He heard a man say, "That's all!" Then a voice that he knew as Jack the Wolf's commanded. "Face to the wall! I've got your guns, and if you move I'll plug you!"

The Wolf appeared at the open door, where he fired one shot as a signal to Cayuse; there was the hiss and clang of releasing brakes and gasps from the starting engine. At that instant the lariat zipped from a graceful sweep of Carney's hand to float like a ring of smoke over the head of Jack the Wolf, and he was jerked to earth. Half stunned by the fall he was pinned there as though a grizzly had fallen upon him.

The attack was so sudden, so unexpected, that he was tied and helpless with hardly any semblance of a fight, where he lay watching the tail end of the train slipping off into the gloomed pass, and the man who had bound him nimbly gathering up the bags of loot.

Carney was in a hurry; he wanted to get away before the return of Cayuse. Of course if Cayuse came back too soon so much the worse for Cayuse, but shooting a man was something to be avoided.

He was hampered a little due either to the Wolf's rapacity, or the express messenger's eagerness to obey, for in addition to the twenty thousand dollars there were four other plump bags of gold. But Carney, having secured the lot, hurried to his horse, dropped the pack bags astride the saddle, mounted, and made his way to the Little Widow mine. He had small fear that the two men would think of looking in that direction for the man who had robbed them; even if they did he had a good start, for it would take time to untie the Wolf and get their one horse. Also he had the Wolf's guns.

He rode into the mine, dismounted, took the loot to a cross-cut that ran off the long drift and dropped it into a sump-hole that was full of water, sliding in on top rock debris. Then he unsaddled the buckskin, tied him, and hurried along the drift and crawled his way through the small tunnel back to jail. There he threw himself on the bunk, and, chuckling, fell into a virtuous sleep.

HE was wakened at daybreak by Sergeant Black who said cheerfully: "You're in luck, Bulldog."

"Honored, I should say, if you allude to our association."

The Sergeant groped silently through this, then, evidently missing the sarcasm, added: "The midnight was held up last night at the trestle, and if you'd been outside I guess you'd been pipped as the angel."

"Thanks for your foresight, friend—that is if you knew it was coming off. Tell me how your friend worked it."

Sergeant Black told what Carney already knew so well, and when he had finished the latter said: "Even if I hadn't this good alibi nobody would say I had anything to do with it, for I distrust man so thoroughly that I never have a companion in any little joke I put over."

"I couldn't do anything in the dark," the Sergeant resumed, in an apologetic way, "so I'm going out to trail the robbers now."

He looked at Carney shiftingly, scratched an ear with a forefinger, and then said: "The express company has wired a reward of a thousand dollars for the robbers, and another thousand for the recovery of the money."

"Go to it, Sergeant," Carney laughed; "get that capital, then go east to Lake Erie and start a bean farm."

Black grinned tolerantly. "If you'll join up, Bulldog, we could run them two down."

"No, thanks; I like it here."

"I'm going to turn you out, Bulldog—set you free."

"And I'm going to insist on a hearing. I'll take those stripes off your arm for playing the fool."

The Sergeant drew from his pocket a telegram and passed it to Carney. It was from Major Silver at Golden, and ran:

"Get Carney to help locate robbers. He knows the game. Express company offers two thousand."

"Where's the other telegram?" Carney asked, a twinkle in his eye.

"What other one?"

"The one in answer to yours asking for instructions over my arrest."

THE Sergeant looked at Carney out of confused, astonished eyes; then he admitted: "The Major advises we can't hold you in B.C. on the Alberta case. But what about joining in the hunt? You've worked with the police before."

"Twice; because a woman was getting the worst of it in each case. But I'm no sleuth for the official robber—he's fair game."

"You won't take the trail with me then, Carney?"

"No, I won't; not to run down the hold-up men, that's your job. But you can tell your penny-in-the-slot company, that piking corporation that offers a thousand dollars for the recovery of twenty or thirty thousand, that when they're ready to pay five thousand dollars reward for the gold I'll see if I can lead them to it. Now, my dear Sergeant, if you'll oblige me with my gun I'd like to saunter over to the hotel for breakfast."

"I'll go with you," Sergeant Black said, "I haven't had mine yet."

Jeanette was in the front room of the hotel as the two men entered. Her face went white when she saw Carney seemingly in the custody of the policeman. He stopped to speak to her, and Black, going through to the dining room saw the Wolf and Cayuse Braun at a table. He had these two under suspicion, for the Wolf had a record with the police.

He closed the door, and standing in front of it said: "I'm going to arrest you two men for the train robbery last night. When you finish your breakfast I want you to come quietly over to the lock-up till this thing is investigated."

The Wolf laughed derisively. "What are you doin' here, Sergeant—why aint you out on the trail chasin' Bulldog Carney?"

The Sergeant stared. "Bulldog Carney?" he queried; "what's he got to do with it?"

"Everything. It's a God's certainty that he pulled this hold-up off when he escaped last night."

THE Sergeant gasped. What was the Wolf talking about? He turned, opened the door and called, "Carney, come here and listen to Jack Wolf tell how you robbed the train!"

At this the Wolf bent across the table and whispered hoarsely: "Bulldog has snitched—he's give us away! I thought he'd clear out when he got the gold. And he knowed me last night when we clinched. And his horse was gone from the stable this morning!"

As the two men sprang to their feet, the Sergeant whirled at the rasp of their chairs on the floor, and reached for his gun. But Cayuse's gun was out; there was a roaring bark in the walled room, a tongue of fire, a puff of smoke, and the Sergeant dropped.

As he fell, from just behind him Carney's gun sent a leaden pellet that drilled a little round hole fair in the centre of Cayuse's forehead, and he collapsed, a red jet of blood spurting over the floor.

In the turmoil the Wolf slipped through a door that was close to where he sat, sped along the hall into the storeroom, and down to the mine chamber.

With a look at Cayuse that told he was dead, Carney dropped his pistol back into the holster, and telling Seth, who had rushed in, to hurry for a doctor, took the Sergeant in his arms like a baby and carried him upstairs to a bed, Jeanette showing the way.

As they waited for the doctor Carney said: He's shot through the shoulder; he'll be all right."

"What's going to happen over this, Bulldog?" Jeanette asked.

"Cayuse Braun has passed to the Happy Hunting Ground—he can't talk; Seth, of course, won't; and the Wolf will never stop running till he hits the border. I had a dream last night, Jeanette, that somebody gave me five thousand dollars easy money. If it comes true, my dear girl, I'm going to put it in your name so Seth can't throw you down hard if he ever takes a notion to."

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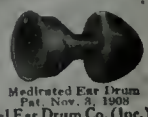

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Man and Wife

Continued from page 26

home," she replied. "It is late and I must get my car."

He walked with her to the garage. She thought he scanned her with unusual inquisitiveness.

"We don't see much of you these days," he said. "Alice was remarking the other day that you seem to have forgotten us. I told her that she must remember that you are no longer Mary Campbell but Mary Lyttleton. And Lyttleton, of course, has no great liking for us."

"No, I have not been much in town lately," she replied.

"Well don't let connubial happiness take you away from old friends altogether," he laughed.

She drove away. Her mother heard the sound of the car coming up the drive and went to the door.

"Why, Mary!" she exclaimed, as the girl came up the steps.

"My courage failed me," Mary laughed. "I will wait for Hugh to come."

Mrs. Campbell made no further comment on the change that had so suddenly taken place, but watched the girl closely as they sat together. She was a little suspicious of the unusually gay spirits Mary seemed to be in, but thought it best to make no further enquiries.

"You need not say anything to father of my project," said Mary. "He would only laugh at me. He has not returned, has he?"

"No, he will be late," replied her mother. "Don't wait up for him."

MARY presently went up to her room. As she passed the door and shut herself in, the bitterness all came back to her. She remembered the laughing warning Alice had given to her of her neglect of Hugh, and the danger there was of his being snapped up by some other woman. She knew something of the girl's boastful unconventionalism; but Hugh she had never doubted for an instant. Perhaps she had been too sure of him. Reason then began to upbraid her for jumping too readily at conclusions. There might be an explanation of it all that would clear matters up. Still, it was not easy to frame any excuse for the girl being with Hugh at that hour in the lonely offices. She recalled the curious scrutiny to which she had been subjected by Jack Williams. Was it possible that he knew of what was going on, and had thought the knowledge of it had come to her? Later she was roused from her miserable contemplations by the ringing of her telephone bell.

None used the wire but Hugh and herself. She hesitated a moment. There came a second and longer ring. She slowly took down the instrument.

"I wondered if you'd gone to bed," Hugh said. "I called up first of all to find out why you came to town without giving me the chance to see you. I heard a little time ago you had been up."

"But I can't call you away from your engagements whenever I have to do a little shopping. It was just the hastiest run in and back," she replied.

"Not only you can, but you must," he laughed. "When am I too busy to meet you? Take care it doesn't happen again, Mrs. Lyttleton. But I really wanted to see you very, very specially to-night.

"Listen, Mary, I have to go away to New York to-night. I thought the trip wouldn't have to be made for a couple of months or so, but a call came over the long distance a little time ago, and I must be in New York to-morrow. It may be an extended trip. I have matters to attend to in Philadelphia and Washington—contracts to close up with Government people for the supply of asbestos fibre, and it did occur to me that it wouldn't be a bad idea to add a bit of holiday to the work. Florida would not be bad for February and March, and then we—we could get back in time for the rush of work that comes with Spring."

She hesitated for some moments. The appeal was clear, and she wished to sweep the memory of the past two or three hours out of her mind. As she listened to his persuasive voice she half resolved to tell him of her walk to the mine, and get his explanation. Still, what right had she to question him? It was no matter of hers who his friends were, women or men, of what his relations with other women were. That was not in the bond. She had spoken to him of the flimsy insubstantiality of the marriage bond, its meaningless terms, its ancient make-believes. Moral sanctions counted for little, since the world had learned that morals are matters of climate, latitude, century—and there certainly was no moral element in her bargain with Hugh. She had not constituted herself censor of his conduct. He had kept his part of the agreement, letter and spirit. She had become Mrs. Lyttleton, he had paid for his whim. A man is faithful to a woman, not to a piece of paper signed by a clergyman and a couple of witnesses, without the woman faith is but an academic principle, and as soon as the other woman comes along, the giver, the fair-trader, the old paper bond is a mere harlequin's hoop. She told herself now that she did not reproach Hugh. If the other woman had been more generous than the wife, that was the fault of the wife. If Hugh, banned by the woman he had married, had gone elsewhere for consolation and amusement, that was his own affair.

"I shall miss you very much," she answered. "You will write? *Bon voyage*, Hugh!"

HE did not reply at once. She knew that the dry formality of her response had surprised, disappointed him. It was not her purpose to be pettish or indifferent, but she could not feign what she did not feel, no matter how much she wished to.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he asked in quiet voice. "What has become of the girl of last night?"

There was something of appeal in his question that made her catch her breath with a sound like a half sob.

"Matter? Nothing. Of course, I don't like to hear that you are going away. It is rather dull down here. Still a week or two or a month or two, pass quickly."

"Are you crying?" he asked.

"Crying!" she laughed. "I'm afraid I am rudely sleepy, actually yawning."

"I would come down and make sure, if I had time. I believe I have." She heard the snap of his watch. "There is a suspicion in my mind that you're worried about something."

"That's your vanity, Hugh—the lone wife left pining behind. You have not time to come, and I am tired and awfully sleepy. I'll hide my tears, and be sitting by the casement window looking for your return, as the romantic ladies, deserted by their husbands do—in poems and novels. Yes, I have your address. I'll write, of course—perhaps every day, if there is anything to write about. Good-bye, dear, have the pleasantest trip."

She put out the light, and watched the driveway in the dim light of the lamp over the gate. He might come and demand explanations. She hoped he would, and feared he might. Then she heard the whistle of the express engine, and saw the string of lighted cars wind along the cutting on the face of the hillside.

She was neither sorry nor penitent for her rebuff of Hugh. He might have two strings to his bow, but she did not propose to be one of them. With the Hugh of yesterday—her man—the prospect of a two months' honeymoon, traveling hither and thither, seeing the world, idling by southern seas, would have been a dream idyll of Paradise. With Hugh as she now saw him it would have been a common, tawdry adventure that would have made her cheap and despicable in her own eyes.

To be Continued

Officer O'Lite Speaks when He's Prest

RESERVE is P. O'Lite's middle name. He doesn't believe in wasting energy—he needs it in his business, which is to keep the traffic flowing smoothly—north, east, south and west.

But, once get him to open up on the subject of Batteries, and what he has to say is well worth hearing.

"Prest-O-Lite? Sure! The Prest-O-Lite Service Man is my best friend," says he. "If it wasn't for him, I'd be worried to death with blockades all the time.

"Just look at that guy holding up traffic, because he thinks he knows all about the insides of a battery. If he had called at the Prest-O-Lite Service Station up the street this morning, this wouldn't have happened.

"A Prest-O-Lite Battery, backed by Prest-O-Lite Service, is the best little remedy I know for battery trouble.

"Because all Prest-O-Lite Batteries are made in Canada, which saves delays in delivery and always insures you of a fresh, powerful battery from the start.

"And Prest-O-Lite Service is always handy—no matter where you go, you'll always find a Prest-O-Lite man when you need him, to give your battery the "once over," add distilled water, and keep you out of trouble.

"If only every car owner would join the Prest-O-Lite clan, and quit monkeying with his battery's insides—leave all that to the Prest-O-Lite Service man—just as he leaves the care of **his own** insides to the doctor—well, **my** job would be a whole lot easier, that's sure."

There's a Prest-O-Lite Service Station man near YOU. Write us for his name and address. He is the official representative of the **Oldest Service to Motorists in North America.**

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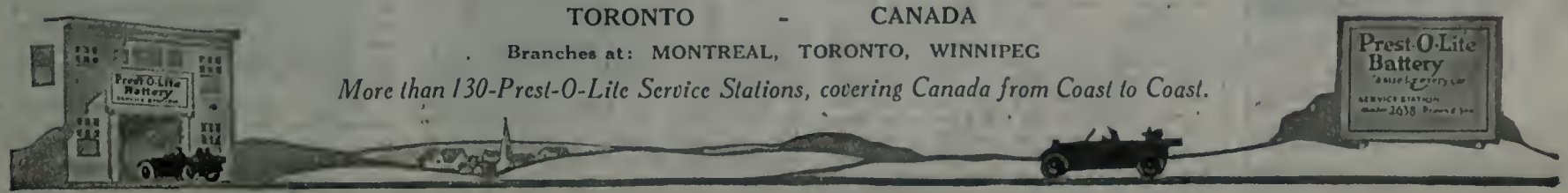

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The Housewife and the Nation's Markets

By JEAN MULDREW

THE war taught us many things and none more clearly or insistently than that we are a nation taking our place among the nations of the world. The honors that have been conferred upon the Premier of Canada, while they are a very real tribute to his ability and his statesmanship, are also paid to him as the representative of Canada. Our pride in this is quite justifiable, but this pride must arouse in us the feeling that we must rise to the occasion and for all time to come take an active and a very real part in keeping for Canada what her gallant sons have so dearly won. Canada gave distinguished service in many ways other than in the field of battle. We entered upon the work of supplying munitions and successfully competed with the great nation to the south of us in the quantity and the quality of our work. We manufactured excellent materials for clothing and blankets, made a name for Canadian food products in Great Britain, France and Belgium, gave the most acceptable service by our Red Cross, and not only saved the day for our own soldiers and our Allies by the food we saved, and sent over, but by a generous gift of 5,000 bales of Red Cross supplies we saved Italy in one of her dark days from unspeakable distress.

During the first year of the war and previous to that we were a heavy borrower, but we have raised large war loans and have learned by these our ability to finance ourselves and to do more than this, to lend to other nations.

IN an address a few years before his death, the late C. C. James, whose words were so well worth hearing, said in speaking to women, that Canada was a spendthrift nation, that the women of France could live on what the Canadian housewife wasted. This same might apply to the whole American continent. We have been wasters on a large scale. I need not go into detail, but I can tell you one point that came into the records received at the Canada Food Board. In the cities where statistics were kept, after the law against household waste was passed, reports showed a reduction of from fifty to seventy-five per cent., while the Red Cross made thousands of dollars out of its salvage department. Why should we ever have to give up waste laws or our salvage department?

But there are other ways of saving to pay our national debts. Our debt is now twelve hundred millions. The only way that this can be paid is by saving of our own expenditures and by bringing more money to our country. This is done by export trade. Great Britain's wealth was built up by her export trade, the United States to-day has in process the building of an immense fleet of merchant marine to carry her wares to the ends of the earth, for they know how they are going to pay off their debt. Canada has a place among the nations. She must enlarge it and retain it by her trade.

Previous to the war our export trade was not great. We, a great and truly wonderful agricultural country, were importing such food as butter, eggs, meat, in spite of the campaign that the Governments of all the provinces were carrying on to induce people to go back to the land. For over five years at least before the war our Governments were much concerned about the lessened production of foodstuffs. Then came the campaign to increase food for our armies and our Allies, and we asked the assistance of the housewife in the reduction of certain commodities. Now what was the result? From importing 7,989,269 lbs. of butter in 1913, we exported 3,441,183 lbs. in 1916. We increased our egg export by 7,750,923 doz.; we increased the export of cheese by 13,745,191 lbs., and meat by 174,265,763. Now all this meant a great increase in the number of people who secured work, in the amount of money in circulation, and, in fact, in the general prosperity of the country.

It is estimated that one million dollars' worth of material exported from a nation has given work to one thousand people for one year—it works two ways—one million dollars' worth say of foodstuffs imported from another country has kept 1,000 of their population employed for one year, with perhaps 1,000 more engaged in handling, packing, sorting, shipping, etc.

Mrs. Muldrew, a gifted leader and organizer from the West, whose work with the Canada Food Board has made her known throughout the Dominion

Now you ask what has this to do with Canadian women. I think of Canadian women engaged upon the momentous task as fully enfranchised citizens of rebuilding a land safer and better for the growing girl and boy. No one has any right to eat the bread of idleness and there ought to be a living for all. Now, are we going to help support people of other lands, or are we going to give as far as in us lies our own boys and girls a fair chance?

THERE are two ways of enlarging your bank account, by earning more money or by saving more from what you are earning. It is estimated that the women of Canada spend about 90 per cent. of all the money that goes towards the upkeep of the family. If this is so then it is of paramount importance that the purchasing should be wisely made. A glance at our imports gives much food for study in regard to purchasing. You will agree with me that outside of Ireland there is no country in the world that can grow as fine potatoes as Canada. What do you think of us importing $811,000 worth? These are new potatoes imported while Canada has perfectly good old potatoes, richer in food value and at less than half the price. In Ottawa last week I priced strawberries at $1.25 per small box. Strawberries are composed of 90 per cent. water and the rest sugar and flavor. There must have been a little over half a pint of flavored water at $1.25. Do you not agree with me that the waste of money is enormous, and that this is inexcusable in a land just recovering from a war? We import in barrelled pork from the United States $2,167,000, and yet the Canadian farmer wonders if he should raise pigs; beef, $1,788,000; cherries, $107,000 worth; cheese, $114,000; lard, $288,000; eggs, $1,488,000; green apples, $1,528,000; berries $685,000; canned tomatoes $694,000; fresh tomatoes, $530,000; canned vegetables and baked beans, $457,000; beans, $2,593,000; peas, $215,000; charcoal, $121,000; as well as plums, gooseberries, cranberries and peaches, all of which can be grown in Canada by Canadian people and packed, sold, shipped by Canadians for Canadians, and thus keep in Canada a great amount of labor and money that goes to help to make the United States richer and to keep Americans employed at the expense of our own Canadians, and this in the face of the problem of unemployed with which we are now faced.

This is but one side of the question, that of production. Now no country can grow great that is merely an agricultural country. We must in Canada develop big industries and many kinds of industries.

Up against the problem of turning out munitions of war, Canada made a record of which she may well be proud. It took great skill to do this. This same ability is still here awaiting the opportunity for expression. The reason for the lack of a wider variety of manufacture has been that there has not been the market because other countries with keen salesmen have entered and secured the market, and Canadian wares did not enter into competition.

THERE has always been a feeling much to be deplored of jealousy between city and country. We read of Canada as an agricultural country, and there is an antagonism to manufacture. As a matter of fact, there has been no well-thought-out plan for teaching city and country their inter-dependence. This is just now very marked. Our exports have never been a very large percentage of our total production, but there is a distinct falling off since the close of hostilities. The home market thus assumes a greater importance than it has ever before assumed. It now matters very materially whether we help to keep our own Canadian girls and boys employed in the cities, many of whom are from the farms, and on the farms to produce these commodities, or whether we buy other than Canadian goods and help to keep some other country's people employed.

Do you ask when you are purchasing an article, "Is this Canadian made, or have you any made in Canada?" I fancy this would be against instead of in

Continued on page 106

"Bring Less Ice, We have a New Refrigerator."

SO effective is the insulation of its walls that you could place the Barnet beside a hot stove and not increase ice consumption inside. To get low temperature you, of course, use ice—but to *keep it cold* you must depend upon insulation. The better the walls of your refrigerator can shut out heat, the more ice you save. The Barnet Refrigerator has no less than eleven walls to keep the heat out and the cold in. Every ounce of ice is used up without waste to maintain low uniform temperature.

Less than forty degrees Fahrenheit means perfect refrigeration. The Barnet maintains temperature as low as 36 degrees.

To keep the food clean and wholesome there must also be rapid circulation of pure, fresh, dry air over food and ice and there must be a proper ventilating system to withdraw odors so that there can be no contamination through flavor of one food mixing with another.

Our patented syphon and ventilating system of circulation has proven itself over and over again to be the most effective possible method.

Barnet Refrigerator

It is the system used by some of the United States and Canadian Railroads, who, you may be sure, would select the very best. It is this system which enables the Barnet to preserve foods for long periods fresh, dry and sweet as the day they were put in—with least ice. The Barnet has patent adjustable shelves.

The Barnet is always the cheapest in the end because it is absolutely effective in every way. It is made in twelve different sizes in oak, natural birch or ash.

Ask to see the Barnet at your dealer's. Write for literature explaining everything clearly including the Barnet's special sanitary drainage system, perfect ventilation, sanitary features, and porcelain or porcelite linings.

The Barnet Insulation.

Eleven insulating walls keep heat out and cold in—and save ice.

1. Porcelain lining.
2. Inside spruce sheeting.
3. Spruce sheeting paper.
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5. Spruce sheeting paper.
6. Rosin sized paper.
7. Flax fibre insulating.
8. Rosin sized paper.
9. Coated waterproof paper.
10. Spruce sheeting paper.
11. Outside wood case.

The Renfrew Refrigerator Company, Limited

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12

BIAS
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CORSETS
The Extreme of Comfort
The Perfection of Style

A GRACEFUL FORM is every woman's rightful possession. Nature has endowed her with beauty of line which only a corset of proper construction can preserve.

Improperly designed corsets cause the muscles to slacken, with a consequent enlargement of the waist and a sagging of the entire figure.

The "Bias Filled" principle is not an experiment. The test of time has proven it to be the scientifically correct method of corset construction.

Illustration shows Style 314 for slight figures.

Write us NOW for the name and address of our representative in your vicinity. Useful hints on fitting and self-measurement Free upon request.

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You can buy one of these Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners at a lower price than quoted for other makes of Electric Vacuum Cleaners in Canada, and what is more important, on deposit of $10 we deliver the machine free of charge to your home, leaving it on trial for five days—absolutely without obligation. Try it out thoroughly, clean the floors, walls, draperies, furniture, etc.

At the end of that time if you do not find the Vacuum Cleaner entirely satisfactory return it at our expense, and we will refund your deposit. If you decide to keep it—

PAY $10 DOWN
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Rooms of Character

Weave Your Own Personality Into the Furnishings of Your Home

ONE of the strong forces in the direction of the nation's reconstruction is the appeal to women to turn some of the talents and energy and enthusiasm developed by war work back into the making of homes. There are many phases of home-making more important perhaps than creating an atmosphere of rest and charm and refinement in the furnishing and decorating of a room, but the influence of this, where every detail has a meaning, can scarcely be measured.

The wealth of a kingdom could not buy a home ready-made, nor can the prettiest recipes for color schemes insure you a room—in *your* home—worth having. It is not enough that a room shall be attractive, or even faithfully reflect some great period of art. The vital question is, wherein does it reflect *you?* Many a splendid home fails to satisfy because behind its fine furnishings and exquisite detail we are not made to feel the sure, compelling touch of personality.

As to "atmosphere"—by which we mean the distinctive charm a room may possess—like personality, this is something which springs from character; beauty alone is not enough. When a room comes to mean a great deal to you, it will hold this subtle charm of atmosphere which makes it different from all others, but which cannot be bought nor made in a day, because a room of human interest must grow. The art of knowing how is not the mystery it seems, but a matter of just three things, *sincerity, suitability* and *simplicity.*

SINCERITY will not be mocked. She who is sincere in her home-making will know definitely what she expects of every room; what it must and shall be made to do for her; what it ought to mean to family and friends. Furnishing for a purpose rather than for style, she will not be swayed from her fixed intent by any vagaries of fashion or the empty glory of imitating a prosperous neighbor or copying an historic house. As sincerity demands that we do not bring into our homes anything which will not serve a worthy end or fill an actual need, the logical place to begin our improvements is by ridding our homes of superfluities. This may sound easy to do, but it is not. An artistic impulse will not suffice. It takes sound convictions to make—and preserve *after* it is made—an honest room.

Have you, to-day, the courage to take out of your living-room every ornament which has no real meaning, and so no real value, there? Every petty, useless thing on the mantel, or bookcases, or tables, or walls, which, by its presence, belittles other things that are really worth while? It takes so little to make or mar! A living-room which in other respects leaves nothing to be desired may be thrown out of key by so small a trifle as a table-cover that bears no relation to the rest of the room; a delicate bit of porcelain, it may be, which no more belongs on that particular mantel than a piece of real lace on a woollen coat; a cut-glass vase on a Mission desk, or a fluffy lampshade on a table with serious books. We grow accustomed to such "trifling" mistakes in our own homes, just as we overlook the faults of our friends because we love them; but how glaring instead of trivial they seem to us in the homes of others!

How many decorative objects or sentimental souvenirs are allowed to occupy space which we can not afford to give them. They are also frequently placed on tables, pianos, cabinets, dressers and the like in such a way that the real function of the object on which they are placed is hampered. Mirrors cannot be used, drawers opened or shut, pianos closed or opened or tables used for any practical purpose without moving these senseless things.

SUITABILITY depends not upon the value of a thing in itself—for neither associations nor commercial worth can make anything beautiful in

Note the beauty and comfort combined with dignity in the upper picture and how these qualities are destroyed in the lower room by a rather tawdry effect in the lamp shade, table runner and chair tidies

Compare the restful simplicity of the lower room with the confused arrangement of pictures in the room above

your home if it does not fit in as part of a well-planned whole.

Take the matter of a suitable wall-covering; in the formal drawing-room, designed for formal occasions rather than for the serious business of life, the decorator finds a wide opportunity for his art, and rich fabrics with richer hangings are in order. But when we come to simple parlors and living-rooms, we see that it is much the same with walls as with clothes; an exquisite piece of jewelry is set off to best advantage on a plain gown; our choicest treasures —our books, pictures, potteries, bronzes, what you will—mean most in a plain room. We hear so much to-day of walls in neutral tints because we have come, at last, to appreciate the value of a quiet background. But in the living-room no color scheme too delicate or upholsteries too fine for everyday use, could possibly be in good taste, however beautiful the effect. An easy chair by the reading-table becomes a mockery if its covering bids one take care in sitting down with dark clothes.

THE last essential, simplicity, is not to be defined by that which costs little or is plain. A wealth of orchids on the banquet-board may be a simple decoration no less than a single rose on your tea-table. It is simplicity of purpose and of method, simplicity of idea, the co-ordination of every detail to one simple end, which must be at once apparent. This it is that gives the charm of simplicity to a room regardless of its kind or cost. It is comparatively easy to place one's furniture where it will look well; but do we furnish for effect? Too often, alas, we do! Which is one reason why men so often find the perusal of the evening paper more enjoyable at the club than by their own hearth.

Why not? There they have comfortable chairs, or a lounge, by the fireside; others are drawn up by tables with sensible reading-lamps, and so arranged that one may settle down for a restful hour without having first to disarrange something else; substantial tables they are, too, where one may enjoy elbow room and to spare; writing-desks, or tables, with fresh blotters, clean ink, plenty of stationery, and a pen that works—nothing to be careful of when one sits down to write or to read; and windows easy of access without upsetting something en route. Just ordinary comforts which, for lack of thought rather than because of forced economy, we often fail to find at home!

It is not necessary that the lounging-chairs be covered with imported leathers or soft velvets; excellent models in willow may be had at small cost; stained and upholstered to harmonize with a room, they add much to its beauty and comfort. Even an old stuffed armchair, given a slip-cover of chintz, may be made to answer. Then the reading-table—what a sorry mixture of back numbers, pamphlets, and souvenirs it often becomes! And when it does become a catch-all its beauty, and to a large extent its usefulness, is lost. Now to insist upon an orderly arrangement of things is not to say that the room shall be made to look as if the decorator had just finished his work and gone home. A room may be dignified and still be more lovable, as well as far more livable than that other where informality is thought to mean a careless disarray. The place for an accumulation of papers and periodicals is in a magazine rack, on accessible bookcase or closet shelves, or on a small table devoted to this purpose and to this alone. And as to the writing-desk—how it belies its very name when we find therein and thereon all manner of things except the few that we need!

A word must be added lest we forget the importance of comfortable lights, sufficient, restful, and becoming. There is a world of difference between a soft light and a dim light. In our living-rooms, for instance, abundant light is a necessity, but no one needs a glare. The most successful way of lighting a room is by side-lights well placed, and by lamps, electric or otherwise, distributed about the room, where they will be con-

Food for 25 Days
In Each Wagon

In 1,000 pounds of squash, melons, beets, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., there are about 75,000 calories—the energy measure of food value.

There are about the same—75,000 calories—in twelve 35-cent packages of Quaker Oats.

Figuring 3,000 calories as a person's daily food need, either load would feed one person 25 days.

In the vegetables mentioned 95 per cent. is refuse and water. In Quaker Oats there is no refuse, and only 7 per cent. is water.

Compare the Cost

When you buy foods—for breakfast in particular—compare the cost with Quaker Oats, the greatest food of all.

Compare them by calories — the unit of energy value — as governments do in figuring army rations.

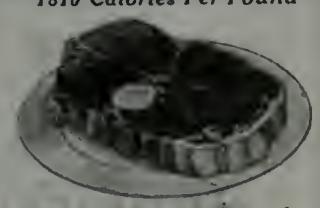
Some necessary foods at this writing compare in cost as follows:

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5½c
Round Steak	41c
Veal Cutlets	57c
Average Fish	50c
Salt Codfish	78c
Dried Beef	70c

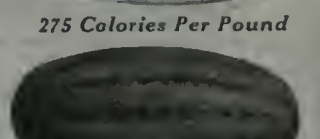
Note that meat and fish foods, on this basis, cost ten times Quaker Oats. That is, one meat breakfast costs as much as ten of Quaker Oats.

Yet the oat, you know, is vastly better food. It is almost the ideal food.

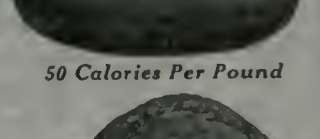


1810 Calories Per Pound

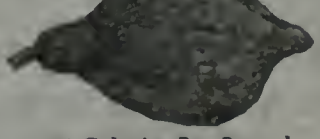
890 Calories Per Pound



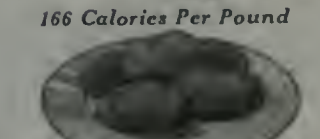
275 Calories Per Pound



50 Calories Per Pound



166 Calories Per Pound



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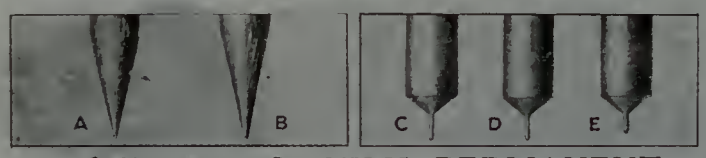

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venient for reading, sewing or writing, or to call attention to groups of furniture or decorative objects. This is the only way to bring out the charm which every living-room should have in the evening. The shading of the lamps is one of the ways in which a woman has endless possibilities of expressing her idea of decorative beauty.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the need for putting oneself into the furnishing of one's home. This it is which gives individual character to a room that otherwise would be little more than a collection of furniture. But if there is need for self-expression, so also is there need for self-restraint; a point too often overlooked. The jumbling together of a score of unrelated things for no better reason than that they are beautiful and reflect your tastes, can never result in a satisfying room.

The Housewife and the Nation's Markets

Continued from page 102

favor of an article with the general purchaser. "Far away fields are green," is an old saying.

We have in Canada the greatest of possibilities in manufacture with marvellous supplies of raw materials. You can hear any thoughtless person you care to listen to speak of the West as "Wheat." "West" seems a term denoting flatness, monotony, cold and wheat to the uninitiated. To those whose lot has been cast in the West it is the land of promise. No province in the Dominion has products so diversified or so rich as Alberta. Its coal products are limitless. Lethbridge city is built on a coal bed, and the city owns the bed. It has the most beautiful gardens in Canada, with perhaps the exception of Halifax, whose gardens are much older.

Medicine Hat is built over gas wells, and the amount is practically limitless. Here in these two centres is the cheapest fuel in Canada, and the opportunity for manufacturing any or all of the Western needs. Through Calgary, Edmonton, Red Deer, Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Winnipeg and Saskatoon flow beautiful rivers. Calgary's Bow or Elbow could furnish water power for endless manufacture. I am saying nothing of British Columbia, whose mountain streams and whose magnificent forest could furnish cheap power and easily acquired lumber for all the furniture Canada could use without importing one article.

We have the railways, we have the materials, but the absurd idea that the West can produce only agricultural products has taken to the West only such settlers, and we hear constantly about the farmers of the West to the exclusion of all else.

But while Canada has been asleep, Europe knows the West. A large German firm runs big coal mines, or did before the war. English syndicates own some of our resources, even up to the immense areas of coal tar sands near the mouth of the Mackenzie and extending down into Alberta.

We have a growing population with varied interests, education and training, but there is room and to spare for all. I could tell you if I had time of the colonies or groups of non-English speaking peoples in the West. There must be no antagonism between the Eastern and the Western of whatever race, creed or color. They must be Canadianized and by Canadians. We must be more jealous for our own prosperity but not narrow. You know that what hurts one woman hurts every woman, so what hurts one Canadian hurts all Canadians. Our Trade Commission is striving to forward our interests in the world markets, and I urge you to help with the home market.

Let me give you an instance of what some women are doing. You know that our country is so big that few of our people have been able to see much of it. The result is that each province is centred in itself and does not make the effort to know intimately what the other provinces are doing. Well, away across the Rockies in British Columbia we have a marvellously varied country. It is, however, by its geographical position shut away from the rest of Canada beyond the Rockies. It is none the less a rich and diversified country. The Americans have a great stretch of land on the Pacific Coast, and because of its climate they have developed fruits in abundance. Mountain traffic is expensive in the United States and in Canada. Now one-half of British Columbia's population is in Vancouver, so the Americans in Washington territory and California looked north, sent their agents up and finally got a great hold on the British Columbia markets. They packed their fruits and sent the best, onions, tomatoes, green vegetables, and when British Columbia had more or less perfected her fruit production, her crop of onions, tomatoes and celery, they found that to get a market they must send over the mountains to Alberta and Saskatchewan. This was all right, but they had to have a nearer market also, and Vancouver women were buying American produce. The British Columbia women were appealed to. The Women's Institutes took up the cause, and the slogan was sent out, "Buy Home-grown Fruit!" The way was long, but they did wonders.

Now can we not, as intelligent Canadian citizens, stand staunchly behind the development of our land? If it is worth fighting for and dying for as our sons have done to our undying pride in them, it is worth living for and paying for. Look abroad to-day over the face of the earth and say where you would rather live. In the face of world conditions few would choose other spot than our fair Dominion. Our schools should give geography that lives. The office boy or girl two thousand miles from Halifax or Vancouver should be ready to say definitely the date of the sailings. The trade routes of the world and their cargoes should be as our Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific Railway and Canadian National Railways.

As we prepare a meal let us think in world terms. This pepper comes from India; the sugar from Cuba, Hawaiian Island, the Barbadoes; the salt from Spain or Ontario; the mustard from the United States, Jamaica or Cuba; the fat from Chicago; the vegetables from the United States; the dried fish from China, Japan, Scotland or Newfoundland.

But think again of Canada's needs at the present hour of labor for her returned soldiers and her growing population, and of the immense resources at hand. Why should we use fat from Chicago when Canada can produce all the fat that is necessary within her own borders? Why should we eat vegetables from the United States when our own vegetables are the finest in the world? Why should we import from China, Japan, Scotland and Newfoundland dried fish when the fishing banks of the Pacific and the Atlantic are unexcelled in the world, even by the North Sea Fisheries? We import into Canada immense quantities of soup mixtures made in New York, when the organized women of Canada in the country could, through girls' clubs or women's canning clubs, make soup mixture sufficient for all our own needs and provide labor on the farms that would keep the growing girls in the country, instead of sending them to overcrowded cities with poor living conditions. We import from New York enormous quantities of salad dressing, while there are thousands of Canadian women who could produce in their own kitchens and bring upon the market a better salad dressing than any that is offered to-day on the Canadian market. We bring in cider from the United States, and vinegar from Japan, England and China, while thousands of tons of second grade and third grade apples in British Columbia and in Ontario are wasted or are fed to the pigs. Last year we imported 23,365 gallons of vinegar. The manufacture of this, either from maple sap, from apples or tomatoes, would have kept a great number of our young people employed.

Our women can assist just now in finding employment for returned soldiers out of work or not yet fully restored to their pre-war regular tasks. For at least four years very little work has been put upon our homes, and the time would seem opportune to do a little fixing up. If in the homes of Canada some repairs and redecoration were done this spring it would in the sum total provide much additional labor, and this work not only puts money into circulation, but increases the feeling of success and prosperity. "There is nothing that succeeds like success," is an old saying, and to convince a stranger that your own town is no good, you have only to let the weeds and grass grow long, shaggy and unkempt, leave your home unpainted, and before long you will think so yourself. The paint and paper gives you a better opinion of your own home, and may help some one who sorely needs a job. Just think of what we would have suffered but for these same unemployed, and stop at nothing you can do to help the labor situation.

Seasonable Egg Cookery

Delicate Scrambled Eggs

4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
4 eggs

Make a white sauce as follows: Put the butter in the double boiler over the fire. When it melts stir in the flour and gradually add the milk, stirring until well thickened. Break the eggs in a bowl and beat slightly, then turn into the white sauce, stirring and lifting with a fork. Set over water to finish cooking. Stir, lifting the mixture from the bottom as it thickens until it is of a light creamy consistency.

Scrambled Eggs With Tomato

1 cup condensed tomato soup
or boiled down stewed tomato pulp
⅛ teaspoon soda
4 eggs slightly beaten
6 slices buttered toast

Heat soup in an omelet pan; add soda and stir while foaming. Add eggs, scrambled slowly with a fork until firm and serve on toast.

French Toast

2 eggs
1½ cups milk
6 slices stale bread
2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
Salt and pepper

Beat the eggs slightly, add to the milk. Melt the butter or bacon fat as required in a hot frying pan. Dip the bread into the egg and milk mixture, letting it soak slightly, and fry in the greased pan until well-browned on both sides. Sprinkle sparingly with salt and pepper if desired.

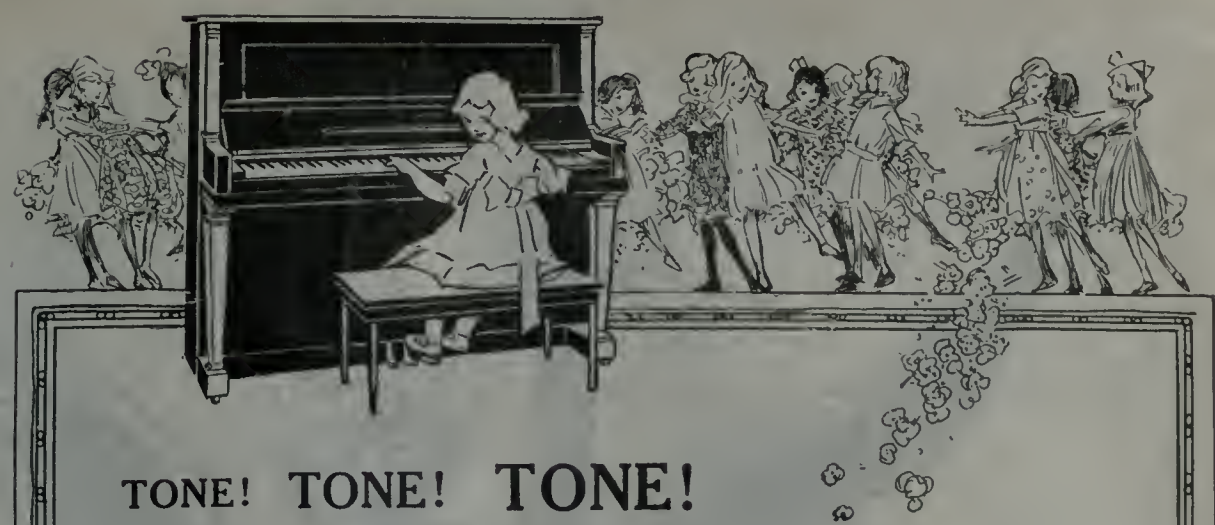
Floating Island

2 cups scalded milk
3 eggs
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Separate the egg whites from the yolks. Beat yolks slightly; add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding hot milk. Cook in a double boiler; continue stirring until mixture thickens and forms a coating on the spoon. (If cooked too long custard will curdle, but may be restored to smoothness by beating vigorously with a Dover egg beater). Add flavoring and pour into a serving dish. Beat egg whites stiff, adding sugar. Pile lightly over the top; brown slightly in the oven. Dot over with spoonfuls of jelly. Chill and serve.

Orange Pudding

Make a boiled custard the same as for floating island. Arrange slices of sweet oranges in a serving dish, cover with a meringue made of the egg whites. Brown slightly in the oven and chill for serving.



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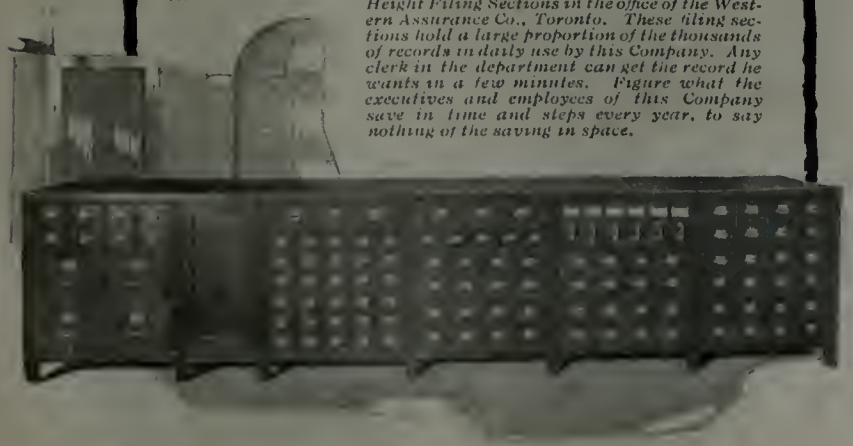
Lower illustration shows battery of Counter Height Filing Sections in the office of the Western Assurance Co., Toronto. These filing sections hold a large proportion of the thousands of records in daily use by this Company. Any clerk in the department can get the record he wants in a few minutes. Figure what the executives and employees of this Company save in time and steps every year, to say nothing of the saving in space.



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Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really **poor** memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did. I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

Mrs. Jones and I tackled the first lesson together. I had told her of my talk with Mr. Roth and she was as anxious as I to put his system to the test. We were simply astounded to find that we had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that we both could call them off to each other forward and back without a single mistake.

Mrs. Jones became as fascinated with the lessons as I, and studied them while I was at business the next day. That evening she floored me with an impromptu exhibition of memory stunts which forced me to demand the exclusive right to the lessons for the evening. I couldn't let her get this advantage of me. She was delighted with what she had accomplished. I was forced to admit that she had leaped ahead of me in memory power with apparently no effort at all, and more surprising still, our twelve-year-old daughter, Genevieve, had read the first few lessons and had mastered the Roth's principles with ease. Do you blame me for insisting on a chance to catch up with my family?

What followed was the most stimulating,—the most interesting—thing that my household ever experienced. Those seven lessons have simply worked wonders with us and that isn't putting it a bit too strong.

For instance, I can now absolutely **count** on my memory to serve me promptly and without a flaw. I can tell the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't **sure.** I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club or at a banquet or in a business meeting or in any social gathering. Read this letter, furnished me by the Independent Corporation when I volunteered to write up my experiences, and written by Terence J. McManus of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, attorneys and counsellors at law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York.

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired especially appeal to me. Let me add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

* * * *

But perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that Mrs. Jones and myself have become really good conversationalists. I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things. And my wife tells me that she never got into a discussion or conversation among her friends, but what she was at a loss for the facts. New uses for her power of memory in both a practical and a social way are dawning on her every day.

Inside of a week after the course reached us she was amazed to see how her newly acquired ability helped her recall the countless things she had to remember. It has simplified her whole life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised at how much more time she had for recreation — because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she has never before dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand — because she never forgot a name or a face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess — much to the admiration of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones in developing her own perfectly good memory discovered the secret of success not only in housekeeping, but also in her social life.

She tells me that the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among her friends since she has let them into the secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Women's Liberty Loan Committee:

> "The Roth Course to my mind is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.
>
> "As chairman for the State of Tennessee for Women's Liberty Loan Committee it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

With me the Roth Method has become of tremendous value. I used to think that the "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right. I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office. Since our people down town took it up you never hear anyone in the office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? His real name is H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and as easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone, I don't care who he is, can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Ask the Independent Corporation to send you Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you can have. Your dividends in social enjoyment and prestige as well as **increased earning power** will be enormous.

Victor Jones

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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The BUSINESS OUTLOOK

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THERE is only one cloud in the sky, one fly in the ointment—labor difficulties. It may be said that a situation which has for its one disturbing element, labor disorganization, is after all not seriously wrong. Labor is the basis of everything and the business outlook depends to a very considerable degree indeed on the labor outlook.

After all, however, the outlook is not so serious. At time of writing the country is in the throes of strikes, which started on May Day. More are threatened. The Commission sojourning through the West is finding evidence everywhere of industrial unrest and of unemployment. On top of that it must be considered that a large percentage of our soldiers are still to be brought back from overseas and many of those who have already returned have not yet found any suitable employment, and yet in the face of all this, it is still possible to say that the situation is not really serious.

In the first place the unemployment is largely confined to one class. A demonstration was organized a few weeks ago in one of the largest Canadian cities, of men out of employment. The turnout was not nearly as large as had been expected and, more significant still, the men who lined up in the parade were predominantly foreign. Russians, Galicians, Poles, Austrians—they filed past; only an occasional native-born Canadian was seen. All who watched the demonstration were impressed with this fact and it gave them considerable food for thought. It is said also that some of the strikers have been incited and largely supported by the foreigner in our midst. If a large share of our present labor uncertainty is due to the foreign element, then the solution is not as hard to find. It is almost entirely among the alien people that the Bolshevistic doctrine has been accepted and some of the manifestations of labor unrest are clearly a result of the work of the disciples of anarchy. One satisfactory feature is the fact that the returned soldier is taking little or no part in the activities of the extremists. The soldier is against the alien and the insidious campaign of the Bolshevists is having no effect on him. The labor trouble, therefore, insofar as it is related to socialistic propaganda, is not likely to seriously affect the business outlook.

It would be unwise not to recognize, however, that there is a real labor problem involved in the dissatisfaction of organized labor with present conditions. How far unemployment has bit into the ranks of real Canadian Labor is hard to say; but from such facts as are obtainable it would appear that there is not much actual unemployment. Organized labor is not satisfied with conditions and is agitating for improvements; furtherfore labor is seriously apprehensive of efforts to cut down wages. It is the belief of those who are closest in touch with the situation that a sincere effort to meet labor on reasonable grounds will be successful and that the process of reconstruction can be seen through in Canada without any clash or any unfair saerifices on either side.

With summer close at hand and an active building season commencing—speaking in a comparative sense—and with the demand for agricultural labor more and more insistent it should be possible to find employment for all who honestly desire it and at the same time to satisfy all reasonable demands on the part of organized labor.

THE most significant fact is the continued growth of savings deposits in Canadian banks. In August, 1914, the total was over six hundred million. Today it stands over a billion and it is continually growing. Even the heavy investments that the public made in Victory Bonds in 1917 and 1918 served as only purely temporary checks to the upward trend. The following figures tell the story:

August, 1914	$ 650,399,000
January, 1915	666,960,000
January, 1916	714,264,000
January, 1917	864,163,000
January, 1918	900,314,000
January, 1919	990,000,000
March, 1919	1,037,851,000

It must be figured also that the banks are carrying at the present time over $600,000,000 in demand accounts. In view of these figures it is apparent, very clearly apparent, that the average Canadian family is enjoying a degree of affluence never attained before; for the savings account is the measure of the average man's propsperity.

It is significant also that conditions in business are becoming steadier. The uncertainty which has been felt with reference to prices is beginning to clear away. It is being recognized that prices are not going down. Indeed in some respects, notably in clothing, they are still on the upgrade. In only one important line has there been a marked falling in price and that is steel. When it is figured that the steel industry has been enormously expanded to meet the demands of war, it is not hard to understand that prices have perforce gone down when demand has shrunk to about sixty per cent. of the pre-armistice total. It is asserted at least that the U. S. steel plants are now working at sixty per cent. capacity and this can be taken as indicative of the business in sight. In practically all other lines, however, the cessation of war left the world with large shortages from normal supply and the demand has remained brisk enough to keep prices up.

As a result, there is less tendency to hold off from buying in the expectation of a drop. The retailer, finding that demand keeps up and that prices are not going down, is coming more readily into the market. He is not yet buying in quantity, but he is stocking up much more liberally than was his wont. Also contracts are being let for buildings. The idea that materials would slump off in price seems to have been abandoned for the year at least. In other words, the idea that a sudden and precipitate drop might come has been

Continued on page 99

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Ten Dollars for Every Word He Speaks

A simple principle which, when applied to everyday talking and writing, gives words a power to influence men's minds

IT'S a funny thing how you'll run into people you know in the most unexpected places. While dodging a speeding automobile on Broadway one day, who should I run into but my old friend Mortimer. He was the last man I ever expected to see in New York. Nine years ago I had known him in a little town in Iowa. He was then struggling along with a small business of his own and was barely making a living.

Then we met on Broadway. In answer to my question as to what and how he was doing, he exclaimed, *"Great! I get ten dollars for every word I speak."*

"You get what?" I shot back, dumbfounded. But he cut short my further questioning with. "Come to my hotel just across the street and I'll tell you all about it."

* * * * *

IN a handsome suite in one of the most expensive hotels in New York. Mortimer told me his whole story, and an amazing one it was. He had struggled along with his failing business and had run deeply in debt. Then one day, just as his creditors were about to close him out, he ran on to something which changed his whole career. *It had to do with influencing people.*

Immediately after making his discovery, he called together his creditors, who were bitterly opposed to him. By applying his new-found idea, he not only induced them to hold off legal proceedings, but won their cordial goodwill. And then, on top of all this, he induced them to hand him $25,000 in actual cash. All this Mortimer did in a few hours.

Mortimer then decided to apply his idea to selling. Formerly when he called on prospects, they showed a discouraging lack of interest in his talk. But now, thanks to the new idea, it was different. Prospects showed an intense interest in what Mortimer had to say. They were eager to listen. And in less than an hour he usually walked out with a substantial order in his pocket.

The remarkable thing about it all was that he sold to identically the same people who had turned him down before. With only a few variations to fit his talk to the man, he said basically the same thing to each man he called on. He obtained large orders with surprising and unusual regularity. He talked his regular selling talk to me. It sounded so remarkably persuasive that I called in the hotel stenographer and had it taken down. Later I counted the words. And, sure enough, it worked out just as Mortimer said. On his orders for a period of a month, he actually averaged ten dollars for every word he spoke. And he did this not once or occasionally, but as a regular month-in-and-month-out practice. He told me of one case where he secured a $20,000 order, and he said less than a thousand words to get it—$20 a word!

No doubt about it. Mortimer had acquired the knack of swinging big orders with comparatively little effort. His success, he told me, had enabled him to concentrate on big contracts, as, with his new method, he actually found it easier to land orders running into the thousands than it formerly was to obtain the usual run of small-fry orders.

* * * *

ALL this Mortimer told me in the hotel as I listened spellbound. It seemed almost unbelievable. Yet he showed me sheets of duplicate orders, each running into the thousands, to prove what he said. And then he offered to take me out with him to see him do what he had told me. One whole week we spent in calling on people. And two-thirds of these calls worked out just as Mortimer said they would. He simply talked to his prospects in an ordinary tone of voice. In a few minutes they would become fired with enthusiasm for his proposition and often cut short his talk in their eagerness to order.

"His talk sounded so remarkably persuasive that I had it taken down by the hotel stenographer".

Naturally, I was astounded at what I saw Mortimer do. I pressed him for details of his great discovery which had lifted him up from impending bankruptcy to national success and had given him such an amazing power over men.

He told me. Like all great things that work, it's simple. It is this: *He found out a simple principle which, if borne in mind in talking or writing, will give words an almost magic power to influence men's minds.*

To most people, words are just words and talk is just talk. Mortimer had always looked at it this way until he made his great discovery. Then he found that there were certain combinations of words which, when arranged in the right way, would literally sweep people off their feet and make them do anything you want them to do. It was by using this principle in all his conversation that Mortimer exercised such a magic power over men and was able to do such astounding things.

* * * *

SINCE that eventful meeting with Mortimer, I've used his principle to accomplish lots of remarkable things for myself. To start with, I used it in selling. My sales trebled instantly. Then, I had long wanted our firm to make certain changes in the product, but they couldn't see things my way. I had another talk with our president and based it on Mortimer's principle. He quickly agreed to change the product, and it has helped the firm greatly as well as myself and the other men.

Considerable friction existed in the office on account of "office politics" and petty jealousies. I smoothed it all out—got everyone to working hand-in-hand—simply by calling the boys together and basing my talk on Mortimer's principle.

About this time a close friend of mine was asked to run for president of our club. At the last moment a "dark horse" loomed up, and his chances looked very slim. He came to me and told me that he couldn't stand the humiliation of defeat. So I got around among the members and talked to them on the basis of Mortimer's principle. The result was surprising as well as gratifying. Eighty per cent. of the club members voted for my friend and he won with a landslide.

In hundreds of other ways I've used Mortimer's principle to push me ahead in business—to sell more goods—to collect "hopeless" debts—to head off competition—to smooth out kinks in everyday life—to write magnetic, action-getting letters and advertisements—to win the active friendship of almost anyone I desire—to get people to believe in me, and to get them to do almost anything I want them to do.

* * * *

THE beauty of it all is that it is so simple. The principle is as easy to understand as A B C. *And when you know it you can, in less than an hour, begin to apply it to all your dealings with people and influence their minds in a way that will astound you just as it astounded me.*

But what is the principle? And how did Mortimer discover it? That's as simple as the principle itself. He ran across it in Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. He advised me to get it. I did, and I never can thank him enough for having put me in touch with it. For it enabled me to do all the remarkable things I've told you about

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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. Black, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*

THE general feeling in the investment market is improving month by month. The dread menace of Bolshevism looms less and less. While unrest in labor circles in Canada continues to break out in strikes in many of the larger cities, employers have tempered their attitude with a broader, fairer, more co-operative vision, and settlements follow rapidly as a rule. The market appears to accept a strike now as merely a forerunner of satisfactory adjustment with little fear of a dislocation of business.

The stronger confidence in the business outlook reflects itself in the steady upward movement in the stock markets. During the past week over a dozen securities established new high records, and the end is not in sight. A New York broker told me a couple of days ago that Wall Street between the high boom level of the fall of 1916 fell on an average 44 points to the low of 1917, and early in May this year only half-way mark, 22 points up, had been reached. He looked for a further "bull" movement, and most Wall Street men agree. In Canada export business in cottons, flour, woollen lines, sugar, etc., is reacting favorably not only on the special securities involved, but on almost the whole market.

With this renewed activity the buying of Victory bonds has fallen off slightly, but not the price. Holders should not sell below the following ranges, at the time of writing:

1922	100	—100½
1923	100¼	—100½
1927	102	—102¼
1933	104¼	—105
1937	106	—106½

Until the terms of the September loan are announced, Victory Bonds may be a little quiet. In any case with the 20-year issue at a premium of 6 points or more, it is hardly likely that a long-term, 5½ per cent, tax free bond will be issued. If tax exemption is maintained the interest is likely to go back to 5¼ per cent. at the most, although if tax exemption is not a feature of the new bonds, 5½ per cent. may be retained, high as this is coming to be in comparison now with first-class municipal issues. In any case the change is likely to cause a further rise in Victory Bonds.

ENQUIRIES have been received during the month in reference to a safe investment in preferred stocks in reply to recent comments in this column. One from Winnipeg reads in part as follows:

Re your article on the Investment Situation: Would like to get a number of the preferred Canadian stocks, something that would yield 7 per cent. or over. I am looking for a good safe investment. I have already $2,000 in Victory bonds so thought I would like to spread my investment."

Another one from the East is worded in part as follows:

As a reader of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, I am asking your advice as to which is the best Canadian preferred stock to buy as an investment: Some preferred stock that one can buy and put away with the assurance that the dividends will come in regularly, and yet offering a better yield than bonds. Of course an enhancement in the value of the stock would be doubly welcome. I have in mind something like Penmans, Canada Steamships, Dominion Canners, etc.

In the latter letter three stocks were suggested by the inquirer, and in so far as their relative strength is concerned, I agree with the order named, but would offer only the first mentioned as an absolutely safe investment, that is Penmans. This stock stands the double test that I think should be applied by anyone offering advice as to an investment; not only does it rest on a strong basis now, with a future apparently assured, but it has successfully passed through years of testing in times of depression as well as prosperity, and has stood the test well.

Canada Steamships preferred has had a comparatively brief career and what many consider abnormal prosperity during the war. Up until a few weeks ago it was selling around 76-78 while paying 7 per cent. on each share, or giving a yield of about 9 per cent.—one of the highest yielding preferred stocks on the market. The low price was due to the fact that public confidence was not yet strong enough to drive it up to 90 or 95. Since then it has advanced at date of writing to 84½, and may go higher very soon. But it will be several years before it can be classed among the "tried" investments.

Dominion Canners fluctuates too much in its season's fortune to be recommended just now as a stock in Penmans' class. It is dependent too much on variations in its raw materials, and at times in the past, has been almost at the mercy of the "independent" companies as its competitors. Its yearly profits lack uniformity and it is barely a year since it was carrying arrears on its preference stock. The speculative element presents itself far more than in the case of Penmans, or even Canada Steamships.

In addition to Penmans I suggested the following preferred stocks:

DOMINION TEXTILE

Outstanding, $1,925,975; 7 per cent. Price at time of armistice, 101, now 106-107. Strongly backed, but at present price yields only 6.5 to 6.6 per cent.

DOMINION COAL

Outstanding $3,000,000, 7 per cent. Selling at about 98; at armistice 94¼-95. Yields a little over 7 per cent.

DOMINION STEEL

Outstanding $7,000,000, 6 per cent; market price about 86; guaranteed by bonds. Yields over 8 per cent.

CANADA CEMENT

Outstanding $10,500,000; 7 per cent. market price at time of armistice, 93¼, present price, 99¼ to 100. Yield, therefore, is about 7 per cent.

Of almost equal standing with these as a 7 per cent. issue, is the last issue of Montreal Tramway debentures, which sell a shade above par, and yield 7 per cent. The fact that these are so intimately related to the Montreal Tramway Company's agreement with the city places them in a unique position so that they virtually have the City of Montreal's support through that agreement, and thus are the nearest resemblance to a municipal bond (although an industrial) in the market.

So far as "an enhancement in the value," as desired by one correspondent, I believe that as interest rates decline, every one of the stocks recommended will tend to rise in market value, as practically all have done since the signing of the armistice.

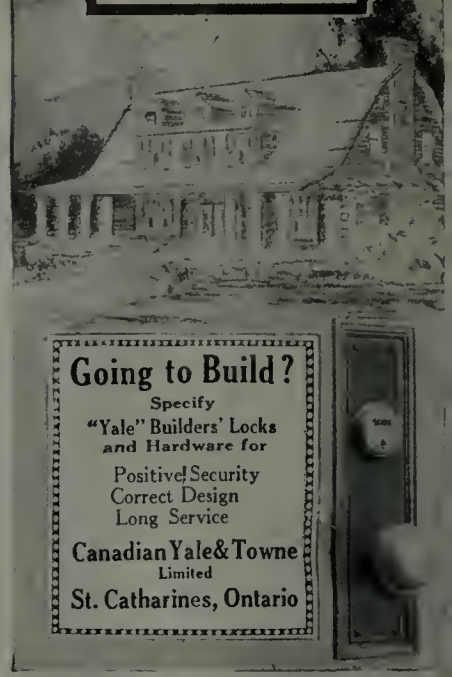
THE inquiries coming to me from *MacLean's Magazine* readers cover a wide range, but all are welcome. With the revival of interest in gold mining, naturally information is sought as to the prospects of this mine or that. Mining

Continued on page 99

$10,000 TO INVEST

An inquiry sent to this department (128 Bleury St., Montreal) asks for advice as to how best invest $10,000. A variety of replies from investment brokers in Canada will be published and analyzed in next month's issue.

TRADE YALE MARK



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

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HOBSON'S HARD START

How the Hamilton Steel Master Made His Debut

By WILLIAM BYRON

THE time has long passed when business was thought devoid of romance. It is seen now that the amazing kaleidoscope of modern business offers more intense drama and more picturesque phases than can be found in any other direction. Any man who has won his way to the top rung of the industrial ladder—no matter how hard-headed and prosaic he may appear—must have lived through experiences that, for sheer interest, exceed anything in fiction. Most of our industrial captains would probably deny this, but catch any one of them in a reminiscent mood and the stories that drop forth will be sufficient proof.

Take, for instance, the story of how Robert Hobson came to go into the iron business and the struggle he had to establish himself there. Mr. Hobson is to-day the president of the Steel Company of Canada and easily figures among the first half-dozen industrial magnates of the Dominion. A little over twenty years ago he knew practically nothing about iron and steel and had absolutely no intention of ever engaging in any business outside of railroading. The story of his jump and of the fight he found himself engaged in is one of intense interest, even when sketched in bare outlines. Perhaps some day Mr. Hobson will be induced to tell it himself. In the meantime, let us present the story as far as it has been possible to trace it.

First Engaged in Railroading

ROBERT Hobson was the son of Joseph Hobson, the famous railroad engineer who left the St. Clair tunnel as a monument to his skill. It was natural that the son should choose to follow in the footsteps of the father, and for twenty years Robert Hobson was employed in the engineering department, first of the Great Western and later of the Grand Trunk. When Charles M. Hays became president of the latter road, he placed Mr. Hobson senior in charge of the engineering department. This necessitated a move to Montreal for both. Robert Hobson had been in Montreal a few days only when he received an urgent message from his father-in-law, Hon. A. T. Wood of Hamilton, to return to that city as Secretary-Treasurer of a new company which had been formed, the Hamilton Iron and Steel Co.

He was not anxious to make the change, in fact, he was very loth to undertake the new proposition. He liked railroading; and he didn't know anything about iron; he perhaps distrusted his ability to make a success in that line. Nevertheless, after due reflection, he decided to try it and so returned to Hamilton after a stay of only fifteen days in Montreal.

The Company Was Shaky

THIS was in January 1896, and the business world after emerging half-heartedly from the black depression of 1893 was slipping down hill again toward the depression of '97. It was a bad time for business generally; and most particularly bad for the Hamilton Iron and Steel Co. The new Secretary-Treasurer soon found himself in rather a sorry plight.

It wasn't so much that he knew nothing about iron. The worst feature of it was that the company was in badly involved condition and the plant required a complete reorganization. The formation of the concern dates so far back that it can be stated now without hurting anybody's feelings that the promotion had been loosely carried out. A group of Americans had come and promoted the proposition, interesting Hamilton capital for the most part. After putting up a plant along the Bay—on the site of the present enormous steel plant—they had drawn out themselves and left the local men holding the bag. It was a rather forlorn proposition all around.

Mr. Hobson had not been on the ground long before he found out a number of things about the concern. He went to the local men who were most heavily interested.

"We're practically insolvent," he told them. "There will have to be a reorganization of the company and new capital. That's your problem. So far we haven't produced pig iron of a quality that can be sold, so we'll have to completely reorganize our production plans. That's my problem."

The fact of the matter was that the promoters had not attempted to put the concern on a going basis. They had drawn in local capital on the plea that all Canadian ores could be used. Much of the ore being used when the new Secretary-Treasurer took charge came from Eastern Ontario. These ores were not sufficient by themselves to produce a satisfactory pig iron, being sulphurous magnetic.

Robert Hobson, President of the Steel Company of Canada.

Mr. Hobson's first step was to go to Cleveland, where he called upon Colonel Pickands, the president of Pickands, Mather & Co., the greatest ore handling concern in the world. He found the Colonel a very courteous old gentleman who had fought with distinction for the North through the Civil War and who carried into business the most highly chivalrous principles. His reception was most cordial.

"Colonel," he said, "I have just been put in charge of an iron plant that's in pretty bad shape. I don't know the first thing about iron and, so far as I know yet, I'm not a business man. So I've come to you."

"In that case," said Colonel Pickands with a twinkle in his eye, "it looks as though we would have to look after you. Just what can we do?"

"All I want is some information," said Hobson. "I want to find out how to make pig iron."

Colonel Pickands called in his experts and, when they had found out the kind of pig iron to be produced, they told the visitor what ores to use, where to buy them, and how to combine them to get the desired result. He relied so implicitly on the information thus secured that he proceeded to place orders for the required ores before proceeding back to Canada.

Although there have been close relations between the two concerns ever since, Mr. Hobson never saw Colonel Pickands again. The fine old soldier died shortly after.

Finding a Market Difficult

SO the future Steel president returned to Hamilton with the first of his difficulties solved. He had found out the right kinds of ore to use and he had contracts in his pocket for adequate supplies. The next step was to produce the pig iron. The head furnace man who had been placed in charge by the promoters was a good-natured Southerner and the plant was not well organized or efficiently run. He had to be replaced. In fact, several changes had to be made; and finally the staff was organized on a basis that made satisfactory production possible. The pay roll at this time numbered 112 in all.

Having at last an article that could be offered for sale, the next problem was to find a market. The office staff numbered three—Mr. Hobson, a book keeper and an office boy; nevertheless the hard working Secretary-Treasurer decided to constitute himself a sales force as well. His first serious effort to secure business took the form of a trip to Montreal. He called first on the head buyer of one of the large manufacturing plants. The man looked at him in amazement when he learned his errand.

"Good Gad, man," he exclaimed, "People come to Montreal to *buy* iron, not to *sell* it."

This, of course, was a fair statement of fact. Most of the pig iron used in Canada at that time came from the Maritimes and from England and Scotland. It came in to Montreal, which thus served as a distributing point for all of Canada.

"I know," returned the man from Hamilton, "but I am in a position to sell even to Montreal."

He was. The plant was now producing a grade of iron that could be marketed at a price that made it worth while even in the centre of the iron industry. Mr. Hobson returned with orders in his pocket and the first glimmerings of hope in his mind

Continued on page 86

THE WINGS *of the* MORNING

By JOHN A. STEUART

Author of "The Minister of State," "The Red Reaper."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

IN all circumstances a philosopher ought to be composed; the dominie was a philosopher, yet a glance would have told that he was deeply, painfully perturbed. He sat crouched over his desk, his chin on his hands, his face an epitome of acute distress. For a full half-hour he had sat thus—mute, motionless, miserable. Spread out on the desk before him was a letter, the manifest and immediate cause of his distress.

It was Friday afternoon, and still with the stillness of golden sunshine and perfect summer peace. The school-room was as silent as the tomb. Outside among the leaves not a bird twittered; the very winds were asleep. The day's work, the week's work, was done. The scholars had all gone. Nearly an hour earlier the last whoop of the emancipated boys had been swallowed by the all-devouring silence, leaving the master alone with his trouble.

Taking up the letter, he read it for the twentieth time. It was not addressed to him, and, properly speaking, did not concern him at all; yet it had thrown his whole world into confusion as by the sudden convulsive upheaval of an earthquake.

"Poor Margaret!" he murmured, laying down the letter with a sigh that seemed to be torn from the very roots of his being; "poor Margaret!"

He rose as he spoke, and stepping to the nearest window, looked out. The school stood high against a background which was a panorama of empurpled hills with peeping Bens behind, now lightly azure in the azure distance. Up there, between him and the sky-line, was Margaret Gordon, as yet unconscious of what the Weird Sisters had spun for her.

"Poor Margaret!" he repeated on a heaving heart-throb. "My poor Maggie!"

Turning away, he paced up and down the room with jerky, irregular steps that sounded eerie and hollow in the emptiness. His thoughts were now on another tack.

When he ventured to look up again, Margaret Gordon stood blenched and rigid.

EARLY in the afternoon Sir Hector had broken in on the humming babel of scholars and left the fateful letter.

"We can't talk of it now," said the baronet. "Come down to the castle in the evening, and we'll discuss it. Come and dine with me; I am all alone."

The pair ought to have been separated by all the rigid, impassable conventions which mark off the landed proprietor with wide possessions of "brown heath and shaggy wood" (mostly brown heath) and a pedigree antedating the Flood, from the village schoolmaster with no patent of nobility save that stamped upon him by his Creator. But to the confusion of fools and the scandal of snobs, they were fast friends, and often smoked a pipe together in animated, most amicable disagreement. To the discerning public eye the baronet appeared a long lean relic of feudalism, with the figure of Don Quixote and the temper of Hotspur. To the same discernment the dominie was—just a dominie with a reserved manner, a caustic tongue (if put to it), a deal of superfluous learning, and a love-secret which kept him a bachelor. But the two men had the all-important mutual understanding and appreciation which Cicero forgot to mention when dilating on the essentials of friendship.

"There is not an atom of the toady in our good dominie," the baronet declared admiringly. "He neither fawns nor flatters, and he isn't afraid—even of me. When I blow off steam he just smiles. Yes, decidedly I like and respect Thomas Dunning."

"Fiery and a bit sulphurous whiles," said the dominie of the baronet. "No denying it. But I'll tell you this, he's the very man I'd go to for a favor."

Thus two utterly dissimilar men may admire each other to the point of affection.

The dominie received the invitation to dine with the remark, "You dress for dinner, Sir Hector; I don't."

"Confound you, what does it matter how you dress?" was the retort. "Come in pyjamas if you like, or if you like come just in your garters. You must help me in this business. That's all."

"Of course, if"——

"Never mind of coursing. It's a way fraudulent lawyers have, which I don't like. Some son of Ananias in London has sent me a new brand or blend of tobacco to sample. We can test it and talk. Anyway, come."

II

THE dominie went, and that evening Sir Hector did not dress for dinner. When the servants had gone, and the two were thickly enveloped in smoke, the baronet remarked from the midst of the cloud, "Well, you'll go and tell her."

"I'd say it's your place to do that," was the reply.

The baronet fanned aside the smoke to see if his friend could be in earnest. "My place! How on earth can I tell her? I put it to you frankly, Dunning, how the devil can a man have the face to sympathize with a woman to whom, as she thinks, he has behaved badly?"

"Not easy for a gentleman, certainly," agreed the dominie.

"Gentleman!" snorted the baronet. "We'll let that fly stick to the wall, if you please. You know how things are between us?"

"Yes, I understand she is under notice to go."

"She was," corrected the baronet. "It's a long story. You'll admit Duncan, her late husband, wasn't exactly an angel in temper, especially when he was in drink. If all tales be true, neither am I—even when I'm sober. Maybe even angels fall out whiles, just to clear the atmosphere. Anyway, Duncan and I didn't get on too well together, and it didn't mend matters that M'Watter the factor was always coming to me with tales of arrears of rent. After the husband came the son, and things were worse. As the old dog snarls the young one learns to show its teeth. The father scowled at me; the son defied me. One day I think he was for thrashing me—and his mother a tenant in arrears with rent!"

"Foolish, but not cowardly," said the dominie significantly.

He thought of another encounter, of which the baronet was ignorant. The young heir, home from Eton for a holiday, met Aleck Gordon. Old feuds took fire, and there was a fight. Eton was the heavier weight, yet Eton suffered defeat—and lied bravely in explanation of results. Ever after the dominie, who knew all, thought well of Eton.

"Aleck Gordon was no coward," said the baronet decisively. "We have proof of that. But any fool can be wise after the event. If I was mistaken in him, possibly he was mistaken in me. Two such mistakes, and you have hate in the making. M'Watter was for getting rid of the whole breed, and I consented. That's the extent of my crime. Now there comes this, and—and I'm bowled over. So you'll go and face Margaret Gordon for me, Dunning. Tell her the law's off. M'Watter will be here early to-morrow morning, and I'll tell him; and the lawyer body in Aberfourie will be instructed to the same effect. Honor and gratitude can do no less."

"Then go and tell Margaret Gordon that yourself," insisted the dominie. "It will be one of the finest things you ever did."

"No I won't, because I can't. Pride, you say. No, sir, cowardice—pure cowardice. You see, she'd be bound to cry, and I'd lose my head and skedaddle. Nice tit-bit for the gossips, eh? No; you'll go. I ask it as a favor. And look here, Dunning, as to the future, let it be whatever you think proper in the circumstances. You see what my boy says: 'For my sake, do all you can.' There are certain things I cannot do—would that I could; but what I can I will do. It'll be little enough, seeing what I owe. I'd send M'Watter, only he'd be even more of an ass than myself. Besides, I remember that Margaret Gordon and you are old friends."

"Yes," said the dominie, with a sudden twitch of the features; "very old friends."

"Old friends are best in a crisis," said the baronet. "So to-morrow you will do me the favor of going to Margaret Gordon."

"To-morrow, Sir Hector," replied the dominie, "I will go to Margaret Gordon."

III.

NEXT morning, after a restless, sleepless night, the dominie rose to face the most trying ordeal of his life. Janet, his elderly, gaunt, and active housekeeper, complained that although she prepared a breakfast "fit for a prince" he paid her the ill compliment of leaving it almost untouched.

"And mercy on us, Mr. Dunning," she cried, coming to a sudden halt before him, "what's happened that your collar's a' bluidy."

She recalled his strange aspect of the day before, and was terrified by thoughts of attempted suicide.

"I—I must have cut myself in shaving," he returned, lamely, as Janet felt.

"Aye," she said, still cold with the suicide theory, "razors are unco unchancy things." It was in her mind to hide his and let him go unshaved—at any rate until he should recover his wits.

He put on another collar and went out, remarking

that as he did not know when he would return, Janet need not trouble about dinner for him. This was confirmation of her worst fears.

"Puir, doited thing, what's come over him?" she thought, watching him as he went. "A' last night I could hear him tramp, trampin' his room when he should have been sleepin', an' this mornin' no breakfast, an' a face like a ghost's. It's for the hill he is," she added, noting his direction, and instantly a cold shiver went through her at thought of a certain tarn of evil name that was just the place for a would-be suicide. "A soaked, draigled corp—it fairly gies me the cauld grue just to think o't."

She had an impulse to rush after him, and by sheer force, if persuasion failed, compel him to come back.

Lacking courage, for the dominie was not a man to be lightly meddled with, she went inside to her household instead.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the terrors he inspired, the dominie climbed the steep slope above the schoolhouse. Once out of sight, he sat down, took Sir Hector's letter from his pocket, and read it as a man might read his own death-warrant.

"He should have come himself," he muttered. "Yes, he should have come himself." Yet not that either, for above all things in the world, Thomas Dunning wished to be with Margaret Gordon in this crisis of her fate.

He went on again, cold at heart, though the sun shone warmly. When at last he sighted High Croft nestling in the little green dip of the hills, its windows and whitewashed walls gleaming in the brilliant light, he stopped as if afraid to proceed. Then with a sudden prick of courage he hurried on, like one hypnotized by the very dread and peril of his enterprise.

IV.

ROGER the collie spied him from afar, and rushed forth, all bark and bristle; but midway his ears fell back and his tail began to wag joyously. Next instant he was licking the dominie's hand, as in apology for his unpremeditated rudeness. For the master was no stranger at High Croft. A maid followed the dog, gazed a moment at the approaching figure, and disappeared. When the dominie reached the door Margaret Gordon herself was there to welcome him.

"Having a Saturday dander, Tom?" she remarked similingly, in response to the salutation of the soft slouch hat. "It's bonnie among the hills the day, isn't it?"

"Yes; one of the days that come just to show what the Highlands can be in a good mood," he returned. "How are you, Maggie?"

In the presence of others she was Mrs. Gordon, and he was Mr. Dunning; but by themselves she was still Maggie, and he was still Tom.

"I mustn't complain," she answered, Scots fashion. In the national creed of her country complaint in the matter of feeling is tantamount to a reflection on Providence, which is straitly forbidden. "Come away in by and rest. It's a warm pull up here on such a day."

She turned, and he followed her into "the room," which in rural Scotland is the equivalent for city drawing-room or parlor. "You'll be for having something?" she added, setting him a chair.

"No, thank you, Maggie. I haven't long breakfasted."

"A drink of milk at least," she coaxed. He had a glass of milk which was nine-tenths cream, not because he was thirsty, but to please her and incidentally to rally and compose his own fluttering faculties. As he drank he watched her face. When he knew it first that face had been radiant with a beauty that might have made Helen jealous; but time and trouble lay heavy upon it, giving it a look of settled, wistful sadness, such as beautiful faces sometimes wear. It wore the habitual look now.

"She doesn't know anything," he told himself. How was he to tell her?

"Any news from Aleck lately?" he asked in the ordinary tone of ordinary conversation.

"A letter two days ago," she replied. "Here it is. Read it for yourself."

"Then go and tell Margaret Gordon that yourself," insisted the dominie.

IT was a letter written with Cæsarean brevity. The writer was in "the thick of it," and he was glad to say the Boches were getting something of what they deserved. He was well, and would write again just as soon as he could. He often thought of High Croft and his mother. She was not to worry. He thought of his friends too, and the night before had dreamed of the master, a funny dream about fighting Sir Hector.

As he handed back the letter the dominie had a painful lump in his throat.

"It's comforting to think he's been spared to me so far," said Margaret simply. "God can save on the battlefield as well as on the quiet hill-side."

The dominie coughed, thinking of that other letter in his pocket. Then he blew his nose with a force that was like a sudden explosion; and a close observer might have sworn that a corner of the big bandana handkerchief swept his eyes.

"I happened to see Sir Hector last night," he said with some difficulty. "He had just got a letter from young Mr. Hector, and he mentions Aleck."

"Good news?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, good news." He could say so much truthfully, and the relief was infinite. "What do you think, Maggie? Aleck's won the V.C."

"The V.C.," she repeated. "That's a big honor, isn't it, Tom?"

"It's the one honor that every soldier covets," was the reply. "It's for valor, Maggie—for valor," he repeated in a thrilling voice. "The whole army salutes the man who gets the V.C., be he private or general."

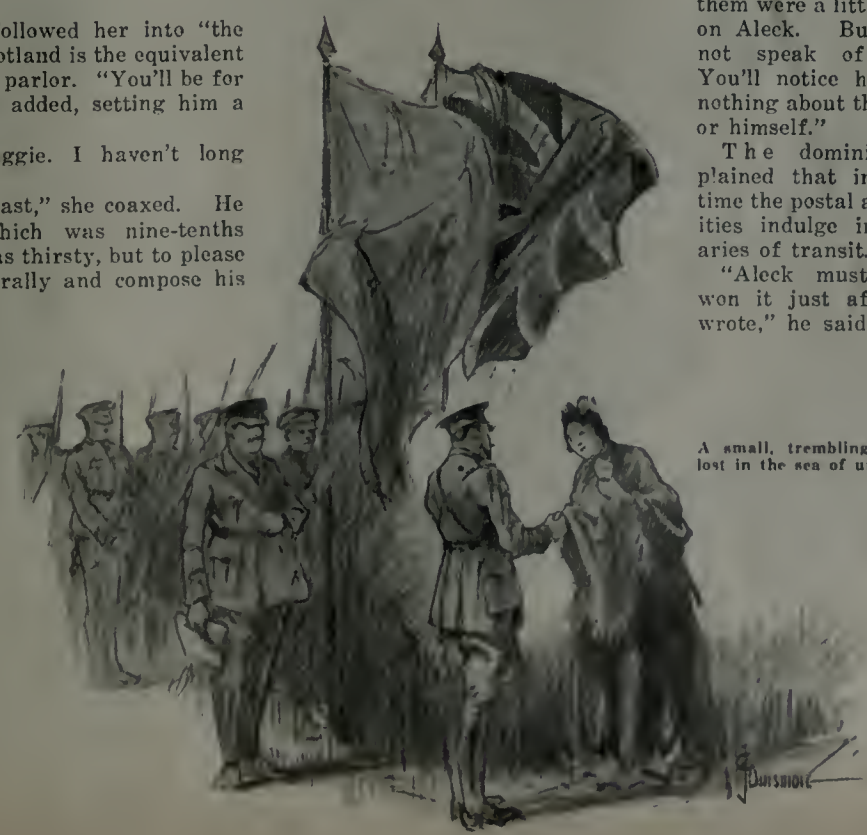
"Ay," she said, as if trying to understand what she heard. "Just before going out Aleck was speaking that way. I was wiping my eyes a wee. 'Never mind mother', says he, 'maybe I'll get the V.C. Don't be downhearted. I'll make a proud woman of you yet.' That was how he talked."

"And he's done it," said the dominie. "He's done it. You are proud, Maggie. Any woman would be."

She whipped away a tear; mothers will have moist eyes when they are overcome with joy. "Yes, as you say, any woman would be proud. I used to think Sir Hector and the rest of them were a little hard on Aleck. But we'll not speak of that. You'll notice he says nothing about the honor himself."

The dominie explained that in wartime the postal authorities indulge in vagaries of transit.

"Aleck must have won it just after he wrote," he said. "You see, Mr. Hector's letter may have had better luck in getting through quick. Anyway, your boy has won the V.C."



A small, trembling figure, lost in the sea of uniforms.

"And what was it for?" she asked eagerly. "What did Aleck do to win what the whole army covets?"

The dominie regarded her a moment as if speculating how she would take the answer.

"He saved young Mr. Hector's life," he said then.

"Saved young Mr. Hector's life!" she repeated, her eyes wide with amazement.

"Yes. As you know, they have been out there together. In the heat of the fighting Mr. Hector was badly wounded, and lay where he fell. When the fight was over Aleck saw him, went out under fire, and carried him back to safety."

"That was just Aleck all over," said Margaret; "and you know what took place between them at home here!" She smiled wistfully; her smile cut the dominie to the heart.

"Aleck didn't stay to think of that," he returned. "He just went and did as his own brave and generous heart prompted. That is always the way of heroes."

"It's hard for his old mother to understand it all," she remarked, as if such mysteries were beyond her simplicity. "But Mr. Hector wrote it, and so it must be true. What else does the letter say? Is Aleck safe?"

THE dominie's heart stood still. In a sense he could answer, "Yes, Aleck is safe," but not as she would have it.

Her eyes were fixed upon him. She saw that he hesitated. She saw also that his face had become seared and drawn as in a sudden spasm of pain, and her mother's intuition flashed in alarm.

"Tom," she cried, a quick terror in voice and face, "you have ill news as well as good. Has anything happened to Aleck? Is he also wounded? Tell me. Don't, don't keep me in suspense!"

He rose and took a step towards her, she, too, rising. He would have taken her in his arms, but that the proprieties forbade. Once she had nestled in them and been rapturously happy, but that was long, long ago, and everything was different now.

"They got in quite safely," he said, struggling against a choking constriction of the throat. "Then"—his head swam, and it seemed the air was thick with darting sparks of fire. "Then—just as Aleck was laying Mr. Hector down, a sniper's bullet"——

"Hit Aleck?" she gasped.

"Hit Aleck."

"And—and killed him."

The dominie bowed his head, fearing to look into the stricken, agonized face before him.

V.

WHEN he ventured to look up again Margaret Gordon stood blenched and rigid, one hand clutching the back of the chair from which she had just risen. He took her gently by the arm. "Sit down, Maggie," he said softly.

She obeyed mechanically, and the dominie sat beside her. She did not seem to be aware that he was there, that he held her hand and was chafing it in an anguish of sympathy. From her bloodless lips came a low moan, to him the inarticulate cry of a breaking heart.

"Margaret," he whispered. "Dear Maggie, the mother of a hero cannot but be brave."

"Aleck is dead," she said, as if that were the end of all things.

"He died nobly and gloriously," said the dominie,

Continued on page 81

VICTORY STUFF

By Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

What d'ye think, lad; what d'ye think
As the roaring crowds go by?
As the banners flare and the brasses blare,
And the great guns rend the sky?
As the women laugh like they'd all gone mad,
And the champagne glasses clink,
Oh, you're gripping me hand so tightly, lad,
I'm a-wonderin': what d'ye think?

D'ye think o' the boys we used to know,
And how they'd have topped the fun?
Tom and Charlie, and Jack and Joe,
Gone now, every one.
How they'd have cheered as the joy-bells chime,
And they grabbed each girl for a kiss!
And now—they're rotting in Flanders slime,
And they gave their lives—for *this*.

Or else d'ye think of the many a time,
When we wished we too was dead,
Up to our knees in the freezin' grime,
With the fires of hell overhead?
When the youth and the strength of us sapped away,
And we cursed in our rage and pain—
And yet—we haven't a word to say—
We're *glad*. We'd do it again.

I'm scared that they pity us. Come, old boy,
Let's leave them their flags and their fuss.
We'd surely be hating to spoil their joy
With the sight of such wrecks as us.
Let's slip away quietly, you and me,
And we'll talk of our chums out there:
You with your eyes that'll never see,
Me that's wheeled in a chair.

THE MENACE IN THE SOUTH

By Agnes C. Laut

BOLSHEVISM has gripped Mexico. Superimposed on the disorder and terrorism which has been the lot of the peon for many years, it has created a condition there that can be described only as chaos. The lives and property of the foreign population, mostly American and Canadian, are jeopardized. More serious still, Mexico is being made the starting point from which the contagion of Bolshevism may spread.

Therefore, the affairs of Mexico cannot be regarded as foreign to Canadians. Divided from that land by a hemisphere, Canada has yet a vital interest in the settling of the disorder that is making Mexico a menace to all North America.

The United States is in the position of the man who sees his neighbor's house afire and the wind settling in his own direction; Canada is one lot farther removed but, if the fire is not stopped, it will ultimately reach there.

I was eight weeks in Mexico and I saw and heard things that will probably not be credited. I want to set some of them down, however, so that Canada may gain some conception of the menace in the South.

Mexican troops on the move. This is a typical troop train.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Miss Laut has just returned from an eight weeks' trip to Mexico. She found conditions there so extremely grave that "the menace in the south" extends even as far north as Canada. Mexico is not only torn with racial dissension and revolutionary fury, but is rapidly passing into the hands of the Bolshevists. In consequence a serious menace is being created for the whole North American continent, and Miss Laut gives a vivid picture of Mexico as it is to-day.*

TEN years ago there had settled in Mexico more than 4,000 Americans. Some had taken out their Mexican papers. Others retained their American citizenship. They were there as mine owners, as mine workers, as engineers, as railroad operators, as promoters, as ranchers, as workers and owners of coffee plantations, of sugar plantations, of cotton factories and sugar mills. They had been welcomed to Mexico by the Diaz Government. They had put into Mexico thirty years of thrift and work and capital savings; and they were re-investing their accrued profits in Mexico. To-day, where are these 40,000 American settlers in Mexico? Run out at the point of a bayonet, robbed and looted and "revolooted" by bandits, by revolutionary bands, by Carranza soldiers, tortured, murdered, maltreated, mutilated. Of the 40,000 American settlers in Mexico, less than 5,000 remain to-day; and they are huddled in the cities because no human life—or for that matter animal life either if it can be run off by bandits—is safe outside the cities, or in the cities, outside a house after nine o'clock at night.

Let me give some concrete cases.

I think of a farmer who sold all his land in Kansas thirty years ago and bought a 3,000-acre ranch of cactus land in the sugar section of South-Eastern Mexico. The name of the place I dare not give more specifically; for it would expose the family's dispersed heirs to the vengeance of confiscation or murder. The cactus land cost a few dollars an acre—slightly more than we in the Canadian North-West could get for wild land during the same era of Manitoba and the prairies, where I roamed as a child. The cactus and sage brush and grease wood were grubbed out. The land was fenced. A ranch house was built. Houses for the tenant hands were built. A little herd of horses and mules and cattle multiplied to 300 head of cattle and over 100 of horses and mules. Finally, sugar warehouses went up and railroad sidings were run in. Seven years ago, the Kansas farmer was employing 700 peons. He had—as we say in the West—begun to cash in for his thirty years of hard work and thrift and good management. At the time that Kansas farmer came to the sage brush country, wages were 12 to 25 cents a day. He was paying his hands 75c to $1.50.

The Mexican Method

IN the twinkling of an eye swooped down one of the revolutionary bands. It doesn't matter very much which band did it. There were about 200 in the band led by two peddlers, who had strapped on bandoliers and rifles and called themselves generals. The man who was a cut-throat, serving a criminal sentence in a dungeon yesterday, may be an official general to-day or to-morrow. The man who is an official general under Government auspices by daylight, may don a burglars' mask and go on a raiding expedition at night, of which the famous high-powered gray automobile manned by masked officers, who robbed the good houses of Mexico City, is an example.

A peon family in an agricultural section. Living conditions are quite primitive among the native Mexicans.

Nor does it matter very much under which of the shifting dictatorships, in the sacred name of democracy during the last six years, this particular crime was perpetrated. Whoever was in power was answerable for the crime, exactly as New York would be answerable for the crime, whether Republicans or Democrats were in power, if a similar outrage befell any one of the 8,000 Mexicans now residing in New York City.

The Raiders at Work

IN the twinkling of an eye swooped down from the hills one of the bandit bands, one of the 500 such bands which have swept Mexico bare as a land scoured by some scourge from the depths of Hell. The stock was all run off, or slaughtered and maltreated on the spot. Why maltreated? "To see 'em squirm," as a bandit, frenzied drunk with pulque, explained. The storehouses were looted. What couldn't be carried away was gutted and set in flames. Flour—flour for which Mexican women and children have since gone hungry—was ripped open and trampled in the ground. All the barb wire was slashed and carried off. Furniture was cut into kindling wood. Pictures were slashed. Clothing and small jewelry were taken to deck the wild harlots, who rode with the patriots on their expeditions in the sacred name of freedom; but more than personal trinkets were caught. It was pay day at the ranch. On pay day, it had been customary at the ranch for the mother and daughters to go to the nearest city and bring the pay envelopes out in cash. Providentially that day, the train was late. The women of the ranch had not come out; and that fact is all that saved them from the fate of hundreds, yes, thousands of women and girls. But the bandits wanted money and demanded it of the old father. He gave them all the cash he had. The one Mexican, who tried to protect him, the bandits shot on the spot. With 700 peon helpers and only 200 drunken bandits, why didn't the American defend himself? Because the Carranza Government does not permit Americans to possess firearms to the extent of one pistol, or one rifle, or one round of cartridges. That is why this frontiersman, whose ancestors pioneered the Bloody Ground of the West, could not raise a hand to defend himself without exposing 700 of his people to a shambles.

When I was in Mexico less than a month ago, one little settlement of Mexicans did so try to defend themselves from loot. They wanted to keep their mules from being stolen out of the plows as they were putting in their crops. The presiding patriot of the district, who called himself "a general" fell on them inside of a week, and 35 innocent Mexicans were massacred—chiefly by bayonet and machete, or what we would call a broadaxe.

The Scotchman Was Respected

SO the old Kansas farmer was led out to be tortured into exposing where the supposed pay envelopes were hidden. What happened I shall not tell. It is not tellable. They put a rope round his neck and began working him up and down an extemporized scaffolding to the blows and prods of rifle and machete. He went raving mad. The torture stopped only when the old man lost consciousness. Then the ranch house, the barns, the warehouses were set on fire; and the bandits, decked in the loot, and drunk with lust and crime, rode off with jeers and hoots. On that ranch was a young Scotchman as foreman of the warehouses and stores. On him they did not lay a finger. Why? Because he claimed the protection of

another flag. Time was when the American flag wrapped round a man protected him from insult or wrong in any part of the world; or the United States had to know the reason why. Elocutionists used to recite a very beautiful poem about that flag protecting a man amid an alien horde. Yet that flag has been tied to the tail of a donkey and with half-naked urchins as pages for the donkey's train dragged through the streets of a city in Mexico to the shouts of a rabble.

Let it be added that the Carranza Government finally caught and shot one leader of this band. Heart and viscera were taken from the body, the body packed with salt and exposed standing upright in a coffin as a warning for days; but the point is—the same conditions of outlawry and banditry are rampart in Mexico to-day except in the immediate environs of the well-policed cities. After seven years of revolution, or "revolooting" in the sacred name of freedom, such crimes are still rampant. Mexico lies crucified under the heel of bands of bandits and cut-throats, who compose less than one-half of one per cent. of her population. What happened to that ranch happened to such scores and hundreds of other ranches—American and Mexican—that the tale can never be told. Nor can the half of any one tale be told. Details of these cases can only be told in some pathological laboratory, where post mortems are performed on the brains of fiends. If any one challenges this statement, I shall be glad to send the details of cases that have happened within eight miles of the heart of Mexico City within the last two years, of cases that are on medical record now.

No Respect for the U.S. Flag

I HAVE spoken of the desecration of the American flag.

One more case. This time an American Methodist clergyman beloved by the whole community, Mexican and foreign. The rabble came to his door, tore down the American flag and called him out. He was ordered at rifle point to spit on the flag and stamp upon it. At first the enormity of the command did not dawn on him. Then he drew himself up.

"Never! Not till the crack of doom and back again," he shouted above the jeers.

Rifles and revolvers were jammed against his head.

"You're a dead man then," the leading jefe blustered.

"Better dead and the flag undefiled," he shouted back, "than alive and all the flag stands for down in the mud."

Instantly, the mob tied the flag to the mudguard of a motor. It was raining. The streets were swimming in slime. With the clergyman clubbed in front of the mob, the car was run down the main street of the city dragging the Stars and Stripes in the slime, rifle shots cracking overhead to the door of the penitentiary, where the clergyman and a band of Y.M.C.A. workers, who had come to his rescue, were thrown inside a cell; and all that prevented that group of Americans suffering massacre was that two other mobs of bandits came into the city, one from the North, one from the South; they were so busy murdering each other that friends could set the clergyman and the Y.M.C.A. boys free.

WITHIN the past year 11 workers in the American oil fields have been murdered, 30 assaulted and paymasters robbed to the amount of $150,000 (pesos). By "assaulted," I don't mean simply frisked and hustled. I mean beaten insensible so that some have been left maimed for life, their lives outraged, some even driven insane. If you want to realize what the raiding of a train means I could tell the details where a train was held up, all the passengers robbed, two Mexican women taken off, stripped naked and thrown into a vat of black train oil.

German Deviltry in a Paradise

THE deviltries in the first place were financed by German money. Secret German propaganda, working through Bolsheviki, lashed an ignorant populace into a frenzy. But do not think the whole nation is an ignorant populace! Of fifteen million people, ten million do not speak even Spanish and are pure Indian. Of the five million, at least two represent the best that any nation can produce in art, in genius, in science; and in its topography the land is a garden of paradise inexhaustible in its wealth. In minerals, in fruits, in cereals, in forests, it produces anything to be found from Saskatchewan to Panama; and it raises always two crops a year—sometimes three. The land, itself, is of an area about equal to France and Italy, or Germany and Switzerland and Spain. It has twenty-eight distinct states and some minor provinces.

Imagine German propaganda turned amuck in this land! At one stage of the game, German propaganda came to Mexico and charged American soldiers and settlers with the same crimes against Mexican women as Germans perpetrated against Belgian and French. This choice piece of deviltry was circulated by the Bolsheviki in the West and Centre Mexican States, where the people are remote and could not know the fraud. The book was not circulated on the American Border, or on the Gulf, or in the big cities, for there Americans were living and the Mexicans knew differently.

German official propaganda is now dead. Bolsheviki propaganda is not dead however. It is more active than it has ever been; and it is now trying to fan up bad relations between Mexico and the United States by a species of subtle propaganda of which I shall tell later. It is easier to kindle a flame than to quench it.

Outside the different city limits, Mexico is as lawless as at any time during the past seven revolutionary years. Murder, outrage, rape, assassinations, banditry, kidnapping—are as rife to-day outside city limits as at any time during the actual armed fighting of different revolutionary leaders. Only last fall, an American boy, who was an engineer in the mining country, was kidnapped. His people in California received a demand for $5,000. They were hard pressed to find the money. The bandits cut off his ears and sent them to his parents. The family scraped the money together somehow. Came back a second demand for twice the first amount. This time they sent his fingers. By the time the family had scraped up the second instalment, the boy had been murdered. I could tell of two boys similarly kidnapped near Mexico City while I was there—one badly injured in a roping process—or of another boy ransomed for $4,000 and delivered back in Mexico City while I was there, in broad daylight in a place as public as Queen's Park, Toronto, or Beaver Hill, Montreal.

A very common scene; a town occupied by federal troops.

Carranza Helpless

GRANTED also Carranza would stop the banditry if he could. He can't or he would. Of his, say twenty, generals—I forget whether the number is fifteen or twenty—the number varies—granted five belong to the young Radical progressive group, whom I heard declare they would drive out "the den of thieves or die in the attempt." The young, clean Radicals are outnumbered two to one; and if Carranza budged from the present system, he would be assassinated. What is the present system? It is for a general to charge on his payroll for eight to ten thousand soldiers, when he has only three to five thousand soldiers; and not to pay the three to five thousand except when he has to. They are promised 75 cents to $1 a day, and are given 25 cents "and a free hand"; and in one section I visited, they were not given even the 25 cents. They were literally hungry in the Tehuantepec Country. That is why Carranza's soldiers by day turned into bandits at night. That and the 11 murders and 30 assaults and $150,000 stolen—is what drove the oil producers to pay the bandit, Pelaez, protection money, a plain blackmail.

Protecting the Oil Supply

GET this oil matter straight! The charge is constantly made by Carranza that the oil companies are financing the revolutions. What happened and how was this: at one stage in the war, oil and gasoline supplies ran very low. We were within three weeks of not having enough to keep the British and American Navy going. Franklin Roosevelt called on the oil men of Mexico to speed up; and German spies were on the ground trying to burn the oil tanks and oil wells and to blow up the eighty to one hundred miles of pipe lines that convey the oil from the jungle of the hot country to the water front. (It may be said—pipe lines cost the companies millions of dollars before they got a cent back for their outlays.) The Germans were also financing the rebel bands in their deviltries. One of the leading revolutionists in the oil country—by name, Pelaez—came to the oil companies.

"Pay me," he said, "enough to keep and pay my men; and I'll protect you from all other bands."

And with the full connivance and knowledge of the State Department, pay him they did. Some say the amount runs to $60,000 a month, some say less; but as Pelaez has 5,000 trained men, it is probable not less than $60,000. Henceforth, if a small band ran amuck, Pelaez took to the high road after them;—there were ragged skeletons hanging to telegraph poles. How then, have the companies been robbed so heavily in the last years? Because not all pay Pelaez; and because some of the companies have to go to the oil fields by launch down a narrow canal. Now before you can take a launch out in Mexico, you have to declare to the customs officials how much money you are taking out—so many pesos in gold, so much silver, so much copper; and when the bandits fire across the prow of a launch, they utter naive demands for exactly the amounts of gold, silver and copper, which the customs manifest declares. Who told them? Who are these bands? Sometimes Carranza soldiers take to the road with a "free hand"; and marked coins of identification are found on their persons in the low dives of Tampico.

Why doesn't Carranza put this knavery down?

Because he can't.

Because he does not control this region except in name.

How the Bandits Got Firearms

THE question is asked where do the bandits get fire arms and ammunition, if the foreign companies do not supply both? All the bandit rifles are old Mausers bought from Japan; and the bullets used are stamped Mexico City. The bandits get their munition by paying 10 to 25 cents to the Carranza soldiers for cartridge belts and by raiding garrisons for the rifles. Drugged pulque plays its part, too. Dynamite is usually stolen from construction and mining companies, or from passing freight trains known to be carrying such inland. The United States will not permit one pound of ammunition to be shipped to anyone but Carranza.

When American Ambassador Fletcher came up

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The Gold Wolf

A Bulldog Carney Story

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Bulldog Carney," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

His body struck rocks, trees, roots; it jiggered about on the rough earth like a cork.

ALL the day long Bulldog Carney had found, where the trail was soft, the old imprint of that goblined inturned hoof. All day in the saddle, riding a trail that winds in and out among rocks, and trees, and cliffs monotonously similar, the hush of the everlasting hills holding in subjection man's soul, the towering giants of embattled rocks thrusting up towards God's dome pigmying to nothingness that rat, a man, produces a comatose condition of mind; man becomes a child, incapable of little beyond the recognition of trivial things; the erratic swoop of a bird, the sudden roar of a cataract, the dirge-like sigh of wind through the harp of a giant pine.

And so, curiously, Bulldog's fancy had toyed aimlessly with the history of the cayuse that owned that inturned left forefoot. Always where the hoof's imprint lay was the flat track of a miner's boot, the hob-nails denting the black earth with stolid persistency. But the owner of the miner's boot seemed of little moment; it was the abnormal hoof that, by a strange perversity, haunted Carney.

The man was probably a placer miner coming down out of the Eagle Hills, leading a pack pony that carried his duffel and, perhaps, a small fortune in gold. Of course, like Carney, he was heading for steel, for the town of Bucking Horse.

Toward evening, as Carney rode down a winding trail that led to the ford of Singing Water, rounding an abrupt turn, the mouth of a huge cave yawned in the side of a cliff away to his left. Something of life had melted into its dark shadow that had the semblance of a man; or it might have been a bear or a wolf. Lower down in the valley that was called the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge, his buckskin shied, and with a snort of fear left the trail and elliptically came back to it twenty yards beyond.

IN the centre of the ellipse, on the trail, stood a gaunt form, a huge dog-wolf. He was a sinister figure, his snarling lips curled back from strong yellow fangs, his wide, powerful head low hung, and the black bristles on his back erect in challenge.

The whole thing was weird, uncanny; for a single wolf to stand his ground in daylight was unusual.

Instinctively Bulldog reined in the buckskin, and half turning in the saddle, with something of a shudder, searched the ground at the wolf's feet dreading to find something. But there was nothing.

The dog-wolf, with a snarling twist of his head, sprang into the bushes just as Carney dropped a hand to his gun; his quick eye had seen the movement.

Carney had meant to camp just beyond the ford of Singing Water, but the usually placid buckskin was fretful, nervous.

A haunting something was in the air; Carney, himself, felt it. The sudden apparition of the wolf could not account for this mental unrest, either in man or beast, for they were both inured to the trail, and a wolf meant little beyond a skulking beast that a pistol shot would drive away.

High above the rider towered Old Squaw Mountain. It was like a battered feudal castle, on its upper reaches turret and tower and bastion catching vagrant shafts of gold and green, as, beyond, in the far West, a flaming sun slid down behind the Selkirks. Where he rode in the twisted valley a air, suggesting the giant ferns chill had struck the plumes of knights vaults, dungeons; death dew. A reachhung heavy like the ing stretch of salmon drooping with the bushes studied with myriad berries that gleamed like topaz jewels hedged on both sides the purling, frothing stream that still held the green tint of its glacier birth.

Many times in his opium running Carney had swung along this wild trail almost unconscious of the way, his mind traveling far afield; now back to the old days of club life; to the years of army routine; to the bright and happy scenes where rich-gowned women and cultured men laughed and bantered with him: at times it was the newer rough life of the West; the ever-present warfare of man against man; the yesterday where he had won, or the to-morrow where he might cast a losing hazard—where the dice might turn groggily from a six-spotted side to a deuce, and the thrower take a fall.

BUT to-night, as he rode, something of depression, of a narrow environment, of an evil one, was astride the withers of his horse; the mountains seemed to close in and oppress him. The buckskin, too, swung his heavy lop-ears irritably back and forth, back and forth. Sometimes one ear was pricked forward as though its owner searched the beyond, the now glooming valley that, at a little distance, was but a blur, the other ear held backward as though it would drink in the sounds of pursuit.

Pursuit! that was the very thing; instinctively the rider turned in his saddle one hand on the horn, and held his piercing gray eyes on the back trail searching for the embodiment of this phantasy. The unrest had developed that far into conception, something evil hovered on his trail, man or beast. But he saw nothing but the swaying kaleidoscope of tumbling forest shadows; rocks, that half gloomed, took fantastic forms; bushes that swayed with the rolling gait of a grizzley.

The buckskin had quickened his pace as if, tired though he was, he would go on beyond that valley of fear before they camped.

Where the trail skirted the brink of a cliff that had a drop of fifty feet, Carney felt the horse tremble, and saw him hug the inner wall; and, when they had rounded the point the buckskin, with a snort of relief, clamped the snaffle in his teeth and broke into a canter.

"I wonder—by Jove!" and Bulldog, pulling the buckskin to a stand, slipped from his back, and searched the black-loamed trail.

"I believe you're right, Pat," he said, addressing the buckskin; "something happened back there."

He walked for a dozen paces ahead of the horse, his keen gray eyes on the earth. He stopped and rubbed his chin, thinking, thinking aloud.

"There are tracks, Patsy boy—moccasins; but we've lost our gunboat-footed friend. What do you make of that, Patsy—gone over the cliff? But that damn wolf's pugs are here; he's traveled up and down. By gad! two of them!"

THEN, in silence, Carney moved along the way, searching and pondering; cast into a curious, superstitious mood that he could not shake off. The inturned hoof-print had vanished, so the owner of the big feet that carried hob-nailed boots did not ride.

Each time that Carney stopped to bend down in study of the trail the buckskin pushed at him fretfully with his soft muzzle and rattled the snaffle against his bridle teeth.

At last Carney stroked the animal's head reassuringly, saying: "You're quite right, pal—it's none of our business. Besides, we're a pair of old grannies imagining things."

But as he lifted to the saddle, Bulldog, like the horse, felt a compelling inclination to go beyond the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge to camp for the night.

Even as they climbed to a higher level of flat land, from back on the trail that was now lost in the deepening gloom, came the howl of a wolf; and then from somewhere beyond floated the answering call of the dog-wolf's mate—a whimpering, hungry note in her weird wail.

"Bleat, damn you!" Carney cursed softly; "if you bother us I'll sit by with a gun and watch Patsy boy kick you to death."

As if some genii of the hills had taken up and sent on silent waves his challenge, there came filtering through the pines and birch a snarling yelp.

"By gad!" and Carney cocked his ear, pulling the horse to a stand.

Then in the heavy silence of the wooded hills he pushed on again muttering, "There's something wrong about that wolf howl—it's different."

Where a big pine had showered the earth with cones till the covering was soft, and deep, and springy, and

odorous like a perfumed mattress of velvet he hesitated; but the buckskin, in the finer animal reasoning, pleaded with little impatient steps and shakes of the head that they push on.

Carney yielded, saying softly: "Go on, kiddie boy; peace of mind is good dope for a sleep."

SO it was ten o'clock when the two travelers, Carney and Pat, camped in an open, where the moon, like a silver mirror, bathed the earth in reassuring light. Here the buckskin had come to a halt, filled his lungs with the perfumed air in deep draughts, and turning his head half round had waited for his partner to dismount.

It was curious this man of steel nerve and flawless courage feeling at all the guidance of unknown, threatening, unexplainable disquietude. He did not even build a fire; but, choosing a place where the grass was rich, he spread his blanket beside the horse's picket pin.

Bulldog's life had provided him with different sleeping moods; it was a curious subconscious matter of mental adjustment before he slipped away from the land of knowing. Sometimes he could sleep like a tired laborer, heavily, unresponsive to the noise of turmoil; at other times, when deep sleep might cost him his life, his senses hovered so close to consciousness that a dried leaf scurrying before the wind would call him to alert action. So now he lay on his blanket, sometimes over the border of spirit land, and sometimes conscious of the buckskin's pull at the crisp grass. Once he came wide awake, with no movement but the lifting of his eyelids. He had heard nothing; and now the gray eyes, searching the moonlit plain, saw nothing. Yet within was a full consciousness that there was something—not close, but hovering there beyond.

The buckskin also knew. He had been lying down, but with a snort of discontent his forequarters went up and he canted to his feet with a spring of wariness. Perhaps it was the wolves.

But after a little Carney knew it was not the wolves: they, cunning devils, would have circled beyond his vision, and the buckskin, with his delicate scent, would have swung his head the full circle of the compass; but he stood facing down the back trail; the thing was there, watching.

After that Carney slept again, lighter if possible, thankful that he had yielded to the wisdom of the horse and sought the open.

Half-a-dozen times there was this gentle transition from the sleep that was hardly a sleep, to a full acute wakening. And then the paling sky told that night was slipping off to the Western ranges, and that beyond the Rockies, to the east, day was sleepily traveling in from the plains.

The horse was again feeding; and Carney, shaking off the lethargy of his broken sleep, gathered some dried stunted bushes, and, building a little fire, made a pot of tea. To the buckskin as he mounted, he whispered that he considered himself no end of a superstitious ass to have bothered over a nothing.

NOT far from where Carney had camped, the trail he followed turned to the left to sweep around a mountain, and here it joined, for a time, the trail running from Fort Steel west toward the Kootenay. The sun, topping the Rockies, had lifted from the earth the graying shadows, and now Carney saw, as he thought, the hoof-prints of the day before.

There was a feeling of relief with this discovery. There had been a morbid disquiet in his mind; a mental conviction that something had happened to that intoed cayuse and his huge-footed owner. Now all the weird fancies of the night had been just a vagary of mind. Where the trail was earthed, holding clear impressions, he dismounted, and walked ahead of the buckskin, reading the lettered clay. Here and there was imprinted a moccasined foot; once there was the impression of boots; but they were not the huge imprints of hobnailed soles. They showed that a man had dismounted, and then mounted again; and the cayuse had not an inturned left forefoot; also the toe wall of one hind foot was badly broken. His stride was longer, too; he did not walk with the short step of a pack pony.

The indefinable depression took possession of Bulldog again; he tried to shake it off—it was childish. The huge-footed one perhaps was a prospector, and had wandered up into some one of the gulches looking for gold. That was objecting reason formulating an hypothesis.

Then presently Carney discovered the confusing element of the same cayuse tracks heading the other way, as if the man on horseback had traveled both up and down the trail.

Where the Bucking Horse trail left the Kootenay trail after circling the mountains, Carney saw that the hoof-prints continued toward Kootenay. And there were a myriad of tracks; many mounted men had swung from the Bucking Horse trail to the Kootenay path; they had gone and returned, for the hoof-prints that toed toward Bucking Horse lay on top.

This also was strange; men did not ride out from the sleepy old town in a troop like cavalry. There was but one explanation, the explanation of the West—those mounted men had ridden after somebody—had trailed somebody who was wanted quick.

This crescendo to his associated train of thought obliterated mentally the goblin-footed cayuse, the huge hob-nailed boot, the something at the cliff, the hovering oppression of the night—everything.

Carney closed his mind to the torturing riddle and rode, sometimes humming an Irish ballad of Mangin's.

IT was late afternoon when he rode into Bucking Horse; and Bucking Horse was in a ferment. Seth Long's hotel, the Gold Nugget, was the cauldron in which the waters of unrest seethed.

A lynching was in a state of almost completion, with Jeanette Holt's brother, Harry, elected to play the leading part of the lynched. Through the deference paid to his well-known activity when hostile events were afoot, Carney was cordially drawn into the maelstrom of ugly-tempered men.

Jeanette's brother may be said to have suffered from a preponderance of opinion against him, for only Jeanette, and with less energy, Seth Long, were on his side. All Bucking Horse, angry Bucking Horse, was for stringing him up *tout de suite*. The times were propitious for this entertainment, for Sergeant Black, of the Mounted Police, was over at Fort Steel, or somewhere else on patrol, and the law was in the keeping of the mob.

Ostensibly Carney ranged himself on the side of law and order. That is what he meant when, leaning carelessly against the Nugget Bar, one hand on his hip, chummily close to the butt of his six-gun, he said:

"This town had got a pretty good name, as towns go in the mountains, and my idea of a man that's too handy at the lynch game is, that he's a pretty poor sport."

"How's that, Bulldog?" Kootenay Jim snapped.

"He's a poor sport." Carney drawled, "because he's got a hundred to one the best of it—first, last, and always: he isn't in any danger when he starts, because it's a hundred men to one poor devil, who, generally isn't armed, and he knows that at the finish his mates will perjure themselves to save their own necks. I've seen one or two lynch mobs and they were generally egged on by men who were yellow."

Carney's gray eyes looked out over the room full of angry men with a quiet, thoughtful steadiness that forced home the conviction that he was wording a logic he would demonstrate. No other man in that room could have stood up against that plank bar and declared himself without being called quick.

"You hear fust what this rat done, Bulldog, then we'll hear what you've got to say," Kootenay growled.

"That's well spoken, Kootenay," Bulldog answered. "I'm fresh in off the trail, and perhaps I'm quieter than the rest of you, but first, being fresh in off the trail, there's a little custom to be observed."

With a sweep of his hand Carney waved a salute to a line of bottles behind the bar.

Jeanette, standing in the open door that led from the bar to the dining-room, gripping the door till her nails sank into the pine, felt hot tears gush into her eyes. How wise, how cool this brave Bulldog that she loved so well. She had had no chance to plead with him for help; he had just come in to that murder-crazed throng, and the words had been hurled at him from a dozen mouths that her brother Harry—Harry the waster, the nogood, the gambler—had been found to be the man who had murdered returning miners on the trail for their gold, and that they were going to string him up.

And now there he stood, her god of a man, Bulldog Carney, ranged on her side, calm, and brave. It was the first glint of hope since they had brought her brother in, bound to the back of a cayuse. She had pushed her way amongst the men, but they were like wolves; she had pleaded and begged for delay, but the evidence was so overwhelming; absolutely hopeless it had appeared. But now something whispered "Hope."

IT was curious the quieting effect that single drink at the bar had; the magnetism of Carney seemed to envelop the men, to make them reasonable. Ordinarily they were reasonable men. Bulldog knew this, and he played the card of reason.

For the two or three gun men—Kootenay Jim, John of Slocan, and Denver Ike, Carney had his own terrible personality and his six-gun; he could deal with those three toughs if necessary.

"Now tell me, boys, what started this hellery," Carney said when they had drunk.

The story was fired at him; if a voice hesitated, another took up the narrative.

Miners returning from the gold field up in the Eagle Hills had mysteriously disappeared, never turning up at Bucking Horse. A man would have left the Eagle Hills, and somebody drifting in from the same place later on, would ask for him at Bucking Horse—nobody had seen him.

Then one after another two skéletons had been found on the trail, the bodies had been devoured by wolves.

"And wolves don't eat gold—not what you'd notice, as a steady chuck," Kootenay Jim yelped.

"Men wolves do," Carney thrust back, and his gray eyes said plainly, "That's your food, Jim."

"Meanin' what by that, pard?" Kootenay snarled, his face evil in a threat.

"Just what the words convey—you sort them out, Kootenay."

But Miner Graham interposed. "We got kinder leary about this wolf game, Carney, 'cause they aint bothered nobody else 'cept men packin' in their winnin's from the Eagle Hills; and four days ago Caribou Dave—here he is sittin' right here—he arrives packin' Fourteen-foot Johnson—that is, all that's left of Fourteen-foot."

"Johnson was my pal," Caribou Dave interrupted, a quaver in his voice, "and he leaves the Eagle Nest two days ahead of me, packin' a big clean up of gold on a cayuse. He was goin' to mooch aroun' Buckin' Horse till I creeps in afoot, then we was goin' out. We been together a good many years, ol' Fourteen-foot and me."

Something seemed to break in Caribou's voice and Graham added: "Dave finds his mate at the foot of a cliff."

Carney started; and instinctively Kootenay's hand dropped to his gun thinking something was going to happen.

"I dunno just what makes me look there for Fourteen-foot, Bulldog," Caribou Dave explained. "I was comin' along the trail seein' the marks of 'em damn big feet of hisn, and they looked good to me—I guess I was gettin' kinder homesick for him; when I'd camp I'd go out and paw 'em tracks; 'twas kinder like shakin' hands. We been together a good many years, buckin' the mountains, and the plains, and sometimes havin' a bit of fun. I'm comin' along, as I says, and I sees a kinder scrimmage like, as if his old tan-colored cayuse had got gay, or took the blind staggers, or somethin'; there was a lot of tracks. But I give up thinkin' it out, 'cause I knowed if the damn cayuse had jack-rabbited any, Fourteen-foot 'd pick him and his load up and carry him. Then I see some wolf tracks—dang near as big as a steer's they was—and I figger Fourteen-foot's had a set-to with a couple of 'em timber coyotes and lammed hell's delight out of 'em, 'cause he could 've done it. Then I'm follerin' the cayuse's trail again, pickin' it up here and there, and all at onct it jumps me that the big feet is missin'. Sure I natural figger Johnson's got mussed up a bit with the wolves and is ridin'; but there's the dang wolf tracks agen. And some moccasin feet has been passierin' along, too. Then the hoss tracks cuts out just same's if he'd spread his wings and gone up in the air—they just aint."

"Then Caribou gets a hunch and goes back, and peeks over the cliff," Miner Graham added, for old David had stopped speaking to bite viciously at a black plug of tobacco to hide his feelings.

"I dunno what made me do it," Caribou interrupted: "it was just same's Fourteen-foot's callin' me. There aint nobody can make me believe that if two men paddles together twenty years, had their little fights and show-downs and still sticks, that one of 'em is going to cut clean out just 'cause he goes over the Big Divide—'taint natural. I tell you, boys, Fourteen-foot's callin' me—that's what he is, when I goes back."

THEN Graham had to take up the narrative, for Caribou, heading straight for the bar, pointed dumbly at a black bottle.

"Yes, Carney," Graham said, "Caribou packs into Buckin' Horse on his back what was left of Fourteen-foot, and there wasn't no gold and no sign of the cayuse. Then we swarms out, a few of us, and picks up cayuse tracks most partic'lar where the Eagle Hills trail hits the trail for Kootenay. And when we overhaul the cayuse that's layin' down 'em tracks, it's Fourteen-foot's hawse, and a-ridin' him is Harry Holt."

"And he's got the gold you was talkin' 'bout wolves eatin', Bulldog," Kootenay Jim said with a sneer. "He was hangin' 'round here busted, cleaned to the bone, and there he's a-ridin' Fourteen-foot's cayuse, with lots of gold."

"That's the whole case then, is it, boys?" Carney asked quietly.

"Aint it enough?" Kootenay Jim snarled.

"No, it isn't. You were tried for murder once yourself, Kootenay, and you got off, though everybody knew it was the dead man's money in your pocket. You got off because nobody saw you kill the man, and the circumstantial evidence gave you the benefit of the doubt."

"I aint bein' tried for this, Bulldog. You're bringin' up old scores might get you in wrong."

"You're not being tried, Kootenay, but another man is, and I say he's got to have a fair chance. You bring him here, boys, and let me hear his story; that's only fair, men amongst men. Because I give you fair warning, boys, if this lynching goes through, and you're in wrong, I'm going to denounce you; not one of you will get away—*not one!*"

"We'll bring him, Bulldog," Graham said; "what you say is only fair, but swing he will."

Jeanette's brother had been locked in the pen in the log police barracks. He was brought into the Gold Nugget, and his defence was what might be called powerfully weak. It was simply a statement that he had bought the cayuse from an Indian on the trail outside Bucking Horse. He refused to say where he had got the gold, simply declaring that he had killed nobody, had never seen Fourteen-foot Johnson, and knew nothing about the murder.

SOMETHING in the earnestness of the man convinced Carney that he was innocent. However that was, so far as Carney's action was concerned, a minor matter; it was Jeanette's brother, and he was going to save him from being lynched if he had to fight the roomful of men—there was no doubt whatever about that in his mind.

"I can't say, boys," Carney began, "that you can be blamed for thinking you've got the right man."

"That's what we figgered," Graham declared.

"But you've not gone far enough in sifting the evidence if you sure don't want to lynch an innocent man. The only evidence you have is, that you caught Harry on Johnson's cayuse. How do you know it's Johnson's cayuse?"

"Caribou says it is," Graham answered.

"And Harry says it was an Indian's cayuse?" Carney affirmed.

"He most natural just ordinar'ly lies about it," Kootenay ventured viciously.

"Where's the cayuse?" Carney asked.

"Out in the stable," two or three voices answered.

"I want to see him. Mind, boys, I'm working for you as much as for that poor devil you want to string up, because if you get the wrong man I'm going to denounce you. That's as sure as God made little apples."

His quiet earnestness was compelling. All the fierce heat of passion had gone from the men; there still remained the grim determination that, convinced they were right, nothing but the death of some of them would check. But somehow they felt that the logic of conviction would swing even Carney to their side.

So, without even a word from a leader, they all thronged out to the stable yard; the cayuse was brought forth, and, at Bulldog's request, led up and down the yard, his hoofs leaving an imprint in the bare clay at every step. It was the footprints alone that interested Carney. He studied them intently, a horrible dread in his heart as he searched for that goblined hoof that inturned. But the two forefeet left saucer-like imprints, that, though they were both slightly intoed, as is the way of a cayuse, neither was like the curious goblined track that had so fastened on his fancy out in the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge.

And also there was the broken toe wall of the hind foot that he had seen on the newer trail.

He turned to Caribou Dave asking: "What makes you think this is Johnson's pack horse?"

"There aint no thinkin' 'about it." Caribou answered with asperity. "When I see my boots I don't *think* they're mine, I just most natur'ly figger they are and pull 'em on. I'd know that dun-colored rat if I see him in a wild herd."

"And yet," Carney objected in an even tone, "this isn't the cayuse that Johnson toted out his duffel from the Eagle Hills on."

A cackle issued from Kootenay Jim's long scraggy neck:

"That settles it, boys; Bulldog passes the buck and the game's over. Caribou is just an ord'nary liar, 'cordin' to Judge Carney."

"Caribou is perfectly honest in his belief," Carney declared. "There isn't more than half-a-dozen colors for horses, and there are a good many thousand horses in this territory, so a great many of them are the same color. And the general structure of different cayuses is as similar as so many wheelbarrows. That brand on his shoulder may be a C, or a new moon, or a flapjack."

Instinctively Bulldog reined in the buckskin and half turned in the saddle.

He turned to Caribou: "What brand had Fourteen-foot's cayuse?"

"I don't know," the old chap answered surlily, "but it was there same place it's restin' now—it aint shifted none since you fingered it."

"That won't do, boys," Carney said; "if Caribou can't swear to a horse's brand, how can he swear to the beast?"

"And if Fourteen-foot'd come back and stand up here and swear it was his hawse that wouldn't do either, would it, Bulldog?" And Kootenay cackled.

"Johnson wouldn't say so—he'd know better. His cayuse had a club foot, an inturned left forefoot. I picked it up, here and there, for miles back on the trail, sometimes fair on top of Johnson's big boot track, and sometimes Johnson's was on top when he traveled behind."

THE men stared; and Graham asked: "What do you say to that, Caribou? Did you ever map out Fourteen-foot's cayuse—what his travelers was like?"

"I never looked at his feet—there weren't no reason to; I was minin'."

"There's another little test we can make," Carney suggested. "Have you got any of Johnson's belongings—a coat?"

"We got his coat," Graham answered: "it was pretty bad wrecked with the wolves, and we kinder fixed the remains up decent in a suit of store clothes."

At Carney's request the coat was brought, a rough Mackinaw, and from one of the men present he got a miner's magnifying glass, saying, as he examined the coat:

"This ought, naturally, to be pretty well filled with hairs from that cayuse of Johnson's; and while two horses may look alike, there's generally a difference in the hair."

Carney's surmise proved correct; dozens of short hairs were imbedded in the coat, principally in the sleeves. Then hair was plucked from many different parts of the cayuse's body, and the two lots were viewed through the glass. They were different. The hair on the cayuse standing in the yard was coarser, redder, longer, for its Indian owner had let it run like a wild geat; and Fourteen-foot had given his cayuse considerable attention. There were also some white hairs in the coat warp, and on this cayuse there was not a single white hair to be seen.

When questioned Caribou would not emphatically declare that there had not been a star or a white stripe in the forehead of Johnson's horse.

These things caused one or two of the men to waver, for if it were not Johnson's cayuse, if Caribou were mistaken, there was no direct evidence to connect Harry Holt with the murder.

KOOTENAY JIM objected that the examination of the hair was nothing; that Carney, like a clever lawyer, was trying to get the murderer off on a technicality. As to the club foot they had only Carney's guess, whereas Caribou had never seen any club foot on Johnson's horse.

"We can prove that part of it," Graham said; "we can go back on the trail and see what Bulldog seen."

Half-a-dozen men approved this, saying; "We'll put off the hangin' and go back."

But Carney objected.

When he did so Kootenay Jim, and John from Slocan raised a howl of derision; Kootenay saying: "When we calls his bluff he throws his hand in the discard. There aint no club foot anywheres; it's just a game to gain time to give this coyote, Holt, a chance to make a get-away. We're bein' buffaloed — we're wastin' time. We gets a murderer on a murdered man's hawse, with the gold in his pockets, and Bulldog Carney puts some hawse hairs under a glass, hands out a pipe dream 'bout some ghost tracks back on the trail, and reaches out to grab the pot. Hell! you'd think we was a damn lot of tenderfeet."

This harangue had an effect on the angry men, but seemingly none whatever upon Bulldog, for he said quietly:

"I don't want a troop of men to go back on the trail just now, because I'm going out myself to bring the murderer in. I can get him alone, for if he does see me he won't think that I'm after him, simply that I'm trailing. But if a party goes they'll never see him. He's a clever devil, and will make his getaway. All I want on this evidence is that you hold Holt till I get back. I'll bring the foreleg of that cayuse with a club foot, for there's no doubt the murderer made sure that the wolves got him too."

They had worked back into the hotel by now, and, inside, Kootenay Jim and his two cronies had taken a big drink of whisky, whispering together as they drank.

As Carney and Graham entered Kootenay's shrill voice was saying:

"We're bein' flim-flammed—played for a lot of kids. There aint been a damn thing 'cept lookin' at some hawse hairs through a glass. Men has been murdered on the trail, and who done it—somebody. Caribou's mate was murdered, and we find his gold on a man that was stony broke here, was bummin' on the town, sponging on Seth Long; he hadn't two bits. And 'cause his sister stands well with Bulldog he palms this three card trick with hawse hairs, and we got to let the murderer go."

"You lie, Kootenay!" the words had come from Jeannette. "My brother wouldn't tell you where he got the gold—he'd let you hang him first; but I will tell. I took it out of Seth's safe and gave it to him to get out of the country, because I knew that you and those two other hounds, Slocan and Denver, would murder him some night because he knocked you down for insulting me."

"That's a lie!" Kootenay screamed; "you and Bull-

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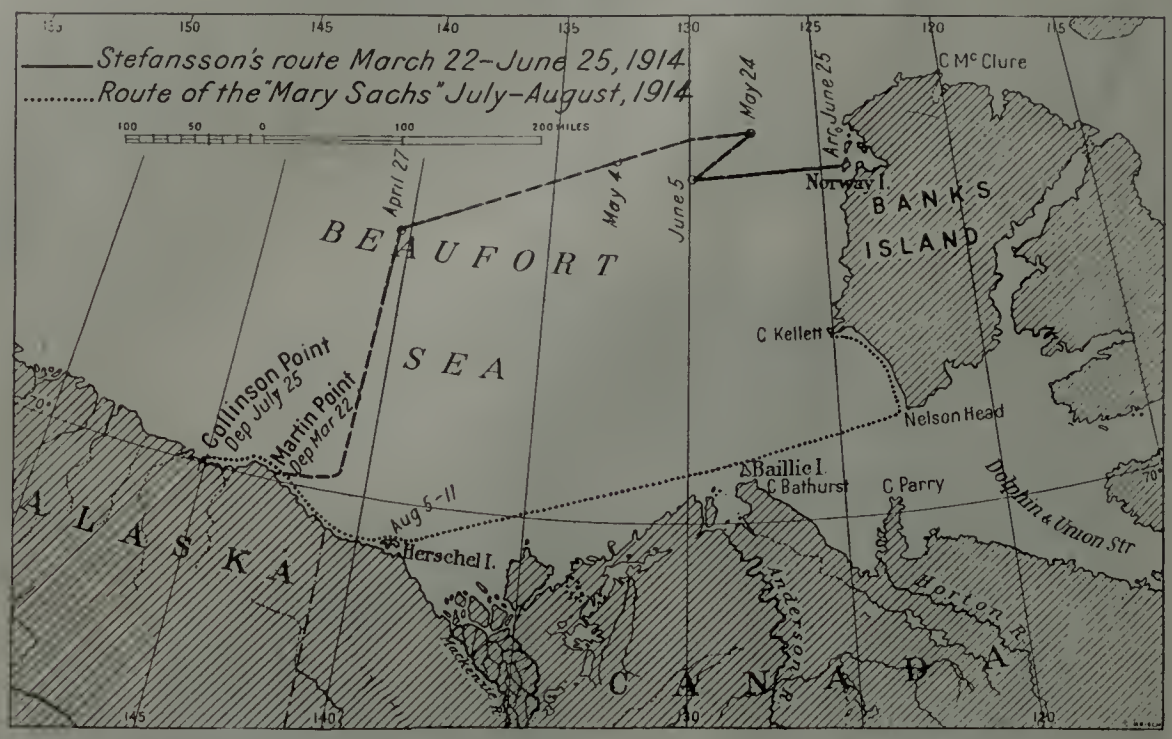
SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

PART III.---Drifting to Banks Island on the Ice

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



Map prepared by Mr. Stefansson, showing the route he followed and that of the "Mary Sachs."

AT the end of April, 1914, our party of three men and six dogs found themselves in what some might consider a precarious situation. We had come from Alaska, across more than five hundred miles of moving sea-ice, and were about forty miles from the northwest corner of Banks Island when the wind, which up to then had been prevailingly northwesterly, suddenly changed to the east. We at once began to drift away from the land of our destination, and water lanes of unknown width opened between us and it. For eleven days the wind varied between northeast, east, and southeast, and we drifted steadily to the westward, altogether ninety miles as shown by our sextant. Ample and intimate association with the ice has since then given us a feeling of at-home-ness and confidence, but at that time we were undeniably anxious to get ashore. The anxiety was in part founded on the good reason that we had exploratory and scientific work to do in other quarters and could ill afford to spend a year just then on the ice, for life is short and a year of time is as valuable to us in the north as it is to you in the south. But there was also an uncomfortable doubt in our minds as to whether it was really safe to spend a winter on the ice without other resources than those which our rifles could provide. I had always argued that it would be safe, but there is a certain nervous tension involved when you come to stake life itself on a theory.

Because we were dubious as to the future, we lost no opportunity the first day of our backward drift to kill whatever seals came within reach. We got several that day and had more than half a ton of food laid up by evening. There were three of us, and in order to miss no opportunity of getting food we arranged to stand eight-hour watches, each man to kill whatever game he could during his watch. We had all been up during the day and I took the night watch.

A New Method of Travel

BY midnight the lead to the east of us was already covered with two or three inches of young ice and the seals had ceased coming up near us and could now be seen only at a distance in the thinner patches of ice far out in the lead. I was watching them, nevertheless, though they were too far away to be killed, when all of a sudden half a mile away I saw the head and shoulders of a bear come up through the fragile ice. He rested a moment, and my glasses showed me he was breathing deeply. After a few good breaths he disappeared and for two or three minutes there was no sign of him, and then, a hundred yards or so nearer, the ice was broken and his head and shoulders again appeared. Evidently, seeing the ice was not strong enough for him to walk on, he was navigating submarine-fashion, swimming a hundred yards or so under the ice and coming up when necessary to breathe. I had never heard, either from Eskimos or from books, of this method of locomotion, and knowing that Storkersen and Ole would be interested, I called them, and together we watched the bear as he approached our camp. When he came to the solid ice he scrambled up on it with perfect unconcern, though he saw us moving about. Evidently he took us and the barking dogs for foxes, and immediately on landing he proceeded at a leisurely walk toward us, showing neither hostility nor curiosity, but mere unconcern. Needless to say, we killed him.

During the next few days other bears came in such rapid succession that it was not necessary for us to kill any more seals. It was not that we preferred bear meat to seal, but rather the contrary. Both are good eating as far as taste is concerned, but bear meat is stringy, and the fibres of it get between your teeth and make your gums sore, which is not true of any other wild meat known to me. For that reason bears are the least welcome diet, but in this case we had only a limited amount of ammunition, and as seals average only one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, while bears average eight hundred pounds, and some run to double that weight, it was evidently more economical to use our cartridges on bears.

Captain Peter Bernard of the "Mary Sachs" with his favorite dog.

But inside of a week we had several tons of meat and it was evident that should the wind change, eventually enabling us to get ashore in Banks Island, it was mere waste of ammunition to kill any more game, for we should have to leave it all behind. On the other hand, should the westward drift continue, and the summer and winter have to be spent on the ice, evidently there was no scarcity of food and we should be able to kill whatever meat we wanted at any time. Of course it would have been necessary, had we wintered on the ice, to kill eight or ten tons of meat and blubber before the darkness set in, to furnish food and fuel until the daylight of spring should again enable us to begin hunting. But we soon concluded that the killing of a winter supply could safely be put off until August or September, even were it ultimately necessary. We therefore began to scare the bears away. This in general was not difficult to do, although one big male bear, that neither noise nor strange antics would frighten, had to be killed. It wasn't that he really had any intention of attacking us, but he simply insisted on walking into camp, a procedure which held possibilities of awkward complications.

Adrift Ninety Miles From Shore

DURING the two weeks and ninety miles of our westward drift, summer came upon us in the form of thaw-water on top of the ice, sea-gulls in the water lanes around us, land birds migrating to the north, and white whales puffing and blowing. They frequently kept us awake at night, not by the actual noise they made, but because the dogs kept barking at the strange sounds. These whales moved by us in hundreds each day; some days undoubtedly in thousands. We did not try to kill any of them, both because we had plenty of fat and because we knew that at this season white whales sink readily, and in the absence of harpoons and floats are very difficult to save after being killed. As we saw these magnificent schools of great animals traveling by, in many cases only a few yards away, we planned that on any future expedition we would carry a small harpoon gun, but later we have come to the conclusion that this would scarcely be worth while. For, although whales could easily enough be secured if one had such a gun, still we have by now come to place such implicit reliance on seals that, so long as we have the proper gear for securing them, we don't think it worth while to take pains about any other kind of food.

Wilkins in hunting costume.

We were not fated to spend the summer on the ice, for in two weeks the wind changed to westerly and the ice-cake on which we were camped—a heavy piece of ice many years old and about five or eight square miles in area—commenced traveling toward Banks Island. As the wind drove it eastward, we gradually caught up to similar cakes that were drifting in advance of us, and eventually began to squeeze and crush them and our own cake in a way to indicate that fifty miles or so to leeward Banks Island was obstructing our farther eastward drift. When we resumed our travel we found, of course, a great deal of open water here and there in the form of irregular open-

ings between the various cakes, but we were commonly able to find places where the corners of the cakes touched, although occasionally we had to convert our sled into a boat for ferrying purposes. Shallower and shallower soundings confirmed the evidence of our sex-

Carrying sod for house-building at Cape Kellett, before the arrival of Stefansson's party.

tant, and on June 22nd, the black cliffs of Norway Island finally came in sight.

Land at Last

THE going at this time was exceedingly bad, for there were water puddles on top of the ice where we waded knee-deep through slush and damp snow which was no longer hard enough to support our sleds, and we had to drag them through drifts, like snow plows on a mountain railway. After we saw land it took us three days of the hardest work to cover the intervening twelve miles, and it was the evening of June 25th that we landed.

Norway Island is shown on the charts as about six miles long, with its greatest diameter north and south. It is, as a matter of fact, about three miles long, with its main axis running east and west. On the south coast of it we found enough driftwood to make a camp-fire for two or three meals, and on the beach we saw caribou tracks, though we soon discovered that there were no caribou on the island just then. With our glasses we could see half a dozen hares, white and conspicuous on the green slopes of the land, and geese and ducks were numerous in the ponds. But this was all small game and I have for many years made it a rule never to kill any animal smaller than a wolf. Really wolves also are too small, though they weigh over a hundred pounds, but we make an exception in their case because we have a grudge against them for competing with us in the killing of caribou, as their food in winter is probably 90 per cent. caribou meat. It is also true that in the summer when the caribou are skinny and for that reason poor eating, the wolves are fat because they are then feasting on an abundance of eggs and lemings, and their meat is, therefore, much preferable to that of the caribou. In order to economize on ammunition we accordingly paid no attention to the hares, geese, and ducks.

An Uninhabited Land

WHILE the men made their first camp ashore and slept the first night on a camping-ground that they knew would neither drift to seaward nor break up under them, I went to the top of the island and with my invaluable binoculars studied what I took to be the mainland of Banks Island to the east. There are two chief elevations on Norway Island. From the western one of these, looking across about two miles of the island and three miles of sea-ice, I saw, two or three miles inland on what I took for the mainland of Banks Island, several white spots which I had to watch for more than half an hour before becoming certain that they were not a part of the stable scenery. They were, as I suspected, caribou lying down, and eventually one of them got up and moved, with reference to the others, enough to show that the white spots were really living animals. Had they been a little nearer than I estimated they might really have been hares. With confidence in my correct judgment of distance, I immediately concluded, however, that they were caribou and decided to make hay while the sun shone and my companions slept. It took me less than two and a half hours to get within half a mile of the animals, but they were on exceptionally level ground and hard to approach. Had they been traveling in any definite direction, I could have made a large circle around them and lain in wait for them as they advanced, but they were in a patch of good feed and not inclined to move. It may be supposed that in an uninhabited land such as Banks Island caribou would be easy to approach, but I have found it makes little difference whether caribou are in inhabited or uninhabited lands, for their fear of wolves is ever present, and if they see or hear anything suspicious they immediately flee, apparently thinking that it is a wolf. It took me accordingly about five hours to make an approach, for I did not want to commence our long residence on Banks Island with a futile hunt. Eventually I killed and skinned all of them and arrived back home on Norway Island after the men had had their good night's rest and were just through breakfast. It had been a small breakfast, for on the three preceding days, we had not stopped to kill seals; but the caribou tongues I brought home made a good meal for all of us, after which we moved across to the deer-kill and camped there that night.

A New Island Discovered

WE now began some geographic exploration in a small way, for this coast had been only roughly charted by McClure as he sailed by it in the *Investigator* many miles off shore, more than half a century earlier. Our first discovery was that the land we were on, which McClure had taken for a part of the mainland, was really an island about seven miles in diameter and about four or five times the area of Norway Island. Eventually, many months afterward, when the *Mary Sachs* had joined us, we named this island after her captain, Peter Bernard.

Long before our arrival in Banks Island summer had commenced. The rolling hills were beautifully green, reminding one of western Dakota or eastern Montana. The rivers had been pouring thaw-waters into the sea for more than a month and their comparative warmth had melted the ice in the vicinity of land, so that it was only on promontories that a landing could be made without the use of the boat. There was just enough driftwood on the beach so that the killing of seals for fuel was no longer necessary, and we discontinued it, for the hunting of caribou on the grassy hill slopes is both easier and pleasanter than crawling like a snake over the slushy ice surface toward a dozing seal. At first we needed a little seal blubber to eat with the caribou meat, for caribou are thin in the early spring. Until the middle of July we killed no more than we needed for food from day to day, but in the latter part of July and throughout August we killed as many as we could comfortably take care of, for the length of the hair made the skins suitable for clothing and the meat had become fat enough to be good eating. The bulls at this season are much fatter and better eating than the cows, and the older they are the more desirable for food. For economy in ammunition, and also because of the excellence of their meat, we killed mainly old males, and by the first part of September we had accumulated the dried meat of forty bulls and about half a ton of back fat.

BEFORE leaving Alaska we had given instructions that the *North Star*, which I had purchased just before from her owner, Capt. Matt Andreasen, should be sent to Norway Island as soon as the ice conditions allowed. I had said that in the event of non-discovery of land north of Alaska, our party would probably land near Norway Island and spend the summer there, drying caribou meat for dog and man food for the coming year, and accumulating skins for winter clothing. Our intention was to board the *North Star* at Norway Island and to proceed with her north, if possible, to Prince Patrick Island, to spend there the coming winter. It was in anticipation of her arrival, as one possibility, that we were accumulating these large stores of meat. The other possibility was that she might be prevented by ice conditions from coming, in which event we should need the meat and some of the fat as food to take us through the dark period of winter, when hunting is difficult. The rest of the fat we needed for candle-light.

In some northern islands it is necessary to depend on animal fat also for fuel, but in Banks Island there is a small amount of driftwood, enough so that fifteen or twenty miles of coast will provide fuel for a small camp for one winter, if economically used. There is also here another variety of fuel, the *Andromeda Terragona*, which we call "heather"—an oily plant that grows in small bunches a few inches high. When once the fire is started, heather will burn well, even if soaking wet, if a strong wind is available to fan the flame. In traveling over Banks Island we seldom went ten miles without finding a patch of it, and when we had occasion to remain for a week or two in one place we were generally able to camp beside a good heather patch. It takes ten to fifteen minutes to gather enough fuel for cooking a meal. It burns much better after a day or so of sun drying, so that at our permanent camps we used to devote half a day at a time to gathering and drying heather. When it was once dry, caribou skins protected our stores of it from the rain.

On a previous expedition I had spent four summers as a nomadic caribou-hunter, so that the present experience was no longer novel, though I still found it pleasant. What chiefly detracts on the mainland from one's enjoyment of this kind of life is the pest of mosquitoes in the early summer and the sandflies toward fall. In Banks Island there were a few sandflies and mosquitoes, but they were far less virulent than on the north coast of Canada or Alaska, and it was only for about a week in midsummer that they were really bad.

Bernard Island is at the mouth of a river which in midsummer is only about knee-deep, although it is a quarter of a mile wide. It was a surprisingly large river for an island less than two hundred miles in diameter, as Banks Island is, and we occupied part of our time mapping it and its branches, and lived for several weeks on its north bank, about ten miles inland. Back of our camp was a high hill from the top of which, with our glass, we kept a sharp lookout for the moving bands of caribou.

Watching for the Relief Ship

BUT a considerable part of the time we spent in watching the sea ice and wondering when it would break and move away from the coast, giving the *North Star* a chance to come up and find us. It was not till the first third of August was over that the ice finally moved to sea before an easterly wind. This was really as early as could be expected, but as no one had previously had the opportunity to study summer conditions on the west coast of Banks Island, we had for two or three weeks been in continual anticipation of a possible break-up of the ice. Even when it did go, it left a fringe of grounded cakes in the vicinity of land, especially a belt of ice between Norway and Bernard Islands. No ship could, therefore, at this point have

Caribou after the first snowfall in late September.

followed the beach, but would have had to keep some miles to seaward. For this reason there was in our minds an element of uncertainty, since it was not inconceivable, although unlikely, that Mr. Wilkins, whom we expected to be in command of the *Star*, might feel so certain about our having landed on Prince Patrick Island instead of Norway Island, that he might forget his directions and not land on Norway Island to look for us. The day of landing we had built a moderately conspicuous beacon on one of the hills of Norway Island and left there a record, giving the date of the landing and our intention to go into the interior of Banks Island hunting. But fogs are frequent in summer and such a beacon, though visible at a long distance on a clear day, might easily be passed by in thick weather.

Ole Andreasen.

The latter part of August caribou on Banks Island had become fatter than we had ever seen them on the mainland. It was indeed a great temptation to kill as many as we could, for all three of us considered fat caribou meat the greatest of delicacies, and we knew that unless we killed a sufficient number during the summer we should before spring, if no ship came, be reduced to the eating of the leaner winter-killed animals. But after the 20th of August we ceased killing for storage, for the sea had now been open for ten days, and worry over the non-arrival of the ship began to overshadow the Swiss-Family-Robinson hunting and providing spirit that had dominated us till then. Our conversation from day to day now concerned the possible reasons for the non-appearance of the ship. The season ought to have been a little earlier on the north coast of Alaska than it was with us, and the *North Star* should have left there in July and ought to have been at the south end of Banks Island when the ice cleared away in August. Within forty-eight hours after she should have been at Norway Island. By the last of August the ten days of open water had become twenty and it became thereby reasonably certain that, for one reason or another, our ship was not coming at all.

Searching For the North Star

IT seemed just possible that the *North Star* might have been wrecked somewhere near the south end of Banks Island. We decided, therefore, to go to look for her. As a preliminary to that journey of search, we excavated a huge pit among some rocks, cached there our stores of meat, tallow, and hides, and started south along the coast, with the six dogs carrying our baggage on their backs. As we proceeded south the absence of ice made it continually more and more evident that some circumstances other than local conditions of navigation were keeping the *North Star* away.

Driftwood increased a little as we advanced toward Cape Kellett, and the land became more level and a little more fertile, although there are very few parts of Banks Island that are not densely covered with grass. But caribou became scarcer as we traveled south, and several years of experience have now shown us that the north end of the island is better supplied with animal life than the south end, whether in winter or summer. In the northern half of Banks Island it has seldom befallen us any year that we have traveled to pass two whole days without seeing caribou, but on our way from the north end to Cape Kellett in a distance of one hundred miles we saw caribou only once in ten days. That was enough, however, for we had started with a week's supply of dried meat.

Stefansson on his arrival at Cape Kellett.

The season was now too late for geese, but it was interesting to see that in the vicinity of the small lakes in the southern part of the island the ground was as white with the moulted feathers of the geese as if a light snow-storm had just passed. We learned later that these are, in the main or entirely, the male white geese, who spend the summer here by the million.

Cape Kellett is a hook-shaped sandspit, projecting west into the ocean about eight miles from the southwest corner of Banks Island. There is behind it a sort of a harbor, although not a good one. Good harbors for ships of light draft are found every few miles from there northward along the west coast. But neither behind the cape nor elsewhere had we seen a ship. We were naturally a bit downhearted when, on the evening of September 10th, we camped at the foot of the Kellett sandspit. It was not that we were in any fear for our lives, for we were still able to do one of two things—spend the whole winter in Banks Island and continue our explorations the following year, or cross to the North American mainland sometimes during the winter, either directly from Banks Island south across the ice sixty miles to Cape Parry, or else in the more roundabout way over Prince of Wales Straits to Victoria Island and thence to the mainland. But although we could have spent the winter in Banks Island and continued our explorations the following year, we should not have done so, for my companions were both homesick. That evening when I asked them if they were willing to continue the work of exploration with just the resources we had, they both answered that, while they did not see any danger in the enterprise, they were too anxious to get back to the mainland, where Storkersen had his family and where Andreasen had ambitions of a fortune in the fur trade, into which he would embark with the capital he had made as wages on the expedition. We had already made a good journey and had done safely a thing most people considered impossible, and that seemed enough to them, and neither of them had any sympathy with my desire to continue the work just then.

Young snowy owls, Banks Island.

Our Discovery of Footprints

THE morning of September 11th we felt certain that no ship was in Banks Island, but to make assurance doubly sure we decided to go eight or ten miles beyond the cape. In this we had in mind not so much the possibility of finding a ship of our own, as a promise made by Hullin S. Mott, who had, when we last saw the *Polar Bear* on the north coast of Alaska, promised me that he would land on or near Cape Kellett during the following summer and leave there a small cache for me in case he had reason to think that no ships of my expedition had reached Banks Island. With this cache in mind, and remembering also that the *Polar Bear* had on board a party of Harvard men who had often talked to me about their desire to hunt musk-oxen in Banks Island, I kept my eyes on the ground even more than ordinarily, in the hope of seeing footprints or other traces. And sure enough, after a walk of three or four miles, I found a footprint in a muddy spot, but to my surprise it was not only remarkably fresh, but showed a type of boot worn by many men of our expedition and not commonly by others. During the next three or four miles I came upon footprints in half a dozen places, and it was not therefore entirely unexpected when six miles beyond the cape the masts of a schooner appeared from behind a hill.

She was a mile away, and I could not see her body, so I feared she might be at anchor near the beach and might leave at any time. There are deep ravines along the coast, several of which I had to cross before getting near the ship, and as I took these at a run for fear the ship might set sail at any moment, I was out of breath when, three or four hundred yards away, I came in sight of a camp on shore and realized that the ship was not in the water, but had been hauled high and dry on the land. Further, I recognized the ship. It was not the *North Star*, which I had ordered to come to Norway Island, but the *Mary Sachs*, which, on account of her twin propellers, was the least suited of our three ships for ice navigation and which I had instructed to carry freight for Doctor Andersen's party as an auxiliary to the *Alaska* to Coronation Gulf, a route on which ice of a difficult character is not nearly so likely to be met as near Banks Island. I had instructed her commander, Captain Pete Bernard, to come to Banks Island if he could, but only after having landed one cargo of goods near Coronation Gulf. I could not understand why the *Sachs* was there so soon, for in the ordinary course of things she could have arrived in Banks Island after her Coronation Gulf trip only at the end of the season, and the signs were abundant that she had in fact been at this point for a week or two.

They Thought We Were Dead

I WALKED quietly down the hill, gradually regaining my breath, and the men who were at work building a sod house gave me an occasional glance but without much interest, for, as I learned later, two members of their party were hunting inland and they took me to be one of them returning. I was within ten yards when Jim Crawford, engineer on the *Sachs*, recognized me and in his surprise dropped whatever it was he was holding. In a fraction of a second he had to readjust all his ideas, for it seemed that he, with everybody else in our expedition, had long ago decided that we were dead. It was not easy to say whether Captain Bernard or Thomsen or the Eskimo section of the party was the most surprised, but it was clear a quarter of an hour later when the steward of the *Sachs*, William Baur, came back from a duck-hunt just around the point, that he was easily the most surprised of all. The steward had been in the Arctic for twenty years with various whaling captains and had, during the last three or four months, been explaining from his bountiful knowledge of Arctic conditions, to every one willing to listen, just why we must have died long ago and why it was impossible that anything should ever be heard from us again. When he walked into the tent where Captain Bernard and I were drinking coffee, he dropped on the floor the duck he was bringing in, and I saw physiological justifications for the figure of speech that a man's eyes "stick out of his head."

I learned within the first hour or two the reasons for the non-appearance of the *North Star* and the presence of the *Sachs*. Mr. Wilkins, according to my instructions, had set sail early from the Alaska coast with the *North Star*, and had arrived at Herschel Island some days ahead of either the *Mary Sachs* or the *Alaska*, but unfortunately had not yet set sail when they arrived. Opinion at Herschel Island seems to have been so definite on the point of our being lost that no one saw any reason why any ship should come to Banks Island to carry out instructions I had given looking forward to the continuation for several years of exploratory work of the expedition. A thing which I had never considered was unmistakably uppermost in every one's mind, and that was that if, contrary to all reason, my party should be alive and in Banks Island, we should be in need of rescue, or at least in need of supplies on which to live through the winter.

Why My Plans Had Been Changed

I HAD bought the *North Star* for the specific purpose of following the west coast of Banks Island northward through the ribbon of open water that commonly forms in the early summer between the land-fast ice and the land. She was adapted to this work by her extraordinarily light draft of four feet two inches, and her success a year later in this particular sort

of navigation demonstrated in Banks Island what she had often before shown on the mainland coast of America—that, although she was small, she had particular qualifications for reaching places which other ships found it difficult to attain. But the work I had planned for her was exploratory work, whereas no one had thought of anything but the possible assistance we might need in Banks Island. So the *North Star* was taken to Coronation Gulf and the *Mary Sachs* diverted from her Coronation Gulf voyage, because she could carry a cargo twice as large as the *Star*, and with this she was sent to Kellett. Wilkins, who had previously intended to take the *North Star* exactly where I had told him to, was now transferred from the command of the *Star* to that of the *Sachs*. He brought her to Kellett by way of Cape Bathurst, but on the way one of her propellers, which stuck out at awkward angles from the sides of the *Sachs*, had struck a cake of ice, breaking the shaft.

The *Sachs* accordingly arrived at Kellett in a crippled condition the last week of August. She found some ice pressing down on the cape, and rounding it was difficult. Although Wilkins did not seem to have had any serious expectation of finding us in Banks Island, he would undoubtedly have reached Kellett had he had the *North Star*, or any other ship the propellor of which was located amidship. But going into the ice with only one of twin propellers working, and that one located in such a way as to be almost sure to strike any cake of ice that came near, and furthermore, seeing that the *Sachs* was otherwise not in very good condition, he quite properly decided to spend the winter at Cape Kellett. The plan was that, after building a comfortable base and killing enough caribou for a winter's supply of meat, they would pass the dark period at Kellett and make a journey northward along the Banks Island coast after the sun came back, "looking for traces" of our party.

The seal-blubber stove with scattered seal and bear meat on the edge of the wide lead that delayed the party eleven days.

(The white belt on the horizon is "ice blink"—a reflection in the sky of ice beyond the horizon

The Caribou-hunting camp thirty miles northeast of Cape Kellett.

Unloading the "Mary Sachs" at Banks Island before Stefansson's party found her.

ON arrival at Kellett I at once considered the possibility of relaunching the Sachs to proceed northward, for the ice that had intimidated Wilkins two weeks earlier was now completely gone and the sea was as open as the Atlantic off Sandy Hook. But the *Sachs* was high on the land and could not be launched without beams on which to slide her into the water, and we had none available. Even with the beams it would have taken a week or ten days to get her launched and started, and it was already near the middle of September, which in some years is the end of the season of navigation, while other years navigation is possible into October. It was soon seen to be inevitable that the winter must be spent at Kellett, and we began to adjust ourselves to that unfortunate situation.

On our way south along the west coast of Banks Island we had built beacons here and there on prominent hills, thinking that some foggy night the *North Star* might pass us. These beacons inclosed records containing news for the *North Star*, but the most southerly beacon, built just before reaching Kellett, containing no record, because we had then despaired of any ship coming. I had merely scribbled a hasty note for my companions, who were a few miles behind me, telling them to camp half a mile to the southwest of the beacon. When they passed the beacon they had read my note and had left it there. The following morning Wilkins, who was hunting caribou several miles inland, saw this beacon with his field-glasses, and realizing that it had not been there the day before, he hurried over. From the brief reference to making camp half a mile away he reconstructed correctly the situation, for he was familiar with my hunting and traveling methods. He knew that whenever we travel I have the men and sleds, or pack-dogs, as the case may be, follow far enough behind me so that I have ample time to approach and kill any necessary game. He recognized that our party was still intact, or that at least two of us were alive, so when he arrived at Kellett the night of the 13th he was not surprised to find every one safe and well.

There was nothing to do now but continue the preparations for wintering which Wilkins had already energetically begun. After a few days of rest I sent Storkersen, with his family who had come with the *Sachs*, and Crawford and Andreasen with a boat, north along the coast to establish an advance camp as far to the north as possible. They were able to go north only about thirty miles when the increasing cold of approaching autumn froze them in. Wilkins and I, meantime, with the Eskimo Martkusiak went about thirty miles northeast into the interior to establish the hunting camp which was to supply both men and dogs with fresh meat for the winter.

Mr. Stefansson's narrative will be continued in the next number.

JULIA ARTHUR was one of the stars of stagedom who responded most loyally to the need for providing entertainment for the soldiers. During the spring and summer of 1918 she toured the cantonments in the United States giving readings and taking part in the programmes that were arranged for the doughboys. She found these soldiers in the making quick to respond to any war selection that had the real spirit of the trenches and so, when a friend of hers, another Canadian, Miss Agnes C. Laut, wrote her suggesting that she use the poems by Robert W. Service that were appearing in MacLean's, *she decided to try them. They made an instantaneous and tremendous hit. Miss Arthur gave "The Blood-Red Fouragerre" from one end of the United States to the other, and her audiences literally raised the roof on every occasion. Thanks to the use that Miss Arthur made of it, this stirring Service poem did a great deal to fire the enthusiasm of the American recruit, and perhaps had its share in stimulating the heroism of Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne. Nothing that Miss Arthur had in her repertoire created such unbounded applause as the vigorous poetry that Mr. Service was giving out at the time through* MacLean's Magazine. *"The Blood-Red Fouragerre," by the way, was published in April* MacLean's, 1918

And so it is particularly pleasing to be able to present a recent picture of Miss Arthur on the cover of this issue which sees the start of a new series of Service poems; for the two names are to-day associated in the minds of many score thousand American soldiers. It was not necessary, however, to have any special reason for selecting Julia Arthur to appear on the cover of MacLean's. *She is unquestionably one of the best known of Canadians.*

The Arch Strategist

A Story of Love and a Ouija Board

By EDITH G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. VAN WERVEKE

PETER DEANE had never heard of the elder Mr. Weller nor his celebrated piece of advice to his son regarding widows. For, if he had, he would probably never have gone cruising in the *Molly Jane* in the first place and therefore the somewhat delicate situation in which he found himself as a result of the last ride would never have arisen. Peter was never one to spurn kindly advice. Among the men he was considered "long headed," which is one of the friendliest tributes one man can pay another and so, deeming him shrewd enough to look after himself, they had allowed him to rush headlong to his doom—though possibly that last is putting it a bit strong. One could scarcely connect Mrs. Patricia Wyatt with a hapless word like that. Life with her would be just one lobster salad after another.

The *Molly Jane* was Mrs. Wyatt's runabout. Peter had walked to the village on this cloudless August afternoon to see about the mending of a bit of harness and to bring his mail, and just east of the Eight Elms—the old Minafer place—the widow had picked him up. Then, the car being newly tired and in the best of running order and its owner newly attired too (since a recent little smuggling expedition to the other side of the St. Lawrence) she needs must take a spin along the speedway and around by Cotter's Grove and back, thus passing as many houses and as many buggies, wagons and pedestrians as possible.

Behold Peter then, after she had set him down finally at the gate of his own place, walking rather moodily to the house where, upon entering his bachelor kitchen he immediately beheld a not unfamiliar sight—to wit, his table covered with a number of toothsome home-made viands in and on pasteboard dishes and plates and covered with picnic napkins. She had been there first, on her way down! Oh well, for all her aggravating little ways she was a good sport. She performed her generous deeds on the quiet—didn't want to be thanked. That reminded him he had forgotten to thank her for that first lot of good things two weeks or so ago. Peter frowned with annoyance, not at his dilatoriness, but at the thought of all the obligations these would-be anonymous donations put him to. Hang it all! It would take three strawberry festivals, a corn-husking and a harvest home supper to wipe out his indebtedness, and by that time the countryside gossip would have attained the volume and proportions of a tornado.

In the midst of his frowning, however, he sniffed longingly at the palate-tickling odors that filled the untidy little kitchen. When you have lived interminably on salt pork, boiled potatoes, blackstrap, baker's bread and canned horrors there is something about the aroma of newly-baked bread and scones and fresh, sugared doughnuts that partakes almost of the celestial. Peter uncovered a plate of jelly rolls and prodded them with a speculative forefinger. They were warm yet. He leaned down and smelt of a bowl of rich soup. It reminded him, with sudden force, of his mother's soups. He ran his tongue over his lips and gulped; and then he saw a small loaf of walnut bread and gulped harder. These gulps had to do strictly with the emotions of the appetite, however. There were doughnuts and dainty ham-and-tongue sandwiches and there was a lemon pie with a thick, rich meringue the color of a gold-tipped sunset cloud. Peter straightened up and drew his eyes reluctantly away from these treasures. He strode over to the cracked mirror above the washbench.

He looked at his image with a kind of stern appraisal. What in thunder did she see in him anyway! With vague disquietude, not to say alarm, he realized that he was growing old. He had been realizing it for some time, to be sure, but now he almost winced as the full force of it struck him, there in the harsh light from the uncurtained window. Growing old! And he was a lonely man and always must be, considering that of blood relatives he had none. Surely if there was a woman willing, not to say eager, to have him it were the part of wisdom and expediency to close the deal. She too—well, *she* wasn't exactly young either. Peter continued to stand before his reflection eyeing each feature with cold severity—a plain face lightened or not (usually not) by sombre dark eyes, unsmiling mouth, rather large nose, grey-flecked, black hair, and the scar of a bayonet wound just under his right ear. Suddenly he laughed harshly.

"I'll do it!" he said grimly. "I'll do it if Jim'll buy those forty acres! By the living jingo I'll do it!"

He turned and made as though to take up the milk pails, but his eye encountered the table first and he stood, considering. He took up a scone and ate it ravenously. He ate four in rapid succession. Then he tried a doughnut.

"I ought to milk first," he muttered with a glance at the noisy little clock on the shelf. "I ought to. But I won't."

Thereupon he drew up a chair and went about the pleasant task of eating in a way that would have kindled pity as well as delight in the eyes of the fair cook could she have witnessed it. Filled to repletion he rose at length and, taking up his pails, hied him leisurely to the stables. As the milk shot into the pail with the customary tink-tank that had become musical monotony to him he gazed out across the dewy meadow, through the open stable doors, and fell to wondering what they made all this fuss about romance and marriage for. It was infinitely better to make marriage a strictly business proposition. He and the widow now—

Here old Brindle slapped his cheek with her tail and he roared out anathema upon her and shifted his stool more to the right.

"I'll go over and see Jim to-night," Peter muttered. "I'll have it settled before I sleep or—here *you!*"

"If you persist," the board recommenced, "in your defiance of a sacred promise—"

SO, when the last chore was done, he took his way across the upper pasture and through the clover meadow by the brook to the old brown house with the twinkling lights that crested Pine Hill. Here dwelt his oldest friend and neighbor, James Butler, a not unworthy little man, but one who wore a permanently crushed air. He was the husband of the best housekeeper in Dundas County. Perhaps that explains it.

As Peter vaulted the snake fence and approached the porch door, the shrill voice of the lady of the house assailed his ears. He could also hear her stepping briskly about within. He stopped, considering.

"Sounds like poor old Jim's getting a tongue thrashing," he reflected. "Perhaps I'd best—"

The screen door swung violently open and the thin, angular form of Mrs. Butler appeared. She carried a pail of something which she threw out.

"—An' I've told you a *hundred* times if I've told you once," she was saying, emphatically, "never to—"

Then the door slapped to and Peter remained, still irresolute, just south of the currant bushes. But presently he decided to go forward. He might be able to save Jim from the rest of the lecture. It wouldn't be the first time he had arrived thus fortuitously.

"Oh, come now, Mary Ann," he heard Jim remonstrating feebly, "you never look on nothin' but the seamy side o' life. Why don't—"

"Seamy? Huh!" Mrs. Butler snorted as she wrung a dish towel and slapped it over the drying rack. "It seems to be purty nearly all seamy—where it aint patches. Get out an' split up that kindlin' an' leave me room to turn around for pity's sake! An' mind an' come in the back way so's this floor gits a chance to dry. Is that Bobby I hear comin' in the porch?" she added, sharply.

"Hi, you, Bobby!" sang out Jim. "Your maw says you gotta wipe them feet 'for you—oh it's *Peter!* Come in, come in!"

"Thanks. Not this time," said Peter. "Evening, Mrs. Butler. I—— come over to take a look at that heifer, Jim."

"Oh yeah!" returned Jim, brightening perceptibly; and he took down his cow's breakfast from its nail and joined Peter by means of some adroit stepping over the freshly scrubbed yellow floor.

Peter noticed that Mrs. Butler watched every step with held breath and only gave vent to it when her husband after walking like a cat on hot bricks gained the comparative security of the verandah.

Life-sentence himself to this? H'm!

IN a distant corner of the barnyard, seated on the edge of a disrupted hayrick, Peter and Jim by a somewhat devious conversational route that, beginning with the weather and the crops and passing on to a sick cow and the need for more fertilizer in the west field appeared to lead to no ultimate object, finally arrived at a state of understanding, and the exchange of man-to-man confidences. Jim wasn't exactly prepared just at present to purchase the forty acres of bush land. Peter said it didn't much matter anyway as he'd "kind of changed his mind just in the last half hour or so."

He told Jim his trouble, told it curtly, half-savagely, as of one discharging a most uncongenial task, as indeed it was. The whole instinct of his nature was against casting even the faintest verbal reflection upon the intentions of a lady.

"Of course, it may be only her little way, Jim. She's —she's awful friendly and easy to make up to. But—well to-day she squeezed my hand and quoted those lines from Longfellow. You know—"

"Eh? Longfellow? Po'try you mean? Say, this looks serious all right! What lines was she—"

"Oh, about life being short and time fleeting. It looked to me like a strong hint. And this isn't leap year. I'm plumb up against it, Jim."

Jim shook his head helplessly and sighed.

"I take it you don't like her then," he hazarded at last.

"Well, I don't dislike her. I—I might have *got* to like her if—"

"Yeah?" as Peter paused.

"Well, if she'd let me do the rushing. It's a man's place to do the courting, Jim. You know that."

Jim was silent and in the gloom Peter didn't see his glance stray to the distant kitchen window.

"You did your own courting, Jim, didn't you?" Peter pursued.

"It's so long ago I've clean forgot, Peter. My wife was a widda woman an'—an'—*they* got a knack with them, you see." Then he added loyally, "Mary Ann's a darned good housekeeper."

"Well, a man'll put up with a whole lot for the sake of well-cooked meals, Jim. Mrs. Wyatt, she—she cooks like all possessed."

"Does she now? A body wouldn't think she'd get time she spends so much time runnin' round in that dinky contraption o' hers!"

"I wish I knew what to do about it. I'm getting on, Jim. I don't know what she sees in me, but I'm a lucky guy if I could just realize it."

"The Lord knows it aint your looks," said Jim, candidly. "Why don't you work the same dodge on her as you did on that Miss what-d'ye-call-her? Tell her you got heredit'ry cancer or that there's insanity in the family?"

Peter's face was warm.

"Well I haven't *got* a family for one thing and in any case it wouldn't make a particle of difference what I said. She—she's a determined sort, Jim. The affair with Miss Spiffer was mild compared to this. Right this minute I've got lumbago, but it wouldn't faze Mrs. Wyatt any."

"I tell you what I believe," said Jim suddenly, like one who is struck by a bright idea. "I believe you've got what they call pers'nal magnetism. Yep. *That* must be it!"

Peter started in some alarm.

"Is it catching?" he asked eagerly then.

"Nope, Peter. It aint. That's the worst of it. I'm some older'n you an' I never had it in all my life. So how can I give *you* advice? There's somethin' about you the women like an' that they fall for. (I'm surprised you aint conceited!) Have you told the lady that your savin's was all blown to glory in phoney oil-stock? *That's* a test for your life, Peter."

"Yes, I tried that wrinkle too. She's pretty well fixed herself and it didn't startle her at all. A man's nigh desperate when he'll admit a lack of judgment, Jim. You see my case, don't you? I tell you I don't hanker for double harness and at the same time I refuse to be brutal! What in Halifax is a man to do?"

JIM chewed a straw in silence. Peter kicked his heels restlessly against the lower half of the rick and watched the canal lights down the river, strung out along the deep sapphire of the night sky like diamonds on blue velvet.

"Appears to me like you'd best clear out o' the country—or else take smallpox," suggested Jim presently.

"Think up a better one," said Peter, wearily.

Jim was again silent. Finally he straightened up and seized his gloomy companion by one shoulder, chuckling like a small boy bent on mischief.

"I got it. Peter!" he chortled. "And it's sure pizen for the widda! Listen now—"

"Sh-h!" cautioned Peter with an over-shoulder glance.

"You know that little Minafer girl?"

"Minafer girl?"

"Near the village in the big frame house. What's this her name is anyway!"

"That little slim thing with the long fair pigtails down her back? Well, what about her? What on earth has she got to do with—"

She don't wear pigtails *now*. Think a minute. That was five or six years ago—afore the war. She's pushin' on to twenty-four or five, I reckon. Well, this is my idea, Peter, an' you can take it or leave it; you must make her your alibi."

"Alibi! What—"

"Now wait. With a female strategist (Jim pronounced it strateegist) like the widda you gotta use diplomacy (Jim accented the *dip*) an' fight fire with fire. You—"

"Don't talk so loud!" and Peter glanced over his shoulder again, fancying he heard a crackle in the garden nearby. "Why do you pick on the little Minafer girl? I'm not setting out to break any hearts myself, Jim. I just want to get out of this tangle as easy and as quick as it's possible to—"

"I know. The reason I thought o' Mattie—yes Mattie *is* the name, I remember! thought o' Mattie Minafer is because I hear tell she's a man-hater—a bitter one. So she'd have no feelin's to consider. Call round on her some—just enough to shake the widda an' git folks to talkin'—"

Peter groaned.

"If they talk much more their tongues'll be paralyzed one of these days," he said gloomily. "Well, go on. It sounds crazy, but I'm a desperate man."

"Mattie has had chances galore," Jim went on. "She's turned down half-a-dozen decent young fellas. You see, her pa didn't exactly treat her ma right or somethin', an' anyway her ma bein' more or less an invaleed, Peter, the girl's had everythin' to do lone-handed. They're livin' on in the old place, but the land's sold an' all they keep is a cow now, but even so her ma's a great care an' the girl's fed up with housework an' who can blame her for wantin' to bolt? She's a right smart little girl, but she's never had a chance. Just work, work, work, from the time she was nine or ten year old. I've heard tell she used to milk seventeen cows an' you know that big house musta nigh killed her sweepin' an' washin' an' all. She told every one o' them fellas as they'd ask her that she had no mind to change her mode o' life unless she could better it. She's teachin' herself a business course by mail an' soon's she can land a job she's goin' to take her ma an' live in town. She likes the country an' doesn't care for town much, but she says she's goin' to really *live* some day. Them's her words."

"*Mattie* you say? That's a neat name."

"Martha, by rights. She's got a Mary spirit an' disposition but the Martha life has been thrust on her an' it's turned her into a kind o' machine I s'pose. Her pa died some few years back—while you was at the front I guess. Mind him?"

Peter gave a grunt of assent.

"He gave me an awful hiding once for stealing apples," he remarked. "But this isn't clear yet, Jim. What am I to do? Pretend to rush her?"

"Do as you please. Drop in on her an' borry a book or make a date to talk to the old lady. She don't git out at all an' they keep to themselves so, people think they're stuck up, I s'pose. Git the habit o' callin' there an' the widda if she's at all sharp oughta take the hint. Harm'll be done no one. *You* don't care an' Mattie won't. Chances are ten to one she'll treat you like a piece o' furniture. But I take it it's a case o' any port in a storm?"

"It sure is, Jim. Well, I'd best be hoofing it. I'll think the scheme over. As you say it isn't like as though it was injuring anyone."

"No. Keep that afore you. Mattie aint goin' to shine up to the farmin' fraternity. You're as safe with her as—as a duck on a horsepond. She's a frosty little moon, quite out o' reach o' the likes o' you. But this is one time she's goin' to help a horrid man-creature—only she won't know a thing about it! Good luck, Peter."

BUT Peter Deane, as he strolled homeward over the dew-drenched pasture land, was in anything but an exultant frame of mind. The scheme wasn't on-the-square somehow. Nevertheless all week long, as often as he put the idea from him, it returned and the day Mrs. Wyatt caught him on the telephone and in cooing tones intimated that Friday evening was free and his company would be welcome—more, that she had something very, very important to ask him—he took the plunge and told her he had a previous engagement. So, to make good his word he was obliged to put in an appearance somewhere on that evening and the Minafer place being as good as any, and the nearest to reach, Peter tacked off across his ten-acre summer-fallow field and, taking a short-cut through the sugar-maple grove, found himself finally at the white gates of Eight Elms and without any valid excuse for going further.

Few men who have not been ardently pursued by a fascinating widow—a war widow at that—will perhaps understand or have sympathy for Peter Deane. Good-natured to a fault, unwilling to hurt even a mouse unnecessarily, chivalrous to a degree and not unsociable for all his thirty-three years and "set" habits, he was vastly puzzled and not a little querulous over the persistent way Fate was keeping his peace-loving existence stirred up. He hated letting his telephone hang by its cord—it annoyed central and turned away business of his own. He hated not thanking people for gifts—but the more you thanked them the more they sent. He disliked being curt and grouchy—for his was a pleasant nature and he possessed the happy faculty of believing the best of a person until it was proven he—or she—was undeserving of the good opinion.

What was that about borrowing a book that Jim had suggested? Lucky he had remembered! So Peter opened the prim gates, strode up the gravel drive and, mounting the three broad steps, knocked loudly on the panels of the front door—a severe-looking door without a bell. There was an old brass knocker which Peter didn't try but merely gazed at curiously and overhead was a half?moon transom of colored glass. The white frame house was a county landmark and the figures 1840 in the glass gave its venerable age away.

HIS knocking was answered promptly by Miss Mattie Minafer, trig and cool and a little disdainful as he could see even in the moonight. She wore a neat pink print dress and, sure enough, the pigtails were no more; or at least they were on her head now in a loose, unstudied-attractive mass—like corn silk, as Peter thought.

"Good-evening," said Peter.

"Good-evening," responded Miss Mattie as in politeness bound.

"I came to borrow a book—if I might."

"A book?"

"Any—any kind of a book, you know."

"Come in, please."

Peter entered and Miss Mattie turned up a bracket-lamp nearby and regarded him with detached interest. A farmer come to borrow a book!

"Your pa having had quite a little library I thought I might perhaps borrow a volume —now and then," explained Peter easily, though the recollection of the late William Minafer's literary habits had just occurred to him. "It's coming on now to the long evenings, you know—"

"You are welcome to any books we have," stated Miss Mattie politely. "But I'm afraid they will hardly interest you. He was scientific in his tastes—the occult sciences you know."

"Yes, I remember. Spiritualism, wasn't it?"

'Spiritism," corrected Miss Mattie in her best schoolm'am manner.

(She had taught the village school three terms.)

If Peter Deane had ever heard of the elder Mr. Weller he would never have gone in the Molly Jane, Mrs. Wyatt's runabout.

"Whatever it is," said Peter, nodding. "That'll do, I guess, as well as anything."

Miss Mattie led the way to the living-room where a tall glassed-in bookcase stood.

"Take your choice," she said, swinging back the doors.

Peter pulled out a volume at random. It was "The Science of Table-Rapping."

"This sounds—er—interesting. I'll take it. Could—could I come back for another on Tuesday night?"

"Certainly," responded Miss Mattie. "But come to the side door, please. It's the one we use most. I mightn't have heard you to-night only I was just going upstairs with mother's hot milk."

"Thanks," said Peter, picking up his hat. "I hope your ma keeps fairly well?"

"Oh just so-so. By the way you mustn't tell her you're studying—*that*," and Miss Mattie indicated the book with a nod. "She thinks spiritism wicked—says it's doubting God."

Peter thought he sensed an implied reproof in this. "What do *you* think? he asked.

She shook her head.

"I have no opinion on the subject," she said coldly. "It takes me all my spare moments perfecting my shorthand."

PETER now saw on the table nearby many outspread notebooks and sheets of paper and half-a-dozen sharpened pencils. A sudden idea occurred to him.

"Have you anyone to dictate to you for practice?" he asked.

"No, I haven't. It's my only drawback, too. Mother's eyes aren't what they once were, and I can't let her dictate though she often begs to do so. I get along somehow."

"If—if I came kind of early on Tuesday night," Peter said boldly, "maybe—well, maybe I could help you out. I surely don't care to borrow your books and give nothing in return. I—"

"How foolish!"

"Well, if—"

"I mean, to say such a thing as *that*. It is good of you to offer to help me." And Miss Mattie reflected gravely. "Very well. Come early Tuesday evening. I'll show you the ouija-board then, too."

"The—the *what?*" and Peter stopped short and turned.

"Father's ouija-board. You know. He used to make the—the spirits talk with it."

"Did he really? That's a joke, isn't it?" and Peter thought it no wonder the villagers had considered the old man "off."

Miss Mattie shrugged her slim shoulders. She wore an air of cold abstraction. Evidently she wished *him* off. So Peter went away, Miss Mattie's clear-toned, indifferent farewell ringing in his ears all the way home.

As to the book he hadn't had the slightest intention of reading it but for fear she might question him about it on Tuesday he took a tentative dip or two into it that very night—and ended by sitting up till two o'clock, which left him barely three hours for sleep. Thus does Fate manhandle our affairs for us, one and all. Peter might merely have cast the volume aside and taken up the tangled threads of his life again, leaving Miss Mattie and the spirits out of it and eventually receiving the widow into it, but for Fate.

ON Tuesday evening, just as the first friendly stars began to come out over the dense green of the cedars on the river bank, below, Peter once more took his way, but springily now, across the fields and through the grove to the Minafer place. Miss Mattie was drying her hands on a kitchen towel and she nodded briefly at Peter's apparition through the screen door and requested him to light the lamp. It was some little time before she joined him and he judged that a variety of bothersome little chores detained her somewhere and he examined the late Mr. Minafer's library at his leisure. About eight o'clock she re-appeared, rather breathless and flushed from her exertions but not in an ill humor. Peter thought what a shame it was she had no help and wondered if she would take it in good part if he volunteered to chop some wood or hoe the garden for her.

He was introduced to the ouija-board and also to a large glass globe resting on a pad of black velvet and then left to his own devices while Miss Mattie practised an hour on a rattly old typewriter and then went upstairs to "settle" her mother for the night. When she came down again it was too late for dictation and Peter made his adieu and went home, carrying two books with him. He had indicated that he might drop in Friday night to return them. They were "The Veil and What Lies Behind" and "Consulting the Ouija."

Peter saw a busy winter ahead, if he intended to read through the whole set, and he now decided he might as well. He was becoming deeply interested, enthralled even, with the occult and he hadn't thought of Mrs. Patricia Wyatt all evening. But the memory returned with singular force as soon as he opened his kitchen door and struck a match, for there on his bare little table lay another lot of gifts from the goddess, including lemon jelly with whipped cream this time.

Two days later in his rural-mail box at the head of the lane, Peter found a familiar-looking violet-tinted note addressed in a large, flowing, reckless hand, and dolefully swore. The note opened like a playful tap of a fan—and ended like a bombshell!

"Dear old boy—I know where you were Tuesday! Foolish old dear, were you trying to melt the Little Icicle? Never mind. I'm not the least, tiniest bit jealous. You remember our visit to Sequoyah's Stone on Dominion Day, don't you? Well! . . . . . Come up Sunday to dinner. Patty."

PETER was very uneasy all the rest of the week. Good heavens! Was she really taking that Stone incident *seriously?* He spent Sunday afternoon in the barn loft reading "The Spirit Word" and thinking of breach-of-promise. Strategist! Why, she was a female Foch, that's what she was! And Peter fairly haunted the Minafer place the week following, arriving so early and so often he was beginning to feel like a boarder. He grew into an odd habit too of looking back over his shoulder, but whether it was a disembodied spirit he dreaded to see or the full and ravishing form of the pretty widow, he could scarcely have told. He made a tentative effort at confiding in Miss Mattie one night.

"You know Sequoyah's Stone up on Indian Point?" he commenced, nonchalantly.

Miss Mattie glanced up from her notebook and nodded. Peter avoided her clear blue eye and ruffling the leaves of his book went on hurriedly:

"There's a — a sort of story about it, isn't there?"

"A legend, yes."

"Is it true? I mean do many folk put stock in it?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Mattie gravely. "I've heard of a lot of people who disregarded it and came to grief. It is evidently one of those legends that we *must* believe—can believe."

"Would you mind telling me all you know about it?" and Peter's anxiety was ill-disguised.

"There isn't much to tell. This tall flat rock stands at the extreme end of the Point—a promontory in fact it is. There's just room enough for two people on it and there are two pairs of footprints, a man's and a woman's. They look as though they had been there since the Upheaval. Sequoyah was an Indian maiden who took a reluctant lover out there and threatened to kill him and throw him into the deep water below—they say you can't find bottom there—if he didn't marry her. The inference is that he gave in. But to this day the girl and her male companion who climb that rock and place their feet in the stony footprints of those early lovers—"

"Yes?" Peter prompted breathlessly as Mattie paused presumably for the purpose of making her ending the more impressive. "Yes?"

"— must marry!"

"Must!" exclaimed Peter his brows close-drawn.

"Absolutely must or all sorts of trouble will come to them."

"I—let's get out the board and have a little go at the spirits. What say?"

Peter's air of levity would have deceived a shrewder person even, than Miss Minafer. They seated themselves at opposite sides of a small table and placed the finger-tips of both hands on the ouija-board. Then they fell into a more or less trance-like state which they termed "concentration." But for a long time the ouija remained unresponsive. Miss Minafer, her red lips apart and her cheeks flushed, whispered the questions Peter asked, relaying them on to the spirit world with at least a semblance of faith. Peter relied on her wholly. Being the child of her father she couldn't help but have "a pull" with those strange beings behind the veil!

"Shall I take the plunge?" whispered Peter breathing thickly and forgetting to elucidate to his medium what it was he intended to plunge into.

"Better—go—slow." The board spelled out slowly after a long wait.

"What must I do?"—next question.

"Always—do—the—right—thing,"—reply.

Peter's face wore a puzzled frown as they rose from their seance at length, the ouija having closed up like an oyster after its two succinct remarks.

"Miss Mattie," he began as he took up his hat and began to brush it with his coat sleeve (though it was quite a new hat and Peter was never anything but well groomed when "dressed up"). "Miss Mattie, you always put things so clearly I've a mind to ask your advice on a matter that—well, I'm in a fix. Horns of a dilemma. You know what I mean."

"Between the—the Old Nick and the Ocean?"

"Exactly."

"State the case."

"I can't. That's the trouble."

"But innuendoes don't help much, Mr. Deane."

"Once or twice you've called me Peter."

"Peter, then."

"That's better," said Peter with intense satisfaction, his dilemma forgotten now. "I feel favored you should call me by my given name. I hear tell you don't like farmers."

"I don't."

"Why?"

"Perhaps not the men so much as the life, Peter," said the girl slowly. "Now *you*—"

"I, what?" he prompted eagerly as she broke off.

"You're different," said Mattie reflectively. "You read and study. And—and once about twelve years ago my life was saved in a particularly gallant way by a young farmer. I have never forgotten him, Peter. I always liked *him*."

Her last words were very low. But he heard.

"Who—" he was beginning and then he stopped.

He looked at her. Then he looked away. That blush could mean but one thing: She loved that knight of the soil, whoever he was. With difficulty Peter held his curiosity in check. Unrequited love? Pride? Prejudice?

And very suddenly his dilemma settled itself. Peter watched for a moment longer the bright, downbent head, the slim fingers pleating a fold of her apron, the lingering rose-color in her cheek. Then he went away, with the briefest possible good-bye.

Mattie stood watching his tall, loose-limbed form till it melted into the dark and the distance beyond the elms. She went back to her books and practised feverishly for half an hour. She was gaining both in speed and accuracy.

ON Sunday Peter walked over to Mrs. Wyatt's. But on the way he dwelt over again upon an odd and not unpleasant thrill which he had experienced twice that week when on study bent in the old living-room at Miss Minafer's. Peter was not usually introspective or disposed to self-analysis but he wondered why, when they had both reached for a dropped pencil and their hands had met briefly, just why his whole being had been filled with a strange turbulence. Again, she had admired a stick-pin made from a piece of shell and he had removed it and shown it to her and in returning it she had remarked his good taste in neckties—in a casual and almost indifferent way too but his heart had responded in a manner that was truly perplexing. The widow lavished fulsome praise on him at all times yet never had warm words of hers made his heart do a hurdle. So Peter pondered and he recalled a number of pleasing things that had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Patricia Wyatt—the shadow on a Puritan cheek of thick curling lashes; the rare smile of lips that had never known the touch of lipstick, being of Nature's own red, full-formed and—well, provocative, only Peter didn't think of that term; glinty, brown-gold hair full of imprisoned sunshafts, hair that his hands itched to touch, to smooth or to rumple up as the mood swayed him; cool, clear blue eyes that would have been childlike but for that brooding wistfulness that darkened them so often. Peter shook off thoughts of these things with some difficulty.

On the following evening he announced to Miss Mattie that he and Mrs. Wyatt were to be married in two weeks' time. She received the news in silence. Mrs. Minafer, who had taken lately to coming downstairs in the evening, was quite voluble, however. She left off complaining of the dampness and the rheumatism and the prices of garden produce and congratulated Peter. She praised the widow's looks, her vivacity, her friendliness, her house and her car and all things else that were hers, until the prospective groom was weary. The only thing left unpraised was her strategy, but possibly Mrs. Minafer was ignorant of this superior quality of the charming widow.

"Yes, Peter, you're a lucky man," repeated the old lady in her high thin voice as she nodded at him from her cushioned easy-chair by the coal-stove. "And October weddings are always the nicest for country folks. To tell you the truth, Peter, I was getting real anxious about you and this spirit stuff. It's made you awful solemn or something. You used to be a rare *mischeevious* lad, Peter. The widow Wyatt will be just the one to perk you up again. Oh you

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The UNDERCURRENTS

By J. K. MUNRO

Illustrated by
WILLIAM CASEY

THIS Parliament of ours suffered from the spring fever. Along through April it resembled nothing so much as that uncertain month itself. It had its splashes of sunshine and its fleeting clouds and through its general drowsiness you could always feel that there was warmer weather ahead. And more than all it was a session of waiting for something to turn up. It saw little that was exciting and nothing that was portentous, but it developed the facts that Sir Robert Borden and not Sir Thomas White is still the controller of Union destinies and that Daniel Duncan McKenzie is more of a leader than his nominators thought or wished. And it proved yet again that the crack of the whip will still bring the Government forces to heel on any or all questions.

They're great talkers, those Unionists, and the habit is growing on them. The quietest afternoon is liable to develop an oratorical windstorm should some careless member stub his toe on something that gives any sort of a pretext. Even Dr. Michael Clark, the king bee of every talking match he takes part in, is growing loquacious. Time was when he made one or two great speeches during a session and let it go at that. Now he talks on everything in an evident attempt to prove that he is as prolific as he is magnetic. Most people can find an excuse for him. But there are others—men like Nicholson of Algoma, Vien of Lotbiniere and Pedlow of Renfrew—who should hire a hall. They probably think they were sent to Ottawa to enlighten the nation. They forget that it costs $10,000 a day to run this law factory and that there are other ways of practising economy besides buying thrift stamps.

But this talk habit is epidemic. It starts with the acting Prime Minister and extends clear through to the back benches on both sides of the House. Sir Thomas White has, in fact, been one of the worst offenders on several occasions. Nobody blamed him when he juggled figures for hours in discussing the War Extension Bill. That's a Finance Minister's privilege. He has to prove that he knows his end of the game down to the last cent. And when you're whittling hundreds of millions down through the decimals it takes time. But when he treated titles and the Smart-Pratt charges in the same extended fashion people began to ask what was the matter. And the new popularity of the financial Knight found him his excuse. It was pointed out that he was handling troubles that weren't his own. In the titles argument he was travelling under orders cabled from headquarters in Paris that further additions to the Canadian aristocracy must be considered by a committee. In the Smart-Pratt charges he was defending appointees of a Government of which he was temporarily in charge. He did the best he could under the circumstances and, if he did stammer a bit and lapse into his old partiality for the personal pronouns, who shall blame him?

The Temper of Parliament

BUT that titles debate taken in connection with the Daylight Saving fiasco did much to reveal the temper of Parliament. The House as a whole was more strongly in favor of the abolition of titles than it was against the adoption of Daylight Saving. But in the latter case it was allowed to vote as it pleased, while in regard to titles, though Sir Thomas White stated that the question was in no sense a party one, the report was spread at the last minute that repudiation of the Borden orders meant the resignation of the Government. How they did scurry for cover and what a sigh of relief went up when the clerk's count showed that the Union flag was still flying at the masthead!

In case of a realignment of parties where would these orphans go?

For on just one thing is the whole House as one. Individually, severally and unitedly it doesn't want an election. There are men in the Cabinet who believe that, if the Government would take the bull by the horns and go to the country on the tariff issue, it could come back with a good working majority. For be it known that Quebec is not more free trade in sentiment than is Ontario, that British Columbia is not in accord with the farmers' fetch, that Manitoba would not split worse than fifty-fifty and the Maritime Province electors can be depended on to vote as their fathers did before them. Then why not go? And the answer comes: "Why go?"

THIS Parliament has in addition to the present session three long years of life. Moreover, it is practically insured against premature or sudden death.

"There are too many political orphans in this House for the Government to fear defeat," remarked a wise old Liberal-Unionist who comes from a Free Wheat constituency. He might also have remarked that there were a number of Ministers among the "political orphans." For, in case of a realignment of parties, where would Hon. Wesley Rowell, Hon. James Calder, Hon. A. L. Sifton or Hon. A. K. Maclean get off at? So the political orphans will keep the Government alive not only that it may work out the great problems of reconstruction but also that it may try to build up a home for the politically homeless. Also it has interpreted its mandate from the people to mean that, besides winning the war, it was to put the country back on a peace and prosperity footing. And, having announced that it so understood its mission, it could hardly change its mind and go back for a fresh mandate. Moreover, Sir Robert Borden is its Premier. Whether he intends to continue as such or to use his elevated position as a vantage point from which to step into a more permanent job is beside the question. In either case he'll hang on. And all the more so that he never moves unless someone is pushing him. At present those who might push are holding him back.

Nor will The Mackenzie be an easy man to displace.

But if Sir Robert and his orphans do not want an election—and the Opposition are just as anxious to stave one off till after their August convention anyway—it must not be imagined that all is as peaceful in the political depths as the sunny surface would indicate.

Praying For Night or Blucher

PARLIAMENT had up to the end of the Easter recess been in session for nine weeks or just as long as the entire session of a year ago. During that time it had hardly nibbled at the Government program. To be sure it passed Hon. Wesley Rowell's bill creating a Health Department, but not till it had cut out the social welfare part of it and been assured that the total number of members of the Cabinet was not to be increased. But it balked on the Highways legislation. Western members wanted to build railways instead of roads, while Tory members, whose patronage had been cut off, just couldn't see the fun in handing money over to be spent by Provincial Governments of the Grit persuasion which were not converts to the principles of civil service or any other variety of reform. And, with that measure held up, the Cabinet simply lay down on their jobs and started praying for night or Blucher—Mr. Blucher's other name being Borden.

Never in the history of Parliament has so much time been spent with so little to show for it. And yet nobody seemed to worry much. It was a good-natured House that talked by day and schemed by night; and the scheming had more to do with the future of parties than the welfare of the country. But they were all busy. At least two factions of Grits and three of Unionists were keeping their ears to the ground and trying to figure what every echo meant. There were early rumors from Quebec that prominent Unionists were trying to negotiate with Sir Lomer Gouin with a view to bunching commercial interests to combat the farmer offensive. Then young Lucien Cannon, the Dorchester fire-eater, blazed out with a denunciation of conscription and all connected with it that was interpreted as a counter-offensive calculated to fan race hatred into a brighter flame. This gave W. F. Nickle of Kingston an opportunity to come back with the greatest speech of the session. But while that speech made conscriptionists cheer it did little towards bringing Ontario and Quebec closer together. And the net gain lies with those who are scheming to have the big Grit convention declare for free trade and then, in conjunction with the farmers of the West, sweep the country. To do this Quebec must be held practically solid for the new doctrine. And it can only be held that way by keeping its hatred of Ontario at the highest possible temperature.

The Closest Watched Man in the House

WOULD the West enter into such a compact? That remains to be seen. Politics make strange bedfellows and when politics and business coincide they grow stranger still. Anyway for some time past Hon. J. A. Crerar has been the most closely watched man in the House. He represents the West in the Cabinet. Of course Hon. A. L. Sifton, Hon. James Calder and Hon. Arthur Meighen also imagine that they are Western representatives. It is admitted too that they hail from somewhere beyond the Great Lakes. But that is all. No one but Crerar represents Prairie sentiment. He's

a farmer, the best of the Grain Growers, and frankly admits that he helped to draft the platform of the Council of Agriculture. Moreover he says with equal frankness that he thought it was a good platform two years ago and thinks so still. Most people thought he would be out of the Cabinet e're this—he may be in fact before this is printed—but at the time of writing he is a business man and is going to get all he can for his people before he makes the jump. Nor is it at all likely that he will jump clear across the floor when he finally hands his resignation to Sir Robert. He is not so much of a boy as he appears, this sun-tanned, youthful looking statesman from the Prairies. Also he has something besides brown hair beneath the soft felt hat that he pulls down over his eyes in the House. He took hold of the Grain Growers when one stenographer and an office boy were all the help he needed to handle their affairs. Now he's head of one of the biggest concerns in Canada. And he didn't get there through trading his birthright for a mess of promises.

The West has had its fill of being lulled to sleep by pledges made for election purposes. It is looking for something more substantial at the time of writing. It will take what it can get from the Union Government—and then it would appear that Hon. J. A. Crerar will wander forth in search of more. Where is he going to find it and how? Not, you may be sure, by tieing himself up to a Liberal Party that has given no evidence of seeing eye to eye with the West on this matter of tariffs. Still, there are those who expect him to do just this.

On the evening of a day that had been a bit stormy in the Commons the rank and file were asking: "What is Hon. F. B. Carvell going to do?" The Fearless Fighting One had suffered from an attack from the rear. Butts of Cape Breton and Douglas of Glace Bay had charged him with letting a "force" contract for airplane sheds at Sydney, N.S., to a Grit undertaker. They had followed up with statements that the undertaker was head of a ring composed of several Grit politicians. And the spectacle was unusual, to say the least— a Minister attacked by his own followers and encouraged by the applause of the Opposition. After it was all over a Nova Scotia Tory remarked: "He's going back to the Opposition anyway and, if we chase him out, they won't want to have him."

Naturally conversation during the evening centred on the incident. But when one of the French-Canadian leaders was asked: "When do you kill the fatted calf for Carvell?" he smiled softly and said: "Tell me, what is Crerar going to do?" And when he got the answer, "I guess you'll find him at your convention in August," he smiled again.

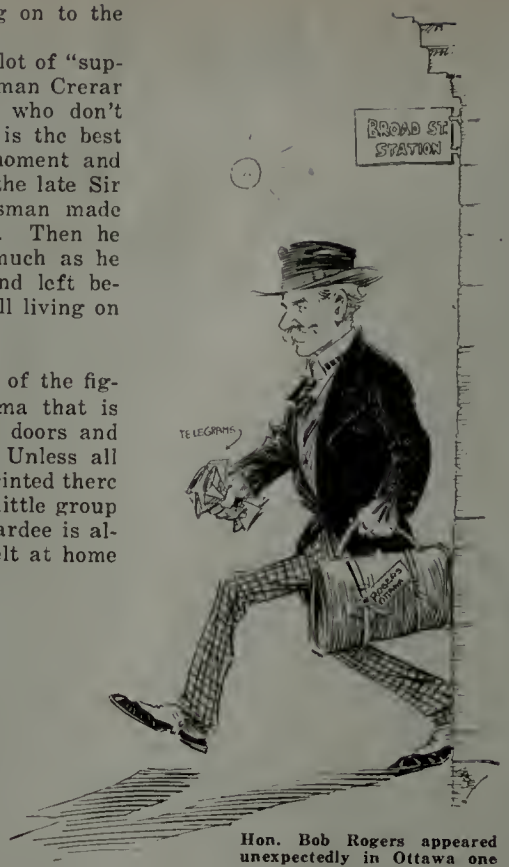
"Well, he's invited," was all he said.

The Position of Crerar

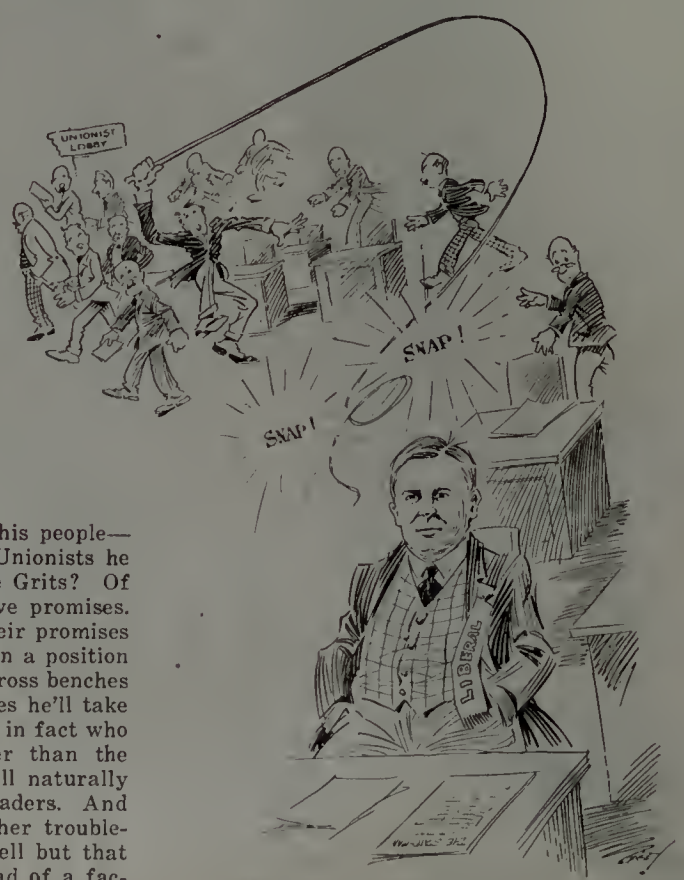
AND it looks to be a rattling good guess that Mr. Crerar will be at the big convention. Some people go so far as to predict that he'll come away from it the new Liberal leader. But from here it looks as if they had the man sized up wrong. For this Mr. Crerar is a pretty hard-headed proposition. He doesn't know politics as Sifton, Calder and Meighen think they do. In fact he is said to be simple enough to believe that honesty is the best politics. He may even have a suspicion that if he looks after his people his people will look after him. Sifton, Calder and Meighen have long ago decided that if they look after themselves their people will look after themselves. Their viewpoints are exactly opposite. So, knowing what the Big Three would do, is it not natural to suppose that the Western farmer will do exactly the opposite? Doesn't it look like a good guess that he'll go to the convention to see, not what he can get for himself, but what he can get for his people—that having got what he could from the Unionists he will add to that what he can get from the Grits? Of course the latter are only prepared to give promises. And, if there is only one way to secure their promises and that is to defer payment till they are in a position to deliver, won't Mr. Crerar go out on the cross benches and stay there for the present? If he does he'll take some Western farmers with him—all those in fact who expect their political lives to last longer than the present Parliament. Perched there he will naturally make a rallying point for the actual free traders. And in these days of Farmers' Unions and other troublesome collections of individuals, who can tell but that another election might find him at the head of a faction that could demand what it would from any Government that wanted to hang on to the moneybags of the nation?

Of course, there is a whole lot of "supposing" in all this. But this man Crerar has possibilities. And those who don't think with him that honesty is the best politics might pause for a moment and take a look at the career of the late Sir James Whitney. That statesman made people believe he was honest. Then he went ahead and did pretty much as he pleased. He died Premier and left behind a Government that is still living on his memory.

BUT Mr. Crerar is only one of the figures in this political drama that is being rehearsed behind closed doors and with the blinds down tight. Unless all signs fail, by the time this is printed there may be other additions to the little group on the cross benches. Fred Pardee is already there. He has never felt at home on the Union side of the House and he turned down several offers of portfolios largely because he didn't like the company. When he came back this session it was noticed that he didn't occupy his allotted seat among the near-statesmen but drifted around to the cross benches. Still he kept his tongue between his teeth till the titles debate came on. Then memories of how Sir Robert Borden had put the preservation of titles in a preferred position boiled up in him and he spluttered over. Some of his friends say that he went further than he intended to but sure it is that, when he had jerked out a few sentences, the best that a shocked Cabinet could make of it was that they had lost a valued follower. Boiled down to essentials his speech was: That he had only differed with his party on one issue and that conscription; that the country needed Liberalism right now; and that the Party system was the only system of Government. He is still sitting on the Government end of the cross benches, but the Liberal label is on him and he can be counted among those who will no longer listen to the crack of the Unionist whip. And it may have been significant that, seated around him when he voted against the Government on the titles amendment, were a few Western Unionists and Harold of Brant, who also refused to answer the S. O. S. sent out by the Unionist Whips. It will take a more serious division, however, to tell how many of these have become permanent members of the Liberal-Unionist faction who have thrown off their allegiance to the Government.



Hon. Bob Rogers appeared unexpectedly in Ottawa one sunny morning.



Pardee can be counted among those who will no longer listen to the crack of the Unionist whip.

A New Tory Party Formed

THEN there are the Ginger Group of Tories. They have been so quiet this session that some people think they have ceased to exist. But they are still with us and they are even said to have been the cause of a series of dinners of which a lot of people failed to grasp the significance. Anyway Hon. Bob Rogers appeared in Ottawa one sunny morning and e're the luncheon hour the wires were carrying to all parts of Canada his clarion call to all good Tories to rally to the rescue of their country. After doing a lot of handshaking and whispering he went on to Montreal where it is understood he conferred with those influential ones who put business before sentiment and, as a result, a regular old-time Tory-Protectionist party is in the process of organization. Add to all this the fact that the Opposition is divided into two factions—the diehards, who refuse the right hand of fellowship to any and all who turned their backs on Laurier in the last election, and the moderates, who realize that if they are going to get anywhere there must be a welcoming home of prodigals—and you must admit that you have as mixed a dish of politics as anyone could ask. It's more like an Irish stew than anything the bill of fare usually carries.

The safety of the Union Government lies of course in the fact that it is closer to any and all of the factions than any one of them is to any of the others. That and the fact that all are planning for the future and not for the present. As I have so often remarked, nobody wants an election. A conversation between two Western Liberal Unionists is rather enlightening in this regard. They were passing along the corridor when one was overheard to say to the other:

"I guess we're not going to get many tariff concessions."

The other was silent for a moment and then apparently apropos of nothing, he asked: "What do you hear about the increased indemnities?"

So right here and now you have to admit that those increased indemnities are destined to play a large part in the Government's reconstruction progress. And the hardest thing the Opposition members will find to do during the present will be to vote against them. Of course they'll have to do it as a matter of principle and politics—but if the Government should happen to be short a vote or two to carry that measure there's a bare possibility that one or two French members could be induced to sink their race prejudice for the moment. As for the Westerners one of them puts it this way: "If we don't take home the tariff bacon we'll never come back. And you know that we can't take home that bacon."

So what are the poor men to do? Why, take home as many and as big indemnities as the circumstances will permit. And before you blame them too much ask yourself what you would do in the circumstances.

But while all this was going on, while Parliament was marking time and waiting for peace and Borden, some questions were being asked. And principal among these was: "Who needs a title so badly that a Premier can twice stand his followers on their heads in order to accommodate him?" Is it Sir Robert himself or is it the barons generally mentioned in connection with munitions and bacon? Does the Premier intend to crown his career as the greatest of our war winners with a peerage and a seat at some permanent body that may grow out of the Peace Conference or the Imperial War Cabinet? Or does his duty to one of his makers compel him to hold the title-destroying hand till Sir Joseph Flavelle is clothed with recognition of his deserts? Or is the demand for decorations more wide-spread but none the less insistent? Are there promises to pay in titles to those dollar-a-year men who sacrificed their time that civilization might not perish from the earth? Was the war for democracy really won by the makings of a new aristocracy?

These are questions that time alone will answer. The

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MAN AND WIFE

A Romantic Story of Quebec—By C. W. STEPHENS

Illustrated by R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Third and Concluding Instalment

CHAPTER VII

THE project for taking back the Campbell Mine dropped as quickly as it had arisen. Campbell was frankly disappointed, and with no one more than his old associate Williams. From the day of the interview with Hugh the attitude of Williams had changed. He openly advised Campbell to give up the idea of opposing his son-in-law. Whether it was owing to the manner in which he gave the advice or the craft with which he slipped the drop of poison into the medicine would be difficult to decide, but it appeared that he had definitely resolved that there was little nourishment in antagonizing the camp's big man, and that he intended to put his money, henceforth, on the right horse.

Campbell openly stated that Williams had "sold" him—had withdrawn his encouragement and promise of financial association—for some consideration that Lyttleton had only been too glad to pay. When he heard that Hugh had given to young Williams a position in one of the smaller mines, he was certain of his conclusion. The situation was not a responsible one, but the salary paid was a great advance on anything that Williams had received before. So, declared Campbell, the victor made of his foes his servants, treated them, when they came in, with some consideration and honor, finding it wiser to use them than to break them. The Williams people, women and men, had boxed the compass, so far as their ancient enemy was concerned.

Hugh had done more to win their favor by giving the son a place in which he could be called "manager," though in a pit employing less than a score men, than if he had paid him twice the salary to be an under-strapper. Henceforth Lyttleton could do no wrong in the sight of his new subjects. It was something to hang on to the tail of a big man's kite, to be on the band-wagon, to run with the rout.

If Lyttleton was king and autocrat, who brooked no rival in rule, he did well by his followers. His wages were the biggest in the district, his mines were safest. He never risked a man's life to save a handful of dollars in precautionary provisions, never failed to do the just and more than just thing to a man out of luck, or a woman whose bread-winner had been taken from her. He ruled in the pits like a king, but he was a just king, one who knew his work better than the best of his men, said what he meant and meant what he said. When he fought it was to a finish, but he never fought for fighting's sake, and never carried a grudge after the bill had been paid. He could get men when other employers had to scour the country for them, and when through feebleness of age or sickness a man had to leave the hard labor of the pit bottom, he never went on the parish. Lyttleton was the first man in that country to have compulsory pensioning in his mines. It was a rule of the Mines that each man's pay was docked for his pension fund, and for every cent the man paid the master added two. If he became unable to work he was pensioned, if he died, his family received what had been coming to him. Other employers said Lyttleton spoiled his men, but Hugh knew that it paid. What others called his unfair pampering added not inconsiderably to the mine man's profit balance every year.

So when young Williams, out of a job, had asked for employment, he got it from the man whose rival he had been for a short day in the business world, and he felt it to be no humiliation to work for the big chief. Thus far had Lyttleton's supremacy been acknowledged.

HE was in New York little more than a week. While he was away Mary had taken careful note of the situation, and had arrived at a decision. The fault had been in the departure they had made from their first intention. She had allowed the proximity of an attractive man, who had been boundlessly generous, more in spirit than even in action, to affect her unduly, to assert its influence over her. Henceforward there were to be no misunderstandings, no trivial jealousies. It should be none of her business to scrutinize the lists of his friends, women or men.

"Would that help much?" she asked, slipping her cheque before him.

She should think no more of censoring his conduct than a man would the morals of his man friend. It should be enough for her to be the woman whom he admired—what for, she could not imagine— his official wife.

When he returned she met him with all the gracious friendliness that was her charm. He had not been away long, but the brief absence had broken the continuity of their acquaintance so that he was enabled to see her against a background of change. He saw her in the light of a new revelation. Hitherto she had been the girl of the Sunday morning outside the grey church with the crowd, streaming from Mass, hemming her in. Now she was a woman, with the charm of winsome girlhood enhanced by the gracious gravity of riper knowledge and experience. And the new woman he saw was not the girl he had known, who had slipped her hand within his arm, and in a score of little alluring ways, insignificant enough in themselves, but of vast moment to him, had shown that she was coming, of her own will, to make the great surrender. The touch of the hand, the glance of the eye, the expression on her face when her mind was not occupied with thought of him, the kiss of the epochal night, had been slow, sure steps in the girl's advance over the plain of indifference to the open fortress of the man's heart.

Now she was changed. She was no less pleasant, and delightsome, but sometimes it seemed to him that she had halted suddenly on her way toward him, hesitant; at others he thought she was receding, not by active, positive steps, but as if, in some strange way, the distance appeared to be widening, mists and darkness enshrouding her. Her touch was rarely laid upon him, friendly kindness took the place of tenderness. She was comradely, the broad-minded, far-visioned woman, engrossed in his schemes, kindled by his business ambition, wholly with him in his determination to make a place in the wider world of social and political life.

Twice he suggested that they should resume their outings, for spring had come, and the world of death had leaped from its sepulchre to warm-pulsing repeated life. In the whisper of the winds, the bursting of the bud, the vibrant music of air and sky, lake and sea, was a new, haunting, intoxicating thrill, to which the heart sang in ecstatic response. On both occasions she made some excuse, compensating him by accompanying him more frequently on his small trips about the town, and attending church occasionally with him. He came less often to the house, and rarely stayed long. She understood, of course, that her father's half-veiled hostility made his visits difficult.

"What has happened to your husband?" Mr. Campbell asked Mary brusquely one Sunday at lunch. "I suppose it is all Williams these days? He has young Jack eating out of his hand, and he and Alice seem to be on great terms. Only yesterday I saw them talking and laughing on the street. I notice that she doesn't come here very often now."

"If anybody else had made such a malicious little speech I should have thought he wished to make me jealous," she laughed. "Fathers really ought not to seek to protect their married daughters from their husbands, especially one who is as attentive as Hugh. He has been clamoring for me to go flying all over the country with him, but I have been unusually busy lately."

"People are talking," he said, gloomily. "It was a fool arrangement."

MARY made no reply. It was true that Alice was rarely seen at the house. Only once since Christmas had she been there, whereas before it had been rare for a week to pass without a visit. The girls had never been intimate friends, but rather agreeable acquaintances, thrown much together by the scarcity of society in the town. Mary recently had put her own construction on the apparent estrangement. On the occasions when she had met the girl she had noticed an absence of the old vivacity, a seeming reserve and shyness.

During the following weeks Mary noticed a change in Hugh. He was more silent and reserved on the few occasions she saw him, and spoke less of his business affairs. Outide his mines he had developed wide interests in lumber and pulp mills. She gathered from the little he told her that these occupied a great deal of time and attention, since they were not yet on a satisfactory profitable basis. From him she learned that her father had suddenly revived his desire to take back the mine. After Williams had drawn out of the project, everyone had supposed that it had been definitely abandoned. Now Campbell had told his son-in-law that he thought he could secure the financial aid he required to handle it. Hugh had agreed to accept a mortgage for the repurchase price, as he had provisionally promised.

"I think he is making a mistake," said Hugh. "The financial situation generally is rather gloomy, and there is the threat of labor troubles for the first time in our experience. We've had in recent years a great influx of foreigners, Germans, Austrians, and Rus-

sians. More than half the men in the pits are of this class, and they've introduced a troublesome element into labor here. There are a few men in the lot more gifted with tongue than working ability, and they're preaching anarchy. It's a bad time to start. You know that I say this in your father's interest. I spoke to him of it, but he always appears to suspect my motive. If he wants to take the mine he can have it, now or at any time, but this is no day to begin what would practically be a new concern."

"He has not mentioned it to me," said Mary. "I don't want to see him enter business again. He's not fit for it. I wonder who it can be who is to help him?"

"I haven't the least idea," Hugh replied. "However, he won't listen to me. In his mind I'm always acting with ulterior motive. I'm afraid I put my foot into it with him in another way. It seemed to me he felt his want of independence. Of course he's always been master on his own account before, and I thought if he had some responsible position he would be happier. I offered him the vice-presidency of one of my lumber companies. There would have been a little office oversight to keep him occupied—no real hard work though—and a small salary, say round $2,500 a year, but he didn't take it as I meant him to. It seemed to him a sort of bribe to keep him out of competition with me, so he refused it almost as if I'd insulted him."

"You mustn't take any notice of his whims," said Mary. "I don't know why it should be so, Hugh. You are endlessly good to us, and we give you the meanest return."

"I wasn't asking for that, Mary," he answered. "I'll make a good thing out of it one of these days. I'm an invincible optimist where you and yours are concerned."

She made no answer, fearing her own weakness. Whenever there came into their conversation an intimate personal tone, she was afraid of herself, and her only refuge was in silence.

ON the evening of the same day she was in her room, when there came a tap on the door. In response to her call her father entered and took a seat. He chatted for some time on casual topics, and then brought up the matter of the repurchase of the mine. Lyttleton, he told her, had agreed to re-sell to him, taking a mortage for the money. The business could be upbuilt at once and put on a profitable basis. All he needed was working capital. The banks were tightening their policies, and, with his place mortgaged up to the hilt, he was not in a position to borrow from them.

"You have what Lyttleton set aside for you," he said. "It was a hundred thousand dollars, was it not?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Not a great deal spent, I guess? "he suggested.

"No, the principal is intact. I have used only part of the interest," she said.

"I could use $50,000," he told her. "That sum would put me in an absolutely secure position. I should be indebted to no one, and would soon be able to pay you back, and get rid of Lyttleton's hold on the land and mill. Of course you would get your interest—more than the bank pays you."

"But, father, you couldn't expect me to do that," she answered. "Anything that belonged to me you could have, as you know, but that is not mine."

"Whose then is it?" he demanded. "Was it a pretended gift? Something to brag about? Has he put strings to it?"

"It is mine, absolutely," she replied. "Hugh doesn't brag of his gifts, nor does he put strings to them. He has never spoken to me of his gift from the day I received it."

"Then why can't you lend part of it to me?" He asked.

"Because I don't regard it as mine," she told him. "I take what is needed for the house and myself out of the interest, that I ought to do, in justice to my husband who wishes me to be supported by him. The principal I won't touch."

"Not even to help your father gain his independence?" he demanded.

"Not even for that," she said. "Why can't you content yourself with the comfort we have, father? There's no need for you to enter business. The interest earned by the money I regard as mine, and you may have anything you want for your comfort. The upkeep of the house is less than two thousand a year. Mother and I are not extravagant personally, and you're heartily welcome to the two thousand a year that is left when everything else is paid for. No one would know of it but the two of us, not even Hugh."

"If you have the soul of a pensioner, I have not," he replied and left the room.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the early autumn the storm fell on the mining and financial worlds. Though there had been some fear and foreboding, the crash came with the furious suddenness of a tornado. Banks, growing panicky at the sight of gathering clouds in the larger world, shut up their coffers. They were not lending any more. Securities, deemed good as gold before, were worthless as collateral. Canvas was hastily hauled down, and financial instiutions awaited the hurricane snugged down, and with bare poles.

In the little mining town two of the smaller companies went into receiver's hands the first day of the storm. Before the week was out tradesmen here and there were following suit. Businesses began to topple like houses of cards, the fall of one bringing others down in ruin. Lyttleton's mines were the only ones on which the general disaster seemed to have no effect.

One would have thought that amid the widespread ruin, the pitmen would have rallied about the one stable firm in the district, whose payroll kept a thousand families in comfort. He was regarded as impregnable, and perhaps on this account there was less compunction in attacking him. Nevertheless the strike that Lyttleton had sometimes feared actually came. One day the men presented demands that he could not meet and, on receiving his refusal, walked out in a body.

Then came a black day when the rumor ran through the town that the man who had been thought invincible was faltering. It was regarded, at first, as a silly tale spread by malicious foes. Louder became the whisper. The big man had his funds all sunk in investments, the mines, mills, timber limits, pulp and lumber mills. The compulsory shutting down of the mines had cost him heavily. Inability to fulfil contracts had damaged him. He might be a millionaire in ordinary times, but millionaires were dropping on every hand, the bigger they were the heavier their fall. The financial world had buttoned up its pockets, hidden its gold under the bed. The old peasant instinct had come back. It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

IT was a few days before Christmas. The storm of rumor had swelled and died away, to burst out again with redoubled energy.

"I guess your man is going the way of the rest," said Campbell to Mary, one dreary morning. "His was a short day. People fancied he was too big to be downed, but I tell you there never was a man so mighty that he couldn't be humbled. Things may turn out to prove that you were a wise woman. You have your money, fast and tight. Nobody can touch it, no matter what happens to him. The house is yours and all in it, and you have just yourself, neither chick nor child to carry his name."

"What has happened to Hugh?" she asked, knowing little of the tales that had been widespread.

"Getting pounded from every side, the men out on strike, his contracts cancelled on all sides, his lumber and pulp interests choked in their costly beginnings. He's a rich man—but property poor. They say it's only a short time off when he'll have to walk the plank," said Campbell almost exultantly.

"Is it true, mother?" asked Mary, when her father had left the room.

"That's the general report," answered Mrs. Campbell. "It's said that his interests are so involved that he's embarrassed. Much of his outside business is only in the beginning stage in which money has to be outlaid heavily. Then there is this wretched strike, and, I understand he has had losses owing to the collapse of other firms. I sincerely hope he'll be able to weather the storm."

Mary went up to her room and called Hugh on the telephone. After some time one of the watchmen replied and told her that Mr. Lyttleton had gone away and would not be back until the following day. The call had been a sudden one and he had left by car at almost a moment's notice. Mary felt a little depressed. It was the first time he had gone away without calling her up to tell her of his intention. Little by little the gap was widening, and all her philosophy did not make the contemplation of it any more agreeable. The day passed away drearily, one of those grey, lowering days when the dark, massed clouds seemed to lean their weight on one's spirits.

SHE went to bed early to relieve a weariness that neither book nor music, nor the affairs of the house could dispel. She woke soon after midnight. The night was bitter cold, following an evening's snowfall, the stars burning frostily, a keen wind blowing from the West. She switched on a lamp near the bed and took up a book. One o'clock boomed from the great grandfather clock in the hall, its note throbbing on the heavy stillness and echoing through the hall and long corridors. The world outside slept its heavy, winter sleep. She shuddered at the whimpering of the wind—its occasional little shrill shrieks sounded like the dream troubles of the slumberer. Now and again the trees snapped and crackled in the keen frosty air, as if the sleeper had turned impatiently on his bed. The following silence was the more impressive. It had unfathomable profundity that was crowded with the spectral things of the night, felt rather than visible or heard. Then the heavy air shook, the house trembled as if shaken by an earthquake, a dish fell from the shelves in the kitchen below, and the dull crash of a deep thunderous roar rolled over the valley—a second and third—then a deeper silence, broken presently by the sound of a runner speeding along the road. Mary turned off the light, and a faint red glare showed through the windows. She sprang from bed and ran to pull the curtains aside. The sky eastward was filled with red flame, its tongues leaping high into the fire-shot blackness.

"They've blown up and fired the mill," she heard her father exclaim. "It has been long enough threatened, and they've done it."

He dressed hurriedly, took horse and sleigh from the stable and was driving furiously along the road within five minutes.

Helpless, the two women sat through the night and watched the fire extend until the whole block of Lyttleton's mills, save the offices, were a roaring geyser of fire. They saw through glasses the buildings dissolve, the roofs crash downward, the clouds of sparks and flying embers spread over the land, the walls fall in, and the whole place, Lyttleton's pride, a heap of glowing, smoking ruins.

WHEN day broke the tall white mill and storehouses were a black, smoking offense upon the face of the snow-white landscape. It was nine o'clock when Campbell returned with the story. An attack had been made on the buildings by the foreign strikers at midnight. The two guards had been seized, the dynamite stores raided, the derricks smashed and thrown into the pits, the engine house dynamited, the mill with its costly machinery blown up and fired. The establishment—the finest in that part of the land—had been made a useless scrap heap. Aid had come too late. By the time the police had arrived from their distant quarters, the evil work had been done. Before the greatness of the catastrophe even Campbell was awed.

"A quarter of a million won't make good the loss this night's work has caused," he said. "Not half covered by insurance. It will be the finishing punch for Lyttleton. Even if the men were to go back to-morrow, it would be late spring before he could get going, and if he was money pinched before, what will he be now?"

IT was late in the evening when Mary received word that Hugh was back. She called the stable boy, bade him get out her sleigh, and drive her into town. The nine o'clock convent bell was ringing as she went again, on foot, up the lonely steep and turned into the dismal lane, its snow blackened by smoke and dead embers from the fire. She stood for some moments to look upon the piled up ruin, a gaunt skeleton of vanished greatness. The edges of the pit were bare and more ominous-looking than ever, the derricks gone, the huts swept away, and nothing left of the multitude of buildings and appliances but the offices. The big main office was in darkness, but there was a light in the private room.

She glanced through the window. Hugh was there, seated at his desk, a sheet of calculations before him. As she looked, he sat up, leaned back, deep in thought. She was proud of him with a new pride.

Whatever he had done was forgotten, banished, forgiven. The fault was hers. If he had wandered away because of her coldness, she would win him back. Not for an instant did she doubt her power. She would ask no question of him, accept all that was past, take the blame on her own shoulders; but he was hers and none should ever take him away from her again. Had he shown signs of brokenness she would have pitied him, but on his face was no sign of despair, no trace of wincing before the blows that had been rained upon him. He was still the fighting man—his back hard against the wall and fighting with all the mighty power of him. Then what mattered loss, wreckage, black ruin? The man was infinitely bigger than the calamity. If he was being driven back, it was a retreat more glorious than victory, for it had in it the promise that he would come again. He fell back that he might launch his smashing drive at the over-confident foe the more irresistibly.

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SALVAGE—A CANADIAN IDEA

By LACEY AMY

MOTORING in France along a road close enough to the fighting front to be broken by shell holes and at the moment under intermittent fire I was held up in the traffic by an empty lorry that recklessly bumped its way along the narrow strip of roadway left for the outgoing line by the ingoing loads of battle supplies.

It was not *quite* empty. From the dusk beneath the cover there peered out at me the wizened, leathery face of an ancient French peasant woman, a refugee from the strife she had dared for four long years. And under her derelict visage, on the back-board of the lorry, stared a query I had read many times before without interest: "What have *you* salved to-day?"

Even my driver laughed —that youthful veteran of stony indifference to everything in war but meal hours and engine trouble. My eyes were opened to a story I had been reading without understanding. So quietly and unobtrusively had it been weaving its plot into the great theme of war that few noticed it, fewer spoke of it, and none gave it the credit it deserved as an essential factor in victory.

Upper—Ammunition boxes in a village captured by the Canadians. Lower—The hard part of Salvage.

It Was Canada's Invention

IF it is the last gun and man that wins a war, Salvage will bob up at the end with that gun. For Salvage is to the material forces of the army what hospitals are to the men. It has made the bottomless pit of war fathomable. It was the life-line of millions of dollars' worth of the raw materials of war—leather, steel, iron, brass, powder, cloth. It despatched the breeches buoy to brigades of guns of all sizes, to squadrons of saddles, to corps of rifles and boots and haversacks and uniforms. It fought the submarine menace with the most effective of weapons. It partially solved the transportation problem, the production problem, the man-power problem. It helped magnificently to defeat an enemy more independent of it because of years of preparation. It held down the colossal taxes of a world struggle and enabled the belligerent countries to step into peace with their wind good and their equipment fit enough.

Incidentally, but vital to this article, it was the product of Canadian brains, as were the trench raid, the tump line, the canthook as a war weapon, light railway construction, army farming, and a host of other members of the great family of victory. So proud a product was it that the British Army copied it entire. Which was no new sensation for the Canadians.

Economy is a fetich of the French. Among the peasants, as we discovered through that wonderful country, it supplanted the progress of invention and innovation. The flail repudiated the threshing machine. Conservation, economy's modern cousin, was never more at home than in the Canadian heart and mind. And conservation developed, through the exigencies of the case, into that powerful arm of military service known as Salvage.

Conservation is an instinct of some Canadians. Now and then one came across it at the front in its extreme form. During the heavy fighting of 1918, after four years of ceaseless war had strewn France with its marks, a Canadian newspaper friend visiting the front for a few days entered the mess one evening with all the dignity of virtue. Solemnly holding aloft one of those little cartridge clips that will for years be earth of the very earth of France, he informed us that he had found it. Where, he enquired, should he hand it in? And not one of us even smiled.

An Invitation to Save

UP at Ablain St. Nazaire I noticed conservation first in organized form. There in the semi-shelter of Vimy Ridge was a welter of ruin unrivalled along the four hundred miles of battle line. Whole villages had been so completely levelled that in early 1918 one rode through them without suspecting they had ever existed. For years the Germans had been lobbing over destruction into that corner. So that the jagged remains of the church are perhaps more famous—in art, at least—than the Cloth Hall at Ypres or the Rheims Cathedral. It was while returning from the ruined church with a Canadian artist that I came on Conservation, the forerunner of Salvage.

Before an extensive area covered with engineers' supplies was a huge sign which he who ran might read. Behind it a battery of big guns was lazily awakening to the afternoon strafe. The walls of the church stood dull white against the hills to the west. A mere trickle of water, dignified by the name of the Souchez River, meandered as a ditch beside the road. And only two or three miles away, around the curve of the hollow, lay Lens and its shattered suburbs, that town of evil but wondrous fame to Canada.

"Think," commanded the sign in a whole line to itself; and then: "before drawing R. E. stores, of the following prices:

	£	s.	d.
1 sandbag costs	0	0	8
1 large steel shelter	17	6	3
1 small steel shelter	5	18	9
1 roll wire netting	1	4	0
1 sheet corrugated iron	0	3	3
1 pick	0	3	3
1 shovel	0	1	6

ECONOMIZE—

1. By not indenting for more than you need and can use at once.
2. By bringing back all tools taken out on working parties.
3. By salving all the material you can and using where you can instead of new.
4. *By remembering that everything has got to be paid for.*"

The official photographer has made a record of that sign for posterity as the idea behind Canada's Salvage scheme.

Canadian Bravery and Salvage

SALVAGE entered again into my experience when the Canadian Corps was resting at Pernes to block the victorious path of the enemy in early 1918—or to be ready for one of those famous attacks which placed the Canadians by themselves in the eyes of the German Army.

Bethune had moved up so close to the front that its future was uncertain. Its citizens had been gone for months, and the soldiers who moved amidst its strafed ruins looked into houses and stores that had been left as they stood when the sudden terror of capture drove their owners to flee without the family penates. Life in Bethune was as uncertain as a feather in the wind. One felt it keenly when, drifting through the deserted streets, a whining shell dropped in the next block and altered the skyline before one's eyes.

Back at Pernes, short ten miles away, an old barn had become an auction room where French officials sold to the highest bidder stoves and grain and hay, the unorganized salvage of Bethune. Then the Canadians took it in hand. Lorries made daily trips. They backed up to the empty houses and stores of Bethune, loaded with everything portable, and rumbled back to Pernes, where every available space was requisitioned for storage. From ugly lorries there poured into these barns beautiful mirrors of past centuries, ornate chandeliers, tables and chairs, stoves, anvils, paintings—the most intimate possessions of a people who love their country so passionately that they have never become emigrants. And everything was tagged with the number of the street from which it was taken. Dangerous work it was. To-day the lorries would plan their duties for to-morrow—only to find when to-morrow came that the street they were to work on had vanished. But with dents in their sides, and holes in their covers, they emerged from the shelled towns each night with another day's record of Salvage.

The Wonderful Fruits of Salvage

BUT Salvage, with a capital S, I became acquainted with first at Boves, an uninhabited one-streeted village of ancient visage down there south of Amiens. In that fight Salvage almost wearied. Its muscles ached. It so nigh to over-reached itself that it threatened to hamper transportation instead of relieving it. For the unexpected appearance of the Canadians was successful beyond the power of any organization of Salvage to cope with it adequately. Hitherto booty had been a mere incident of success. But when it takes the form of a couple of hundred big guns, among them a half dozen of the hated long range, high velocity five-point-nines; of equipment enough to outfit an army; of weapons of offence and defence never before met— then it ceases to be an addenda and becomes part of the text.

When the Corps wiped the dust of Amiens from its feet there remained as its mark such a hoard of Salvage as had never before rewarded an attack on such a width of front. A whole field was covered with it—stacked and piled. It might have been an exhibition of the necessities of war. The big guns were off some miles nearer Amiens, for they merited separate mention and, technically speaking, are not included in the sphere of Salvage—though Salvage rescues them as it does the other equipment.

In the field of Salvage were great groups of machine guns and heaps of rifles, bayonets and swords uncounted, grenades and cartridges in boxes piled higher than a man's head, shells of every calibre, helmets of both armies, stacks of khaki and field grey clothing, leather in its multitude of shapes as used in saddles, straps, carbine carriers, German haversacks, boots, and bayonet scabbards.

Amidst this litter men were producing order. Every item was in its own pile. Live German shells and grenades were being "dehorned" by delicate but seem-

ingly reckless hands. Novelties were set aside for future study.

At this stage of the year's operation I came personally within the broad horizon of Salvage and learned something of its ramifications. In the hurry of moving from Dury, the Headquarters town, back to the Arras sector, a careless batman neglected a haversack of mine. By the time I could return for it, it had disappeared with the troops that followed us. "See the Salvage officer," advised everyone. I did. And the machinery he immediately set in motion made me feel like a joy-ride clergyman, visiting the front for the first time. I never recovered my haversack—but I have copies of a month of correspondence that continued long after I had ceased to care, and extended back and forward from corps to army in that interminable way of military efficiency. It ceased only when, oppressed with the necessity of getting on with the war, I insisted that I had found the lost detail of equipment.

Saving Ran Into Millions

SALVAGE emerged from the experience in my eyes a tremendous machine of bewildering efficiency, a great rolling of wheels that had long since passed from human control. One got those impressions sometimes at the front.

Salvage came into official existence only in March, 1917. Before that it had been merely Divisional effort, independent in its various units but ambitious enough to reveal its possibilities. The one exception to the detachment of its early history was during the Somme offensive of 1918. In those two months of August and September more than $2,000,000 worth of ammunition alone was salved, and $2,500,000 in ordnance. Six million dollars was the record of that short period of organized Salvage in the Canadian Corps.

Accordingly only a few months intervened before the system was permanently adopted as a recognized part of the military machine. Since then there are official figures that prove its value beyond cavil. From March 14th, 1917, to the end of that year the Canadian Corps was better off by $8,200,000 through the benefits of Salvage. For the next year I have returns only up to the end of August, including, therefore, only the Amiens battle of the tremendous season of fighting. After that time the Canadian Corps was advancing so steadily through a welter of German booty and the surviving possessions of French refugees that estimate is impossible. But in those eight months of the year, with only one battle, Salvage turned in $4,500,000 in material. And it must be understood that the value of German and French materials was never included.

It might not be clear how such an amount could be represented by British Salvage alone. The explanation is the revelation of the true sphere of Salvage. Salvage, concerned as it was with German booty and the recovery of French property, was primarily the salvation of British equipment discarded or lost in the ordinary course of war. It followed close on the heels of a conquering army, of a moving unit. When a battalion changed its location it left behind bits of outfit, deliberately or carelessly. Salvage picked it up. When an advance was made it often happened that whole units dropped their equipment to facilitate the operation. Salvage came along and saved it all. In the trenches remained stores of bombs, iron rations, blankets, ground sheets, ammunition, when the soldiers had departed. Salvage neglected none of it. The battlefield was a store of equipment discarded by the wounded or dropped by the dead, by the attackers and attacked. Salvage pushed out in the fringe of the shelling and rescued it.

Salvage missed little; it closed its hand on things that seemed the antithesis of the needs of war. But one never knows. For instance, the army to which the Canadian Corps was attached at the time developed one of those unaccountable cravings that come even to the soldier. It wanted two chaff cutters. Well—the Canadian Corps Salvage Company produced them immediately.

Salvage in Small Things

SALVAGE turned up its nose at nothing. The ubiquitous petrol tin seemed to the soldier worth nothing save in its varied capacities for adding to the comfort of dugouts and tents. It was his wash basin, his waterpail, his brazier, his chair, his protection from wind and shell. War would have been a hotter hell without the petrol tin. But why Salvage should bother with it was apparent to no one but Salvage in all that petrol-tinned France. But the army suddenly called for 1,800 one day, and Salvage had a thousand on hand blocking the landscape.

But there is no intention of implying that the soldiers did not co-operate in salvaging. There were established dumps all along the Canadian front. There were, too, sufficient signs and appeals to remind the men of those dumps. And the Canadians responded by bringing back with them from the Advance areas enough rescued material and equipment and tools to make their co-operation a worthy addition to Canadian assistance in the war.

The system of Salvage was well organized for its work. Each Division, as well as the unit known as Corps Troops (that body of men required around the Corps distinct from the battalions), had its own organization for salvage. It followed its own forces, established its own dumps, received credit for its own salvage. The First Division salvaged $250,000 worth of recaptured British material at Amiens alone. The Third estimated its savings up to the week before the Amiens fight at $655,704. There was a profitable rivalry induced by such a system.

When the Corps arrived at a new area it was the duty of the Corps Salvage Officer to furnish each of the Division Salvage officers with maps showing the location of dumps. Small sub-dumps were formed under the Division aegis, and their contents were transferred back to the main Division dump as transportation became available. Here was undertaken the great task of sorting and classifying. Sorting was according to kind, classification to serviceability. This completed, everything was despatched to the Corps Salvage dump. Here what was serviceable and fit for immediate use was turned over to Ordnance; serviceable, but requiring repair was returned to the Base repair shops; and the unserviceable was sent to the Base for breaking up. There unserviceable clothing became rags, and broken rifles were examined for serviceable parts.

In the collection of the salvage care was taken to confine the initial work to perishable material. After that the field was more deliberately combed.

How Souvenirs Were Secured

THE sub-dumps were located where possible near a light railway or frequented road. The Divisional dumps had to be convenient to a light railway. The Corps dump was beside a standard gauge railway for transportation to the Base. Light railway trains that went up with ammunition or troops returned with salvage. Lorries were requisitioned on the return journey. Salvage had no transportation of its own but it had considerable powers of requisitioning..

Salvage collected the material left at casualty clearing stations. Rest camps were cleaned up by camp commandants and town majors, and when the accumulation grew to sufficient proportions Salvage carried it away to the dumps. If the Corps moved too quickly for Salvage to complete its job the Salvage Officer left behind him a map of the area not cleared.

An incidental feature of Salvage operations was its contribution to the War Museum to be built at Ottawa. Scores of packing boxes were despatched direct to Canada—and scores more would have gone had Salvage had the authority it should have had. In that case it might have prevented the peculiar situation that developed of Great Britain taking the choice of everything captured by the Canadians, for the Museum to be constructed in London, England—where very few Canadians will ever see some of the finest trophies of the war, cautured by their own sons.

The personnel of Salvage was drawn from the Area Employment Companies, consisting mostly of B2 men. The objection to this was that the men trained in salvaging were subject to recall by the Employment Companies at any time. Towards the end of the war it was proposed to form a permanent staff, as the duties justified.

Salvage recalls to my mind several scenes during the later stages of the fighting. Out before Arras a wide plain was largely filled with heaps of the trophies of war, much of it equipment, shells, and even guns recaptured from the Germans after they had captured them from the British during their early successes of the year. Such an abundance of material did the Germans lay their hands on in their drive that they had not had time or means of removing it. Now hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth returned unharmed to the original owners to be used as first intended. There were thousands of British shell boxes to help to solve the shortage of wood and labor; and there were shell casings in piles that needed only to be touched up to be ready for use again.

Corps Salvage dump was during those days a hive of industry and a centre of deepest interest. It was necessarily some distance in the rear because of the destruction of railway further forward. There it had settled down to show just what Salvage can do with the broken, dented, rusted, muddied stuff that accumulates on every battle front.

A GREAT heap of empty oil drums represented a distinct operation. It started when the Salvage Officer happened one time to see an empty drum overturned. The little bit of oil that dripped from it gave him an idea. And ever since the drippings have averaged 500 gallons a month of clear gain. In one shed two men were hammering at pieces of bent tin rescued from damaged petrol and oil receptacles. And in a corner of the shed a third man illustrated their use. Signs—the multitude of painted signs necessary through the areas of the armies—were growing under his hand. No more valuable wood or tin for the signs of the Canadian Corps! Another shed was devoted to the cleaning of British rifles. A heap of 150 lay ready to go back to the trenches, polished and bright, their action perfect, in as good conditions as ever they were. Knapsacks, cartridge belts, haversacks, and trenching tool carriers and even clothing were being cleaned for immediate re-issue. A home-made furnace was struggling to extract the solder from the heaps of tins necessary to the life of an army.

There were German cookers—better than our own—awaiting disposal. Two had been captured at Amiens that belonged once to the British Army and had been improved in German hands. German field kitchens and hot water heaters, German tip-carts—one fitted with British wheels—German camouflage— and the German pre-dated us in camouflage and always excelled in it—German folding and bicycle stretchers, were in the dump. A furnace seemed to offer no service. The casings of the shells that had once fired on St. Pol had been captured at Vis en Artois, thirty miles away, and were welcome souvenirs. German shaft blowers had already been utilized by the Corps in the Headquarters' dugouts at Demuin. Rolls of German barbed wire, German gas cylinders, German wagons and limbers were mixed with the accoutrements of our own armies. Bicycles and motorcycles were in condition to be repaired. German corrugated iron was stronger than our ordinary variety and would be quickly put into service.

There was an atmosphere of efficiency, of completeness, of a confident solution of many of the most trying problems of war about that collection. Canadian Salvage had handed on its lesson to the rest of the British Army. It had revealed its story to those best fitted to estimate its value. Thereafter it was content to work silently in its own way, replacing production in part by conservation, preventing the strain and perils of shortage, recovering what would mean the difference between exhaustion and mere weariness, shortening the war every day it was in operation.

Upper — A heap of brass collected by Germans from French villages, but retaken by the Canadians. Lower — A practical evidence of what Canadians saved.

WHY DID WE LET TROTZKY GO?

Canada Lost an Opportunity to Shorten the War

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. B. MACLEAN

THE way things look at the moment, some Canadian politicians or officials were chiefly responsible for the prolongation of the war, for the great loss of life, the wounds and sufferings of the winter of 1917 and the great drives of 1918. And they are doing their very best to prevent Parliament and the country from getting at the facts. While our splendid armies were hanging on in France and our loyal leaders at Ottawa and throughout the country were straining every nerve to support them with more men, someone was betraying them at Ottawa and down at Halifax. When General Sir Sam Hughes asked some questions in the House of Commons, Hon. Mr. Burrell, Secretary of State, simply said there was no information on the subject; which was untrue. There is a lot of information obtainable, but the persons who know seem to be using every effort to hide the disagraceful part they may have played and prevent any effort to trace the episode to the persons higher up.

OFFICIAL reports such as Sir Douglas Haig's review of the war and many speeches and other utterances of men who know, show that but for the Russian breakdown the war would have been over a year earlier.

The man chiefly responsible for the defection of Russia was Trotzky. Trotzky—the real man now directing Russian affairs, acting under German instructions—was arrested and held in the internment camp at Amherst, N.S., on the very definite instructions of the British Secret Service, who knew exactly who he was and what he was proceeding to do. They protested strongly against our releasing him. Yet our authorities released him at the request of someone at the British Embassy, Washington, acting they say on the request of someone in Washington.

Let us look at the evidence as uncovered by the British Secret Service in Russia, and by the equally excellent U.S. Secret Service and passed to the British. Originally the British found through Russian associates that Kerensky, Lenine, and some lesser leaders were practically in German pay as early as 1915 and they uncovered in 1916 the connections with Trotzky, then living in New York. From that time he was closely watched by the clever section of the Police Department known as the "Bomb Squad." In the early part of 1916 a German official sailed for New York. British Intelligence officials accompanied him. He was held up at Halifax; but on their instruction he was passed on with profuse apologies for the necessary delay. After much manœuvring he arrived in a dirty little newspaper office in the slums and there found Trotzky, to whom he bore important instructions. From June 1916, until they passed him on to the British, the N.Y. Bomb Squad never lost touch with Trotzky. They discovered that his real name was Braunstein and that he was a German, not a Russian.

The Career of Trotzky

A RUSSIAN acquaintance who recently passed through Toronto told me he knew him very well, suspected him and once as a pretext asked him to translate, carefully, a document into German and Russian. Trotzky failed on the Russian, but his German was perfect.

The U.S. Intelligence Department further found that he had for years been in the German Secret Service in Russia. In August 1914, he had ostentatiously been expelled from Berlin. He went to Paris, where he was soon identified as a German. He had to get out. Then he went to Spain. The Allies protested and he moved to the States, where he became active in Russian circles there and in Canada. Russians in Western Canada say he was instrumental in getting over 5,000 foreigners to sail from Vancouver and other ports for Russia who were trained and instructed for propaganda purposes. They were largely Germans and Austrians traveling as Russians.

He organized those who remained behind into groups, and by this time enough was known to take him very seriously. Long before the Russian Revolution occurred he had announced it in New York. He was closely watched and all his speeches were recorded. He was identified and at a meeting on February 2, 1917, he was introduced as Mr. Bornstein. Just when the U.S. was severing relations with Germany and war was certain, he started the campaign against militarism and the doing away with the U.S. Government once and forever. A typewritten copy of the speech was given to Colonel Biddle of the U.S. army, who that night read it over the phone to Colonel Van Deman in Washington. Another copy went to the British Secret Service.

On March 26, the night before he sailed, Trotzky addressed a large meeting organized by the German Federation to say farewell. The Bomb Squad took every word down through a dictaphone, and made a list of those present. In all 180 of them were to sail. Emma Goldman, who used to visit friends in Toronto, was on the platform. Trotzky explained quite frankly and clearly that "they were going to Russia to push the Revolution as it ought to be pushed."

"You who stay here," he cried, "must work hand in hand with the revolution in Russia, for only in that way can you accomplish revolution in the United States."

ON the S.S. Christiania, on which he sailed, were several British Secret Service officers. On arrival at Halifax, on April 3, they reported Trotzky and four associates to Captain Making, R.N. These men were taken off the ship under the direction of Lieut. Jones, R.N.

It is an extraordinary fact, the police officials tell me, that these agitators, who are so bold and courageous on the platform when stirring up a mob to rebel against authority to seize anything they want, are the most arrant cowards when they themselves have to face authority. Trotzky was no exception. He crouched and whined and cried in abject terror. When he found he was not to be shot his bluff returned and he protested violently. Later he assumed a religious air when he objected to the house in which, by chance, he was temporarily held. He was eventually turned over under armed guard to the Canadian authorities, who placed him in the internment camp at Amherst, where several hundred enemy aliens were in confinement, and are still there.

The British Secret Service handed over full details to the authorities at Halifax, including a copy of Trotzky's speech. They knew he was a German, not a Russian. With his four companions he was held for some time. His wife and other persons, plentifully supplied with money—which the records show came from German sources in New York—were in communication with Washington and New York. The British Secret Service people, knowing they had a very important German prisoner, fought bitterly against the release. The minor Canadian officials, knowing the facts, were amazed when they were ordered to discharge the crew with honors.

GENERALLY the explanation is given that the release was done at the request of Kerensky, but months before this British officers and one Canadian, serving in Russia, who could speak the Russian language, reported to London and Washington that Kerensky was in German service. Finally it is said it was done at the request of the British Embassy at Washington over the head of the British and American Intelligence Department; and that the Embassy acted on the request of the U.S. State Department, who were acting for someone else. This is not the view of the U.S. Intelligence Department, for they were so astonished that they sent one of their trusted officials to Ottawa to investigate. He visited among others the Secretary of State's Department.

That the request came from the British Embassy at Washington is an explanation, but no excuse, for the release of Trotzky by Canadian authorities who knew the importance of their prisoner. The utter incompetence and helplessness of our Embassy was well known. It was a joke in the U.S. until Lord Reading took charge. That the lesson of what the Empire has suffered in this war—because of its mistaken diplomatic and consular ideas, several times exposed in these columns—has not been learned is evident from a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror*, London, which favors the appointment of Sir. J. W. Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, as Ambassador at Washington, because "it would give great satisfaction to the American people, for Lowther possesses in an eminent degree all the qualities required to make a great ambassador—intellectual distinction, diplomatic experience, and the gift of cultivated oratory."

Yet Hon. Mr. Burrell tells Parliament that there are no records. Who are they trying to protect or hide?

Trotzky Estranges British Labor

TROTZKY is very noisy and talkative and unprincipled, and to this is due the very important change of attitude on the part of British Labor. Whether by prearrangement or not is unknown, but Trotzky, when waiting at Stockholm on his way to Russia, met certain British Socialists and Labor Leaders who were then in entire sympathy with the Russian revolution. Trotzky's pictures of the opportunities Bolshevism opened for its leaders—wealth untold and lavish luxuries to be enjoyed, the making of maidens a public property—disgusted the sturdy British workman and they told him so. Finding he had made a mistake Trotzky sought to get them out of the way. Stockholm was full of German agents. One British Labor leader was given a cup of coffee. Being suspicious he, unnoticed, exchanged it with his companion, a German. The latter died in twenty minutes. The British Unionist was arrested, but it was proved that the dead man was a German spy, who had put the poison in the Englishman's cup. This man exposed the Bolsheviki plans to British Unionism. Subsequent events confirmed in every detail the truth of his stories.

Finally Peter Wright brought first hand news from Petrograd to a large gathering and British labor changed completely. Peter himself had a narrow escape. Finding the Bolsheviki policies did not appeal to him Trotzky's agents sought him. Warned by friends he escaped in a coffin brought to the hotel for a man who had died. He was being buried when he was released and got away in disguise by friendly members of the Russian Sailors' Union. His arrival in England was most timely. Inspired by the misrepresentation of men like Henderson, Labor had, by a majority of over 30,000, adopted a Revolutionary policy. After hearing from Mr. Wright—himself a life-long labor agitator—the policy was revised by a larger majority the other way. One of the great Scotch leaders, who was a hot Revolutionist before the war, is now saying that the fearful experiences of Russia under Trotzky had caused him to drop the first letter of his watchword. He is now an "Evolutionist" and has been using his great influence successfully on the British workers to resist German Bolshevik propaganda and on the British employers to grant without pressure every reasonable demand from their employees.

At another time our officials were instructed to inform the press that Trotzky was an American citizen traveling on an American passport; that his release was specially demanded by the Washington State Department; that in view of the precarious international relations existing at that time it was necessary for Canada to release him. But Canadians knew enough of Trotzky's history from American-British sources to make a fight against his release, by at least making the facts public. If this had been done no doubt the Americans would have insisted upon uncovering the influences working for Trotzky.

If the matter had ended in Canada with the release of Trotzky there would perhaps now be nothing but regret for the lack of backbone in our officialdom: nothing but another example of a case where politicians brought appalling losses upon us by refusing to be guided by our military experts, and this time confirmed by those of our Allies.

But it did not end there. On the other hand it began to show itself, particularly in Toronto, where flourished one of the most important groups of Anarchists organized by Trotzky to prepare for the Canadian Revolution. At one time there were over 1,600 members in this group and they did some sensational work with the local press and on the unsuspecting returned soldiers. When the leaders advocated the raid of stores and private homes the police took some of them in and they are now working in smaller groups.

At Ottawa Trotzky had, and continues to have, strong underground influence. There his power was so great that orders were issued that he must be given

Continued on page 66A

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Are Peace Terms Too Harsh? Canadian Newspapers Unanimously Answer: "No!"

"GERMANY," says the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, "carefully inspecting the Allies' peace terms, must imagine she is in the position of the guest in the Manitoba hotel thirty years ago. The waiter leaned on the table and, breathing heavily, asked:

"'What'll ye have, pie or pudden'?"

"'Pie,' said the guest.

"'Ye'll have to take pudden',' replied the waiter; 'we have no pie'."

The London *Free Press* expresses the same opinion when commenting on the German remark that they "cannot and will not sign the terms." "It would not be wide of the mark," says the *Free Press*, "to ask: 'What can and what will they do'?"

The great majority of Canadian newspapers confidently inform their readers that Germany will sign the peace terms—and sign them just as they are now. Several dailies ask the question: "Will Germany sign?" and then proceed to answer their own query with an emphatic affirmative. The Quebec *Telegraph* headed its "peace terms" editorial: "Will Germany sign?" and proceeds:

"What is the alternative?

"Either the Allies will occupy the country and surround it with an economic blockade, or Germany will turn Bolshevist, allying herself with Russia and Hungary.

"In either case the situation would be serious. . . . .

"Were Germany to go Bolshevist she would probably get completely out of hand, and the Allies would be faced by a Nihilistic condition disastrous to the peace.

"Probably, however, when their bluff is over, the Huns will come and sign rather than suffer either allied pressure or Bolshevist terror. The question will then be one of making Germany carry out the terms of a treaty to which the population as a whole is manifestly so hostile."

Quebec *L'Evenement* also asks: "And if Germany refuses to sign? . . . . ," and answers that to refuse signature is a "physical impossibility"; their sole resistance consists of a certain force of inertia, which, against famine and anarchy, will not long endure."

The Victoria (B.C.) *Daily Times* says: "She may seek to escape some of the conditions by negotiation and by the submission of counter-proposals. Eventually, however, she will sign, for actually she has no other alternative."

Repudiation, after signing, is regarded by the St. Thomas *Times-Journal* as in consonance with German standards of morality. This paper says:

"Will Germany accept the treaty is now the question of absorbing interest, or, accepting it, will the Germans do this under reservation and with the design of ultimate repudiation? That is the question of real importance and concern, and the answer cannot long be delayed."

A Just Peace

WHAT of the terms? Are they too harsh? No!

This is the emphatic statement made in Canadian newspapers from P.E.I. to B.C. The Saskatoon *Star* says:

"It is a just peace and a generous peace and, therefore, ought to be an enduring peace."

"It was worth fighting and waiting for this Treaty of Peace which the Entente Allies have dictated to the Huns," says the Kingston *Standard*.

The Vancouver *Province* believes the Germans were let off very easily and that the sentence of the allied powers "is a mild and humane punishment in view of the offence which has been committed."

"A just peace that will make for enduring peace," the Nelson, B.C., *News* heads its editorial May 9, and goes on to say:

"Any fears that the Peace Congress would sacrifice to sentimental considerations the victory which the allied people won on the field of battle by their courage, endurance and sufferings, are removed by the knowledge of the peace terms announced yesterday."

The St. John, N.B., *Standard* sees cause for rejoicing that "There has been no weakening, no slushy sentiment tending to relaxation of demands on a defeated and dishonorable foe."

Germany is really lucky, after all, thinks the London *Free Press*, which says:

"Germany is fortunate that she is permitted to escape with the acceptance of terms which are summed up in two words, namely, justice and mercy," and later:

"Germany had already shorn herself of national honor. The peace terms take away prestige, provinces, colonies, navy, merchant marine, army, land defenses, cables, enormous sums in indemnity, and her former Kaiser. The cup of retribution must seem to Germany to be indeed filled to overflowing. No other or lesser terms were possible."

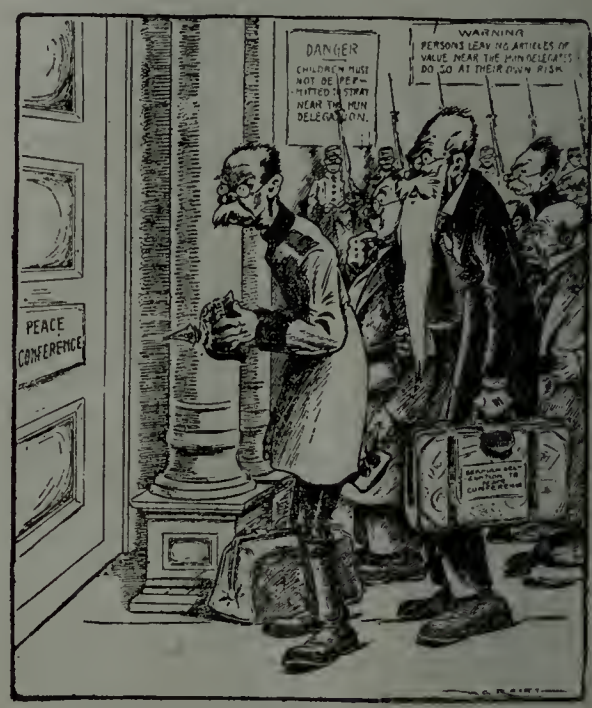
The Stratford *Beacon* expresses the belief that "The majority of people in Canada think that sufficient punishment was not meted out to the Germans before the armistice was signed, but they would have been at their old tricks crying "Kamerad" and then ready to fight again as soon as they had opportunity."

"Hard, but not harsh," summarizes the viewpoint of the Montreal *Gazette*, which asserts:

"If the terms are hard, they are not harsh, and assuredly do not outrun the deserts of the case. Germany must be made pay for her wanton atrocities, and if her Empire is dismembered, if her people bear the burden of their rulers' crimes through more than one generation, they may in time come to realize that their punishment is less than their iniquities deserve."

The Halifax *Chronicle* thinks that the terms are adequate, remarking:

"So the punishment to be inflicted, however inadequate it may look at present to those still smarting from their wounds, will really be exemplary, and such as has hardly ever before been inflicted on a sinning nation. From a first-class and supposedly paramount Power, Germany, when she signs the peace terms, will have been reduced to military impotence for generations to come, and to third-rank standing among the nations."



Racey in Montreal "Star."

The Germans Enter Paris at Last.

What Germany Would Have Imposed

MANY newspapers draw a comparison between the terms which the Germans are to sign, and those terms which the Allies would have had to sign had the Germans won. The Toronto *Mail and Empire* gives a column summary of Herr Erzberger's (former German Chancellor's) terms, from which the following extract may be quoted:

"Germany, in the first place, cannot tolerate the presence on her frontiers of so-called neutral states insufficiently strong to preserve their neutrality, or which do not want to remain neutral," said Erzberger. "Her second aim must be to free herself from the insupportable leading strings of England on all questions of world policy. In the third place, she must break up the Russian colossus. Consequently Germany must have sovereignty not only over Belgium but the French coast from Dunkirk to Boulogne, and possession of the Channel Islands. She must also take the mines in French Lorraine and create an African German Empire by annexing the Belgian and French Congos, British Nigeria, Dahomey and the French West Coast.

"In fixing indemnities, the actual capacity of a state at the moment should not be considered. Besides a large immediate payment, annual instalments spread over a long period could be arranged. France would be helped in making them by decreasing her budget of naval and military appropriations, the reduction to be imposed in the peace treaty being such as would enable her to send substantial sums to Germany. Indemnities should provide for the repayment of the full costs of the war, and the damages of war, notably in East Prussia; the redemption of all of Germany's public debt and the creation of a vast fund for incapacitated soldiers."

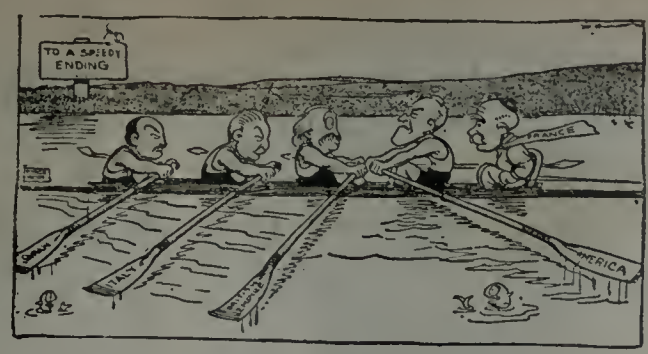
The Belleville *Intelligencer* speaks with contempt of the Germans as "rotten losers," and adds:

"If the Hun terms had been reversed by the Allies and imposed upon the defeated nations there might

Chicago "News."

All Under It.

have been some ground for the howls now going up. The Huns are as rotten losers as they were winners and from first to last have inspired nothing but contempt. Even in their great hour of defeat there is no one to sympathize with a nation which knows not sympathy."



—From the "Daily Express," London.
He "Wood-row" the Wrong Way.

The same point is also emphasized by the St. John, N.B., *Globe*:

"The treaty which Germany will be compelled to sign—or suffer the consequences—is severe, but it is mild indeed compared with what Germany would have imposed on Great Britain and her Allies had she won."

The Victoria, B.C. *Times* looks upon Germany as essentially unrepentant still, asserting that:

"Germany is not entitled to any relaxation of the terms submitted to her and she should receive none. She has not shown any real signs of regret or repentance for what she has done. She has not punished a solitary member of the criminal crowd which controlled her policy up to recent months."

The German people should receive with warm favor the peace the Allies have laid down, several newspapers believe. The Toronto *Mail and Empire* points out that: "The treaty delivers the German people from the intolerable burden of the war machine, and practically guarantees them immunity from attack so long as they live up to the peace terms."

The Toronto *Star* feels that one section of the treaty will be a welcome relief, hoping that "by a large element of the population the limitation of the army to 100,000 men and the forbidding of conscription may be regarded as a measure of relief rather than as a punishment. Instead of being forced to go into the army they will be forced to keep out of it."

The *Mail and Empire* points out later, however, that to believe the Germans will accept the terms in any permanently meek fashion is a mistaken notion:

"Apart from the coterie of professional politicians, there is no answering cry of protest from Germany. The masses in Germany seem to be too distracted by immediate cares—by shortage of food, by chaos in industry, and a great weariness of turmoil—to care what the terms are. It would be folly, of course, to believe that this is more than a passing condition. When the Germans recover from their depression, and have an opportunity to think of the future, they will feel in their hearts what they now feel in their stomachs."

Wanted the Kaiser Indicted

THE majority of Canadian newspapers, rather strangely it may seem, ignore the section referring to Mr. Hohenzollern's trial. The few newspapers commenting on this express complete accord. The Lethbridge *Herald* says:

"The solemn arraignment of the ex-Kaiser will constitute memorable exemplification of the truth that wrong-doing, however it may appear to triumph, is bound, by the laws of God and man, to suffer. There will be no thought of personal or national vengeance in relation to the trial of the ex-Kaiser."

The Vancouver *Province* rather questions the wisdom of the section which calls for Austria's perpetual independence:

"The treaty imposed on Germany calls for the independence of German-Austria. Whether this is intended to prohibit a merger for all time to come is not clear. There seems to be no substantial reason for keeping the countries apart. As a separate nation Germany has owned Austria-Hungary. It might be better to have them united and then there will be no concealing the responsibility."

Le Devoir, La Presse and other French-Canadian papers with manifest feelings of pleasure contrast the scene at Versailles almost half a century ago, when the Hun was "top dog," with that historic meeting on Wednesday, May 7, 1919. *Le Devoir* does not believe, however, that Germany's power is irretrievably broken. The French-Canadian press agree that the terms do not err on the side of severity.

From "Kladderadatsch," Berlin.
PREPARING FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.
The Operators: "See, Michael, the amputations are necessary in order to make it possible for you to dance with us at the fête of the League of Nations."

The *Statesman*, a national weekly published in Toronto, and edited by Lindsay Crawford, takes a very pessimistic view of the peace terms, and asserts that "nowhere has the final result of the Versailles Conference met with enthusiasm." This journal says:

"The long delay in formulating their terms, and the hopes so lightly raised and so grievously shattered, have combined to disillusion the allied peoples and to sow the seeds of mutual distrust and suspicion. So long as the enemy was in the field the Allied nations were in closest accord and the friendliest relations prevailed. But once the tension of war was removed and the real aims of the warring nations were revealed at the Peace Conference, the high ideals for which the world had made such heavy sacrifices vanished as in a dream. The permanent peace which the nations had sought in an appalling war was found to be visionary.

"It may be that the world expected too much as the result of its outpouring of blood and treasure, but the blame must rest with those who promised so much. Even in the matter of indemnity to be paid—a minor consideration as compared with the establishment of a lasting peace—the world is still in the dark as to the total amount to be exacted from the enemy. The delay of several months, with the accumulating war charges for the maintenance of Allied armies, and the dislocation of trade, would be regarded with little concern had Allied statesmen really succeeded in redeeming their pledge, that this was to be a war to end war. For what is the result of the five months' deliberations? It is humiliating to reflect that the only nation, apparently, which now stands by Wilson's fourteen points is Germany. In due time we shall, no doubt, learn why Mr. Wilson failed to secure the adoption of his original charter of peace."

The *Statesman* also regards the League of Nations with acute disappointment, saying:

"Of greater moment at the present juncture, however, is the attitude of the Allied nations. Significant of their failure to reach the goal set before a world in arms, was the announcement, simultaneously with the publication of the covenant of the League of Nations, of a treaty that binds Great Britain and the United States to go to the aid of France if attacked by Germany. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the failure of the Allies to establish peace through a League of Nations. Alongside this new Balance of Power disquieting symptoms are observable of a realignment of military forces and the establishment of counter-leagues which serve to remind the world how far removed is the millennium of world peace."

And, in conclusion, the *Statesman* bewails the fact that we're pretty much where we were in the days of the Holy Alliance:

"The statesmanship of the Versailles Conference has left the world much as it was when the Holy Alliance, with its vain pretensions of religious and cultured unity, sought to constitute a Concert of Europe pledged to the preservation of public peace, the tranquillity of states, the inviolability of possessions and the faith of treaties."

The Victoria, B.C., *Times* answers some criticism made, by United States dailies, of the reparation section, saying:

"The principal criticism recorded against the Treaty of Versailles in the Allied countries concerns the reparation provisions. A little reflection, however, must disclose the impossibility of any final determination of the matter at this stage. Nobody knows what is going to take place in Germany in the next few years. She may have a revolution, mock or real, with the organization of a Government which might repudiate the Treaty of Versailles altogether.

"It undoubtedly is this possibility which has prompted the Conference to provide for the creation of a reparation commission ever a term of years which will fix the terms and conditions in accordance with the circumstances that may develop from time to time. Certainly it is impossible to place any reliance upon bonds issued by the present Government in Germany."

The Toronto *World* counsels moderation in treating Germany as an outcast, as the pariah of nations:

"Germany is being sent to Coventry by the civilized powers. Here we have not a question of the justice of the policy, but of its ultimate effect upon ourselves. Granted we have caged the tiger, but do we desire to maintain a caged tiger as a component part of international economy? . . . . .

"But Germany's isolation is not voluntary—very much the reverse.

"We have caged the tiger, but we are taking no steps to denature the beast. It is characteristic of our civilization that there is nothing in the treaty that would make for the exercise of any chastening or purifying or refining influence upon the German people. That is left to the German people themselves. . . .

"Intercourse with other free and enlightened nations will be the best antidote for the poison of the Hohenzollern regime which still remains."

The Toronto *Globe* puts the situation somewhat differently:

"Not until Germany, by the labor and suffering of her people, has cleansed her soul of lustful belief in and worship of brute force will she be a fit associate on terms of equality for countries whose one desire was and is to live at peace with the world."

"Weltmacht oder Niedergang"—world-power or downfall—is a fallacy, says the Montreal *Star*.

"Never since the dawn of history has any State been faced with the absolute alternative of universal do-

Hunter in Toronto "World."
Doing the Last Lap on Three Legs.

minion or national eclipse. Germany is to-day going "under the yoke," broken, ruined, "under no illusions as to the extent of our defeat and the degree of our want of power" in the words of her chief spokesman at Versailles, but she does not face 'Niedergang', final downfall and eventful obliteration as one of the great nations of the earth."

Germany may eventually rejoin the family of nations, adds the *Star*, for

. . . . "the future lies in Germany's hands. Provision is made for the remission of some economic penalties if they are found too exacting. The Allies have no desire to ruin Germany, neither is it their will to perpetuate a wrong. 'The German people,' said Brockdorff-Rantzau, 'are ready in their hearts to take upon themselves their heavy lot, if the bases of peace which have been established are not any more shaken.' That is all that is required. It will be a bitter road which Germany must travel, bitter but not impossible."

"Are we ready for the next struggle?" is the rather startling headline over a *Mail and Empire* editorial. But the "next struggle" is a "trade war," and the *Mail and Empire* says:

"Peace is not simply the negation of war. It is but a different way of struggling. And to a considerable extent it means struggling with the same competitors as those from whom we wrested victory on the fields of battle. Germany will again be our rival in trade as she was before she became our antagonist in war. She will be as resourceful and determined in the one sphere as she was in the other. When she has put her name to the treaty she will be as free to push her wares in the markets of the world as she was before she turned her war machine upon her neighbors in the summer of 1914. Of course, she is heavily handicapped."

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Would Armies Have Been Wiped Out?

Deadly Poison Gas Was Being Manufactured—Has Been Dumped Into Ocean

A RATHER sensational story is told in the New York *Times Magazine* to the effect that a factory at Cleveland had been making a new and deadly poison gas—a substance that would kill almost instantly and that could not be detected in the air! It had just been perfected when the armistice was signed. The plant had a capacity of ten tons a day—and ten tons would suffice to kill every soul in the city of New York!

The story is told seriously and it can be accepted certainly as containing a measure of truth. Unquestionably terrible poison gases were being evolved and the war in 1919—had it continued—would have been a struggle of materials rather than of men. Whether the secret has really been found by which the whole population of the earth could be wiped out—for that is what it amounts to if this "methyl" is what the article claims—is a matter that most people will doubt. However, let the article speak for itself:

It had the fragrance of genanium blossoms. It was an oily amber liquid, highly explosive, and bursting into flame with water. It was the American super-poison gas, deadly by contact or by inhalation of the smallest detectable portion. A drop on the hand would cause intolerable agony and death after a few hours. It was called methyl (partly because that name did not describe it) and it was the climax of this country's achievement in the lethal arts.

The signing of the armistice spared the enemy any first-hand acquaintance with the terrors of methyl.

Sykes in Philadelphia "Ledger."
The Most Popular Version of "The Watch on the Rhine."

London "Punch."
ENGLAND EXPECTS—
Both Lions (together): "Unaccustomed as I am to lie down with anything but a lamb, still, for the public good . . . ."

Major Gen. W. L. Sibert, in command of the Chemical Warfare Service, had directed that 3,000 tons of it, in shell and drums, be in readiness on the battlefield March 1, 1919. Ten tons a day were being produced in an eleven-acre plant near Cleveland, Ohio, and the plant was two months ahead of its schedule when Foch crossed No Man's Land to offer terms to a beaten foe. It is estimated that ten tons of methyl is one ton more than enough to depopulate Manhattan Island; and so it is not difficult to guess what would have happened had Hindenburg and his cohorts persisted until spring.

Two days after the armistice was signed workmen began dismantling the big plant. They scrapped the complicated and expensive apparatus, every piece of which had been specially planned and manufactured for the production of the most terrible instrument of manslaughter ever conceived. On Feb. 1 the work of demolition was complete. There remained no trace of that scattering array of barracks and laboratories which had been a cradle of death. But the formulas, processes, and personnel were painstakingly set down for the records at Washington against the contingency of another war.

There did remain, however, tons and tons of methyl. What was to be done with it, now that there was no longer any active occasion for exterminating Germans? Cleveland did not want the deadly stuff dumped into Lake Erie, and there seemed no practicable method of neutralizing its deadliness chemically. Almost enough was on hand to destroy the entire people of the United States, and some safe way must be found to dispose of it.

The ocean was selected as its catch-basin. Difficulties were met in transporting the stuff from Cleveland to the ocean. Handling such quantities was perilous. So it was put into big iron containers, for it does not react on iron, and those containers were loaded into freight cars. Then there was assembled the most extraordinary train probably that ever traversed American railroad tracks. It moved under an armed guard and on a special schedule. No railroad employee rode on it except the engine driver. The train moved slowly, so that two days were consumed in the journey from Cleveland to the Edgewood Arsenal near Baltimore. And then the iron containers were stowed gently in a ship and taken fifty miles to sea, where they were lowered over the side into water three miles deep.

Rust will eat pinholes into those containers, and there will be a minute and gradual intermixture of water with their fatal contents. In such circumstances there is no flame, but a slow chemical reaction which produces two nontoxic compounds. Experts do not believe even that fish will perish from the presence on the ocean bed of this vast quantity of poison. When the salt water of the Atlantic embraced the last of those iron tanks, finis was written to a chapter in American war effort which, until now, has been a secret scrupulously guarded.

Compare this secret new compound with "mustard," which the chemists dubbed "king of poison gases." Mustard was first used by the Germans, with terrific effect, at Ypres, July 20, 1917. Thereafter its use became general, and afforded such marked tactical advantage to the enemy that retaliation by the Allies became imperative as a matter of self-preservation. American chemists devised a formula one-fourth more toxic than that used by the Germans. The gas, known to chemists as dichlorethyl sulphide, is now the common property of the combatant nations. The processes by which it is made are generally known. It is a sweetish liquid, both in taste and smell, about as volatile as turpentine. In contact with the skin its presence is at first not noted. Then there begins the burning and swelling which prompted its nickname among the Tommies. It spreads through the tissues, and on reaching the lungs breaks them down, setting up what is called "chemical" pneumonia, usually fatal.

Methyl is somewhat more volatile, and is comparable in that regard with benzol. Instead of being inoffensive at first contact, it sets up an acute and almost unendurable pain. It does not spread through the tissues, but poisons the blood and attacks first the kidneys, then the heart and lungs. It hardens the cell tissues of the lungs, and causes simultaneously strangulation and a heart affection which speedily produces violent death. If taken into the lungs by inhalation in any perceptible quantity it kills almost instantly. It is estimated to be seventy-two times deadlier than mustard.

The processes of manufacturing the two poisons differ radically. It is not permissible even now to tell what basis is used for methyl, but its manufacture from the raw material requires but a short time. The equipment is elaborate. No fear is felt that experimenters will be able to make such a gas. That the United States came to know of such a poison was due, in the first place, to an accident. Years ago a student of chemistry, then living in another country, happened upon a combination which almost cost him his life. It was a compound never made before, or at least never recorded. Subsequently he came to this country.

Darling in New York "Tribune."
Perhaps Ireland Wants to be Recognized Before It's Too Late.

No Heart in the German Revolution

The People of That Land Have Not Changed in Spirit

A SUPREMELY good article appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* from the pen of the novelist, Valentine Williams, dealing with conditions in Germany preceding the collapse, and since. He sketches very clearly and convincingly the reasons for the sudden break of the German morale. The most interesting part of his argument is his concluding section in which he deals with the present condition of Germany under the subheading "The Apathy of Despair." He makes the point that there has been no real change in the spirit of the German people and that there is no heart in the revolution. "The prevailing spirit in Germany is not revolution," he writes, "it is despair." He writes, in part:

The zones occupied by the Allies in Germany are shut off from the Empire outside. Therefore I am prepared to believe that impressions gathered on the Rhine may not be representative of the situation elsewhere in Germany. But the Berlin papers still come to Cologne, and I have searched them in vain for indications of such a revolutionary spirit, say, as vibrates through the gazettes and broadsides of the French Revolution. Rather the longing for the restoration of order, the yearning for reconstruction, are revealed in the tone of the Berlin press.

As for the occupied territory, I find it impossible to imagine anything less like a land in the throes of revolution than this fair province of the Rhine. Far from there being any outward signs of Bolshevism, Bolshevism is the universal bogey. The inhabitants in town and country have got over their terrors of "reprisals" by the Allied troops, and appear to be actually enjoying the peace and quiet which the presence of the Allied forces procures them.

As far as I am qualified to judge from a long acquaintance with Germany and the German people, the German revolution is not a living force. If revolt had been in the blood of this, the most docile, the most characterless of peoples, it would have risen up ere this against kings and tyrants. The Emperor's throne was toppled over, and the thrones of his brother monarchs in Federal Germany followed suit, because this was the only means by which the mass of the German population hoped that they might end the war. Matters had reached such an unbearable pitch that the offer of a crust of bread, coupled with specious promises about the imminence of revolution in the Allied countries, sufficed to sway the mob to any violent act calculated to procure them alleviation.

The seeds of revolt were planted by the sheer ineptitude of the German Government. The tidal wave which made such a clean sweep of the German princes carried up to their thrones the agitators who had used the blunders of the Emperor and his advisers to compass their own ends. But the prevailing spirit in Germany is not revolution. It is weariness. It takes the form of dull apathy in some, black despair in others.

The character of the German people has not changed. The Lord High Panjandrum has gone; but his mandarins, the *Beamtentum*, remain. Save for occasional acts of violence, principally due to the unimaginable folly of the revolutionary zealots in opening the jails in the first rush of Germany's new-born liberty, life proceeds on the old lines. Taxes are paid regularly, policemen continue to bully the crowd, long queues of people, ox-like in their uncomplaining patience, form up in all docility, whether it is to buy a stamp at the post-office or book a seat for the opera.

The German was wont to fawn and grovel before the military. In the occupied territory he does so still, with the

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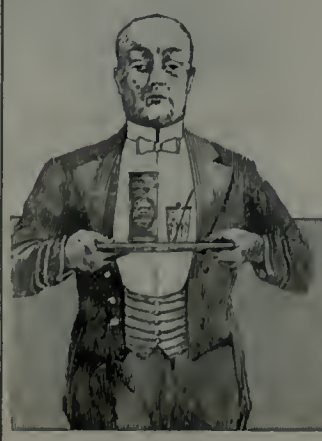

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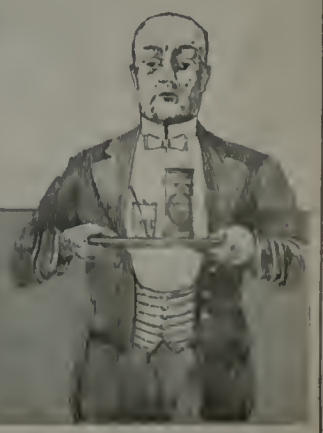

Doubly Good

TWO things are accomplished for you by making Ivory Soap so pure and so mild. First, it cleans thoroughly. Second, it cleans without injury.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

difference that the soldier now wears khaki instead of field-grey. When in a rural district an officer reported to the Bürgermeister that a man had ignored the British order that German civilian males should take their hats off to British officers, that worthy promptly told the complainant that he ought to have knocked the offender's hat off (*den Hut herunterboxen*) (sic)!

That attitude, so wholly representative of the relations between officialdom and people in monarchical Germany, does not encourage the belief that any great change has taken place in the national mind.

Take this advertisement, culled from a recent number of the "Vossische Zeitung," published in "revolutionary" Berlin:—

"For Princes, Counts, the highest officials, large landed proprietors, high officers (including those disabled in the war), also for other gentlemen belonging to the most exclusive circles of society, of every age and religion.

"Distinguished Spouses Can Be Obtained through Frau Martin, 216, Kurfürstendamm."

That advertisement, with its truly Prussian mixture of vulgarity and snobbishness, smacks far too much of the old Germany for me to believe that the German revolution is a real thing.

No, the German people are waiting for a lead, no matter in what direction, so long as it restores to them that peace and prosperity they so recklessly squandered. People may try to make our flesh creep with stories of the secret organization of the German Army, but while no measure of precaution should be neglected by the Allies, I firmly believe there is not an ounce of fight left in the German people.

The note of many of the press comments is one of undisguised despair.

Will Mohammedanism Disappear?

Peace Terms Will Seriously Limit Power of Moslems

ONE of the most signally important results of the war is the triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism. On reviewing the facts it does not seem impossible that, as a result of the new conditions that will arise, the creed of Islam will ultimately disappear. This, in itself, would be a result that would compensate the war-weary world for much that has been endured.

The point is made by Judge Wesley O. Howard, writing in the New York *Herald*. He points out that, although the issue was not between Christians on one side and Moslems on the other—for followers of Islam fought on both sides—the outcome is such that Mohammedanism is doomed to a very radical declination of power and influence. For one thing three of the great cities of the Moslems will be transferred to Christian control—Constantinople, Bagdad and Jerusalem. He writes:

"There will, of course, be abundant freedom of religious worship in all the conquered lands of the Turkish territories and the Mussulman will be as much at liberty to cry out to Allah as ever he was; nevertheless, the dethronement of the Moslem rulers, and the exaltation of Christian governors will exert a deep influence upon the minds of the Mohammedan peoples. And the advantages and security of the Christian civilization will ultimately appeal to the Islamites and will have a tendency, at least, to incline them towards the superior civilization. Moreover, their communities will be invaded by groups of Christian colonists, secure now against Turkish outrages and oppression, and there will be intermingling of family and business interests.

"Industrial enterprises, stimulated by Western zeal and money, will spring up in Jerusalem, Tarsus, Damascus, Bagdad and other Mohammedan cities and revolutionize the customs of the people. Commercial houses and manufacturing establishments will be built, railroads will be stretched, mines developed and wells bored, and all these enterprises will be directed and financed by the people of Christian nations.

"But most destructive of all to the power of Mohammedanism is the defeat of the Sultan of Turkey. This Ottoman monarch was head of the Moslem Church. His person was sacred in the eyes of every Mussulman, and his debasement and impotence must convulse Mohammedanism to the foundation and shake even the fanatic faith of the Islamites.

"The Mohammedan races of the Turkish Empire will, of course, be protected in all their rights, but no more will the dripping sword of the unspeakable

Copyright George Matthew Adams.
Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

C'mon Down Fellers, He's Gone!

Made in Canada

Alma Street, St. Thomas, Ont. Constructed with "Tarvia-X" in 1914. Treated with "Tarvia-B" 1918.

A Dustless, Mudless Street

THIS attractive residential street in St. Thomas carries considerable automobile traffic. If plain macadam had been used, the abutting residents would have complained of the dust. In wet weather, and especially in spring when the frost is coming out of the ground, they would have been complaining of mud.

The fact is, however, the people who live on this street have forgotten all about dust and mud, for the roadway is smooth and clean, dustless and mudless every day in the year. Their thanks are due to the fact that the enlightened city authorities use Tarvia in the road to bind it together and make it automobile-proof. The powerful wheels that used to rip up the surface now merely smooth it down, for the surface instead of being brittle is now slightly plastic and very tenacious.

The difference which Tarvia makes in the character of the surface is illustrated by the fact that if you drive a pick into plain macadam you spoil the surface and throw up dust and broken stones, whereas the same blow on a Tarvia surface will make a round, smooth dent.

Tarvia makes the road frost-proof and when the snow melts away in the spring the surface is clean, smooth, quick-drying and firm. The frost does not have to come out of the road because the frost never gets in. The principal reason for using Tarvia, however, is the fact that it saves money. The maintenance of macadam by the Tarvia method is the least expensive and the most effective of all methods.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust—

Towns that adopt Tarvia enjoy large net economies and at the same time secure better roads.

Illustrated booklets describing the various grades of Tarvia will be sent to any one upon request. Address our nearest office.

Special Service Department

This company has a corps of trained engineers and chemists who have given years of study to modern road problems. The advice of these men may be had for the asking by any one interested.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road problems and conditions in your vicinity, the matter will have prompt attention.

The Barrett Company
LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N. B. HALIFAX, N. S. SYDNEY, N. S.

Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

You smack your lips over it, because you like its taste, its quality, its genuine gratification. It satisfies thirst.

Nobody has ever been able to successfully imitate Coca-Cola, because its quality is indelibly registered in the taste of the American public.

Demand the genuine by full name —nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
TORONTO WINNIPEG

Sold Everywhere

Turk terrorize the Christian mothers in Armenian homes, and no longer will the abominable harems of the Turkish Sultan be replenished by the maidens of Caucasian blood.

"Unconsciously, so to speak, as a result of the great World War, Christianity has achieved the most signal triumph of its nineteen centuries of existence."

Roosevelt Tells of American Mistakes

American Equipment Which Failed to Meet Requirements

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD ROOSEVELT, who commenced training for the world-war while at Harvard in 1915, and reached Europe with Pershing's van-guard within three months after the U.S. got into the conflict, writes frankly in *Everybody's Magazine* of the slackness, blindness, and inefficiency which hampered and delayed American participation. He went to Plattsburg a few days after the camp was opened, and began his training along principles which were used in wars previous to 1914. He says:

Imagine the dismay, when after about a month's training at Plattsburg, we heard that a small force of Regulars would be sent immediately to Europe.

Since our earliest days it had been the ambition of my brother and me "to beat out father," as we called it. I remember one moose hunt where we let several moose escape, just because they were not quite as big as the moose my father had killed. We could not bear the thought of going home with a smaller specimen than his. At last we did get a bigger head, only to have my father shoot one next season so much bigger than ours that we gave up the attempt. And now again it looked as if father would "beat us out." In the Spanish-American War he had been among the first to land in Cuba. It seemed that we were doomed to remain home training, while other American soldiers were fighting in Europe.

My brother Kermit, being a student officer, could not be taken, but with rare initiative managed to enroll himself in the British army and later transferred to the A. E. F.

Fortunately, my father had some friends among the higher officers in the Army and was sportsman enough to want us to beat him, so he sent a message to General Pershing, asking the General to take us as privates in his first Expeditionary Force. General Pershing refused to take Ted and me as privates, but ordered us overseas in our respective ranks—a major and a second lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve. We were ordered to be assigned to the General Staff, but General Pershing well knew that staff duty is not wanted by active, healthy young men who have never been in the line, and at once acceded to our requests to go into an Infantry regiment of the line.

I arrived in Paris just in time to be assigned to the Sixteenth Infantry Regiment, Regular Army, of the First Expeditionary Division, and had the good fortune to parade through Paris, July 4, 1917.

The management of gas defense is typical of the confusion engendered by war in the War Department and Army. Our division landed in France with no gas-masks. Late in July we were supplied with French gas-masks. We later adopted what was supposed to be an improved British respirator type, manufactured in America. Fortunately, the chemical service of the A. E. F. discovered in time that the so-called improvements made the masks leak when subjected to one of the most dangerous German gases—the mustard gas. So General Pershing had to obtain directly from England the British respirators.

Nothing daunted, the swivel-chair experts in the United States produced another child of their mighty intellects. This time, built on the same model as the British respirator, it was so encumbered with safety devices that, in spite of minor improvements, the weight of the mask was a serious handicap.

From a young officer in the chemical service, I later learned that the staff in the United States had sent over another absolutely safe type of respirator. The safety was obtained by having the face-piece fit so tightly that after fifteen minutes circulation was stopped. As a gas attack often lasts eight hours, a man wearing such a mask was either obliged to remove the mask and die of gas poisoning, or else he was apt to lose consciousness from the effects of the face-piece.

I understand from this same lieutenant that we were eventually going to have an excellent and effective gas-mask, but up to the time I left France, twenty months after we had drifted into the war, the new American gas-masks were in the same place as the Liberty airplanes, the Liberty trucks and the Browning machine guns. All were figments of the imagination.

The automatic rifle fiasco is perhaps even more glaring than the airplane because even less excusable.

Capt. Roosevelt says that the U.S. declined to use General Lewis' famous weapon, and delayed, almost until Armistice Day, waiting for the Washington, D.C. pet product—the Browning.

In grenades, the "Brain Trust" at home (as our doughboys called the General Staff) adopted their usual dilatory experimental methods. While we were fighting with grenades borrowed from the hard-pressed French, the governmental officials were experimenting with the idea of obtaining a perfectly safe grenade. They found it. It was safe both for us and for the Germans. Only a trained mechanic in a large, quiet field could set one off. So up to my departure from France, American troops used only French grenades.

With rifle grenades, our case was more ludicrous. The French V.B. is the most successful rifle grenade because it can be used either as a rifle or a hand grenade. A sort of cup (called by the French a *tromblon*, is attached at will to the muzzle of an ordinary French service rifle. A special and heavy grenade fits into the *tromblon* and is propelled by an ordinary French service cartridge fired from the rifle, the grenade exploding about twelve seconds after being launched from the *tromblon*. With a range of nearly two hundred yards, a curved trajectory and a danger zone of about twenty yards, it is a formidable infantry weapon against machine-gun nests.

Of course, we had no such weapon in our Army, so the first time we entered the trenches we were forced to disarm eight men per company of their Springfields, and arm them with the antiquated French service rifles fitted for *tromblons*. Eventually modifications were made fitting them to the United States Army rifle. But even then, it was not until late in January, 1918, that the defects were entirely remedied, and a serviceable *tromblon* issued. And at that, up to the time I left for the United States we were still using French rifle grenades.

The French V. B. *tromblon* also fired a signal rocket. But as each of these rockets had attached to it a special cartridge of the French calibre, specially loaded to fire the rockets, up to the time I was wounded we were forced to disarm our eight company runners of their Springfield rifles, and arm them with the antiquated and heavy French rifle.

For visual signaling the rocket is perhaps the most simple of all the signal apparatus of a modern infantry company, and is used for illuminating "no man's land" at night, and calling for artillery barrages. The system of calling for barrages, and instructing artillery in the wishes of the infantry, depends on the number or the color of the stars shot by the rocket.

But here again we were entirely dependent on the French. And we had several serious times because our dough-

boys were unable to read the directions written in French on the rockets.

There were several ways of launching these signal rockets: From the V. B. *trombton*, as I have already described; or like a regular Fourth-of-July rocket, from a stand; or from the "Veri" pistol, a short brass pistol, carrying a rocket cartridge of about the diameter of a ten-gauge shot-gun shell; but quite a little longer. And nothing did we know of this signaling before we arrived in France. I remember one of my sergeants (Ross, I think it was) staring at the pistol when we issued it to him, and asking "why the Frogs (soldier's slang for Frenchmen) had wished a three-inch field-piece on an infantry company!" I must confess I was at that time just as ignorant of its uses as he was.

Indeed, all signal equipment was French, and remained French probably to the end of the war, and certainly until I was invalided home in August, 1918.

Lack of equipment and lack of training and organization made it impossible to start our actual training in modern warfare, based on the lines developed by the English, French and Germans, until July 24, 1917—one month less two days after our arrival in France. And even then we could only "simulate" the varied equipment required by an infantry company in modern warfare. Such vitally necessary articles as gas-masks and steel helmets did not arrive until August, 1917.

Eventually most of our borrowed regalia did come, and in October we were all cheered by the news that we were to go to the trenches. The enthusiasm was somewhat dampened, however, when about two weeks before we started we found all our 1917 rifle ammunition to be defective. It had passed the factory tests and the careless eyes of Government inspectors, and had been sent to us overseas, where the difference between perfect and imperfect ammunition meant the difference between life and death to our soldiers. Fortunately, it had been discovered by the troops in time to substitute the 1916 for 1917 ammunition.

I believe it was October 18, 1917, that we moved up for the first time into the firing line. Nearly four months after landing in France, our "splendidly equipped and trained" Regular division was considered by the Allied command only sufficiently trained to be placed in the line with the proportion of one American battalion to one French regiment of three battalions. Nor did the Allied command place American troops in the line at this time for fighting purposes. They were placed there simply for part of their training, and the Allies had to supply us with most of the transportation and all of the higher officers.

Then we had for the first time the experience of employing rolling kitchens. Before entering the war, the United States Army had what in the year 1913 was considered a very modern cooking equipment. But the war had developed kitchen wagons drawn by horses, and so constructed that the cooking could be carried on during the march. Never were they officially introduced into our army until after our first division had been over three months in France, and even then we had to borrow from France. The American company was considerably heavier than the French, and in the Arracourt sector we also had some engineers attached to us. Consequently we had a very hard time cooking enough food for all.

Added to all this, the supply system, commanded by officers ignorant of supplying large units in the field and depending too much on mule teams and light trucks, utterly broke down, and we were often [illegible] without food.

Though [illegible] in the line was short, yet the [illegible] was inestimable. Up to that [illegible] line officers had receive[illegible] from the French. Excel[illegible] of th[illegible] nd valiant and effici[illegible] Allies were, yet [illegible]tches and 22 [illegible] from them the[illegible]rica's part[illegible] organiza-[illegible]. They are [illegible] tionality, [illegible]cult and danger[illegible] ht often [illegible] takes them into th[illegible] ransmit. [illegible] on the and Bolshevik ter[illegible] in the and romantic ser[illegible] infor-[illegible] war.

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Wives of Doctors
Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue=jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.

How Blue=jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure..

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them,

Nowadays most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue=jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, LIMITED, Chicago, Toronto, New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(987

BIRKS PEACE MEDAL

Front

751515—THE BIRKS PEACE MEDAL for presentation by schools, colleges and public institutions. Specially designed to commemorate the termination of the Great War. The dominant figure is Peace, her right hand encircling a shield and her left holding a palm over land and sea, at her feet are laurel leaves denoting victory. In the background the sun as "Pax" shedding its rays over the new world. Price per 100 in White Metal $15.00

On orders of less than 25 medals we charge 25 cents each.

Reverse

Front

751503 — BIRKS PATRIOTIC MEDAL, raised letters, for direct presentation to the returned soldier.

In 10k Gold $15.00
751504—In Sterling Silver.. 2.50
751505—In Bronze 1.50

AN IDEAL PRESENTATION TO THE RETURNED SOLDIER AS A MEMENTO OF HIS OVERSEAS SERVICE.

751507 — WALL PLAQUE, in bevelled Oak, dark mission finish, background 10 inches by 10 inches, on which is mounted a solid Bronze Peace and Victory Medallion, 5 inches in diameter. At left and right are the dates and below is the shield for suitable engraving. We will mount above the Medallion the usual badge of the Arm of the Service to which he belongs. (Mention "Infantry," "Artillery," "R. A.F.," etc., or if unit badge is sent with order, we will mount as shown in illustration.)
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This illustration is an exact reproduction of our BATTLE COLORS PIN. It is enamelled in the correct color on Sterling Silver, and can be made up to conform to any Shoulder Patch worn by our Fighting Forces in France. Its full significance and neat appearance has made it the most popular non-official Emblem of the war.

An Ideal Souvenir for friends and relatives of Overseas Men.

BIRKS PEACE MEDAL

Reverse

Reverse

Front

751501—NEXT-OF-KIN MEDAL, actual size, 10k gold, $15.00: Medallion is nicely finished and shows the armed figure of Britannia indicating Motherhood. Immediately behind is the Union Jack, to the right and left of her respectively are shown the Navy and the Army. The background is made up of representations of seaships, airships and guns. At the foot are crossed palms and laurel wreaths indicating Peace and Victory. A well thought out design, and one which will be valued in the years to come.

751502 — The same, in sterling silver $2.50
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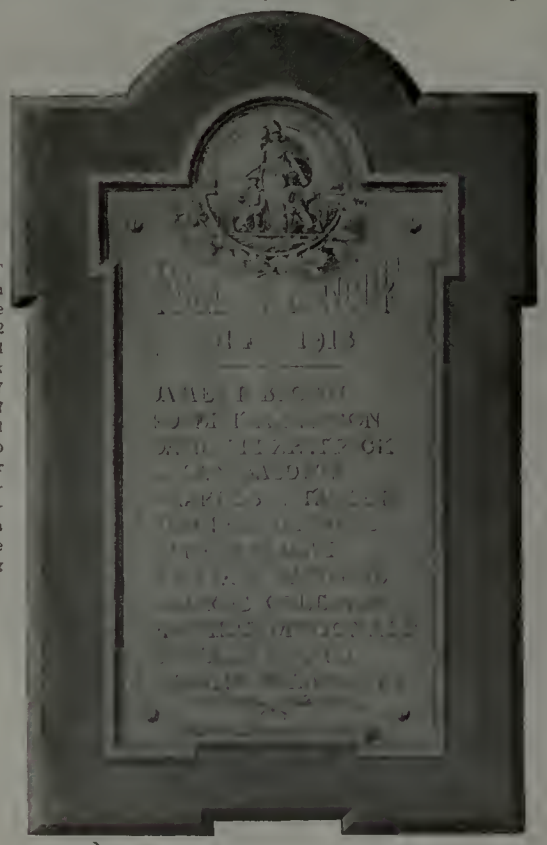

751512—ROLL OF HONOUR in solid bronze. Size 22 inches by 12 inches, mounted on bevelled oak background, 27 inches by 17 inches. This Roll of Honour also features our Peace and Victory design, surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves indicating Canada.

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We discovered the necessity of liaison (the method of correlating separate units so they shall act as a whole), and the runner system, and we learned a great deal about handling our supplies.

But most important of all, the younger officers—I am not so sure about the older—discovered their absolute ignorance of modern warfare.

The Fiercest Foe of Bolshevism

Koltchak, the Terrible Tartar Who Believes in the Old Order

A POWERFUL figure has arisen in Siberia to fight the Russian Bolsheviki. Admiral Koltchak has so far succeeded in holding the Red forces back from passing the front he has established at Omsk and thus has definitely established an eastern boundary to the power of the Communists. It is believed that he may ultimately overthrow Lenine and Trotsky.

Koltchak is a Tartar and rather a terrible figure—grim, ruthless and a believer in the old order. A sketch published in *Current Opinion* shows him to be a typical servant of the old Russian regime, but a forceful figure nevertheless. The article reads in part:

Bolshevism has caught a Tartar literally in the person of the famed dictator of Siberia, Alexander Vassilievitch Koltchak. He is of Tartar origin, affirms his friend, Count Garston de Merindol, in the London *Post*. An enthusiastic admirer of Koltchak, writing in the Paris *Figaro*, adds that in the traits and the temper of Koltchak we see incarnated all the qualities of the legendary heroes of Mongolia. In that Asiatic land warriors grow stronger and more pugnacious as they age. Koltchak is now forty-five and for that reason, according to the standards of his country, his career is only beginning. He has the somewhat small physique of the Tartar, with all the Tartar litheness and nervousness in his walk and in the agitated poise of his head that sits tremblingly upon spare shoulders. He shaved off his beard ten years ago and has worn none since, not even the customary chin whisker of his people. The bones of the cheeks sit conspicuously in the front of the sallow visage and suggest the mandarin. The jaw juts forth awkwardly and the lips are firmly shut unless the habitual explosion of anger sets the lips going tremulously and the loud voice rises. The nose is acutely hawk-like, with the wide nostrils that denote temper. The eyes are the hue of steel. Two of the teeth are exceptionally large. There is a nervous twitching in the countenance which tells its own story. Koltchak clicks his teeth ominously when one of his temperamental explosions impends. He stares very straight into the eyes of anyone with whom he happens to be talking.

Koltchak is described in the Paris *Matin* as the best hater of Bolshevism among all its enemies. His eyes flash, his arms fly, his twitching countenance turns green, red and yellow and his voice rasps whenever he hears the names of Lunacharsky, Tchicherin and the other Bolsheviki. His language becomes unprintable. They stand for all that he loathes, for Koltchak was reared in the sternest traditions of constituted authority and obedience to orders. At an early age he became a pupil at the great naval college maintained by the autocracy for the special purpose of training a breed of grim sea-dogs upon the British model. The rank and file were made to obey. The select few were

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born to command. While men live there will be war. All this is part of the natural order of things and discussion about it reveals the rebel, the traitor, the enemy of society. Such is the gospel according to Koltchak, absorbed easily by him at the naval school and put into practice from the moment of his first voyage as a midshipman in the old Russian cruiser *Rurik*. Koltchak did not spare his men in those days, but neither did he spare himself. He had distinguished himself for his mathematics and his aptitude for the science of navigation as a pupil in the academy, and he was now to reveal himself as a disciplinarian. He had a touching faith in the knout as a means of maintaining discipline and he would cut off the vodka of the men at the smallest provocation. The rank and file and the men in command belong, as he believes, to two different orders of humanity with nothing in common. He who is born to obey must obey and Koltchak is not the one to shrink from any logical conclusion from these premises.

By the time he had risen to the command of a ship Koltchak was famed for his accomplishments as a martinet, but he was a student of human nature as well and he never went to extremes that brought on open mutiny. Koltchak has faith in food and in vodka as devices for winning the respect of the masses he commands. He is a materialist, a man who has no time for ideals and palaver. A subordinate who questioned an order would be knocked down. Since it is the business of man to fight, Koltchak forces the pace wherever he commands. This propensity was shown at Port Arthur in the Japanese war, where he took risks that shocked his superiors and won him severe scoldings. He was too competent a sailor to be kept off the ships, and many a display of initiative that would have disgraced one less competent was winked at because he did so well against the enemy in the face of odds. Nevertheless, promotion was slow for him because his hot temper and his nervousness led to manifestations of sheer recklessness that jeopardized ships and men. It was remarked of Koltchak when still a mere youth by the luckless Admiral Makaroff, that if he were better-manned and gifted with self-control he would prove greater than Nelson. As it is, Koltchak's personal peculiarities grew upon him with the years, but it remains true that never in his career has he been guilty of a dishonest action or a failure in loyalty to Russia as a nation. He is a man of truth who does not understand the art of speaking the truth civilly, a bluff, plain-spoken sailor whose rude speech hides a heart that is kind and a heroism that is unostentatious. He saved the life of a drowning sailor at Kamschatka and at once ordered the man in irons for being off his post.

Koltchak has such a well-known genius for organization that demoralized fleets were usually turned over to him. When he had flown his flag aboard a battleship or cruiser he ordered the men forward to receive his grim admonitions. "Remember," he would say, "that if I catch one of you in a breach of discipline, I will punish you then and there. If I waited a day I would be angry. If I waited two days I would be furious. If I waited three days I would kill you on the spot." The words were shot forth between clicking teeth with a significant movement of a hand in which was sure to be a pistol. One day a mutinous crew thought it had Koltchak locked up in his cabin, but he had divined what was afoot and rigged up a man of straw in his uniform while he took refuge for the night near one of the big guns. "We have him!" yelled the leader of the mutiny. "You have me," shouted Koltchak, stripping off the overalls that hid his uniform, "and you'll keep me." He swung a pair of revolvers and had the mutiny quelled before the sleeping officers realized that it had occurred. When his friend, the late Prince Viasensky, expressed his sympathy for Koltchak, after a thrilling affair in which the sailor had to pursue a band of mutineers around and around the deck of a cruiser until they leaped overboard, the martinet replied: "Your sympathies should be with the men, for I enjoy myself much more than they do." The retort throws a flood of light upon the character of Koltchak, suspects the French daily, for he takes a stern delight in reducing to impotence all revolts against constituted authority. This is the psychology of his attitude to Bolshevism. When a mutiny has reached a desperate stage Koltchak resorts to a simple expedient. "Get them all drunk." He has been known to declare that vodka is the commander's best friend. "But," urged the humanitarian Viasensky, shocked by the sentiment, "vodka is the sailor's worst enemy." "I know it," answered Koltchak, "but I'm not such a fool as to let the sailor know it."

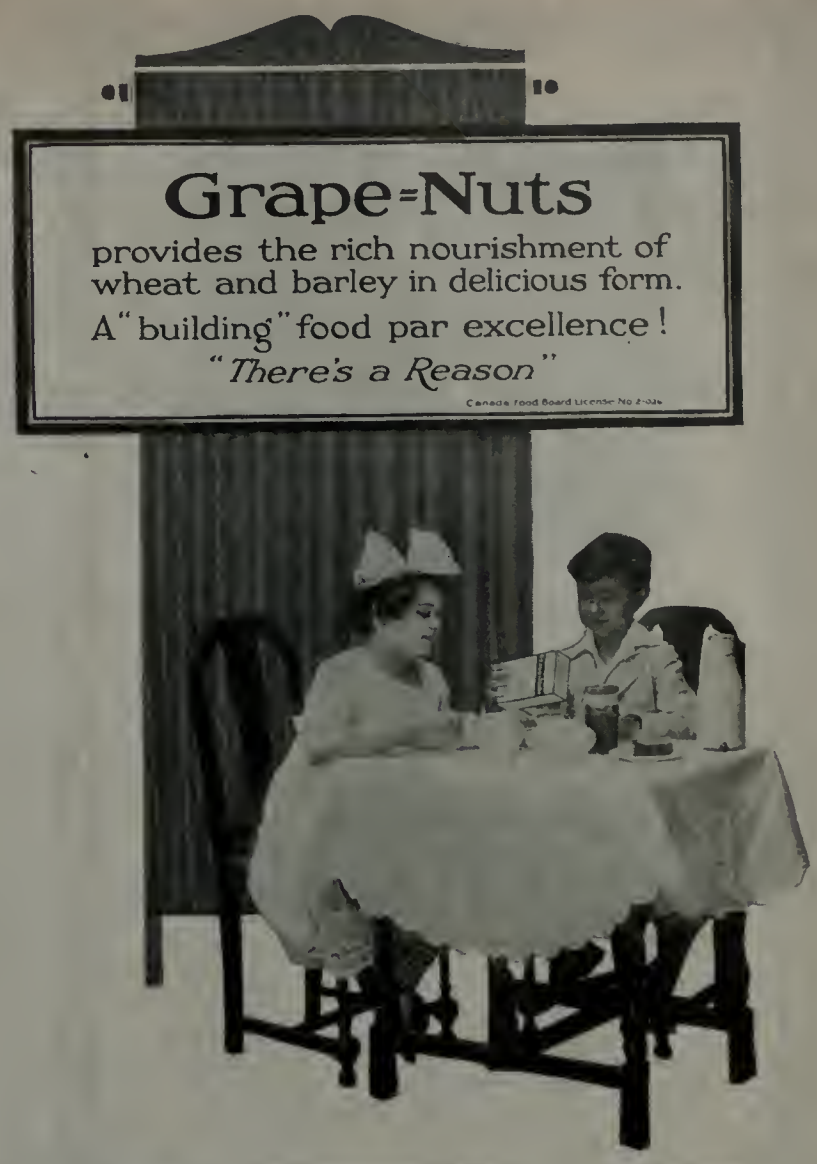
There is a histrionic element in the constitution of Koltchak which renders him sublime in all crises and reveals, the London *Post* declares, an unexpected insight into the spiritual nature of the man. He becomes like one transfigured and inspires awe. During a mutiny aboard a particularly important unit of a Black Sea squadron then under Koltchak's command, the mutineers were masters of the vessel. The subordinate in charge put a bullet through his head when he realized the worst. The young lieutenant did not have the courage to face Koltchak aboard the flagship with such a confession of failure. The mutineers were more reckless. They went aboard. Koltchak, understanding the spirit of his own rebellious crew, was in his cabin. The mutineers sent one of their number to demand his sword. Coming out of his cabin, with the sword of St. George in his hand, as the London paper tells the tale, Koltchak clicked his terrible teeth in the faces of the rebels. "This sword I won at Port Arthur. You are not worthy to lay a finger upon it." He hurled the weapon overboard. He turned on his heel and walked back to his cabin. So tragical was his manner and so bold his bearing that no mutineer dared to follow him. Many of the sailors shed tears. Not another word of mutiny was heard aboard the flagship. Another expedient of Koltchak's is to ask in moments of crisis with hands folded across his breast while he stares an antagonist down: "Do you forget that Russia is holy?" The *Figaro* avers that Russia is to Koltchak the one true religion.

American Greyhounds Cover Europe

Special Couriers Carry Despatches and News Bearing on Peace Matters

A NEW military branch has been inaugurated in Europe by the American army—the Greyhounds. It is made up of officers who act as couriers to all parts of the continent, carrying despatches and news matter bearing on America's part in the peace negotiations. They are performing a most difficult and dangerous part as their work takes them into the strongholds of enemy and Bolshevik territory. It is a unique and romantic service and many stories are told of the men who wear the silver Greyhound. Some of them are recounted by M. K. Wisehart in *Leslie's Weekly*:

These ordinary couriers are fast becoming a legend, better known than the "King's messengers." They have carried to a new height of drama that legend of the American postal service: "Neither snow nor rain, nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." They have not—as was reported in Paris a short time ago—been eaten up by wolves in the Balkans, for that story is said to be part of the Napoleonic legend and not an authentic item in the history of the couriers. But



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the Greyhounds have had their close escapes from death—by airplane falls and machine-gun bullets. They have had their pistolling altercations with Serbian deserters; they have declined the dinner invitations of charming women at Berne and The Hague, and they've checkmated the spies of the Central Empires. Continually coursing the map of Europe along routes that total over 11,000 miles they have yet to lose a single piece of mail of any description.

In Paris to-day one is learned indeed who can identify every American officer by the device on his shoulder. Few persons have ever seen a long, leaping, silver greyhound on a field of blue with a narrow border of gold. It is the insignia of the smallest, the most restrict, the most popular and one of the most important branches of the American army and the American peace machine in Europe. The officer who wears the Greyhound on his shoulder is one of seventy—known technically as "Official Diplomatic Couriers," but to the service, whether in Odessa, London, Constantinople or Paris, as the Greyhounds.

The Greyhounds have had serious work to do. Theirs is the task of carrying dispatches that have to do with America's part in the great historic readjustments being made in Paris; they bring back the news that determines American policy in many important particulars. Just as in war-time they went through the thick of the fighting over dark, foggy, shell-torn roads, through crowded cities filled with frightened refugees, now they go through the disordered lands of the enemy and the Bolsheviks, and are compelled to meet with initiative and precision the emergencies that arise from deranged transportation facilities, mobs, deserters and machine gun marauders.

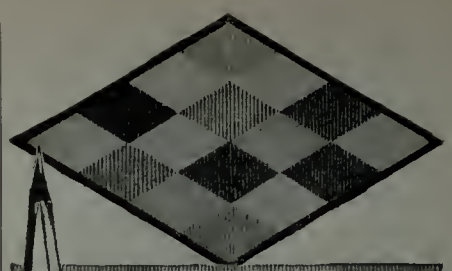
As constituted to-day the service is composed of seventy officers aside from the one hundred who made the transatlantic courier's voyage during the war. The seventy men have been picked for special qualifications, including quick mental adjustability and a command of languages. They include aviators, staff officers, medical officers, engineers, honor men from the front and men who have rendered distinguished service in the Headquarters of the Services of Supply. In private life they represent widely diverse pursuits—law, medicine, banking, business. Besides, there is a Greyhound poet and a marine artist.

These officers have opened up Germany under the sullen gaze of the Germans themselves to communication with the Peace Conference in Paris. They go speeding from Paris with dispatches for Bucharest, Belgrade, Constantinople, and go not only into the heart of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-slavia, but also into the troubled fastnesses of Russia.

Two officers of the Greyhound service were the first Americans to go to Belgrade after the armistice, and they traveled on lightless, heatless trains without windows and proceeded without schedule. Serbian deserters who boarded the train proved to be menacing characters. The Americans were compelled to guard their sacks constantly with drawn revolvers and to take their sleep in watches. When the train reached a town where there was a Serbian military command one of the officers held the deserters by the point of his pistol while the other summoned the military authorities. While the train waited at the station the Serbian commander held a general court-martial and sentenced the deserters to imprisonment.

On the return of the officers to Paris after eight heatless, lightless nights on trains, after two fights with deserters besides the episode that ended in a court-martial, one of them was asked how he liked his job. Weary and dirty, worn out as he was, his shoulders went back and his head went up as he declared: "It's great! There's nothing like it to keep you going!" After a bath and a night's rest that particular officer started the following morning for Berlin.

The Greyhounds have never been "out of luck." They have had escapes that were in the nature of special dispensations. Many of the seventy wear stripes on both sleeves. During the war men



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were killed all around them, but through all their active service, whether in war or the opening era of peace, their records show as yet not a single fatality.

One of the closest escapes from death was the fortune of a Greyhound who recently took the regular daily passage by airplane from Paris to Brussels. He left Paris at noon with a big 300 h.p. Brueget plane and a French pilot. The distance is 235 miles and it is usually done in an hour and fifty minutes.

On this day the courier had traversed almost the entire width of the battlefields and devastated area between Paris and Brussels and was coursing on at an altitude of 2,200 feet when the most dreaded of airplane accidents happened. The controller of the machine snapped off.

Down, down, whirled the heavy plane, spinning in a hopeless vrille from 2,000 feet. When within 200 feet of the ground, by the chance that is the Greyhound's luck—one in a 1,000—the plane caught the air and the spin changed to a precipitous glide. It was only for an instant, but the moment's glide made all the difference and was enough to check the fall. Arrested for that brief moment, the plane slipped again and crashed to the ground a total wreck.

To the astonishment of three Belgian peasants who rushed to the scene, not only were the courier and his pilot able to pull themselves out from the débris, but also the Greyhound—Lieut. Silas B. Egly—scrambled to his feet, and, looking for the nearest road, said in his now broken French:

"Umph! I want an automobile!"

After commandeering the first car that passed, the courier hurried on to Brussels and delivered his dispatches only two hours later than usual, after which he got treatment for a broken nose, dislocated shoulder and sprained wrist.

Farmer Socialists in Control

How State of North Dakota is Being Rebuilt

RECENTLY newspapers and periodicals have been discussing warmly what they call "the North Dakota idea." It is an experiment in socialism that the farmers have forced on that state and consequently the discussion does not lack bitterness. It has been waged with increasing heat, but in the meantime the North Dakota idea has been translated into an actuality. North Dakota is being built over again on distinctly new lines.

To those who have not learned just what this new idea is, an article by Arthur Ruhl in the *Atlantic Monthly* will be well worth reading. He describes it as follows:

The farmers of North Dakota have embarked upon an experiment in public ownership and control more radical than any yet attempted by any American state. Organized as members of the National Non-Partisan League, and controlling the legislative machinery of the state, they have amended their constitution and passed a long programme of bills.

This legislation permits the state to engage in any kind of business. It provides for state-owned terminal elevators and flour-mills; a state bank, to finance these and other enterprises; an industrial commission, to organize and direct such businesses, consisting of the Governor, the Attorney-General, and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor.

The state is to build homes and buy farms, within certain price limits, for groups of citizens who put up twenty per cent. of the cost and engage to pay the remainder at a low rate of interest, within a period of twenty years. There is provision for state hail-insurance, for reducing discriminatory freight-rates, for various revenue measures intended to put the burden of taxation on those best able—in the opinion of the farmers—to bear it. In other words, the citizens of a purely agricultural community,—about eighty-five per cent of the population of North Dakota is "rural,"—using political weapons found effective elsewhere, have set about remoulding their neighborhood according to what they fancy is their heart's desire.

It is at this psychological moment, after a lot of smouldering discontent, and after the legislators have thrown them down, that A. C. Townley, of Beach, North Dakota, appeared on the scene.

Townley—of whose personality I shall speak more in detail later—is a young man of imagination and great natural ability. With no initial capital except his own energy and a borrowed Ford, he started a movement which, in four years, has built up a fighting organization controlling the political machinery of one state, and reaching out into several others, and the members of which swear by their leader as if he combined all the admirable qualities of Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln.

The bitter criticisms of Mr. Townley as a leader of farmers, on the ground that he failed, seem rather beside the mark. Each man to his job. There are men who make things for the pleasure of making them, and men whose pleasure it is to direct the making of things, and both are needed in a complex world. At the same time, in measuring the depth of Mr. Townley's convictions, and the soundness of his agitation, it is no more than just to recall that he is no North Dakota Cincinnatus, reluctantly called from the plough,—the Non-Partisan Governor, Lynn Frazier, is more in that line, but a dynamic person more in his element leading an army of farmers than being a farmer himself. In 1911, Townley tried wheat-farming on a large scale, near Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, and failed, it is said, with a loss of some $70,000. He next tried flax, near Beach, North Dakota, with the notion, so his opponents say, of winning the title of "Flax King." Frost caught the crop, and the judgments against Townley and his brother are said to have been in the neighborhood of $400,000. In bankruptcy proceedings last year at Bismarck, there were liabilities of $79,000, and assets of $479.

Townley's ingenuity in turning even such episodes to his advantage was shown one evening during my stay in Bismarck, when he spoke at a meeting called primarily to discuss the new State Bank. It was the first time, I believe, that he had spoken in Bismarck, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Looking down at the crowd, nearly every one of whom had probably at some time in his life had a mortgage hanging over him, he drawled out an ironical, "Yes, I'm famous as the only man who ever went broke in North Dakota . . . and had recourse to the same laws which rich men made to protect themselves." The soundness of this comment on bankruptcy laws might be open to argument, but the crowd applauded.

Well, Townley started out with his Ford and his idea. A substantial farmer, F. B. Wood, of Deering, North Dakota, who had been active for years in the Farmers' Equity Society, joined Townley and became the League's first vice-president. The idea caught on; new recruits themselves became organizers, each taking along with him, into a strange neighborhood, some farmer known in the locality to back him up.

The original volunteers soon grew into an organization which could hire canvassers on a commission basis. A state paper was started in the fall of 1915, and in 1916 a full state ticket was nominated. At the election that fall all the state officials but one were elected, as were a majority of the House members, and eighteen out of the twenty-five men sent that year to the Senate. In 1918, the League won a majority in both houses, and elected its candidates

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for Governor, Attorney-General, Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture—the present Industrial Commission—and the Supreme Court.

The story of this fight—the adventures of motor-car canvassers, the big picnics, the building up of a chain of newspapers, the mob attacks on League organizers last summer, on charges of disloyalty, especially in Minnesota—all this is too long to go into here. The essential point, the difference between this and most other farmer organizations, was that it started out toward the definite goal of a fighting political machine, with money, newspapers, and brains behind it.

Money was one essential. It was needed to work with, and it was needed to help make the farmers—notorious individualists—"stick." Men who had paid real money would want to follow it up. The dues, first set at $2.50, were raised to $16 for fixed two-year periods. That is to say, whether you join in the first or in the last month of the twenty-four, you pay your $16 just the same. If the figures for League memberships are accurate, here, right away, is more than $3,000,000 to work with.

Another essential was a machine which the enemy could not smash or creep into unawares; and up to the present, the Non-Partisan League has been air-tight. At the top, as President and Chairman of the National Executive Committee, is Townley himself. The three members of the Executive Committee hold office in such a way that the term of only one expires every two years, and the other two nominate his successor. Townley's term expired this year; and although millions of fiery words have been written against him, and he has been called everything, from autocrat to traitor, he was returned as president by a vote of more than a hundred to one.

Tennis With Beatty

American Ensign Says Admiral Plays as Successfully as He Fights

AN American naval officer, Ensign Hunter, had the good fortune to play with Sir David Beatty as his tennis partner during several of those long months of "watching and waiting" for the Hun navy to come out. In *World's Work* he writes interestingly of his first encounter. The British Admiral apparently has heard of Hunter's tennis prowess, and sends to his ship for him—Hunter being with Vice-Admiral Sims' fleet. The story the U.S. ensign tells follows:

Silence and respect followed Sir David as we mounted the gangway of the King's pontoon and stepped into his waiting limousine. We were off in a jiffy. By this time, let me admit, I began to feel a bit inflated and rather like a royal prodigal. But the Admiral gave little chance for reflection. As we passed along the waterfront he told me the story of the great dockyard and its attendant "tin city of the war" which, mushroom-like, sprang into existence almost overnight. And he expressed grave doubts as to the future of it all, holding that "what little money may be left after the war will be spent about as freely as blood." We then took to talking tennis, on which ground I felt more solid in spite of my striving to conceal it. Thus we arrived at Aberdour.

Right here my sense of humor served me, for I was chuckling inside as I followed Sir David into the lounging room, to the guests. The Grand Admiral toting along a lowly Ensign! I shall never forget the expression I caught as Admiral Rodman recognized me. He had lunched that day with Lady Beatty and a party of guests who were, of course, still gathered about the fire. I think he knew that I was expected, but hardly that I should come with the Great One himself. I was presented to Lady Beatty and eventually reached around the circle to Rodman. He passed a witty

remark which pleased me and sent a ripple over the room, and the agony was over. After chatting awhile Commodore Bentinck arrived with Lieut. Cleather, a King's Messenger. We left to prepare for the double which had been planned. Nothing would do but that Lady Beatty should see the game. She is quite as keen on it as Sir David.

We were soon ready for the court. (Peter, aged eleven, the second son, had *escorted* me to change in his room). My surprise, as we started to play, was well founded, for considering his age and the life my partner had led (I was paired with the Admiral) I looked for little real tennis. Few games were played, however, before I realized that it was real play and that my partner was doing all the scoring for us. In the confusion of gold lace I lost the first set for our side. Perhaps it was well, for if all had gone smoothly I should have missed a lot. Beatty at once became a bulldog. He is the same fighter on the courts as on the sea, and the seriousness of his "do or die" remarks brought me up all standing. In that second set I let go everything. We won it and after losing the next rather narrowly captured the two following for the match. I have seldom seen a man more pleased over a tennis game. He cheered, slapped me on the back, guyed our opponents and thoroughly enjoyed it. To lose doesn't enter his thoughts. I remember him saying over and over, while we were behind: "Here! We can't let it stand like this; it will never become us to be beaten." "No, Sir," I would agree. "We're not going to lose." The result was that toward the end I was literally knocking the cover off the ball and going fairly well. But the study of the Admiral proved quite as absorbing as the game.

After tea (you know the English *always* have tea during their afternoon sport) I had a glimpse of another side. In talking to David Junior, the thirteen-year-old son and heir of the Admiral, he told me of the stunts he is doing with mechanical toys. He took me to his playroom where he showed me a model "Sub" that really dived; a miniature *Tiger* whose turrets actually train; a baby "tank" quite complete in detail; perfect little steel dock cranes which revolve and lift weights precisely as the big ones. The lad is an admiral in the making. He already knows as much of the Grand Fleet organization as I do, and speaks several languages. We had not been there long when in came the Admiral, quite tickled to death. He insisted that I must see everything, and, indeed, seemed as pleased with the toys as his young son. I don't blame him. He put all sorts of questions to the kid, who seldom failed in his reply. When he did, the Admiral became very stern. His whole attitude was a sort of constructive devotion. Neither his duties nor his gold lace have made him any the less chummy with the boy.

A Close Picture of Foch

American Painter Describes His Experiences With Great Marshal

AN unusual opportunity to study Foch at close range was vouchsafed to Joseph Cummings Chase, the American portrait painter. He was in France with a commission to paint the great generals of the war and, after some delays, he was able to arrange a sitting with the supreme commander. He tells of this very interestingly in *World's Work*:

Not to lose any time, I immediately put on my painter's smock, arranged my paints, and, with mahl stick and brushes stuck bristlingly through the thumb hole of the palette, awaited the Marshal's arrival in the private passage way just ouside his office. I was all ready to "go over the top" at a moment's notice. Soon a small sized man, with a quick, nervous step, came down the passage way. The thing that first attracted my attention was the Marshal's smile; I saw this long before I took in the rest of his figure; it degenerated almost into a grin as he gave me a nod in passing, for my state of preparedness had evidently aroused his sense of humor. Yet this delightful smile was exceedingly reassuring, showing that my apparent neglect of the morning had not offended the Marshal's dignity.

In a few minutes I was ushered in and formally presented. The Marshal jumped up quickly, thrust out his hand rapidly and gave me a grip that reminded me of Theodore Roosevelt. His smile of greeting also disclosed his teeth—though with these details the resemblance to Mr. Roosevelt ended.

"Do you speak French?" was his first question.

"I have a little French," I answered, "but it is mostly the argot of the Latin Quarter."

This made the Marshal laugh outright. In a spirit of boyish mischief, he tried a few slangy Latin Quarter phrases on me, evidently to see if I could "get" them. Happily I was able to answer in kind, and this gave Marshal Foch very evident pleasure.

"May I work, or do you wish that I should give attention to you?" he asked. I did not wish to be unreasonable, but still I could get better results if I had at least a measure of his attention. I started to explain this somewhat hesitatingly to the Marshal, who cut short the explanation.

"Anything you Americans want from me you can have," he said.

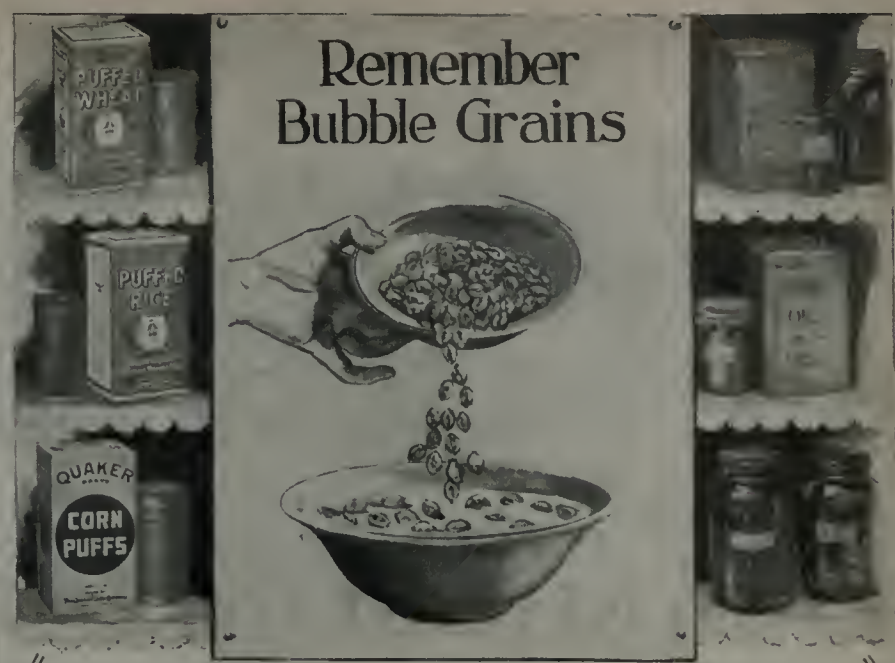
In a few moments, however, he made another request.

"May I smoke?"

The extent to which the Supreme Commander of seven or eight million men was subjecting himself to my orders was almost embarrassing. I gave him permission to smoke and the painting began.

Possibly had I known what the Marshal meant by "smoking," I would not have acceded so readily. The result was that I painted the great French general sitting behind what was virtually a dense smoke screen. I have never seen such a smoker, and I had never imagined that there could ever be one like him. A huge brown pipe lay on the table; as soon as he had gained the artist's acquiescence, the long, thin, nervous fingers of the Marshal's hand seized it, filled it in a twinkling, inserted it firmly between his lips, and instantly the volcano erupted. In a second the Marshal himself was all but lost to view; now and then I could get a glimpse of an ear, a portion of the head, the nose, and other lineaments, which I had to jot down on my sketch as opportunity offered. It was veritably a case of "low visibility." All the time I could hear the sharp staccato sounds of the Marshal's lips, tightly pursed about the pipe stem, as, with characteristic rapidity, he puffed away. At times I paused, waiting until he had finished the pipe. Big as it was, it took the Marshal only about three minutes to do this; and then I busily set to work, for I had a full, unrestricted view. Then I saw the delicate fingers again surreptitiously inch toward the pipe; again he seized his tobacco, pressed it rapidly in the bowl, and, in another second, the General's face again became the merest outline behind mighty clouds of smoke. In about three minutes this relay of tobacco was also consumed; the Marshal knocked the ashes out of the pipe, laid it again resignedly on the desk, and once more turned his face smiling to the artist. Hardly had I got fairly going again, when the fingers reached for the pipe, and Vesuvius was in full operation once more. I have regretted that I didn't keep exact count, for this exhibition of the smoker's art was the most startling I have ever beheld; I am confident that, in the hour and a half of the sitting, the Marshal filled his pipe at least twenty times.

I attempted to keep up the conversation, but my French frequently failed me, and once in particular I became



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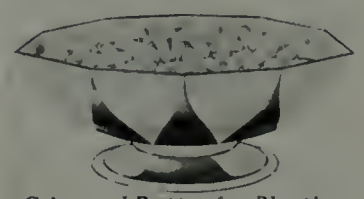
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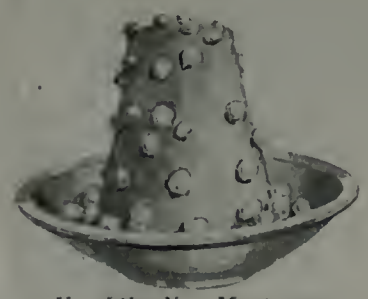
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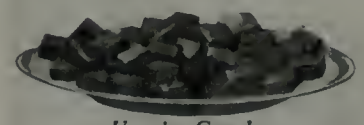
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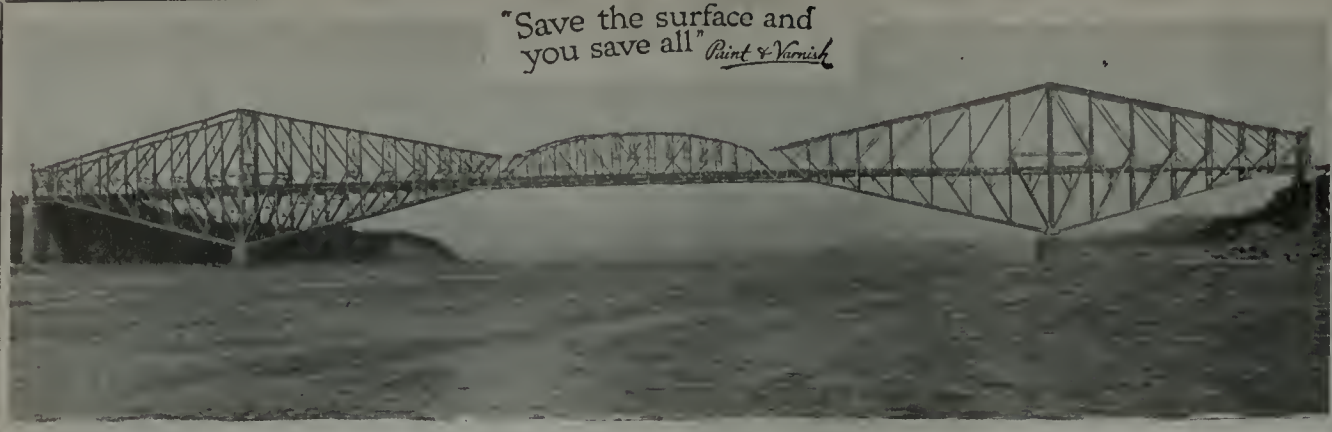

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hopelessly entangled. While I was struggling with my sentences, trying vigorously to make my meaning clear, Foch astonished me by breaking into perfect English, telling me in my own tongue what I was trying to say.

"But they told me that you spoke no English!" I said, in accents that showed my surprise.

He smiled and said, in perfect English again:

"Sometimes—for my friends!"

In the course of the sitting I referred to the trouble I was having with my passport.

The Marshal's aide asked to see it, glanced through it, and disappeared with it. In half an hour he returned and handed me the passport viséd. If any one wants quick action in Paris, I would advise him to get into immediate personal touch with Marshal Foch!

Despite the smoky atmosphere, I did obtain a complete view of the Marshal's remarkable face. It has more lines than any other face I have ever seen. His head is large; its most striking characteristics are the heavy-lidded eyes—heavy-lidded, though keen—the eyes of a student, a reader, a thinker, and the lines of expression that radiate from those eyes are so numerous that they register a remarkable variety of expressions. He has not much hair, though he is not bald; it is simply thin and gray. His photographs usually show him with his cap; and this makes the man look years younger. Despite the lines of his face the expression is so keen and so tremendously alive and alert that were it not for his thin, gray, almost white hair, one would give him the benefit of ten years. His nose is what I might call rugged; there is an abrupt change

of angle on the sides as observed from the front, and his chin is swung well to the right. The Marshal has a way of thrusting the chin forward a bit and at the same time pushing forward his under lip. His lips are rather thin and close tightly. The mouth is one sided, corresponding to the swing of the chin, so that his mustache, which is quite gray, seems to be off centre, and to be much higher on the right side of his face than on the left. The cheek bones are strongly modeled but not at all sharp, and the jawbones show distinctly under his ears —his ears, by the way, being rather heavy in size and form.

The French language has been used as the language of diplomacy because it has so many adjectives, which enable it to express clearly anything. In just this way the hundreds of lines sharply cut in Marshal Foch's face seem to have been cut there to express all emotions, and all their varying nuances. Any picture which shows these lines gives the effect of a man ten years older than Foch in real life seems to be. Foch is a nervous man, but he has his nerves entirely under control; there is no tremor, no unsteadiness, but everywhere a look of radiant health. The skin has good color, not a bright flush, but a full-blooded appearance. The eyelids close and open smartly when he winks, and his gaze is as steady as that of a young man.

I was a little puzzled at first about the color of his eyes.

"What color do you think they are?" asked the Marshal.

He jumped from his chair, walked swiftly over to where I was sitting and thrust his face into mine, so that it was only a few inches away.

"See for yourself!" he said.

The great affection and respect in which everybody around him holds Marshal Foch were constantly manifest. He has such natural dignity that he is able to unbend, laugh and joke with his aides and treat them on a basis of easy familiarity; yet never does he forget that he is a Marshal of France and never do his subordinates fail to observe the respect due to his rank—and, above all, to the man himself. He is a man without a pose, the sort to whom his aide could easily relate an amusing incident, knowing beforehand that the story would be appreciated. In fact, twice during the afternoon one of his staff appeared, and leaning forward spoke to the General, who on both occasions burst into a hearty laugh. I have known few men who laugh so well. His simplicity and dignity were reflected in his clothes. His uniform was the type which I understand he likes best to wear; it is so unostentatious that it resembles the *poilu* costume. The Marshal wore no decorations, the only insignia of his rank being the tiny stars of the Marshal that are on both sleeves.

I feared that the painting made the Marshal look too old, and asked him if he thought so. He looked at it quietly and said—the reply has always seemed to me to sum up his character:

"No. I am old. And you must be true."

Muzzling the Truth in Paris

How the French Censors Work—Must Get Back to Truth

THE world agrees on one point, with reference to the peace negotiations—that they have been characterized by too much old-fashioned see-sawing and too little straightforward handling of subjects in the open. Mark Sullivan, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, goes further and says that the world needs to get back to truth. It is quite apparent that the official habit of regulating everything to be published that grew up with the war is still strongly ingrained in the official mind and, as Mr. Sullivan declares, the time has come for a change. His explanation of some of the things that are being done in Paris are both astonishing and amusing. He says:

Whether among the agitated peace doctors at Paris or in the comparative detachment of America, when I reflect on the troubles of a sick and sorely wounded world, I arrive, as everybody else does, at a diagnosis that is many-sided and intricate. But of one thing I never cease to be confident: if a really big doctor were called in, there is one thing he would do first—he would throw open the windows and let in the air and sun; thereafter he might make a very complex diagnosis, or he might make a simple one; he might recommend one treatment or another, or he might say there is no cure except time and rest; or he might give the case up as beyond his powers. But the disinfecting quality of air and the clarifying effect of the sun I am sure he would insist upon. And I think they would do a great deal toward at least setting the world on its way to recovery.

By light and air I mean truth. And truth is not in Paris. Truth is not in Europe, and has not been for nearly five years. Truth has ceased to function. With the beginning of the war, truth went the way of everything else—it was "taken over by the Government." It was rationed. As with bread and wool and butter and cheese and gooseberry jam, the Government took over the sources of supply and the machinery of distribution and the public was allowed to have as much as the Government thought was good for it. But the case is worse with truth than with jam; the Governments may seize the other commodities and only let them out in doles, but at least no Government adulterates them.

When one says the truth has not come out of Europe for five years, it sounds like a loose and easy generalization. But when you reflect upon it that is literally the case. If you start with Germany and her allies, everybody will admit that on the 1st day of August, 1914, truth ceased to function, ceased to flow out spontaneously to the rest of the world. The case of France, England, and the rest of Europe differs from Germany only in degree. During war time all truth is divided into two kinds: there is agreeable truth (agreeable, that is, to the Government)—that kind is put out as propaganda; and there is every other kind of truth—all of that kind is censored. The Governments built up elaborate mechanisms to handle both kinds; they built them up, not only at home, but in the countries of their allies. There were, and still are, elaborate mechanisms for propaganda and elaborate mechanisms for censorship. During the five years of war all the Governments have dealt with truth through one or the other of these two agencies. The system came into being as an incident of war, but now the point of view has been held by Government officials so long and so continuously that it has became their normal way of looking at things. They aren't able to stop and don't want to stop. The hardest thing to demobilize is the official mind; and that is precisely the thing most necessary to demobilize before the world can get back to normal. Probably it won't be done until either there is an explosion or some man comes along who appreciates the disinfecting and aerating and healing qualities of truth and frankness —some one who will root out all the organizations of Government-paid censors and Government-paid propagandists for the manipulation of truth. There is one such man at the Paris Conference. Among the observers who used to talk about the personnel of the various delegations, one was struck by the frequency with which people told you that the biggest man at the Conference was Venizelos, the Greek. (President Wilson is among those who hold that opinion.) It made you curious to learn more about Venizelos and when I asked a person who knew him well just what was the quality that distinguishes him, the reply was: "Well, for one thing, Venizelos never says publicly what he doesn't say privately." And a man of that simplicity and candor is a rare, a very rare bird, among the statesmen who are run-

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Rural Canada

Farmers Object To Being Herded Like A Flock of Sheep

A FARMER—a *Rural Canada* subscriber, from Locust Hill, York Co., Ontario—whose name is given in *Rural Canada* May issue, is typical of the *solid, thinking* farmers, who are coming in to see us, and writing us daily, saying in effect:

"I don't know how to tell you what I want to say, as I am not much good at writing, or speaking, but I can *think*, and I can *feel* and I just want to tell you to keep right on for I appreciate what you are doing for us; and lots more think as I do.

"I object to being herded *like a flock of sheep*, with other farmers, and just one or two men having all the say for us! One man will get up and talk a lot, or write a letter to a paper, and then people call that 'public opinion.' It's nonsense as we all know right well.

"I am for the United Farmers and organization, but we cannot afford to lose our heads; and we do not want everybody to be farmers."

You will want to read the rest of this deep, *true* testimonial, as given on page 3 of *Rural Canada* for May.

* * *

Rural Canada has established itself as *"a welcomed guest—a personality*—and different!" It has gotten into *the very hearts* of the *solid, thinking* rural people, who are the 'salt of the earth' and the back-bone of Canada.

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Rural Canada specializes on *Farming With Power*, the Farming business, and the Farm home.

It lives to serve its readers, to make farm life happier and better, and to make farming and farm home life easier and more attractive *through enslaving power* to do the work heretofore done by sweat and brawn.

* * *

A new day has dawned in Canadian farming. The tide has turned. Watch it rise!

You will need to read and follow *Rural Canada* in this new movement as it is leading the way.

Chas. C. Nixon

Editor and General Manager,
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Chas. C. Nixon, who believes in people who sign their names and show their faces so that we may all see and know whom we can trust!

ning the world to-day. Statesmen make their public utterances, not with the idea of throwing all the facts on the table, but with the purpose of affecting public opinion in a certain way, whatever way will serve the statesman's ends at that particular moment of expediency. Five years of war psychology have given them the propagandist point of view. Public opinion is a thing to be manipulated. To make a speech which has no purpose other than to clarify the situation, to address the public with simple candor, is a thing never dreamed of. In the present condition of the world, a statesman who will talk publicly as he talks privately, who will rid himself of pose and affectation, who will shake off the taint of self-consciousness, and look at the world objectively, and deal with the world in simple candor, such a man, in the present state of things can go a long way.

Mr. Sullivan goes on to show some of the trying and at the same time humorous handicaps under which the correspondents at Paris work. The French censors pass on all copy sent out for the United States and do it by methods all their own. The French censorship is very frank, and the newspapers simply leave blanks where the blue pencil is at work. Here is a typical story on the front page of a French daily:

AROUND THE GREEN TABLE
Transactions of the Peace Conference Yesterday

Then the reporter starts off:

"No one knows exactly what was decided yesterday. The delegates were reticent. We believe, however, that the Russian question..."

At that point the report breaks off in the middle of the sentence, and then comes a long blank space, in which the only words are:

"32 lignes censurées" (32 lines cut out by the censor).

The trustful reporter resumes:

"Perhaps the censor will permit us to say that at the conference yesterday afternoon . . ."

But the censor didn't and there follows another blank space marked as before—"32 lignes censurées—and the net total of the article remaining consisted of the concluding words: "The preliminary conference is expected to finish its work to-morrow morning."

At that the French editor was better off than the American correspondents. The French editor wrote his stuff and put it in the paper, and when his paper appeared the next day he knew exactly what had happened to it. At least, the thing was off his mind. But the American correspondent never knew. The American correspondent wrote his dispatch and took it to the Bourse Building where the French telegraph company and the French and American censors have their combined offices), and stuck it in a little wicket—and thereafter he had no means of knowing what had been its fate. He would not be able to see his paper for four or five weeks. His editors across the Atlantic could not know whether or not any particular dispatch had been censored. It might happen that ten days or two weeks after the filing of the cablegram the correspondent would get a formal notice. This formal notice came, not from the censor—the censor was much too busy to bother with letting you know that he had thrown your dispatch in the wastebasket. The notice came from the telegraph company to tell you that the dispatch hadn't been sent, and that you could come around and get your money back.

World Owes 200 Billions

Gross Indebtedness Has Mounted During War Period From 27 Billions

THE gross indebtedness of the nations of the world has arisen in four years from 27 to more than 200 billion dollars, according to a statement prepared by the Mechanics and Metals National

Bank of New York. According to this statement, the indebtedness of the seven nations which were chiefly engaged in carrying forward the Great War amounted to 194 billion dollars on Jan. 1, 1919, Great Britain and Germany having the largest debts of any of the belligerents, France being third after these countries, while next in turn were Austria-Hungary, Russia, the United States and Italy. The United States came into the war after the other nations, and that fact set it apart from the common trend, notwithstanding that war expenditures here from 1917 forward were more than those of any other single belligerent.

According to the statement:

The indebtedness of Great Britain, which in the middle of 1914 represented a mortgage equal to 4 per cent. of the nation's wealth, now represents a mortgage equal to more than 44 per cent. of that wealth. The indebtedness of Germany, which in 1914 represented a mortgage of 6 per cent. of Germany's national wealth, now represents a mortgage of nearly 50 per cent of that wealth. For Austria-Hungary the increase has been to 60 per cent of the nation's wealth, for France and Russia to 45 per cent., and for the United States 8 per cent.

Comparison of the Jan. 1, 1919, figures with the national debt figures as they stood at the outbreak of the war, on August 1, 1914, is given as follows:

Gross Debt of	Aug. 1, 1914	Jan. 1, 1919
United States ..	$ 1,000,000,000	$ 21,000,000,000
Great Britain ...	3,500,000,000	40,000,000,000
France	6,500,000,000	30,000,000,000
Russia	4,600,000,000	27,000,000,000
Italy	2,800,000,000	12,000,000,000
Entente Nations..	$18,400,000,000	$130,000,000,000
German Empire and States	$ 5,200,000,000	$ 40,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	3,700,000,000	24,000,000,000
Teutonic Nations.	$ 8,900,000,000	$ 64,000,000,000
Gross Debt, All..	$27,300,000,000	$194,000,000,000

Vast as the above figures are, the debt obligations of the nation will not end even here, says the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, commenting, in a recent issue, on these figures.

A gross total of 194 billion dollars for the countries given, acknowledge only the war indebtedness, as added to the indebtedness of 1914. It makes no allowance for obligations to be incurred for further military purposes, for the demobilizing of armies, and for pensioning them. Nor does it allow for the restoration and replenishment expenditures that will impose upon the nations the duty to incur further loans. There will be, beside the expense of demobilizing the armies, the work of rebuilding and restoring, of housing on an unparalleled scale and of roadmaking. There will be the imperative need of agricultural development, shipbuilding and the improvement of transportation, to say nothing of schemes of economic and social reform that are regarded as absolutely essential to future national efficiency.

The bank concludes with a few cheering thoughts on the ability of the world to wipe out its debts if business develops along sound lines.

The determining factor of the whole matter in the future will, after all, lie not so much in the bulk of indebtedness as in the productive power of the people who support the indebtedness. Depending upon the wealth production of the people, the support of war debts will be governed accordingly, and debts will be wiped out not by any repudiation or conscription, but by encouraging industry, trade, commerce and economic activity of every kind.

Grinding the Danes

How Germany Tried to Prussianize the Conquered Slesvig

UNDER the terms of the Peace Treaty, the people of Slesvig-Holstein will have an opportunity to decide whether they will stay under German rule or go back to Denmark. There may be some doubt as to the decision of the Holsteiners, who are largely German; but the decision of Slesvig is beyond any question. Slesvig has always remained Danish in heart, despite the grim and thoroughly Prussian methods of stamping out the spirit of the people. According to Karl Larsen in *The Nation*, the Germans tried to Prussianize Slesvig, but failed completely. Of their methods, he writes:

Foremost was the effort to suppress the Danish language. War was waged on it in the press and the church, in meetings and associations, through the courts and the administration, and most of all the common schools. In fact, the common schools soon became the chief tool of Germanization. First, a reasonable amount of instruction in German was required; then German was made the vehicle of instruction in many classes; and finally, Danish was almost completely forced out of the schools. Nothing remained but a few periods of optional religious instruction in the mother tongue. Sometimes even this instruction was given at a time when the other children were on the play-ground, or requests for it were denied, and Danish children were intimidated by abusive language. There were many other examples of petty persecution of school children. They were punished for speaking Danish on the playground, and were forced to sing hated songs, such as "I am a Prussian Lad." Not content with this, Prussian officials forbade all private instruction in the Danish language and made every effort to hinder parents from sending their children to schools in Denmark.

Repeatedly the Danes complained of these abuses, and called attention to the disastrous effect on the schools as a whole. In vain they made the modest request that two hours a week be allowed for instruction in the Danish language. Most of all they hated the political purpose back of the language regulations. "I see in this arrangement of the school system," said Lassen in the Reichstag, "a war on Danish nationality as a whole. I see in it efforts directed to the uprooting of Danism as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. But our nationality we neither can nor will ever resign."

When appeals failed, the Slesvigers organized to preserve their mother tongue. When Danish was driven out of the public schools, they organized private schools; when these were closed, they sent their children to Denmark to school; that, too, was prohibited, and returning to the methods of more primitive days, they employed itinerant schoolmasters. Finally Danish instruction in the homes was also forbidden, and still the children learned to use the tabooed speech. The Association for Promoting the Danish Language is active in establishing Danish libraries and distributing Danish books, and as a result the young Slesvigers speak excellent Danish.

In the church the first step was to put in pastors whose Danish was so wretched that the whole service became a farce. Later, German services were introduced as rapidly as possible. Many were the complaints of the pastors who had to preach German sermons to empty pews. Thus one pastor found on a Sunday an audience of one servant girl, and she understood no German. She had been sent by the family, who wished to be properly represented at divine services. The language situation led to the organization of free congregations, that have flourished in the face of police regulations. But if a man after much delay and red tape succeeded in getting out of the State church and into an independent congregation, his troubles were not at an end. Persecutions followed him even to the grave. "No tolling of bells, no prayer, no hymns must be

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Montreal, 14th May, 1919

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heard on the burial ground when members of the free congregations are laid at rest," and permission to have separate burial grounds was denied.

The establishment of German as the sole official language, and its exclusive use in the lower courts and the local assemblies also caused many annoyances to the Danish population. Often competent interpreters were not provided, and many a North Slesviger suffered when his only offence was his inability to use the German language. Bills written in a non-German language were not collectible. In no case were methods of the Prussian gendarmes and other officials more high-handed and unbearable than in their persecution of Danish meetings and organizations. Countless instances of the flagrant abuse of the police power in this respect occurred. Of late years the many "Turnvereins" have been special objects of persecution.

But nothing roused the police to action quite so quickly as the singing of Danish songs. According to an order now fifty years old, Danish songs that might stir up opposition to Prussia were forbidden, and the decision in individual cases was left entirely to the discretion of the police. Therefore no Scandinavian song was secure from the wrath of the gendarmes. As the interruption of Danish gatherings became a veritable obsession with them, songs that had been permitted for the last thirty or forty years were suddenly classed as dangerous. Fines and imprisonment were repeatedly imposed for the singing of old Danish folk songs, student songs and even religious songs—all of them most innocent and void of political significance. The Danes begged for a list of the tabooed songs, but as usual the Government was unwilling to limit the power of the police. As the war approached, the regulations controlling meetings were enforced with greater and greater stringency. Among the many instances the best known is that Roald Amundsen was forbidden to lecture in his own language on his discovery of the South Pole, because—and this was the only official reason given—the Norwegian language resembles the Danish too closely.

The determined efforts of Germany to merge this pitifully small people into an all-pervading Germanism furnishes an eloquent example of the stupidity of any attempt to attain uniformity by force. The persecuted people have developed a virile national consciousness and the fervor of martyrdom. Their rather indifferent adherence of half a century ago to the Danish language and institutions has been transformed into an ardent love for their mother tongue and a determined resistance to Germanization.

The Human Side of Ferdinand

Ex-Czar of Bulgaria Had Some Unusual Personal Traits

—

THE world has accepted a very low estimate of Ferdinand, the ex-Czar of Bulgaria. He is called "the Fox of the Balkans," and is generally depicted as thoroughly unscrupulous, cunning and debased. His record proves all that but it seems that, after all, he had some humanly decent traits. A young French man, Frank L. Schovell, accepted a position as a private secretary to Ferdinand in 1910, which was just shortly after Ferdinand had boldly announced the complete independence of Bulgaria and his own assumption of the title of Tsar. Schovell is now publishing in the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles based on his diary and he depicts Ferdinand as a man intensely interested in all things mechanical, a good father and a possessor of some rather unusual traits. The young princes do not appear as favorably as the father; they are selfish and snobbish young puppies, with most of the faults that are usually attributed to those born in the purple.

Space allows for only a few extracts from the diary:

Thereupon he took me into a small adjoining salon and went in quest of the Tsar, who made his appearance a few minutes later, walking with a heavy step. When one is king and half a Bourbon, one is entitled to have the gout betimes!

Simply, with a very charming smile, he gave me his hand, which is slender and heavily beringed, asking me abruptly, "So you, a Frenchman, and, I presume, a republican, are willing to enter the service of a king who, by definition and profession, can be nothing of the sort. Are you not ashamed to associate with me?"

I replied that I did not feel ashamed; that my conscience would, without apprehension, adapt itself to my temporary employment, and that I was not an anarchist. A few minutes' conversation, which was briefly a profession of friendship and high esteem for M. Lavisse, and our interview came to an end with a 'Till we meet at Brussels' from Ferdinand.

The truth is, Ferdinand seems gifted with an extraordinary memory. He furnished new and striking proofs of this in the pavilion of the jewelers of rue de la Paix. Precious stones seem to have no secrets for him. He knows all the methods of cutting, every variety of pearl, all the details of the process of setting, as if he were a professional jeweler; and the surprise shown by all the experts, who vied with each other in laying before him their most beautiful pieces, reached its climax when he exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, were I not a king, I should be a jeweler!"

His endurance is extraordinary. Despite the difficulty which walking, or even standing, causes him, he stopped long before each show-case and gave to each exhibitor the impression that, were his time his own, he would stop even longer. How many times a day he flatters somebody's self-esteem! And how cleverly he puts in practice the maxims of La Rochefoucauld!

Tuesday, July 12.—I accompanied the Tsar to Antwerp. We traveled in the beautiful car which brought Ferdinand from Sofia to Paris. During the journey, His Majesty had me read to him, in the salon, articles from Belgian and German newspapers, interrupting me from time to time to point out, now the cathedral of Malines, rising from the heart of the old city, and again, the first fortresses of the intrenched camp at Antwerp, with which he seems to be very well acquainted.

We had hardly arrived, when we made a spurt for the zoological garden—literally a spurt, for Ferdinand recovers the agility of youth when it comes to visiting a zoo. We spent at least two hours with the animals. His Majesty is a terror for exact ethnological knowledge; he knows the Latin names of every species without looking at the signs, and never makes a mistake as to their habitat.

Dined to-night with the princes. Their idea of politeness differs from mine: being probably well aware that I know absolutely no Bulgarian, they talked nothing but Bulgarian during the whole meal, to Weich, an Austrian of the suite, when they might easily have spoken French or German. Their father would have acted differently.

Vienna, Wednesday, July 27.—I traveled alone from Paris to Vienna. Ferdinand had excused me from turning aside with him to Coburg, where he went with his sons to celebrate some anniversary or other. M. de Bourboulon had warned me of Ferdinand's cult for anniversaries. Every day he turns over the records of his own life and of those of his parents and kindred. There is not a day in the year when something sad or merry has not happened—birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, accession

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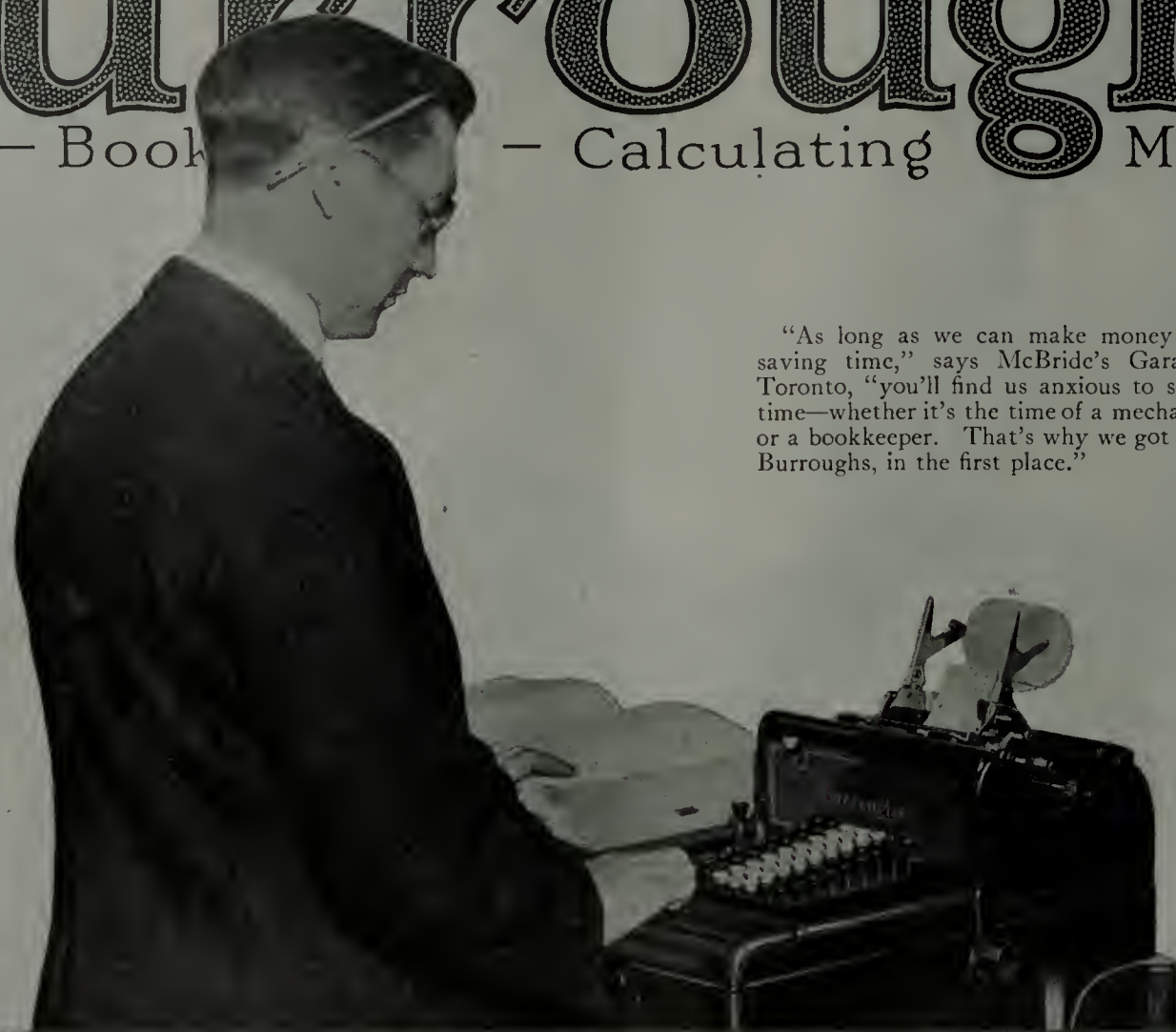

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to the throne, a fine shot, extreme unction—to some one of his kin. And he remembers the said event on the said day; he arranges his trips carefully, so as to be in a given place at a given hour. In short, Ferdinand is both superstitious and sentimental, and to such a degree that he doesn't like to part with flowers which he has picked or which have been given him. He likes to take his bouquets with him on his journeys, until they are reduced to dust; and even then I am not sure that he doesn't preserve their ashes in a priceless urn.

Saturday, July 30.—I have discovered a new quality in Ferdinand: he is the best of teachers for his sons. He knows how to interest without over-tiring them. He instructs them almost without their knowing it. It surely will not be his fault if they grow up dunces, for he takes infinite pains to explain everything he shows them. Moreover, the princes are just as good pupils as their father is a teacher.

Arctic Versus Tropical Travel

A Comparison of Methods and the Results Obtained

WHY is it that the world lends so rapt an attention to the exploits of the arctic explorers and hears so little of the work of the men who break new ground through the tropics? Such is the plaint of Theodore De Booy in the *Scientific Monthly*. He contends that the tropical explorer has infinitely greater hardships to contend with and moreover achieves results of infinitely greater value. It must be confessed that there is a great deal of truth in what he says and that on the face of things there is no reason why the work of the arctic traveler should have been glorified beyond the work of the brave and audacious men who have plunged into the jungle's fastnesses.

The comparison that the writer gives, while somewhat biased, is worth consideration:

Does not the jungle provide all that is necessary towards a happy existence? Else why the breadfruit and the banana? And does not the coco palm provide the material for the building of houses, the making of hats, the manufacturing of mats and clothing and at the same time provide food in varied form? The tropical explorer asks for funds only in order to spend more time on the hotel veranda and, once in the bush, needs naught beyond the abundant resources of nature! As a result, with but few exceptions, the tropical expedition is all too scantily furnished with funds. Why trouble with clothing? The natives dispense with it. Why carry instruments or medicines? The tropical climate makes the latter unnecessary and, as for the instruments, why trouble to take observations when *per se* the tropical explorer is discredited before even leaving his native shores?

And now, let us see what happens when the field of exploration is actually reached. I am not qualified to speak of arctic conditions from personal experience, but any reader of arctic literature will agree with me that the situation as I shall show it is more or less in accord with general experiences. As a parallel, I shall show what the tropical equivalents are and leave the reader to decide upon the verdict.

The arctic explorer leaves his base. He is generally accompanied by a goodly party, which makes traveling all the jollier. The provisions, be they ample or be they scant, are packed on sleds, drawn by trusty dogs. Generally the trusty dogs are too trusting, as they not infrequently wind up their useful career as nourishment for the explorers. Progress over the ice is fairly rapid and at times easy, especially when the explorers are riding on the sleds. One can see in all directions. There are no hostile inhabitants to contest the right to visit the region. It is cold, but the special clothes that are worn go far towards alleviating this hardship. Camp is made at night, after covering perhaps as much as twenty or more miles, a satisfactory day's progress. No time is lost in setting up the small tents and in preparing the food with liquid fuel. Outside of the cold, one is quite content.

The tropical explorer leaves his base. He usually travels alone or at the best with but one companion. No matter who the chief of the party is, he will usually quarrel with his associates before the expedition has progressed very far. This is due not to a mean streak in his make-up, but to the irritating effect of the climate and the mosquitoes. None but two saints—and these are scarce upon the earth—would travel a hundred miles through the tropical bush without having at least one violent quarrel. On leaving the base, certain provisions have to be taken along. The tropical forest is not nearly so generous with its gifts as one hears mentioned. The provisions that are taken weigh a great deal and have to be transported on the backs of the carriers. One is lucky to obtain sufficient carriers. Generally, the demand is far greater than the supply, so that, in the end, the amount of food that goes with the explorers is pitifully small. However, the tropical explorer is by nature optimistic and generally risks the chance of being unable to obtain game during his stay in the jungle. Of the food carried, at least

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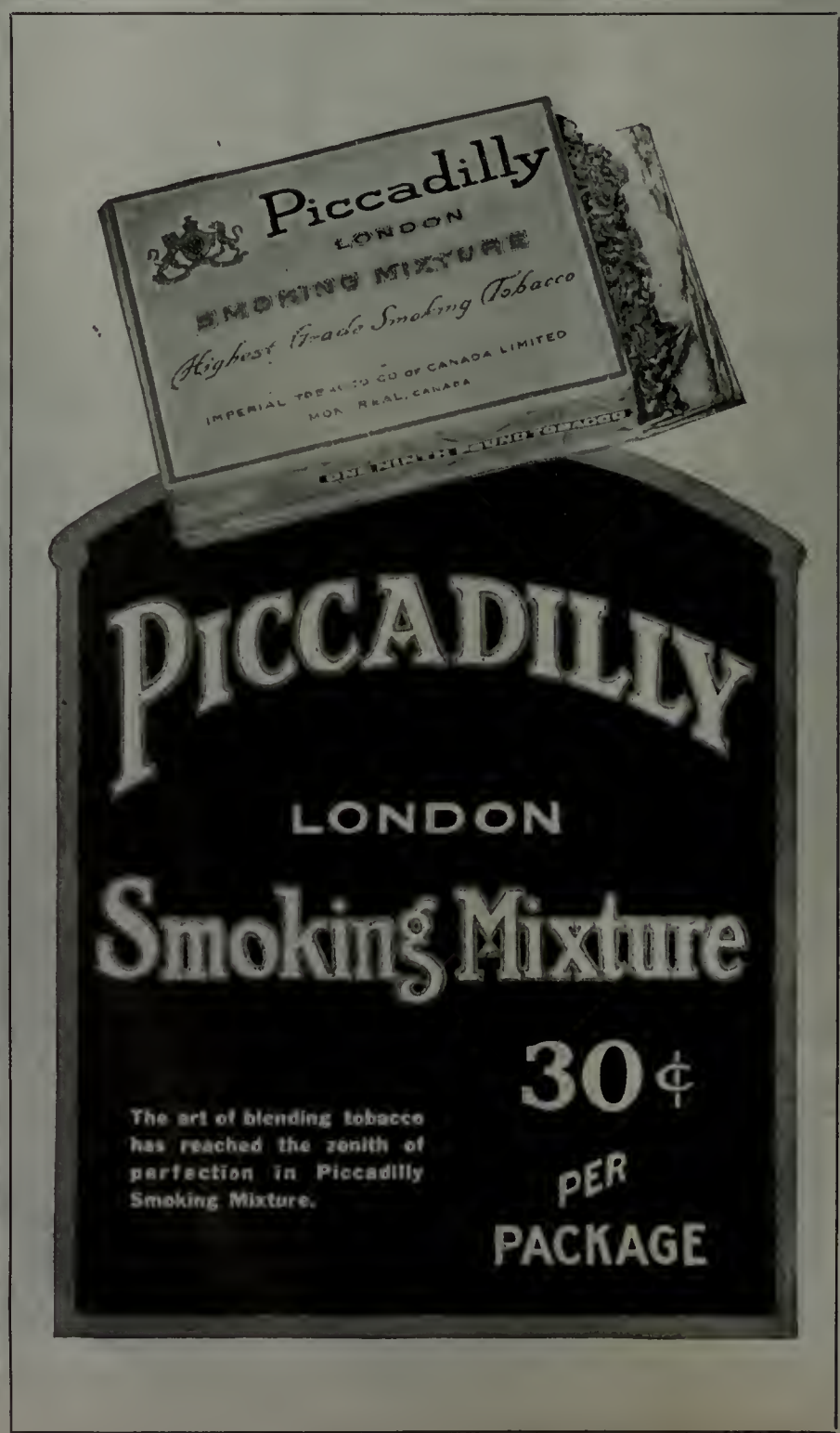

fifty per cent. will spoil on the trip. This is mostly due to the intense humidity that is experienced. The daily progress made depends entirely upon the nature of the country. Sometimes it is as much as ten miles per day and often it is as little as four miles per day. Under the most unfavorable circumstances it means a slow, laborious cutting through the dense underbrush which is fatiguing and trying on the nerves. The thorns, with which so many bushes are plentifully endowed, do not fail to exact a bloody toll from the explorer. The thousand and one insect varieties lose no time to apply for their quota of the traveler's blood. Again, hostile Indians may be met with, and these may carry out what the insects tried to do, and put a final stop to progress in the desired direction. It is at last decided to make camp at night. Some leaves are cut and a temporary shelter is hastily erected. The more hastily this is done, the surer it is to rain that very night. By dusk, one begins to consider cooking a meal. Despite all the fallen giants of the forest, there is nothing harder to find than dry firewood in the tropics. At last a smouldering fire, with much smoke, has been created. Just about then, the mosquito outposts have spread the news to their far-off brethren that a newcomer is in the forest.

The arctic explorer travels on. One day's progress is not much different from another. Sometimes it snows and sometimes it is clear. Always he can see the road ahead. His provisions get low after a while, but he is still able to press on with comparatively little fatigue. At last the goal is fairly near. If it is reached and he returns in safety, a new discovery is hailed by press and public. If he fails, the return voyage provides him with ample leisure to explain, ingeniously, wherein the failure lay and how it was caused. The return of the arctic explorer is hailed with joy and he has even less difficulty than before in obtaining funds for a new expedition. Should failure mean death, his widow is fêted, honored and made to publish reminiscences of her husband. As for the lonely corpse upon the ice floe, it is generally discovered in later years.

The tropical explorer travels on. There is a startling variety in the experiences of each day. Sometimes he travels through the dense underbrush, combating with nature at every step, cutting down the very effective barriers of jungle which seem to defy his attempts at exploring the mysteries that lie beyond. Again, the trail leads over forbidding mountains. On the summits of these a cold is experienced that eclipses any cold suffered in the arctic. The explorer lacks all means to protect himself against these climatic changes. After a while he strikes a swampy region where the dreaded miasma covers the landscape with a mantle of death. Wild animals, wild Indians and wilder insects conspire against the traveler's happiness and peace of mind. Provisions get low. The tortured explorer, racked by fever, covered with insect bites and sores, enfeebled from lack of food, continues only because he knows that he is nearer to his goal than to his base. And if he reaches his goal? The few that hear of his success must needs consult a map to learn of his achievement. His friends regard his claims to recognition with scant concern and are too much inclined to dwell upon the delights of the tropics to take the narrative of his hardships seriously. The explorer is forgotten before he was ever remembered. He is forced to return to his tropics where nature at least does not belittle his attempts at solving the mysteries of the Beyond, but appears to feel that the great obstacles she places in his way serve but to heighten his achievement. And if the explorer fails to reach his goal? It would not be well to dwell upon the nature of his death. Maybe some kindly Indian arrow made it short. May be he lingered long, deserted by his carriers, tortured by insects, with fever visions that accentuated his agony, helpless to proceed, helpless even to do more than wish for a speedy ending. So have the tropics taken toll, century after century.

And now for the results. The arctic, practically all explored, and we have arrived at the realization that, while the scientific results of the expeditions are beyond price, the practical results have yet to be demonstrated. The tropics, partially explored, and the world has been enriched with new lands, new minerals, new drugs and a wider outlook. The pioneer, the explorer, has been forgotten, but the settled areas that resulted directly from his labors and his sufferings are monuments more impressive than those an ungrateful public failed to erect.

From "Passing Show," London.

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A New Country Created as a Result of the Great War

Small Mohammedan State Becomes a Kingdom

IN looking over the names of the countries "allied against Germany," when the Peace terms are presented, the average reader probably met two or three, at least, with which he was not very familiar. The "Kingdom of the Hejaz" has but recently received headlines in the papers—but it had as many representatives at the Peace Conference as Canada. In the *Independent* Lewis R. Gannett writes interestingly of the romance of the country and of its Anglo-Arabian Major-General.

After the principal Allies had been allotted their quotas at the Peace Conference, there was a belated announcement that the Kingdom of the Hejaz would be given two seats. That little Arab kingdom, recognized by France and England as a belligerent Ally in 1916, had been left out, but Faisul, third son of the King of the Hejaz (or, as the King prefers to be called, Cherif of Mecca), and a young English colonel named Lawrence, who had been adopted into the family of the descendants of the prophet Mohammed and was a major-general in Faisul's Arab army, made a few spirited remarks about the share of the Arab army in the liberation of Syria and the feelings which those Arabs might entertain if omitted from the Peace Conference; and the Kingdom of Hejaz secured its two seats.

The Hejaz itself is a small strip on the west coast of Arabia, but it includes the holy cities of Medina and Mecca, and its ruler is the Cherif of Mecca, descendant of the Prophet himself, head of a family with a venerable history of nine hundred years as guardian of the holy relics. Housein, the Cherif, was Governor under the Turks; his sons were brought up in exile at Constantinople. Even before the war Arab secret societies had been working towards independence; the Cherif's second son, Abdul, had been active in one of these societies in Mesopotamia; the Turks, on entering the war, discovered records of others in Syria and hanged some hundreds of their chiefs, deporting thousands more to Asia Minor. (Arabs speak one language from the Euphrates to the seacoast, and from Suez to the mountain ranges of Asia Minor. To the Arab Syria is simply a region where Arabs, a few of whom are Christians, live more settled industrial lives; there is no word for "Syria" in the Arab tongue.)

Late in 1915 the Cherif of Mecca sent a letter to the Governor of Egypt stating that he wanted to revolt against the Turks, but that, without arms and supplies, it was impossible. So, when the Cherif took Jedda, the port of Mecca, in January, 1916, British guns and ammunition and food met him there, in charge of a group of British officers. Among them was Lawrence, an Oxford man who had spent some years straying about the Near East, digging up Hittite ruins, studying the military architecture of the Crusaders, even on occasion doing engineering work on the Bagdad railway, and in the course of it all learning Arabic and a great deal about the Arabs. He is a blue-eyed, fair-haired man, still in his twenties; on his Paris work-table lie volumes of Samuel Butler and Joseph Conrad, Epictetus, Wordsworth, and Walter de la Mare; but he is the romantic hero of the Arab rebellion.

Slowly the revolt spread, moving northward along the coast. Mecca was taken; Medina remained in the hands of a Turkish garrison because the Turks stored Mohammed's tomb with explosives and made known their intention of destroying it in case the town was attacked, thus effectively protecting it against Moslem troops. In a year the Hejaz was free from Turks (except for Medina, which did not surrender until after the armistice); in July, 1917, Akaba, as the shoulder of the Sinai peninsula, was taken and a junction effected with General Allenby's army from Egypt. As the Arab army moved on, its constitution changed. Bedouins do not like to wander far from their home deserts and oases; as new districts were liberated, the southern troops drifted homeward and more northern tribes came under Faisul's flag. With them went the Cherif Lawrence, clad as an Arab, speaking the Arab tongue, as officer of both British and Arab armies. Wherever the army went, all the way from Jerusalem to Damascus, local Arabs rose and drove out the Turks; so that the Syrians have reason to feel that they shared in their own liberation, and are proud of it. The British War Office invested £10,000,000 in the venture and found it well spent.

Faisul, son of the Cherif of Mecca and King of the Hejaz, represents his father's Kingdom at the Peace Conference. In this capacity he asks only that the Great Powers aid him to collect the stolen treasures belonging to the Hejaz, which are now somewhere in Turkey, and then leave the Hejaz alone. But he also represents a belligerent army of Syrian Arabs. That is why the French at first opposed his presence at the Peace Conference, for as representative of the army he stands in the way of the French claim to Syria. He, too, wants a unified Syria, but he wants an independent Syria placed merely temporarily under a mandatory of the League of Nations.

The United States is his preferred mandatory, partly because he realizes that British control would increase French jealousy, and partly because he believes that the United States would be more disinterested. If the United States will not accept the mandate—the request has been made unofficially and the unofficial reply has intimated a refusal—the second choice is England. The last choice is France. France, Faisul declares, has maintained order in Algeria and made it materially prosperous; but Algeria under French control has not produced a native who can write good Arabic or a single real Arabic scholar. "First-class sham Frenchmen" have been produced, not first-class Arabs. Faisul believes in Arabic culture. He wants railways and electrical power-stations and drainage and agricultural machinery and schools in Syria; but he wants a sympathetic mandatory by his side to see that the railways and the industrial developments are not used to hold down his fellow-countrymen; and he wants the schools to be Arab schools, with a reverence and respect for a great tradition. Colonel Lawrence speaks with enthusiasm of modern Arabian poetry, which, he says, is untranslatable; of revolutionary songs which cannot be rendered into English because of their peculiarly Oriental beauty and their peculiar Oriental indecency; of a silkweaving art and glass-work which the West cannot even imitate; and of an Arabic adaptability which makes even the modern buildings of Aleppo, obviously built on Western models, somehow wholly Eastern and beautiful.

According to Colonel Lawrence, interpreting the thought of Faisul, Egypt and India have cost the British Empire nothing, and the Soudan will soon pay; why would it not be possible to raise a loan for the infinitely more fertile Syria, and guarantee it by the customs? In fifteen years, he believes, Syria could stand on its own feet. In the meantime the assistance it needs should be disinterested, and come from a nation responsible to the League of Nations rather than from one seeking a colonial empire.

When Eisner Was Shot

Journalist Tells How Landtag Heard the News

CONDITIONS in Munich during the revolutionary days of February, when Kurt Eisner, the journalist who rose from obscurity to the head of the democratic Government in a few weeks, was murdered, are graphically described in the *Nation* by an American newspaperman. He was in Munich that day of the killing, and even had intruded into the Landtag press gallery the hour that Eisner's murder was announced to the Assembly. He writes first of his room in the "quietest street," and then tells how he heard the news:

"You will find," said my friend, "that the Baseler Hof is the quietest hotel in the quietest street in Munich—but it is very convenient." Just at this moment, as I sit in my room in the aforesaid Baseler Hof, the machine guns in the quietest street in Munich are rumbling, and the crack of rifles is incessant. I dare not open my window to look out, for every time I have tried it someone calls: "Head in, or I'll shoot"—and the head comes in. But I can see out of my window. The firing party is just beyond my vision, but I can see the flashes. Civilians come running by for cover. A street light shines right down upon as picturesque a group of reserve soldiery as ever a De Neufville painted. The quietest street in Munich, and not two hundred yards away men are being killed by their brothers!

The day began well. My impudence in calmly walking in and demanding a seat in the journalists' gallery of the Landtag met its just reward. A representative of the American press at this historic opening session of the first democratic Landtag in Bavaria—"Well, really, mein Herr!" The session was just about to begin, the journalists' box was already more than filled—and what papers had mein Herr with which to identify himself? "Here is my American passport, here my Paris pass as a Peace Conference correspondent, here my visiting card." "But what is there to show that you are connected with the *Nation?*" I try to explain a rather intimate connection; suddenly it is unnecessary. Something about the name on the passport attracts. Is it possible that I am my father's son? Yes, indeed. "Well then, of course," he says, "here is a ticket to the box and good luck. I used to live in the Pfalz in Paris, where your father did."

The gentlemen in charge of the box are equally amazed. A colleague from America? Well, he will have to be content with standing room. He was well content with standing-room and in a minute was in the journalists' box directly opposite the "tribune" or dais, upon which the officials sit, looking down upon the gathering representatives. The correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* kindly pointed out the various dignitaries. That Minister there on the right was a locksmith's apprentice only a little while ago. Timm, the Minister of Education, on the left, is a tailor's son and was long a public school teacher. There is Auer, the Minister about whose head the storm is raging. He is the son of a sewing-woman—and left school at eleven to be a herdsman for eleven years. Yet this is aristocratic Bavaria. Then there is Rosshaupter, Minister of Military Affairs, to whom the Independent Socialists and Bolshevists are as much opposed as to Auer; he is charged with having been too kind to the officers of the old army. Several women delegates come in. "Think of that in Bavaria," adds my coach; "woman suffrage in hidebound, priest-ridden, old Bavaria. Then there is Professor Quidde, the chief of the Bavarian pacifists, of whose efforts to stop the war you must have heard in America. Now they are all here except the President, Kurt Eisner."

A moment later a very young man as pale as a sheet walked quite feebly to the platform. "That," said the voice by my side, "is Fechenbach, Eisner's secretary. What is wrong? Something must have happened to Eisner." At that moment a soldier dashed into the journalists' box. "Kurt Eisner is murdered," he called in a voice that startled the whole house; "Kurt Eisner has been shot"; and to prove it he held up the bloody eyeglasses of the Liberator of Bavaria.

I cannot exaggerate the shock to the Landtag. Everybody cries out: "Shame!" The galleries are more excited than the Landtag. Even the journalists join in. "Adjourn, adjourn!" they cry. Then comes the news that the assassin is the young Count Arco-Valley. The temporary President calls the meeting to order, and in a cool, calm voice announces the assassination of the President, and declares the meeting adjourned for an hour. Everybody goes out. The gravity of the situation is recognized at once. Eisner had intended to resign that morning, as soon as the Landtag should be organized, from the office he had held ever since leading the revolution in November. Now the bitter hatred of him cherished by the middle classes, the aristocracy, and the officials, big and little, and carefully fanned by the capitalistic press, had vented itself. That the murderer was a Count only made it worse. More than one declared that there would be bloodshed that night, and that Bolshevism would come to Bavaria. "I pity the Anti-Eisner press tonight," said one. "There will not be a stone left in the building of the *Muenchener-Augsburger Zeitung*." "You had better get away," declared my Frankfort friend to his wife; "things are likely to happen here."

Just at this point my newspaper instinct failed me. Remembering a noon engagement I went out to telephone that I could not keep it. When I came back in five minutes the way was blockaded. Journalists' passes were no longer of any avail, as others besides myself learned. We stood out disconsolate. But a representative from Vienna thought we should miss nothing and went off advising us all to stay indoors that night. "To-night blood will flow." I was left wondering what would happen next. Only two days ago, on my arrival in Munich, I ran right into the attempt of six hundred sailors to take the city by surprise in the interest of the reaction, and saw some of the fighting around the railway station. From what I witnessed at that time it was clear enough that four years of warfare had not been without their effect in accustoming all classes to the method of attaining their ends by violence; and now, with the hero of the people shot down by a member of the hated old ruling class, I could not help asking myself what was to be the result of this dastardly crime on the relations between Bavaria's rulers and her hungry and embittered population. What next in quiet Munich?

The answer came quickly enough. An officer dashed out of the Landtag crying out, "Auer is assassinated, Auer is assassinated—and Osel!" The news spread like wildfire. What happened, my friend of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* described later. "You may thank your lucky stars that you were not there. The Landtag had hardly assembled again and listened to a couple of tributes to Eisner, including one by Auer, when a man walked in and fired point blank at Auer. An officer dashed at him but was shot down. Then they began shooting from the galleries all around us. Osel was killed outright, and a clerk as well. Auer is not dead, but wounded. We journalists crawled out of that box on our hands and knees! I have seen terrible things and witnessed two attempts to assassinate kings, but I never saw anything like the panic and terror and flight and the general promiscuous shooting." I myself could add a little to the tale, for as I stood at the door, there came out a man with staring eyes and pale face, who gathered the soldiers at the doors about him. I moved nearer to hear what he said. He kindly remarked as he saw me: "There's another chap we ought to get." Two

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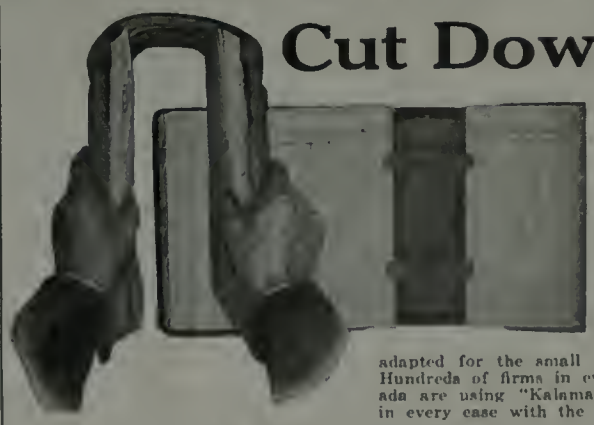

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soldiers urged me away. "Better go home. Something might happen to you here." The man walked off quietly with four soldiers. As he did so another came to me excitedly and said: "See that man? He's the fellow who just shot Auer and the others, and they are letting him run away!"

The news of Eisner's death went through the city as if it had wings. The effect was instantaneous. No one needed to be told that trouble was to come. The street cars stopped running, disappearing as if by magic. The restaurants on the main streets hastily closed, and the shops one and all pulled down their heavy roll shutters. As I went out to lunch I met long processions of workmen—pale and gaunt and lean—so over-worked, starved, and hungry-looking as to move any heart. They had laid down their work and declared simultaneously without consultation a three-day general strike. To every well-dressed man they cried out, "We'll get square with the aristocrat who killed our Eisner." In less than three hours the stage was all set for civil war. It was in the air.

Proclamations came thick and fast: first one from the Council of Workmen, Soldiers and Peasants declaring that the revolution was in danger and that a three-day strike was ordered. By four o'clock aeroplanes were flying over the city dropping proclamations: bits of white paper proclaimed that everybody must be indoors by seven o'clock; bits of blood-red paper declared a state of siege; anybody found on the street after seven o'clock would be arrested. Still another proclamation declared that anybody who stole or pillaged would be shot on sight. Troops were soon moving in every direction. There were no laggards in getting home when seven o'clock came. By seven-thirty there was firing under our windows, and now they are at it again.

Austria Will Become Third Rate Power

Peace Arrangements Will Cause an Immediate Decline

THE fate of Austria threatens to be the most dire of any of the belligerent countries. Under the peace arrangements Austria is certain to shrink from a first-class power to third class poverty. Its wealth will be torn from it and Vienna will in time dwindle to the status of a provincial town. The reasons for this prospective decline are shown by a writer signing himself Politicus in *The Fortnightly*. He says:

In consequence of the war the wealth of Vienna has disappeared. The German-Austrian landlords who derived their wealth from Polish, Bohemian, and Hungarian estates, will probably be expropriated by the Poles, Czechs, and Magyars. The aristocratic idlers of Vienna will have to turn to work. The wealthy financiers, bankers, and investors of Vienna, to whom the whole Empire was in debt, will be compelled to sell the bulk of their investments situated in non-German Austria, partly owing

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to the pressure which will be probably exercised upon them by the non-German peoples who will decline to continue paying tribute to Vienna, partly owing to the ruin which the war will undoubtedly inflict upon them. The Czecho-Slovaks, Poles, Serbians, etc., will create capitals of their own and will shun Vienna. With the disappearance of the Court and the wealthy aristocracy the glamor of Vienna will go. Vienna, which was the capital of a great empire, will become the principal town of a small State of 6,000,000 inhabitants. It stands to reason that a little nation of 6,000,000 people cannot maintain a capital inhabited by 2,000,000. Vienna's luxury industries will decline and decay. Prague, Bucharest, Warsaw, and Belgrade may put Vienna in the shade.

The Austro-Germans will suffer through the war in a two-fold manner. Their income, which was principally derived from the non-German districts, will be vastly reduced by the loss of their principal wealth-creating resources. In addition, they will be weighed down by the burden of the war-debt and of the indemnities which they will have to pay to the countries which the Austrian armies have devastated. During the war the Government of the Dual Monarchy has raised an enormous debt which was taken up chiefly by the financiers, bankers, and wealthy investors of Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The non-German portions of the Austrian Empire will, of course, refuse to take over their share. Consequently, the 6,000,000 Austro-Germans will have to assume a financial burden which would have been unbearably heavy to the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the Austrian Empire. The Austrian Government will therefore be compelled to repudiate the larger part, or the whole, of the national debt. The Austro-German bankers, financiers, and investors will consequently be ruined.

The new Austria will be an exceedingly small and poor country. German Austria will, of course, not be able to support a capital of 2,000,000 people. Vienna will in course of time become an insignificant provincial town with a rapidly declining population, and house property should be exceedingly cheap. Having lost its agricultural, mineral and industrial resources, and the bulk of its paper wealth, German Austria may become one of the poorest countries in the world. Possibly, its population will decline very quickly. It is, of course, conceivable that misfortune should cause the Austrian people to pull themselves together to make a new start. Agriculture and forestry in German Austria may be improved. Lack of coal may cause the Austro-Germans to convert their water-power into electricity. New resources may be discovered in the country. However, the greatest probability seems to be that German Austria will decline and decay, for the population lacks energy and enterprise. The Austrian manufacturers, bankers and business men will probably go to Bohemia, Poland, and other countries where conditions are more favorable for the exercise of their abilities, and the Austrian workers will emigrate by the hundred thousand from their ruined country to the more prosperous lands around them and to countries oversea. The position of Magyar Hungary is very similar to that of German Austria. Buda-Pesth may share the fate of Vienna. On the other hand, the Magyars have an advantage over Austria in the possession of the exceedingly fruitful Hungarian plain, the productivity of which can be enormously increased.

If German Austria should unite with Germany, Germany's population would be augmented not by 12,000,000, as is often asserted, but by only 6,000,000, and and that number may rapidly shrink if economic pressure and distress should lead to the reduction of the Austrian population. A German-Austrian reunion may take place, but it need not be a lasting and permanent union. It seems questionable whether the Germans and the Austrians will care to combine. The accession of an utterly impoverished and exhausted Austria might appear to the Germans rather a loss than a gain. Besides, the Austro-Germans themselves may no longer wish to become citizens of Germany. Their desire to enter the German Federation was exceedingly strong as long as the German Empire enjoyed its great prestige. At that time the Austro-Germans were anxious to become members of a State which was rapidly progressing, immensely wealthy and powerful, reputed invincible, and believed destined to achieve the dominion of the world. The glamor which surrounded Imperial Germany has disappeared. Austria has been disillusioned by the war. Many Austrians see in the Germans the cause of their downfall and of their sufferings, and they curse the day on which they went to war at the bidding of Berlin. During the course of the war the Germans have treated the Austrians, not as allies, but as underlings, with deliberate insolence and contempt. Vienna starved while Berlin feasted.

Austrian admiration of the Germans may give way to resentment and to bitter hatred. The Austro-Germans may endeavor to forget that they were ever a great and conquering nation. They will probably seek peace and rest, and they may strive to live their own life in humble and isolated insignificance. Possibly the Alpine portions of Austria which incline toward Switzerland may try to find security in joining that country. Vorarlberg may be the first province to undertake this step. I think those are mistaken who believe that the Austro-Germans desire to join the Germans of Germany with the object of embarking, at Germany's command, upon a war of revenge at the earliest opportunity. Very possibly, the great war has led not only to the downfall of Austria, but to its final extinction. It seems not inconceivable that in a few decades the stationary or shrinking population of Austria will have been absorbed by the surrounding Swiss, Italians, Czechs, Magyars, and Poles. Austria's military and economic strength, as that of Magyar Hungary, was derived from its subject nations. The war has knocked away the props on which both these States were erected. To-day Austria is only a shadow of its former self. In a century the State which at one time dominated the world may be but a remembrance, and its history may seem a romance or a fable to those who read it.

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Most Notorious Spy of the Age

Double-dealings of Azev, Head of Russian Terrorists

THE amazing story of a Russian spy, Evno Azev, is told in *The Twentieth Century* by C. E. Bechhofer; and never before, perhaps, has a recital of such colossal duplicity been laid bare. Azev was at one time the acknowledged leader of the Terrorists in Russia. He had planned and carried out two of the most successful assassinations of the period and was recognized as the most dangerous man in anarchistic circles. And all the time he was a police spy.

The story of Azev is told as follows:

If the official world was startled, what is to be said of the Terrorists themselves, and their fellow revolutionaries? If Sir Douglas Haig had suddenly in the middle of the war been discovered to be in the pay of the Kaiser, this could not have created more incredulity at first and horror and confusion afterwards, than did the unmasking of Azev among the Russian revolutionaries. The tried and trusted leader of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, the slayer of Plehve and the Grand Duke Serge, the initiator of a hundred other acts of terrorism and revolutionary propaganda, proved to be an *agent provocateur*! This, then, explained the party's baffling unsuccess, the arrest and execution of its leaders and bravest members, and the persistent failure of all their plans. And this was the explanation of Azev's admired fearlessness; the intrepid and elusive revolutionary had preserved himself from the clutches of the police by the continued betrayal to them of his comrades. For no less than sixteen years had Azev carried on his career of duplicity—an unprecedented period in the history of *agents provocateurs*—and during half this time he had been the chief initiator of all the most daring actions of the Party. No wonder that the revolutionary movement in Russia felt that by his unmasking its whole fabric had been torn across . No wonder too that the outside world saw with amazement that the Czar's own paid agent had been immediately responsible for the death of the Czar's Home Minister and of the Czar's uncle. Azev was the Rasputin of the revolutionary movement; through him was to be seen the full degradation of Russian political life under the old *regime*. But if Rasputin hastened the coming of the Revolution, Azev's treachery certainly postponed the natural course of events; the revolutionary movement was delayed until, as we have seen, it at last came upon a Russia almost exhausted by two and a half years of war and blockade. Not a little of the misfortune that has overtaken Free Russia must be set down to the activity of Azev.

Evno Azev was born in 1869 at Rostov-on-the-Don, the son of a poor Jewish tailor. In about his twentieth year, he became a reporter on the staff of a local paper and at the same time entered a business firm, which shortly afterwards he left under suspicion of theft. He now had sufficient money to go abroad, and in 1892 he went to Karlsruhe to study at its Polytechnical Institute, whence he later moved to Darmstadt in order to qualify as an electrical engineer. He passed his examinations brilliantly at the latter place in 1897, and was in consequence able to obtain a post in an electrical company at Berlin and afterwards at Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is significant that, after having lived in poverty the first four or five years abroad, he suddenly became richer; he put down this change in his circumstances to the kindness of a distant and, as later appeared, mythical benefactor; it is to be noted that in 1895 he had joined the revolutionary group which was later on to be the nucleus of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, and thus his value to the police had increased. At first, as a new comer, he could

not take an important part in the revolutionary work, and the reputation he had brought from Darmstadt was not of the most savoury; however, we learn that he was energetic in arranging revolutionary circles, collecting money and distributing 'illegal' literature among the Russian students' colonies in Germany and Switzerland. * By the end of the 'nineties he had already made himself widely known among the revolutionaries abroad as a capable person who was sympathetic with their aims, and on his return to Russia he carried recommendations to the active revolutionaries there. This was a crucial moment for the Russian revolutionary movement; the dawn of the new century was marked by the fusion of separate groups and the creation of a new and important organization, the Socialistic Revolutionary Party, which, in opposition to the ultra-scientific Marxians of the Social-Democratic Party, was to include those revolutionaries who relied rather on their own efforts than on the fatalistic march of economic events to change the face of Russian society. The outlook of the Socialistic-Revolutionary Party was summed up in its motto, 'In battle thou shalt obtain thy rights.' The chief weapon of the Party, at least in the eyes of its leaders, was the Terror, which, bad and terrible as it must seem to us, was nevertheless the only argument which had any effect upon the Russian aristocracy. If bullies are also cowards, the old *regime* was no exception to the rule. The new party was founded early in 1902, by which time Azev had at last succeeded in getting into close touch with some of the revolutionary leaders. Gershuni, the great Jewish leader of the Terrorists, became his intimate friend, and this friendship was one of the chief causes of Azev's rise to importance in the Party; a man who had Gershuni's confidence could not but be a revolutionary of the highest worth and ability. When the Party was formed, Gershuni gathered round himself a Fighting Organization of a dozen or so members, whose task was the actual carrying out of the Terror. In 1903 Gershuni, so much was he impressed by Azev's spirit and ability, appointed the latter, who was already a member of the Central Committee of the Party, to be his successor as head of the Fighting Organization, should death or arrest cut short his own career. And sure enough in the same year Gershuni was arrested—though apparently not Azev, but a less prominent informer was responsible for this—and Azev, the police spy, took his place. The new leader of the Terrorists promptly went abroad to reconstitute the Fighting Organization and to prepare the assassination of Plehve, the brutal and reactionary Home Minister.

It is interesting to consider by what means Azev gained his influence over such men as Gershuni. First, his success may be ascribed to his remarkable energy; where the vast majority of the members of the Party were highly strung, emotional men and women, Azev was a strong-willed and imperturbable man of action. 'Formerly,' said one famous Revolutionary, Michael Gotz, 'we had a romantic at our head—that was Gershuni; now we have a realist—Azev. He does not care to talk, he scarcely opens his lips, but he carries out his intention with iron energy and no one can prevent him.'

His very appearance proved how little doubt or remorse would be able to deflect him from his task. Two descriptions out of many may serve to show the first impression his appearance made upon people.

It was in the Autumn of 1906 (writes one). The door was thrown open before me and through it plunged 'Ivan Nikolaevich' (Azev), an obese man, with pendent lips like a negro's, and a dull inexpressive face; he stood sideways to me and, without looking me in the face, he held out a puffy hand like a merchant's; he spoke with a kind of broken, uneven voice.

*A full account of Azev's early career, as indeed of his whole activity, is given in the *Zakliucheniye sudebno-sliedstvennoi komissiy po dielu Azeva*, the report of the revolutienary commission of inquiry into the Azev affair, published by the Socialist-Revolutionary Party in 1911.

A quaint U.E. Loyalist House on Bath Rd., near Kingston, Ontario. Built 1793 by Wm. Fairfield, a pioneer of Ernestown. The house has been occupied for four generations and is in a fine state of preservation.

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And Dr. David Soskice, in what was by far the best account of Azev's past that appeared at the time of his unmasking, gave an account of his first meeting with the Terrorist leader:

I could find in 'Ivan Nicolævich' not the slightest trace of the man who stakes his life for his ideals. His stout, well-nourished, well-clad figure, short neck, and broad, round face, with its very thick and sensual lips, flat nose and carefully cropped hair, was of that international type of professional financier you can meet upon every Stock Exchange in Europe.

Dull and brutish in appearance, but a dissimulator and intriguer of the first water; silent in words, but virile in plots; imperturbable as a rule, but at times distraught and hysterical; at home a tender husband and father, but in secret a shameless debauchee; one day successfully arranging the assassination of a Minister, the next betraying a poor tool of his own to the gendarmerie; the ruler of the Terrorists, and the slave of the Okhrana—Azev was a sinister and monstrous dual personality.

There is no mystery about Azev's attitude throughout his career. He was neither a revolutionist who had sought to help the cause by entering the hostile camp of the police, nor an adherent of the old *regime*, who had allied himself with the revolutionaries in order to bring their plots to naught; he was a self-centred intriguer whose only conscious aims were money and debauchery.

After his flight from Paris Azev succeeded in shaking the Party, dazed by the revelation of his treachery, off his track. Rumors passed current about him, sometimes to the effect that he had been caught by the revolutionaries and had committed suicide, sometimes that he was occupying a safe and well-paid post in the *Okhrana*. In 1910, according to M. Bourtseff, the Russian Embassy at Brussels sought to betray Azev to the party, but he escaped. In August, 1912, he wrote to M. Bourtseff and had an interview with him at Frankfort; he told him that his one aim as a Terrorist had been Tsaricide and (as was indeed true) that he had almost succeeded in this. At the outbreak of the War, he is said to have been thrown into prison in Berlin by the German Government as a suspicious character. What has since happened to this sinister personality is known to few, but it is supposed that he has for some time past been editing the Bolshevik newspaper which the German Government, past and present, has produced for the edification of the Russian prisoners in Germany.

How Poland Was Saved

Musician and Socialist General Buried Hatchet For Country's Good

PADEREWSKI—Pilsudski—Poland!

The story of these three P's—how Paderewski and Pilsudski sank their differences for the sake of another P—patriotism—is told by Dr. Vernon Kellogg, Hoover's right-hand man in Belgian Relief Work, in *World's Work*:

Poland under Russia, Austria, and Germany was really always Poland; the Polish national spirit has always existed. And there have always been Polish patriots, active in the measure possible to them, to lead forlorn hopes and secret enterprises against the oppressor. It depended on where the patriot lived, and his own personal experience of feeling whether the particular oppressor to be resisted was Russian, Austrian, or German. It is fair to say that there has been general Polish belief that Austria was less oppressively the oppressor than either of the others. But under all three, Poles were not free men.

Josef Pilsudski always believed that Russia was the Great Oppressor; there is no doubt that she was the oppressor on the grandest scale, for she had many more Poles under her control than had either Germany or Austria.

Pilsudski believed that Russia was the greatest enemy of Poland—and acted on that belief. How he acted before the war came is not exactly public information; but I am assured that he acted. He might perhaps justly have been called a Nihilist, if by that name we mean a man not only willing but eager to kill a Czar on sight—and who is always trying, in one way or another, to get the sight.

But anyway, Pilsudski's opportunity came with the war. He could fight in the open against Russia and he could get other Poles to fight with him. He organized the Polish legions of the Austrian army. Russia forced some Poles to fight in her armies; Germany did the same. But more Poles fought with the Austrians than with either of the other countries. And Pilsudski was their leader. It is more than probable that he saw, with his eyes of patriot and enthusiast, these Polish legions as the nucleus of the future Polish army which should fight any country, even Austria, for Polish freedom.

When the war ended it was only natural that the leader of the principal body of Polish soldiers, and the man who had always been the leader of Polish attempts against the Great Oppressor; should become the first head of new Poland. So Pilsudski became Chief of State and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish army.

But Pilsudski was a Socialist; an extreme Socialist. And he gathered about him a Cabinet of Socialists, some of them also extreme Socialists. In his Cabinet of eighteen ministers, ten, including the Prime Minister, belonged to the Socialist and Peasants parties, one was a Radical, one was a Polish Progressive, one, the Minister of Public Health, a Conservative, and five confessed to no particular political affiliations and held themselves aloof from the Government's political programme. Incidentally, these five included the ablest men in the Cabinet, while among the Socialist and Peasants party representatives were several notoriously incompetent—if not worse. It was not a strong Cabinet, nor one fitted to inspire among the Allies much confidence in the stability and political character of the new Polish Government.

Pilsudski himself is a patriot, a good soldier, a man of much shrewdness and native capacity. Withal he has individual color and rather an attractive personality. Despite a serious mien, plain face, and bristling roached hair, he has a quick smile and eyes of such a kindly twinkling when one dares lightness of speech that one leaves an audience with him with the impression of having had a pleasant conversation with a man of swift intelligence and a sense of humor.

But the Allies could not recognize the Pilsudski Government. Indeed, not even all of Poland did. Posen and Galicia held themselves apart; the Pilsudski Government was really only a Socialist Government of what had been Russian Poland. Yet Pilsudski himself was the logical choice for head of the Government. What to do? What really was done?

The thing of importance for new Poland that happened was the arrival of Paderewski, the second P. The Polish National Committee, seated in Paris, and the Club of Parties, the strongest national organization in new Poland, had already tried to come to some understanding with General Pilsudski as to the representation and form of organization which the new Government of reunited and free Poland should have. A delegate from the Paris Committee came to Warsaw, held conferences with the leaders of the various parties and, finally, at the end of December, presented to Pilsudski a project for the reorganization of the Cabinet. But nothing changed. Matters rested, until the thing of importance, the coming in December of Paderewski from America to Danzig, thence to Posen, and finally to Warsaw, really happened. Then matters rapidly changed.

Now to have a fair understanding of the situation produced by the coming of Paderewski, it is necessary first of all to forget that which most of us think of immediately and exclusively in connection with the name of Paderewski; that is, that it is the name of the first piano player of his day and one of the great artists in music of all days, and to recall that this man, this "simple citizen who received in Posen a triumphal reception such as is usually reserved for crowned heads"—as a leading Berlin newspaper expressed it, in bitter surprise—had already revealed himself in America as a great patriot and a natural inspirer and leader of men. Paderewski had been the central figure in the important efforts made all through the war by the four million Poles in America to aid in all possible ways their countrymen in Poland. The sending of great sums of money for their relief and the organization and sending over of the Polish legions recruited in America to fight with the French Army was largely the results of Paderewski's inspiration and untiring efforts.

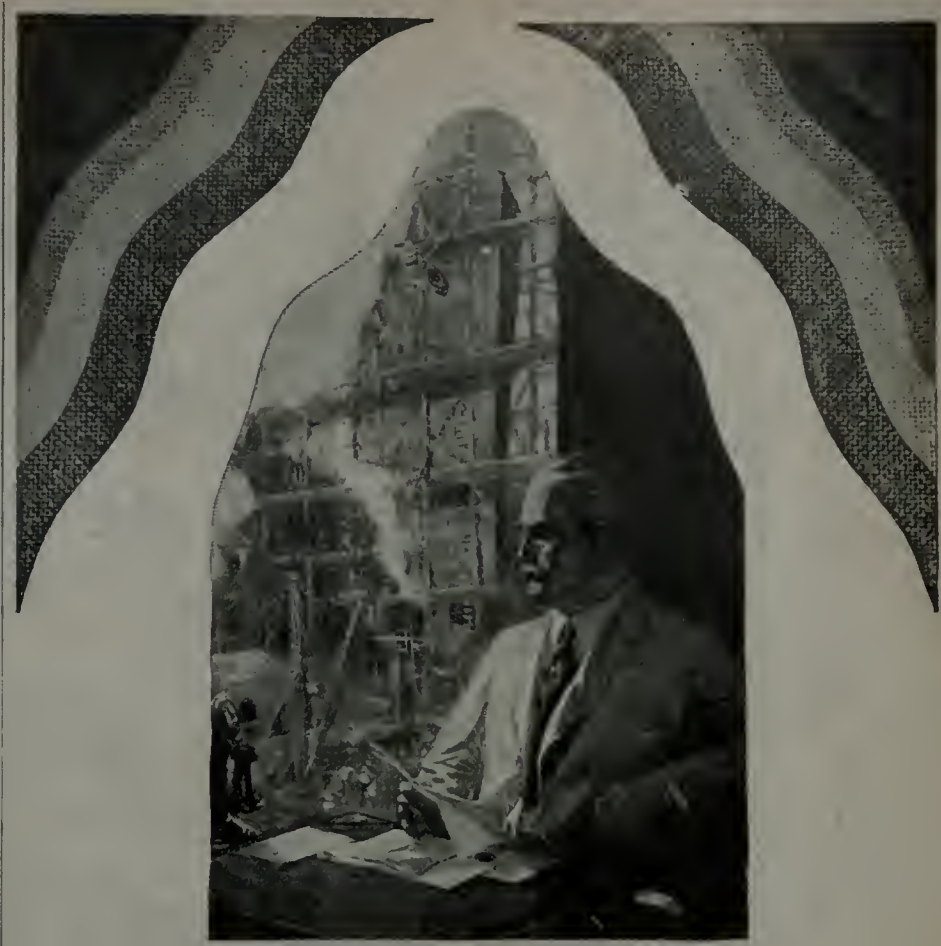
Paderewski came to Danzig on a British cruiser. With him was Colonel Wade, head of the British Political Mission, whose other two members were moving toward Poland by way of Switzerland. The shortest way from Danzig is not by way of Posen, but for sufficient reasons Paderewski and Colonel Wade started for Warsaw by this slightly roundabout way. The result was the "triumphal entry" into Posen of the "simple citizen" so bitterly referred to by the *Vossische Zeitung*.

There were more Poles than Germans in the city of Posen, and in most of the town and country districts of the province of Posen. They welcomed Paderewski, the Polish patriot from America, not only by cheering him madly and following his carriage from station to hotel in great crowds, but by rising as a freed people and taking control of this ancient land of theirs. Paderewski arrived in Posen on December 26th, and in a week most of the province of Posen was in Polish control. This was not accomplished by an advancing army from Warsaw, but by the simple uprising of the scattered Poles in German Poland. By a consolidation of the various local uprisings a new Western line of new Poland was established which has been the seat of continuous fighting of more or less serious kind ever since—that is, up to the date of this writing.

When Paderewski came on from Posen to Warsaw the open places and streets about the station could not hold the hundred thousand people who welcomed him. The wildly enthusiastic crowd extended along the street all the way to the hotel. And not only for that day of arrival but for all the rest of the few days before he went on to Cracow, the welcoming continued. And in old Cracow, former seat and now burial place of the Polish kings, with whom in the crypts of the castle church lie the remains of Poland's unforgettable Kosciusko, the welcoming of Poland's modern patriot went on, and even more passionately and impressively than ever. And all this welcoming of Paderewski which General Pilsudski did not see or hear, he promptly heard about.

When Paderewski returned to Warsaw he began a series of conversations with the Socialist Chief of State which had for principal subject the pressing necessity of a reorganization of the Government to the end not only of creating a better internal political situation but also of obtaining the confidence of the outside world, in particular of the Allies and America, so that Poland could obtain the formal recognition which was essential to the extending of aid to her starving people, her comatose industries, and her unarmed, unclothed, and unshod soldiers struggling against Ruthenians, Bolsheviki, and Germans.

Another thing that was attracting the attention of the public during this eight or ten days following the fourth of January was the presence of the American Food Mission. Some of the members of the mission were in the uniform of officers of the American Army. That was interesting in itself. The mission was holding daily conferences with the Government ministers and officials especially concerned with the *ravitaillement* of Poland. The newspapers were reporting these conferences in much detail, and the ministers themselves were reporting them in more detail and more authoritatively to the Cabinet of State.



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One point in all the negotiations was emphasized. It was a suggestive point. It was plainly indicated that no food could come from America or the Allies on a wholesale scale if there was any serious danger that it could not be properly controlled, so that it could be kept out of the hands of speculators and prevented from leaking across the borders into Germany or Russia. This all meant that food relief—imperatively needed to keep Poland alive and free from that push of misery that meant revolution and Bolshevism—could only be hoped for in the presence of a Government so truly representative and so universally accepted by the people that it could be relied on by America and the Allies to keep order and maintain a safe control of the imported foodstuffs. The Food Mission concerned itself with no politics; it made its investigations of food conditions by talking with representatives of all Polish groups and classes, and personal observations of the conditions in markets, kitchens, dining-rooms and soup-lines. It learned what it could concerning native production and food stocks on hand. And all of this was far from politics. But after all food and politics have had an inevitable and inseparable connection ever since the beginning of the war; and they have it still.

And all during the week of the *coup d'état* and food negotiations Paderewski was talking with Pilsudski. The second P was telling the first P that for the sake of the third P, new Poland, the Government had to be reorganized. At the same time Paderewski openly disavowed and disapproved of all illegal and violent attempts to overthrow the existing Socialist Government. In one of the most eloquent and effective speeches I have ever heard, he called on the people of Poland to hold closely together, to work for the common good, and to use no violent means even for the sake of gaining a truly representative Government. The speech was made on the occasion of the bestowal on him of honorary citizenship in Warsaw and before an audience strongly opposed to the Pilsudski Government. The audience did not like the speech at first, but it had to like it before it ended. It was the call of pure patriotism to the national spirit. It was above politics, and for that reason it was the best of politics.

Paderewski proposed to Pilsudski that a National Commission be appointed to consist of twenty-five representatives from Posen, twenty-five from Galicia, and fifty from Russian Poland. Twenty-five of those from Russian Poland were to be Socialists, the other twenty-five to represent all the other parties. Pilsudski was first inclined to accept this, but later refused. He made a counter proposition that Paderewski should form a new Government. Paderewski refused. He was not going to be put into the position of seizing the Government or of having it handed him by the existing Government. Pilsudski then suggested doing nothing until the general elections, set for the end of January, should be held.

But this meant delay, and every day now was precious to new Poland. Paderewski urged the dangers of procrastination; Pilsudski himself is a patriot; he loves his country and his people. He saw the importance of a united front before the world. He knew that his Cabinet was not only non-representative but weak. To make the story short the two Ps came to agreement for the sake of the third P, and the Coalition Government as it exists to-day, and as it has been recognized to-day by America and the Allies, was formed.

It is a Government not only Coalition as to politics, but representative as regards the three parts of Poland: Posen, Galicia, and old Russian Poland. And the ministers have been chosen each for special competency for the portfolio he holds. It is probably as fairly representative and as personally efficient a Government as Poland can produce. And it is the result of the statecraft and diplomacy of the greatest piano player in the world—whom we must forget as a piano player and remember as a statesman, an orator, and a patriot—and the good sense and shrewdness and patriotism of a one-time Nihilist and present extreme socialist.

Why Did We Let Trotzky Go?

Continued from page 34A

every consideration—issued when it was known at Ottawa who Trotzky was. Even after he went through the form of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which took Russia out of the war, orders were given to Colonel Chambers, the Chief Censor, to forbid any but complimentary references in the Canadian Press to Trotzky and Lenine.

Notwithstanding all the statements to the contrary in the Toronto Trotzky press the Censor but once blue pencilled a word, a line, or an article of the many published in these columns and part of that was because it dealt unfavorably with Trotzky.

Trotzky agents here are appealing to the baser elements by showing the rich plums to be had by revolutionary methods. In scores of meetings across the continent audiences are being told that they, the proletariat, should rise and seize anything they want. As they have little they will lose nothing in the attempt. Stories of the big, fat, voluptuous opportunities that have come to their associates in Russia have been brought back to America, and have stirred the blood of the envious, until to-day over 8,000 organizers are at work urging Trotzky Revolution.

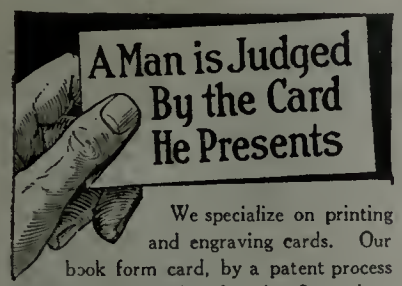
On the date set the people of the United States and Canada will, they expect, awaken in the morning to find all their possessions in the hand of members of the Revolutionary League—the homes, the shops, the factories, the farms, the banks, the women. The old foremen, superintendents, managers are to be removed and the organizers are to take their place and they must be implicitly obeyed. W. B. Wilson, a miner, for many years general secretary of the Miners' Trade Union of America, and now head of the Labor Bureau at Washington, in a recent speech to a gathering of waist workers in New York said:

"The Bolsheviki leaders consider only themselves. Their only purpose is to rule as the czars and emperors of Europe have done. They even go further than that, for they propose to set up an obligatory and compulsory form of living. Men are not to be allowed to leave their jobs, under certain conditions, even if they want to."

New York and Toronto are the chief Trotzky headquarters. One investigator, a Trade Unionist, who is fighting them strongly, told me they are using as much paper in one week in New York for disseminating their literature, as the leading daily in Canada uses in six months. At their depots a continuous stream, young persons chiefly, is passing in to purchase the literature, a set of which costs $7 to $10. In the States they had arranged to inaugurate the Revolution in Seattle, but the prompt action of Mayor Olsen stopped them. In New York a manifesto from Mayor Hylan checked their ardor and made the leaders think. Now the word is going from group to group that July 4 has been set for the Revolution in the States.

The Trotzky power showed in another development in Ottawa. The persistent propaganda campaign carried on by his agents, through his groups in Canada, to hamper our war efforts and bring on labor, returned soldiers, and similar troubles in Canada was exposed by our own Intelligence Departments, and U.S. officials were continually finding their trails leading to Canada quite as much as to Mexico. Things became so bad that the Dominion Cabinet appointed C. H. Cahan, K.C., to take over the whole problem from our Department of Justice. In a short time he uncovered such a serious state of affairs that once more the Trotzky influences got busy and Mr. Cahan was ordered to cease his inquiries and send in his resignation.

In thus exposing Trotzky and his influential friends in this country I am expressing no opposition to the aims of the Russian masses who rebelled against conditions. On the other hand, I, in common with all worth-while Canadians, were in general sympathy with them. As a matter of fact, Lenine and Trotzky had nothing whatever to do with the Russian Revolution. They neither inspired nor made it. When the Revolution was complete and the country was being reorganized to continue the war in conjunction with the Allies, these two men forced themselves on the Governing



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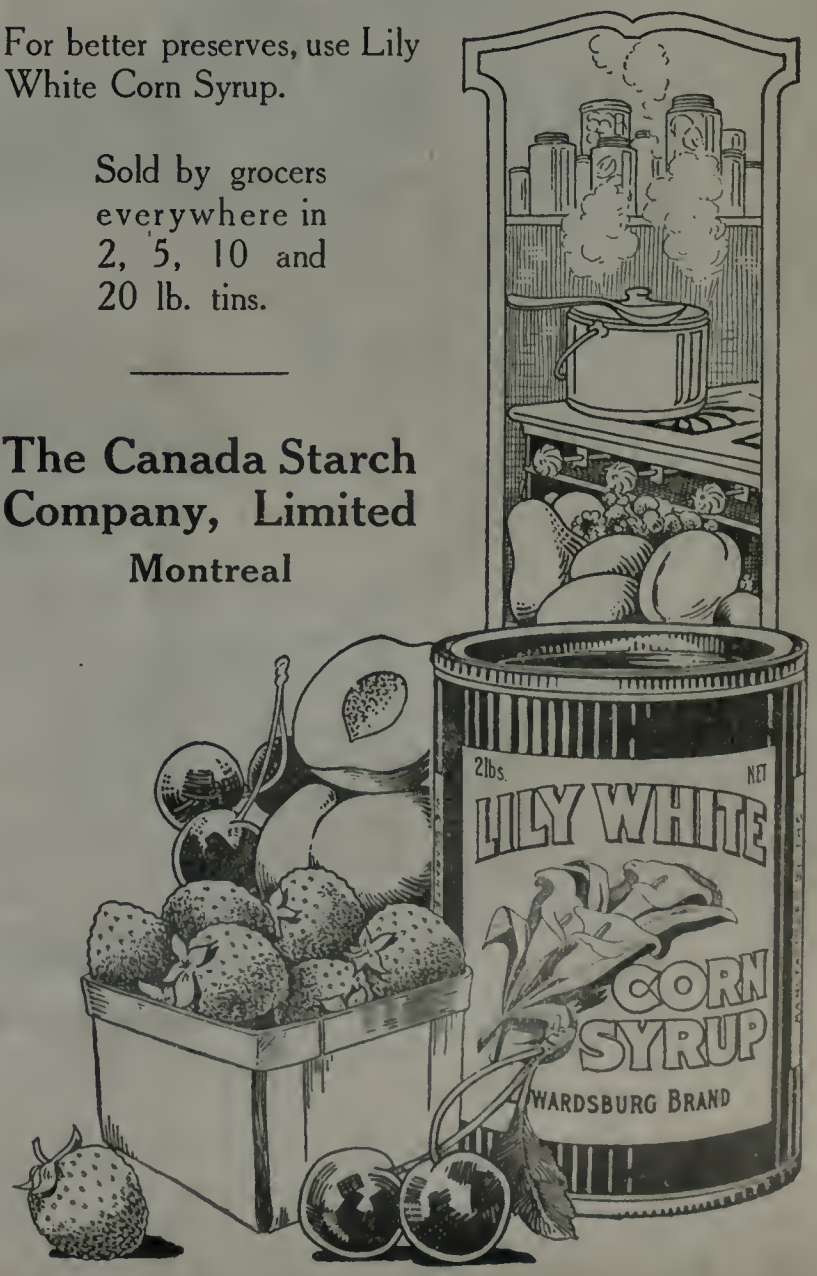

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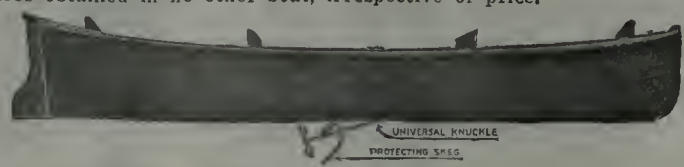

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Committee and backed by ample money and aided by other German agents seized control. Nearly all of these agents were passed back to Russia via Canada. They were quickly placed in all the big strategic appointments. One group who sailed on a C.P.R. steamer from Vancouver had with them a large printing outfit. They confided to the sailors that the plant was to be used for printing Trotzky literature, and the entire outfit was soon after at the bottom of the Pacific. The sailors belonged to the British Union.

There was nothing new about the Trotzky grab in Russia. It is the old steam-roller method. It has been done hundreds of times in Canadian politics—the seizing of organizations and party conventions by the ward heelers to thwart the wishes of the people. But in all history there never was such a brilliant coup—the complete submission of a nation of 200,000,000 to two recently arrived enemy strangers. It was the cleverest of all the clever things the Germans did in the war. Though, as they look back on events, the Germans, whose greatest sufferings were since then, must now curse Trotzky as we do.

Trotzky, at all his earlier gatherings in Russia, was well known as a German. He never denied it. He was openly accused of being a German agent and spy. But he possesses such a marvellous capacity to control a mob that he quelled all opposition. Men who came to shoot remained to support him, which reminds one of Bourassa. The late Hon. J. I. Tarte, who himself well understood the platform art and the management of men, told me Mr. Bourassa was such a clever orator that he sometimes made him believe right was wrong.

The British Foreign Office was warned long in advance, but, anyone who knows ward politics in Canada or in the States knows how useless, if not dangerous, one of our dignified intellectuals, with the added gift of brilliant oratory, would be in handling questions where the opinions of the masses is concerned.

There is genuine unrest in Canada, as elsewhere, but it is a legitimate development, which will lead to a better world. It was here before the war. But in no country in the world was there less cause for discontent. The advantages and opportunities have nowhere been better. There is practically no hereditary wealth. The men of means, the men at the head of industries, nearly all came from the farm or the poor workman's cottage. They got there because they had a little more mental equipment, but mainly because they were willing to sacrifice many pleasures in their younger days, and to work longer hours than the less successful.

Trotzky's organizers are seeking to direct the unthinking masses of this discontent into their camp and through them to seize control here. Make Canada another Russia as it is to-day. They have ample funds. Experienced Trade Unionists are having no easy task combating the insidious propaganda. They, even the most radical of them, know what fakers the Bolshevist leaders are. But are they getting the support they should from employers, from managers, from superintendents? They are not. Too many of the latter are of narrow vision who resent any change in economic relations. In the past the trouble has been on the side of the Labor Unionist. He always regarded the employer as his national enemy—a profiteer. He refused to interest himself in the institution from which he drew his living. To-day he is demanding his share of the profits in his industry; more of the comforts of life, a voice in the control of the concern in which he is employed. Many of us welcome this development. It is what we have been wanting—the community spirit. Ignorance has kept employer and employee apart. The Unionist sees only his own section of work. Employers have not been successful in interesting him in their side—that is, the business as a whole.

The first step is to recognize *bona-fide* Trade Unions. Thirty-five years experience confirms my support of them. There are seven different unions with me here getting out this magazine. I have had many a fight with them—am likely to have more, but that has never changed my support of organized Unionism.

What Future Wars Would be Like

Whole Cities, Even Nations, Would Be Speedily Annihilated

A STRONG plea for the League of Nations is contained in the course of an article by Will Irwin in the *Saturday Evening Post*. His argument is along somewhat similar lines to that used a year ago by H. G. Wells, which was published first in MacLean's Magazine and later in Mr. Wells' book, "In the Fourth Year." It is, in brief, that man dare not go along in the old way, that he cannot face the possibility of future wars, because future wars would be sheer annihilation. Mr. Irwin develops this thought at considerable length, showing just what the next war would be like.

In the war so happily perfected, between ten and eleven million people, including perhaps three-quarters of a million women—the Armenian massacres are included in this score—died by the sword. At least as many died of epidemic diseases engendered by the conditions of war. When the score is finished—alas, it is not finished yet—we shall find that still more than this have died from starvation.

Everyone appreciates that. But probably not everyone in America, which saw the war only with the eyes of others, appreciates what the next war may be—almost, I might say, must be—provided we go on as we were going before 1914. Applied science has hitherto paid little attention to perfecting methods for killing human beings. But the laboratories have been at work for four years, and they have done wonders. The chlorine gas cloud of Second Ypres was a mild affair compared to the gases used in the attacks of last summer. These gases are mild compared to the possibilities in the method. The problem of invisible, instantaneously deadly gas was solved by at least two nations before the end of the war; in the campaign of 1919, had such occurred, these gases would have been used in enormous quantity.

Aircraft bombing was working from uncertainty to certainty. Only to-day the newspapers record the testimony before our Senate Committee of John Hays Hammond, Jr. He declares that by his invention of wireless control a torpedo can be launched from an aeroplane soaring many miles away from a town and guided to the target with the certainty of a pilot steering a boat. The offensive power of aircraft is at this moment immeasurably superior to the defences against them. They have three dimensions in which to manoeuvre instead of two, and they work in the dark. The answer to the night raid has never been found. I am not so bold as to say, in this age of invention, that it will not be found, but it looks as unlikely as anything in military science.

The Possibilities of Air Attacks

Let us stop for a moment and consider this point. In a new war between France and Germany the sudden destruction of Paris at the beginning of hostilities would just about win the war for Germany. The entire confusion of the greatest national railway centre; the destruction of the seat of Government, finance and commerce; the general panic—would so delay and confuse mobilization that the French army would be easy prey. Mobilizing aircraft fleets and torpedoes behind the Rhine would be no very difficult task as compared with that of mobilizing any army. From there the fleets could be above Paris, at present speeds, within two or three hours. An advanced squadron of skirmishers would drop upon the roofs of Paris a multitude of small, nonextinguishable phosphorus bombs to set the roofs on fire and give the main fleets sight of their target. In fact the Germans, when the armistice came, were planning to use this method in their next air raids on Paris. It is not at all unlikely that by the time for the next war aircraft attack will be so perfected that a week of such raiding would finish off a city like Paris—or New York. Of course the old, hampering, chivalrous rule that a city about to be bombarded must be notified in order that noncombatants may be removed went by the board long ago. Such notice would ruin the element of surprise, which is half the battle in such an attack. Besides, in modern warfare there are practically no noncombatants. In a new general European war the dsetruction of nearly all the great European cities, with the wealth and beauty which they have been accumulating for two thousand years, stands well within the limits of possibility. In case of an armed peace such as Europe had for forty years before this war, men might have to rebuild their cities with the valuable, the "living" part underground.

However, these speculations deal with the perfection of those means of killing and of destruction already tested. There are other methods possible—methods which will make explosives look primitive. Though nightmare fictionists have imagined killing by rays, science has never taken enough interest in destruction of life to find and apply the method. It holds great possibilities. Science has spent fifty years of research in fighting the killing power of bacilli. It has never studied to increase or to use that power. But now that whole populations, instead of mere armies, have become the legitimate objects of killing in war someone doubtless will perfect that method. The conservative mind has raised certain practical objections, just as the conservative mind said that aircraft attack could not be made accurate, and that the shells falling into Paris could not possibly come from a gun. But only recently an authority on bacteriology expounded to me the horrible possibility of ravaging a whole population, military and civilian alike, with swiftly killing incurable diseases, while guarding your own army and your own population. I believe that with a little patient research it could be done. And given the perpetuation of war as an institution some race of Bernhardis is certain to arise which will justify this method—and use it.

Such, briefly, are some possibilities of the future if the new warfare follows the paths opened up by the struggle of 1914-18. In the long peace of Europe books were written to prove that actual warfare was impossible because men would no longer face its horrors. We have learned now that men will face anything. This war uncovered reservoirs of human courage whose existence we never suspected. Whatever horrors the new warfare may bring, it will not fail because men and women are afraid. But what of armed peace?

If the Peace Conference should effect the settlement on old principles, leaving the structure of international society exactly where it was, all the nations of the world would have for a time to limit the race of armaments. They need the money for restoring the processes of life. But in five, ten, fifteen years, danger would begin to grow again from some quarter: and again they would speed up munitions making, increase the active armies, multiply conscription.

Now the general tendency of this war was to more and more complex, cumbersome and expensive machinery. Artillery

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I thoroughly enjoy the publication as a whole and especially wish to compliment you on some of the articles which deal with the vital welfare of our land and the fearless and truthful manner in which they are presented.

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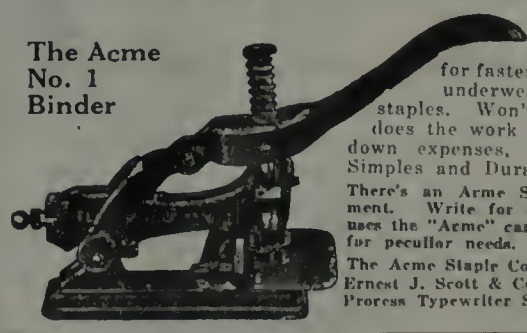

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became the king of battles. Even the Germans, who entered this war better prepared than the others, had to multiply by ten or twenty times their equipment of heavy artillery. The British at the First Battle of Ypres had only one gun that could be listed in the catalogue of heavy artillery. By 1918 they had several thousand. Leaving the natives aside, it became necessary to equip the armies with great quantities of machines, each of which cost more than the equipment of an infantry battalion under the old warfare in which the rifle was king—tanks, for example, and aeroplanes, When the world works out of its bankruptcy and begins to accumulate a margin the weapons piled up for this war will be out of date, just as the weapons of the Franco-Prussian war could not be used in the Boer War, nor those of the Boer War in this war. Some nation or other will improve heavy artillery, the tank, the gas shell; the rest must follow. The civilian use of the aeroplane, just now beginning intensively, will improve that device so that just as we now laugh at the slow, weak old buses of 1914 we shall in 1928 laugh at the primitive machines of 1918.

For thirty years before 1914 Europe groaned and grubbed under the burden of armaments. The great prosperity of Belgium among the small nations and of the United States among the large ones was mainly due to the fact that they were not in the race for armaments. But now the pace will increase. Its tendency will be to increase to such a point that only the barest necessities of life will be left to the common people—of Europe at least, and eventually perhaps of all the world.

This, mind you, is not the invention of a nightmare fictionist. It is a sober estimate of the future, based very largely on the opinions of hundreds of men who in civilian or military capacities have helped direct this war. The conclusion, of course, should be obvious to the single-track but all-daring American mind. It has got to be stopped. Even if we are no longer willing to take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of Europe it has got to be stopped for our own interests. We are rich, we are tempting; we were next after France and England on Germany's list. These modern devices are rendering distances as naught. Our isolation is no longer our protection. If it is not stopped we must ourselves take up a burden of armament such as even the last generation knew not; and when, as probably will always happen, defensive armament becomes useless to prevent war, we must kill and be killed with an intensity and with an incidental slaughter of the innocent which even the great war of 1914-18 knew not.

Life Beyond the Grave

According to a Message Received by Conan Doyle

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, the author and creator of Sherlock Holmes, has been very much in the forefront of late as a result of his conversion to spiritualism. Sir Arthur has constituted himself a special advocate for the idea that the dead can speak to the living. He has written books and articles on the subject and in all writings the light of a very clear conviction shines through. The belief of the author of thrilling detective yarns in the possibility of communicating with those who have "passed over" is a genuine one; that much certainly can be said for it.

The attitude of the public toward spiritualism has not changed much in Canada, though in Britain the losses sustained in the war have caused a wide tendency toward trying the idea. It is interesting, however, to read what the

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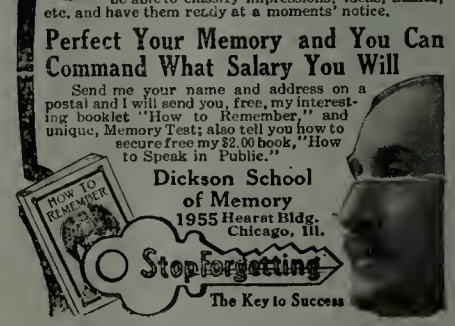

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various distinguished advocates of spiritualism have to say and an interview given by Sir Arthur to Hayden Church in the *Strand* is worth quoting from:

What is the nature of the Life Beyond as revealed by the supposedly spirit communications of the authenticity of which, in the mass, Sir Arthur believes so firmly?

"The messages," he said, "revolutionize, as it seems to me, all our conceptions of death. They teach that what St. Paul calls our spiritual body is the exact counterpart of our present one at its best, that the mind carries on as it was before, and that the Bishop of London expressed it very happily when he said that the man was the same five minutes after death as five minutes before, except that the cloud of illness had passed.

"He is in a world which is very analogous to our own, raised, as it were, to a higher octave; and expressed in terms of ether rather than in denser matter. It is a world of brightness, of intense intellectual activity, of pleasant work, of homely comfort, of sympathetic and loving companionship, all enhanced by the consciousness of God's tender care.

"This is the temporary ante-room to something even grander beyond. Such is the normal destiny of the average human being. For the wicked there are chastening spheres, which, however, should be regarded rather as hospitals for crippled souls than as places of punishment, though their cure comes through sorrow."

Such is "The New Revelation" as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sees it. He tells me that he is devoting much of his time to urging it upon the public here; that, in fact, his activities in this direction have "passed beyond his control." "I may lead a movement," he says, "but there is something ahead which is leading me." For the lectures he delivers on this subject he accepts no fees. He hopes to co-operate in a great and impressive Spiritualistic gathering at the Albert Hall, or some other large place of public assembly in London.

The Menace in the South

Continued from page 18

from Mexico, the Mexicans themselves prayed God he would tell the truth and let the outside world know Mexico's real condition and desperate need of help. Instead, he reported conditions "almost normal and improving," and a groan of sorrow went up from Mexico. Does it read to you like "normal"? And if it does, what would the ambassador consider "abnormal?" I presume he would consider losing his job "abnormal"; and he isn't going to lose it. Anyway, within a month of his reporting conditions "normal" I know—for I was in Mexico—of thirty rail lines, only one was running on regular schedule; and it had to be preceded by an armored scout train and had itself an armored car filled with soldiers behind the engine and an armored car filled with soldiers behind its Pullman. One line was blown up and the governor of the State kidnapped. One port town was captured. A block house just outside Vera Cruz was taken. A city north of Vera Cruz was occupied and a train outside Tampico looted. The bandits like music. From one captured town, they kidnapped eighteen of the Carranza garrison band. All this was not the work of one revolutionary leader. Two or three independent leaders did it, covering a territory of about 180 miles. Does it sound to you very "normal"?

As long as the European War lasted, the Allied nations were too busy to pay much attention to Mexico; but now the war is over; and Mexico, too, must be pacified; and it isn't going to pacify Mexico to say through loud-mouthed propaganda that she is pacified when she isn't. Three-quarters of the trouble with Mexico for the past six years is that the world has not been permitted to know the truth. The hush of a censorship stricter and more foolish than the censorship of Europe has done just as much harm to Mexican affairs as to European. It has simply permitted Bolsheviki deviltries to work unchecked and flood the press with false news. Secret diplomacy covering criminal blunders has done the same irreparable damage to Mexico as to Europe.

And all this takes no account of the enormous financial obligations of Mexico to foreign nations for confiscated properties—railroads, street lines, mines, banks, ranches, defaulted bonds, which involve the Monroe Doctrine. Of this I shall write fully in another article.

Meanwhile, if the Peace League is to pacify Europe, it must also tranquilize and stabilize Mexico. That is the next real job and it is due when Mexico comes up in the first peace conference after the League is cemented. It must be attended to without further delay. The fire spreads fast.

The Undercurrents

Continued from page 30

answer will be interesting. For surely Sir Robert must have some real reason for twice tearing from the hands of his party something on which they have apparently set their hearts.

Will McKenzie Remain Leader?

BUT midst all this scheming and propounding of questions the McKenzie sits with a satisfied smile ever deepening on his placid countenance. It took him a few weeks to get accustomed to the seat of the mighty and the idea that money was rolling in on him in $7,000 chunks. But soon he found that the seat was not too hard to fill nor was the idea of his growing wealth altogether terrifying. So he began to expand and blossom forth as the young yew tree. Soon he was making speeches, cracking jokes and quoting scripture as of yore. Now 'tis said that he finds the Liberal leadership so much to his liking that he has resolved to keep it. Nor will he be an easy man to displace. What a Scotsman has he holds. As Max O'Rell observed, he keeps the Sabbath and everything else he gets his hands on. And the McKenzie has both hands on the Liberal leadership. Also there is a growing feeling among his immediate followers that he classes quite as high as the other claimants to the vacant Laurier throne. Mackenzie King is admittedly losing ground in Quebec where all his strength lay. W. M. Martin is more or less tied up to Hon. Jim Calder. Less than that would kill any candidate. Then the only man in sight is Hon. A. B. Hudson of Manitoba. And who is Hon. A. B. Hudson? That question will have to be answered before the August convention makes its choice. Meantime if anyone opens a summer book take a small ticket on Daniel Duncan McKenzie.

But what of labor? I hear someone ask. These are times in which labor is occupying a large space in the newspapers. But not in Parliament. You never hear it mentioned in the Commons. To be sure Hon. Gideon Robertson, who lives in the Senate as all honest laborers should, has startled a watching world by rolling over in his sleep and sending forth a committee to gather facts and make reports with a view to making capital and labor work together in peace and unity and eat out of the same profit trough. The committee was announced as one that had the confidence of all the people. It may have, and for the reason that most of the people never heard of its members. Of the lot Tom Moore, the labor leader, is the only one who is at all representative. The others hardly make satisfactory camouflage—which is all they are intended for.

Do you shave with a saw?

FOOLISH question No. 1199! Well, maybe it sounds like that. But compare for a moment the illustrations above. They show pretty well what we're driving at; that is, unless a blade is stropped regularly it develops an edge very like a saw and causes that "pulling" and after-smarting of which you complain.

Not so with the AutoStrop Razor. For the self-stropping feature, you see, reforms the saw-like edge that results from shaving: it keeps the blade free from rust, and it provides you with a sharp blade free for every shave. The beauty of it is you don't have to remove the blade from the razor to sharpen it, nor do you have to take the AutoStrop Razor apart to clean it. From first to last—stropping, shaving and cleaning—the blade remains in the razor.

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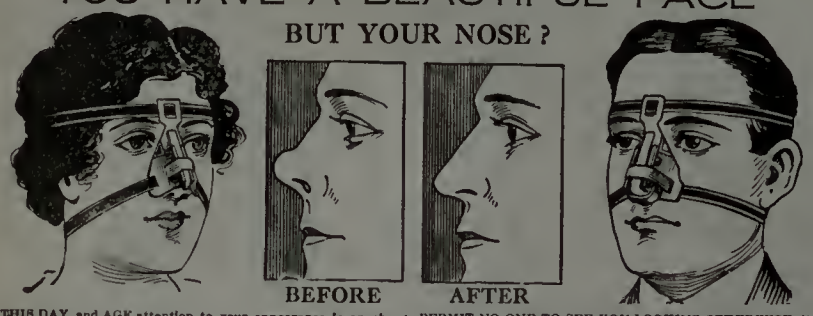

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MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. J. St. Marys, Ont. 35

The Arch Strategist

Continued from page 28

needn't to look so surprised! I caught you twice hiding that there wicked board that William used to set such store by. And one night I heard you reading aloud to Mattie here something about *controls* and *vibrations* and *mejums*. It's downright sinful and you hadn't ought to meddle with the future, I tell you! It never did William no good."

The old lady shook her head as she spoke. Miss Mattie went on writing, but a close observer might have noted that her hand trembled. Peter felt uncomfortable and he covered the book he had just opened with a newspaper. His interest in the occult, mild to indifference on the start, was daily assuming proportions that alarmed him. A kind of fever was in his veins. He wondered occasionally if he might not be going mad, like poor William Minafer. The night they had made the board say: "*Don't be in a hurry*" he hadn't slept at all. He couldn't keep away from Eight Elms. It drew him like a magnet. Last night—no, the night before!—the board had cautioned: "*Beware!*"

"The trouble with you, Peter," Mrs. Minafer went on, "is that you're too simple-minded. Credulous! William was the same way. A sincere, simple-hearted, good soul of a man, a trifle short-tempered to be sure, but easily led."

(The favorite terms applied by the villagers to that good soul had invariably been couched differently, of which "harsh" and "tyrannical" had been the mildest.)

Miss Mattie was so very silent her mother finally turned to her and said:

"Close up your books, Mattie, and make youself agreeable. Can't you talk some to Peter?"

"I've got to skim the milk, Mother, as soon as I finish this."

"Let it wait."

"To-morrow's churning day," said the girl briefly and closed her exercise books with a snap.

"Didn't I smell fresh doughnuts yesterday, Mattie—no, the day before?" Mrs. Minafer queried as her daughter rose. "Go fetch some in to Peter."

Miss Mattie flushed—with either annoyance or embarrassment—but she obeyed. Then she went out alone to the milkhouse, taking a tall tallow dip and a skimmer.

It may have been ten minutes later or it may have been twenty when Peter, recollecting a spirit-level he had loaned Miss Mattie and which he would need on the morrow, followed her. He made so little sound on the soft turf that he was upon her before she knew it. She was on the cold cement floor with her head sunk in her arms on a milk-bench and sobbing like a broken-hearted child. Her whole attitude was one of hopeless grief, of despair and utter abandonment to the passion that gripped her.

"Wh—why *Mattie!*" Peter cried in amazement, as he blundered right in, and then stopped, petrified.

Miss Mattie sprang up. She turned a flushed, tear-wet face to him and then stamped her foot.

"What business have you f-following me like this?" she flung at him and then a fresh sob caught in her throat and she turned aside hastily.

"Why, Mattie!" and Peter blinked helplessly at her in the feeble light cast by the flickering candle. "What's wrong? Are you sick or—or anything? I sure wondered why you quit your books so early. Are you sick?"

Miss Mattie shook her head. Peter advanced until he stood beside her. Then impulsively he took her hand.

"Mattie—" he began and then forgot what he intended to say.

The girl had regained some degree of her old composure.

"Peter, you go back into the house now. And don't tell Mother!" she said, freeing her hand and picking up the ladle.

"I won't," said Peter. "Not till you tell me what—why—"

She didn't look up and he saw that her lip trembled.

"Mattie!" cried Peter and not aware of what he did he caught her to him, and held her.

He kissed her then twice and as quickly let go, for the realization that he was bound to quite another woman rushed over him like a sudden chill wind.

"If—if Mrs. Wyatt—the widow—" Miss Mattie began, standing back and gazing at him wildly. "*If she knew!*"

"Darn the widow!" said Peter and again caught the girl to him and kissed her in an ecstasy.

A thin voice from some distance calling "Mattie!" at last gave him pause and Mattie, breaking from him, mumbled something about her mother's gruel and rushed away. Peter took a long, long breath. Then gritting his teeth he stalked slowly away and over the meadows and the pasture-land to his lone bachelor abode. Of course this ended his visits to Eight Elms!

All night long he rolled and tossed. That last couple of kisses *had been returned*. Jim Butler's words recurred to him again and again: "*Mattie aint goin' to shine up to the farmin' fraternity.*" Of course not!

And the very next day he heard at the village store that the Minafers were moving to town at the end of the following week. Miss Mattie was now "perficient" and could "tickle the typewriter" with the best of them and Mrs. Minafer, though really sorry to give up her old home, was cheerful and hopeful. Well—that ended that. And Peter strove to look forward to a certain fast-approaching day with something approximating a philosophical frame of mind.

It was two days before the wedding day when the natty little *Molly Jane*, bearing her mistress and Peter Deane villageward at the end of a windy, raw afternoon, became stalled. The misfortune, if such it were, occurred just in front of the prim gates of Eight Elms. The two occupants of the car got out and in turn and together struggled with *Molly Jane's* works, but to little avail. The services of a garageman were needed and the car must be towed away, they finally realized.

Mrs. Wyatt shivered and glanced up the driveway to the white house with its closed shutters and air of seclusion, not to say gloom.

"Dear, dear! I'd love a cup of tea," she murmured. 'Do you suppose those people—Minafers is it?—are gone yet?"

"They go Monday morning," said Peter. "We could walk down to Hughson's—it's only a little further—and John would drive us back."

"Couldn't think of it, Peter old boy! I'm not a bit used to walking in these shoes. I'm going in to Minafer's. Come along."

"You go then and I'll—"

"No, you must come too. I'm afraid of the Little Icicle, Peter, I am really! Besides there's a 'phone here and we can send for a rig without getting in the least wet. It's coming on to rain now and there'll be a steady shower by six."

Miss Mattie Minafer professed herself agreeably surprised. As to tea, why they must stay to supper! She wouldn't hear of anything less. She was just getting it, she said, and had made corn muffins.

Peter Deane telephoned for help and secured the promise of a "lift" home before eight o'clock while Mrs. Wyatt chatted amiably with Mrs. Minafer and Mattie bustled about between kitchen and living-room. Supper around the circular table before the grate-fire proved a bounteous repast. There was head-cheese and a dish of scalloped tomatoes with potato salad, and muffins and honey followed by lemon jelly with whipped cream, and walnut cake. Miss Mattie had used the Crown Derby tea-set and the heavy old silver. She might have been frocked and prepared on purpose for this little social hour. She wore a clinging old-blue silk dress, obviously a well-worn one, and a lace collar held in place by an old-fashioned cameo brooch. She conversed with an unusual degree of animation and Peter caught himself eagerly listening for her clear ringing laugh. Feast though it was to the ill-fed bachelor, he ate little.

It was the old lady who introduced the subject of the ouija-board, and Mrs. Wyatt professed a desire to see "how the

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thing worked." So Peter and Mattie were detailed to demonstrate and when the four rose from supper they grouped themselves about the small table in the unlighted portion of the room and 'the spirits" were prevailed upon to talk, Miss Mattie fetching a candle in an old silver candlestick so that they might read the messages. It was astonishing how much "the spirits" knew and how ready they were to talk. Peter admitted that they had never before been so loquacious and chummy. From time to time he glanced back over his shoulder in a strange manner, and once Miss Mattie rose and fastened the window-catch thinking that the wind annoyed him.

Mrs. Wyatt, intensely superstitious, watched and listened in absorbed silence. From time to time she put forth hushed queries. Were those investments going to turn out all right? Was Cousin Margaret going to invite her to the city this winter? Should she buy a satin-chiffon or a crêpe charmeuse for that Florida trip?

And then the widow, with an arch look at Peter, propounded the question that quite obviously had been trembling on the tip of her tongue for some time. "Is—is it right that I should marry again? Does Frank object?"

The others knew that the late Major Wyatt, who had died before his opportunity came to sail for France, had been of a jealous disposition

A tiny clock chimed eight at this point, but nobody heard. Outside a wet moon rode among scudding clouds. The rain had ceased, but seemed again imminent and a boistereus autumn gale sang whining about the old Minafer house, occasionally shaking raindrops from a large maple against the window panes.

Mrs. Minafer, sensitive always to climatic conditions, shivered and half murmured that she felt a draught. No one heard or at least paid any heed. All the others were too deeply intent on the board—waiting for the answer that would come from the shade of the late Major Wyatt. The shrill whistle of the Mocassin train likewise went unheeded.

"A promise is a promise," came the message from the board.

Mrs. Wyatt was now thoroughly keyed-up.

"Tell him—tell Frank—he is unreasonable," she cried at length. Her eyes were glued on the board.

"If you persist—" the board recommenced. "*—in your defiance of a sacred promise—*"

The widow moaned.

"—Misfortune shall come upon you. Beware."

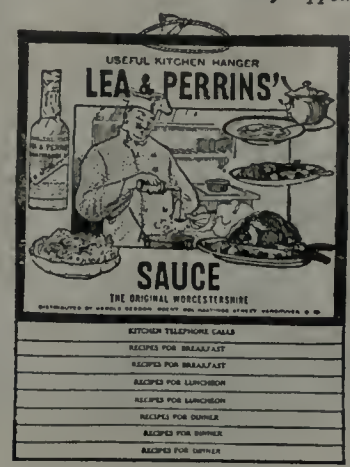
The widow shuddered. She gazed wildly at Peter, whose eyes were fixed on the board. She got up shakily, clutched her temples in her palms, swung about slightly and would have fallen but that at this juncture her attention was attracted to the long French window which involuntarily she faced. She gave a muffled scream.

"*Look! Look!*" she articulated then. "*The shadow on the window!*

Everybody looked. Clearly outlined against the shirred silk curtain was the shadow of a man in uniform. Half a moment it remained and then slowly it disappeared, fading downward. When the rest turned about again, wide-eyed and white-faced, Mrs. Patricia Wyatt lay in a little silken heap on the floor.

As Mrs. Minafer had observed, October weddings are the most appropriate for country folks. But Peter Deane and Mattie Minafer, as they sped toward the seaboard on their short honeymoon a week later, little cared what the season or the weather. Romance had flung its rosy veil between them and things mundane, and in spirit they had entered the gateway of April. As a matter of fact the weather was singularly fine all the way down the blue St. Lawrence and into tidewater; and there on the sheltered side of the deck of a palatial little coastwise steamer we shall have our final close-up of them, Mattie in becoming bridelike grey—a pussywillow grey—and Peter in one of the newest cuts in masculine attire, a suit that accentuated the rugged, manly lines of his form and made him easily the best groomed of all the men on board

By Appointment



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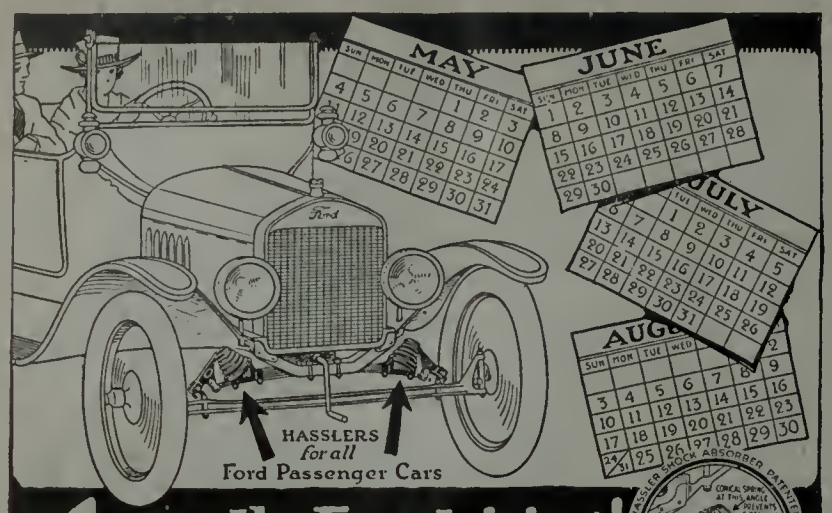

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—yet not one whit less the Peter of blue jeans, simple, sincere and true.

"When the widow called the whole thing off," Peter was saying, "my first feeling naturally was relief. But hope didn't at once follow because you see I reminded myself that you had once loved someone else and that you might still love him. I mean the young farmer who saved your life. Why are you so mysterious about him?"

Mattie glanced up sidewise from under her wide hat which she held to her head with one hand, the other being crooked round Peter's arm and she smiled in that sweetly aggravating way she had at times.

"I do believe you're jealous!" she exclaimed.

"Who was he?" asked Peter, his brows close-drawn.

"He was a dear boy, Peter."

"Have—have you seen him—seen much of him? Is he from round our neighborhood?"

"Yes." And Mattie leaned lower over the rail.

"Who is he anyway? Not that I —"

Mattie squeezed Peter's arm and a little ripple of merriment faint as a zephyr floated to his ear.

"Who is he, Peter? He's a great big stupid with a very bad memory! He jerked me back from a runaway team and—and was hurt himself."

"Oh!" and Peter's tone was in falling reflection.

That! And she had remembered it all these years.

"And I suppose you didn't think I guessed who the real giver-of-gifts was—those dishes fit for the very gods?"

"How did you find out? I thought I was very sly, Peter."

"I discovered it indirectly the last time I had supper at Mrs. Wyatt's. Her cook had a night off and—well, I had indigestion for two days afterwards!"

"Take her all in all Peter she was quite a strategist."

"That's what Jim Butler called her. It was her strongest point."

"But the arch-strategist — that's *me*—"

"A horrible name, dearest! But go on."

"Well, you see, someone has said that if one only knows the *weakest* point in the character of the enemy he is *bound* to be subjugated. I knew that the weakest thing about Mrs. Wyatt was her superstition, for father terrified her once not meaning to, and I simply played on it, at first just for mischief and later with serious intent. Peter—those messages the board spelled out—weren't real. *I jiggled* the board. I made the answers! It was a wild, mad game Peter, with you for the prize! The unhappiness you couldn't conceal nearly broke my heart Peter!"

"Never mind about that, now," said Peter soothingly, for Mattie's voice had ended in a little catch. "Tell me if you can how you worked the shadow on the curtain."

"I didn't have anything to do with *that*. It was sheer accident or coincidence or—"

"Good fortune," Peter supplied as Mattie searched for a synonym.

"Both then. Major Stevens sometimes brings our mail up from the village when it's rainy and drops it in the letter-box at the French window. He never bothers to rap or come in because he knows how long I am at the back of the house at that time and so he just goes on home. He has to pass Eight Elms anyway. He was the ghost."

"He was also the one that threw the rice-pudding at the station," Peter remarked as he ran his finger around inside his collar and thereupon sent a small trickle of something cold and gritty travelling down his spine. "But the Lord knows I forgive him fully and freely! How did you know Mrs. Wyatt promised the Major never to marry again?"

"Just guessed it," said Mattie. "The Major was known as a rather jealous husband you know and that's the first promise a jealous mate extracts. Do you think we should burn the ouija-board, Peter?"

"No," Peter said after a moment's reflection. "Let's gild it and hang it on the wall."

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Man and Wife

Continued from page 32

She tapped on the door. There was no response. Again she knocked. He came and flung it wide. She walked in, past him, a wondrous vision, a little fur cap on her head, her fur coat about her slight, gracious figure, her face glowing —for the night was cold, the climb steep —the red lips smilingly parted, showing the pretty white teeth.

"Mary!" he exclaimed. "You, Mary?"

"I heard you were back, Hugh. All day I've been waiting for you to come back. Oh, Hugh! How I've longed to see you, so that you might know how my heart is all with you in these awful troubles. Of course you knew it was, but I wanted to be with you and tell you."

He moved a chair toward her, but she still stood by the side of his desk, he facing her. "I didn't know of the difficulties you had been passing through. You should have told me. In future you will, won't you, Hugh? I may not be able to do much, but, now and again, it might help a little, if I knew—and it would teach us more of each other."

"It is worth going through it all, Mary, to have you come to me in this way," he said, his voice a little husky. "It means everything—just everything. You remember what I told you, that with you, standing with me, I'd take all other loss and count myself winner? I never fancied it would come to the test, but I have to take my share of the punishment with the rest. I'm not beaten yet, but I was just figuring things up there, and when it looked pretty black you came in, and the gloominess vanished. Sit down, Mary, here near to me. Let's talk about it."

SHE removed her coat and cap, and came over to his side, the fairest vision the room had ever known. He told her of the big money strain, the locking up of his capital, the sudden temporary stringency that had made securities for the moment almost valueless, and money invisible. There was no adequate reason for it. It was panic, folly, but in the wild running amuck, many a sound, fine business would be slaughtered. He had been successful, after a long battle, in safeguarding his lumber and pulp interests. That meant he was in no danger of losing them, but it might be a year or two before he would begin to reap from his investment. The most formidable difficulty was in connection with the mine. Now that it was almost too late, the men had come back; that evening a deputation had been to see him, promising to return to the pits whenever he wanted them. The disturbing element had already been virtually driven out of the town.

"And I shall begin again to-morrow," he said. "If I have to go down to the pit floor and work alone with pick and shovel.

"I made the business from the ground up, and I can do it again. It'll take time to get a mill up and assemble machinery. Much of it will have to be earned, and it may be a few months before matters right but there will be the sure comeback. I'll start in with a handful of men, put up a makeshift place, and grow as I do."

"Would that help out much, Hugh?" she asked, slipping her cheque before him on the desk. It was for the hundred thousand dollars that were in the bank to her credit.

He picked it up, frowned as he glanced at it, folded and returned it.

"I don't get out of my troubles with my wife's money," he said. "That's mighty good of you, Mary. I'll never forget it, but I can't use that. That is yours, and I won't borrow from you."

"Hugh," she said. "Why may I not show my—my love for you, as you showed yours for me, when I was in trouble? When you offered me money, I took it. There was one thing that made me take it—beside wishing to aid my people —and that was I knew, that while I did not love you, you did love me. I don't know why that should have helped me to cross a —— well, a terrible stile, but it did. I never intended to use that money —at least not until there was some change. The interest I've spent, as you would have wished me to do, but the principal has not been mine until now. Now I call it mine that I may give it you, Hugh, as a cheap little token—for it is really yours—of the love I have for you. Why may I not love you as you have loved me? You won't refuse, Hugh, the first gift I've been able to make you? You've always been so strong, so rich, so powerful, and I had nothing I could give you. You've been always giving to me. Now give me a little fair-play, Hugh. I'll think that you have no love left for me, if you are too proud to take what I offer."

She stood again facing him, holding out the little slip of paper. "It is not only the bit of paper, Hugh, but all that goes with it. It is money, and with it the respect, the honor, the friendship, the love—all I am capable of—the heart of your wife. If you refuse the one I shall take it for granted that you don't want the other. Here it is, take it, take — them."

HE took the slip from her hand, laid it down on the desk. He put his hands on her shoulders, looked into her eyes that sparkled like diamond dewdrops on the leaf of a rose. Then his arms swept about her, lifting her from her feet, folding her close to his heart, and his kisses rained on her upturned face.

"Come," he said, ages later. "I'll take you home. It is late." He picked up her coat and held it for her, but she shook her head, and the crimson deepened again in her face.

"I didn't send for you, but I came," she told him. "Will I be very much in the way if I stay here in my home? That is why I came to-night, to take possession of my home. Oh, Hugh, it was a foolish bargain I made—it threw all the responsibility on me—all you have to do is to listen—and I have to do all the advancing and love-making. Break the wretched old promise, and tell me that you want me, that I must come, because, Hugh, you are everything to me, everything I care for, want, love. Now I have done all I bargained to, so now—make love to me, Hugh—just as if I wasn't your wife, just as if you wanted to win me, just as if you really loved me as much as I love you."

CHAPTER IX

IT is to be feared that Hugh Lyttleton said something the least bit improper, that is for a man to utter in the presence of his wife. However, it could not have been very atrocious, for so dignified a lady as Mary only laughed. They were in their little apartment upstairs—intended only for a bachelor, and they were eating bread and cheese, and drinking tea out of the same cup, in quite a homey way. The stove was burning brightly, a kettle singing merrily, there was even the office cat who had promptly adopted them and was manifesting the utmost approval of their arrangement by purring at top capacity. Then, in the midst of this domestic peace, a rap came on the door. No wonder Hugh said, "Damn!" before he realized that he was at home, and not in the bachelor diggings of a few hours before.

Then he got up, kissed Mary as if he were going to the North Pole for some four or five years, and went down to see who the malefactor was.

In two or three minutes he called upstairs to her.

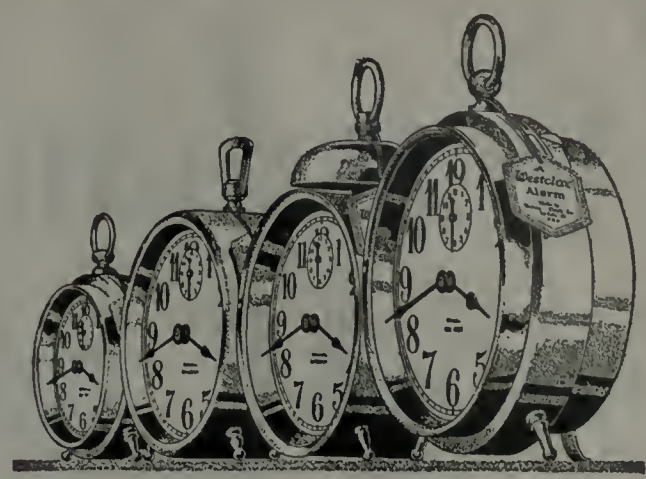
"Mary! A visitor to see you!"

She went to the door at the head of the staircase, to encounter a feminine whirlwind, that swept about her, and held her fast in demonstrative affection.

Neepawa, Man.

I have always thoroughly enjoyed MacLean's Magazine and have recommended it to others who are now subscribers. I have always subscribed to two or more American magazines, but never again so long as MacLean's is published in Canada.

G. M. H.



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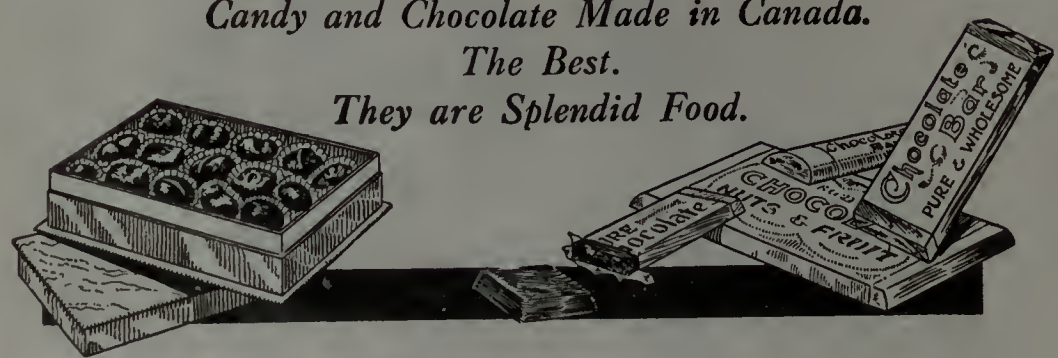

THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

35

"I didn't know that you were here, Mary," said Alice Williams: "Oh, it's just splendid. What a perfect little duck of an apartment, and what a delightful duck of a wife you look! A real cat—a real stove with a steaming kettle on it! You must think you are in heaven. I always said you were the luckiest girl. I've just got to hug you again."

"Jack is downstairs with Hugh," she said, nibbling bread and cheese. "He's got a gang of men together all ready for the morning. The other fellow isn't going to have it all his own way. Jack is all for Hugh these days."

Then her vivacious face sobered.

"Hugh has been wonderfully good to Jack and to me," she said. "I can tell you about it now. Before I didn't like to talk about it. I wanted to see if Jack made good first. I suppose you never heard about it, did you? Well, Jack made a slip some time back. It was just about last Christmas time, and the people were going to make a lot of trouble. It might have meant prison for Jack, and I was just frantic with fear, for Jack and I have always been great chums. There was just nobody in the world to help, that is in the world of those we thought were our friends. They had lots of regrets and heaps of sound advice—you know the kind? I tried everywhere, but it was of no use. Never did I imagine that six hundred dollars would be so hard to find. Father wouldn't help. He had been fairly liberal to Jack before and had just shut down. I didn't know what to do. Then one night I was desperate, for we feared action would be taken the following day. Then I thought of Hugh. I was right out in the street one night, when the inspiration came to me. It was quite late in the evening, but I went up to the offices. It was terribly hard work to have to ask, for Hugh had never liked Jack, and I wasn't much more than an acquaintance, but he made it so easy for me. Everybody else had listened getting gradually petrified, but Hugh just said: 'I'm glad you came up, Alice. Why on earth didn't you come before? Sure I'll do anything I can.'

"The people who wanted the money were pretty stiff before, but he went down with me to see them, and settled things up inside five minutes. Then he just said good-night to me as if he had been buying me a plate of ice-cream. And I am going to tell you what I did, Mrs. Mary Lyttleton, whether you like it or not. Outside the house I just grabbed that husband of yours and kissed him. There, you know it, and I'm not one bit penitent."

"I would have been ashamed of you. Alice, if you hadn't," laughed Mary, with exultation in her heart that the speaker had no knowledge of.

"And not only that," continued Alice. "But he took Jack on when everybody else was blackening him, and I'm glad to know that Jack has made good. You'll see. All the town will be pulling for Hugh and he'll win out yet."

THE two did not stay long. After they had taken their departure, Hugh said to Mary:

"I generally have a look round at night. Will you come?" She put on her wraps, and they went about the place, now lying tragically silent in the white moonlight—the quarries choked with wreckage—the shattered sheds—the wrecked engine houses—the vast ruins of the mill—a cheerless prospect on the snowy hillside.

The solitary note of cheer and comfort shone out from the little apartment upon the bleakness.

So they turned away from the ruin—the black desolation, and took their way toward the spot upon which the altar fire had burst into glorious flame. He put his arm about her.

"Home, Mary, home!" he said.

She stood with him in the tiny hall as he shut out the bleak bitterness of the night. To both it seemed that beyond the door lay dead sorrow, misunderstanding, doubt. He locked the door. Then he laid his arm about her waist, and they climbed together the flight of stairs leading into light.

THE END.

The Gold Wolf

Continued from page 21

dog 're runnin' mates and you've put this up."

There was a cry of warning from Slocan, and Kootenay whirled, drawing his gun. As he did so, his arm dropped and his gun clattered to the floor, for Carney's bullet had splintered its butt incidentally clipping away a finger. And the same weapon in Carney's hand was covering Slocan and Denver as they stood side by side, their backs to the bar.

NO one spoke; almost absolute stillness hung in the air for five seconds. Half the men in the room had drawn, but no one pulled a trigger—no one spoke.

It was Carney who broke the silence: "Jeanette, bind that hound's hand up; and you, Seth, send for the doctor—I guess he's too much of a man to be in this gang."

A wave of relief swept over the room; men coughed or spat as the tension slipped, dropping their guns back into holsters.

Kootenay Jim, cowed by the damaged hand, holding it in his left, followed Jeanette out of the room.

As the girl disappeared Harry Holt, who had stood between the two men, his wrists bound behind his back, said:

"My sister told a lie to shield me. I stole the gold myself from Seth's safe. I wanted to get out of this hell hole 'cause I knew I'd got to kill Kootenay or he'd get me. That's why I didn't tell before where the gold come from."

"Here, Seth," Carney called as Long came back into the room, "You missed any gold—what do you know about Holt's story that he got the gold from your safe?"

"I aint looked—I don't keep no close track of what's in that iron box; I jus' keep the key, and a couple of bags might get lifted and I wouldn't know. . If Jeanette took a bag or two to stake her brother, I guess she's got a right to, 'cause we're pardners in all I got."

"I took the key when Seth was sleeping," Harry declared; "Jeanette didn't know I was going to take it."

"But your sister claims she took it, so how'd she say that if it isn't a frame-up?" Graham asked.

"I told her just as I was pullin' out, so she wouldn't let Seth get in wrong by blamin' her or somebody else."

"Don't you see, boys," Carney interposed, "if you'd swung off this man, and all this was proved afterwards, you'd be in wrong. You didn't find on Harry a tenth of the gold Fourteen-foot likely had."

"That skunk hid it," Caribou declared; "he just kept enough to get out with."

POOR old Caribou was thirsting for revenge. In his narrowed hate he would have been satisfied if the party had pulled a perfect stranger off a passing train and lynched him; it would have been a *quid pro quo*. He felt that he was being cheated by the superior cleverness of Bulldog Carney. He had seen miners beaten out of their just gold claims by professional sharks; the fine reasoning, the microscopic evidence of the hairs, the intoed hoof, all these things were beyond him. He was honest in his conviction that the cayuse was Johnson's, and feared that the man who had killed his friend would slip through their fingers.

"It's just like this, boys," he said, "me and Fourteen-foot was together so long that if he was away somewhere I'd know he was comin' back a day afore he hit camp—I'd feel it, same's I turned back on the trail there and found him all chawed up by the wolves. There wasn't no reason to look over the cliff only ol' Fourteen-foot a-callin' me. And now he's a-tellin' me inside that that skunk there murdered him when he wasn't lookin'. And if you chaps aint got the sand to push this to a finish I'll get the man that killed Fourteen-foot; he won't never get away. If you boys is just a pack of coyotes that howls good and plenty till somebody calls 'em, and is goin' to slink away with your tails between your legs for fear you'll be rounded up for the lynchin', you can turn this

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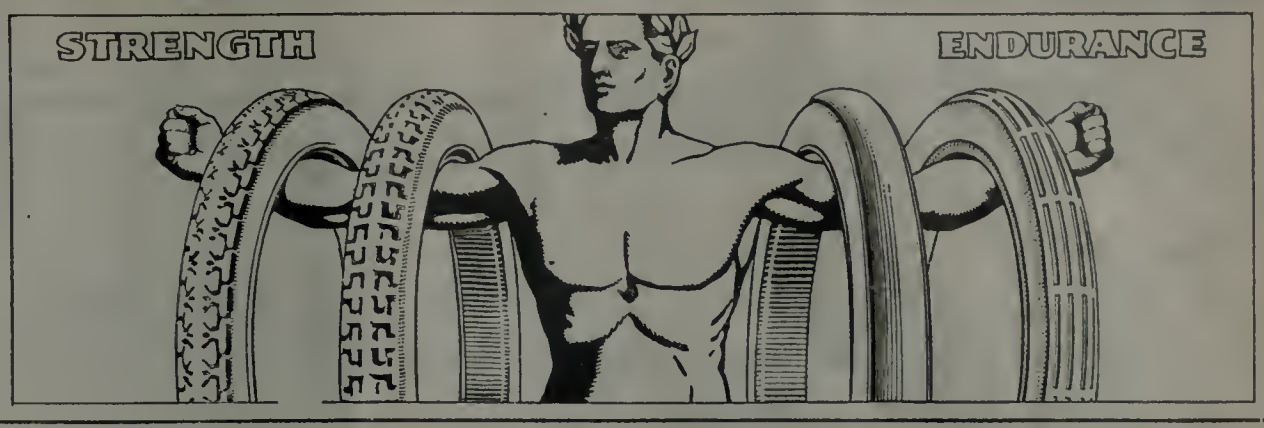

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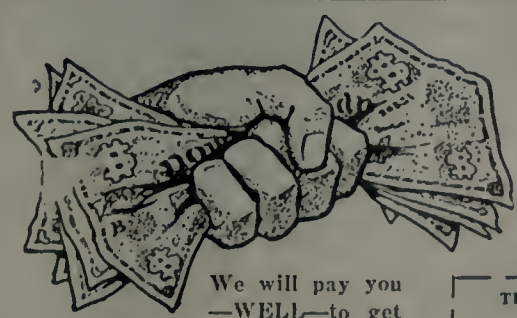

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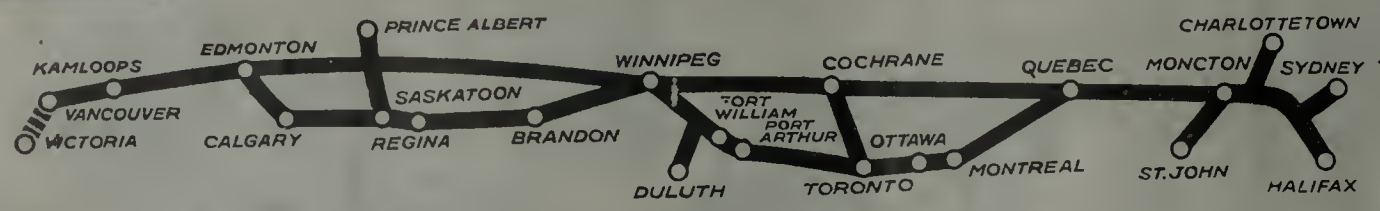

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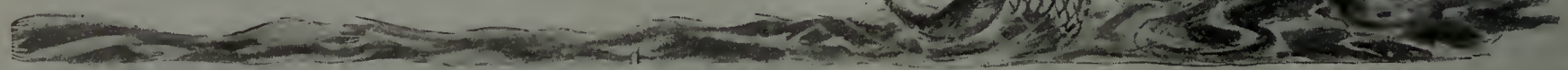

THE FINANCIAL POST in the House of Commons

IN the House of Commons the other week the attention of the Government was drawn to the article in THE FINANCIAL POST containing a reference to the financing of Roumanian orders through an agency established in London by Sir Clifford Sifton. Sir Thomas White, who is familiar with THE FINANCIAL POST, stated his opinion that the reference was to the private marketing of bonds.

This is merely a small item from THE POST of recent date, but it goes to show that

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murderer loose right now—you don't need to worry what'll happen to him. I'll be too danged lonesome without Fourteen-foot to figger what's comin' to me. Turn him loose—take the hobbles off him. You fellers go home and pull your blankets over your heads so's you won't see no ghosts."

Carney's sharp gray eyes watched the old fanatic's every move: he let him talk till he had exhausted himself with his passionate words, then he said:

"Caribou, you're some man. You'd go through a whole tribe of Indians for a chum. You believe you're right, and that's just what I'm trying to do in this, find out who is right—we don't want to wrong anybody. You can come back on the trail with me, and I'll show you the club-footed tracks; I'll let you help me get the right man."

The old chap turned his humpy shoulders, and looked at Carney out of bleary, weasel eyes set beneath shaggy brows; then he shrilled:

"I'll see you in hell fust; I've heerd o' you, Bulldog: I've heerd you had a wolverine skinned seven ways of the jack for tricks, and by the ring on a Big Horn I believe it! You know that while I'm here that jack rabbit aint goin' to get away—and he aint; you can bet your soul on that, Bulldog. We'd go out on the trail and we'd find that Wie-sah-ke-chack, the Indian's devil, has stole 'em pipe-dream club-footed tracks, and when we come back the man that killed my chum, old Fourteen-foot, would be down somewhere where a smart Aleck lawyer 'd get him off."

It took an hour of cool reasoning on the part of Carney to extract from that roomful of men a promise that they would give Holt three days' respite, Carney giving his word that he would not send out any information to the police but would devote the time to bringing in the murderer.

Kootenay Jim had had his wound dressed. He was in an ugly mood over the shooting; but the saner members of the lynching party felt that he had brought the quarrel on himself; that he had turned so viciously on Jeanette, whom they all liked, caused the men to feel that he had got pretty much his just deserts. He had drawn his gun first, and when a man does that he's got to take the consequences. He was a gambler, and a gambler generally had to abide by the gambling chance in gun play as well as by the fall of a card.

BUT Carney had work to do, and he was just brave enough not to be foolhardy. He knew that the three toughs would waylay him in the dark without compunction. They were now thirsting not only for young Holt's life, but his. So saying openly that he would start in the morning, when it was dark he slipped through the back entrance of the hotel to the stable, and led his buckskin out through a corral and by a back way to the tunnel entrance of the abandoned Little Widow mine. Here he left the horse and returned to the hotel, set up the drinks, and loafed about for a time, generally giving the three desperadoes the impression that he was camped for the night in the Gold Nugget, though Graham, in whom he had confided, knew differently.

Presently he slipped away, and Jeanette, who had got the key from Seth, unlocked the door that led down to the long communicating drift at the other end of which was the opening to the Little Widow mine.

Jeanette closed the door and followed Carney down the stairway. At the foot of the stairs he turned, saying: "You shouldn't do this."

"Why, Bulldog?"

"Well, you saw this afternoon why. Kootenay Jim has got an arm in a sling because he can't understand. Men as a rule don't understand much about women, so a woman has always got to wear armour."

"But we understand, Bulldog;" and Seth does."

"Yes, girl, we understand: but Seth can only understand the evident. You clamber up the stairs quick."

"My God! Bulldog, see what you're doing for me now. You never would stand for Harry yourself."

"If he'd been my brother I would, just as you have, girl."

"That's it, Bulldog, you're doing all this, standing there holding up a mob of angry men, because he's my brother."

"You called the turn, Jeanette."

"And all I can do, all I can say is, *thank you*. Is that all?"

"That's all, girl. It's more than enough."

He put a strong hand on her arm, almost shook her, saying with an earnestness that the playful tone hardly masked:

"When you've got a true friend let him do all the friending—then you'll hold him; the minute you try to rearrange his life you start backing the losing card. Now, good-bye, girl; I've got work to do. I'll bring in that wolf of the trail: I've got him marked down in a cave—I'll get him. You tell that pin-headed brother of yours to stand pat. And if Kootenay starts any deviltry go straight to Graham. Good-bye."

Cool fingers touched the girl on the forehead; then she stood alone watching the figure slipping down the gloomed passage of the drift, lighted candle in hand.

CARNEY led his buckskin from the mine tunnel, climbed the hillside to a back trail, and mounting, rode silently at a walk till the yellow blobs of light that were Bucking Horse lay behind him. Then at a little hunch of his heels the horse broke into a shuffling trot.

It was near midnight when he camped; both he and the buckskin had eaten robustly back at the Gold Nugget Hotel, and, Carney, making the horse lie down by tapping him gently on the shins with his quirt, rolled himself in his blanket and slept close beside the buckskin—they were like two men in a huge bed.

All next day he rode, stopping twice to let the buckskin feed, and eating a dry meal himself, building no fire. He had a conviction that the murderer of the gold hunters made the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge his stalking ground. And if the devil who stalked these returning miners was still there he felt certain that he would get him.

There had been nothing to rouse the murderer's suspicion that these men were known to have been murdered.

A sort of fatality hangs over a man who once starts in on a crime of that sort; he becomes like a man who handles dynamite—careless, possessed of a sense of security, of fatalism. Carney had found all desperadoes that way, each murder had made them more sure of themselves, it generally had been so easy.

Caribou Dave had probably passed without being seen by the murderer; indeed he had passed that point early in the morning, probably while the ghoul of the trail slept; the murderer would reason that if there was any suspicion in Bucking Horse that miners had been made away with, a posse would have come riding over the back trail, and the murderer would have ample knowledge of their approach.

To a depraved mind, such as his, there was a terrible fascination in this killing of men, and capturing their gold; he would keep at it like a gambler who has struck a big winning streak; he would pile up gold, probably in the cave Carney had seen the mouth of, even if it were more than he could take away. It was the curse of the lust of gold, and, once started, the devilish murder lust.

CARNEY had an advantage. He was looking for a man in a certain locality, and the man, not knowing of his approach, not dreading it, would be watching the trail in the other direction for victims. Even if he had met him full on the trail Carney would have passed the time of day and ridden on, as if going up into the Eagle Hills. And no doubt the murderer would let him pass without action. It was only returning miners he was interested in. Yes, Carney had an advantage, and if the man were still there he would get him.

His plan was to ride the buckskin to within a short distance of where the murders had been committed, which was evidently in the neighborhood of the

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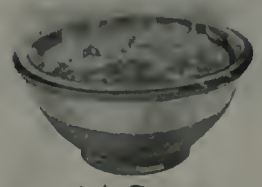
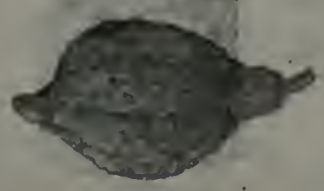


5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



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Cost Per 1000 Calories

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cliff at the bottom of which Fourteen-foot Johnson had been found, and go forward on foot until he had thoroughly reconnoitered the ground. He felt that he would catch sight of the murderer somewhere between that point and the cave, for he was convinced that the cave was the home of this trail devil.

The uncanny event of the wolves was not so simple. The curious tone of the wolf's howl had suggested a wild dog—that is, a creature that was half dog, half wolf; either whelped that way in the forests, or a train dog that had escaped. Even a fanciful weird thought entered Carney's mind that the murderer might be on terms of dominion over this half-wild pair; they might know him well enough to leave him alone, and yet devour his victims. This was conjecture, rather far-fetched, but still not impossible. An Indian's train dogs would obey their master, but pull down a white man quick enough if he were helpless.

However, the man was the thing.

THE sun was dipping behind the jagged fringe of mountain tops to the West when Carney slipped down into the valley of the Grizzley's Bridge, and, fording the stream, rode on to within a hundred and fifty yards of the spot where his buckskin had shied from the trail two days before.

Dismounting, he took off his coat and draping it over the horse's neck, said: "Now you're anchored, Patsy—stand steady."

Then he unbuckled the snaffle bit and rein from the bridle and wound the rein about his waist. Carney knew that the horse not hampered by a dangling rein to catch in his legs, or be seized by a man, would protect himself. No man but Carney could saddle the buckskin or mount him unless he was roped or thrown; and his hind feet were as deft as the fists of a boxer.

Then he moved steadily along the trail, finding here and there the imprint of moccasined feet that had passed over the trail since he had. There were the fresh pugs of two wolves, the dog wolf's paws enormous.

Carney's idea was to examine closely the trail that ran by the cliff to where his horse had shied from the path in the hope of finding perhaps the evidences of struggle, patches of blood soaked into the brown earth, and then pass on to where he could command a view of the cave mouth. If the murderer had his habitat there he would be almost certain to show himself at that hour, either returning from up the trail where he might have been on the lookout for approaching victims, or to issue from the cave for water or firewood for his evening meal. Just what he should do Carney had not quite determined. First he would stalk the man in hopes of finding out something that was conclusive.

If the murderer were hiding in the cave the gold would almost certainly be there.

That was the order of events, so to speak, when Carney, hand on gun, and eyes fixed ahead on the trail, came to the spot where the wolf had stood at bay. The trail took a twist, a projecting rock bellied it into a little turn, and a fallen birch lay across it, half smothered in a lake of leaves and brush.

As Carney stepped over the birch there was a crashing clamp of iron, and the powerful jaws of a bear trap closed on his leg with such numbing force that he almost went out. His brain swirled; there were roaring noises in his head, an excruciating grind on his leg.

His senses steadying, his first cogent thought was that the bone was smashed; but a limb of the birch caught in the jaws, squelched to splinters, had saved the bone; this and his breeches and heavy socks in the legs of his strong riding boots.

As if the snapping steel had carried down the valley, the evening stillness was rent by the yelping howl of a wolf beyond where the cave hung on the hillside. There was something demoniac in this, suggesting to the half-dazed man that the wolf stood as sentry.

THE utter helplessness of his position came to him with full force; he could no more open the jaws of that double-springed trap than he could crash the door of a safe. And a glance showed him that the trap was fastened by a chain at either end to stout-growing trees. It was a man-trap; if it had been for a bear it would be fastened to a piece of loose log.

The fiendish deviltry of the man who had set it was evident. The whole vile scheme flashed upon Carney; it was set where the trail narrowed before it wound down to the gorge, and the man caught in it could be killed by a club, or left to be devoured by the wolves. A pistol might protect him for a little against the wolves, but that even could be easily wheedled out of a man caught by the murderer coming with a pretence of helping him.

Suddenly a voice fell on Carney's ear:

"Throw your gun out on the trail in front of you! I've got you covered, Bulldog, and you haven't got a chance on earth."

Now Carney could make out a pistol, a man's head, and a crooked arm projecting from beside a tree twenty yards along the trail.

"Throw out the gun, and I'll parley with you!" the voice added.

Carney recognized the voice as that of Jack the Wolf, and he knew that the offered parley was only a blind, a trick to get his gun away so that he would be a quick victim for the wolves; that would save a shooting. Sometimes an imbedded bullet told the absolute tale of murder.

"There's nothing doing in that line, Jack the Wolf," Carney answered: "you can shoot and be damned to you! I'd rather die that way than be torn to pieces by the wolves."

JACK the Wolf seemed to debate this matter behind the tree; then he said: "It's your own fault if you get into my bear trap, Bulldog; I aint invited you in. I've been watchin' you for the last hour, and I've been a-wonderin' just what your little game was. Me and you aint good 'nough friends for me to step up there to help you out, and you got a gun on you. You throw it out and I'll parley. If you'll agree to certain things, I'll spring that trap, and you can ride away, 'cause I guess you'll keep your word. I don't want to kill nobody, I don't."

The argument was specious. If Carney had not known Jack the Wolf as absolutely bloodthirsty, he might have taken a chance and thrown the gun.

"You know perfectly well, Jack the Wolf, that if you came to help me out, and I shot you, I'd be committing suicide, so you're lying."

"You mean you won't give up the gun?"

"No."

"Well, keep it, damn you! Them wolves knows a thing or two. One of 'em knows pretty near as much about guns as you do. They'll just sit off there in the dark and laugh at you till you drop; then you'll never wake up. You think it over, Bulldog, I'm—."

The speaker's voice was drowned by the howl of the wolf a short distance down the valley.

"D'you hear him, Bulldog?" Jack queried when the howls had died down. "They get your number on the wind and they're sayin' you're their meat. You think over my proposition while I go down and gather in your buckskin; he looks good to me for a get-away. You let me know when I come back what you'll do, 'cause 'em wolves is in a hurry—they're hungry; and I guess your leg aint none too comfortable."

Then there was silence, and Carney knew that Jack the Wolf was circling through the bush to where his horse stood, keeping out of range as he traveled.

Carney knew that the buckskin would put up a fight; his instinct would tell him that Jack the Wolf was evil. The howling wolf would also have raised the horse's mettle; but he himself was in the awkward position of being a loser, whether man or horse won.

FROM where he was trapped the buckskin was in view. Carney saw his head go up, the lop ears throw forward in rigid listening, and he could see, beyond, off to the right, the skulking form.

of Jack slipping from tree to tree so as to keep the buckskin between him and Carney.

Now the horse turned his arched neck and snorted. Carney whipped out his gun, a double purpose in his mind. If Jack the Wolf offered a fair mark he would try a shot, though at a hundred and fifty yards it would be a chance, and he must harbor his cartridges for the wolves; the second purpose was that the shot would rouse the buckskin with a knowledge that there was a battle on.

Jack the Wolf came to the trail beyond the horse and was now slowly approaching, speaking in coaxing terms. The horse, warily alert, was shaking his head; then he pawed at the earth like an angry bull.

Ten yards from the horse Jack stood still, his eye noticing that the bridle rein and bit were missing. Carney saw him uncoil from his waist an ordinary packing rope; it was not a lariat, being short. With this in a hand held behind his back, Jack, with short steps moved slowly toward the buckskin, trying to soothe the wary animal with soft speech.

Ten feet from the horse he stood again, and Carney knew what that meant—a little quick dash in to twist the rope about the horse's head, or seize him by the nostrils. Also the buckskin knew. He turned his rump to the man, threw back his ears, and lashed out with his hind feet as a warning to the horse thief. The coat had slipped from his neck to the ground.

Jack the Wolf tried circling tactics, trying to gentle the horse into a sense of security with soothing words. Once, thinking he had a chance, he sprang for the horse's head, only to escape those lightning heels by the narrowest margin; at that instant Carney fired, but his bullet missed, and Jack, startled, stood back, planning sulkily.

Carney saw him thread out his rope with the noose end in his right hand, and circle again. Then the hand with a half-circle sent the loop swishing through the air, and at the first cast it went over the buckskin's head.

Carney had been waiting for this. He whistled shrilly the signal that always brought the buckskin to his side.

Jack had started to work his way up the rope, hand over hand, but at the well-known signal the horse whirled, the rope slipped through Jack's sweaty hands, a loop of it caught his leg, and he was thrown. The buckskin, strung to a high nervous tension, answered his master's signal at a gallop, and the rope, fastened to Jack's waist, dragged him as though he hung from a run-away horse with a foot in the stirrup. His body struck rocks, trees, roots; it jiggered about on the rough earth like a cork, for the nooso had slipped back to the buckskin's shoulders.

JUST as the horse reached Carney Jack the Wolf's two legs straddled a slim tree and the body wedged there. Carney snapped his fingers but as the horse stepped forward the rope tightened, the body was fast.

"Damned if I want to tear the cuss to pieces, Patsy," he said, drawing forth his pocket knife. He just managed by reaching out with his long arm, to cut the rope, and the horse thrust his velvet muzzle against his master's cheek, as if he would say: "Now, old pal, we're all right—don't worry."

Bulldog understood the reassurance and, patting the broad wise forehead, answered: "We can play the wolves together, Pat—I'm glad you're here. It's a hundred to one on us yet." Then a half-smothered oath startled the horse, for, at a twist, a shoot of agony raced along the vibrant nerves to Carney's brain.

In the subsidence of strife Carney was cognizant of the night shadows that crept along the valley, it would soon be dark. Perhaps he could build a little fire; it would keep the wolves at bay, for in the darkness they would come; it would give him a circle of light, and a target when the light fell on their snarling faces.

Bending gingerly down, he found in the big bed of leaves a network of dead branches that Jack the Wolf had cunningly placed there to hold the leaves. There was within reach on the dead

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birch some of its silver parchment-like bark. With his cow-boy hat he brushed the leaves away from about his limbs, then taking off his belt he lowered himself gingerly to his free knee and built a little mound of sticks and bark against the birch log. Then he put his hand in a pocket for matches—every pocket; he had not one match; they were in his coat lying down somewhere on the trail. He looked longingly at the body lying wedged against the tree; Jack would have matches, for no man travelled the wilds without the means to a fire. But matches in New York were about as accessible as any that might be in Jack the Wolf's pockets.

Philosophic thought, with one leg in a bear trap, is practically impossible, and Carney's arraignment of tantalizing fate was inelegant. As if Fate resented this, Fate, or something, cast into the trapped man's mind a magical inspiration,—a vital grievance. His mind, acute because of his dilemma and pain, must have wandered far ahead of his cognizance, for a sane plan of escape lay evident. If he had a fire he could heat the steel springs of that trap. The leaves of the spring were thin, depending upon that elusive quality, the steel's temper, for strength. If he could heat the steel, even to a dull red, the temper would leave it as a spirit foresakes a body, and the spring would bend like cardboard.

"And I haven't got a damn match," Carney wailed. Then he looked at the bedy: "But you've got them—"

He grasped the buckskin's headpiece and drew him forward a pace; then he unslung his picket line and made a throw for Jack the Wolf's head. If he could yank the body around, the wedged legs would clear.

Throwing a lariat at a man lying groggily flat, with one of the thrower's legs in a bear trap, was a new one on Carney—it was some test.

Once he muttered grimly, from between set teeth: "If my leg holds out I'll get him yet, Patsy."

Then he threw the lariat again; only to drag the noose hopelessly off the head that seemed glued to the ground, the dim light blurring form and earth into a shadow from which thrust, indistinctly, the pale face that carried a crimson mark from forehead to chin.

HE had made a dozen casts, all futile, the noose sometimes catching slightly at the shaggy head, even causing it to roll weirdly, as if the man were not dead but dodging the rope. As Carney slid the noose from his hand to float gracefully out toward the body his eye caught the dim form of the dog-wolf, just beyond, his slobbering jaws parted, giving him the grinning aspect of a laughing hyena. Carney snatched the rope and dropped his hand to his gun, but the wolf was quicker than the man—he was gone. A curious thing had happened, though, for that erratic twist of the rope had spiraled the noose beneath Jack the Wolf's chin, and gently, vibratingly, tightening the slip, Carney found it hold. Then hand over hand, he hauled the body to the birch log, and, without ceremony, searched it for matches. He found them, wrapped in an oilskin in a pocket of Jack's shirt. He noticed casually, that Jack's gun had been torn from its belt during the owner's rough voyage.

The finding of the matches was like an anesthetic to the agony of the clamp on his leg. He chuckled, saying: "Patsy, it's a million to one on us; they can't beat us, old pard."

He transferred his faggots and birch bark to the loops of the springs, one pile at either end of the trap, and touched a match to them.

The acrid smoke almost stifled him; sparks burnt his hands, and his wrists, and his face; the jaws of the trap commenced to catch the heat as it traveled along the conducting steel, and he was threatened with the fact that he might burn his leg off. With his knife he dug up the black moist earth beneath the leaves, and dribbled it on to the heating jaws.

CARNEY was so intent on his manifold duties that he had practically forgotten Jack the Wolf; but as he turned his face from an inspection of a spring

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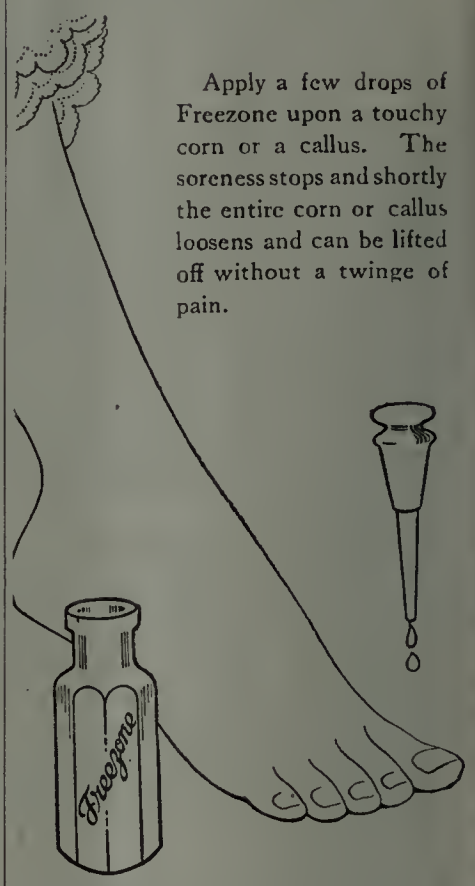

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that was reddening, he saw a pair of black vicious eyes watching him, and a hand reaching for his gun belt that lay across the birch log.

The hands of both men grasped the belt at the same moment, and a terrible struggle ensued. Carney was handicapped by the trap, which seemed to bite into his leg as if it were one of the wolves fighting Jack's battle; and Jack the Wolf showed, by his vain efforts to rise, that his legs had been made almost useless in that drag by the horse.

Carney had in one hand a stout stick with which he had been adjusting his fire, and he brought this down on the other's wrist, almost shattering the bone. With a cry of pain Jack the Wolf released his grasp of the belt, and Carney pulling the gun, covered him, saying:

"Hoped you were dead, Jack the Murderer! Now turn face down on the log, with your hands behind your back, till I hobble you."

"I can spring that trap with a lever and let you out," Jack offered.

"Don't need you—I'm going to see you hanged and don't want to be under any obligation to you, murderer: turn over quick or I'll kill you now—my leg is on fire."

Jack the Wolf knew that a man with a bear trap on his leg and a gun in his hand was not a man to trifle with, so he obeyed.

When Jack's wrists were tied with the picket line, Carney took a loop about the prisoner's legs; then he turned to his fires.

The struggle had turned the steel springs from the fires; but in the twisting one of them had been bent so that its ring had slipped down from the jaws. Now Carney heaped both fires under the other spring and soon it was so hot, that, when balancing his weight on the leg in the trap, he placed his other foot on it and shifted his weight, the strip of steel went down like paper. He was free.

At first Carney could not bear his weight on the mangled leg; it felt as if it had been asleep for ages; the blood rushing through the released veins pricked like a tattooing needle. He took off his boot and massaged the limb, Jack eyeing this proceeding sardonically. The two wolves hovered beyond the firelight, snuffling and yapping.

When he could hobble on the injured limb Carney put the bit and bridle rein back on the buckskin, and turning to Jack, unwound the picket line from his legs, saying: "Get up and lead the way to that cave!"

"I can't walk, Bulldog," Jack protested, "my leg's half broke."

"Take your choice—get on your legs, or I'll tie you up and leave you for the wolves," Carney snapped.

Jack the Wolf knew his Bulldog Carney well. As he rose groggily to his feet, Carney lifted to the saddle, holding the loose end of the picket line that was fastened to Jack's wrists, and said:

"Go on in front; if you try any tricks I'll put a bullet through you—this sore leg's got me peeved."

AT the cave Carney found, as he expected, several little canvas bags of gold, and other odds and ends such as a murderer too often, and also foolishly, will garner from his victims. But he also found something he had not expected to find—the cayuse that had belonged to Fourteen-foot Johnson, for Jack the Wolf had preserved the cayuse to pack out his wealth.

Next morning, no chance of action having come to Jack the Wolf through the night, for he had lain tied up like a turkey that is to be roasted, he started on the pilgrimage to Bucking Horse, astride Fourteen-foot Johnson's cayuse, with both feet tied beneath that sombre animal's belly. Carney landed him and the gold in that astonished burg.

And in the fullness of time something very serious happened the enterprising man of the bear trap.

The Wings of the Morning

Continued from page 15

striving to keep a steady voice. "Nobly and gloriously, as the great, the good, and the brave of all ages have wished to die."

But she could only repeat dismally, "Aleck is dead—dead. My Aleck is dead, and I cannot even see him."

Her heart had no room for any other thought.

The dominie had come primed with consolation from the sages. He knew all that Solomon, Socrates, and the rest of them had said on the great questions of life and death. He believed with the Greeks that the beloved of the gods are taken young. He meant to say—what was simple, literal truth—that in his heart he envied Aleck. "Gone at twenty, a hero who gave his life for another," he told himself on the way up. "*Greater love hath no man than this.* Oh! rare good fortune of the happy boy warrior!"

Heroes, he felt, should die young, while the lustre of glory was still fresh upon them. "Ere the evil days come," he had often thought; "ere the evil days come." How lucky to spread wings and soar off in the roseate morning, rather than be kept lingering and dawdling into the darkness of night; to escape for ever, without scar or taint, all the corrosions of time, all the malice of fortune! Surely Aleck was fortunate, thrice fortunate, in his going. On his way to High Croft the dominie had said all this and more to himself with absolute conviction and sincerity. But face to face with her, he could not say it to Aleck's mother, not if it were certified wisdom, set with rubies and bound in gold. He could only stroke the hand he held, incoherently murmuring commonplaces of comfort.

At last she suddenly leaned forward upon the table and broke into a storm of weeping; and Thomas Dunning was devoutly glad, for he knew that to the stricken heart tears are salvation.

VI

NEXT day was Sunday, but instead of putting on Sabbath-day blacks and dutifully answering the call of the kirk bell, the dominie decided to take his weekly allowance of preaching by proxy. Accordingly Janet occupied the "school pew" in solitary state and vast secret displeasure. For Janet had a grievance, the sort of grievance trusting women so often have against sly, deluding man. She had not been deceived, thanks to her own cuteness; but the attempt to deceive was palpable.

"I wouldn't have believed it o' him," thought Janet, as the small broken-winded organ began to wheeze out a jerky prelude. "No, I wouldn't," she repeated, as the minister, stately and solemn, entered, and mounted the pulpit stairs. "What would *he* think o' ane o' his elders tryin' to bamboozle his auld hoosekeeper? To tell me he was for a whiff o' hill-wind to cure a headache when a' the time I kent fine he was off to see Margaret Gordon. David was richt. Men are a' quirky; and he's just like the lave o' them. It's for marryin' her he'll be, for a' that's come and gone. What I'm wonderin' is if ae hoose will be big enough to hold me an' her."

She knew what had happened, and of course was sorry for Margaret Gordon, with the sorrow of a spinster for a weeping Rachel. But she could not forgive the dominie. These thoughts so engrossed Janet that she could not find the text in all her Bible, heard not a word of the sermon, and almost broke into singing when others were composing themselves for prayer. When the ordeal of public worship was over, and gossip had been duly exchanged at the kirk door, she returned to a cold dinner in an exceedingly hot state of mind. That she had the dinner all to herself was part of the dominie's duplicity.

A charge of duplicity was perhaps justified, though not precisely as Janet suspected. While the church bells jangled out their cracked summons

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Thomas Dunning "looked in" at High Croft, "just to say, 'How d'ye do?'" in the passing. He remembered that Margaret had not seen Mr. Hector's letter. Perhaps she would like to read it for herself. He would therefore leave it and call for it on his way back. No, thanks, he would have nothing. One climbed all the better for going light. Then, remarking that the day was warm, and good for growing crops, he turned once more to the hill above. Margaret understood. "Tom is always tactful and delicate," she said to herself. On his part he was saying, "She hasn't slept a wink all night, and her eyes, oh! poor thing, I could scarcely bear to look at them."

VII.

FOR a quarter of a mile, that is to say, as long as he was within sight of High Croft, the dominie walked rapidly; then finding himself in solitude he sat down on a mossy, sun-warmed rock and thought of Margaret Gordon.

Three hours later he returned, and she was waiting for him, pitiably white, but dry-eyed and composed. Together they went inside, and this time he consented to have refreshments—of scone, fresh butter, and creamy heather-milk, which would have superseded nectar had it been known on Olympus. Thus braced, he cleared his throat—somehow he had all at once become a victim to hoarseness—and cautiously referred to Mr. Hector's letter.

"It's a fine, generous letter," said Margaret simply. "I'll always love Mr. Hector for what he says in it. Yes, though I'm far, far away from High Croft."

The last part of the statement was a clear lapse, and nearly cost Margaret her studied, resolute self-possession.

"Yes," he agreed, noting her effort to be calm. "The letter of one brave man paying tribute to another. Sir Hector is deeply touched."

He appeared to be going on; but, instead, turned abruptly and looked out of the window. The rich flush of midsummer was on the scene; a Sabbath peace was in the air. All thought of war seemed remote, alien, and incongruous.

"It's bonnie," he murmured. "Theocritus would have loved it." And then, with a sidelong look, "You wouldn't like to leave it, would you, Maggie?"

"It just needs that to break my heart altogether," she answered. "That would do it."

There was a long pause. "Wouldn't it be hard for you to carry on alone?" he asked then.

"Oh! I could do it," was the emphatic reply. "And now that they're all gone, it's what I'd like to do."

The dominie gulped something invisible. "Maggie," he said, not too successfully keeping the gulp out of his voice, "there's one thing I have to say, and it's this—that go or stay, Sir Hector is your very good friend. I have seen him again, and he authorized me to tell you that."

She looked at him searchingly. "Tom," she cried, "you have been pleading for me."

"Never a word," he replied promptly. "Never so much as a single word. You should have heard what he says about Aleck."

"Then if he's my friend he'll let me stay here," said Margaret. "I have some help, and I'm used to working. Tom, do this for me, and tell Sir Hector he will have every penny of his own—every penny."

"Believe me, he's not thinking of that," the dominie assured her.

But he did not argue. Instead, he acted.

VIII

THE very next day Margaret received a letter which made her giddy with excitement. She glanced at the address—"Carbenny Castle"; she glanced at the signature—Sir Hector's. The letter, in the baronet's own hand, was as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Gordon,—Our common friend, Mr. Dunning, informs me that you desire to remain at High Croft. I greatly regret that I cannot see my way to comply with your wish" (Margaret nearly collapsed) "because it is contrary to pending arrangements. In the providence of God and at the call of duty, you have been deprived of those to whom you would naturally look for help. My heart goes out to you—but I will not dwell on that. What I have to say is that for all our sakes I think it best you should leave High Croft. Therefore you shall have choice of two other houses. Whichever you choose shall be rent free as long as you care to occupy it, and I trust you will accept such a supplement to your income as will be sufficient for the comfort I should like you to have. I beg this as a favor and not in any sense as a return for what you and yours have done for me and mine. That is beyond payment. You see, I assume you will do us the honor of remaining on the estate. For the rest, with your permission, you shall have assistance in winding up things at High Croft. My advice, dear Mrs. Gordon, is that you just leave the bother of winding up and flitting to us men-folk.

"My son is already in hospital in London. As soon as ever the surgeons are done with him he will be home. His mother, who sends her love and sympathy, thinks our Highland air will do him more good than all the apothecary's stuff in England. You may be sure he will take the very earliest opportunity of calling and expressing to you in person something of what we all feel.

"Please let me know that all this is agreeable to you. God sustain and bless you, now and always."

Margaret was glad she was permitted to read that letter by herself, that no one was by to witness the grateful, tender, distressing tears she shed over it. "My Aleck," she sobbed, "saved me in the end, as he said he would. And Mr. Hector, yes, I'll always love Mr. Hector."

IX

SHE met Mr. Hector soon, but not in the quietness of her own Highland hills as had been planned. Before he could come home she went up to London, first-class, at Sir Hector's expense, to receive from the King's own hand the decoration won but never worn by Aleck. The dominie accompanied her, for, as Sir Hector pointed out with clinching force, she could never be trusted to go alone.

"The tumult and confusion would simply stun and bewilder her," he said. "Ten to one, she'd be run over by some careering fool or ever she got near Buckingham Palace. So she needs you. Eh! What's that? The school. Fiddlesticks! The Board aren't idiots; and when did scholars object to a holiday?"

The scholars accordingly had their holiday. "In honor," the master was careful to explain, "of one who has brought lasting glory to our school."

The weather being fine, it was an open-air investiture, and when Margaret, who would fain have hidden at the last moment, was conducted into the Royal presence, a small, white, trembling figure, lost, as it seemed, in the sea of uniforms, the Cockney crowd cheered lustily. There was more cheering when the King presented the little Maltese Cross with the bit of crimson ribbon which would for ever tell the tale of Aleck's valor and sacrifice. She curtseyed in acknowledgment and was turning away, but the King detained her to praise Aleck's bravery and say how well the proud distinction was deserved. Finally he shook hands, "warm and friendly, just as if he had known me all my life," said Margaret afterwards. She had not imagined kings capable of shaking hands in that fashion. As she made her way to the rear, smiling through her tears and holding her treasure tight, the watching, eager crowd exploded in another and more prolonged cheer. She turned quickly round, as if afraid. "Don't you be a-takin' on, missis," she was told sympathetically. "'E was a good boy as got 'e *that*, mum."

"Thank you for that," said Margaret simply.

Mr. Hector stood beside the dominie, waiting for her. He was on crutches (that was why he had not attended her before them all, and at sight of him she stopped, a quick look of pity in her face.

"Oh, Mr Hector, dear!" she cried,

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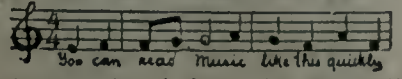

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scarcely noticing his salute, "but I'm sorry to see you like this."

"I am very thankful to be like this, Mrs. Gordon," he answered. "If it hadn't been for Sergeant Gordon I shouldn't have been here at all. I'm glad to have seen what I've seen to-day. My father has told you all, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he has told me all."

She caught her lip. He understood and withheld something he greatly wanted to say. By-and-by she would be better able to listen.

A motor was in readiness, and he took the two to the little hotel off the Strand (recommended by Sir Hector), where they had put up for one night. Thence he took them to Euston, and, in spite of crutches, insisted on conducting Margaret to her carriage.

"Tell them at home I'm getting on famously," he said at parting, "and that I'll be north in no time. It's mortal dull work getting well in London here."

Only when the train was starting and he held Margaret's hand a moment did he venture to hint some fraction of what was in his heart. She was infinitely grateful for his reticence.

"I don't think I could have held up if he had spoken much of Aleck," she confided to the dominie.

X

JANET, with a small company of intimate and particular friends, received Margaret in her new home, which was just ready and passed by Sir Hector as fit for occupation. By one of the coincidences in which truth plagiarizes so shamefully from fiction it chanced to stand next neighbor to the school-house. Janet looked wise and prophetic.

"Ay, just so," she remarked. "I'm thinkin' it's no exactly for nothing they're gable to gable. It runs in my mind that it's under the same roof they'll be afore a's owre."

And Janet was right. One day, some months later, a gossip ran to her in a state of high excitement, with a certain question.

"Ay, it's quite true," announced Janet, "as I kent weel it would be. Margaret Gordon is to be Margaret Dunning. Astonished are ye? Ye'd be fair dumfoonered if ye saw what I see. Daft, that's what the poor man is—clean daft. Canna eat or sleep for thinkin' o' his dearie. An', my word, sic preparations! The drawin'-room's to be pented an' papered. There's to be grand new upholstery an' pictirs an' a carpet, forby a braw brass bed an's a wheen o' whigmaleeries upstairs. An' the pension's to go on. The maister an' Sir Hector had words ower it; but Sir Hector would have it so, or doon comes the moon aboot our heids. No, I'm no leavin'. *He* says I maun bide an' take care o' her. Twa to cook an' clean for instead o' ane. It's grand to be so muckle thocht o'. My certie!"

Janet was the most loyal of women and the best of housekeepers; but the mysteries of sentiment were far beyond her ken.

A Mysterious City of Rhodesia

Ruins Are Investigated on Land That Once Yielded the Gold of Ophir.

THE unknown parts of darkest Africa have many strange secrets to yield up. Each encroachment of the curious white man reveals new mysteries and new natural phenomena. One of the most interesting stories that has come out of Africa for some time is contributed to *The Wide World*, by Vera F. Raffalorich, and deals with the ruins of a city in Rhodesia in the centre of what quite apparently was in ancient days a rich, gold-yielding district. She writes entertainingly of this old pile of crumbling walls:

In 1506 Portuguese traders in South-East Africa came upon a ruined city which had clearly been the centre of a gold-mining district. There is evidence that they themselves worked or attempted to work these mines. However, they abandoned them, and the ruins were forgotten until last century, when Livingstone brought them again to the notice of the world. Many learned explorers have since visited these remains, and they seem to agree that the very definite astronomical and geometrical knowledge on the part of the builders provides a certain clue as to the date of their erection. Authorities nearly unanimously agree that Rhodesia must have been the ancient Monomotapa, the gold-producing country whence the merchants of Ophir, in Southern Arabia, derived the enormous quantities of gold which they distributed to all the then known countries.

Gold was, according to Biblical and secular writings, the principal trade of the famous Ophir, and this fact has often given rise to the erroneous conception that Ophir must itself have been a great gold-producing country. But there seems little doubt that Ophir was only the intermediate emporium, and that the precious metal was chiefly imported from South-East Africa. Authorities even affirm that other imports, such as slaves, ivory, apes, precious stones, sandalwood, and plumage, which were brought by Hiram to King Solomon's court, also must have been obtained from that same country. King Hiram of Tyrus sailed from Ezion-Geber, on the Red Sea, to Ophir with his and King Solomon's fleet at regular intervals of three years, probably allowing the Arabian traders time to fetch from Africa all the gold and costly merchandise required. The Scriptures tell us that the gold obtained in a single one of these voyages amounted to a present value of about four million pounds sterling. From this fact alone we can conclude what vast quantities of ore must have been recovered from the old Rhodesian workings. All the evidence, gained by exploration in the ruins, seems to point to the conclusion that the ancient settlements in South-East Africa were established for the sole purpose of this gold-winning industry. As the ruins date, so far as can be ascertained, from practically prehistoric times, as far back as 1100 B.C., the period of their erection would cover both previously and subsequently that time during which Scriptural references are made to the gold-trading of Ophir.

When, in course of time, the power of the southern Arabians waned, we find that by natural absorption the Phoenicians became not only the masters of the Mediterranean and of the Southern Ocean, but also of the Arabian colonies, foremost amongst these being the gold-producing colonies in South-East Africa. And this explains how the trade and wealth for which the Sabaeans had been so famous passed into the hands of their Phoenician brethren. These latter, in occupying Monomotapa, or Rhodesia, still adhered to the main type of architecture common to the Arabians, and only introduced a few fresh features.

The ruins of the earliest period show strength, monotonous plainness, and enormous solidity, notwithstanding the stones being laid without mortar. Some of the walls are broad and massive enough to carry an ox-wagon and team of sixteen oxen, with room to spare. The first object of the ancients who left these stupendous monuments to posterity seems to have been protection against the savage negroid tribes who lived in these territories, and from whom, in all probability, were drawn the numerous slaves necessary to carry on the extensive gold industry. Many thousands of people were evidently herded around the principal industrial centres, the size of which, judging from the countless gold-smelting furnaces, crucibles, crushing-stones, etc.,

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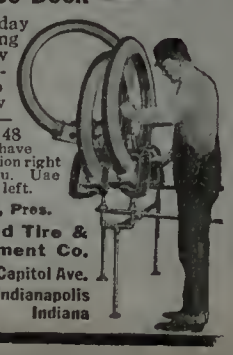

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discovered in the ruins, must have been quite enormous.

The principal feature in the Zimbabwe district is the Zimbabwe Hill, crowned by the ruins of the Acropolis, a bewildering stronghold which, from a height of about five hundred feet, overlooks the Valley of Ruins, doubtless the site of the city itself. In the midst of this valley lies the principal ruin, termed the Temple of Great Zimbabwe. It forms a large elliptical enclosure, and is believed to be of the earliest period. It contains the most undoubted evidences to show that the builders were Nature-worshippers of the early Phoenician cult, when stone-worship was one of the leading features of the ritual. Among the evidential finds there are a great number of phallic emblems and many soapstone birds, pronounced by authorities to be similar to the images of the birds sacred to Astarte, an emblem much used in Phoenician worship, and similar to those found in Cyprus, Sardinia, and other important Phoenician colonies. The Zimbabwe Temple is nearly identical to the old Temple of Haram, near Marib, the capital of the old Yemen in South Arabia, where the famous Bilkis, Queen of Sheba, reigned.

Apparently the Zimbabwe Temple was a very important place of worship, and constituted the centre where the great national feasts were held. The outer wall, which rises to a height of thirty feet, forms an elliptical circle of nearly three hundred feet in length. Within this vast enclosure there is a mazy labyrinth of walls and passages, all built of well-cut granite sets and laid in marvellously even courses. A long, exceedingly narrow passage leads direct from the main entrance to the sacred enclosure. The walls of this passage are of the same imposing height as the outer wall, and conceal the carefully-buttressed approaches to the sacred Conical Tower, which is over thirty feet in height and built of solid masonry. In front of this sacred tower is a raised platform covered with a thick cement flooring, which was presumably used by the priests for religious purposes. The whole temple seems still impregnated and haunted with the spirit of these prehistoric Nature-worshippers, and an atmosphere of awe-inspiring mystery surrounds the intruder.

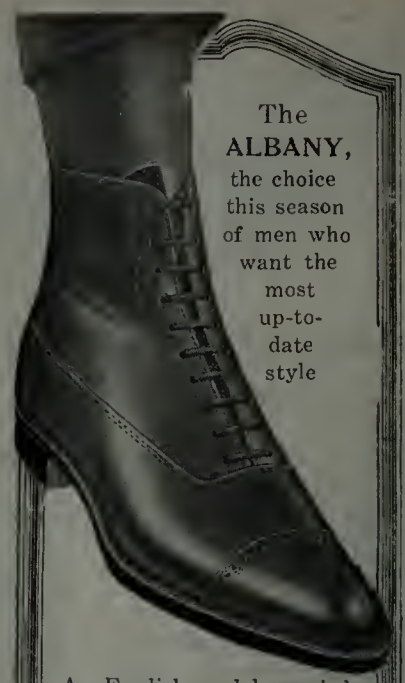
Who Will Succeed Wilson?

A Review of the U.S. Presidential Situation

THE Presidential pot is already beginning to boil in the United States, although the nominations do not occur until next year. Already speculation is rife as to who will probably be nominated. It is agreed that Wilson could have the Democratic nomination if he cared to ignore the no-third-term convention. On the Republican side, discussion seems to centre around General Pershing, General Leonard Wood, and Charles E. Hughes, who gave Wilson so close a run last year.

The possibilities are concisely summed up by Frank M. O'Brien in "Munsey's Magazine." He writes:

On the Democratic side, Mr. Wilson stands out as so commanding a personality, so powerful a leader of his party, that he can have no serious opposition if he decides to be a candidate for a third term. No man in American history has ever had such unchallenged control over his party. Whatever may be thought of the quality of his statesmanship, no one can question that he has the genius of great personal appeal to the imagination of the people. His combination of political sagacity and daring originality makes



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him a unique figure in American history.

It rests entirely with Mr. Wilson to say whether he will again receive the nomination of the Democratic party in 1920. There is no need of discussion to buttress this conclusion, the no-third-term tradition notwithstanding.

Should Mr. Wilson elect not to run again in 1920, the men most frequently mentioned as possible Democratic nominees are William G. McAdoo; Senator Underwood, of Alabama; ex-Speaker Clark, of Missouri; William Jennings Bryan; Secretary of War Baker; and Governor Cox, of Ohio. There may be other aspirants—perhaps many others. The woods are usually full of men whose political ambitions do not fall short of the White House. But of these six outstanding figures—McAdoo, Underwood, Clark, Bryan, Baker, and Cox—it is anybody's guess as to which one can command the strongest following in the convention.

Now let us turn to the Republican party; and here we find a much longer list of potential candidates. With Mr. Roosevelt alive, the situation was different, for his pre-eminence as a leader practically precluded all thought of seeking any other Republican nominee; but his untimely death has left an open field. The following is at least a partial list of men whose names have been brought under discussion:

Ex-President Taft.

Eight members of the United States Senate — Lodge, of Massachusetts; Knox, of Pennsylvania; Harding, of Ohio; Borah, of Idaho; Cummins, of Iowa; Johnson, of California; Kellogg, of Minnesota; and Watson, of Indiana.

One former member of the Senate Beveridge, of Indiana.

One former member of the United States Supreme Court — Ex-Justice Hughes, of New York.

Two Governors of States—Lowden, of Illinois; and Allen, of Kansas.

One president of a university—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of New York.

Two soldiers—General John J. Pershing and Major-General Leonard Wood.

The name of General Pershing has come forward as a Presidential possibility chiefly because of the nation's grateful habit of rewarding its military heroes. Three professional soldiers—William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, and Ulysses S. Grant—have been elected President; while Washington and Jackson, while not professional soldiers in the sense that those named were, did not suffer by having their exploits in the field added to their wisdom in council.

With the exception of Andrew Johnson and Mr. Taft, every Republican President has been a soldier. Lincoln served in the Black Hawk War, Grant, of course, was our soldier of soldiers. Hayes was made a brigadier-general for his deeds at Cedar Creek. Garfield—who, like Hayes, was elected to Congress while in the field—could have commanded a division if he had stayed in uniform. Arthur was quartermaster-general in New York. Benjamin Harrison showed conspicuous gallantry in the Atlanta campaign, and was a brevet brigadier-general at the end of the war. McKinley, enlisting as private at eighteen, rose to a majority at the end of the four bitter years. Roosevelt was a rising politician-statesman before the war with Spain, yet he would not have been elected Governor of New York in 1898 if it had not been for his exploits as leader of the Rough Riders.

The "Reds" in New York

How the Bolsheviks Are Working in the East Side

IT is, of course, well known that the Bolsheviki doctrines are spreading in the United States. There is steady propaganda on the part of the agents of the Communistic Cause and the poison filters through the crowded sections of big cities, with startling rapidity. John Bruce Mitchell tells in *The Forum* how the movement is growing in New York and what he writes leaves the impression that the situation has its serious side. He says, in part:

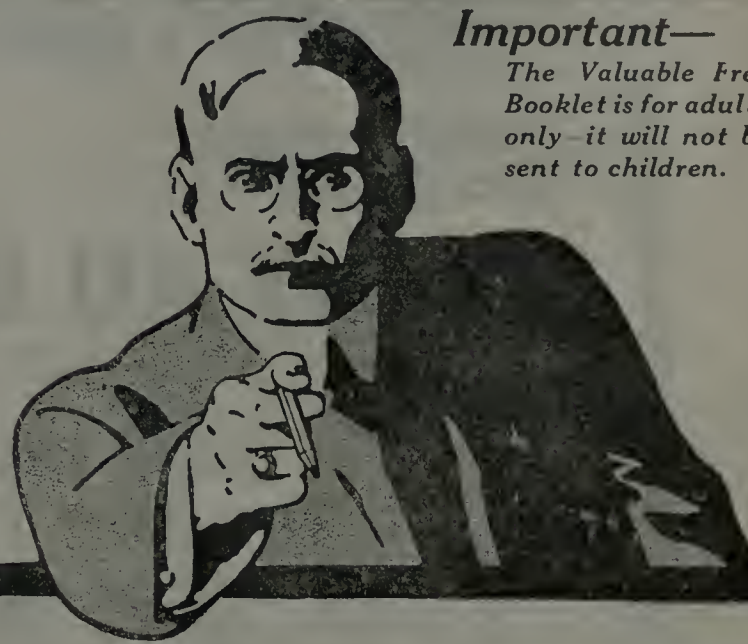
Come with me! Just south of Washington Square, in days gone the stronghold of New York conservatism, there is, on Fourth Street, a dingy building, the upper floors given over to Bolshevistic organizations or garment workers; the lower floor, a hall. It is the Labor Lyceum. There one finds a room about sixty feet wide and seventy feet long; it is filled with cheap, collapsible chairs, closely packed. At one end of the room rises a stage, screened by a tawdry curtain bearing letters in Yiddish. Underfoot is sawdust muddied by the feet of the hundreds who at night congregate there. It is a stifling place, heavy with the fumes of rank pipes, soiled clothing and unwashed bodies. From the byways of the East Side there come to this place—and a score like it—men with stooping shoulders and spreading, uncombed beards, mottled with food—men ever gesticulating and talking in strange tongues. There come, too, young men more careful in their dress, some tawdrily foppish, all a little brazen and flaunting in their manner. As children not so long ago, they stepped off a steamer frightened and cowed by the sheer magnificence which is New York's; they were refugees from Old World tyranny. To-day the wine of freedom has gone to their heads. . . . There come these girls, sombrely dressed and garishly dressed, the women workers from the sweat shops and factories, drawn irresistibly here where they can give vent to emotions, stifled in the confines of a tenement room. As one watches them file into the meeting, one is impressed with their seriousness. They mean business; their faces, stamped with the power of rebellious thought, seem to convey the idea that they want everybody to know that they mean business. One looks in vain for a single happy face; unsmiling, their eyes shine with a light of purpose, one feels in the presence of all that is headstrong, merciless, bitter—the presence of Tragedy.

They take their seats quietly. The hum of voices, inevitable overture to any rising curtain, fills the air. It is a confusing sound, a babel of many tongues—Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Yiddish. One hears a great deal of Yiddish; indeed, it is the predominant note, as it is in the ranks of Russia's Bolsheviki! With a start, one sees in the audience those that do not seem a part of it. From out of the drabness of the crowd stand better dressed people; here a minister in the garments of the church; there a noted author; over there, a beautifully gowned woman sitting beside a young man who affects the soft white shirt open at the neck.

With the rising of the curtain the audience moves to its feet and, to the tune of a once popular Broadway air, sings:

All hail to the Bolsheviki!
We will fight for our Class and be free,
A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter which you are
Your're nothing of interest to me;
If you don't like the red flag of Russia,
If you don't like the spirit so true,
Then just be like the cur in the story,
And lick the hand that's robbing you.

Into these cheap words they put all their souls and all their bodies. Their eyes shine; their forms sway. With upturned faces they sing with the passionate enthusiasm of religious fanatics; it is electric, contagious, overwhelming. Almost with a sigh the sound dies away and they settle back into their seats, intent upon a man whom the rising curtain has disclosed upon the platform. He is sitting behind a little wooden table. He is dressed in a greasy black suit; his hair



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is shaggy and long; a very thin moustache, inky black, streaks his heavy upper lip; his face, bulging and red, creases in a fishy smile. Through a pair of thick glasses peep furtive black eyes. He rises to introduce the speakers or the evening and, quite perceptibly, the audience moves forward a little in its seats. His speech comes with a Yiddish accent, ingratiating, drippy. Very carefully, after naming the first speaker, he brings his audience up to the proper pitch; shaking his fist, he yells: "Ve don't vant you to throw a bomb. A bomb von't kill enough of them! Ve vant you to sthand pechind your great leaders. Like Trotsky led the Russian beoble to freedom, so vill your leaders crush the rich und you vill have all the money vat they have sthole from you!"

Amid great applause he sits down and the first speaker of the evening, an English Bolshevist, begins his harangue. He is followed by a Spaniard and then a Russian Jew, a Trotsky agent direct from Petrograd. And their poison seeps into hundreds of souls. About 500 speakers spread the propaganda in New York City alone; about 15,000 persons are active in the movement against our Government; there is no way yet of learning the magnitude of the thousands who are sympathetically thinking of revolt.

At first they used to post their agents outside factories at the hour when men went to work; on street corners during the noon hour and then again when the day's work was done. The agents handed out the propaganda pamphlets and news sheets to the workers. This method was broken up by the arrests of the police. The propaganda is now put out by leaving it at night in the vestibules of houses, where live people whom the agitators believe will be susceptible to its influence. Still another device is now being used. The First, Second and Third elevated railway lines of New York City run through districts where live many people who may be turned into Bolshevik converts. At night the agents sneak their bundles of news sheets away from the "Underground Press" and between the hours of two and four in the morning ride up and down in the "L" trains, throwing the propaganda out of the car windows to the streets below.

Where does the money come from to finance these activities of the Bolsheviki in New York? There was a rumor current that Lenine and Trotsky diverted part of a vast sum of money which they confiscated from the nobility in Russia and sent it to the United States by way of South America for Bolsheviki propaganda. This is said to be without foundation. However, in a recent letter written by Trotsky to anarchists in Geneva, he urges his friends to co-operate with a Mme. Barbanoff, who he explains is in Switzerland with several million dollars to carry on Bolshevik propaganda in France, Italy, England and the United States. It is reported that the Lenine-Trotsky régime has appropriated $8,000,000 monthly for propaganda.

Russia has sent us Bolsheviki agitators. These men went to the Argentine and then shipped as members of the crew on steamers bound for New York. In New York, while on shore leave, they of course deserted, thus being able to enter our country without passports. In the East Side they were hidden away. A number of Bolsheviki agitators of New York got into the United States this way and worked upon the Russian Jews of New York.

Hobson's Hard Start

Continued from page 13

In the meantime, the company had been reorganized and the name changed to the Hamilton Blast Furnace Co. The difficulties which threatened to swamp the venture at the start had thus been overcome one by one. They were not entirely out of the woods, of course, for times were very bad indeed and business hard to get. The work that fell on the shoulders of the Secretary-Treasurer was enormous, but his capacity was

equal to the strain. He was, and still is, a hard worker.

The company paid four per cent. dividends the first two years that he handled it. In 1899, when business conditions had become extremely bright again, the dividend was increased to eight per cent.

The Beginning of Amalgamations

THAT year saw the first of the amalgamations which resulted finally in the present industrial colossus known as the Steel Company of Canada. The Hamilton Blast Furnace Co. joined hands with the Ontario Rolling Mills Co. and the united concern took the name of the Hamilton Steel & Iron Co. Mr. Hobson was made Secretary and Assistant General Manager, the General Manager being C. S. Wilcox who had been in charge of the Rolling Mills. The new company began to make steel, two 15-ton furnaces being erected for the purpose. The company has to-day, by the way, no fewer than 11 furnaces, some of which have a capacity of 70 tons.

Under the new arrangement Mr. Hobson's interest ran most directly to the sales end of the business. Competition was very keen. The Pittsburgh concerns had pretty well monopolized the market, except for the business that went down East to the Nova Scotia Iron and Steel Co. It was not, therefore, easy work for the new firm to break in.

Bringing Home the Bacon

THERE is at no time a wide spread in the prices of steel. Quotations from various firms can be depended upon to run very closely together and, where there is competition for a big order, the element of personality comes strongly into play. The new steel firm got its first big impetus through a large order secured from the C.P.R. in 1901. Mr. Hobson put the deal through personally.

It was known that the C.P.R. would place an order for the year's supply of angle bars. This was a big order; big enough to get the firm away to a prosperous and busy year. The first step was to make a number of angle bars to the specifications and figure on the production cost. It was found that an attractive price could be quoted so Mr. Hobson boarded the tran for Montreal without a day's delay. The next day he saw Alex. Henry, who was handling that branch of the purchasing for the C.P.R., and he took the return train for Hamilton that night with the order in his pocket.

There was jubilation on his return, for Hamilton had been put on the steel map!

The story of the building of the Steel Company of Canada is not the story of Robert Hobson, for a number of men figured in this enterprise as prominently as he did. It is interesting to trace his part, however. The amalgamation was effected in 1910 and he became General Manager and Vice-President, Mr. Wilcox being President. In 1916, the latter was made Chairman of the Board, and Mr. Hobson was promoted to the Presidency. Under the leadership, the concern is showing rapid strides and a future that may be described as boundless lies before. An important development has just been completed in the purchase of 1,600 acres in the coal fields of Pennsylvania to control and safeguard the fuel supply of the company.

Landing the Record Order

EVERY executive has an especial fondness for some one branch of the business and, as stated before, Mr. Hobson's hobby is the sales department. He has always been a believer in the gospel of "getting out" for everyone from the President down and, whenever a real opportunity for business arrives, he has always been only too glad to clear off his desk and strike out on the trail.

It was decided in 1915 to negotiate for an order of mammoth proportions with the Munitions Board. By building a new open-hearth plant it was reckoned that the company could produce 8.2 and 9.2 shells for the War Office in large quantities. Mr. Hobson went down to Ottawa and proposed a contract for eight and a half million dollars!

In doing this, he recognized that he was taking a tremendous chance. The successful carrying out of this huge contract would depend on the speedy building of the new open-hearth plant and the successful operation of it after it was built. In order to make sure that the plant could be built and equipped on time he had secured options on machinery and supplies in advance. These cost money and, had the deal fallen through, a heavy loss would have resulted. The greatest danger lay, however, in the element of doubt which necessarily existed as to the possibility of producing on time and profitably. Mr. Hobson was "taking a big chance." Had he failed, his head would have been in the basket.

The deal went through although it took a month to complete it. The Munitions Board was in the transition stage at the time, the reorganization under Flavelle not having been completed. Mr. Hobson dealt with Lord Rhondda and Charles Hitchens and for various reasons these representatives of the War Office held off from signing. Mr. Hobson practically lived in Ottawa and on Pullman trains for the month. It was an anxious time for him because the options which he had placed for machinery and supplies were continually lapsing and, with the machinery market on the rapid upgrade, each lapse meant an advance in price. Finally, however, the contract had been negotiated to a point where it was satisfactory to the Imperial representatives and the signatures were duly appended. The total was eight and one half millions!

Then began a mad scramble to get the plant in shape to start. Many of the contracts were let within a few days of the signing of the order and within a week the work had begun. It was seven months before an actual start could be made but this constituted a record in building a plant of this description.

The initial order was successfully filled within a year and repeats were secured up to the time of the signing of the armistice so that the company used for war purposes over one half million tons of steel.

Unpreparedness in 1913

ONE of the officials with whom he dealt at Ottawa told him on one occasion of a striking evidence of Britain's unpreparedness for war. They were discussing a certain size of shell which was being made in enormous quantities both in England and Canada at the time.

"The firm I am connected with in a civil capacity," said this official," has an order this year for 750,000 of these shells. Of course, there are lots of other orders placed as well. How many shells of that size do you suppose the War Office ordered in 1913? Exactly six hundred!"

In the Staff Lies Success

MR. HOBSON believes that much of the success of the Steel Company of Canada can be traced to the fact that the staff has been very carefully built up and maintained. It is a well-established truth that most men who have scored outstanding successes have achieved their results because of their ability to pick men to work with them. An organization cannot be a one-man concern. In the rush and hurly-burly of modern business, a carefully organized staff without any weak links is an absolute necessity.

Recognizing this, the Steel Company have always paid close attention to the matter of maintaining a strong personnel in all departments. In the operating branches of the business, the heads have almost without exception been with the company or with one of its component parts for from ten to fifteen years.

Three of the qualities which their men must show to get ahead are, loyalty, capacity for hard work and powers of observation. The first two go without saying. After all, a man does not get far anywhere unless he is prepared to work hard and with the utmost loyalty. On the third score, Mr. Hobson lays special stress. He believes that the man who possesses the power to observe and to put into application what he learns in that way cannot be kept down.

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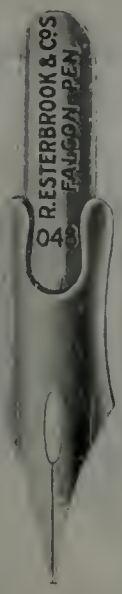

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What a League of Nations Should Be

A Short Study of the Idea Gains £100 Prize

EARLY in 1918 the *English Review* offered a prize of £100 for the best short study of the idea of the League of Nations. The jury, consisting of the Master of Balliol, Lord Parmoor, General Sir Ian Hamilton, Professor Bury, H. S. Wells and John Galsworthy, awarded the prize to H. N. Brailsford, one of the editors of the London *Nation*.

His essay has been described, says *Current Opinion*, as "by far the best short account which has yet been published of what a League of Nations should be and why it is needed."

What we need, writes Mr. Brailsford, is a League to restrain lawless forces and to prevent the recurrence of such a conflict as that which has devastated Europe. It must be "an international organization which can ensure that timely changes shall be effected in the world before any people is driven by an intolerable grievance, or even by a reasonable ambition, to force change by arms." The new covenant, however it is eventually drafted, must provide (1) for the submission of all acute international disputes to the appropriate tribunal, council or mediator for settlement; (2) for a suspense of all warlike acts, and also of mobilization, until the supernational authority has published its finding, and for some time thereafter; (3) for the joint action of all the signatory Powers to repress any Government, by economic and, at need, by military coercion, if it should violate this pact. These are tremendous undertakings, Mr. Brailsford concedes. He goes on to say:

"The risk is twofold. Some Power may break its covenant, and, if it has provided itself with allies, the conflict which results will reproduce the present strife with something of the added bitterness of civil war. Again, it is a large assumption that in such a case all the innocent Powers would keep their bond and rally to the defence of the League; and even if in name they did so, they might not furnish their contingents with sufficient generosity or alacrity. There is no final answer to these doubts. No human institution can promise to work with mechanical perfection, and life would lose half its stimuli if all danger were eliminated. The practical answer to this skepticism is, summarily, that on no terms can we avoid these risks, and that any other kind of insurance reproduces them in a more aggravated form."

Not sentiment, but the effective will to make a workable League is, in Mr. Brailsford's view, the first condition of its creation; and Germany must be included in it. The argument proceeds:

"We live in the passionate moment, and propaganda, guiding the spontaneous tribal instinct, has forced the trend of our thoughts into a single channel. Popular oratory seems to assume that Germany is the first Power which ever broke a promise or treaty—if, indeed, she is not the only Power that ever committed aggression. From these emotional premises there follows the natural conclusion that the chief, if not the only, task of a League of Nations will be to mount guard over her in the future. In such a spirit the Allies went to the Congress of Vienna. After nominating themselves policemen over France, they proceeded to sanction their own robberies at the expense of Poles and Italians, and the Congress which met to conclude one war made arrangements which ensured a succession of wars. If this narrowly legal and coercive spirit presides over the creation of the League,

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it will not better the record of the Holy Alliance. It is doubtful whether the enemy would aspire to join a League conceived on this model, and if he remains outside it, it may be a great defensive alliance, but it will not be a League of Peace."

Undoubtedly, Mr. Brailsford concedes, a World-League must prepare its coercive apparatus, and cannot neglect the indispensable sanction of co-operative force. Without that, no sense of security could be created, and each power would continue to prepare against future perils by the old technique of the armed peace. We shall build the League ill, however, he asserts, if we attempt to lay its foundations solely upon force. A wise architect will rather attempt to recommend it to every civilized people by the advantage it confers. "It must be a society which assures to its members benefits so indisputable that no civilized power can afford to stay outside it, to secede from it, or to court expulsion by its own disloyal conduct." We read further:

"The evolution of the two great alliances during this war is a pointer which indicates what the basic advantages of the League must be. It must prepare to diffuse equitably over the whole world the economic benefits which each combination now proposes to reserve for its own members. Raw materials, including the staple foods, have become the pivot of world-politics. If Horace could rewrite his ode he would speak not of the *auri sacra fames*, but of the hunger for iron-ore. Either we shall distribute the cotton, the metals, the rubber, the wool, the oil and the grain to each according to his need, or we must face a generation of turmoil, intrigue, and war to determine their allocation. There is a 'right to work' for nations as for individuals, and the new mercantilism which would monopolize the materials of industry for one Power or one group of Powers would make a cause for future war, which would enlist the workers no less than the capitalists. In this single expedient we probably have the key to the creation and maintenance of the League. With an international control over the flow of raw materials across frontiers, the League would recruit every civilized State in its ranks. With the power to stop this flow, it would have a sanction at its command which every State must dread."

We shall be slow to learn the lesson of history, Mr. Brailsford contends, unless we perceive by the glare of the recent conflagration the defects of our pre-war morality. "A League of Nations demands from us nothing less than an ascent from the habit of international rivalry to the ideal of co-operation." The argument concludes:

"The material expansion of our century had hurried civilization into tasks for which it was unripe, and equipped it with physical powers which its social conscience could not control. We had acquired, as it were, new senses and new limbs, but as we acted with prompt and imperious force in the far corners of the earth, we brought to our new contacts with multitudinous races less than the necessary sympathy. In the international test of this war the Christian Churches have failed and unlike International Socialism, they do not even know that they have failed. If the growth of a new morality meant that, by taking thought, the lonely individual must add to his moral stature, we might well plead our finitude, and despair. There is inspiration still in the old doctrine of the French Enlightenment that human nature is an infinitely malleable and plastic stuff. The 'prejudices,' to use its favorite word, which hampered international co-operation in the past may never yield to formal reasoning. The evolution on which we may reckon is rather that the new institutions, by setting men in new relations, must in the end transform their thinking. . . Let us neglect no chance of giving to the new institutions a visible form, a rallying symbol, a capital, and a social focus. Men will always love 'the little platoon' to which they belong. It is the function of education to teach them that a 'divine tactic of history' has bidden this platoon to keep its set place and perform its ordered evolutions in a great army of comrades."

How Ladybugs Save Orchards

Collecting One Hundred Pounds of Bugs a Day.

THE California ladybug is the most voracious and the most carnivorous ladybug ever heard of. How these little beetles are employed as soldiers to defend the orchard and garden foliage of California is told by René Bache in the New York Sunday *American*, and the story is one of the most remarkable chapters of economic entomology ever written.

The bugs are shipped to all parts of the state. The famous Imperial Valley where great areas are devoted to the production of the finest cantaloupes in the world, would be obliged to go out of that business altogether were it not for the ladybugs.

Where do they all come from?

They are collected during the winter in the mountains. Trained bug-hunters do the gathering. In late autumn the little beetles depart from the valleys and fly up into the high Sierras, where they assemble in swarms about the roots of plants, choosing by preference sunny slopes along the banks of streams. The first are due about the first of November. The bug-hunters are then busy. They climb the mountains and hunt for the colonies.

But they do not disturb the colonies, which have only begun to form. Later on there will be thousands where at this time there are but a few in each assemblage. They are content to locate them, making sketch-maps that will make easy the problems of finding them months afterward.

How important these sketch-maps are may be judged from the fact that in December and January, when the bug-hunters do their collecting, the high mountains are likely to be covered by snow to a depth of several feet.

It is then an affair of digging, and there must be no uncertainty as to where the insect colonies are to be found.

At best it is hard work, with much exposure to bad weather and severe cold. The bug-hunters are equipped like Arctic explorers—for the ladybugs are to be found only at high elevations—and with them they carry sacks in which to pack the insects. In the mouth of each sack is a sieve with a wire-net bottom.

Naturally, in collecting the insects much trash in the way of dried leaves and other débris is gathered. Most of it is disposed of by passing the gathered material through the sieve.

Two men usually work together, one getting out the bugs, which may be seized by the handful, and dropping them into the sieve, while the other passes them through. A hundred pounds of ladybugs in a day is a fair collection for the men. The bugs are bulky for their weight and forty pounds will be as much as a man can carry. For the bug-hunters a camp is maintained in the mountains. A weekly train of mules brings supplies and carries the bugs to quite an elaborate establishment where they are cleaned. The contents of the sacks are emptied upon long tables brilliantly lighted at one end and dark at the other. The ladybugs crawl to the light and, thus freed from débris, are recaptured and resacked. It remains only to count them by a device which encloses just 330,000, being a box with two sides of wire to afford air.

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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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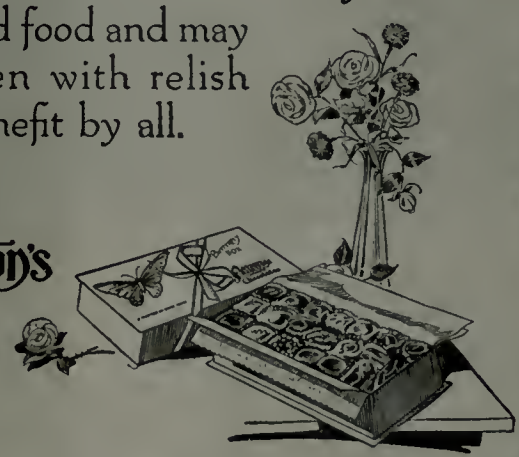

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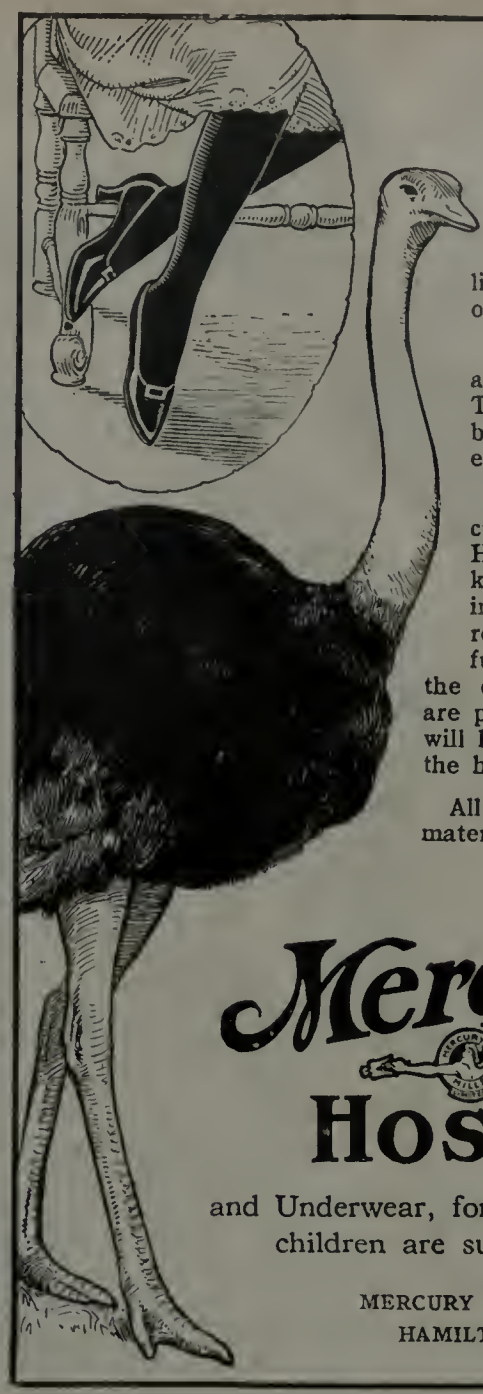

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Bringing Home the War Brides

By JEAN S. ROBSON

Chairman Women's Advisory Committee of Repatriation and Employment.

WHEN Canada began to demobilize and repatriate her citizen army of about 300,000 men who were overseas, when the armistice came, she found she had another army to attend to—one of 60,000 women and children. If you remember in the first year of the war when we all thought peace was only a matter of a few months away, many families of Old Country men who had enlisted in the Canadian forces were encouraged and in some few cases assisted to return to their own people in Great Britain. Many others, some of them our first war brides, followed their husbands across the sea in order to be near them in the none too frequent leave. Nobody apparently was paying much attention to this rapidly increasing colony of Canadian women until the food situation became acute and then it was suggested that some at least of the 35,000 women and children then in England be returned to Canada as quickly as possible and over 22,000 of this number landed at Halifax between April 1916 and November 1918.

With the signing of the armistice and the subsequent focussing of public attention on After-War problems, the bringing home of the remaining 13,000 at a time when the return of the troops demanded all available shipping made a difficult but not too serious situation. However, advices from Overseas Department of Militia about this time announced that instead of 13,000, the number was much more like 50,000, as for some time Canadian soldiers had been marrying at the rate of 300 a week.

Arrangements were soon made with the Department of Immigration that these women should return accompanied as far as possible by their soldier husbands on special ships to be known as "Dependent Ships." Up to date another 14,000 have returned. Recent reports from Overseas Immigration place the number still to come between twenty and twenty-five thousand.

TO bring 14,000 women and children across the ocean and safely to their destination during the winter months, when traveling under the most favorable conditions is none too pleasant, has been no easy work. With so few ships available there has been little time for repairs between voyages. The majority of experienced stewardesses had gone into war-work and were not yet available. On this side the railways reported a shortage of rolling stock and on both sides of the water was the omnipresent "flu" adding to the general discomfort. The services of everyone interested were enlisted. This was not only Government work, but a citizen service—part of Canada's unpayable debt to her fighting men.

Soldiers' families just off the boat being entertained by women of St. John.

By very splendid co-operation between the Canadian Government, the Railway War Board, organizations such as Canadian Red Cross, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Y.W.C.A., Victorian Order of Nurses, Rotary Clubs, and volunteer groups of willing, energetic citizens everywhere, a big piece of the work has already been done and Canada has set a new standard in the reception and care of her incoming citizens.

Much has been written and could still be written of the kindly welcome given by the women of Halifax and St. John, which will be continued by the women of Quebec, as they meet the boats which dock there during the summer. These women of the port cities are worthy hostesses for Canada. As one little bride said: "It was just as if your own folks were there to meet you."

A chapter could be written on the work of the Red Cross Nurses who accompany each train. One nurse leaving Halifax in charge of a train of women and children found so much sickness on board that she turned the smoker of one car into a clinic where she was kept busy attending to her patients. Another had fifteen bed cases between Montreal and Winnipeg. Hardly a boat comes in but one or more babies have been born during the voyage.

Equally interesting is the story of the different Reception Committees at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver and other cities and towns. Wires are sent ahead to the committees from the Immigration officials on each train, telling how many need temporary accommodation, how many have friends to go to and how many are passing through to other towns. Where accommodation is required the Patriotic Fund provides the first twenty-four hours free of charge.

BUT it isn't only on this side that care and attention are given. It starts over in England. At the Canadian Discharge Depot in Baxton, the Canadian Y.W.C.A. have an office and on the trains down to Liverpool the women are accompanied by a woman official of the Immigration Department and a Y.W.C.A. Secretary. Great was the consternation the other day when a young mother announced that one of her twins was lost. Contrary to all instructions she had placed it in a train and the train had disappeared. After a mad search the missing infant was located by a nearly frantic Y.W.C.A. worker in a car on a siding a mile away. The little mother philosophically remarked: "Well, it looked like the train for Liverpool." On the train journey and before going aboard there is always tea for the mothers and milk and buns for the children. On the boats there is another woman official of the Immigration Department to give any necessary help and information.

Many rumors have spread as to the desirability or undesirability of Canada's war brides and there have been

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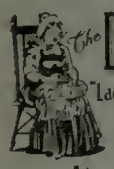

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Gentlemen: You may send your free catalogue.

Name .....

Address .....

many legendary stories such as one hundred and fifty brides waiting in Halifax or St. John for recalcitrant Canadian husbands. A few men have brought home wholly unnecessary second wives, but only a few. Undoubtedly there have been some undesirables but these have been a very small percentage—there may have been some undesirables among the men who went over. Rash statements have been made by casual observers. It isn't everyone who can look smiling and attractive after a seven days' trip across the water in winter weather. Your heart aches for some Canadian mothers when you see the type of some of the daughters-in-law and it aches again for some fine-fibred English girl caught by the romance of a Canadian uniform or the expected thrill of life in a new country. But by far the great majority are fine, healthy women, many of them with bonnie babies in their arms.

WHILE the train for Winnipeg and the Coast was being made up at Montreal one night, one of the workers got into conversation with a very attractive young English girl who looked lonely and discouraged at the prospect of a further journey. In the course of the conversation she said she was nineteen years old, had been married sixteen months to an American who had enlisted in the Canadian army and was not yet demobilized, had never been out of Surrey before and was traveling alone to a brother-in-law in Vancouver. She admitted that the journey had been pretty trying, but in the next breath, lest we think she was complaining:

"But mind you, my man's worth it. He's got the Military Medal."

You couldn't help being interested in the stolid looking person with such a decided English accent who was starting off alone to a little French-Canadian town in Quebec. Oh yes, she said, her husband was still in France and she quite understood that they didn't speak much English in this little village. Her husband himself only spoke a little, but she wasn't worried.

Although most of the questions usually asked of newcomers to Canada by Immigration officials at the ports, are not required of soldiers' families, still for census purposes a few forms have to be filled in. There is occasionally misunderstanding over this. One woman belligerently announced to the agent at St. John as she refused to answer his questions: "I'm no immigrant, my man fought for this country."

Another woman returning with her family of little children apropos of the same circumstance said: "I was an immigrant when I came out here twelve years ago, but we own a farm in Saskatchewan and my man went with the First Contingent—believe me, I'm no immigrant now, I belong here." Explanations were promptly forthcoming and the threatened storm blew over.

A soldier who returned after three years' service said recently: "When the transport neared Halifax and I got the first sight of Canada again, I just felt I owned it. It was like coming to look at a house you had bought. It was mine—I had paid for it."

Canada has little to fear and much to gain from either men or women returning with such a sense of citizen-ownership.

THE JOY OF BIRD-NESTING

BIRD'S-NESTING is the best of all out-door sports bar none, that is hunting nests for the pleasure of seeing them and leaving them unmolested. The thrill of hidden treasure, the lure of adventure, the joy of escape from indoor days—all these are part of it. Try it of a May day or before sunrise some June morning; you will find that it has golf and tennis and motoring backed into a very small corner of the map.

I know a woman seventy-two years old who took up bird's-nesting in order to help forget a great sorrow. While her contemporaries are dozing their lives away in caps and easy chairs, she is afield in all sorts of weather, and she sees more birds and finds more nests in a year than the average woman meets in a life time.

Mrs. Knox Says—

"Whenever a recipe calls for gelatine it means *Knox Sparkling Gelatine.*" Read the recipes in all the leading publications and note the ever increasing call for "gelatine." Its use is unlimited.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Raspberry Napoleon
(Pictured above)

Soak half an envelope of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in half a cupful of cold water till soft; chill and whip two cupfuls of cream and put on ice. Heat one cupful of milk, one cupful of raspberry juice and pulp and half a cupful of orange juice in a double boiler; stir constantly, add the soaked gelatine, cool on ice; when it begins to harden whip till light, add the whipped cream and pour into mould. When ready to serve, turn out of mold and decorate the top with plain raspberry gelatine, molded in small molds.

This recipe makes over a pint mold or seven to eight individual servings and uses only one-quarter of a box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Plain for general use—easily prepared.

Including pure lemon flavor, for quick use.

Of course, you must have the *true* gelatine and that means *Knox*—the "4 to 1" gelatine. One table-spoonful will make a dessert or salad ample for six people.

Write for the Knox Knowledge Books—"Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They are free, if you give your grocer's name and address.

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Buy no Poultry fence any part of which is made of light wire. The life of the fence will only be the life of the lightest wire. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The Sarnia knot—in fact all parts of our fence are made of the same size wire. We guarantee the Sarnia fence to be made from Government guage, high grade wire that stands the acid test, and to be the most perfectly woven Poultry fence on the market. Western Canada supplied from Winnipeg. Get our low price list and descriptive literature before you buy Poultry Fence. Address nearest office.

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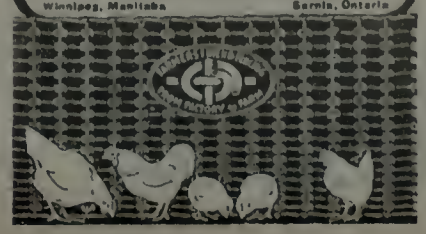

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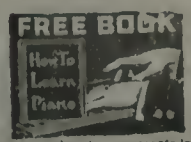

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Building Hominess in Your Home

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

A bungalow typical of the modern tendency in home building—dignified and individual, but a friendly-looking sort of house.

THE word "home" usually conjures up a house in the country with trees and wide grassy spaces and fires and sunlight inside, with walls built solid and snug to stand any weather. It means this to the city-dweller, who has always lived in an apartment, but who, contemplating the needs of a growing family, looks forward to the day when he will be commuting to a bungalow somewhere out along a car line; to the man who thinks he must live close to his work in an office-block, and pays extortionately, it seems, for living in other men's houses; or to the young man in the small town where building lots are not sold by the square foot, who is saving against the day when he will need a house of his own.

Perhaps this is why the new homes going up to-day lack the stiff, stilted formality, the effort at display that characterized the houses built in the years when houses were not taken so seriously. It may be, too, why men and women are beginning to consider the building of a home as one of the rare opportunities of a life-time, a piece of fine, creative work, why they are taking the initiative to express in their own houses their ideals of what a home should be. And because a home was primarily intended for shelter and for the privacy of family life, the big, imposing houses are being replaced by simple, hospitable, old colonials and snug, livable bungalows with a meaning in every detail.

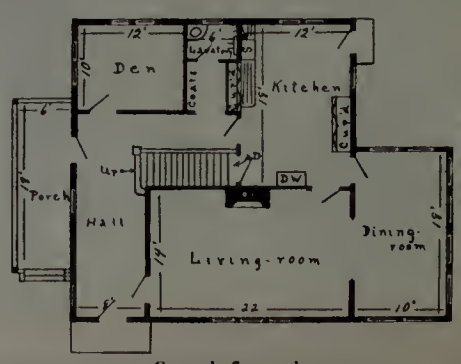
The bungalow shown here is typical of the modern tendency in home-building; it is simple and dignified, with an individual quaintness in its old-fashioned dormers and porches, and from its sun-rooms and many grouped windows it fairly radiates cheerfulness.

The same atmosphere pervades the interior. The front door under its little old-fashioned portico opens into a hall, and at the right of the hall is a door to the living-room. This is the largest and one of the pleasantest rooms of the house. Along on one side is a group of three wide windows, directly opposite a broad fire-place. The first homes were built around the light and warmth of open fires, and they were virtually altars for the protection of something sacred — the modern builder has the same ideal when he puts a fireplace in his house, because he knows that an open fire can do more than any other material thing to hold a family together and create an atmosphere of warmth and confidence. We might have a bookcase built on one side of the fireplace and a deep corner seat on the other side. Built-in furniture is not only economical, in that it saves buying the more expensive separate pieces—it gives a room an air of dignity and permanence; it looked as though the house had been built for this particular family, and as though they intended to stay there.

The house has a sun-room built on; this gives it three sides open to the light, and having sliding doors, which give a wide opening to the living-room this light can flood right across the house. The sun-room is planned to be used as a dining-room; with the idea that in summer the windows can be screened, making it practically a screened porch. Some families might prefer to keep the sun-room for a sitting-room, and to set the dining table in one end of the living-room, which is quite long enough for this. Whatever the arrangement in a house where there are children, the sun-room makes an ideal day nursery, where a baby can have a comfortable, sunny, fresh-air place to sleep, or where children can play in stormy weather.

At the other side of the house is a porch and a side door opening into the hall. At the left of this door is a smaller room, intended for a den or study. The house might be built without the porch or side-door, and this room used as a bedroom. In any case the little alcove next to it, fitted with hangers for coats, will be found very convenient. Back of this is a lavatory, the alcove shutting it off from the hall. The position of the stairway in this hall is convenient to either entrance, as well as to the living-room, the den and the kitchen, and is placed so that the cellar-stairs can run under it and open directly into the kitchen.

The kitchen has been planned especially with a view to making the housework as easy as possible. The objection might be made at the outset that it is too large, but it will be noticed that the working equipment, the sink, cupboards, etc., are arranged compactly; the dumb-waiter is placed at the other end of the kitchen where it will be convenient to the dining-



Ground floor plan.

First floor plan

An attractive arrangement of alcoves, grouped windows and built-in window seat.

room. If it is especially desired to have a pantry; the door between the kitchen and living-room could be walled up and the end of the kitchen, taking in the cellar door, partitioned off for a pantry. With a dumb-waiter and a good amount of cupboard room, however, a pantry scarcely seems necessary. The kitchen sink should have some attention. It has a short shelf or drainboard at the right for stacking dishes, and a long drainboard at the left, with a cupboard above it. A drainboard should always be at the left of the sink for a right-handed person. This arrangement makes it possible to wash, dry, and put away the dishes without moving two steps.

Any upstairs under a bungalow roof, or the upstairs in any one-and-a-half storey building is always a little broken up by the low head-room, where the roof comes down to the eaves. In this house it will be noticed that the wide dormer in the roof, both at the front and the back, overcomes this trouble to a great extent. By giving the space in the corners, where the roof is low, to clothes closets, we have four good-sized bedrooms and a bathroom. The position of the bathroom over the kitchen provides that the plumbing of the bathroom, kitchen sink and lavatory may have a direct connection with the one soil pipe.

A feature which must not be overlooked in a home built with every consideration for the permanent good of the family, is the sleeping porch. Most people appreciate the benefits of out-door sleeping, especially for a delicate child, or a person recovering from an illness, or one who works indoors all day. Whether the house has a place provided for out-door sleeping is likely to mean the difference between these benefits and the lack of them. For the house built to be a real home is planned with forethought to the health of the family, as well as their convenience and comfort and appreciation of beauty and fitness in home architecture.

A Living Memorial

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

THERE is a demand for some great National Memorial to commemorate the lives of the boys who went to fight for democracy, but who will never come back. The memorial which we suggest for these men is not of brick and stone and mortar, but of flesh and blood and spirit—a living memorial. It is one thing which can not be weighed and measured, because it is boundless, because it is composed of millions upon millions of lives of little children—young lives that will be fuller, and freer and more joyous and wholesome than they would have been had we not suddenly been awakened through the war to their precious quality. We propose a great Child Health movement, which shall set a new standard of health for American children. What more fitting memorial could there be for our heroes than that by their deaths they should lift into health countless lives that would otherwise be stunted?

The same patriotism which sent men to die for a democratic ideal is to-day demanding that children be given an opportunity to live out that ideal.

One of the great lessons brought home to us by the war is that health, under conditions of modern life, is not a thing which will take care of itself. The child bred under conditions of civilization can not be relied on to grow to healthy, vigorous maturity like a young chipmunk or rabbit in the woods. He needs special education in health habits, if he is to develop normally. The revelations of the selective draft have brought us up with a start. They have revealed us to ourselves, as we really are, not as we imagined ourselves to be. We have learned that physically we are not the superb nation that we thought we were. We discovered that approximately one out of three of our young men, in the best years of their manhood, was physically unfit to bear arms. The physical defects which incapacitated these men for active service are so common that we have been accustomed to pass them by as of no account.

The bad teeth, the narrow chests, defective vision, fallen arches, and general lack of physical development which prevented these men from doing a man's work in the war had also prevented them from attaining their normal efficiency in time of peace. The amazing thing about the draft revelations, the thing at once incriminating and reassuring, was that most of the physical defects which disqualified one man out of three from active service had been slowly developing from childhood, and that they were capable of either prevention or correction.

Why, then, were they not prevented or corrected? These physically deficient men were our school children of yesterday. What was wrong with the schools of yesterday, that without a thought they turned back upon the state boys totally lacking in the fundamental knowledge of how to live—of how to treat their bodies so as to keep them strong and vigorous and fit for the duties of men?

Furthermore the condition of the school children of to-day is exactly what might be expected by anyone acquainted with the draft figures.

The new public conscience in matters of health demands that the indifference which permits such conditions must cease, that these uncorrected physical defects must be corrected, that there must exist no avoidable malnutrition among the children of this great country. These young citizens must be im-

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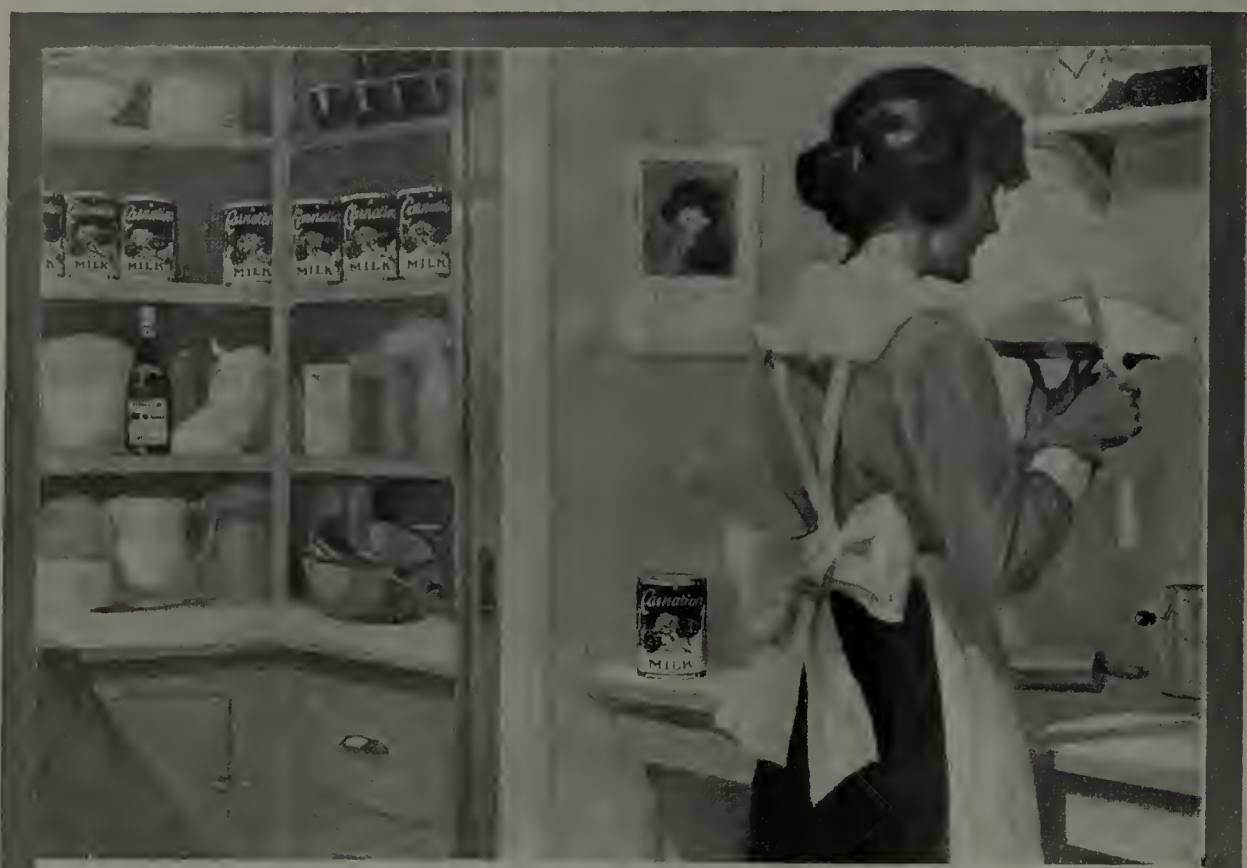

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The Best Books

THE BEST SELLER

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" still heads the month's sales with "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land" second on the list.

In this, his latest work, Ralph Connor (Major Charles W. Gordon) strikes again the humanly spiritual note which won him his first renown. "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land" tells of the part played in the great war by a company from Western Canada and of the development of the "Sky Pilot" in particular.

When the news of the outbreak of war arrives Barry Dunbar has just resigned the ministry of a little village in Alberta because his parishioners found him a dull preacher and a poor mixer. He attempts to join the ranks but is rejected as physically unfit and urged to join up as chaplain. Then follows a hard struggle to reach the hearts of his men. This is uphill work, for Barry is a mere boy, very much in earnest, but totally inexperienced, and at the start antagonizes his men by finding fault with their vocabulary and by pointing out their moral duties to his superior officers, and, in fact, by butting in generally gives the impression that he is a first-class prig, whereas a somewhat restricted mental outlook and an over sensitive conscience are his only real drawbacks. By the time the regiment reaches France, Barry has shown his grit and to some extent won the confidence of his men. Here he learns to discard his attitude of spiritual policeman and learns too that human sympathy and understanding are the real *sine qua non* of a good Pilot and, by showing a full measure of both, finally wins his way.

There is a glowing account of Western Canada's response to the call to arms, of ranchers, cowboys, lumberjacks, men of every calling pouring into the cities and literally fighting for places in the recruiting lines in order to join the first contingent. Then come the more grim scenes of war—shell-swept roads, hospital and trench. And here in a dark hour appears Phyllis, the little English V. A. D., who furnishes the necessary romance. Though some of the characters fail to convince, the pictures of war are vivid and moving.

FICTION

The Web. Frederick Arnold Kummer. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. $1.50). A spy story of which the scenes are laid in England and Germany during the war.

The Man From the Clouds. Storer Clouston. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto. $1.50). Tells of a spy-hunt of which the scene is laid on one of the islands off the north of Scotland.

The Twenty-Six Clues. Isabel Ostrander. (Geo. J. McLeod, Toronto. $1.50). Concerns a crime surrounded with mystery, the solving of which baffles the most famous detectives.

Cap'n Jonah's Fortune. James A. Cooper. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto. $1.50). A story dealing with the folks of Cape Cod. There is some quaint love-making and a rescue in a blizzard.

Wild Youth and Another. Sir Gilbert Parker. (The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, $1.50). A romance dealing with a young wife, an old husband and—another. In this novel the author sets forth the law of the love of youth for youth.

Beckoning Roads. Jeanne Judson. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. $1.50). Tells of the eventful career of ranch-

bred Marquita Shay who, after an impulsive marriage, mingles in New York Society, and finally attains meteoric success as a financier.

The Secret City. Hugh Walpole. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.60. A novel that is not concerned with the outward manifestations of war, but with "the dark forest of the hearts of men." It tells of Petrograd at the time of the coming and the bursting of the Revolution.

The Avalanche. Gertrude Atherton. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.35). A novel of California society dealing with a young and beautiful woman, involved in a deep mystery and of the straightening out of the tangle through the efforts of her husband.

Three Live Ghosts. Frederic S. Isham. (Geo. J. McLeod, Toronto, $1.50). The son of an American millionaire, the son of an English lord, and a Cockney, after escaping from a German prison camp arrive in London to find that they are officially dead, which gives rise to all kinds of complications for each of them.

Investment Situation

Continued from page 8

operations, however, no matter how lucrative they may turn out to the shareholder, cannot rank as a "safe investment": they must be classed, and particularly of course the newer ones, as "risks." In such cases information is supplied and the inquirer left to draw his own conclusions.

In almost the same class stands an inquiry I received during the month as to a new concern for the manufacture of sewing machines. So much depends on the men behind it, the type of machine they are to build, the methods of distribution and so on, that from a mere prospectus one could not judge safely. Information was supplied—from the firm itself, and from others—but here again the risk was too great to warrant definite advice.

Another inquiry came in regard to Port Coquitlam, B. C. bonds; also Greater Winnipeg Waterworks bonds. The figures of the former municipality were supplied but the conclusion drawn was that they were not very encouraging from an investment standpoint just at the present time. The Greater Winnipeg issue, it was pointed out, is covered by taxes levied by the district and rank equally with all taxes raised for other municipal purposes; "thus, they take rank pretty nearly on an equality with City of Winnipeg bonds, which are regarded as a high-class Canadian municipal security."

Business Outlook

Continued from page 6

almost universally abandoned. Men expect a readjustment but they know now that it will be gradual. Some are declaring now that prices will never go down; that wages are bound to remain up and that, therefore, the average of prices will not lower.

It seems clear that all that is needed is optimism. If the men of Canada—business men, manufacturers, mechanics, professional men—will refuse to see any reason for fear of the future the prosperity of Canada will continue. To hesitate now, to draw in, to hoard, would be to bring about a condition that this policy anticipates. The bolder policy, to assume that we can "carry on," is the surest, in fact the only policy at the present time. At the first battle of the Marne. Foch was faced at the stage with a condition that seemed well nigh desperate. His wings were beaten in and his centre, while still desperately struggling, sent word that they could not hold out much longer. He had no reserves. "Then," said Foch, "I shall attack."

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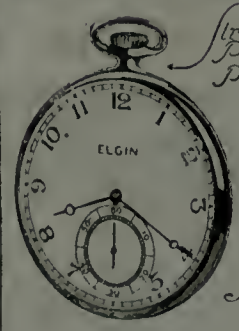

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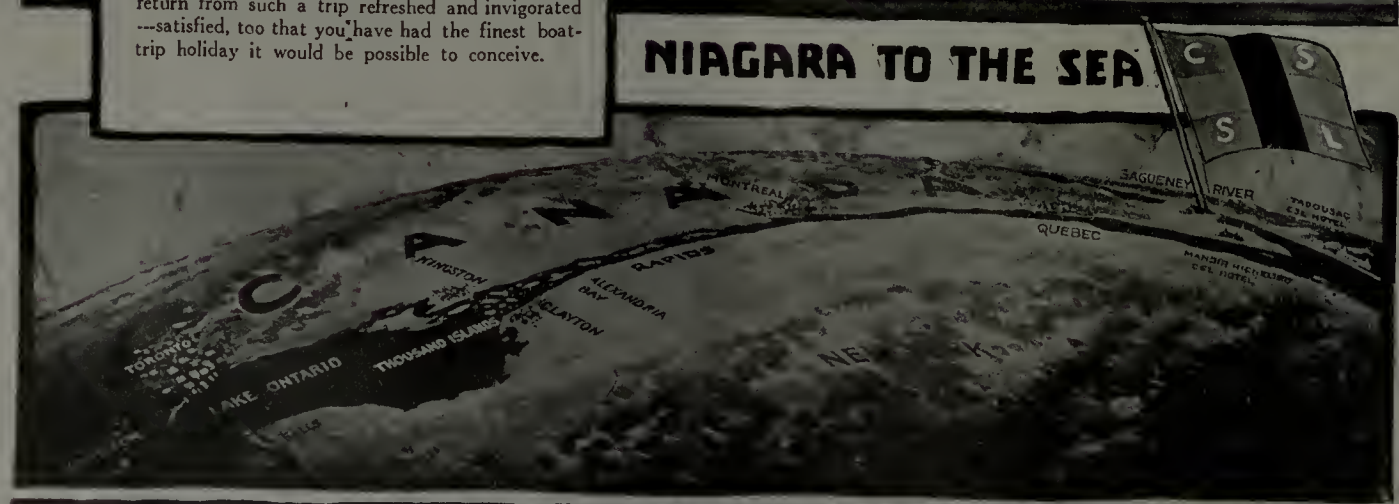

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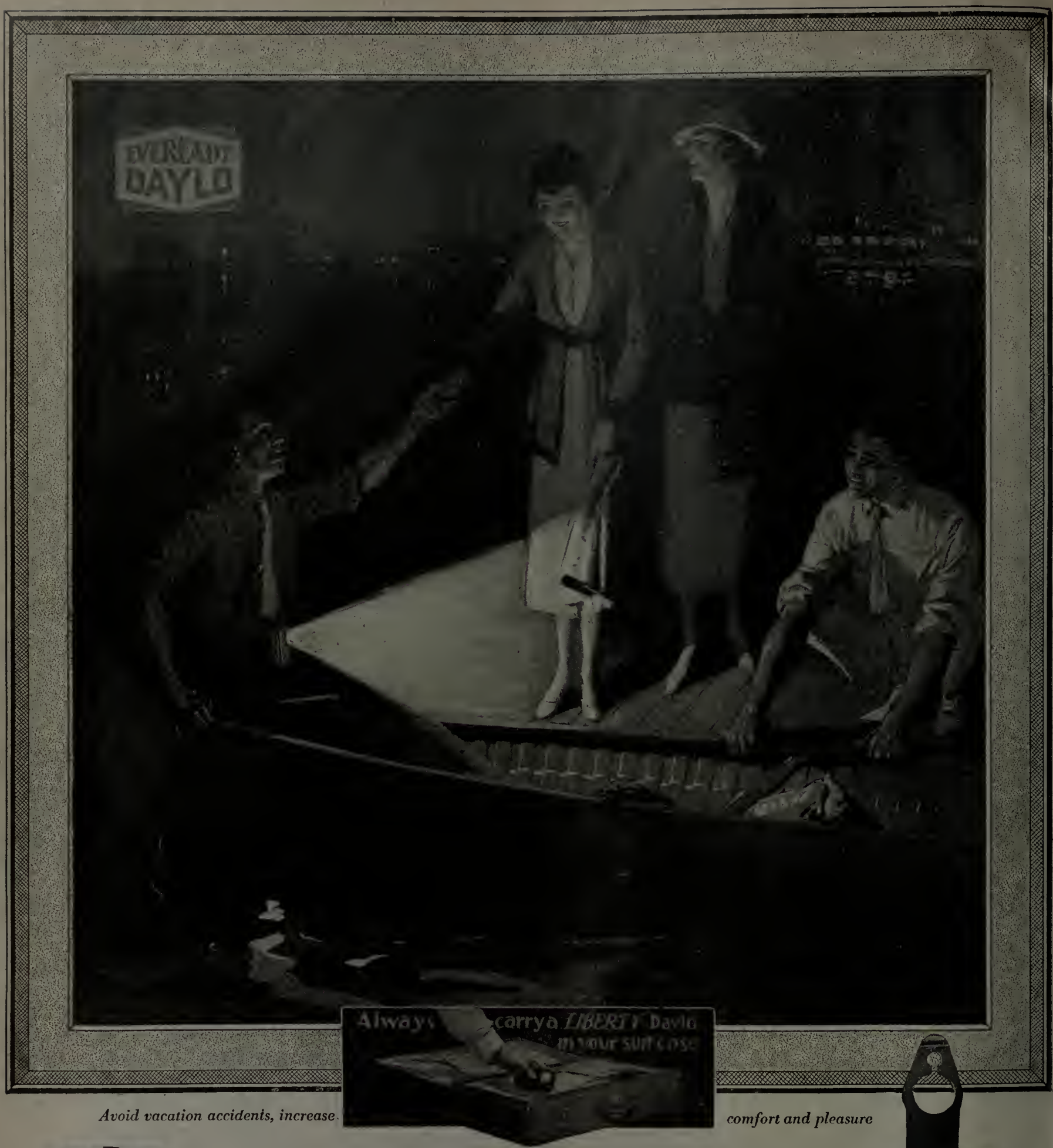

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SUGGESTIONS ON REQUEST

The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post.*

WHILE there has been a tendency for months past for constructive plans in business circles to await the long-expected and long-deferred decline in commodity prices, the stock market has sailed gaily on. For those who, rightly, look upon this market as one of the most reliable symptoms in a diagnosis of business, the steady upward movement of securities has provided cheering grounds for confidence. The threatening labor situations at Winnipeg and Toronto, as zone centres, brought only the slightest pause, a mere tremor of temporary distrust, then on it went again, and once more the stock market won credit for its remarkable gift of foresight. Whether the height has been reached, no one can predict safely. A well-known financial writer of New York remarked: "The period of inflation is still in full blast. This is not to say that one should plunge in recklessly. Many securities are now selling for as much or more than they are worth. On the other hand, others are not, and while there is a greater risk involved than there was three months ago, we do not believe this period will come to an end until there is a more general levelling of prices. Under the present stimulus, this should be a levelling upward and not downward." Just afterwards New York was sobered by drastic action of the banks in raising call loans to 11 per cent., to restrain wild speculation. The Canadian market is never so volatile, but the month showed, out of active traders, that 59 had advanced, 9 were unchanged, and 8 were down. The declines were almost negligible. The advances ran as high as 53 points on a single stock, with the milling stocks leaders on an average of 22 points each, and the paper group following with nearly 17 points of a gain each. Then the steels come in for a much protracted rise. Nearly four times as many shares were sold as in the same period one year ago.

But, apart from transitory influences, there would appear to be two main influences at work, covering a lengthy period: lower rates of interest in general, which would tend to move stocks of a fixed or increasing dividend up to higher levels; second, a tendency to smaller profits, which might force reductions in dividends, or leave so small a margin as to make the stock seem less desirable as an investment.

In reference to the former point, *The Bache Review* says: "The long outlook is for cheaper money. If money becomes permanently cheaper, the price of bonds and of assured dividend-paying securities must go higher. This is one reason why the preferred stocks of old-established industries, most of them paying 7 per cent. cumulative dividends, seem so attractive to buy and hold. Such stocks do not relatively receive much attention in a bull market. Their rise does not depend upon the current upward movement, which is induced by competition in buying and hopes of a quick profit."

The tendency—shall I say the necessity—for lower profits has been referred to for some months past in this department. Recent labor upheavals in Canada are forcing this point to the front and the more far-seeing of industrial leaders are coming to recognize it. "High prices" have been assigned as the reason for labor unrest of the past few months, culminating in strikes, and an attempt to set up "One Big Union." Much as we may deprecate the latter phase, one must be blind not to recognize the failure of prices of food and clothing to come down after war ended, as the underlying cause for the discontent. It was the "hope deferred." While the student of economics will assign world-scarcity and demand that is greater than available supply, as the cause of prices holding up, the average man charges, and believes, that "profiteering" is rampant. Hence the tendency to scrutinize closely now and hereafter individual reports of industrial concerns, and the demand has arisen for a limitation of profits or a definite fixing of profits. To this widespread feeling the average industrial company, I feel, must bow so far as to modify the average profits made during the war: "Abnormal," they were termed, and this means simply, "abnormally high for times of peace."

An incident that has just come to my attention will illustrate this. A certain company was able by increased production, and lessened competition, in part, to show a high rate of profit this past year, by far the highest in its record. The figures were quoted all over the West by agents who were striving to foment labor unrest and promote sympathetic strikes. The use to which the high figures of profits were put by propagandists does not condemn these profits: but it is safe to say they will not "occur again" in a long while. Once again, the Government cut off a portion of the custom duties on food and clothing in an effort to reduce prices on vital commodities, and a Parliamentary committee is investigating why the price of bread is so high in an Eastern city; and why dozens of other prices are so high. The situation just about amounts to this: if the prices on many lines—and the profits behind them—are not reduced, political events will precipitate a wide-embracing system of Government control of prices that would be far more inimical to industrial development in Canada than voluntary preventive efforts on the part of the heads of industry. Whichever happens, the high percentage mark of profits has been reached.

The Budget did more than start a movement towards a lessening of profits in increasing income taxes, it gave a new impetus to the values of tax-exempt Victory bonds. Since last issue—chiefly as the result of higher taxation on ordinary incomes, Victory bonds have risen from ½ to 1½ points, so that at time of writing the past two months compare as follows:

	May	June
1922	100 -100½	101¼-101½
1923	100¼-100½	101½-102
1927	102 -102¼	103¾
1933	104¼-105	105½-106
1937	106 -106½	106½-106⅞

Some very interesting replies have been received from investment houses in answer to the reference in last issue to an inquiry for the best list of securities for a reader of MACLEAN'S who had $10,000 to invest. Only a few can be given in this issue. The replies came both from brokers and bond houses. As a rule there is almost as great a variety of recommendations as those who have replied. This is hardly to be wondered at, but in addition some safeguards for the investor are presented that are worth careful consideration by all.

Osler and Hammond, Toronto, submitted the following:

It would, of course, be necessary to know something of the financial position of the investor. We might, however, suggest the following securities, which we consider should make a satisfactory investment for the $10,000:

$3,000 1937 Victory bonds, 5½% at 106	$3,180	$165
$2,000 Ogilvie Flour Mills, 6% bonds, 103	2,060	120
25 shares MacKay common, 6%, 80	2,000	150
10 shares Steel of Canada, pref., 7%, 97	970	70
100 shares Can. Permanent Mort. Corporation, 10%, 175.	1,750	100
	$9,960	$605

Bringing in a return of slightly better than 6%. *Continued on page 95*

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

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With the SNOWBALL BRIGADE

A Canadian's Impression of the Land of "Nitchevo"

By CAPT. LOUIS KEENE

Author of "Crumps."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

A common type in Siberia.

OUR chief occupation on the steamer *Madras* which carried us from Vancouver to Vladivostok was in picking up a little Russian. Some of the soldiers knew a few words and we industriously conned them over. It proved to be waste effort, however, for we found later that one only needed half a dozen of the most commonly used Russian words in Vlady, where a conglomeration of languages is spoken. The only really essential word, I soon decided, was nitchevo—"nothing matters." Nitchevo is the keynote of life in Siberia. Nothing matters in that country—happiness or sorrow, health or sickness, life or death. They take things as they come with an Oriental fatalism. Nitchevo!

This explanation I am making at the start as it alone can render understandable the conditions of life in Siberia.

I'm not going to attempt any detailed statement of the activities or the lack of activities, of the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force, which soon gained the sobriquet of the Snowball Brigade. Such a narrative would, I am afraid, be unbearably dull; for it had been decided to keep us doing nothing. We were there, apparently for the moral effect of our presence. We found ourselves, however, in a land which absolutely beggars description, amid surroundings which may never be duplicated again. Vladivostok is the bottom of the glass where the dregs of war collect. It is the gathering place of refugee nobleman, Bolshevik, cutthroat, thief and demi-mondaine. There are more scoundrels, more vice, more sheer physical and moral filth in Vlady to the square inch than in any other part of the world, because the stream of crime filters East, getting muddier and more sluggish as it goes—and Vlady is the last stopping place. Superimpose on this the presence of half a dozen armies—Japanese, British, French, Italian, American and Czecho-Slovak—and it will readily be seen that the far Eastern part of Siberia is at present a land of unusual interest and color. Life there is not all sordid and wicked. There are lighter sides. I shall attempt, therefore, to present some impressions of it and to give an idea of the conditions which prevail.

First of all, there are more atrocities committed there still than in Belgium in the heat of the conflict. The Slav race has a streak of cruelty and the typical native of Vladivostok, who is more than half Oriental, is a regular butcher. He not only kills with relish but he delights in torturing his victims.

Bolshevik bands are still operating all through that part of the country and the city itself is full of them. The only authority left in the land is that of the armies of occupation; and so under our very eyes a species of civil war is carried on. Murders occur under cover of night and it is distinctly unsafe to go out alone at any time.

My first contact with death of the Vladivostok variety came when I saw the body of a dead man on the steps of the cathedral. He had been murdered rather peacefully I judged, and there his body sprawled while the stream of city life rolled by without giving heed. The body had been there a day perhaps, certainly many hours, and no one had taken any interest in the matter. Nitchevo!

Then the following memorandum was sent all units from headquarters:

Vladivostok, March 21, 1919.

Two days ago two Russian officers were murdered in the vicinity of Fall River.

Their bodies were afterwards submitted to mutilation of the worst description, their ears having been cut off and their hands nailed to their shoulder blades. Signs of torture before death were evident.

All ranks must be warned to guard against murderous attacks of this kind. No officer or man should be allowed to go around singly between the hours of 6 p.m. and 8 a.m.

Between these hours officers should carry revolvers and if it is necessary to leave the main crowded thoroughfares they must not proceed singly.

The same applies to the men who must at least carry the bayonet and may if considered necessary carry rifles.

(Signed) R. K. STAYNER,
Lieut.-Col., A.A.G. & Q.M.G.,
C. E. F., Siberia.

Death on the Wholesale Plan

THIS seemed conclusive evidence of the kind of country we were quartered in, but I had proof later of the wholesale nature of the murdering that was going on when it became necessary for us on one occasion to visit the morgue.

It overlooks the city and the bay, a mean, clapboard affair like an oversized, shabby garage. The morgue keeper lives in a house a few yards away which he shares, by the way, with a leper. On the floor of the morgue were at least thirty bodies, heaped together as they had been thrown from the conveyances. There were two women battered beyond description; a Japanese who had been badly mutilated; two Russians who had attempted to interfere with a Czech patrol; a Chinese coolie who had been trussed up like a fowl, his knees under his chin and thrown out naked into the snow to freeze to death. Many of the bodies were so decomposed as to be quite unrecognizable.

In another room the bodies were piled four feet deep. And this was the normal condition of the institution! As soon as one lot was removed, there were plenty more to take their places.

The mutilation of bodies, as practised thereabouts, was so common as to be accepted as a matter of course; and so gruesome that no details can be given here. The most common form, however, arose through the hatred the common people feel toward the old army officer. This hatred centered in the insigna of rank and the epaulet. There is at least one authentic case where an officer was taken by the Bolsheviks and his epaulets cut off and nailed to his shoulders!

Nitchevo!

One night at Konkin's, five Russian soldiers walked in drunk. They went up to four different officers who were seated in various parts of the cafe and cut their epaulets off with jackknives. In no case did the officers protest. They accepted the indignity quietly, though, as one could see, with suppressed passion.

Then the soldiers went on. Apparently they were out on an epaulet-cutting expedition.

AMONG pedestrians, long intervals were fashionable in Vladivostok. Footsteps too close behind made one nervous. They were danger signals. I know that I made it a rule whenever a foreigner was treading in my wake to stop, turn partially around, and casually break open my revolver. This always had a good effect. I would hear the footsteps slow down perceptibly and the distance between us would rapidly lengthen out. Perhaps the footsteps would turn precipitately or strike off in another direction. The person following me might be quite innocent of wrong intents, but I was not taking any chances, and neither was he!

Human life in fact was about the only thing that was cheap. To kill a man did not seem to involve one in any trouble unless in committing the deed some other regulation was broken. For instance, a Czech officer killed a Chinese coolie and threw his body into a well.

He was brought before the court and fined—for polluting the well.

Worse Than the Black Hole

WHAT was unquestionably the most fiendish atrocity of the whole war occurred in Siberia during the term of the Allied occupation. The Bolsheviks opened the prison in Samara and took out all the prisoners. Not knowing what to do with them, they put the lot into box cars, sealed them up and sent them on to the next town. They were too much of a problem for the next town to handle so the cars were sealed up again and sent along. This kept up for a long time, just how long the records do not show. The prisoners began to die and at each town the authorities—if the term can be used—took the dead bodies out of the cars, shoved in a little food, sealed the cars up again—and on to the next place.

Can the conditions which existed be imagined? Men and women crowded in together in bare box cars, with little food and no warmth, with the weaker among them succumbing and lying underfoot until dragged out at the next stop, jolting endlessly on and on! The torture of the Black Hole of Calcutta pales into insignificance besides this hideous Odyssey.

When the cars finally reached a town where Allied soldiers were in charge, nearly all the victims were dead and all that were left were raving mad. They all died ultimately.

Extermination is Feared

THERE is a background of respectable, law-abiding population in Vladivostok, though the people who make it up are not much in evidence. How they live is a problem, for prices have gone to unprecedented levels. They live unobtrusively, for, of course, they are "bourgeoisie," and subject to the hatred of the Bolshevik element. The Allied occupation serves as a protection for them. When the Allies all go, there will be terrible times in the city and the gutters will run with blood. The better class of people know this; but they cannot leave. There is no place for them to go.

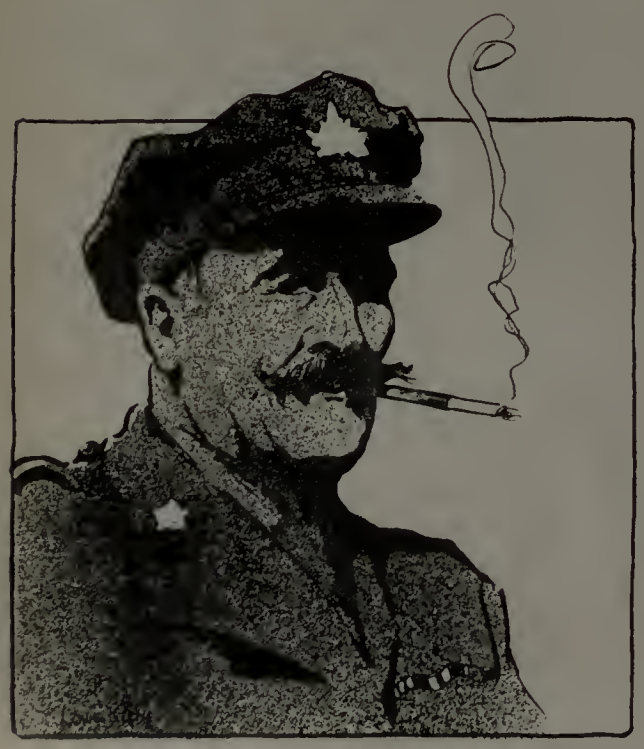
"When you go," said an elderly Russian, of obviously gentle extraction, to me one day, "they will kill us all, these filthy rogues. We shall be wiped out."

"Can't anything be done?" I demanded. "You ought to be organized. Surely you can prepare yourselves for this struggle."

The old man shook his head. "There is nothing we can do." Then he added, as I had expected he would, "Nitchevo."

Siberia a Future Storm Centre

THE situation in Siberia is fraught with grave possibilities for the future. Anyone who has studied the situation at close hand will agree that it promises to provide plenty of international complications for the future. The eyes of the world will some day turn to Siberia.

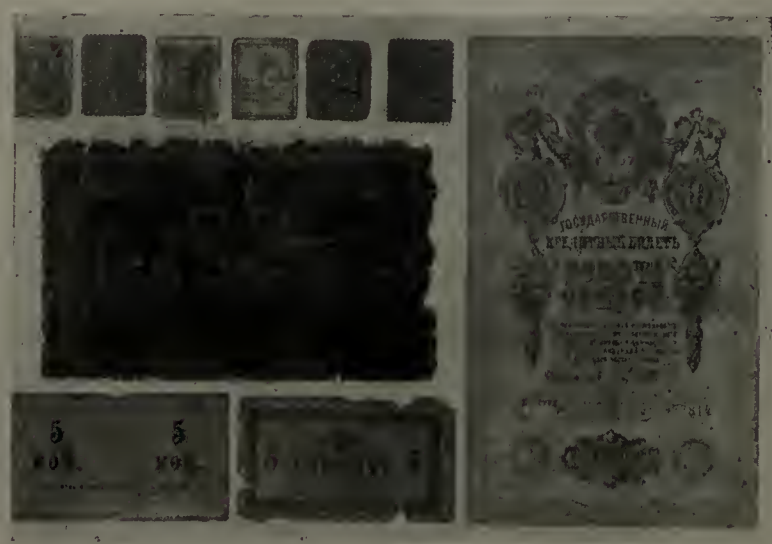


The situation was, and is, a very complicated one from every angle. First there were the Czecho-Slovaks who fought their way across the continent from their home in Bohemia before the end of the war. The story of this famous march is too well known to require retelling here, but it ended with the Czechs, who are a fine, vigorous and square race, holding the upper hand in Siberia and successfully damming back the flood of Bolshevism. The Czechs cleaned up Vladivostok before any of the other Allied forces arrived, driving the Bolsheviks out and setting up a sort of police supervision. They were very thorough in their methods. When reports reached them of trouble in any quarter they sent up a squad and cleaned it out with the bayonet. They were not backward or squeamish about such things; with the result that the unruly element in Vlady had been eventually cowed by the time the other forces arrived, and no organized show of resistance was attempted. The undercurrent of crime and violence ran as deep and red as ever of course, and efforts were made at all times to "snipe" Allied soldiers. There was one occasion when six Japanese officers were knifed in their beds. But it was guerilla warfare purely and simply after Vladivostok had tasted the Czech steel.

Dissension at the Start

THEN the Japanese forces, seventy thousand strong, were landed to protect the tremendous stores of material at Vlady. In order to make a sure-enough Allied enterprise of it, the other Allied nations also sent contingents and, in due course, along came Canada's delegation.

The story ran in the officers' messes to the effect that in the early stages of the joint occupation—before we Canadians arrived on the scene—there was a certain amount of jealousy. None of the contingents wanted any other to get a preponderance in numbers or to take too active a hand in things. In fact, the following incident was cited:



Russian paper money. Note the worn edges and general delapidation.

A party of officers from one contingent went as guests for dinner to the mess of another nationality. During the meal one of the visitors remarked:

"To-morrow I'm going to get a steam launch and run over to the other side of the bay. There ought to be plenty of partridges there at this season."

"No, you'll be disappointed if you try it," answered one of his hosts quickly. "There are no partridges to be had there at this time of year. We tried it not so long ago." He seemed very insistent about it.

Nothing more was said at the time but the officer in question went on his outing nevertheless. He saw plenty of partridges; and he saw something else that made him gasp. Troopships belonging to the other nation were lined up along the coast, unloading troops with great expedition.

However, all that was long ago and, when the Canadians arrived on the scene, the situation had been clarified. The Czechs and the Japs were doing all the work and the rest of us, British, French, Yankees, Italians and Canucks, just stood around, much to our mutual disgust. The Czechs were not a little disgruntled at this development. They thought when we first arrived that there was going to be a drive back through Russia and, being first-class fighting men, they were keen for it. They wanted above everything else to get back to their beloved Bohemia and were ready to fight their way through all the hordes of Bolshevism to get there. How enthusiastic they were when we first arrived! They saluted us with gusto, even saluting our privates.

After a time, when it became sure that we were not going to do anything they gradually cooled off and their salutes became less punctilious and cordial. Finally, they never saluted us at all. We had become in their eyes, apparently, just so much excess baggage.

Willingness of Japan

HOWEVER, the arrangement suited the Japanese. They were keen to do everything that came along and to leave the rest of us out of the running. If there was any fighting to do, the Japs would rush up enough troops to handle the situation. It was almost as though they said to us:

"Now, look here, you fellows have been working hard at the fighting business over in France and we haven't been doing anything. Just let us attend to this little scrap."

There was one occasion at least when a joint demonstration was arranged and the Japs announced that the attack would be made at a certain hour; but when the other troops arrived bright and early they found that it was all over. The Japs had started a few hours earlier and finished the job.

Their activity gave them the upper hand in most things. They controlled the telegraphs and telephones. The trade of the country was beginning to come their way. Wherever the Japanese troops went, the business man from Nippon followed close in their wake. Japanese stores, Japanese restaurants, Japanese places of business of all descriptions sprang up everywhere. Japanese goods were flooding the market and Japanese money became a common medium of exchange. If the period of occupation continues for any length of time, the country will become pretty thoroughly Japanned. It may in any case. Our Eastern Allies have marked the country down as their own in a trade sense and they are proceeding about it with a thoroughness that promises results.

They are very efficient. When the burning of a building robbed the Canadian forces of a number of motor transports, it was the Japanese who supplied the information as to how the cars could be replaced most rapidly and cheaply and who secured the cars for us. They had all the information within two days.

The Generosity of the Jap

AS usual, there were bickerings between the soldiers of various nationalities, but on the whole we got along as well among ourselves as could be expected. Here is an incident that is significant. The Japanese soon learned that the Canadian, officer or private soldier, is an inveterate souvenir-hunter, and when we went over to the Jap mess, they took it for granted that we would like to take some sort of souvenir away with us.

One of our officers wanted a sword, and a Jap officer at once politely presented him with one.

"I don't like to accept such a valuable gift," said the Canadian.

The Jap officer merely smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"But I want to *buy* it," exclaimed the Canadian.

The Jap shook his head. "I give you," he said.

"Well, now, I know it's valuable, and I'll give you 120 roubles for it, although I know it is worth much more."

The Jap didn't want to take the money, but the Canuck persisted, so the Jap said:

"You want to give me money for it; all right." He took the money, lifted the lid of the stove, dropped the whole 120 roubles in the fire—and bowed!

The Tangled Skeins of Finance

THE currency situation is a remarkable and complicated one. A rouble varies so much from day to day—and there are so many kinds of roubles!

The Russian used to be worth nearly fifty cents in Canadian money; when we arrived in Siberia, we got nearly ten roubles for a dollar, and before we left we had to pay twenty roubles, and even higher, to get a real, honest-to-goodness "buck." There is only one British bank in Vlady, and that is the Royal Bank of Canada. This bank endeavors to accommodate its customers, particularly any Canadians, but it is up against a foreign exchange condition which is so abnormal that at times the manager was unable to say what the rate of exchange was.

The original pre-Revolution notes—Romanoff money—are still in circulation and quite valid. As these were never renewed you can readily imagine what a filthy and dilapidated condition they would now be in. The Romanoff money has this advantage, however: owing to a peculiar water-mark it was difficult to counterfeit, and therefore a Romanoff rouble usually was worth a little more than a Kerensky rouble.

Kerensky money consists of an issue of small bills, about three inches by two, and in twenty and forty rouble denominations. Thus they are smaller than ten-cent cigar store coupons, and not so well-made. They are hard to change because all the small change is being hoarded by the peasants. A case is on record where a contractor had to pay his men in 500-rouble notes.

Some Yankee troops, as a joke, decided to pass cigar store coupons as money. The coupons were readily accepted.

Postage stamps, for ten, fifteen and twenty kopecks, are used as money. On the reverse side they have a surcharge, but, fortunately for all of us, there is no gum on the back. Imagine carrying around a pocketfull of gum-backed "money" such as this!

Another kind of currency which we met was coupons clipped from Government bonds, usually for some odd value, 2 roubles 75 kopecks or 3.25. On pay days we received our money in Kerenskies, and after the first month our mess secretary always made out our bills in multiples of 20 or 40 on account of the scarcity of change. On our last pay day we received our pay in American bills, which usually were worth about 5% more than Canadian bills. Japanese and Chinese money was also current. Some of the "Wisenheimers" in our outfit took their money to Siberia in gold, but found that they couldn't get any more even for that. I never quite decided what was the best way to carry money, but think there is no safer way than in English five-pound notes.

To make the currency confusion worse confounded some private concerns issue their own "money"—which is, of course, of no value anywhere else. At Konkin's famous restaurant you will get your change in "fiat" money, redeemable only at Konkin's. A similar practice prevails at other large restaurants and stores. The first time I encountered this custom I raised quite a holler, until it was explained to me that this was the prevailing method of manufacturing small change.

Some of the money is almost falling apart, it is so tattered. When we were coming home on the boat, one of the officers emptied out his pockets and threw away on the floor what he considered rubbish.

"Better look over that again," I said. "There might be some money in the scraps."

"I guess not," he said. But he looked, and found a total of several roubles in bond coupons!

A "Kamatski" (Canadian) in full winter kit.

Business methods are very peculiar—to us. Very few things can be done in the business world without bribery—and nothing can be done quickly. If you want any goods to come through the customs house without undue delay the chances are that you will have to "slip something" to almost every man that handles your package, box or bale.

I met one man who wanted to get a freight car hitched on to a train. All other ordinary methods having failed, he went to the conductor and offered him 500 roubles. The train-man became indignant, and threw the money at his "corrupter," saying:

"Don't you dare try to bribe; there's altogether too much graft around here. I am a patriot!"

Half an hour later my friend returned with 1,000 roubles. This the conductor pocketed, and said:

"Now you're talking; where's your car?"

Many of the contractors cannot get it into their heads that our officers can't be bribed. The country is honey-combed with the "backsheesh" method of business-getting, and they are so inured to the habits of Russian officers, that they imagine all officers, irrespective of nationality, to be equally venal.

A "gentleman" by the name of Naumoff wanted a certain contract very badly. To help along the good cause he put a 500-rouble note in an envelope, and slipped it unostentatiously under the corner of the blotter of the colonel who had the awarding of contracts. The colonel picked up the envelope, opened it, threw the money and the contractor out of his office—and went on with his work.

Next morning there was a tap on the door, and in walked Naumoff smiling his greasy, ingratiating smirk, he sidled up to the colonel, placed on his desk another envelope—this time containing 10,000 roubles. Ten thousand, mark you! He had learned his lesson the day before; Canadian officers come high!

The colonel had a grouch on that morning, anyway. He threw Naumoff out of the room again, and kicked him right down a short flight of stairs, almost on top of a sentry, stationed at the turn. The sentry took his cue from the colonel, and booted Naumoff down the rest of the way.

Naumoff waxed "virtuously" indignant, and took legal action against the colonel. He took the case to the commander of the Czechs, who acts in all cases of dispute between members of the allied forces and civilians. The Czecho-Slovak commander thought it was strange that a British officer should kick a man downstairs, and sent over to make a few enquiries. When they heard what really had happened Naumoff was threatened with a jail term for attempting to corrupt an Allied officer.

General Elmsley, the "Snowball Brigade" commander, heard rumors and asked for a full account of the affair. The colonel concluded his report by saying:

". . . . . in putting this man out my boot accidentally caught in his coat-tails."

Handling the Natives

IN dealing with the native people it is necessary to remember that they are as childlike almost as aborigines. There was one case where a ragged and very greasy fellow was caught in the act of stealing gasoline from one of the Canadian stations. The sentry told him to "beat it," but the thief went right on without paying any heed so the soldier jabbed him with his bayonet.

The thief created a tremendous hubbub and volubly demanded redress. He drew aside his rags and showed where the point of the bayonet had penetrated his skin. He was indignant.

"But," he was told, "you were stealing. And you were warned once to go away."

The man looked at the Canadians with a dull, non-comprehending stare.

"The Czar is dead," he said. "Everything belongs to us, the people. I was helping myself. I have as much right to it as you."

The Russian peasant woman is big, strong and stolid—quite capable of taking care of herself. One night an officer of the 259th battalion was in charge of the guard at Eggerscheldt when a man rushed up to him and tried to drag him in the direction of a house on a near-by hill-side.

A North-West Mounted Policeman. The N.W.M.P. made up the Cavalry force.

An interpreter was sent for, and the Russian told him he was a bachelor, living all alone on a little-tenanted slope of the hill. Eight women had come into his house, and were taking all the furniture away.

"Why don't you clear them out?" asked the officer.

"There are eight of them," said the Russian, with tears of fright in his eyes.

"Then get a Russian policeman to help you."

"That's no good; he's afraid of them, too."

All the coolies are thieves, and have to be handled in a way that they understand. In unloading the stores they will tear a piece of wood out of the top of a case just big enough to get one hand through. Whatever a coolie gets his hand on is his. At the ordnance stores if they find a coolie stealing they tell the head coolie. This chap gets a couple of men to hold the culprit down, while he thrashes him almost into a pulp. Then the coolie doesn't steal anything else until his back has healed, and the memory of the thrashing has passed away. They are very simple and childlike, even in their thefts.

One day two of our officers were superintending the unloading of some freight, and were particularly exasperated with the coolies' petty thieving. Finally, they caught a coolie stealing redhanded, and one of the officers was so "fed up" with the wholesale thefts that he didn't wait to report the man, but proceeded to beat him up rather severely with his crop. The coolie ran away, but was back on the job next day, black and blue.

General Elmsley, who believes in surprise visits to see for himself exactly how things are progressing, called around to the freight unloading siding, carrying a crop. The officer was explaining to him how things were done when suddenly one of the coolies in the nearby group caught sight of the General's crop, gave a yell like an Oriental imitation of a Redskin war-whoop, and ran away for dear life, as if the nineteen devils of Confucius were on his trail.

"What on earth is the matter with that man?" asked the General.

"I can't think what could be wrong with him; probably heat stroke," quickly lied the subaltern.

It was the coolie who had been thrashed the day before, and he distrusted even generals—if they carried riding crops.

The "Snail Express" runs from Vlady to Omsk, Admiral Kolchak's quarters. Before the war the trip, about 2,500 miles, was usually accomplished in eight or nine days. Now it takes about six weeks. Once Kolchak wanted to send a bullion train east and he asked for a British guard to go along.

Continued on page 81

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

A Romantic Novel of the Time of Charles II

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Flower of the Lily," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

I

FROM Mr. John Honeywood, clerk to Mr. Theophilus Baggs, attorney-at-law, to Mistress Joyce Saunderson of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields:

1662. October the 10th at 85, Chancery Lane, in the City of London. Honoured Mistress.

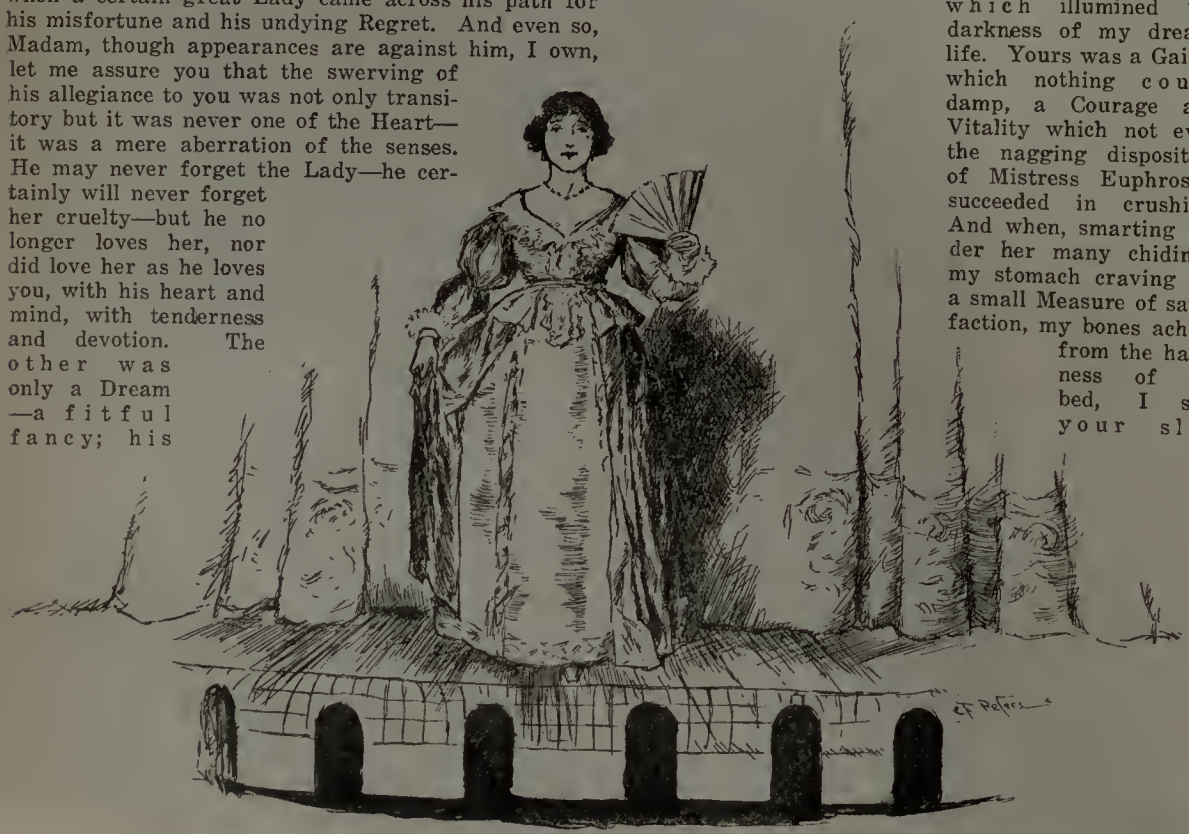
May it please you that I, an humble clerk and scrivener, do venture to address so talented a lady; but there is that upon my conscience which compels me to write these lines. The goodness and charity of Mistress Saunderson are well-known and 'tis not as a suppliant that I crave pardon for my presumption but rather as one whose fidelity and loyalty have oft been tried and never been found wanting. 'Tis said, most gracious Mistress, that your fancy hath been touched by the tenderness and devotion of a man who is as dear to me as if he were mine own brother, but that you hesitate to bestow upon him that for which he craves more than for anything in the world, your hand and heart. And this because of many rumors which have sullied his fair name. Mr. Betterton, Madam, hath many enemies. How could this be otherwise seeing that so vast a measure of Success hath attended his career, and that the King's most gracious Majesty doth honour him with friendship and regard to the exclusion of others who are envious of so great a fame? Those enemies now, Madam, seeing that your heart hath been touched with the man's grace and bearing, rather than with his undying Renown, have set themselves the task of blackening Mr. Betterton's character before your eyes, thus causing you mayhap grievous sorrow and disappointment. But this I do swear, by all that I hold most sacred, that Mr. Betterton hath never committed a mean act in his life nor done aught to forfeit your Regard. Caustic of wit he is, but neither a Braggart nor a Bully; he hath been credited with many good Fortunes, but so hath every gentleman in the Kingdom, and there is no discredit attached to a man for subjugating the hearts of those that are both frail and fair. My Lady Castlemaine hath bestowed many favors on Mr. Betterton, so hath the Countess of Shrewsbury, and there are others, at least the Gossips do aver it. But on my soul and honour, he hath never ceased to love you, until the day when a certain great Lady came across his path for his misfortune and his undying Regret. And even so, Madam, though appearances are against him, I own, let me assure you that the swerving of his allegiance to you was not only transitory but it was never one of the Heart—it was a mere aberration of the senses. He may never forget the Lady—he certainly will never forget her cruelty—but he no longer loves her, nor did love her as he loves you, with his heart and mind, with tenderness and devotion. The other was only a Dream—a fitful fancy; his Love for you is as immortal as his Fame. Therefore, gracious Mistress, I, the humble Friend of so great a man, have ventured to set forth for your perusal that which he himself would be too proud to put before you—namely, his Justification. For reasons which are obvious, I have kept the name of the Lady hidden under the guise of one suggested by mine own Fancy. You, no doubt, will read between my lines and guess at the identity which I have been at pains to conceal. As for the rest, what I am about to relate is the true Historie of Mr. Betterton's Romance, the only one which might give you cause for sorrow, yet none for uneasiness, because that Romance is now a thing of the past, like unto a Flower that is faded and without fragrance, even though it still lies pressed between the pages of a great man's Book of Life. Everything else is mere episode. But this which I have here set down will show you how much nobility of heart and grandeur of Character lies hidden beneath the flippant and at times grim exterior of the Man whom you have honoured with your regard.

The writing of the Historie hath caused me much anxiety and deep thought. I desired to present the Truth before you, and not the highly-coloured effusions of a Partisan. I have slurred over nothing, concealed nothing. An you, gracious Mistress, have the patience to read unto the End, I am confident that any hesitation as to your future which may still linger in your heart will vanish with the more intimate knowledge of the true Facts of the case, as well as of the Man whose faults are of his own time and of his entourage, but whose merits are for the whole World to know and to cherish, for as many cycles of years as there will be Englishmen to speak the words of English poets.

II

DARE I take you back, honoured Mistress, to those humble days, five years ago, when first I entered the household of your worthy Uncle, Mr. Theophilus Baggs, and of his still more worthy spouse, Mistress Euphrosine, where for a small—very small—stipend, and free board and lodging, I copied legal documents, Leases, Wills and Indemnities for my employer?

You, fair Lady, were then the only ray of sunshine which illumined the darkness of my dreary life. Yours was a Gaiety which nothing could damp, a Courage and Vitality which not even the nagging disposition of Mistress Euphrosine succeeded in crushing. And when, smarting under her many chidings, my stomach craving for a small Measure of satisfaction, my bones aching from the hardness of my bed, I saw your slim Figure flitting elf-like from kitchen to living-room, your full young Throat bursting with song like that of a bird at the first scent of spring, I would find my lot less hard, the bread less sour, even Mistress Euphrosine's tongue less acrimonious. My poor, atrophied Heart felt the warmth of your smile.



I knew that a brilliant future lay before you.

Mr. Baggs had gone to Hampton Court.

Then sometimes, when my work was done and my Employers occupied with their own affairs, you used to allow me to be of service to You, to help You wash the dishes which your dainty hands should never have been allowed to touch.

Oh! how I writhed when I heard Mistress Euphrosine ordering you about as if You were a kitchen-wench rather than her husband's Niece, who was honouring his house with her presence! You, so exquisite, so perfect, so cultured, to be the handmaid of a pair of sour, ill-conditioned Reprobates who were not worthy to tie the laces of your dainty shoes. With what joy I performed the menial tasks which never should have been allotted to You, I never until now have dared to tell. I did not think that any Man could find dish-washing and floor-scrubbing quite so enchanting. But then, no other Man hath ever to my knowledge performed such tasks under such happy circumstances; with You standing before me, smiling and laughing at my clumsiness, your shapely arms akimbo, your Voice now rippling into song, now chaffing me with words full of kindness and good humour.

I have known many happy hours since that day, Mistress, and many hours full of sorrow, but none so full of pulsating life as those which outwardly had seemed so miserable.

And then that wonderful afternoon when, Mr. Theophilus and his Spouse being safely out of the way, we stole out together and spent a few hours at the Play! Do you remember the day on which we ventured on the escapade? Mr. Baggs and Mistress Euphrosine had gone to Hampton Court; he to see a noble Client and she to accompany him. The day being fine and the client being a Lady possessed of well-known charms, Mistress Euphrosine would not have trusted her Lord alone in the company of such a forward Minx—at least, those were her Words, which she uttered in my hearing two days before the memorable expedition.

Memorable, indeed, it was to me!

Mr. Baggs left a sheaf of Documents for me to copy, which would—he thought—keep me occupied during the whole course of a long day. You too, fair Mistress, were to be kept busy during the worthy couple's absence, by scrubbing and polishing and sewing—Mistress Euphrosine holding all idleness in abhorrence.

I marvel if you remember it all!

I do, as if it had occurred yesterday! We sat up half the Night previous to our Taskmasters' departure; you polishing and sewing, and I copying away for very life. You remember? Our joint savings for the past six months we had counted up together. They amounted to three shillings. One shilling we spent in oil for our lamps, so that we might complete our tasks during the night. This left us free for the great and glorious Purpose which we had in our minds and which we had planned and brooded over for days and weeks.

We meant to go to the Play!

It seems strange now, in view of your renown, fair Mistress, and of mine own intimacy with Mr. Betterton, that you and I had both reached an age of Man- and Womanhood without ever having been to the Play. Yet You belonged from childhood to the household of Mistress Euphrosine Baggs, who is own sister to Mr. Betterton. But that worthy woman abhorred the Stage and all that pertained to it, and she blushed —aye, blushed!—at thought of the marvelous fame attained by her illustrious Brother.

Do you remember confiding to me, less than a month after I first entered the household of Mr. Baggs, that You were pining to go to the Play? You had seen Mr. Betterton once or twice when he came to visit his Sister—which he did not do very often—but you had never actually been made acquainted with him, nor had you ever seen him act. And You told me how handsome he was, and and your dark eyes would flash with enthusiasm at thought of the Actor's art and of the Actor's power.

I had never seen him at all in those days; but I loved to hear about him. Strange what a fascination the Stage exercised over so insignificant and so mean a creature as I!

"I am a soldier, sir," he said, "and not a politician."

III

WILL you ever forget the dawn of that glorious day, fair Mistress?

Mr. Baggs and his Spouse went off quite early, to catch the chaise at La Belle Sauvage which would take them to Hampton Court. But however early they went, we thought them mighty slow in making a start. An hundred recommendations, orderings, scoldings, had to be gone through ere the respectable Couple, carrying provisions for the day in a Bandana Handkerchief, finally got on the way.

It was a perfect Morning early in March, with the first scent and feel of spring in the air. Not a cloud in the sky. By Midday our tasks were entirely accomplished and we were free! Free as the Birds in the air, free as two 'prentices out for a holiday! But little did we eat, I remember. We were too excited for hunger, nor had Mistress Euphrosine left much in the larder for us. What did we care? Our enthusiasm, our eagerness, were Cook and Scullion for us, that day!

We were going to the Play!

Oh, how we tripped to Cockpit Lane, asking our way from passers-by, for we knew so little of London—fashionable London, that is; the London of gaiety and laughter, of careless thoughts and wayward moods. Holding hands, we hurried through the Streets. You wore a dark Cape with a Hood to hide your pretty face and your soft brown hair, lest some acquaintance of your Uncle's should chance to see You and betray our guilty secret.

Do you remember how we met Mr. Rhodes, the bookseller, and friend of Mr. Baggs?—he to whom young Mr. Betterton was even then apprenticed. At the corner of Princess Street we came nose to nose with him, and but for great presence of mind on my part when, without an instant's hesitation, I ran straight at him and butted him in the stomach so that he lost his balance for the moment and only recovered complete Consciousness after we had disappeared round the corner of the Street, he no doubt would have recognized us and betrayed our naughty secret.

Oh, what a fright we had! I can see you now, leaning, breathless and panting, against the street corner, your hand pressed to your bosom, your Eyes shining like stars!

As for the rest, it is all confusion in my mind. The crowd, the bustle, the noise, this great Assembly, the like of which I had never seen before. I do not know how we came to our seats. All I know is that we were there, looking down upon the moving throng. I remember that some worthy of obvious note was sitting next to me, and was perpetually treading upon my toes. But this I did not mind, for he was good enough to point out to me the various Notabilities amongst the audience or upon the stage; and I was greatly marvelled and awed by the wonderful familiarity with which he spoke of all these distinguished People.

"There sits General Monk. Brave old George! By gad! 'twere interesting to know what goes on inside that square head of his! King or Protector, which is it to be? Or Protector *and* King! George knows; and you mark my words, young Sir, George will be the one to decide. Old Noll is sick; he can't last long. And Master Richard hath not much affection for his Father's Friends—calls them reprobates and ungodly. Well! can you see George being rebuked by Master Richard for going to the Play?"

And I, not being on such intimate terms with the Lord Protector's son or with General Monk, could offer no opinion on the subject. And after awhile my Neighbor went on glibly:

"Ah! here comes my Lady Viner, flaunting silks and satins. Aye, the fair Alice—his third wife, mark you!—knows how to spend the money which her Lord hath been at such pains to scrape together. By gad! who'd have thought to see red-haired Polly Ann so soon after the demise of His Grace! See, not an inch of widows' Weeds doth she wear in honour of the old dotard who did her the infinite favour of dying just in the nick of time ——"

And so on, the man would babble in a continuous stream of talk. You, Mistress, listened to him open-mouthed, your great brown Eyes aglow with curiosity and with excitement. You and I knew but little of those great Folk, and seeing them all around us, prepared for the same enjoyment which we had paid to obtain, made us quite intoxicated with eagerness.

Our Neighbor, who of a truth seemed to know everything, expressed great surprise at the fact that Old Noll—as he so unceremoniously named the Lord Protector—had tolerated the opening of the Cockpit. "But," he added sententiously, "Bill Davenant could wheedle a block of ice out of the devil, if he chose."

IV

OF the Play I remember but little. I was in truth much too excited to take it all in. And sitting so near to you, Mistress—for the place was overcrowded —my knee touching yours, your dear little hand darting out from time to time to grip mine convulsively during the more palpitating moments of the entertainment, was quite as much as an humble Clerk's brain could hold.

There was a great deal of Music—that I do remember. Also that the entertainment was termed an opera and that the name of the piece was "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru." My omniscient Neighbour told me presently that no doubt the Performance was an artful piece of flattery on the part of Bill (meaning, I suppose, Sir William Davenant) who, by blackening the Spaniards made Old Noll's tyranny appear like bountiful mercies.

But I did not like to hear our Lord Protector spoken of with such levity. Moreover, my Neighbour's incessant chatter distracted me from the Stage.

What I do remember more vividly than anything else on that memorable day was your cry of delight when Mr. Betterton appeared upon the stage. I do not know if you had actually spoken with him before; I certainly had never even seen him. Mr. Betterton was then apprenticed to Mr. Rhodes, the bookseller, and it was entirely against the judgment and wishes of Mistress Euphrosine Baggs, his Sister, that he adopted the stage as an additional calling. I know that there were many high words on that subject between Mr. Betterton and Mistress Euphrosine, Mr. Rhodes greatly supporting the young man in his desire, he having already formulated schemes of his own for the management of a Theatre, and extolling the virtues of the Actor's Art and the vastly lucrative state thereof.

But Mistress Euphrosine would have none of it. Actors were rogues and vagabonds, she said, ungodly Reprobates who were unfit, when dead, to be buried in consecrated ground. She would never consent to seeing a Brother of hers follow so disreputable a calling. From high words it came to an open quarrel, and though I had been over a year in the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs, I had never until this day set eyes on young Mr. Betterton.

HE was not taking a very important part in the Opera, but there was no denying the fact that as soon as he appeared upon the Stage his handsome appearance did throw every other Actor into the shade. The Ladies in the boxes gave a deep sigh of content, gazing on him with admiring eyes and bestowing loud applause upon his every word. And when Mr. Betterton threw out his arms with a gesture expressive of a noble Passion and spoke the ringing lines: "And tell me then, ye sons of England ——"—his beautiful voice rising and falling with the perfect cadence of an exquisite harmony—the uproar of enthusiasm became wellnigh deafening. The Ladies clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs, the Gentlemen stamped their feet upon the floor; and some, lifting their hats, threw them with a flourish upon the Stage, so that anon Mr. Betterton stood with a score or more Hats all around his feet, and was greatly perturbed as to how he should sort them out and restore them to their rightful owners.

Ah, it was a glorious day! Nothing could mar the perfection of its course. No! not even the rain which presently began to patter over the Spectators, and anon fell in torrents, so that those who were in the pit had to beat a precipitate retreat, scrambling helter-skelter over the benches in a wild endeavour to get under cover.

This incident somewhat marred the harmony of the ending, because to see Ladies and Gentlemen struggling and scrambling to climb from bench to bench

under a deluge of rain, was in truth a very droll spectacle; and the attention of those in the boxes was divided between the happenings on the Stage and the antics of the rest of the Audience.

You and I, fair Mistress, up aloft in our humble place, were far better sheltered than the more grand folk in the pit. I put your cloak around your shoulders to protect You against the cold, and thus sitting close together, my knee still resting against yours, we watched the Performance until the end.

V

HOW we went home that afternoon I do not remember. I know that it was raining heavily and that we got very wet. But this caused me no inconvenience, because it gave me the privilege of placing my arm around your shoulders so as to keep your cloak from falling. Also my mind was too full of what I had seen to heed the paltry discomfort of a wetting. My thoughts were of the Play, the Music, the brilliant Assembly; yours, Mistress, were of Mr. Betterton. Of him you prattled all the way home, to the exclusion of every other topic. And if your enthusiastic eulogy of that talented Person did at times send a pang of sorrow through my heart, You at least were unaware of my trouble. Not that I took no share in your enthusiasm. I did it whole-heartedly. Never had I admired a man before as I did Mr. Betterton on that day. His Presence was commanding, his Face handsome, his Voice at times masterful and full of power, at others infinitely sweet. My officious and talkative Neighbour, just before the rain came down and rendered him dumb, had remarked to me with a great air of knowledge and of finality:

"Mark my word, young Sir, England will hear something presently of Tommy Betterton."

It was not until we reached the corner of Chancery Lane that we were forced to descend to the Realities of Life. We had had a glorious Day, and for many hours had wholly forgotten the many annoyances and discomforts with which our lives were beset. Now we were a little tired and exceedingly wet. Mistress Euphrosine's scoldings, our oft empty stomachs, hard beds and cheerless lives loomed once more largely upon the Horizon of our mental vision.

Our pace began to slacken; your glib tongue was stilled. Holding hands now, we hurried home in silence, our minds stirred by a still vague sense of fear.

Nor was that fear unjustified, alas! as subsequent events proved. No sooner had we entered the House than we knew that we were discovered. Mr. Baggs' cloak hung up in the hall, revealed the terrifying fact that he and his indomitable Spouse had unaccountably returned at this hour. No doubt that the weather was the primary cause of this untoward Event: its immediate result was a volley of abuse poured upon our heads by Mistress Euphrosine's eloquent tongue. We were Reprobates' Spawns and Children of the Devil! We were Liars and Cheats and Thieves! We had deserved God's wrath and eternal punishment! Heavens above! how she did talk! And we, alas! could not escape that vituperative torrent.

We had fled into the kitchen as soon as we had realized that we were fairly caught; but Mistress Euphrosine had followed us thither and had closed the door behind her. And now, standing facing us, her large, gaunt body barring every egress, she talked and talked until You, fair Mistress, gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

All our pleasure, our joy, had vanished; driven hence by the vixenish tongue of a soured Harridan. I was beside myself with rage. But for your restraining influence. I could have struck that shrieking Virago, and for ever after have destroyed what was the very essence of my life. For she would have turned me out of doors then and there, and I should have been driven forth from your presence, perhaps never to return.

The sight of your Patience and of your Goodness helped to deaden my wrath. I hung my head and bit my tongue lest it should betray me into saying things which I should have regretted to the end of my days.

And thus that memorable day came to a close. Somehow, it stands before my mind as would the first legible page in the Book of my Life. Before it, everything was blurred; but that page is clear. I can read it now, even after five years. For the first time, destiny had writ on it two names in bold, indelible characters—yours, Mistress, and that of Mr. Betterton. Henceforth, not a day in my life would pass without one of You looming largely in its scheme.

Joyce Saunderson! Tom Betterton! My very pulses seem to beat to the tune of those two Names! I knew then, by one of those subtle intuitions which no Man has ever succeeded in comprehending, that Heaven itself had intended you for one another. How then could I stand by and see the wickedness of Man striving to interfere with the decrees of God?

CHAPTER TWO

The Rift Within the Lute

I

AFTER that memorable day, Mistress, we were like naughty children who were being punished for playing truant out of school. For weeks and months our lives went on with dreary monotony, with never a chance of seeing Something of that outside world of which we had caught a glimpse. You continued to sew and to scrub and to be at the beck and call of a Scold. I went on copying legal Documents till my very brain appeared atrophied, incapable of a single happy thought or of a joyous hope.

Out there in the great world, many things were happening. The Lord Protector died; his son succeeded. And then England woke to the fact that she had never cared for these Regicides, Republicans and Puritans, that in her heart she had always loved the Martyred King and longed to set his Son once more upon his Throne.

I often thought of my loquacious Neighbour at the play, with his talk of Old Noll and Master Richard and of George. For George Monk in truth had become the man of the hour; for he it was who was bringing King Charles back into his Kingdom again.

Two years had gone by since our memorable day at the play, and as that same Neighbour had also foretold, England was hearing a great deal about Tom Betterton. His name was on everyone's lips. Mr. Rhodes, the bookseller, had obtained a license from General Monk to get a Company of Actors together, and the palmy days of the Cockpit had begun. Then it was that some faint echo of life of our great City penetrated as far as the dull purlieus of Mr. Baggs' household; then it was that the ring of the fame of Mr. Betterton even caused Mistress Euphrosine to recall her former arbitrary judgments.

Everyone now was talking of her illustrious Brother. General Monk himself had made a friend of him, so had Sir John Grenville, who was the King's own Envoy; and those who were in the know prophesied that His Majesty Himself would presently honour the eminent Player with his regard. My Lord Rochester was his intimate friend; Sir George Etherege was scarce ever seen in public without him. Lord Broghill had vowed that the English Stage was made famous throughout the Continent of Europe by the superlative excellence of Mr. Betterton.

To such eulogies, coming from the most exalted Personages in the land, Mistress Euphrosine could not turn an altogether deaf ear; and being a woman of character and ambition, she soon realized that her antagonism to her illustrious Brother not only rendered her ridiculous, but might even prove a bar to Mr. Theophilus Baggs' advancement.

The first step towards a reconciliation was taken when Mr. Baggs and his Spouse went together to the play to see Mr. Betterton act Solyman in a play called "The Siege of Rhodes." You and I, Mistress, were by great favour allowed to go too, and to take our places in that same Gallery where two years previously You and I had spent such happy hours. We spoke little to one another, I remember. Our hearts were full of memories; but I could see your brown eyes lighten as soon as the eminent Actor walked upon the stage. The same glamour which his personality had thrown over You two years ago was still there. Nay! it was enhanced an hundredfold, for to the magnetic presence of the man was now added the supreme magic of the Artist. I am too humble a scrivener, fair Lady, to attempt to describe Mr. Betterton's acting, nor do I think that such art as his could be adequately discussed. Your enjoyment of it I did fully share. You devoured him with your eyes while he was on the stage, and the charm of his voice filled the crowded Theatre and silenced every other sound. I knew that the world had ceased to exist for You and that the mysterious and elusive god of Love had hit your heart with his wayward dart.

I thank God that neither then nor later did any feeling of bitterness enter into my Soul. Sad I was, but a gentle sadness which made me feel mine own unworthiness even whilst I prayed that You might realize your heart's desire.

Strangely enough, it was at the very moment when I first understood the state of your feelings that mine eyes, a little dimmed with tears, were arrested by the sight of a young and beautiful Lady, who sat in one of the boxes not very far from our point of vantage. I wondered then what it was about her that thus enchained my attention. Of a truth, she was singularly fair, of that dainty and translucent fairness which I for one have never been able to admire, but which is wont to set Men's pulses beating with an added quickness—at least, so I've heard it said. The Lady had blue eyes, en exquisitely white skin, her golden hair was dressed in the new modish fashion, with quaint litle ringlets all around her low, square brow. The face was that of a Child, and yet there was something about the firm chin, something about the forehead and the set of the lips which spoke of character and of strength not often found in one so young.

Immediately behind her sat a young Cavalier of prepossessing appearance, who obviously was whispering pleasing words in the Lady's shell-like ear. I confess that for the moment I longed for the presence of our loquacious Neighbour of two years ago. He, without doubt, would have known who the noble young Lady was and who was her attentive Cavalier. Soon, however, the Progress of the Play once more riveted mine attention upon the Stage, and I forgot all about the beautiful Lady until it was time to go. Then I sought her with mine eyes; but she had already gone. And I, whilst privileged to arrange your cloak around your shoulders, realized how much more attractive brown hair was than fair, and how brilliant could be the sparkle of dark eyes as against the more languorous expression of those that are blue.

II

I WAS not present at the time that you, Mistress, first made the acquaintance of Mr. Betterton. He came to the house originally for the sole purpose of consulting with his brother-in-law on a point of Law, he having an idea of joining Sir William Davenant in the management of the new Theatre which that gentleman was about to open in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The season in London promised to be very brilliant. His Majesty the King was coming into his own once more. Within a month or two at the latest, he would land at Dover, and as even through his misfortunes and exile he had always been a great patron of the arts of Drama and Literature, there was no doubt that he would give his gracious patronage to such enterprises as Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew, not to mention others, had already in view.

No doubt that Sir William Davenant felt that no Company of Actors could be really complete without the leadership of Mr. Betterton; and we all knew that both he and Mr. Killigrew were literally fighting one another to obtain the great Actor's services.

In the end, of course, it was Sir William who won, and thus Mr. Betterton came to visit Mr. Theophilus Baggs to arrange for an Indenture whereby he was to have a share of the profits derived from the performances at the new Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

You, Mistress, will remember that day even better than I do, for to me it only marked one more stage on the dreary road of my uneventful life, whilst for You it meant the first pearl in that jeweled crown of happiness which Destiny hath fashioned for You. Mr. Baggs had sent me on that day to Richmond, to see a client of his there. Whether he did this purposely, at the instance of Mistress Euphrosine in order to get me out of the way, I know not. In her estimation I was supposed to have leanings for the Actor's profession in those days—surely a foolish supposition, seeing how unprepossessing was my appearance and how mediocre my intellect.

Without doubt, however, could she have read the secrets of your soul, Mistress, she would have sent You on an errand too, to a remote corner of England, or had locked you up in your room, ere you came face to face with the great Man whose personality and visage were already deeply graven upon your heart.

But her futile, unamiable mind was even then torn between the desire to make a brave show of prosperity before her illustrious Brother and to welcome him as the friend and companion of great Gentlemen, and the old puritanical spirit within her which still looked upon Actors as rogues and vagabonds, men upon whom God would shower some very special, altogether terrible curses for their loose and immoral lives.

Thus Mistress Euphrosine's treatment of the distinguished Actor was ever contradictory. She did her best to make him feel that she despised him for his calling, yet nevertheless she fawned upon him because of his connections with the Aristocracy. Even subsequently, when Mr. Betterton enjoyed not only the patronage but the actual friendship of His Majesty the King, Mistress Euphrosine's attitude towards him was always one of pious scorn. He might be enjoying the protection of an earthly King, but what was that in comparison with his sister's intimacy with God? He might consort with Dukes, but she would anon make one in a company of Angels, amongst whom such reprobates as Actors would never find a place.

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The black had swerved full in on the buckskin; they saw Texas clutch at the rider.

Owners Up

Another Bulldog Carney Story

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mowsa," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

CLATAWA had put racing in Walla Walla in cold storage. You can't have any kind of sport with one individual, horse or man, and Clatawa had beaten everything so decisively that the gamblers sat down with blank faces and asked: "What's the use?"

Horse racing had been a civic institution, a daily round of joyous thrills—a commendable medium for the circulation of gold. The Nez Perces Indians, who owned that garden of Eden, the Palouse country, and were rich, would troop into Walla Walla, long rolls of twenty-dollar gold pieces plugged into a snake-like skin till the thing resembled a black sausage, and bet the coins as though they were nickels.

It was a lovely town, with its straggling clap-boarded buildings, its U.S. Cavalry post, its wide-open dance halls and gambling palaces: it was a live town was Walla Walla, squatting there in the centre of a great luxuriant plain, twenty miles or more from the Columbia and Snake Rivers.

Snaky Dick had roped a big bay with black points that was lord of a harem of wild mares; he had speed and stamina, and also brains; so they named him "Clatawa," that is "The-one-who-goes-quick."

When Clatawa found that men were not terrible creatures he chummed in, and enjoyed the gambling, and the racing, and the high living like any other creature of brains.

He was about three-quarter warm blood. How the mixture came nobody knew. Some half-bred mare, carrying a foal, had perhaps escaped from one of the great breeding ranches, such as the "Scissors Brand Ranch" where the sires were thoroughbred, and dropped her baby in the herd. And the colt, not being raced to death as a two-year-old, had grown into a big, upstanding bay, with perfect unblemished bone, lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and sinews that played through unruptured sheaths. His courage, too, had not been broken by the whip and spur of pin-head jocks.

There was just one rift in the lute, that dilution of cold blood. He wasn't a thoroughbred, and, until his measure was taken, until some other equine looked him in the eye as they fought it out stride for stride, no man could just say what the cold blood would do: it was so apt to quit.

AT first Walla Walla rejoiced when Snaky Dick commenced to make the Nez Perces horses look like pack mules; but now had come the time when there was no one to fight the "champ," and the game was on the hog, as Iron Jaw Blake declared.

Then Iron Jaw and Snaggle Tooth Boone, and Death-on-the-trail Carson formed themselves into a committee of three to ameliorate the monotony.

They were a picturesque trio. Carson was a sombre individual, architecturally resembling a leafless gaunt-limbed pine, for he lacked but a scant half-inch of being seven feet of bone and whip-cord.

Years before he had gone out over the trail that wound amongst sage bush and pink-flowered ball cactus up into the Bitter Root Mountains with "Irish" Fagan. Months after he came back alone: more sombre, more gaunt, more sparing of speech, and had offered casually the statement that, "Fagan met death on the trail." This laconic epitome of a gigantic event had crystallized into a moniker for Carson, and he became solely "Death-on-the-trail."

Snaggle Tooth Boone had a wolf-like fang on the very doorstep of his upper jaw, so it required no powerful inventive faculty to rechristen him with aptitude.

Blake was not only iron-jawed physically, but all his dealings were of the bull-headed order; finesse was as foreign to Iron Jaw as caviare to a Siwash.

So this triumvirate of decorative citizens, with Iron Jaw as penman, wrote to Reilly at Portland, Oregon, to send in a horse good enough to beat Clatawa, and a jock to ride him. Iron Jaw's directions were specific, lengthy; going into detail. He knew that a thoroughbred, even a selling plater, would be good enough to take the measure of any cross-bred horse, no matter how good the latter apparently was, running in scrub races. He also knew the value of weight as a handicap, and the Walla Walla races were all matches catch weight up. So he wrote to Reilly to send him a tall, slim rider who could pad up with clothes and look the part of an able bodied cow puncher.

IT was a pleasing line of endeavor to Reilly—he just loved that sort of thing; trimming "come ons" was right in his mitt. He fulfilled the commission to perfection, sending up, by the flat river steamer, the Maid of Palouse, what appeared to be an ordinary black ranch cow-pony in charge of Texas Sam, a cow puncher. From Lewiston, the head of navigation, Texas Sam rode his horse behind the old Concord coach over the twenty-five miles of trail to Walla Walla.

The endeavor had gone through with swift smoothness. Nobody but Iron Jaw, Death-on-the-trail, and

Snaggle Tooth knew of the possibilities that lurked in the long chapp-legged Texas Sam and the thin, rakish, black horse that he called Horned Toad.

As one spreads bait as a decoy, Sam was given money to flash, and instructed in the art of fool talk.

Iron Jaw was banker in this game; while Snaggle Tooth ran the wheel and faro lay-out in the Coeur d'Alene Saloon. So, when Texas dribbled a thousand dollars across the table, bucking the tiger, it was show money; a thousand that Iron Jaw had passed him earlier in the evening, and which Snaggle Tooth would pass back to its owner in the morning.

There was no hurry to spring the trap. Texas Sam allowed that he himself was an uncurried wild horse from the great desert, that he was all wool and a yard wide; that he could lick his fighting weight in wild cats; and bet on anything he fancied till the cows came home with their tails between their legs. And all the time he drank; he would drink with anybody, and anybody might drink with him. This was no piking game, for the three students of get-it-in-big-wads had declared for a coup that would cause Walla Walla to stand up on its hind legs and howl.

Of course Snaky Dick and his clique cast covetous eyes on the bank roll that Texas showed an inkling of when he flashed his gold. That Texas had a horse was the key to the whole situation; a horse that he was never tired of describing as the king-pin cow-pony from Kalamazoo to Kamschatka; a spring-heeled antelope that could run rings around any cayuse that had ever looked through a halter.

But Snaky Dick went slow. Some night when Texas was full of hop he'd rush him for a match. Indeed the Clatawa crowd had the money ready to plunk down when the psychological pitch of Sam's Dutch courage had arrived.

IT was all going swimmingly, both ends of Walla Walla being played against the middle, so to speak, when the "unknown quantity" drifted into the game.

A tall, lithe man, with small, placid gray eyes set in a tanned face, rode up out of the sage brush astride a buckskin horse on his way to Walla Walla. He looked like a casual cowpuncher riding into town with the laudable purpose of tying the faro outfit hoof and horn, and, incidentally, showing what could be done to a bar when a man was in earnest and had the mazuma.

As the buckskin leisurely loped down the trail-road that ran from the cavalry barracks to the heart of Walla Walla, his rider became aware of turmoil in the suburbs. In front of a neat little cottage, the windows of which held flowers partly shrouded by lace curtains, a lathy individual, standing beside a rakish black horse, was orating with Bacchanalian vehemence. Gathered from his blasphemous narrative he knew chronologically the past history of a small pretty woman with peroxided hair, who stood in the open door. He must have enlarged on the sophistication of her past life, for the little lady, with a crisp oath, called the declaimer a liar and a seven-times misplaced offspring.

The rider of the buckskin checked his horse, threw his right leg loosely over the saddle, and restfully contemplated the exciting film.

The irate and also inebriated man knew that he had drawn on his imagination, but to be told in plain words that he was a liar peeved him. With an ugly oath he swung his quirt, and sprang forward, as if he would bring its lash down on the *decolleté* shoulders of the woman.

At that instant something that looked like a boy shot through the door as though thrust from a catapult, and landed, head on, in the bread basket of the cantankerous one, carrying him off his feet.

The man on the buckskin chuckled, and slipped to the ground.

But the boy had shot his bolt, so to speak; the big man he had tumbled so neatly soon turned him, and, rising, was about to drive a boot into the little fellow's ribs. I say about to, for just then certain fingers of steel twined themselves in his red neckerchief, he was yanked *volte face*, and a fist drove into his midriff.

Of course his animosity switched to the newcomer; but as he essayed a grapple the driving fist caught him quite neatly on the north-east corner of his jaw. He sat down, the goggle stare of his eyes suggesting that he contemplated a trip to dreamland.

THE little woman now darted forward, crying in a voice whose gladness swam in tears: "Bulldog Carney! You always man—you beaut!" She would have twined her arms about Bulldog, but the placid gray eyes, so full of quiet aloofness, checked her.

But the man's voice was soft and gentle as he said: "The same Bulldog, Molly, girl. Glad I happened along."

He turned to the quarrelsome one who had staggered to his feet: "You ride away before I get cross."

The man addressed looked into the gray eyes switched on to his own for inspection; then he turned, mounted the black, and throwing over his shoulder, "I'll get you for this, Mister Butter-in!" rode away.

The other party to the rough-and-tumble, winded, had erected his five feet of length, and with a palm pressed against his chest was emitting between wheezy coughs picturesque words of encomium upon Bulldog, not without derogatory reflections upon the man who had ridden away.

In the midst of this vocal cocktail he broke off suddenly to exclaim in astonishment:

"Holy Gawd!"

Then he scuttled past Carney, slipped a finger through the ring of the buckskin's snaffle and peered into the horse's face as if he had found a long-lost friend.

Perhaps the buckskin remembered him too, for he pressed a velvet mouse-colored muzzle against the lad's cheek and whispered something.

The little man ran a hand up and down the horse's canon-bones with the inquisitiveness of a blind man reading raised print.

Then he turned to Carney who had been chatting with Molly and asked: "Where the hell d'you get Waster?"

A faint smile twitched the owner's tawny mustache, chased away by a little cloud of anger, for in that land of many horse-stealings to ask a man how he had come by his horse savored of discourtesy. But it was only a little wizzen-faced, flat-chested friend of Molly's. So Carney smiled again, and answered by asking:

"Gentle-voiced kidaloona, explain what you mean by the Waster. That chum of mine's name is Pat—Patsy, boy, often enough."

"Pat nothin'! nor Percy, nor Willie; he's just plain old Waster that I won the Ranch Stakes on in Butte, four years ago."

"Guess again, kid," Carney suggested.

"Holy Mike! Say, boss, if you could think like you can punch you'd be all right. That's Waster. Listen, Mister Cowboy, while I tell you 'bout his friends and relatives. He's by Gambler's Money out of Scotch Lassie, whose breedin' runs back to Prince Charlie: Gambler's Money was by Spendthrift; and his sire was imported Australian, whose grandsire was the English horse Melbourne. D'you get that, sage-brush rider?"

"I hear sounds. Tinkle again, little man."

MOLLY laughed, her white teeth and honest blue eyes discounting the false-tinted yellow hair until the face looked good.

The little man stretched out an arm, at the end of it a thin finger levelled at the buckskin's head:

"Have you *ever* took notice of them lop ears?"

"Once—which was continuous."

"And you thought there was a jackass strain in him, eh?"

"Pat looked good to me all the time, ears and all."

"Well them sloppy listeners are a throw-back to Melbourne—he was like that. I've read he was a mean-lookin' cuss, with weak knees; but he was all horse; and aint Waster got bad knees? And don't he get that buckskin from Spendthrift, who was a chestnut, same's his dad, Australian?" This seemed a direct query for he broke off to cough.

"Go on, lad—"

"Excuse me, sorry—" Molly was speaking—"this is Mackay, Billy. My old Vassar chum, Bessie, his sister, wished him on me a month ago to see what God's country could do for that busted chest."

The little man was impatient over the switch to himself—the horse was the thing.

"If it wasn't for them dicky forelegs—Gawd! What a horse Waster'd been! And if his owner, Leatherhead Mike Doyle, had kept the weight offen him he'd 've stood up anyway, for he was the truest thing. Say, Bulldog—don't mind me, I like that name, it talks good—Waster didn't need no blinkers; he didn't need no spurs; he didn't need no whip—I'd as lief hit a child with the bud as hit him. He'd just break his heart tryin'. Waster was Leatherhead's meal ticket, dicky knees and all, till he threw a splint. It was the weight—a hundred and thirty-six pounds the handicapper give him in the Gold Range Stakes at a mile-and-a-quarter; and he was leadin' into the stretch and finished, fightin', on three legs. He was beat, of course, and Leatherhead was broke, and I never see Waster again. A trombone player in a beer garden would have known the little cuss with them hot-jointed knees couldn't pack weight, and would 've scratched him."

CARNEY put a hand caressingly on Jockey Mackay's shoulder, saying: "You stand pat with me, kid—your heart is about human, I guess. What was that Grandfather-of-maverick's, the hostile person's game?"

Molly explained with a certain amount of asperity: "He'd seen me down in the Del Monte joint, and thought—well, he was filled up on Chinese rum. He wasn't none too much like a man in anything he said or done, but I was standin' for him so long as he don't get plumb Injun."

"Injun? Cripes! An Injun's a drug-store gent compared to that stiff, Slimy Red," Billy objected.

"Yes, that's what started it, Bulldog—Billy knew him."

"Knew him—huh! Slimy Red was the crookedest rider that ever throwed a leg over a horse. He used to give his own father the wrong steer and laugh when the old man's money was burnt up on a horse that finished in the ruck."

"He comes in here palmin' off the moniker of Texas Sam, a big ranch guy that sees blood on the moon when he's out for a time," Molly helped with.

"I didn't know him at first," the little man admitted, "his face bein' a garden of black alfalfa, till I sees that the crop is red for half-an-inch above the surface where it had pushed through the dye. Then he says, 'I'll bet my left eye agin your big toe,' and I'm on, for that's a great sayin' with Slimy Red Smith—he was Slimy Red hisself. And politely, not givin' the game away, but callin' him 'Texas,' I suggests that me and Molly is goin' to sing hymns for a bit, and that he'd best push on."

"Soon's Billy warbles, 'Good-bye, stranger'," Molly laughed, "this Texas person goes up in the air. Well, you see the finish, Bulldog."

THE little man had wrestled a coughing spell into subjection and with apparent inconsistency asked: "Did you ever hear of it rainin' bulldogs, Mr. Carney?"

Carney nodded, a suspicion flashing upon him that the weak chest was twin brother to a weak brain in Billy the Jock.

"Well, it's been rainin' discard race-horses about Walla Walla."

"Much of a storm?"

"They're comin' kind of thick. There's yours, Waster, and Slimy Red has got Ding Dong; he's out of Weddin' Bells by Tambourine."

"Are you in a hurry, Bulldog?" Molly asked, fancying that Carney's well-known courtesy was perhaps the father of his apparent interest.

"I was, Molly, till I saw you," he answered graciously, a gentle smile lighting up his stern features.

"Oh, you gentleman knight of the road—always the silver-tongued Bulldog. There's a bottle inside with a gold necktie on it, waitin' for a real man to pull the cork. Come on, kid Billy."

The boy looked at Carney, and the latter said: "It's been a full moon since I pattered with anybody about anything but fat pork and sundown. We'll accept the little lady's invitation."

"I can give Waster four quarts of oats, Mr. Carney; I've been ridin' in the way of a cure."

Carney laughed. "You're a sure little bit of all right, kid; the horse first when it comes to grub—that's me; but I'll feed Pat when he's bedded for the night."

Inside the cottage Molly and Bulldog jaunted back over the life trail upon which they had met at different times and in divers places.

But Jockey Mackay had been thrown back into his life's environment at sight of Waster. He was as full of racing as the wine bottle was full of bubbles; like the wine he effervesced:

"You been here in Walla Walla before?" he asked Carney, breaking in on the memory of a funny something that had happened when Molly and Bulldog were both in Denver.

"Some time since," Carney replied.

"D' you know about Clatawa?"

"Is it a mine or a cocktail, Billy?"

"Clatawa's a horse."

"I might have known," Carney murmured resignedly.

Then the little man narrated of Clatawa, and the fatuous belief Walla Walla held that a horse with cold blood in his veins could gallop fast enough to keep himself warm. He waxed indignant over this, declaring that boneheads that held such crazy ideas ought to be bled white, that is in a monetary way.

CARNEY, being a Chevalier d'Industrie, had a keen nose for oblique enterprises, but up to the present he had enjoyed the little man's chatter simply because he loved horses himself; but at this, the Clatawa disease, he pricked his ears.

"What is your unsavory acquaintance, Slimy Red, doing here with Ding Dong?" he asked.

A cunning smile twisted the lad's bluish lips as he lighted a cigarette.

"Slimy Red is padded," he vouchsafed after a puff at the cigarette.

"Padded!" Molly exclaimed, her blue eyes rounding.

"Sure thing. That herrin' gut can ride at a hundred and twenty pounds. He's a steeplechase jock, gener'ly, though he's good on the flat, too. He's got a couple of sweaters on under that corduroy jacket to make him look big."

Carney laughed. "That explains something. When I pushed my fist against his stomach I thought it had gone clean through—it sank to the wrist; it was just as though I had punched a bag of feathers."

"But the upper cut was there all right Mr. Carney; it was a loolapalcosa."

"Why all the clothes?" Molly asked.

"I've been dopin' it out," the boy answered. "It's all match races here, catch weights; there aint one of them could ride a flat car without given' it the slows, but they know what weight is in a race; they know you can pile enough on to bring a cart horse and a winner of the Brooklyn Handicap together."

"I see," Carney said contemplatively; "Slimy Red, if he makes a match, figures to get a big pull in the weights."

"Sure thing, Mike; Walla Walla will bet the family plate on Clatawa; they'll go down hook, line, and sinker, and then some. They'll fall for the clothes and think Slimy weighs a hundred and seventy. D'you get it?"

"Fancy I do," Carney chuckled. "The avaricious Mister Red is probably here on a missionary venture; he aims to separate these godless ones from the root of evil through having a trained thoroughbred, and an ample pull in the weight."

"Now you're talkin'," Jockey Mackay declared. Then he relapsed into a meditative silence, sipping his wine as he correlated several possibilities suggested by the rainfall of racing horses in Walla Walla.

CARNEY and Molly drifted into desultory talk again. After a time Billy spoke.

"It aint on the cards that a lot of money is comin' to Slimy Red—he don't deserve it; he ought to be trimmed hisself."

"He sure ought," Molly corroborated.

"Hell!" the little man exclaimed; "nobody could never trim Red 'cause he never had nothin'. I got it! Somebody in Walla Walla is the angel; and Red'll get a rake-off. He don't own Ding Dong; he couldn't own a lead pad; booze gets his."

"Billy," Molly's face went serious; "I can guess it in once—Iron Jaw! Oh, gee! I've been blind. Iron Jaw, and Snaggle Tooth, and Death-on-the-trail aint men to cotton to a coot like Slimy Red; they're gamblers, and don't stand for anything that aint a man, only just while they take his roll. They've been nursin' this four-flusher. It's been 'Hello, Texas!' and, 'Have a drink, Texas.' I've got it."

"Fancy you have, Molly," Bulldog submitted.

"Gawd! that's the combination," Billy declared. "I was right."

"And Iron Jaw has got a down on Snaky Dick that owns Clatawa over some bad split in bets," Molly added.

"The old game," Carney laughed. "When thieves fall out honest men win a bet. It would appear from the evidence that Iron Jaw Blake—I know his method of old—has sent out and got some one to ship in a horse and rider to trim Clatawa, and turn an honest penny."

"You're gettin' warm, Bulldog, as we used to say in that child's game," Molly declared. "I know the pippin: one Reilly at Portland. I heard Iron Jaw and this Texas talkin' about him."

Carney turned toward the little man. "What are we going to do about it, Billy—do we draw cards?"

Billy sprang from his chair, and paced the floor excitedly. "Holy Mike! there never was such a chance. Waster can trim Ding Dong to a certainty at a mile-and-a-quarter. See, Bulldog, that's his distance; he's a stayer from Stayville; but he can't pack weight—don't forget that. If you rode him—let's see—"

THE little man stood back and eyed critically the tall package of bone and muscle, that, while it suggested no surplus flesh, would weigh well.

Choking, spluttering, he found himself looking into the bore of a gun.

"You're a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and you ride in one of 'em rockin' chairs that'll tip the beam at forty pounds. What chance? Slimy'll have a five pound saddle; he could weigh in, saddle and all, a hundred and twenty-five. You'd be takin' on a handicap of ninety pounds. What chance?"

"I might get an Indian boy," Carney suggested.

"You might get a doll or a pet monkey," Billy sneered. "What chance?"

"And they all work for Iron Jaw," Molly advised; "they'd blow it; he'd bribe them to pull the horse."

"What chance?" Billy repeated with the mournful persistency of a parrot. "Guess I'll go out and tell Waster to forget he's a gentleman and go on pluggin' among the sage brush as a cow-pony.

Carney rose when Billy had gone, saying: "Fancy I'll drift on to the rest-joint, Molly. I rather want to hold converse with one Jack the Wolf while the seeing's good, if he's about."

"Good-bye, Bulldog," Molly answered, and her blue eyes followed the figure that slipped so gracefully through the door, their depths holding a look that was beautiful in its honest admiration.

BILLY was tickling a lop ear on the buckskin.

"Mr. Carney," he said in a low voice, one eye on the cabin door, "you heard what Molly said about Bessie wishin' me on her, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Let me give you the straight info. Molly sent the money to Bessie to bring me here; we was both broke. Then I found out Bessie had been gettin' it for a year from her, 'cause I was sick and couldn't ride. I hadn't saved none, thinkin' I'd got Rockefeller skinned to death as a money-getter. It was the wastin' to make weight that got me. I don't have to sweat off flesh now," he added pathetically; "I'm a hundred and two."

"That's Molly Burdan all over—I know her. But don't worry, kid. I haven't got anybody to look after, and having money and no use for it makes me lonesome. You give me Bessie's address, and don't tout off Molly that you're doing it."

"I can get it myself, Mr. Carney—you just listen now. I didn't spring it inside 'cause Molly 'd get hot under the collar; she'd say that if I rode in a race I'd bust a lung. Gee! ridin' to me is just like goin' bye-bye in a hammock; it'd do me good."

Carney put a hand gently on the boy's shoulder, saying, "The size of the package doesn't mean much when it comes to being a man, does it, kid? Spring it; get it off your chest."

BILLY made a horseshoe in the sand with the toe of his boot meditatively; then said:

"Slimy Red, of course, will be lookin' for a match for Ding Dong. Most of the races here is sprints, the old Texas game of half-a-mile; and weight don't cut much ice. He'll make it for a mile, or a mile-and-a-quarter, 'cause Ding Dong could stay that distance pretty well himself. If you was to match Waster against the black, and let me ride him I'd bring home the bacon. He's a fourteen-pound better horse than Ding Dong ever was; a handicapper would separate them that much on their form. Gee! I forgot somethin'," and Billy, a shamefaced look in his eyes, gazed helplessly at Bulldog.

"What was it dropped out of your think pan, kid?"

"The roll. I've been makin' a noise like a man with a bank behind him. A match aint like where a feller can go into the bettin' ring if he knows a couple of hundred-to-one chances and parley a shoe-string into a block of city houses; a match is even money, just about. And to win a stake you've got to have the long green."

"How much, Billy?"

"Well, the Iron Jaw bunch, bein' whisky men and gamblers, naturally would stand to lose twenty thousand at least."

"I could manage it in a couple of days, Billy, by keeping the wires hot."

"Before I forget it, Mr. Carney, if you do buck this crowd make it catch weights. Slimy Red don't own a hair in Ding Dong's tail, of course, but he'll have a bill of sale right enough showin' he's the owner, and as he can ride light they'll word it 'owners up'."

Carney was thinking fast, and a glint of light shot athwart his placid gray eyes.

"Happy thought, kid; we'll string with them on that; we'll make it owners up."

"I said catch weights," Billy snapped irritably.

Carney answered with only a quizzical smile, and the boy, turning, walked around the horse, eyeing him from every angle. He lifted first one foot and then the others, examining them critically, pressing a thumb into the frogs. He pinched with thumb and forefinger the tendons of both forelegs; he squeezed the horse's windpipe till the latter coughed; then he said:

"Please, Mr. Carney, mount and give him half a furlong at top speed, finishin' up here. Make him break as quick as you can till I see if he's got the slows."

As obedient as a servant Bulldog swung to the

saddle, cantered the buckskin down the road, wheeled, brought the horse to a standstill, and then with a shake of the rein and a cry of encouragement came tearing back, the pound of the horse's hoofs on the turf palpitating the air like the roll of a kettledrum.

"Great!" the boy commented, when Carney, having gently eased the horse down, returned. "He's the same old Waster; he flattens out in that stride of his till he looks like a pony. His flanks aint pumpin' none. He'll do; he's had lots of work—he's in better condition than Ding Dong, 'cause Slimy Red's been puttin' in most of his trainin' time at the bar. I got a three pound saddle in my trunk that I won the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga on. Slimy Red will be givin' me about ten pounds if you make the match catch weights; it'll be a cinch; like gettin' money from home. But don't tell Molly."

"We'll split fifty-fifty," Carney said.

"Nothin' doin', Mister Mug; you cop the coin for yourself—how much are you goin' to bet?"

"Five or ten thousand."

"Well, you give me ten per cent. of the five thousand—five hundred bucks if we win. That'll square Molly's bill for bringin' me up here."

"Come inside, kid," Carney said; "I want to write out something."

Inside Carney said: "Molly, I'm going to give Pat to Billy for a riding horse—"

"What?"

BUT the little man's gasp of astonishment was checked by a frowning wink of one of Bulldog's gray eyes.

"Pat's getting a little old for the hard knocks I have to give a horse," Carney resumed; "that's partly what I came in to Walla Walla for, to get a young horse. Let me have a sheet of paper and a pen; it doesn't do for a man to own a horse in this country without handy evidence as to how he came by him; and though this is a gift I'm going to make it out in the form of a bill of sale."

Carney drew up a simple bill of sale, stating that for one dollar paid in hand, he transferred his buckskin horse "Pat" to William Mackay. Molly signed it as witness.

"I'll have to keep Pat for a day or two till I get a new pony," Bulldog declared; "also rather think I'll leave this bill of sale with a friend in town for safe keeping, Billy might lose it." And a wink closed one of the gray eyes that were turned on the boy's face.

As Carney sat the buckskin outside, he whispered: "Do you get it, Billy—owners up?"

"Gee! I get you."

The little man had been mystified.

"Don't be in a hurry over the race," he advised; "make it for one week away. That'll give me a chance to give Waster a few lessons in breakin' to bring him back to the old days. I'll put a heavy blanket about his neck for a gallop or two and sweat some of the fat from about his pipes. I can get a set of racing plates made for him too, for a pound off his feet is four pounds off his back. We'll give him all the fine touches, Mr. Carney, and Waster'll do his part."

The little man watched the buckskin lope down toward Walla Walla, then he turned in to the cottage where he was greeted by Molly's:

"Aint Bulldog some man, Billy?"

"Will you tell me something, Molly?" the boy asked hesitatingly.

"Shoot," she commanded.

"Is he—was he—the man—Bessie told me something?"

"There aint no woman on God's footstool, Billy, can say Bulldog Carney was the man that fell down. That's why we all like him. There aint a woman on the Gold Coast that ever lamped Bulldog that wouldn't stake him if she had to put her sparklers in hock. And there ain't a man that knows him that'll try to put one over—'taint healthy. He's got a temper as sweet as a bull pup's but he's lightnin' when he starts. He don't cotton to no girl, 'cause he was once engaged to one of the sweetest you ever see, Billy."

"Did she die, Molly?"

"The other man did! And nothin' was done to Bulldog 'cause it was comin' to the hound."

CARNEY rode on till he came to the Mountain House. Here he was at home for the proprietor was an old Gold Range friend.

First he saw that the buckskin had a worthy supper, then he ate his own.

When it had grown dark and the gleaming lights of the Del Monte Saloon were throwing their radiancy out into the street, he put the bridle on his buckskin and rode down the street to the house of "Teddy the Leaper," who was Sheriff of Shoshone County.

The Sheriff welcomed Carney with a deferential friendship that showed they stood well together as man to man; for though Bulldog's reputation varied in different places, and with different people, it stood strongest with those who had known him longest, and who, like most men of the West, were apt to judge men from their own experience.

Teddy the Leaper admired Bulldog Carney, the man; he would have staked his life on anything Carney told him. Officially, as sheriff, the County of Shoshone was his bailiwick, and the County of Shoshone held nothing on its records against Carney. "Always a gentleman," was Teddy's summing up of Bulldog Carney.

Carney drew an envelope from his pocket, saying: "Will you take care of this for me, Sheriff? Inside is a bill of sale of my horse."

"What, Bulldog—the buckskin?" Teddy's eyes searched the speaker's face; it was unbelievable. A light dawned upon the Sheriff: Bulldog had put many a practical joke over—he was kidding. Teddy laughed.

"Bulldog," he said, "I've heard that you was English, a son of one of them bloated lords, but faith it's Irish you are. You've as much humor as you've nerve—you're Irish."

"There's also a note in that envelope"—Carney ignored the chaff—"that directs you to pay over to a little lad that's up against it out at Molly's place, any money that might happen to be in your hands if I suddenly—well, if I didn't need it—see?"

"I'll do that, Bulldog."

"Think you'll be at the Del Monte to-night, Sheriff?" Carney asked casually.

TEDDY'S Irish eyes flashed a quizzical look on the speaker; then he answered diplomatically: "There aint no call why I got to be there—lest I'm sent for, and I aint as spry gettin' around as I was when I made that record of forty-six feet for the hop-step-and-jump. If you've got anything to settle, go ahead."

Carney rippled one of his low musical laughs: "I'll like to line you up at the bar, Sheriff, for a thimbleful of poison."

Teddy's eyes again sought the speaker's mental pockets, but the placid face showed no warrant for expected trouble. The Sheriff coughed, then ventured:

"If you're goin' to stack up again' odds, Bulldog, I'll dress for the occasion; I don't gener'ly go 'round hostile draped."

Again Carney laughed. "You might bring a roomy pocket, Sheriff; it might so turn out that I'd like you to hold a few eagle-birds till such times as they're right and proper the property of another man or myself. Does that put any kink in your code?"

"Not when I act for you, Bulldog, 'cause it'll be on the level: I'll be there."

NOTE.—*Mr. Fraser's reputation was first built as a writer of stories of wild animal life, but his "Thorobreds" established him in the eyes of the public as the master of horse-racing stories. Many will think that the novelette, "Owners Up," which appears complete herewith, is the best horse-racing tale ever told. It doesn't deal with the track, but is laid out on the Western plains, where men know and love horses and match them for sheer delight in the greatest of sports.*

NEXT Carney rode to the Del Monte; and hitching the buckskin to a post, he adjusted his belt till the butt of his gun lay true to the drop of his hand.

As he entered the saloon slowly, his gray eyes flashed over the bar and a group of men on the right of the gaming tables, for there was one man perhaps in Walla Walla he wanted to see before the other saw him. It wasn't Slimy Red—it was Jack the Wolf.

Iron Jaw was leaning against the bar talking to Death-on-the-trail, and behind the bar Snaggle Tooth Boone stood listening to the conversation.

As Carney entered a quick look of apprehension showed for an instant in Iron Jaw's heavy-browed eyes; then a smile of greeting curled his coarse lips. He held out a hand, saying: "Glad to see you, Old Timer. You seem conditioned. Know Carson?"

"Yes."

Carney shook hands with the two men, and reached across to clasp Boone's paw, adding: "We'll sample the goods, Snaggle Tooth."

Boone winced at the appellation, for Carney did not smile; there was even the suspicion of a sneer on the lean face.

"How is Walla Walla?" Carney queried, as the four glasses were held toward each other in salute. "Racing relieved by a little gun argument once in a while, I suppose. Chief Joseph threatening to let his Nez Perces loose on you?"

"Racin' is on the hog," Iron Jaw growled. "There's a bum over yonder pikin' agin the Wheel, that's been stung by the racin' bug, but when he calls for a show-down some of 'em will trim him. Hear that?"

Iron Jaw held up a thumb, and they could hear a thin strident voice babbling:

"Walla Walla's a nursery for tin-horn sports. There aint a man here got anythin' but a goose liver pumpin' his system, and a length of rubber hose up his back holdin' his ribs."

Somebody objected; and the voice, that Carney recognized as Texas Sam's, snarled:

"Five birds of liberty! You call that bettin'—a hundred iron men?"

"Want to see him?" Iron Jaw queried. "I can't place him. 'Texas Sam' he sez he is; seems to be well fixed, but he's a booze fighter. I guess that's what gives him dreams."

QUIESCENTLY Bulldog followed the lead of Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail across the room where, with his back to the door, at a roulette table, sat Texas Sam. He was winning; three stacks of chips rose to a toppling height at his right hand.

Carney noticed from the color that they were five dollar chips. Knowing from Molly that Texas was a stool pigeon he understood the philosophy of the high-priced counters. It was easier to keep tally on what he drew and what he turned back in after the game, for the losings and the winnings were all a bluff, and the money furnished him for the show had to be accounted for. Iron Jaw trusted no man.

"The game's like roundin' up a bunch of cows heavy in calf," Texas was saying as they approached; "it's too damn slow, I want action."

He placed five chips on the thirteen as the croupier spun the wheel, bleating:

"Hoodoo thirteen's my lucky number. I was whelped on Friday the thirteenth, at thirteen o'clock—as you old leatherheads make it, one a.m."

The little ivory ball skipped and hopped as it slid down from the smooth plane of the wheel to the number chambers. It almost settled into one, and then, as if agitated by some unseen devil of perversity, rolled over the thin wall and lay, like a bird's egg, in a black nest that was number "13."

"By a nose!" Texas exulted. "Do I win, Judge?"

THE croupier's face was as expressionless as the silver veil of Mahmoud, as he built into pyramids over eight hundred dollars in chips, and shoved them across the board to Texas.

The noisy one swept them to the side of the table, and called for a drink.

It was a curiously diversified interest that centered on this play of the uncouth Texas. Iron Jaw and Death-on-the trail viewed it with apathetic interest, much as a trainer might watch a pupil punching the bag—it didn't mean anything.

Carney, too, knowing its farcical value, looked on, waiting for his opportunity.

Snaky Dick sat across the table from Texas, dribbling a few fifty-cent chips here and there amongst the numbers, also waiting. To him the play was real; he had seen it in reality a thousand times—a man loaded with bad liquor and in possession of money running the gamut. Behind Snaky Dick sat others of the Clatawa clique waiting for his lead. Their money was ready to cinch the match as soon as made.

Iron Jaw watched Snaky Dick furtively; the time seemed ripening. They had arranged, through some little vagaries of the wheel, vagaries that could be brought out by the assistance of the croupier, that apparently Texas should make a killing.

Now the croupier called out, "Make your bets, gentlemen." He gave the wheel a send-off with finger and thumb, his droning voice singing the cadence of:

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Solving the Problem of the Arctic

PART IV—Wintering in the North

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

DOUBTLESS the average man turns to polar narratives, if he turns to them at all, with the desire and expectation of reading about suffering, heroic perseverance against formidable odds, and tragedy either actual or narrowly averted. Perhaps, then, it is the "law of supply and demand" that accounts for the general tenor of Arctic books. However, that be, my main interests in the story I am telling is to "get across" to the reader the idea that if you are of ordinary health and strength, if you are young enough to be adaptable and independent enough to shake off the influence of books and belief, you can find good reason to be as content and comfortable in the north as anywhere on earth. An example to me is the fall of 1914, to which I frequently look back as a time I wish I might live over again.

To begin with, we had that all-important thing, an object for which to work. The *Mary Sachs* had brought us the news that the *Karluk* had been wrecked near Wrangell Island, that the main resources of our expedition were gone, and it was up to us to make good in spite of that. I confess I had found the idea of a large expedition less of a challenge than the new conditions imposed. When you have under you many officers and more subordinates of a lower rank, it is with a commander largely a case of "He spake and it was so," an easy but uninteresting way of bringing anything about. Now, with most of our best men and resources gone, it had become a matter of individual prowess. We had to show that by adapting ourselves unaided to local conditions a few could do the work of many.

Constructing a snow house—the first block.

THE first point was that, although the *Mary Sachs* had brought a certain amount of food, it would by no means have been enough even for one winter, if men and dogs had subsisted entirely on the cargo. Furthermore, as polar expeditions have proved from the earliest times down to Scott, living on ship's food brings danger of scurvy. We did not have dozens of competent and locally familiar Eskimo hunters as Peary did, for instance, to send out here and there to bring in meat of walrus or musk-ox or caribou. We had only one Eskimo hunter, Natkusiak, my companion of many years, and we had not even those easily secured walrus and musk-ox to depend on, for they are absent from Banks Island and its vicinity.

That the native resources in this place were less than are commonly found in the north made the task all the more absorbing. It was purely a question of caribou and seals, and the seals we left to the midwinter, turning our attention to caribou in the fall. This for two reasons; first, you can kill seals under favorable circumstances even in the twilight of winter when the sun never rises; but for caribou-hunting, where the field-glasses are as important as the rifle, daylight is necessary for any considerable success. Then, to us who have lived long in the north, the lean caribou of midwinter and spring are only a food, and not a very satisfactory one at that; but the fat caribou of the autumn are a delicacy which the ordinary civilized man today is not fitted by experience to imagine, although King Arthur and King Alfred would have understood the matter, for theirs was an age which judged meat by taste and called it sweet, and not as our toothless generation who bestow strange flavor on meat by seasoning and praise it by calling it tender.

Wilkins, Natkusiak, and I, therefore, commenced our hunt at once.

Hunting the Caribou

WE traveled three days northeasterly from our base at Kellett. It was snowing hard most of the time. We could not see more than a mile or two, and all caribou tracks were naturally buried by the fast-falling snow. It is an idiosyncracy with me, or possibly a matter of pride, that, however abundant the food supply is in the camp from which we start upon a hunt, we seldom carry more than two or three days' provisions. We have never yet failed to get some game before the fund was gone. To start with little food is generally good policy, for one travels more rapidly and hunts more energetically and feels a greater reward in his success when he knows that it is a question of getting game or going without meals. It need not be thought, either, that the method is dangerous, for no one who has tried starvation can be induced to fear four or five days without food. You get no hungrier after the afternoon of the first day, and any one who tells about having suffered from going three or four days without food will get scant sympathy from me. Having three days' provisions in the sled really means that your party is good for at least ten days, before which time something is sure to turn up.

But at this season the darkness was coming on rapidly and we had to make our harvest in its proper season. The caribou were getting leaner and their meat less desirable every day. On the fourth day I asked Wilkins, as the man then least experienced of the three of us, (although he later became a first-class hunter) to stay in camp to see that nothing happened to it and the dogs while Natkusiak and I struck off in different directions through a moderately thick blizzard to hunt. The visibility of caribou in that sort of storm was under four hundred yards, but there is this compensatory advantage to a blizzard, that by real watchfulness you are practically certain to see caribou before they see you, and that at a range where you can begin shooting at once. Furthermore, the wind drowns any noise you might make and the storm itself seems to make the animals less watchful. While, therefore, you have a small chance of finding caribou at all, yet if you do happen to run into them you have a good chance of killing them.

The first tier completed.

In a Strange Country

WE were in a country which none of us had previously seen, and there were no river-courses or landmarks that could be thoughtlessly followed away from camp with the assurance that you could with equal thoughtlessness follow them back again. In that sort of weather it is a matter of the closest observation and the most careful reckoning to find your way home to camp. As you advance you must notice the speed with which you are walking and the time you are proceeding in any given direction, and you must know exactly at what angle to the wind you are traveling. Furthermore, you must check the wind occasionally, either by your pocket compass or by a snowdrift on the ground, to see that it isn't changing, for an unnoticed change in the wind would throw otherwise careful reckoning completely out of gear. The method of such a hunt, if you are leaving a camp in unknown topography, is first to walk around the hill—for our hunting-camps are commonly on high hilltops—and examine each face of the hill carefully enough so that you feel sure that if you strike any point of it within half a mile of camp you will recognize it on the return. When the topography of the half-mile square or so surrounding camp has been memorized, you strike out perhaps right into the wind or perhaps at an angle of forty-five or ninety degrees to it, and travel straight for an hour or two hours, according to the degree of confidence you have in your ability to get back. If no game has been found, you turn at some known angle (commonly a right angle) to your original course and walk in that direction a carefully estimated distance, perhaps as far as you did in the first direction. If then nothing has been found you turn again, and if you this time also make a right-angle turn, it is easy to calculate at what time you are opposite camp and one hour or two hours' walk away from it. Turning a third right angle will face you directly for camp, and if you have been careful you will land within half a mile of your mark, or within the area which you memorized before starting. But should you miss it, you will know, at any rate, at what time you are close to it, and by carefully thinking the matter out you will see how to walk around in circles or squares of continually increasing size until you find a place you know.

If in the course of your walk you do see game, your first thought must be to take the time by the watch or make some similar observation to assure yourself at that moment of the direction of your camp. If you can kill the game at that spot the matter is simple, but if you have to follow about a good deal, or if it is a trail you come upon rather than the game itself and you follow the trail, then it is not so easy to lay down the proper rules for getting back. Everything can, however, be summarized by saying that you must continually memorize your course; and if you do this it is only a matter of angles to determine the course you must eventually take when you start for home.

This simple outline of our procedure in a storm, and in fact at all other times when direct vision will not serve, will show at once why it is that a white man of trained mind can find his way home so frequently where an Eskimo has to camp away from home and wait for clear weather.

Stalking the Big Game of the North

IN the hunt under discussion I walked about three miles into the wind, then three miles to one side and

Laying the first block of the second tier.

back to camp without seeing any sign of game, but it turned out that Natkusiak had been more lucky. Within two or three hours after my return we knew that this must be so, for otherwise he would have been back. And, sure enough, just as daylight was disappearing he returned with an account of seeing about thirty caribou and killing and skinning seventeen of them. Wolves were very numerous at this time and we frequently saw them in bands of ten or less, and our first concern was to get the meat of these deer home. By the next evening we had more than three-quarters of it safe, although the wolves did get some. When the meat had been gathered, Natkusiak and I again hunted, but in clearer weather. This time the luck was reversed; Natkusiak saw some deer which he failed to get, while I saw a band of twenty-three and secured them in twenty-seven shots.

It must not be supposed that killing twenty-three caribou in twenty-seven shots is anything remarkable. This will appear when you see how it was done. To begin with, with my powerful field-glasses I saw the band at a distance of seven or eight miles. I advanced to within about a mile of where they were grazing, climbed a hill much higher than the rest of the country, and spent half an hour or so in memorizing all the topography in that vicinity. There were various small hills and little hollows and creekbeds here and there, with branches in varied directions. All this could be studied from the greater elevation, and the main difficulty of the hunt was to remember the important details after you had descended into the lower country, where everything on closer view looked different. The wind was fairly steady and I made the approach from leeward. But I found, when I got within half a mile of the deer, that they had moved to the top of a ridge and were feeding along the top, as it happened, about sidewise to the wind. There was no cover by which they could be directly approached, so I went to the ridge about half a mile from them and lay down to wait. They grazed in my direction very slowly for half an hour or so, and then lay down and rested an hour and a half or more. Meantime I had nothing to do but wait. If, when they got through resting, they had decided either to descend from the ridge or reverse their course and graze back to where they came from, I should merely have had to make another détour and start the hunt over again. But they grazed toward me, and in another hour every one of the twenty-three was within two hundred yards of me, and some of them within fifty yards. Caribou and other wild animals commonly fail to recognize danger in anything that is motionless, so long as they are not able to smell it. They saw me plainly, of course, just as they saw all the rest of the scenery, but their intelligence was not equal to realizing that I was something quite different from the other things they saw.

Why Shots Do Not Alarm

ABOUT this time, when the lakes are freezing all around, the lake ice and, even the ground itself, keeps cracking with a loud, explosive noise, so caribou frequently seem to take rifle-shots for the cracking of ice and are not disturbed. I took pains to see that my first shots especially should be of the right kind. In a situation like this the brain or spine is the best place to hit, for if the animal drops stone dead the herd is not inclined to be frightened. What you must guard against is a wound through or near the heart, for an animal shot that way will commonly startle the herd by making a sprint of fifty to two hundred yards at top speed and then dropping, turning a somersault in falling. But he will always run in the direction he is facing when shot, so that you can control his movements by waiting until he is facing in a suitable direction. When an animal is frightened he will run toward the centre of the band, and if he is already in the middle of the band will probably not run at all, at least for the moment. But caribou shot through the body back of the diaphragm will usually stand still where they are, or, after running half a dozen yards, lie down quietly as they would when well fed and inclined to rest. I therefore now did a thing that may seem cruel, but which is necessary in our work; I shot two or three animals through the body, and they lay quietly down. The noise of the shots had attracted the attention of the herd, but had not frightened them, because they were so used to the cracking of ice. Furthermore, the sight of an animal quietly lying down is conclusive with caribou and allays their fear from almost any source. I was therefore in no hurry, so that, after shooting one animal, I moved my rifle so slowly that the caribou did not notice the movement and brought it to bear on the next one, holding it so near the ground that the working of the bolt in the reloading was equally not noticed. After the first animals had lain down, I shot two or three near by through the neck, and then I began shooting for the hearts of those farthest away, so that any of them, if they ran, would run toward me. The calves I left till the last.

A halt for dinner.

Must Not Wound The Game

THE very deliberation with which this sort of hunting is done, while it makes conspicuous the element of cruelty, makes it the least cruel method possible from the point of view of the pain caused the animals. A number of hunters excited and blazing away in the manner of those inexperienced or afflicted with "buck fever," will result in all sorts of painful wounds that are not fatal and that may be borne for days or weeks by animals that escape. The most cruel of wounds to caribou is a broken leg, for there is no hope of recovery, and yet they can escape for the time being. I have on two or three occasions had a chance to study these animals afterward. They appear to realize that their speed, now that they have only three legs to run on, is inferior to the rest of the herd, and they are in evident and continued dread of the wolves that are sure eventually to drag them down unless a hunter's bullet mercifully intervenes. In a properly conducted hunt by such a method as ours, a wounded animal hardly ever escapes, and with our powerful rifles even a shot through the abdominal cavity will tear so many blood-vessels that death takes place inside of five minutes.

The reason for killing entire bands of caribou is that of convenience. If you kill them in scattered places the freighting problem becomes serious, and especially the matter of protection from wolves. But with a big kill you can camp right by the meat and see that none of it gets lost. Furthermore, in islands like Banks Island caribou are so scarce that in the ordinary fall hunts, in order to get enough meat, we have to kill 75 per cent. or more of all animals seen. In the fall of 1914 we had only two or three weeks of reasonably good daylight in which to get meat for all winter. For when the daylight comes again in the spring we are not only busy with the ice exploratory work, but also the meat is lean and, while edible, neither nutritious nor half as palatable as the fall-killed meat.

Building a Snow House

ANY one who sees charm in the life of a hunter or life in the open will need no argument to convince him that the lives of Arctic hunters are interesting, but he may, nevertheless, think they are uncomfortable enough for that to be a serious drawback. This is by no means the case, thanks to the comfortable dwellings in which we spend our nights and excessively stormy days and any periods that are idle through necessity or choice.

A snow house that is essentially as comfortable as a room of the same size in an ordinary dwelling-house can be put up in fifty minutes or an hour. Somewhere near the deer-kill, we find a snowbank that is of the right depth and consistency. With our soft deerskin boots we walk around on the drifts, and if we see faint imprints of our feet but nowhere break through, we assume that the drift is a suitable one, but examine it farther by probing with a rod similar to the rod of an umbrella or a very slender cane. When the right bank has been found we get out our sixteen-inch butcher-knives or twenty-inch *machetes* and cut the snow into domino-shaped blocks about four inches thick, fifteen to twenty inches wide, and twenty to thirty-five inches long. These blocks, according to their size and the density of the snow, will weigh from fifty to over a hundred pounds, and must be strong enough to stand not only their own weight when propped up on edge or when being carried around, but if they are intended for the lower tiers of the house they must also be capable

Care is required to get the blocks in position.

of supporting the weight of three to five hundred pounds of other blocks resting upon them.

The house itself should be built preferably on a level part of the drift where the snow is three or more feet deep. The first block is set on edge as a domino might be on a table, but with your knife you slightly undercut the inner edge of it so as to make the block lean inward at a very slight angle if the house is to be a big one, or at a considerable angle if it is to be a small one. If, to use the language of physics, you want to lean the block over enough to bring the line of the centre of gravity outside the base, this can be done by putting up a second block at the same time and propping one against the other. But this is never done in actual practice, for a house so small as to necessitate this would be too small for human habitation.

Determining The Size

THE oval or circle that is to be the ground plan of house may be determined by eye as the builder sets up the blocks one after the other: but in practice I make an outline with a string with pegs at either end, one peg planted in the centre of the house and the other used to describe the circumference somewhat as a school-boy may use two pencils and a string to make a circle on a piece of paper. I find that even the best of snowhouse builders, Eskimo or white, if they rely on the eye alone in determining the size and shape, will now and then err in the size of the house, making it uncomfortably small or unnecessarily large for the intended number of occupants. But with a string a simple mathematical calculation always tells you how many feet of radius will accommodate the intended number of lodgers.

It will be seen by the photographs that when you once have your first block standing on edge, it is a simple matter to prop all the other blocks up by leaning one against the other. The nature of snow is such that when a block has been standing on a snowbank or leaning on another block for a matter of five or ten minutes in frosty weather, it is cemented to the other blocks and to the snow below at all points of contact and can be moved only by exerting great force.

When the first tier has been completed, the question arises: How can the second tier be begun? There are many ways, but the simplest is to select any point in the circle formed by your first tier and from the top edge of one of the blocks make a diagonal cut downward to the bottom edge of the far corner of the same block, or of the second or third blocks. In the niche thus formed you place the first block of the second tier, its end abutting on the last block of the ground tier. After that you lean the second block on the second tier against the first block of the second tier, and so on, building up spirally. The blocks of each tier must be inclined inward at a greater angle than those of the tier below and a less angle than those of the tier above. In other words, what you are trying to do is to build a nearly perfect dome.

By the simple experiment of propping two books of the same size against each other on a table, it will be found that they cannot fall unless they slide past each other where they meet at the corners or slip on the table. But snow is so sticky that the blocks do not slip on the snowbank where you are building, and we cut the corners in such a way that they meet with even faces and do not tend to slip past one another any more than do blocks in a masonry dome. The matter of building with snow blocks is far simpler than that of building with blocks of masonry, for stone is an intractable substance and has to be shaped according to a mathematical calculation or molded in an exact form before it is put in its intended position; but, snow being a most tractable substance, all forethought becomes unnecessary. We place the block in its approximate position in the wall and then lean it gradually against the block that next preceded it, and, by the method of trial and error, continually snip off piece after piece until the block settles comfortably into the position where it belongs. A glance at the photographs, especially the ones illustrating the latter steps in the building, shows that the blocks cannot possibly fall unless they first break.

The snow house complete.

The walls are built but the crevices have still to be filled in.

It becomes evident, therefore, that, with photographs and a description and possibly, for surety's sake, a diagram or two in addition, the building of snow houses could be taught by correspondence to boys in any place on earth where the winters are cold enough and the winds strong enough to form hard snowdrifts that last for several days or weeks at a time. Yet it is curious and hard to explain that the building of snow houses has until just lately been considered a sort of mystery. Sir Leopold McClintock was one of the first (if not the first) of polar explorers to point out that snow houses are so comfortable that their use would make Arctic exploration a simpler, safer, and pleasanter occupation, but he goes on to say that unfortunately white men cannot make snow houses, and that he himself did the next best thing by erecting vertical walls of snow and roofing them over with a tarpaulin. He comments on the inferiority of this dwelling to the real snow house, but insists that it is greatly superior to the ordinary tent used in exploration. While it is odd that McClintock should be so far behind the Eskimos with whom he associated, in that he could not build the snow houses which they built with ease, it is also notable that, so far as white men were concerned, he was a generation ahead of his time in realizing their value. Anyone who tries it will agree with him that snow walls with a tarpaulin roof make a much better camp than the silk tents used by many explorers down to the present time.

The last block but one in place.

If four men co-operate in the building of a snow house, one usually cuts the blocks, a second carries them, a third man builds inside, and the fourth follows the builder around and chinks in all the crevices between the blocks with soft snow. Ten minutes after this has been done the soft snow in the crevices had become as hard as, and even a good deal harder than, the blocks themselves, so that the house, although fragile when being built, becomes moderately strong half an hour later.

How Entrance is Safely Effected

WHEN the snow dome has been otherwise finished a tunnel is dug through the drift into the house, giving a sort of a trap-door entrance through the floor. Most Eskimos, failing to understand certain principles of thermodynamics, use a door in the side of the house. But it is obvious that if a door in the wall is open and if the interior of the house is being artificially heated, then (warm air being lighter than cold) there will be a continual current of the heated air going out through the upper half of the doorway and cold current from the outside entering along the floor. But if the door is on a level with the floor or a little below it, then the warm air from the house cannot go out through the door, even with the door open, because warm air has no inclination except that of rising. It is equally obvious that the cold air cannot come in through the open door in the floor so long as the house above the floor is filled with warmer air, for two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. In heating the house, whether it be by blue-flame kerosene-stove, seal-oil lamp, or the bodies and breathing of people, poisons accumulate and ventilation becomes necessary. So we have a ventilating hole in the roof, depending in diameter on the various conditions of external temperature, abundance of fuel, and on whether people are awake or asleep.

When the tunnel and door have been excavated, the bedding is passed into the house, and a layer of deerskins with the hair down is spread to cover the entire floor except just where the cooking is done. Over this layer we spread another layer of skins with hair up. The reason for the double insulation is that the interior of the house is going to be warmer presently and people are going to sit around on the floor and later are going to sleep on it, and if the insulation were not practically perfect, the heat from the cooking and from the bodies of the sleepers would penetrate through the bedding to the snow underneath and by melting it would make the bedclothes wet. By actual experience we find that when the temperature of the weather outside, and consequently the snow inside, is anything like zero Fahrenheit, or lower, then a double layer of deerskins will prevent any thawing taking place underneath the bed, the snow there remaining as dry as sand in a desert.

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The SPIRIT *of the* MARITIMES

By THOMAS M. FRASER

"Behold, how good a thing it is to dwell in the Maritime Provinces, where times are never very bad." "The Maritime Merchant."

IN trying to diagnose the spirit of the provinces down by the sea, I do not know that I can get anywhere a better text than that. But the feeling of every son of the Maritimes for the place of his birth goes deeper than appreciation of its panic-proof qualities. It amounts to a conviction, a very settled belief indeed, that there is no other place to compare with it. It is necessary to qualify this, however; for, as Samuel Johnson said about Scotland, too often the finest view of it is when they have turned their backs upon it, and have their faces set towards a far land.

What is there that is of such peculiar significance to us—for I am a Maritime man myself—in the land of our birth? And why is it that we usually refrain from lifting up our voices in praise of it until we are living some where else, in what is, probably a better locality for us, at least, or we should not be living there? Why is it that the impressionistic pictures of memory make all the snake fences and the old barn a soft pearly gray; and that the well down by the willow tree with its age-old collection of hatchets, tin dippers, accilents among the smaller rodents and others of the animal kingdom, straw-hats, and general unsanitary debris, is to us, living as we do close to the faucet, a spring of nectar? Why is there something always tugging at our heart-strings, urging us back to the haunts of childhood, where we danced with merry little bare feet, and picked up tacks and thistles? What is it? Well, apparently just sheer ordinariness, coupled with the fact that we ennobled the place by being born there.

As I propose, later on in this classic, to speak about the Maritime Provinces in tones of such warm appreciation that anything I may utter in my saner moments will certainly be forgiven, I shall here make a few remarks upon a subject which I know will elicit warm sneezes of sympathy, and coughs of appreciation. I have something upon my chest, in short, which I would fain get rid of. In brief, it is what every dweller in the provinces down by the sea carries close to his heart, wherever he may roam, and renews ten-fold whenever he visits his native land. I refer, need I say, to bronchitis.

Apparently when the Great Ruler of the Universe was sorting out the climate for the different portions of the then inhabited world, there was a small lot left marked "seconds," which would do for the flood, and the contemplated destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. If it should be found necessary to create Labrador and the west coast of British Columbia, about which there was probably some debate, it was proposed to give those districts the choice of this parcel of climate, and reserve the remainder for the Maritime Provinces. It consisted of three rather fine samples, marked July, August, and September, with all the rest variegated bad weather. Newfoundland and Prince Rupert unfortunately missed getting a share of the good samples; so they, together with the nine months of "seconds," went to the Maritime Provinces.

Falibrook Falls, one of the most beautiful spots in the Maritimes

Some Products of the Maritimes

YET the people of the Maritime Provinces, nearly a million of them, dwell there, produce tall sons of Anak, wrestle with the sea in their little boats, and with the Department of Marine for little wharves to shelter them; deep in unfathomable mines they tear out millions of tons of coal annually for their own use and for export; they produce billions of feet of lumber to house the people who have long been streaming past their doors to other parts of Canada or to the United States; and despite (or perhaps because of) their climate, they produce the finest apples grown in North America. And always they carry with them the old Scotch tradition that there must be at least one scholar in the family, so that for a very long time they have been furnishing men to Canadian Universities, and exporting them to the United States, as a finished product, to head Universities there.

It is a fact that "times are never very bad" in the Maritime Provinces. There are no bumper crops of wheat to make a farmer independent in a single season; but on the other hand, there are no absolute crop failures, followed by pathetic appeals to the Government for seed wheat. There are good seasons, and bad seasons, for farmers and fishermen, lumbermen and miners. Sometimes the Lunenburg fleet comes back from the Banks almost empty; sometimes, such as last spring, for example, each man's share on the "v'y'ge" will run up to fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars, which, with board, is not bad for two or three months' work. Outside of the few cities in the Maritime Provinces, there are no very wealthy men; the average man works pretty hard and seldom gets more than a very comfortable living; but they are content, and I will go so far as to say that they are godly: and "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

IN order that the reader may know the sort of people we are talking about, it is necessary to drag in a little history I shall not bore you with it; because, really, I know very little about it; and only those who are learned can be competent bores. But I want to point out the sources from which the people of the Maritime Provinces derived, and to impress the fact that they, in a greater degree than the people of any other part of Canada, with the French of Quebec, are the products of strong racial characteristics, which are to-day in many respects as strongly accentuated as they ever were. The Maritime Provinces have been almost entirely neglected, so far as European emigration is concerned; I doubt if there is a Doukhobor, or a case of trachoma or favus, in the country east of Quebec.

It is all "old stock"; and there were three main streams of it. First, there were the French, who came early in the Fifteenth Century, and at frequent times thereafter. They scattered pretty well all over the three provinces. In 1621 came the first Scotch settlement, under Sir William Alexander, which was a failure. One hundred and fifty years later, Halifax was founded as an English colony; but the direct English colonization was never very extensive. The two great streams of English came over from the American side, both before and after the Revolution. In 1767, the Maritime Provinces had about thirteen thousand people, of whom over half were Americans. In 1784, after the Revolution and the coming of the Loyalists, the population was 43,000, of whom 28,000 had taken part in the revolution in one way or another.

The Scotch immigration began in 1773, some coming via the United States, but the majority direct from the hillsides of Scotland, which they had left with sorrow, and never forgot. Scotchmen in the Maritime Provinces whose fathers were born in this country, and who know the land only by traditions and reading, still often speak of Scotland as "home." They settled almost altogether in Nova Scotia, in the counties of Pictou, Colchester, and Antigonish; and on the island of Cape Breton, where 25,000 Scotch peasants located, and where their descendants live today, keeping the faith and the Gaelic tongue. It was of this emigration that William sharp wrote:

"From the lone sheiling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides."

If I seem to lay most stress upon Nova Scotia and the Scotch in writing about the Maritime Provinces, it is because that province and those people have always represented most distinctly the Maritime idea in the

Lumbering is the great interest of New Brunswick

estimation of outsiders. The spirit of the Maritimes is most intense there, but it is, to a large extent, shared in by all three provinces. Previous to Confederation, and the building of the Intercolonial, there was very little intercourse between the Maritime Provinces and Upper and Lower Canada; the West was an unknown land. Most of the trade, and a large part of such intercourse as they had, was with the United States and Great Britain, with the trade all conducted by water. Boston was virtually the trade and social metropolis of the Maritime Provinces; our sailors manned their fishing and other fleets largely (and do so still), although Nova Scotia had a large trading fleet of her own, and Nova Scotian ships sailed all over the globe. It was not until after the union of the provinces that they began to have any intimate knowledge of their fellow Canadians; and they have never really learned to know or to like them. There is more or less resentment to-day in the hearts of the people down there to see their trade done to such a large extent with the people of Ontario; who, they think, in matters of commerce have "the fault of the Dutch, in giving too little and taking too much."

Trading With the Rest of Canada

I HAD a conversation a few weeks ago with a manufacturer in Nova Scotia on this subject. I do not give it as a typical example of the feeling there, although I am not sure that it is not. He went up to Ontario to sell his products, and said he was met very frequently with remarks of this character: "How do you suppose that you fellows away down there are going to come up here to Ontario and sell goods? Why, we do not know anything about your manufactures."

"They do not know us, nor want to know us, when we have something to sell to them," this manufacturer commented; "but they know us all right when they have something to sell to us."

Halifax and St. John wholesalers once controlled the entire trade of the Maritime Provinces; but that day is gone. The business has, in large part, gone to Ontario and Quebec. I do not undertake to say whose fault this is, but I will give here the gist of a conversation I had with one of the largest wholesale grocers in New Brunswick. The sentiments he expresses are not quite general, but they are far from being an isolated expression of opinion, and I have heard them repeated in one form or another many times.

"I am not in a position to form a comprehensive opinion of conditions in Nova Scotia," he said, "but, as far as I can judge, it seems that Nova Scotia on account of being the older province, with her natural resources in a more advanced state of development, with more wealth and other advantages, has been able to stand the strain the best of the three. Prince Edward Island, it would seem, has suffered severely. Now as to New Brunswick, I have a personal knowledge of commercial conditions extending back about thirty years, and, taking the most optimistic view, I cannot say that we have even held our own. While there are a few bright spots that show improvement, the total losses have been greater than the gains, and, while my opinions are not formed from statistics, but from observation, and I have tried to be fair and conservative in arriving at my conclusions, I cannot feel that our relations with Canada have been advantageous to the Maritime Provinces." He was so intensely in earnest that I could not doubt his sincerity. Indeed I had no desire to do so because I had heard the same thing from many other business men. So, I let him go on without interruption. "While our population shows a small increase," he went on, "it would seem there has been little, if any, increase in our Anglo-Saxon population. Our natural wealth in in-shore fisheries and forests is being depleted. Many of our farms have been deserted, or allowed to run down. Our own banks are all gone. Many of the industries we had—such as shoe, furniture, carriage, soap, nail, tobacco and cigar, paper bag and box factories, manufacturing druggists, lithographers, canneries (vegetable and fruit)—have either entirely disappeared or their control has gone to Central Canada; or they owe their extension of life to extraordinary personal management and not to Dominion Trade outside the Maritime Provinces. Much of the profit derived from our general business is being taken out of the province chiefly for the benefit of Central Canadian firms."

He paused for a moment for breath, his summary of conditions having literally poured out of him in a breath. Then, in a tone of even greater tensity, he proceeded:

"In a sense our people are being used as servants to work the resources and transact the business of this province, and pass most of the net proceeds over to Central Canada. That we have been able to do as well financially as we have is due chiefly to the value of the products of our natural resources for export.

"The money that is brought into the country from sales of our produce to foreign nations adds to our national wealth, and (without considering the export of war supplies) I do not think I would be far wrong in saying that, figured on a per capita basis, as compared with Central Canada, the people of this province bring in three times as much wealth as they do, and under the present system of taxation under the customs tariff we pay about three times the amount of taxes per capita that they pay. This is a rough estimate, but when we realize that probably three-quarters of our imported goods reach us through Central Canadian ports, plus the importer's profit on cost and duty which he has paid, and that the greatest amount under our tariff laws is paid to the Canadian manufacturer, and that the community where he is located receives the benefits derived from having him there, and indirectly through him is benefited by our business as an offset to the tariff tax of the people of that community, it does not seem extreme to say the per capita tariff tax is three times as great in New Brunswick as in Central Canada.

"Owing to the disappearance of many of our industries, and the disastrous results attending some of the industrial ventures here, there has been created in the minds of our people a dread of investing in industrials. Our people are naturally frugal and economical and have saved some money, and I think I am right in saying that St. John has more money invested in savings banks and life insurance than any city of its size in Canada, and what is true of St. John in this respect is true generally of the Maritime Provinces. Owing to our commercial relations with Central Canada, and with a barrier between us (Quebec) which has prevented our growing closer to each other, and with what business we have here being overcrowded owing to lack of increased population, our people have been compelled to invest their savings of the last thirty or forty years chiefly in what might be termed non-productive investments."

"Then," I asked, "does all this mean that down here you are still unfriendly to Confederation?"

He paused for a moment before replying to this.

"I have given you," he said, "a rough outline of conditions in New Brunswick as I see them to-day. When I compare these conditions with what I read of conditions here previous to Confederation I am forced to feel that we would have been better off had we been left to ourslves. It would seem that Ontario used us as a cat's-paw to get herself out of her difficulties, and in doing so prevented the forming of a Maritime Union which our statesmen were endeavoring to effect at that time, and placed us in our present unsatisfactory position. As one historian has expressed it, "The ends accomplished did not sanctify the means by which our people were forced into Confederation against their will."

I have given this conversation in full because it is important in that it expresses the opinion of many business men in the Maritimes and suggests that there is a serious problem for Canada to solve.

A rock, Lingan Bay, N.S.

The Matter of Maritime Union

IT will be observed that the speaker from whom I have quoted refers to Maritime Union. Confederation was mooted for some years before it was accomplished; but Joe Howe had a fear that there would come to pass from it some such result as the merchant above quoted says has actually happened; the Maritime Provinces would be overshadowed, and the Upper Provinces would be the dominant partners. Dr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Tupper was leader of the Government in Nova Scotia in 1864, and arranged a convention at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to discuss a scheme of Maritime Union which he had introduced in the Nova Scotia Legislature. While the delegates were struggling with the difficulties of the scheme, Sir John A. Macdonald appeared on the scene, and proposed the wider idea of a union of all the provinces; so that Maritime Union died stillborn. But it is still in the minds of the people of the Maritime Provinces, although I should not undertake to say that it is a live issue. Nevertheless, it has its strong advocates, including such men as Hance Logan, of Amherst. The late Captain Reid, M.P., was very warm for it; as, in New Brunswick, are men like Hon. J. B. M. Baxter, former Attorney-General of the province, and Fred Magee, member for Westmoreland. I believe a resolution endorsing it passed in the New Brunswick Legislature.

There are many arguments in favor of it. It would reduce the expense of legislation, for one thing, and would save time. It would do away with the necessity of three outfits of machinery of Government and buildings; with many other such material advantages as will occur to anyone. But its biggest advantage would probably be in unifying the people, creating unity of sentiment and aims, filling them with a belief in themselves and their country, a sort of offensive and defensive alliance to secure for the Maritime Provinces a fair partnership in the Dominion. The difficulties would be such as always attend any attempt at a merger of separate interests—particularly when the stock is to be kept in the family, so to speak, and not offered to the investing public. New Brunswick, for example, is in a less happy position in regard to her means of revenue than Nova Scotia; and the union would probably be more to her advantage. There would be the question of the location of the capital, also; but I believe Hance Logan proposes to settle this by having it at Amherst. In none of the provinces are the present Parliament Buildings so elaborate that a great deal would be sacrificed by abandoning them as such; although the Assembly chamber in the building at Halifax—now just about one hundred years old—was considered very fine when erected, and the building, architecturally, is pleasing. As neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick would be likely to agree with the claims of the other, this scheme of placing the capital near the border of the two provinces, but slightly on the territory of the older province, might furnish a satisfactory solution.

If union of the provinces should ever come, it would provide a great opportunity for what they need still more; and that is, an educational union. There are now eight distinct degree conferring institutions in the Maritime Provinces, all denominational except two, with

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Bunkered

A Story of Golf, Business—and Love

By ALLEN C. SHORE

Who wrote "The Beluchistan League," etc.

Illustrated by

R. M. BRINKERHOFF

With two strokes for the match

IN contradictoriness, old James McWham had Balaam's ass beaten forty different ways. He's dead now, and anyway he was a bachelor, so there's no harm in saying this. The morning he died—it was Sunday—the minister and elders of the Seascape Presbyterian Church danced a solemn jig of thanksgiving round the kirk session table; so at least it was reported.

It was this way. At fifty, McWham had been a chronic invalid, a constant irritation to doctors who had prophesied his immediate dissolution countless times. At sixty, they said he was as good as in his coffin. It was about that time that he sent for the minister and elders. There was a debt of two thousand dollars on the kirk. He explained that he would like to set Zion free before he went hence, but he was not as rich as some folks thought. It had been on his mind to leave the kirk a thousand or two in his will, but he had a new inspiration. If they would agree to pay him two hundred dollars a year for the rest of his life, he would give them the two thousand dollars, spot cash. The annuity arrangement was only a prudential anchor to leeward, the careful habit of a business mind. As a matter of fact he had already picked out his pall-bearer. It looked, to the minister and elders, after they had interviewed the doctors, to be a lead-pipe cinch. It proved to be the lead pipe without the cinch, for McWham lingered shivering on the brink till something shoved him over at eighty-seven.

This, by the way, as illustrative of a phase of McWham.

BUT sit with him on a sunny afternoon in the shade of the golf-club verandah, and one saw him in more agreeable aspect. Though no longer a player, except round the nineteenth hole, he belonged to the Augustan age of golf, when that game had been regarded as only one of the odd foibles of the eccentric, though sturdy, Scottish mind. McWham spoke of St. Andrews, Prestwick and Musselburgh as another might of Jerusalem, Rome, or Athens; of Tom Morris and Young Tommy in the same terms as a chum of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great might have referred to those heroes.

He mourned the flip crassness of a world that gives the name of golfer to any person who can hurl a club head with reasonable accuracy against a golf ball, that calls a golf club a "stick," and plays the game with sundry clubs, a lead pencil, and a score card, and drivels of "birdie" threes and fours. He lived in the past and ancient and royal game.

BEFORE proceeding with the story it is necessary to make one more digression. The McWham mills, spacious, four-story brick buildings were on the north side of the street; the Warrender mill, also brick and four-story, stood just across the road. The knitters of one place could exchange criticisms of the personal appearances of passers-by with those of the other. Old McWham, on his good days, could sit at his office window and see pretty much what was going on in the Warrender office. Warrender, father of the present head of the rival firm, had been McWham's partner. Then they had done a most imprudent thing—they had fallen in love with the same woman. In a world in which women are in the majority, and charming ones innumerable, the absurdity was too ridiculous for words. The lady had chosen Warrender; and McWham had not been at all chivalrous. Instead of kissing her hand sadly, or doing something that might have shaken her confidence in the accuracy of her choice, thus sticking a pin into her thought of the winner, after which he could have ridden away to look the rest over, McWham had been quite huffy about it. The business partnership had been broken up. McWham had gone out and begun business independently, intent on showing how deep his love for the lady had been, by jamming her husband into the bankruptcy court, and the loved one herself into impecunious unhappiness. It had been his solemn joy to watch his mills extend to a dozen times their original capacity, while Warrender's had remained in *statu quo ante.*

Long had Seascape speculated as to what would be the disposition of the McWham properties when he was deprived of them by the last enemy. As already intimated, he had not taken another lady "just as good" out of the plethora of feminine pulchritude, but had remained, what he richly deserved to be, a heart-and-body-weazened-left-over. The general impression was that he would do one of those devilishly cynical things with his estate wherewith his kind succeed in their amiable purpose of bringing the greatest annoyance to the greatest number—that is, found a University for Eskimos of sound moral propensities in Spitzbergen, or build a lunatic asylum for falsely prophetic doctors; anyway, something philanthropic like that.

BUT, as was his wont, he fooled the curious public this time by displaying ordinary, prosaic human feeling. He imported an heir apparent from Scotland, one John McWham Macara.

Some said that John's mother, a niece of McWham's, had once prepared for him a most wonderful haggis, and he felt that so capable a woman could not have an incompetent son. Others explained that John McWham Macara owed his elevation to the fact that he had been brought up to the trade McWham was in, and that what he did not know about hosiery, in a manufacturing sense, could not properly be called knowledge.

Both influences may have had their contributing agencies, but it is more than probable that a newspaper report, setting forth Macara's golfing prowess, clinched matters finally. McWham's nephew had emerged victoriously from a grand open competition in which the competitor's names sounded like the roll call of the Black Watch, with Fernies, Sayers, Parks, Herds, and Kirkaldys, sprinkled about hither and yon.

"One day there'll be but one firm here again, instead of two," said McWham to his nephew, a short time after he arrived. "Warrender can't hold out much longer. The bank likes the look of his paper less every day."

"And who will the bit lassie be?" asked Macara most irrelevantly, glancing across the road admiringly at a pretty figure in a neat blue skirt and white waist in the Warrender office window. He himself was a rather taking kind of a man—medium height, lean body, but wiry. Indeed he was all wire—wiry figure; wiry, short-cropped, red-brown moustache; wiry, short-cropped, reddish hair. He had a clear red, sun-tanned skin, and grayish-blue eyes that showed him to be a live wire, of unusually high voltage.

From the day of his arrival, he had been administering shocks to his uncle. For instance, the old man would have had the youngster be content with a subordinate job, with the contingency of heirship dangling before his nose, like the fixed, though elusive carrot before the ambitious donkey's. But with Scotch point and emphasis, John had declined "the substance of things hoped for" as lacking the precise kind of nourishment he desired. He wanted a present partnership, proving to his uncle that it was about market price for his value.

Strangest of all, he had secured what he asked for.

Macara was a practical expert, and knew more about stockings than McWham had ever dreamed. He scoffed at the McWham Mills—their equipment, their ancient machinery, their inefficient working—and marvelled that the admirable legs of Canada would consent to be encased in the mercerized monstrosities that McWham foisted on them. As John said, it was nothing less than shocking that manufacturing should support so inadequately the

Mary had but to lay the ball dead.

work of nature and grace. He had also eloquently dwelt on the topic that McWham had given him his head, feeling that perhaps he had failed to do his full duty to the legs of a worthy continent; and, so far, the experiment had been abundantly successful.

"I was talking about the Warrender mill, no about lassies. Ye must be kind o' absent-minded, John," said the old man reprovingly. Then he added: "That's Warrender's daughter."

"A bonnie wee lassie!" approved Macara with sincerity.

"No sae bad," conceded McWham grumpily. He slipped in and out of his native Scotch as his emotions controlled. "No sae bad, but awfu' high-notioned. Walks by me as if I was just a dab o' putty."

"She has that kind of a look to her," observed Macara critically. "What might she do in the office?"

"Kin' o' secretary to her father," grunted McWham. "He likes fancy names. What would be juist a clerk to you or me, he calls a secretary. He wears a wee watch strapped to his wrist, and puts scent on his pocky-hanky. I ha'e nae doot but he curls his whiskers at nicht."

"Think o' that!" exclaimed Macara, his eyes on the girl.

"And him a stockinger too!" said McWham contemptuously. "He was spoiled as a lad. When he should ha' been in overalls, wool sorting or lying on his back under a greasy wool comb, or studying the motions of a knitting frame, he was having his nails manicured, and his moustache put into curl papers like the Kaiser's. A laddie that tak's his fun in the morning has to sweat before bedtime comes round."

"That's a fact!" agreed Macara. "I don't mind ever seeing a lassie with just that glinting shade of pale gold in her hair before."

"John McWham Macara," said the elder man gravely, "ye'll ha'e to mind yir ways wi' the lassies hereabouts."

"I'll try my best," grinned the alert redhead modestly.

"It's no lichtsome topic," reproved McWham. "They set aboot a likely lad like tarriers on a rabbit run. Let him as much as poke the neb o' him oot, and snap! He's gaun before he can squeak. A lassie's an awfu' disconcairtin' creature, John. A pretty one hanging round yir neck in the water will droon ye same as a plain one might. Kittle cattle they be! It's a silk gown, or a new hat, or a finer hoose, or a better car a' the time. First thing ye ken, a sheriff's in the hoose, and the wife's getting a divorce from ye for non-support."

"I understand we are not friendly with the Warrender folk?" asked John, shifting topics. "War policy, eh?"

"Friendly? No!" snarled McWham. "His father wranged me. We were pairtners. He had money; I nought but brains. When we pairted he squeezed me badly. Fought me when I started the bit mill, at the bank, wi' the wool merchants and machinery folk, when I needed credit. It was hard work till I got toes and fingers into the cracks and began to climb. I swore I'd get back at him—put him and his oot, and have the auld mill back again. I'll dae it yet! If he offers goods at a dollar, and I ken it, my price is ninety cents, and when he drops to ninety I drop ten more."

"I see," said Macara. "Feud! Blood fight to the knock-out."

"Aye, that's it, John." And McWham smacked his thin old lips. "At the finish, there'll be no Warrender, only McWham and Macara."

MACARA sat in his private office, a letter before him, a smile on his face. McWham had been ordered South for the remainder of the winter. He had gone reluctantly, separating himself for a time from his beloved mills only because he realized that if he did not go, it might mean his permanent removal to a land where, according to the accepted view, the demand for hosiery is not great.

And now there was trouble with the Warrender folk. Previously there had been litigation between the firms over the pollution of the stream that flowed by the Warrender's place to McWham's. An injunction had been obtained by McWham, restraining the Warrenders from discharging dyehouse refuse into the river. There had been a recurrence of the offense; not a very serious one, it is true, but Macara had promptly called the attention of the offenders to the breach. The reply lay before him, with the initials M. W. under the firm signature. It was a tartish reply, intimating indirectly that McWham was making a lot of fuss about nothing. Macara glanced over the street to see who was in the office; then decided that, in diplomacy, verbal negotiation may be superior to scraps of paper. Putting on his hat, and arranging his tie, he stepped over to Warrender's. Mr. Warrender was out of town, but Miss Warrender was in the office. Both facts Macara knew quite as well as the office boy.

"I called about that water matter, Miss Warrender," he said, after a formal introduction, frigidly received. "Your letter was not at all satisfactory, so I thought I'd come and have a talk over the matter."

"Why unsatisfactory?" she inquired.

She was wonderfully pretty in a rather over-grave way. He wished he could make her smile. It must be delightful, he thought, to see her face light up. But you are limited to jocular references when the discussion is about dye-stuffs, water pollution, and drain pipes.

Her hair was glorious, he reflected on closer inspection. Some women's hair was bunchy, clotty, muddy-looking; hers was fine, each hair as distinct as spun silk in an orderly skein.

"It was like a blind alley—leads nowhere," he answered. "The injunction is peremptory, very peremptory, and we cannot permit any infringement to pass. I know the tricks of dyehouse help, and the rascalities of rival dyeing bosses." He assumed a very severe mien. "If the refuse were properly piped into the sewers, there would be no trouble. It is in your interest to prevent recurrence, as you are liable for damages, heavy damages."

"Do you claim damages?" she asked, belligerently.

"We haven't formulated a claim yet," he said. "If we thought the injury intentional, we should take a severe view—most severe."

"You have my word that it was not intentional," she declared.

"That is amply sufficient," and he bowed magnanimously.

"I investigated the matter more closely this morning. There was a leak in one of the pipes. It has been repaired," she explained.

"Then there is nothing more to be said. I am glad I came across. It is well to have an understanding in these matters, and to be neighborly," he smiled.

"Neighborly!" she exclaimed. "That is a new word from Mr. McWham."

"And I am a new man there," he replied. "You must give me the benefit of any doubt that is possible until I am proved unneighborly. Good-bye, Miss Warrender. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Warrender soon."

IT is hard for an unsuccessful man to be just to the successful. A beaten man is sensitive, a baffled woman much more so. The Warrenders were fighting a losing battle. With an old-fashioned equipment, and scarcity of money, they were being steadily and surely driven out of the market. McWham could buy, manufacture, and consequently sell, more cheaply. It was the old muzzle-loader against the machine gun, candle against the electric light, lumbering stage coach against flying express. Macara's salesmen were pushing everywhere into new fields, with attractive goods. His advertising campaign was making the firm name known from one end of the land to the other. Novelties that took the market by storm poured in a ceaseless stream from the McWham mills. By the time Warrenders caught on to a popular fashion, its day had gone, and there was something newer to catch the public eye. Old-time goods that Warrender and his father had turned out, with little change, were passed over by buyers who wanted something new, artistic, modern.

Now and again Macara met Warrender in a more or less formal way. Mary went little into the society of the small town, for her days were busy, and problems as to ways and means occupied much of the time she spent at home. When the golfing season opened, Macara met her more frequently, for she was an enthusiastic player, and found much needed relaxation in the game. He made many attempts to engage her for a game, but always unsuccessfully. She had invariably some excuse—a previous engagement, disinclination to play; but other men appeared to have better luck with her. Macara overtook her one evening as she was walking home from the links.

"I wonder when you are going to give me that long deferred game, Miss Warrender?" he asked.

"When I think I am good enough to be able to give a plus four man a decent game," she answered evasively, with a laugh.

"That is not a very good reason," he said.

"You would either have to give me a ridiculous handicap, or play so badly intentionally that it would be worse than the severest beating."

"I have watched your game. On handicap points we would have a good match," he argued.

"The beating would be too humiliating," she said.

"Neighborly!" she exclaimed. "That is a new word."

"You are too good a sportswoman to be afraid of that," he told her.

"Suppose I am quite frank, and say that I do not wish to play?" she asked, with an air of quiet decision.

"I'd be awfully sorry," he answered. "It would make me think you did not consider me worthy of your friendship."

"The conclusion would be not quite fair," she said, coloring faintly.

"I am glad of that. I had hoped we might be friends."

SHE made no reply. They were nearing her home, and she was glad of it.

"Won't you let me call for you on Saturday afternoon? We would have a real out and out fight. Then we'd be real friends, I think," he smiled persuasively.

"I am afraid I can't," she answered. "I don't mean to be unfriendly at all, but I would rather you wouldn't ask me. If I seem peevish and unreasonable, be kind and just; put it down to unconquerable ill temper."

To her he seemed to be the very incarnation of the evil power that made her life hard and dark. It was unreasonable, she knew, but she could not help it.

"You must surely understand, Mr. Macara," she concluded.

"Yes, I think I do," he admitted gently. "But isn't it a wee bit unfair to me—perhaps to yourself? I'll not put it down to ill temper, either. I wonder—I wonder if I could ever make you believe that I'd do anything I could to help you to feel differently about me. I mean," he laughed, "that I don't think we were meant to be enemies, fighting one another. But some ill power, or a power that seems to be treating us ill, has set us in opposed camps. I wonder if we couldn't improve things? Golf's a grand reconciler. It's the broad game of broad folks. I'm not going to ask for a match again, till—well, till something makes me fancy that my luck is changing."

She left him hurriedly, in her over-wrought state midway between tears and hotly resentful anger. All night long and for days after, the sympathetic notes of the tender Scotch voice sang through her mind like music. Then the resumption of the daily fight against the forces under his command brought back all the old hardness.

III

WHEN the draw for the Mixed Foursomes was made, Macara's name was one of the last to come out of the hat.

"Macara," at last came the shout.

"And—Miss Warrender!"

There was a momentary hush in the room. Some idiot snickered. Then came a babel of laughing comment. Macara made his way to the place where the girl stood and held out his hand.

"I knew the luck would change," he said, for her ear alone.

She smiled and made some polite reply: then left with her father.

"Confoundedly unlucky draw!" Mr. Warrender said, as they walked home.

"I suppose I should consider myself lucky," she laughed. "Still, I almost wish I hadn't entered."

The pair ran triumphantly through the ties till they came to the final. They were a splendid combination, he master of all his clubs, far and sure, a born golfer, both in style and nerve and execution; she clever, especially within range of, and on, the green.

The morning of the day for the play-off had been unusually trying to Mary Warrender. A big order they had relied upon to turn a lot of stock into much-needed cash had gone over the way to McWham's. She was fretted, irritable, nervous, and thoroughly off her game. Macara was at the top of his form, the slashing, brilliant St. Andrews style at its best. Nothing seemed impossible to him, and it was well it was so, since he had virtually to carry her around. She could do nothing right, and his unfailingly chivalrous sportsmanship made her feel worse, rather than better. Their opponents were of the humdrum, safe and sane type, and against them it was a noticeable performance for Macara to land his partner and himself all square at the end of the seventeenth.

It was Mary's drive from the last tee. She made a wreck of it; the ball fell short and pulled into the rough. Safe and Sane were well down the middle of the course. Macara took his cleek and, with a superb shot that brought down the gallery, laid the ball within six feet of the hole.

Safe and Sane, upset, just reached the green, and playing the odd, were ten feet from the hole. At two more they lay dead.

With two strokes for the match, Mary had but to lay the ball dead. After some nervous hesitation, she struck the ball so hard that it galloped past the hole, across the green, and dropped into a miserable guarding bunker, amid the groans of the multitude.

Macara managed to scramble it on to the green. Mary played the odd, leaving the ball four feet from the hole. At two more Macara ran down, but it was too late. Safe and Sane holed out and took the match and the cup.

THE crowd surged over the field, all voluble sympathy for Macara, who had played the most brilliant game ever seen on the course, only to be horribly butchered by his partner. Mary, pale and agitated, moved away in profoundest misery. He caught up with her.

"Don't worry about a trifling thing like that," he laughed. "I've done the same thing lots of times. Come along, we'll stand the gaff of the presentation together. There's a silver medal for the runners-up, I'm afraid."

"Suppose we go round by the beach and escape the mob," he said, when they found themselves outside again.

She felt rather helpless and so accompanied him without protest, though it was quite out of their way home. They crossed the now deserted links to the bay's edge. It was a jolly, sheltered, lonely place, and the breeze that blew in from the sea was delightfully refreshing.

"Let's sit down and talk things over," he said. "And don't look so dreadfully contrite. In golf you've got to take everything that comes. Now you're thinking about that putt, but I'm busy with the thought of my luck in being drawn with you, and of all those ties I have been able to play with you as partner all the week. The ice is broken and I think there is going to be no more frost."

She looked at the silver medal in her hand.

"I'd like to fling it into the sea," she said. "It's the reminder of a hateful day."

"Better keep it," he smiled. "The day isn't done yet. Now forget about that last green, or I'll think you are a pot-hunter. You can't account for golfing nerves. They are part of the links' discipline."

"It wasn't nerves altogether," she answered. "The moment I had to putt, I thought of that big order from the Maclaren Stores you took away from us this morning, and—I put you into the bunker on purpose."

"I know you did," he laughed. "I saw you look viciously at me when some of those gabblers were cracking up my cleek shot. I knew you would do it. Sometimes I feel the same way, especially with smugness. I used to fire peas at my school master's bald head because he was so thunderingly good, and knew it. I must have been an awful trial to you, you poor, wee, troubled lassie. You can put me into a hundred bunkers if you like, so long as you let me partner you." He drew closer to her. "I'd sooner, Mary dear, be with you in the toughest hazard ever niblick faced than be on the fair green with anybody else."

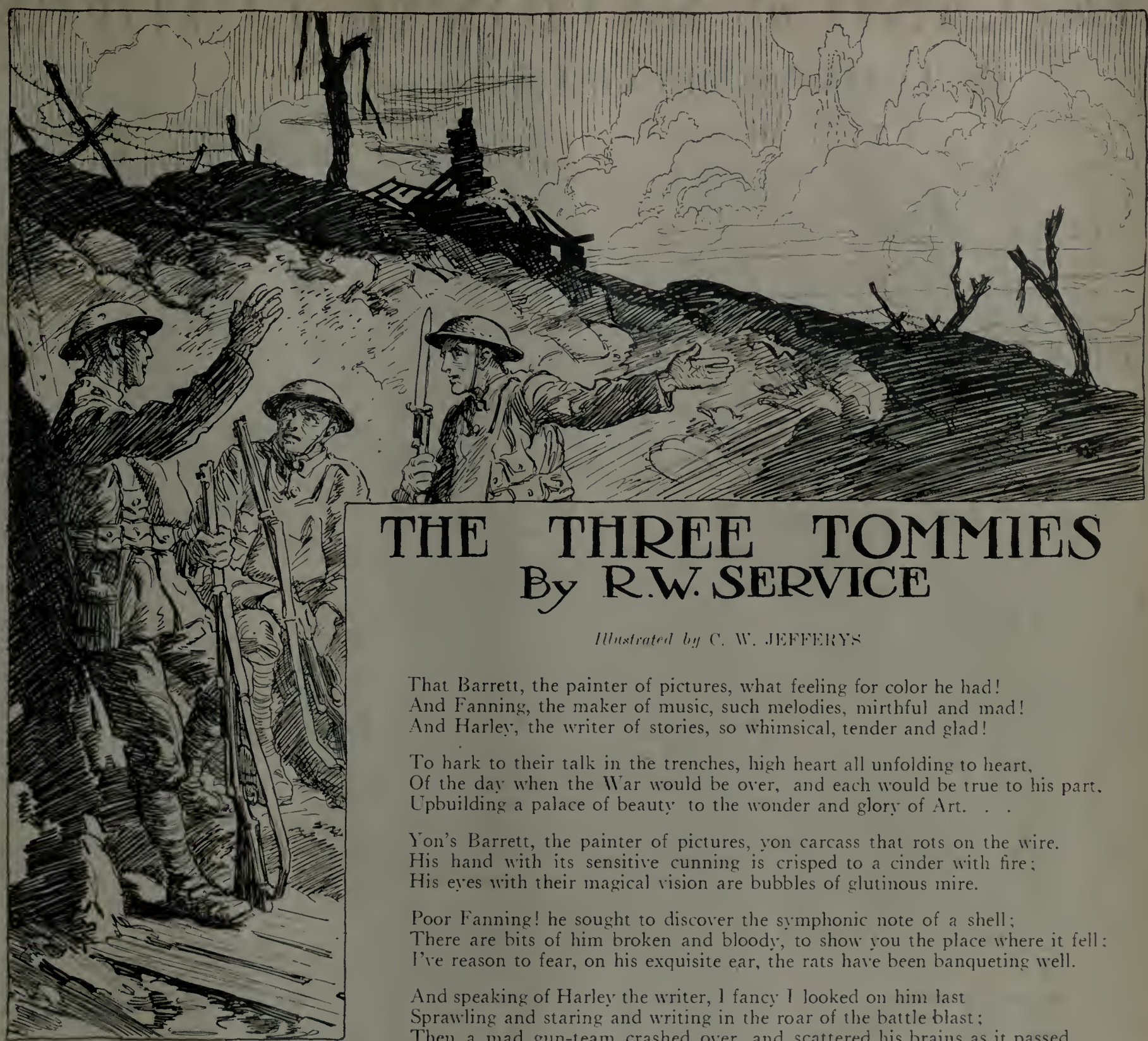
She looked up at him, very white, but he fancied he saw a glint of sunshine.

"I loved you, lassie mine, when I wrote you that savage letter about the water pollution. When I came over and talked about damages and lectured you about injunctions, I wanted to pick you up and kiss you. It's a terrible confession to have to make, isn't it?"

His arm stole about her.

Continued on page 74

"John McWham Macara," said the elderly man gravely, "ye'll hae to mind yer ways wi' the lassie hereabouts."



THE THREE TOMMIES
By R.W. SERVICE

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS

That Barrett, the painter of pictures, what feeling for color he had!
And Fanning, the maker of music, such melodies, mirthful and mad!
And Harley, the writer of stories, so whimsical, tender and glad!

To hark to their talk in the trenches, high heart all unfolding to heart,
Of the day when the War would be over, and each would be true to his part,
Upbuilding a palace of beauty to the wonder and glory of Art. . .

Yon's Barrett, the painter of pictures, yon carcass that rots on the wire.
His hand with its sensitive cunning is crisped to a cinder with fire;
His eyes with their magical vision are bubbles of glutinous mire.

Poor Fanning! he sought to discover the symphonic note of a shell;
There are bits of him broken and bloody, to show you the place where it fell:
I've reason to fear, on his exquisite ear, the rats have been banqueting well.

And speaking of Harley the writer, I fancy I looked on him last
Sprawling and staring and writing in the roar of the battle blast;
Then a mad gun-team crashed over, and scattered his brains as it passed.

Oh, Hartley and Fanning and Barrett, they were bloody good mates o' mine:
Their bodies are empty bottles; Death has guzzled the wine;
What's left of them's filth and corruption. . . Where is the Fire Divine?

I'll tell you. . . . At night in the trenches as I watch and do my part,
Three radiant spirits I'm seeing, high heart revealing to heart,
And they're building a peerless palace to the splendour and triumph of Art.

Yet, alas, for the fame of Barrett, the glory he might have trailed!
And, alas, for the name of Fanning, a star that beaconed and paled!
Poor Harley, obscure and forgotten. . . Well, who shall say that they failed!

No! Each did a something grander than ever he dreamed to do;
And as for the work unfinished, all will be paid their due;
The broken ends will be fitted, the balance struck will be true.

So painters and players and penmen, I tell you; toil as you please;
Let your fame outleap on the trumpets, you'll never rise up to these. . . .
To three grim and gory Tommies, down, down on your bended knee.

The LAND *of* NATIONAL LEADERS

By THOMAS MELVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CASEY

IT appears to be the general opinion in Canada, that, in the provinces down by the sea, the people drink in politics with their mothers' milk. A native of those provinces would not consider it especially worthy of note that people should be keenly interested in politics; he assumes that in every province they are the same.

It is probably true that political feeling in parts of the Maritime Provinces is more intense than elsewhere; but this applies, mainly, to certain racial elements in the population. It is true, also, of religion. While I am not prepared to say (whatever I may think) that the people of these provinces are either more patriotic or religious than elsewhere in Canada, there is no doubt that both religion and politics are a more intimate and vital part of their existence than in other parts of the Dominion.

The backbone of politics in the Maritime Provinces is the large Scotch element in the population; and the explanation of this seems to be that both politics and religion give the Scotchman a vent for the sentiment which is always choking him for utterance, but of which he is perpetually ashamed. Some of the finest love lyrics ever penned have been written by Scotchmen; but the real fine flower of this sentiment is not available to many, because they are written in Gaelic. There are more terms of endearment in Gaelic than in any other language; and the Scotchman who speaks the Gaelic can use language of affection in that tongue which would make him shrink with shamefacedness if he had to translate it into cold, Sassenach speech. He is essentially tender; but he has a great horror of making a fool of himself, as he feels he is doing when he makes a display of his affection. So, also, he will address his Maker in language of the deepest fervor and eloquence; but in conversation with his fellow-men—and, more particularly with his women kind—he restrains himself to an almost Quaker-like simplicity.

In politics, he finds a strenuous and manly vehicle for the expression of his emotions. He is, and always has been, a pillar of lost causes; whether it was in hiding Prince Charlie among the heather and mossbags in Scotland, or standing steadfastly at the back of Sir Wilfrid Laurier when his sun seemed to have set forever in Canada. The dourness, of which there are traces in every drop of Scotch blood, causes him to be happiest when in the minority, and makes him rather better convinced of the fact that he is right than if he were fighting with the crowd. There are traits in the Scottish character which must make them almost unendurable to some people; but no one has ever arisen to call them traitors, or a milk and water breed.

Friendship For The French

IT is the Scotchmen, then, in the Maritime Provinces, and more particularly the Scotchmen of Nova Scotia, for they are more numerous there than elsewhere—who have given to the people of that part of Canada the reputation of being our keenest politicians, and producing the greatest number of our Canadian statesmen. It is true that all those leaders have not been of Scotch blood, though the majority have been; but they have been the product of a Scotch environment. The political feeling there is very different from what it is in the Province of Quebec, for instance. In that province they have shown extraordinary attachment to politicians of their own race; but in Nova Scotia the two Canadian statesmen who most deeply engaged their affections were Howe and Laurier—the one of English blood, and the other of French.

This feeling of the Scotch and French for each other is, of course, not confined to Canada; it is historic. In the Maritime Provinces to-day, particularly in Nova Scotia, there is a very pronounced difference in the feeling of the people towards Quebec from that towards Ontario. They like, and, to a considerable extent, sympathize with Quebec; the feeling towards Ontario is far otherwise.

The Memory of The Great Howe

YOU cannot go very far in the history of politics in the Maritime Provinces without encountering Joe Howe. It took the people of Nova Scotia a long time to squeeze out enough bawbees to erect a statue to him, but he was, and still is, a big figure in their hearts. He was largely responsible for making a race of politicians out of the Nova Scotians. Outside of the Maritime Provinces his name, perhaps, does not signify much; but certainly no Canadian public man ever got closer to his people than Howe. Although he was born well over a century ago, and has been dead nearly fifty years, you will still find his picture in the place of honor in half of the rural homes of Nova Scotia. For a time, when he seemed to have played his people falsely on the question of Confederation, the picture was turned towards the wall; but they could never quite get over their love for him. "Though he slay me," says the Psalmist (who, next to Burns, is the poet of the Scotch people), "yet will I trust in him." Even those who could never forgive what they called the "Confederation plot" forgave Howe after his death; and now they have taken him into their affections for all time.

Howe was not, by any means, a solitary figure in the arena in the days when the Nova Scotia school of politics was founded. I suppose all generations are prone to think, politically, that "there were giants in those days"; but Howe was great not only in himself, but because of the bigness of the issues for which he fought, and the calibre of the men who fought beside and against him.

The reason why the intensity of political feeling in the Maritime Provinces is not understood or appreciated more thoroughly outside those Provinces, is that there is no very intimate knowledge of their early political history among the people of to-day in the Upper and Western Provinces. Their remoteness from the rest of Canada previous to Confederation is not realized. You may still hear old men—as I have heard them this spring—refer to Quebec and Ontario as "Canada." They fought out their own fight against privilege, and they were the first people in the Northern part of the continent to begin that fight; albeit they did so by strictly constitutional means. They had little knowledge of what was going on in Upper and Lower Canada; and had certainly no sympathy with rebellion. And the great figure in the fight, from first to last, was Joe Howe, although Wilmot in New Brunswick was an able second. Nova Scotia was his battle-field, but the political destiny of both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island hung on the issue of that fight as well.

It was not until he entered the Dominion Parliament after Confederation that Howe became at all well known to the people and their leaders in the Upper Provinces; and then he was long past his meridian, broken in health and low in spirit, because he felt that the people of the Maritime Provinces had lost faith in him. Moreover, he found himself subject to the dominating personality of Sir John A. Macdonald; and Howe was not accustomed to playing second fiddle to anyone. He never was a great Parliamentarian; but he was unequalled in Canadian history as a great tribune of the people, as a popular orator, and as a political seed. His methods might not commend themselves to all of our leaders to-day, though I believe some of them would be attractive enough to those who had the courage to adopt them. The modern politician is sometimes charged with resorting to such expedients as kissing the babies. That was not Joe Howe's method; he kissed their mothers, and the women generally—so generally, indeed, that there was neither resentment nor jealousy.

He is a pillar of lost causes.

Carvell's quietness is due to a desire to let sleeping dogs lie.

Never Liked Confederation

THE Maritime Provinces never liked the Confederation proposal; and their attitude towards it is interesting, because it has, to a considerable extent, influenced their feelings toward the Upper Provinces ever since, and particularly towards Ontario. They felt no particular sympathy towards the rest of Canada, which was, geographically, remote from them, with an almost unknown wilderness stretching between. What seemed a more logical proposition to them—and the feeling is not dead—was a union of the Maritime Provinces. Their trade was with the New England States; and Boston was nearer and dearer to them than Montreal or Toronto.

There was no question as to the attitude of the people of the Maritime Provinces on the question. Even as late as 1884, a provincial campaign was fought in Nova Scotia on the issue of "better terms," and the Fielding Government was returned by a very large majority. The better terms, however, were never secured, although this question is perhaps the livest issue in politics in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Prince Edward Island has already secured increased subsidies. In New Brunswick, particularly, there is a larger territory and a smaller revenue than in Nova Scotia. Some more satisfactory financial arrangement is vital.

In the meantime, the Maritime member has to fight day by day for appropriations from Parliament for his constituency. Consider the configuration of the Maritime Provinces: All of Prince Edward Island, practically all of Nova Scotia, and over two-thirds of New Brunswick front on the sea. Those interminable small appropriations for wharves and break-waters, which appear to annoy Dr. Edwards and many other members of Parliament from the Upper Provinces so acute-

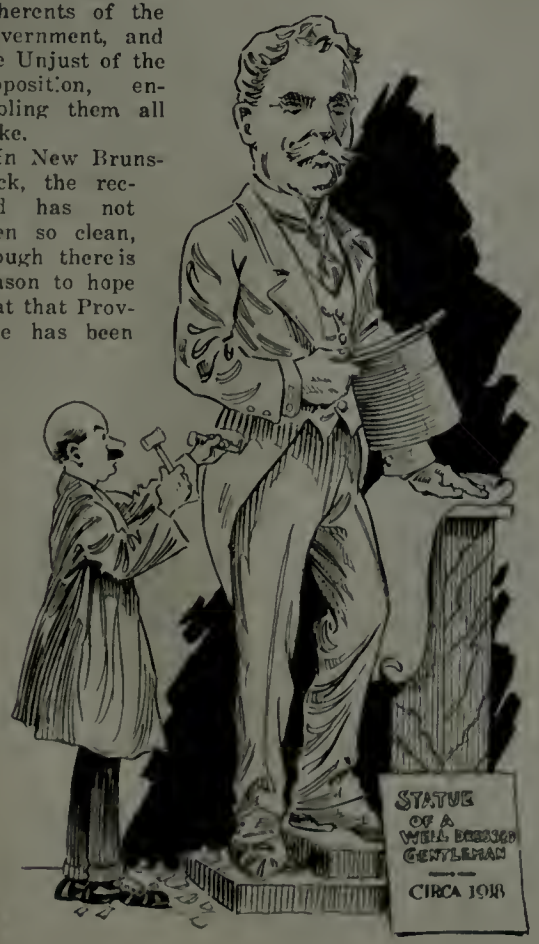
ly, are thus accounted for. The dead set always made on them can be accounted for by what may be called the Ontario Idea in Canadian life and politics. The Maritime people perceive it as an intense provincialism which cannot see beyond the Ontario nose. Ontario does not require break-waters and wharves; ergo, no other place should have them. There is a disposition—one may hear it in the House and in the Press Gallery at Ottawa—on the part of Ontario to have the Maritime Province member classed as a mere hunter of Government jobs and steamboat subsidies, and to consider him an active, but picayune, politician. I do not think there is any doubt about the existence of this feeling; I have heard it expressed so often, and so casually, that it seems to be a thing taken for granted.

Is There Corruption in the East?

THERE is also a pretty wide opinion prevalent in Ontario that there is an ascending scale of political corruption from the East, which reaches its greatest development in Quebec—and, of course, ends there! Prince Edward Island, being small, isolated in the Gulf and consequently cut off from the corruption-hatcheries of the mainland, does not sink so low in the estimation of Ontario as the others. Nova Scotia, though, is regarded as away down in the scale; and when the estimates are up in the House of Commons, and some harassed member from that Province is pleading for a six hundred dollar wharf or break-water for the protection of the fishermen in his constituency, a shudder of self-righteous horror can be felt emanating from the Ontario wing. The Minister has to fight for his wharf to the last plank; and so strenuously do the Ontario members fight against the rapacity of the Maritime Provinces, that very frequently they are too exhausted to protest when estimates for canals or railways in Ontario are up, and millions go through with a whoop. Such, at least, is the way it looks to the man "down East."

From reading Ontario newspapers, listening to Ontario politicians, and even from conversing with Ontario newspapermen, I judge that the idea prevailing in that Province is that prayers have the least to do with the winning of elections in the Maritime Provinces, and that bank-notes are quite as important a part of election paraphernalia down there as ballot papers. Now, so far as Provincial politics go, I believe there has never been a serious political scandal in Prince Edward Island; not even the foxes, the little foxes, have stolen away the vines of their probity. Although one political party has been in power almost continuously in Nova Scotia for half a century, a fairly active Opposition has never yet succeeded in showing any more venal action than, say, a somewhat over-generous creation of Justices of the Peace, with the magic touch descending very impartially on both the Just among the adherents of the Government, and the Unjust of the Opposition, ennobling them all alike.

In New Brunswick, the record has not been so clean, though there is reason to hope that that Province has been purged. It sems to have been an understood thing in the past, on both sides of politics, that the lumbering industry, which furnishes the greater part of the strictly legitimate revenues of the Province, shall also provide that elusive but necessary thing, the campaign fund. Generally speaking, the lumbermen do not appear to have resented the imposition; it seems to have been taken as a part of the cost of doing business. Presumably, the New Brunswick lumbermen, in making up his costs sheets, has a column for "Overhead Charges" and another for "Underground Charges." At all events, in addition to the legitimate tax for stumpage in the woods, there was another which was also for "stumpage"—and was allocated among the Government candidates when they took the stump at election times.



When a sculptor undertakes to add the figure of Sir Robert Borden

So far as this goes, New Brunswick has been no more venal than any of the other Provinces—only a little more frank. The campaign fund, whether acknowledged or not, is an adjunct of every Government in every country, and the New Brunswick fund is probably as clean as the average. The crime attached to it appears to consist in being caught.

The fact that two recent Governments in New Brunswick were caught rather publicly, has given political Pharisees in other Provinces an opportunity to do some stone-throwing. There appears to have been considerable resentment on the part of the Dominion Union of Practical Politicians that the New Brunswick branch of the organization should have been so crude in its methods. Being caught with the goods tends to bring the organization into undesired publicity. Practical politicians are not like Cromwell; they do not wish to be painted with warts or any other excrescences likely to attract undesired attention, although they may be known to be on the face of the body politic. I am not attempting to excuse or to palliate campaign funds; but everyone knows that they exist everywhere, and in no place more extensively than in Great Britain, to which we have been accustomed to look for our political precedents and ideals; so why be hypocritical about them, and lambaste New Brunswick as being particularly corrupt, simply because the origin of its campaign fund was discovered?

Taking Politics Seriously!

BEFORE passing on to other phases of the political aspect of the Eastern Provinces, I would like to present a picture which demonstrates the deadly seriousness of politics in the past and suggests the reason for the intense interest that the Maritime people still take in all things pertaining thereto. The Rev. J. P. MacPhie, in " Pictonians at Home and Abroad," describes an election in Pictou County in the early days:

"In its earlier stages, the quarrel was ecclesiastical as well as political, and intense feelings were aroused. Jotham Blanchard was elected in 1830 to the Assembly at Halifax. This was the year of the "big election," concerning which many stories of strife, bloodshed, and even death are told. Hon. J. W. Carmichael describes the famous election of 1830, when "Kirk" and "Antiburgher" were the war cries. Elections were not held then as now in one day. That one occupied three weeks, commencing in Halifax, adjourning to Truro, and then to Pictou, a week in each, the excitement increasing as the contest proceeded. From Truro came accounts of bands of electors marching in from Stewiacke, Londonderry, and Tatamagouche, with pipes playing, flags flying, and forming in a body around Court House Square.

"The battle rolled on to Pictou and when Highlander met Lowlander, then came the tug of war. A regular plan of campaign was marked out. On Monday, the Kirk men (Tories) took possession of the town and drove the Antiburghers (Liberals) before them like leaves before the blast. The Antiburgher leaders took counsel with one another and orders were issued. Messengers sped over hills and dales; and "Antiburghers to the rescue" was the cry. From East and West and Middle River came in the detachments and revived the drooping spirits of their party. The college was guarded. A body-guard was stationed in Blanchard's house. On Wednesday night a fierce and possibly fatal contest was prevented, solely by the interposition of Dr. McCulloch, who placed himself between the contending parties just as their columns were coming into conflict, and prevailed on both to retire."

Ah, those good, old days! Do you wonder that the people of the Maritime Provinces take their politics seriously, with an heritage like this?

Old hands in the Press Gallery, and some old members in the House, say that the general level of ability in the present Parliament is not up to the standard of previous Parliaments, possibly that is said

Mackenzie knows the more scripture of the two.

about every new Parliament—"le vieux temps, le bon temps." Be that as it may, it seems to me that the 31 members now representing the Maritime Provinces in the House of Commons—including, as they do, the Premier; the Leader of the Opposition, the Speaker, four Cabinet Ministers, the author of the British Preference and Reciprocity (both good measures) and the other private members—contains more ability than can be found in any other representation of similar size from any other part of Canada. The Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Speaker of the House all come from the Province of Nova Scotia.

Three of the eight Premiers of Canada have come from Nova Scotia—and there is a fourth in sight! What would appear to be an unduly large representation in the Cabinet has always hailed from the Maritime Provinces—what an Ontario "statesman" once called "the shreds and patches of Confederation." In fact, in forming Cabinets, the difficulty of the Cabinet-maker appears always to have been how many of the eligibles from those provinces he could afford to reject in deference to the criticisms of other parts of Canada. There are 235 members in the House of Commons, out of which the Maritime Provinces send only 31; there are twenty Ministers in the Cabinet, of which the Maritime Provinces contribute four.

In the House of Commons debates, particularly during the past 25 years, the Maritime Provinces have had an easy superiority. Names like those of Weldon, Blair, Pugsley, Foster and Carvell, from New Brunswick; Davies, from Prince Edward Island; the Tuppers, Fielding, Russell, D. C. Fraser, Mackenzie, Maclean and Macdonald from Nova Scotia could not be excelled; perhaps not even matched.

The House of Commons of to-day is, perhaps, not notably brilliant in this respect; the French members in Parliament certainly hold their own, but there are five different types now in the House from the Maritime Provinces who can do a little more than hold their own.

A Word As To Borden

FROM the importance of his position, if for no other reason, I presume that it may be said that the most important part played by any Maritime member in the drama of politics is taken by Premier Borden. He is not a favorite subject for the political annalist; he has few of those purely human traits which appeal. He is more like some finely executed statue in pure marble representing the cardinal political virtues. When the sculptor undertakes to add the figure of Sir Robert Borden to the collection on Parliament Hill, I am afraid the result will be something which might be labeled: "Statue of a Well-Dressed Gentleman: circa, 1918." His trousers will be as properly creased in perpendicular lines as his whole political life has been. The

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GUARDING *Our* COAST LINE

A Review of Wartime Measures in East

By THOMAS M. FRASER

THE first time the war was really brought home to the people of this side of the Atlantic was when the two German "commercial" submarines, the *Deutschland* and *Bremen*, sailed for the United States. The *Bremen* never reached a port, so far as is known; what became of her is one of the secrets of the Admiralty; but the *Deutschland* arrived in the United States and took on cargo—including, it is alleged, Canadian nickel. She received a great deal of publicity; but, like much of the German propaganda, it was ill-advised; because the fact that submarines could come into American ports with German products of commerce must have made the people of the United States realize that she could bring in mines and torpedoes also; and, as a matter of fact, it is belived that she did subsequently come into American waters thus laden, and laid her eggs. The commercial activities of the submarines amounted to nothing; their visit was probably a part of the German program of terrorism, being meant as a hint of how they might come subsequently; as, in fact, they did come.

They also aroused the British Admiralty to the fact that, although the seas had been cleared of German cruisers, they were open to the submarines, and our coasts were vulnerable. Thereafter active precautions were taken against them.

It is now known that the German plan of campaign included great activity on this side of the Atlantic in the spring and summer of 1919. Had not the collapse come when it did, an attempt would certainly have been made to carry this plan out. It would, however, have amounted to nothing. Canada's defences were far from her own coasts. They rested in the brains of Canadians; because it was really Canadians who solved the submarine problem. The exact means by which this was solved has not yet been given to the world, except that the aid of electricity was called in. But this is known; the straits of Dover were closed to submarines on August 29th, 1918. After that date no submarine ever went through; and no enemy submarine ever will. It came a little late for the *Lux Blanca;* the *Triumph;* the *Annie M. Perry;* and a dozen or so more ships in our waters; because the subs got them off our coasts, within sight of our defences.

A destroyer in Halifax harbor.

Was Our Defence System Bad?

WHETHER they should ever have got any of our ships at all or not, is a question I am not competent to discuss, not being an expert in coast defence. There are those who believe our defences were badly handled; and Mr. Duff, member for Lunenburg, asked in vain for a Parliamentary committee of investigation into naval conditions on the Atlantic coast. The sins connected with the question of naval defence in Canada are largely political; and go some way back.

It is not to be supposed, however, that we were left naked to the enemy. Had this been the case, Halifax would have suffered even more severely than it did from that terrible explosion which was, indirectly, a war damage.

The dangers we had to anticipate from the enemy along the Atlantic coast were, primarily, dangers to shipping. Even if a submarine had got past the defences at Halifax and up into Bedford Basin, there would have been no attempt to attack the city. But when you consider that, at times, there were as many as ninety or one hundred of the biggest steamers afloat gathered in Bedford Basin, waiting for convoy, loaded with cargoes of unimaginable wealth and importance to the Allies, you may speculate on the damage a submarine could have wreaked if she had ever gone in.

ON the 6th of August, 1914, people all over Canada read the glaring headlines in their local papers: "Glace Bay Shelled by German Warships." It was a pure canard; but that report came in somewhere out of the illimitable ether; it was caught at Halifax, and they hurried off crews to the defence of the beleaguered city. Some went by train with guns. The D.G.S. —— was in port at Halifax, and she got up steam at once. For a time it looked as though the Captain would have to go almost alone. The crew were unused to war's alarms; and they did not want to go into the war bull-headed. They wanted some time to think the thing over, and make up their minds whether they really wanted to be heroes or not. The Captain called for volunteers to step across the deck. There was no imitation of a rush. Then he promised, if they would take the ship around with him, that he would land those who desired to go ashore at Louisburg, en route. On that understanding, he got all but five or six; these he kicked ashore, either actually or metaphorically. Probably the draft got them later, and to-day they may be buried in heroes' graves in Argyle House, London.

When the ship sighted Louisburg, there was a great smoke arising from the shore. It looked from a distance as though the Hun might be there, hurrying and burning. At all events, a sharp English bo'sun on board carried this news down below; and it was unanimously resolved to push on to Glace Bay. There they found—nothing at all.

Nevertheless, that wireless had been sent out with some intent. The explanation the naval authorities give is that it was sent from the German wireless station in the United States, and the idea was to draw away the British ships watching off New York to bottle up German steamers which might try to get away.

Fat Prizes Were Missed

IT is undeniable that unpreparedness on the part of Canada at the beginning of the war caused us the loss of many rich prizes. Had the naval program designed in 1911 been carried on, we should have had available for coast defence and offence here the *Niobe*, two smaller cruisers, and three destroyers. As it was we had the *Niobe* tied up to her wharf at Halifax, out of commission, and with a total ship's company of 32 out of her full complement of 670. They worked like Trojans to get her ready for sea. She began recruiting from the shore, and all the men in the dockyard were taken on, including one old-timer who was with Admiral Hornby in the passage of the Dardanelles in '78. The crews of the *Shearwater* and the *Algerian* were brought across from the Pacific, and put on board her. Large numbers of deserters from the Imperial navy mysteriously appeared from nowhere—men who had tired of the piping times of peace, but answered the call of war. In thirty days this sheer hulk, which had surrendered to the political big guns several years before, was ready for her trials.

But it was torment to those on board of her to think what they were missing while all this was going on. The Hamburg-American liner *Willehad*, a legitimate prey, with millions of dollars worth of cargo on board, came along and almost laughed in their faces. She steamed along the Nova Scotia coast, where they could almost see her smoke, and took refuge in Portland. The *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, with other millions in goods and gold, had left Boston before war broke out, but she was turned back by wireless; and fishermen off Cape Sable reported seeing her steam leisurely past our doors to take refuge in Bar Harbor, Maine. Officers of the *Niobe* say they would have had a chance, at least, at about a dozen big German ships, had she been in commission when war was declared.

The *Niobe* did good work, nevertheless, after she got in commission. She was attached to the examination service off New York, where her duty was to hold up all suspicious ships and examine them, reporting them on to Kirkwall, which was then the chief examining station. She has 65 captured ships to her credit; a record surpassed only by the *Suffolk*, with 67. In 1915, she steamed 37,500 miles—which for the "tin-pot navy" was going some. Later she was made the station ship at Halifax; and, in all, over 5,000 men were passed through her during the war, and put into the service.

"Who killed our navy?"
"I," said the politician;
"With the helpful addition
"Of the party press
I must confess,
I killed the navy."

"Who saw it die?"
"I," said Jack Hazen,
With attitude brazen.
"Now that I'm safely berthed
I don't care what's unearthed
I saw it die."

NAVAL activity on this side of the water was, admittedly, largely devoted to convoy work, and to making safe the path of the convoys and war ships by mine sweeping. No ship was supposed to go in or out of Halifax until the channel had been swept, and this was done regularly every morning.

Previous to the summer of 1917, the work was not done very systematically, because the German submarines had not begun to appear on this side, although there was a small patrol fleet at Halifax and an examination service. In that year it was realized that, owing to increased sphere of submarine action, the risks off this coast had been increased. In the latter part of 1916, the British Admiralty first approached the Canadian Naval Department on the subject of procuring ships to take up anti-submarine work. Later, they asked the Department to increase the patrol on this coast to 36 ships as soon as possible, and made inquiries as to whether some trawlers and drifters could be built in Canada. Presumably, they had some doubt about it; because among the many foolish, if not criminal, statements at the time of the navy discussion, it was said that it would take fifty years to build ships here; that we could not provide the riveters; and that wise young man, Winston Churchill, even went so far as to inform us that we had no ground here for a shipyard—when Canadians had always been under the impression that, next to water, ground was one of our largest assets. At all events, it was arranged to have one hundred drifters and thirty-six trawlers built in Canada, and to secure the crews to man them.

Recruiting centres were opened in many Canadian towns and cities and the three thousand additional officers and men needed were secured, and their training was begun. The patrol was then under Admiral Sir Charles Coke, R. N., who, having retired from the service, was serving as Commodore, R. N. R. He organized and conducted the patrol from May, 1917,

until August of the same year, when he was relieved by Captain Walter Hose, R. C. N.

In October, 1917, the newly built ships began to arrive from the St. Lawrence; and from then until the close of navigation, there was a steady stream of them arriving at Halifax. Considering all things, they were a floating refutation of the libel that good ships could not be built in Canada.

A British sea captain in Sydney told me that two of the best built ships he ever saw were among those built for the Dominion Government at Vickers, in Montreal.

It had now been decided that all the one hundred drifters would not be needed on the Canadian coast, and only 36 of this class were to be retained in Canada. During the winter of 1917-18, the patrol of mine sweepers was maintained off Halifax, their most important work being the protection of the large convoys made up there. There was also a watching patrol maintained along the coast between Halifax and St. John. Large numbers of the newly-joined men were being trained at Halifax in the many duties connected with the mine-sweeping patrol, escorts, anti-submarine work, including gunnery and the control of gun-fire, hydroplane work for locating submarines, depth-charge work, handling the different types of mine-sweeps, signalling and methods of operating patrol ships in company as a flotilla, both in clear and foggy weather.

When navigation opened in the spring, ships kept coming down the river to Halifax and Sydney, according to the base allotted to them. By July, 1918, the patrol had reached 130 ships in all, including six U.S. sub. chasers, attached to the Canadian flotilla. The work on which they were employed was mine-sweeping the approaches to Halifax and Sydney Harbors; and an American division was also held ready at each of those points to sweep the areas off the Canadian and Newfoundland coasts on which many mines were reported, or on which there was reason to believe mines had been laid.

The Material Was Raw

MINE sweeping operations, exclusive of the routine sweeps off Halifax, Sydney, and St. John, were carried on all along the coast routes from Sydney to Shelburne, and also to Cape Race; and there were regular patrols in the straits of Belle Isle. Temporary bases were operated in Newfoundland at Bonne Bay and Mutton Bay; and the total area over which Canadian patrols operated extended from Belle Isle, Newfoundland, to Cape Sable, N.S.; and from Gaspe to east of the Virgin Rocks.

While there were many experienced sailors in the crews, it must be admitted also that a good deal of the material was pretty raw. When the skippers used to go up the St. Lawrence to take down the trawlers and drifters, they had troubles of their own, and would wire back, despairingly: "For God's sake send us some sailors." It was up to them, however, to make sailors of what they had; and the work done by Canadian captains and mates has never been sufficiently recognized—nor paid. The skippers were taken from fishing schooners, lake vessels, or wherever they could get them. They had to learn all sorts of technical details absolutely new to them; how to keep in touch and manœuvre in bad weather; and many other things which it was never designed in peace time that a skipper should know. The crews enlisted from all over Canada; and, under conditions of life to which in most cases they were quite unused, proved very good. The lesson of this would seem to be that we have all the raw material for a very good navy in Canada—if we could keep the curse of partisan politics out of it.

In addition to the regular patrols, continuous investigations had to be carried on all over the area of operations to find out about suspicious ships, flashing lights, reported submarines, enemy plots, etc. There was any amount of such reported; wherever there was a German or any other of alien enemy origin—or even if he had a name sufficiently strange to hang a plot on—rumors were likely to grow. Down Lunenburg way, there dwelt a retired professor of languages, born in one of the German cantons of Switzerland, who caused many an earnest amateur detective to lay out on cold nights watching for suspicious signals. Finally it was thought that such were discovered, but there was no proof elicited that the old gentleman had been conducting anything but ordinary perambulations with a lantern; nor does there seem to have been any object possible in such treachery on his part. Again, there was considerable excitement aroused in Prince Edward Island by signals being flashed back and forth out of doors, in remote places; and it is probable that the black foxes were placed under double guard. It was found that the signalling was being conducted by members of the geodetic survey, proceeding about their business on their lawful occasions.

While it is improbable that any of these mysterious lights seen so frequently were those of the enemy, there is no doubt that many of them emanated from parties whom the authorities would have been glad to capture. The long, low, black lugger; the cave inland or on the shore; the rolling of barrels and the hurrying about with lanterns in the dead of night—all this is of not uncommon occurrence on the coast of Cape Breton. The French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, lying off the coast of Newfoundland, are opposite our eastern coast; and many a barrel of good stuff comes across without any notification to King George. When prohibition gets in full swing, believe me, gentle reader, there will be some busy times for the exciseman in Cape Breton and along our coast generally. The prohibition people will have to raise a fund to buy those islands from France if they want to make Canada dry.

Chasing a Phantom Sub

WHEN peace came, there was no class happier than the whales, and the porpoises, and any other marine inhabitants with round, black backs which they raise above the surface of the sea when traveling. The mortality caused among whales by sub-hunters was terrific. Anything that looked like a sub was fair game. Great excitement was caused at headquarters by a message received one morning from St. John's, Nfld., that a sub was lying doggo behind an ice-berg, 15 miles from Cape Royal. The patrol put forth, resolved to uphold the traditions of the service. They approached in battle formation, and had everything which should accompany an action against the enemy, including "low visibility; but the enemy could be discerned, about as reported.

As they came close, it submerged, but immediately rose again. The decks were cleared for action, battle stations were ordered, and the cook retired to the fo'c's'le to pray. Just as they were prepared to fire a salvo, they found that some other ship had beaten them to it; it was merely a dead whale, with five gannets perched on it; but it looked for all the world like the real thing, and the swell of their advancing ship against the berg had caused it to submerge and rise again.

We had subs of our own—two of them; but they were not dangerous to human life, so long as the crew maintained care in operating them. Nevertheless, they were brought around from British Columbia, where Dick McBride had stationed them after he got them from the tinsmith at Seattle who soldered them. Lying at the wharf at Halifax, where they could be seen in all their menacing effect by Trotzky, or Bernstorff, or any other potential enemy in there to have his clothes gone through, their moral effect was probably strong. Their ultimate disposal has not been finally decided upon, but it is not unlikely that they will be given to the Czecho-Slovaks, if they will consent to take them; if not, they must be made to do so.

In addition to the patrol work by ships, there was a squadron of hydroplanes during the latter months of the war. In 1917, the United States opened a naval base at Halifax, with branches at Shelburne and North Sydney, and an air station at the Eastern Passage, in Halifax harbor. The coast was patrolled by them, and they used to accompany convoys to sea searching from on high for subs. On one occasion they flew along the coast towns from Halifax to Yarmouth, bearing messages to the different mayors en route, to show what the planes could do.

THEY had three sub. chasers stationed at Halifax, and three at North Sydney. In addition to looking after American interests, this organization was entrusted with numerous duties which, otherwise, the Canadian or Imperial Governments would have had to perform. It was of tremendous service to the allied cause, as it helped to guard the vitally important port of Halifax, and coast of Nova Scotia from Hun raids, as well as performing many other valuable services. Nova Scotia became U.S. Naval Base 23, which, in war time, is always in an allied country. Captain H. K. Hines, U.S.N., arrived in Halifax May 31st, 1917, all Eastern Canada being placed under the jurisdiction. The American organization at Halifax was very large and complete, and included not only naval work, but transport, medical, and Red Cross organizations, with canteens for the troops passing through; and very charming girls from all over the United States who, in their attractive uniform, were a striking feature of the wonderful panorama which the old city presented in war time.

The people of Halifax cannot say enough that is good about the Americans. For one thing, the quickness and wonderful liberality of the aid rendered at the time of the explosion, particularly from Massachusetts, touched the heart of the people down there so deeply that the feeling they have for their American neighbors is something more than friendship.

Thousands of United States troops passed through the city, and many of them had no idea where they were, judging from the questions they used to ask.

Examining All Strange Ships

THE other big feature of the work at Halifax and Sydney, perhaps the big feature was the examination of ships. At first the examinations of all suspicion or neutral ships was done at Kirkwall; but later on this work was transferred to this side, and all the necessary staff, which was very large, brought over. The ships to be examined were brought into Bedford Basin; some of them were there for months—so long that the men on one ship started a garden on her decks and raised flowers and vegetables. One large ship apparently could never give a satisfactory account of herself, as she was still there this spring.

Bedford Basin, which is a continuation of Halifax harbor, but landlocked except for a narrow passage, presented an extraordinary sight, with as many as one hundred large ships, camouflaged in wonderful futurist painting, riding there at once. It used to be a favorite expression of descriptive writers on Halifax that "the navies of the world could ride at anchor in Bedford Basin." Apparently they could come close to doing so, as there was still lots of room, even with the crowd of wartime ships. The assembled wealth represented was of a staggering nature, and it would have been great picking for a German sub.

Undoubtedly some interesting finds were made at the examinations conducted. Trotzky and family were removed from one ship, and after a short stay in Halifax were transferred to the internment camp at Amherst, N.S. They were, unfortunately, released after about a month.

Bernstorff and his party were held up on the *Frederick VII* in Bedford Basin for some days, while the ship and party underwent a most thorough search. He was particularly furious over this incident. Great quantities of contra-

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Patrol vessels in Halifax Harbor.

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION-

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Have We Narrowly Escaped Soviet Government?

WHAT is the cause of the present industrial unrest in Canada—which has reached its most aggravated stage in Winnipeg?

"Organized Bolshevism, . . . which exposes a critical and cankerous condition in the industrial life of Canada," answers the Quebec *Telegraph*.

"The 'red,' or I. W. W. element," says the Edmonton *Bulletin*.

"A denial of our unrestricted right to collective bargaining," asserts the Winnipeg *Labor News*.

"The One Big Union movement is the underlying cause of the whole trouble," says the Ottawa *Journal*, quoting Senator Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labor.

"The fatuous imbecility of the self-appointed dictators of labor in Winnipeg," is the way the Winnipeg *Telegram* puts it.

"The failure of the iron-masters to concede the right of collective bargaining," is the local cause, as given by the Manitoba *Free Press*

"Prohibition," says the Toronto *Mail and Empire*. "The workingmen are not restive because they can no longer get liquor at bars or in shops. . . . taking away the befogging and benumbing effects of alcohol has sharpened their wits, made them more aggressive in self-interest, and led them to pay more attention to economic and social conditions."

"The high price of the necessities of life," says the Belleville *Intelligeneer*. The Saskatoon *Phoenix* blames it on the Minister of Labor, saying:

"Hon. Thos. Crothers, by his lazy and inept administration of the labor department which had also most to do with the cost of food, fuel and other essentials, was largely instrumental in creating the conditions that have led up to the present unrest. He plainly wanted nothing done to check the profiteering of the food sharks."

The Toronto *Star* attributes the prevailing troubles to the same cause in an editorial headed: "The Real Cause of Discontent," saying:

"The conviction is growing stronger that the real cause of industrial unrest is not Bolshevism or any other theory, but the high cost of living. The workingman's dollar will buy only about half what it bought twenty years ago. He is forced to strike, or make a protest of some kind, not to establish Soviets or even to improve his condition, but just to keep up with the continual increase in the cost of food, clothing, and rent."

The "O. B. U."—what is it? It is only since March of this year that the "One Big Union" idea has appeared prominently in the Canadian press. The Vancouver *World* thus interprets it:

"If we have correctly understood the implications of the movement it aims to reach a certain objective and to reach it by exercise of industrial strength—in other words by use of the strike weapon if and when the members of the "One Big Union" decide that that is the most expedient way.

"Craft organizations are to disappear. One single organization is to replace them. This means that collective agreements made with employers by individual unions will no longer be made. Strikes by individual unions, also, will be abolished. In future, if one set of industrial workers has a grievance they deem of such importance as to call for a strike, not one union or a number of allied trades will go out but the whole body of workers.

"In this way social and industrial life of the provinces where the 'One Big Union' is supreme may be paralyzed at a moment's notice. Winnipeg's plight will be nothing in comparison."

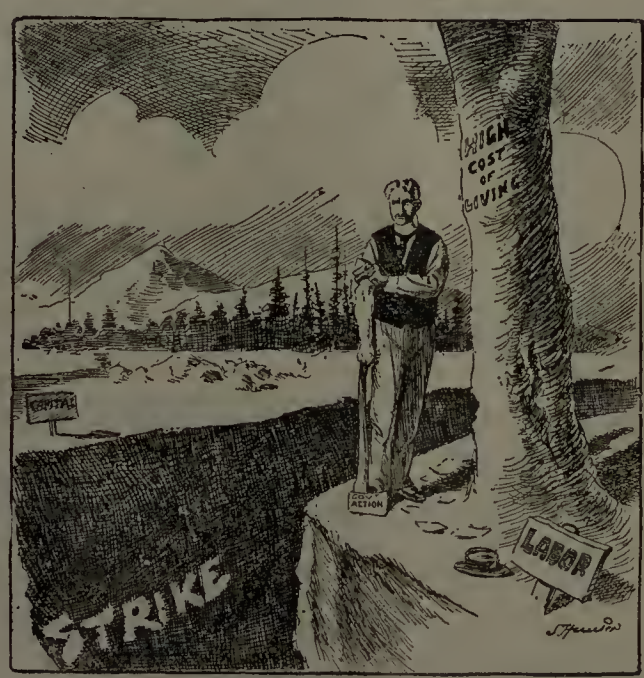
Of the O. B. U. the Manitoba *Free Press*, says:

"The fact is that this general strike is as much an attempt at revolution in the labor world as it is in the political world. In the labor world it is an attempt to destroy the individual unions and the international orders and to replace them with the One Big Union which is nothing more nor less than the attempted application of I.W.W. ideas to industry—a scheme which is quite unworkable without an accompanying political revolution."

The Edmonton *Bulletin* has no love for the O. B. U. and thus describes it:

"The principle of the O. B. U. is to cut loose from international affiliation and to consider a bargain only binding, if at all, on the employer. Its purposes are frankly not constructive, but revolutionary. While using the trades unions, its purpose differs radically from theirs. Their purpose is the improvement of industrial conditions. The purpose of the O. B. U. is the usurpation of the functions of Government. Democracy—the right of the majority to rule—is the first principle of the trades unions. The O. B. U. sneers at the idea of Government by majority. The trades unions recognize the rights of other sections of the community. The O. B. U. does not."

The Tornto *Times* believes organized labor has suffered severely through association with the O. B. U.:



—Sam Hunter, Toronto "World"

Just one way to bridge the chasm.

"Organized Labor, particularly in the West, has lost public sympathy by permitting itself to be made the tool of designing I.W.W.'s and other extremists, obviously financed from abroad. The One Big Union movement is a direct outcome of the Bolshevist propaganda which has been carried on throughout the Dominion for several months past. A Soviet Government was set up in Winnipeg, in fact, if not in name."

The Montreal *Star* sees a distinct menace in the O. B. U. and asserts:

"Canada cannot afford to harbor men who plot to destroy the institutions of the country and usurp the authority of Governments and Parliaments. Nor may the Governments be driven by panic to enact revolutionary and confiscatory legislation. A Red autocracy is as objectionable and dangerous as a Prussian autocracy."

The Port Arthur *News-Chronicle* says:

"It is not wanted in Canada. It has proven itself a menace to the welfare of the country, and cannot be tolerated by a people who have any regard for their personal liberties and independence."

The Quebec *Telegraph* questions whether "this is a legitimate labor weapon." The Toronto *Globe* claims that the sympathetic strike in Toronto was "engineered by supporters of the One Big Union, and failed utterly." The Edmonton *Bulletin*, Lethbridge *Herald*, Montreal *Gazette*, Victoria *Times*, Calgary *Albertan*, and other papers from coast to coast blame the O. B. U. for the industrial troubles—and unanimously condemn it. The Minister of Labor's view, as expressed in the Ottawa *Journal*, is unequivocal:

"I have no hesitation in stating that the One Big Union movement is the underlying cause of the whole trouble, and that the Winnipeg general strike deserves no sympathy or support from labor organizations outside."

How much of Bolshevism is there in the labor unrest in Winnipeg—and the rest of Canada? When the general strike was first declared in Winnipeg, and that city isolated from the world, it was reported that a Soviet Government had been proclaimed, and to most Canadians the word "Soviet" has had a malign significance.

The Manitoba *Free Press* asserts that the Seattle and Winnipeg strikes are identical in aim, and adds:

"They were both experiments in Bolshevism, directed against existing authority. The parallel will hold true to the end. The Seattle strike failed. The Winnipeg strike will also fail."

The same paper thus describes two features of the "Soviet" rule:

"Waiters were allowed to return to certain restaurants under instruction that at the psychological moment they were to supply food only to people who would show union cards—a leaf straight out of Lenine's book.

There is something more than a suggestion in this policy of ukase about the water question. They graciously permitted the people of Winnipeg to have water up to a pressure of 30 lbs. for the reason as they set forth in their literature that this would ensure a supply of water to everyone who lived in a small house, but would deprive everybody who was better circumstanced in housing his usual supply. Here was a deliberate attempt to discriminate between sections of the community."

The Winnipeg *Labor News* denies that the strikers had revolutionary or Soviet leanings. This paper suggested a committee from each side could settle the difficulties, but added:

"The alternative to the above is a Dominion-wide struggle, the final ramifications of which are wholly beyond prediction. There will be bitterness and ruin for men in every direction, and there may well be bloodshed and chaos, without parallel in our history."

To this, the St. John, N. B., *Globe* remarks:

"It does not seem possible that this is written of Canada, but there it is, the official utterance of the Winnipeg strikers. Certainly, the situation seems to be desperate."

To quote Gladstone, Winnipeg was confronted with a condition, not a theory. This may explain why several newspapers, separated by half a continent from Winnipeg, saw utter chaos looming up for Canada long after the Winnipeg papers recognized that the attempt at Soviet control had failed. The Moncton *Times* says:

"The Bolshevists and I.W.W.'s who are behind the One Big Union mean to plunge Canada into the same state of chaos as that which has long prevailed in Russia. It is even probable that Lenine and Trotzky are in direct communication with the most violent of the Reds, who are endeavoring to exploit labor unrest throughout Canada for their own purposes."

And the Quebec *Chronicle* remarked:

"The issue is now no longer, even nominally, an

industrial dispute or a demonstration of Trades Unionism; it is one of organized anarchy and incipient revolution."

But, by this time, chances of disorder seemed more remote to those in Manitoba. As the Brandon *Sun* stated, "the repudiation by Labor men of 'Red' leaders who have gained control of some branches of Organized Labor, will provide a basis for the getting together which must be brought about if we are to live in peace and harmony rather than in dissension and strife."

What was the situation in Winnipeg after a few days? The Winnipeg *Telegram* exhorted the citizens to hold out with courage, and prophesied:

"Let the revolution in Winnipeg be defeated, and the rest of Canada will heed the salutary lesson. Not even a Bolshevist agitator will wage with enthusiasm a fight in which he has not the encouragement at least of a weak-kneed attitude on the part of his antagonists."

The Winnipeg *Tribune* said:

"Industrial strife may continue for a time, strikes may continue, but the handful of men who proclaimed soviet or anarchy rule as their goal now realize that Canada is not Russia."

The real reason why Winnipeg and Canada did not experience the terrors, crimes and miseries of a Russian Revolution is clearly stated by the Manitoba *Free Press*:

"Of course, the whole daring and elaborate plot to take over the reins of power is now in ruins, because the Red Five, ingenious and resourceful as they think they are, overlooked one very important fact, which was that they are dealing with Canadians, whereas their high priests and exemplars, Lenine and Trotzky, had only ignorant Russians to deal with.

"Before they are through with the little adventure upon which they embarked, they will know a good deal more than they do now about the difficulty of organizing a Soviet Government a la Russia in an intelligent democracy like Canada."

Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon, declined to believe—"that the Winnipeg strike was fostered and is being engineered by anti-British foreign agitators. Unfortunately, some men of that class appear to be mixed up in the strike, but it is safe to say that they are hampering rather than helping it, as the only effect of their presence on the scene is to alienate public opinion."

Exposure to the light, not suppression, is the best Bolshevistic prophylactic, in the opinion of the Montreal *Star*:

"No good can be obtained by disguising the fact that Bolshevism or a kindred creed has obtained a footing in the more radical wing of Labor. Each outbreak should be investigated and its source determined, wherever and whenever it shows its head. Sporadic epidemics should be isolated just as the patients of smallpox and malignant fevers are quarantined. But prevention of Bolshevism does not lie in repression, but in its exposure to air and sunlight, in improving social and industrial conditions and in a greater sympathy between employers and employed."

"Collective bargaining," the immediate and ascribed cause of the Winnipeg general strike, is an ambiguous term, as the Toronto *Times* points out:

"'Collective bargaining,' therefore, may mean the submission of employers to unions which are wholly outside their factory-practice. It may mean, as in England, joint discussion between employers and unions in the same line of industry. To the extreme Radical it may mean a conference of all employers with a general Strike Committee of Fifteen, in other words, a Soviet.

"We do not believe that the extreme Radical interpretation should prevail. There can be no co-operation on that basis."

The Montreal *Gazette* scores collective bargaining in the following paragraph:

"Collective bargaining is such a one-sided thing that the employer cannot depend on the collective bargainers performing in a loyal way their part of the mutual obligation. Nor while unions are organized as they are is there surety that any other order will exist. The unions are not corporate bodies. They cannot be sued to compel the fulfilment of what they undertake. If they break bargains to which their seals have been attached, there may be recourse at law against individual members; but it is likely to be ineffective. The preliminary to effective collective bargaining must be the incorporation of the union and the making of their funds, their officers and their members responsible for failure to observe or action to break a bargain."

An interpretation of collective bargaining is essential, several papers assert. If it merely means joint discussion between employers and their employees' unions, then it is generally favored by the Toronto *Star*, Manitoba *Free Press*, Ottawa *Journal*, and other representative newspapers. But Canada has no use for the Lenine-Trotzky interpretation of the phrase, says the Toronto *Times*:

"In other words, employers are asked to walk humbly to the headquarters of a Workmen's Council, or to be frank, a Soviet, and receive their orders. That is not "collective bargaining." The Labor man who thinks it is has been misled by the wild talk of some vicious 'Red' propagandists who are doing Lenine's dirty work in this country.

"Senator Robertson, himself an outstanding Labor man, has denounced in Winnipeg this Russian interpretation of the term 'collective bargaining,' and we feel sure that his statement has the complete endorsation of every intelligent supporter of the trade-union principle."

General—or sympathetic—strikes failed emphatically to meet with the approval of the Canadian press. The Ottawa *Journal* says:

"A general strike, on a sympathetic basis, is a weapon of terrorism to force the whole community to try to compel an employer to concede what may be asked of him by or on behalf of him by his employees."

What is the reason for a sympathetic strike? The Edmonton *Free Press*, the official organ of the Edmonton Trades and Labor Council, in an editorial entitled: "Hang together or separately," explains:

"There are probably some citizens who are unable to span the gap between Edmonton and Winnipeg. Because Organized Labor in Winnipeg is on strike, why should Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Lethbridge, with certainty of Vancouver and other cities if matters are not adjusted, be affected, is the question asked. Organized Labor replies that if Winnipeg workers are smashed, the next step would be another city. One by one Organized Labor would be picked off at leisure. Therefore, it is necessary for Organized Labor as a whole to stand together."

The same organ advised the strikers a few days later to return to work, issuing the following statement:

"Edmonton Organized Labor went on strike to express unmistakable sympathy with the Winnipeg strikers, and provide a labor demonstration that would echo in the halls of Parliament. That end has been accomplished."

The Vancouver *Province*, in commenting on its local labor outbreak, has this to say:

"This is not a matter that can be settled by any local agreement. There is nothing to arbitrate. It is not a Vancouver affair. Halfway across the continent a few employers and a few workers in their industries have a disagreement. They can not determine whether it should be settled by a conference between the employers and men of the particular craft concerned or whether men from other allied trades should intervene. That is the reason why a general strike is called here fifteen hundred miles away, imposing a grave calamity on the whole population, not one man, woman or child of whom had anything to do with the original cause of the strike, or any power to prevent it."

Such a strike is doomed to failure, believes the Victoria *Times*.

—Sam Hunter, Toronto "World"
"Cut the 'red' stuff, Jimmie, it's losing."

Like many others, the Toronto *Star* objects to the sympathetic strike when it involves the violation of contractual agreements "by any body of men who are under an agreement to sell their labor for a given time upon certain terms and conditions."

The Ottawa *Journal* commends the action of President Brown, of the Toronto Metal Workers' Union, in advising those unions which struck to help his organization to call off their strike and adds that "he was quick to recognize the symptoms and advised the unions striking in sympathy to go back to work at once."

Other interesting condemnations of the sympathetic strike are:

Quebec *Chronicle*: "Harmful to the permanent interests of all concerned, and contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of public law."

Ottawa *Journal*: "The principle and practice of pirates or highwaymen."

Toronto *Globe*: "Canadians are not in the mood to be bludgeoned into a lip sympathy."

Toronto *World*: "A general strike is a form of civil war. . . . an unjust form. . . . virtual revolt against the established order."

Calgary *Albertan*: "A harsh, cruel and unjust weapon."

Toronto *Mail and Empire*: "Completely outside the pale of right."

Montreal *Star*: "Instinctively antagonizes the British sense of business, honor and fair play."

Brandon *Sun*: "Arbitrary despotism."

If the sympathetic strike is strictly localized it finds some favor in the eyes of the Ottawa *Journal*, which says:

"For the 'sympathetic strike' in any particular centre there is likely to be considerable excuse."

The strikers' decision against permitting issuance of Winnipeg newspapers, during the early days of the strike, is universally condemned. As the Nelson *News* so appositely remarks:

"If the strikers are right they don't need to fear public opinion. If they are wrong they will gain nothing in the long run by trying to conceal it."

There is a strong current of feeling running throughout the press against the striking of civic and national employees. The citizens are entitled to postal service, water, light, heat, transportation, etc., it is felt. As the Winnipeg *Telegram* says:

"The ordinary citizen won't stand for Bolshevism of any description. Nor is he in favor of general strikes. He thinks men employed in the public service should keep their agreements and stick to the arbitration principle."

The same paper says later:

"Not even the Dominion Government has the right to subject the people of Winnipeg to the hardship and loss which the cessation of mail service involves, for a single day."

The inadequacy of Government action is the theme of scores of editorials. Western papers almost universally condemn Mayor Gray's actions as spineless, the Edmonton *Bulletin* referring to him as "the pinhead tool of the Soviet Government." The Montreal *Gazette* says:

"To tolerate the conduct of the Winnipeg officials is to destroy the very foundation of government, to make impotent the power of Cabinet and Parliament, and to put the Soviet in the saddle where popular Government now sits."

Sam Hunter, Toronto "World"
From Behind Cover.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

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Germany Can Be Prosperous Under the Peace Terms

The Conditions Will Actually Make For Great Industrial Activity

TWO remarkably interesting and important points are made by Samuel Crowther in the course of an article on "Germany under the Peace Treaty" in *World's Work*. The first is that Germany, far from gaining strength since the armistice, has been rapidly running downhill as a result of loss of national spirit. The second, and more important one, is that Germany is in a position to actually achieve prosperity under the peace terms imposed. This latter view is so different from the view universally held that the facts from which he draws his conclusions are well worth examination. He writes:

You may say: "What difference does it make what Germany thinks about the war or the peace? They have to take what is given to them." It makes all the difference in the world. Germany is not a country that has had prosperity thrown into its lap; what it has it either stole or worked for, and both with equal laboriousness. If they keep to the belief that they were forced into the war and are now being badly used —if they are aggressively impenitent, they will set to with a will and make a new Germany which will be industrially stronger than the old, and they will pay their war claims as a mere incident. They will work for all that is in them and perhaps in another fifty years they will start to recover the territory that they have lost. On the other hand, if they throw up the sponge, they will not pay their war debts and the world will have a problem on its hands.

For the territorially deleted Germany under the Peace Treaty is not industrially weakened, unless all the very valuable coal and iron mines of Upper Silesia are ceded to Poland, and that is impossible of determination from the published summary of the treaty. The country is resigned to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; the granting of Moresnet, Eupen, and Malmedy to Belgium are matters of no moment and industrial Germany is secretly rather glad to be rid of East and West Prussia with all the crew of farmer-Junkers who by their power in Berlin used to milk the whole population in order that they might collect what amounted to a subsidy on exports of foodstuffs. These feudal barons ruled Germany through the Kaiser, who was one of them, and when they fostered industry it was only as a farmer fattens a hog for the killing. The way of industry in Germany was not wholly strewn with rose petals; it bitterly resented its subordination to the military caste and it did not consider the mailed fist as good business. Neither did it subscribe to the doctrine that business must always be gained at the expense of someone else. That fiction formerly held; but many of the leaders, and particularly Herr Ballin, had before the war reached the same conclusions as the heads of the American trusts —that more profit is to be had by attending to business than by devoting energy to throttling competition. The Kaiser did not understand business at all, but he liked a uniform and loved to think of a kind of uniformed business—a commercial imperialism that connoted the tramp of marching men. The Mittel-Europa idea, the concept of a self-contained Germany and the dream of world dominion came from the military and never found particular favor with the people of business. As the managing director of a large steel plant at Dusseldorf said to me:

"I cannot say that we like to lose Lorraine, but we shall not lose the ores and neither will they cost us more than before. France does not know how to make steel; they have not the skilled directors and neither have they the proper coke. The mines are of little use without our coke, for coke from England would be too expensive. If France should raise the price of the ore, we would raise the price of coke or buy all our ores from Sweden, Spain or Austria; it would then be France and not Germany that would suffer. The loss of potash in Alsace is somewhat more important, but here again our home supply is quite large enough, and we shall continue to control the price. If restoring Alsace-Lorraine will do anything toward preventing another war, I am glad that it is gone. I am glad, too, to see the end of militarism, and I hope for a compact Germany that can attend to business.

"If the Emperor had carried through his plans, we should have had a very great empire that we should not have been able to finance. If the Peace Conference creates all the small states which they seem to be talking about and arranges for their finance, then we shall have more good customers than we have ever had; the prosperity of Germany lies in being the England of the Continent—buying raw materials abroad and then selling them in the finished state to the Continent just as England buys her raw materials abroad and sends them out again across the seas as finished materials. A nation which expects to make war should be self-contained, but no nation is or ever can be wholly self-contained, and in peace it helps business and is often cheaper to be able to buy in other countries."

This is a fairly representative business view—although it is very different from what we imagined the German post-war view would be.

The whole present commercial tendency of Germany is to swing as far in the individualistic direction, through large combinations of capital, as formerly they swung in the direction of governmental centralization. Therefore, although Lorraine and Luxemburg furnished nearly three-quarters of Germany's iron, the men in Westphalia who used that iron view the territorial loss almost without concern. They do not care who rolls the court so long as they are allowed the right to play on it.

And from a strictly commercial basis the suzerainty of France over the Sarre fields for a period of fifteen years is of little importance. The German organization will continue to do the mining and, if the production is on account of the indemnity and is a method of payment, it represents an easy way for Germany. The Lorraine and Prussian portion of the Sarre fields made up only 35,000,000 tons out of a total German production of 210,000,000 tons of coal and 90,000,000 tons of lignite.

But those Germans who treated the loss of Lorraine so lightly were most bitter on the possibility of giving up the Prussian part of the Sarre and it may be that nationalism will override actual commercial values. But the general German commercial opinion, divorced from all nationalism, was that whatever France got in the way of mineral territory would not harm Germany, for they firmly believe that France never permits sentiment to outweigh dollars and that the mines will be worth more and therefore used under German management and selling their product to German furnaces.

Aside from Upper Silesia, the economic straitjacketing of Germany is more apparent than real—excepting the ships and the financial provisions. Putting Kehl and Strassburg into the free port list is of little moment and is, indeed, an aid to Germany with France holding Lorraine. Danzig is of a greater sentimental than actual value. The agreements to supply coal will keep German workers busy and stimulate home trade, the option on German dyes will probably be looked upon as an easy way to dispose of a product about which the chemical engineers were considerably worried in view of the progress in dye making in England and the United States. The fixation of the tariff for a period of years is a political godsend, for the rank and file of the Germans would probably have protested bitterly against a general raising of customs rates and would likely have made it a political issue.

But the real wealth of Germany was not in the coal and iron of Lorraine or of the Sarre, or even in the potash of Alsace. The real wealth was in the transformation of iron, steel, cottons, woollens, silks, and base chemicals into finished articles of consumption; and the principal places where these transformations took place were Essen, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Duisburg, Barmen, Elberfeld, Solingen, Krefeld, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Frankfort-on-Main, and throughout Saxony. These sections have not been touched by war or by peace; they are ready to function, once they have raw materials—and the will. If Germany elects to put aside her sorrows and will take the country as it is, she will be a stronger and more compact commercial entity than before the war, and is probably facing a period of extraordinary prosperity —provided finances can be straightened out.

For now Germany will be rid of the preponderating influence of the Junkers and will not have to strike a balance betwen industry and agriculture. In its present deleted condition under the Peace Treaty it is wholly an industrial nation.

What is its condition as a going industrial nation? First take its man power and the willingness of that man power to work. The toll of killed and wounded was very large, but nowhere could I discover even a potential shortage of labor. For instance, 10 per cent. of the Hamburg dockers did not come back from the war—about 4,000 were killed or injured to an extent to destroy their working lives. But more than 4,000 of the women who took dock jobs during the war do not want to leave and they will be kept on. The Hamburg losses were especially heavy; men could be spared from there. In the Rhinelands the actual loss among workers is not enough even for the employers to notice—at least so they told me. One does not see many cripples; one-legged or one-armed men seem as rare in a German city as they are common in an English city. But they are there; you may discover that the clerk who attends you has an artificial hand or, if you are sharp-eyed, you will wonder why so often the gait of a man walking seems peculiar. The reason that the cripples are not so apparent is that they have been everywhere fitted with artificial limbs. Although Germany since the Armistice has neglected nearly all the ordinary duties of government, the work of rehabilitation has gone on. Industrial Germany will not be short of men—provided the men will work. Agricultural Germany is very short of man power but it always had to import labor for the harvests and will probably continue doing so.

The almost universal desire is for more work and more food, and the inroads of the Spartacists or Bolsheviki are really negligible. We have more trouble every day in the week in the United States than they have in Germany, and where they use a regiment of troops we would send a dozen policemen.

The Woman Who Wrecked the World

Sophie Chotek's Romance and Tragedy Culminated in the World War

THE tragic romance of Sophie Chotek, "the woman who wrecked the world," the wife who went to her death with Franz Ferdinand of Austria, at Sarajevo in June, 1914, is told in the *Forum*. The "little lady of Bohemia" won the heart of the Austrian Emperor's heir, and finally won her way from a mere lady-in-waiting to the heart of the most exclusive court in the world.

Through the assassin's smoke at Sarajevo one discerns the face of a dainty, petite, high-cheeked woman, with rounded chin and fragile nose, intangibly attractive, yet not unlike many of the women of Bohemia. She possessed wondrous eyes, demure, yet deep, vague yet welling with ambition, a vast ambition that was to bring her and the man she loved to Sarajevo—to their doom—and the world to war.

You have never heard of the Little Lady of Bohemia, Sophie Chotek? . . . .

She, an obscure little countess of Bohemia, daughter of an impoverished household, a mere lady-in-waiting at the court of Vienna, won the heart of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. And, in her persuasive way, she awakened in him a desire to do justice to those dragooned peoples of Hapsburg domains, conspicuous among

—From the "Passing Shows," (London).
PLAYING POSSUM
(Germany's Statement to Her Creditors)

them the Czechs of Bohemia, the land she loved. So did the oppressors at Vienna come to fear the ascension of her husband to the throne. So came it that they struck him down, and she with him. So from that assassination war burst over Europe.

There burned in her that fierce patriotism common to the suppressed little nationality of Central Europe. Through her girlhood in the little poverty-stricken castle of the Choteks she had heard of the wrongs done the Bohemians. She knew that they were numerically a power. Once Bohemia was placed upon the same political footing in the empire as Hungary they would be a decided political power. She thought if she could induce Franz Ferdinand, when he came to the throne, to revive the old kingdom of Bohemia, and, in the south, to form a "Triune" kingdom of Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, this would make him extremely popular with the Slavish elements in the monarchy. It would strengthen her position, and that of their heir, whom she was determined to put upon the throne. And she knew that, secure in her husband's love, she could appeal to his sense of justice to grant these little people the political advancement which was their due.

She knew also, what Vienna did not

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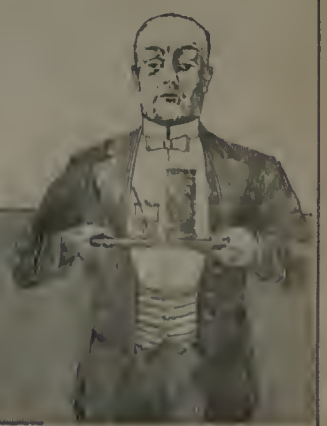

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know, that she was the lady to do the driving. Yet, she was not a schemer who had married him, merely to make him the instrument for her ambitions. A clever, far-seeing woman, she was looking into the future and she knew that unless justice were done the small peoples, that upon the death of the old Emperor, "the crazy-quilt Empire" would be torn apart and thrown into the ragbag of European powers. And in the castle of Konopischt she dreamed and bided her time.

There came a day when she was only half happy; it was not in her heart to be unhappy. Her Franz Ferdinand was sent to the tropics. He was gone on Imperial business, many, many months; indeed so long was he away that Sophie began to grow uneasy. Had the old Emperor learned of their love? What if something had happened to Franz Ferdinand? She felt that only disaster could keep her from him. She was confident of that. Then from over the seas came letters, wonderful letters, the thoughts in them softened by the tropics where he worked. And he followed the letters home.

He went first to his distant home at Konopischt, to Sophie and his baby girl; then to his official home, the palace of the Emperor. Franz Ferdinand had worked strenuously on his foreign mission, and so delighted was old Franz Joseph that he named him Inspector General of the Army and hailed him as the heir to the throne. Of course, Franz Ferdinand's father, the swollen spider, Karl Ludwig, "Blue Beard of the Hapsburg," was first heir. The spider though had not long to live, nor did the old Emperor wish him to live. Franz Ferdinand was his choice. The young man was high in favor. He had been in Vienna but a few days when the Emperor made known a wish. He wanted Franz Ferdinand to marry. He wanted to see an Emperor and Empress in embryo ready to ascend the throne. Old Franz Joseph knew the Hapsburg blood. He wanted Franz Ferdinand out of trouble, happily, "safely" married.

Meanwhile, Sophie remained in the forest castle of her husband. Even the little Bohemian village nearby had heard the rumors drifting up from Vienna. "The Crown Prince has returned from the tropics," it was said; "the old Emperor is forcing wives upon him."

A less clever woman would have gone straight to Vienna and shrilled in the aged ear of the Emperor that Franz Ferdinand was already married and she was his wife, the mother of his children —for other children had been born in the castle at Konopischt. But Sophie had more sense than that. She had sense enough to grasp fully the fact that her husband was overwhelmingly in love with her and the old Emperor could arrange for him to meet twenty princesses and that her big Crown Prince would be polite, and nothing more, to them all. She knew that all the emperors in Europe would never make Franz Ferdinand give her up. So when she heard the rumors, she merely smiled.

Meanwhile, the old Emperor had driven Franz Ferdinand into a corner, so the young man hurled a bomb. When it burst there came out of the smoke the fact that he already had a wife, a charming, brainy woman, and that he was very happy. But in the eyes of the Emperor, Sophie was merely a low-born Countess of Bohemia, a former lady-in-waiting, a morganatic, unknown wife, moreover of despised Czech blood. They were joined fast by the Church, and she was the mother of a boy; but the old Emperor smiled. Such things had been arranged before, indeed, very often in the house of Hapsburg. Why not again?

"I will settle a great sum of money on her," he told Franz Ferdinand. "I will make a great donation to the Church. It will be discovered that you were never properly married," but Franz Ferdinand shook his head. "She is my wife. She will come to the throne with me."

Morosely the old Emperor shook his head. He sighed as he yielded to the inevitable. "You, too, Ferdinand. I thought you were different; strong. I thought that some day you would be an Emperor with a will of iron. But you are like the rest of us---a woman's face."

Melancholy days dawned for the Emperor, but he would not admit defeat. He called for his counsellors and had them refresh his mind on the statutes. He saw that the law of the Austrian Empire forbade any but a princess of royal blood to come to the rank of empress. He smiled grimly as he read this safeguard against the children of any woman trapping royalty from ascending the throne. He laughed as he thought of Franz Ferdinand with a wife who could never reign in Austria; with a child who could never come to the Imperial throne. But he scowled as he reflected that curiously enough this same law did not apply in Hungary and in the other dominions of the Dual Monarchy. In these then, this obscure Countess could in time become Queen and her son, in time, King. Perhaps it were better to placate Sophie Chotek. Two days later the old Emperor changed Countess Sophie into the Princess of Hohenberg, and gave to her the title of Serene Highness. This would make her forget her ambitions for the Bohemians, so he thought.

Franz Ferdinand was a strong man; he crossed the Emperor's wishes, jeopardizing his future throne. In a sour mood the Emperor might have banished him then and there. Anthony of Rome, and our own Andrew Jackson were strong men and they laid their power in women's hands. But Franz Ferdinand, when he yielded to Sophie, became a toy in her hands. Vienna said, "She carries him in her pocket." He was honest and he was blunt, quite without the shrewd gift for diplomacy that belonged to the Hapsburgs. Sophie had her enormous ambition to right the wrongs of the Czechs. He did this not idealistically, possessing no passion for justice, no desire to see down-trodden people uplifted. He did it merely because a dainty hand stroked his chin and a sweet voice said: "Franz, won't you do this for me?" Sugar-fed, spur-pricked, the good steed went prancing into the arena of world politics. Blind to what it would mean, never thinking of the power of the forces in the Dual Monarchy, and in Germany, that he would antagonize by espousing the cause of the Czechs, Franz Ferdinand led their fight. For him, personally, it was bad; for the former maid-in-waiting it was good. At the worst, she would be able to tear out the kingdom of Bohemia from the Austrian "crazy quilt" for her son.

Time went on, and her power became more great. The old Emperor grew to know her wisdom and took her into his counsel. When Austria cynically tore up the treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the diplomats wondered. It was a bold, ruthless act. Being wise men, many of the diplomats gave the credit to Franz Ferdinand. He was young, ambitious, strong. There were others who looked behind the figure of the Crown Prince and saw that stronger woman with the firm chin and the round eyes which at times could be as innocent as a baby's. And they decided that it was she who had inspired the tearing up of the treaty of Berlin—she who had made herself ducal wife, who would carve out a great empire for her son, who would make herself supreme in that empire, or pull down the pillars of Europe.

Nothing was beyond her ambition. She schemed across the borders of Austria. She caused herself to be invited to Berlin by the Kaiser; she pretended to agree with him in his schemes. He did her many honors, all of which helped her in Vienna. The old Emperor raised her to the rank of Archduchess and bestowed upon her the title of Imperial Highness. This cleared her path to the throne; it was the first step toward the removal of the barrier between her son and the throne; it made it possible for that boy of unprincely blood to some day become Austrian Emperor.

In Vienna there formed a strong party opposed to the "Chotek woman," as they called her. They pinned their hopes upon the gallant Otto—he who sought to jump his horse over a hearse in the streets of Vienna. A notorious

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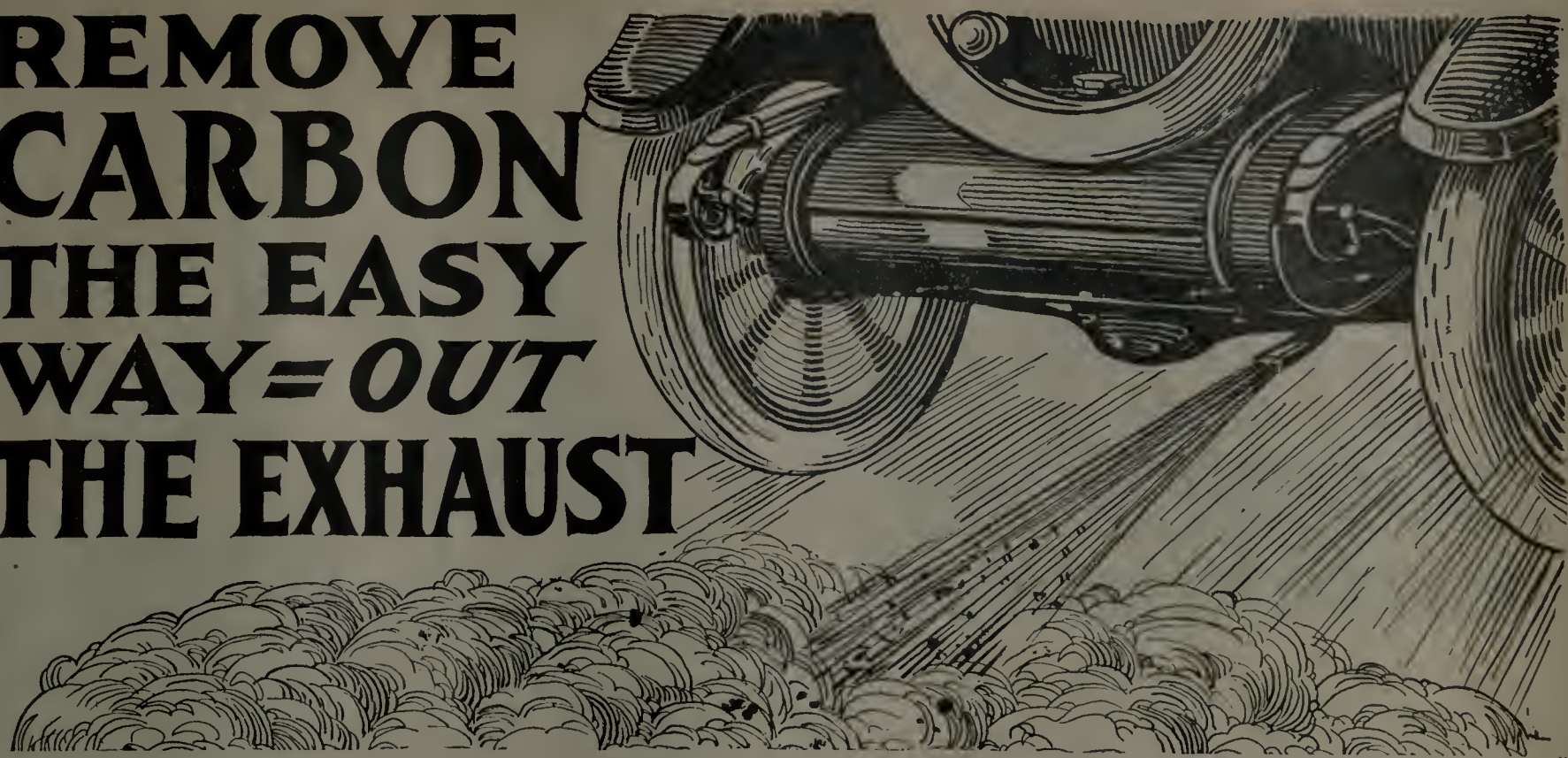

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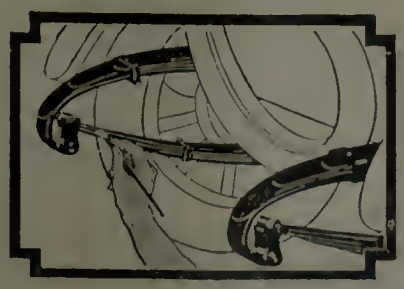

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man, he was married to a Princess of Saxony without beauty. One night, at a time when he was Colonel commanding a regiment of dragoons, he drank deep at Sachers and marched his drunkards home with him to the Imperial Palace in the Ausgarten. They boisterously trooped through the park and fell up the Palace stairs. The mad Otto decided he would introduce his boon fellows to the Archduchess, his Saxon wife, without beauty. An aged retainer who had accompanied her from her home barred the Archduke's path. Straightening his old spine, he said: "Your Royal Highness shall not enter except over my dead body." Otto drew his sabre and in his alcoholic fury slashed open the ancient man. Then with his carousers he crossed the threshold. . . . This was the man who was the hope of the conspirators in Vienna.

The spring of 1914 sped along. Franz Joseph was growing very feeble. The day was not far off when he would die, when Franz Ferdinand would come to the throne, there to be ruled by her whose policies ran counter to those of the Austrian nobility, counter to the Hungarian nobles—to Berlin. With increasing power, she became bold. One day she said that there would soon be a kingdom of Bohemia. The German Kaiser sent for Franz Ferdinand and verified his suspicions. Sophie Chotek had made a fool of him. He had blundered in giving her the prestige of an invitation to his court. Bitterly he realized how adroitly she had used it to further her own position in Vienna.

The Kaiser's talk with Franz Ferdinand showed him that the Austrian heir was as soft clay in Sophie Chotek's hands. The heir was opposed to the ascendency of Germany in Austrian affairs. He was cool toward the plans of Berlin. He could see no point in making war to acquire all the land down to Turkey. He said it would antagonize the English. The Kaiser discerned that it was his wife speaking through the Austrian heir—she who had cleverly read the designs of Germany, that Teutonic scheme to use Austria as a catspaw and then to dominate Austria and to create a Teutonic empire from the Baltic to the Persian gulf. She knew that were these things to come to pass, that the German Kaiser would rule all, that her dreams for an independent Bohemia—all her other dreams—would be snuffed out. So to the Kaiser's policies her husband said no. Sophie Chotek and Franz Ferdinand had incurred the wrath of Berlin.

The story concludes with the luring of the Archduke and Archduchess to Sarajevo, as part of a deep-laid plot of the Kaiser's, and their murder there—a part of the tale which all the world now knows.

The Great Lama Rides in Motor Car

Living God of the Gibi Desert Goes in For Modern Inventions

THE march of progress has invaded even that most inaccessible of regions, the desert country of Western China. Roy Chapman Andrews tells in *Harper's Magazine* of a trip that he made in a motor car across the Gobi desert and in the course of it mentions the fact that the spiritual head of that district actually has a car of his own. Mr. Andrews writes:

Among the first cars ever to cross the desert was one purchased by Hutukhtu, the Living Buddha, the god of all the Mongol Lamas.

In his palace at Urga, at the base of Bagdin-ol ("God's Mountain") he sits in splendor, with a telephone at his hand and electric lights above his head, amid a chaos of Occidental inventions—microscopes, cinematographs, gramophones, cameras, and an unending list

Moose Heads

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When Hutukhtu learned of the first motor-car to cross the plains he forthwith demanded one for himself. What need had he now for horses or man-borne chairs? When he and Mrs. Hutukhtu leave the palace (if she ever does) to make their pilgrimages of state it should be in a manner which would impress their subjects far more than any retinue of flowers, be they ever so gorgeous.

So Hutukhtu's motor-car was brought safely through the rocky pass at Kalgan and across the seven hundred miles of plain to Urga by way of the same old caravan trail over which, centuries ago, Genghis Khan had sent his wild Mongol raiders to raid China. Whether or not Hutukhtu will soon tire of this purchase as of his other trinkets, matters not, for the end will not be then. The seclusion of his sacred city is gone forever and the motor-car has come to stay.

That night when I strolled about the mission courtyard, under the spell of the starry desert night, I drifted back again in thought to the glorious days of Kublai Khan. My heart was hot with resentment that this thing had come. I realized then that, for better or for worse, the sanctity of the desert is gone forever. Camels will still plod their silent way across the age-old plains, but the mystery is lost. The secrets which were yielded up to but a chosen few are open now to all, and the world and his wife will speed their noisy way across the miles of rolling prairie, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, knowing nothing of that restless desert charm which led men out into the great unknown.

Mr. Guptil and I rode across the plain one morning to see the palace of the "Living God." He is third in rank among the Lamist hierarchy, in which he is known as the Cheptsun-Dampa (Tibetan for "Venerable Best") Hutukhtu (the Mongol word for "saintly") He lives something over a mile from the Lama city, on the opposite side of the river, hard against the base of Bagdinol.

His palace is surrounded by an eight-foot stockade of white posts and is by no means as impressive as the Dalai-Lama's residence at Lhasa. The central pavilion is white with gilded cupolas and smaller pavilions at the side have roofs of green. Surrounding these are temple-like structures, probably the residences for members of his court.

Many strange stories are told of the mysterious "Living God" which tend to show him "as of the earth earthy," and inordinately fond of strong drink. It is said that in former days he sometimes left his "heaven" to revel with convivial foreigners in Urga, but all this is gossip, and we are discussing a very saintly person. His passion for Occidental trinkets and inventions is well known, however, and, as I remarked in the first pages of this article, his palace is wired for telephones and electric lights. It is said that he leaves the ship of state to the guidance of his ministers, and the peaceful conditions of Mongolia during these days of strife seem to show that their heads have been wise and their hands strong.

Three Million Husbands Wanted

A Serious Problem That Now Faces John Bull

A PROBLEM is arising in England which promises to be the source of much discussion and, perhaps, trouble. Before the war there was a large preponderance of women in Great Britain; now, as a result of war mortality among men, the preponderance has grown to three million. Thus it becomes a real problem, for it means that, under present conditions, three million women must remain unmarried.

Considerable discussion has ensued in the British press and solutions of various kinds are being advanced. Some propose that men be allowed two wives; but this suggestion has not been very seriously put forward and, of course, has been greeted with a storm of indignant protest. More concrete suggestions have been made to the effect, first, that widows be not allowed to remarry and, second, that the surplus feminine population be sent out to the "colonies."

Edward Cecil discusses the problem quite seriously in the *London Magazine*, respecting all these proposed resolutions and advancing a new way out. He writes, in part:

Now, by medifying our existing laws and customs relating to Marriage and Divorce, and by sweeping aside our prejudices, I submit that a very great deal can be done to satisfy the legitimate needs of our surplus women without in the least endangering Marriage or sanctioning any fantastic scheme of legalized immorality.

Some of our prejudices will have to go, some of our dearly cherished notions of respectability will have to be thrown on the scrap heap, and some of our national reluctance to look actual facts in the face will have to be overcome. But that is all. Our surplus women can be given full opportunity to satisfy their just claim to enjoy marriage and motherhood without any upheaval or revolution, if only we have the sense to see that it would be infinitely wiser to broaden our views than to invite the disastrous results which are certain to come if we adhere rigidly to our present conceptions and deny our surplus women their clear right.

Let us look around us. Let us take from our eyes our prejudice-tinted spectacles. Let selfish and fortunate women force themselves to think just a little unselfishly. Let the strict individualist listen just a very little to the man who considers the good of the community before that of the individual. Let the rigid moralist face actual facts, whether doing so be pleasant or unpleasant. Let us be frank.

Now what do we see? We see millions of women who cannot be married because there are not sufficient men to go round. We see young girls growing up with no hope of ever being wives. On the other hand, we see that thousands of existing marriages are unhappy, and many of them are childless, and that thousands of marriages, not counting those which have resulted in separations, are only marriages in name, and not in fact.

First, therefore, our Divorce Laws must be drastically revised and facilities granted for reasonably easy divorce on all reasonable grounds. It should be possible to dissolve a loveless marriage without the necessity of making a public exhibition of "irregular incidents," in order to justify a divorce in the eyes of the Law. This would at once set free a large number of men at present bound in marriage which is unhappy and sterile. These men would be free to remarry, and very many of them would do so.

After all, would anyone be the loser by the dissolution of all the existing definitely unhappy marriages? The old arguments are still heard urging that married misery must be perpetuated, and the parties to it held to their bond, for the various reasons familiar to most people. But are not these reasons more than a little old-fashioned, and do they not appeal to the past and passing generations more than to men and women of the rising generation, in whose hands rests the future?

The cancelling of existing unhappy marriages and permanent provision for easy dissolution of such marriages in the future, would help towards solving the problem of our surplus women. But far greater help would be given by making marriage altogether *freer* than it is at present.

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Strange Personalities at Paris

Dr. Dillon Deals With Some of the Outstanding Delegates at the Conference

ALL through the peace negotiations at Paris, there has been one correspondent who has not failed to voice unsparing criticism of the course of events. To the outside world, Dr. E. J. Dillon has seemed almost like a raven, croaking incessantly. Nevertheless, there has been a great deal in the criticisms that he has launched, for it can be said of him that he knows the Slav, and the problems of the Slav countries better than any other Englishman. If at times it seemed that he was prone to find fault with everything, it is nevertheless a fact that he has at most stages seen the danger points in the negotiations.

Getting away from his role of critic and adviser, Dr. Dillon writes in the *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) of the outstanding personalities at Paris. What he says with reference to a number of the leading representatives is very interesting:

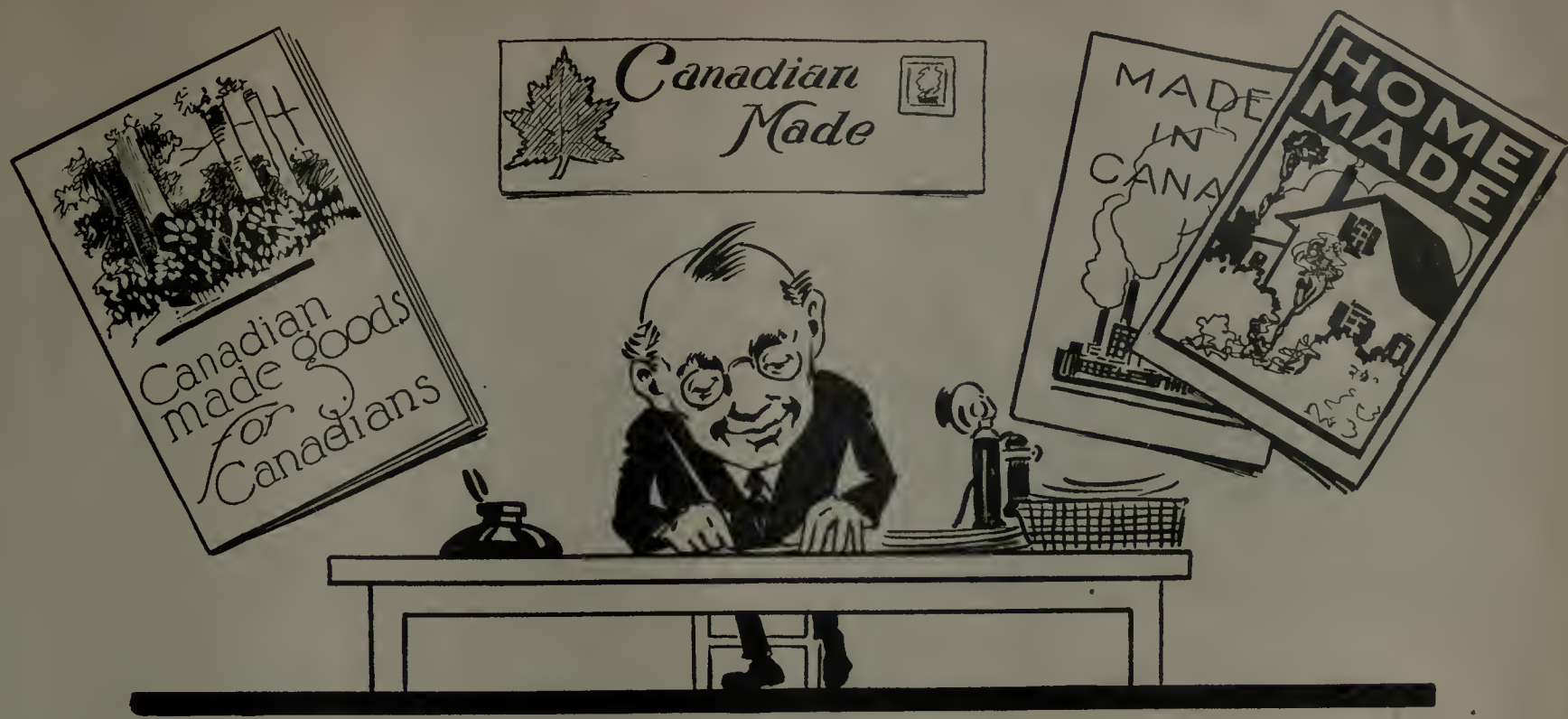
The head of the Polish delegation, Dmowski, a picturesque, forcible speaker, a close debater, and a resourceful pleader who is never at a loss for a repartee, actually won over some of the arbiters who at first leaned toward his opponents—a noteworthy feat if one realizes all that it means. Dmowski, who knows many languages, addressed the conference in English, and after having spoken some minutes was asked by Mr. Clemenceau whether he would put what he had just said into French. Having done so, he went on to develop his thesis further in this language, then he halted, put the additional matter into English, and continued for some time in that language, keeping up this bilingual exploit for some hours. The second ingenious pleader was the Armenian, Boghos Pasha. His way of marshaling arguments in favor of a contention that was frowned upon by some commanded admiration. The Armenians demanded a vast stretch of territory, with outlets on the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. But with the exception of one province they are nowhere in a majority and their claim to Cilicia clashed slightly with one of the special claims of France. The ice, therefore, was somewhat thin in parts, but Boghos Pasha skated over it very gracefully. His description of the Armenian massacres was thrilling. His exposé was a masterpiece. Of Venizelos I say nothing; he was a fixed star in the firmament and his light burned brightly through every rift in the clouds. His moderation astonished friends and opponents. His statesmanlike way of viewing things national in perspective, putting himself in the place of his competitor and striking up a fair compromise, endeared him to all, and his praises were in every one's mouth.

Albania was represented by an old friend of mine, the venerable Turkhan Pasha, who has been in diplomacy ever since the Congress of Berlin in the seventies of last century, and who looks like a modernized Nestor. I made his acquaintance many years ago, when he was Ambassador of Turkey in Petrograd. He was then a favorite everywhere in the Russian capital, as a charming talker and a professional peacemaker, who wished well to everybody. In olden days he was attended by a negro, who followed him like his shadow and was wholly devoted to his person. Years passed, the times changed, and even Turkey turned with them. The Sultan Abdul Hamid was deposed, and the young Turks recalled the ambassador, whose presence in Petrograd had long been a guaranty that Russia would take no undue advantage of Turkey's straits.

During one of my many visits to the Turkish capital I endeavored to move Talaat, Ibrahim, and other members of the committee of union and progress to reconsider their decision and reinstate Turkhan Pasha, but they were obstinate. He was labelled "one of the old school," and they wanted men of their own type. When I next met Turkhan he was Grand Vizier—not at Constantinople, but at Durazzo, and the sovereign whose chief adviser he had become was Wilhelm of Wied, the Mpret of Albania. This post he had obtained because, although a Turkish official, he was by birth an Albanian. I felt sorry for him when I beheld him in his new and squalid surroundings. He still had his negro servant, who was as solicitous about his welfare as ever. But in lieu of the palace on the Hovis bank, the Grand Vizier was living in two uncomfortable rooms in a village which possessed only two baths, both of which were in the palace. The council chamber of the cabinet had to be approached through a room without a floor, so that one crossed it on planks which were shaky, and the chamber itself had but eight chairs, of which one was broken and dangerous to sit on.

Time gliding by removed the Mpret from the throne, Turkhan Pasha from the Vizierate and Albania from the society of nations, and I next found my friend in Switzerland, ill in health, eating the bitter bread of exile, temporarily isolated from the world of politics, without his negro servant, and waiting for something to turn up. A few years more gave the Allies an unexpected complete victory and brought back Turkhan Pasha to the outskirts of the region of diplomacy and politics. He suddenly made his appearance at the Paris Conference as the representative of Albania, but his suit to the conference was that Italy should be appointed to be the guardian and protectress of the Albanian people. My other Albanian friend, Essad Pasha, who desires the complete independence of his country under his own rule, protested against Turkhan's proposal, but was kept at a safe distance from the conference. He wrote to me from Saloniki.

Another actor on the world stage with whom I am personally acquainted and who often crossed my path during the conference was the King of Montenegro. This potentate's life abounds in remarkable surprises for the psychologist and the moralist. I had met him in various European capitals during the last thirty years and before the time when Czar Alexander III publicly spoke of him as his only friend. King Nikita owes such success in life as he can look back upon with satisfaction to his conscientious adoption of St. Paul's maxim of being all things to all men. Thus in Petrograd he was a good Russian, in Vienna a patriotic Austrian, in Rome a sentimental Italian. He was also a warrior, a speculator, and a poet after his fashion. I read some of his poetical works in Serbian, and I followed some of his martial feats in the Balkans with thrilling interest and vehement emotions. He never ceased to regret the loss of Mount Loutchen to the Austrians at an early stage of the war, for it turned out to be one of the most sinister episodes of his reign. He cannot have foreseen its consequences. The narrative of how it came about belongs to the historian. What everybody seemed to know, however, was that if the Teutons had won this war King Nikita's son Mirko, who had settled down for the purpose in Vienna, would have ascended the throne in place of his father, whereas if the Allies should win the worldly-wise monarch would have retained his crown. But these well-laid plans went all agley. Prince Mirko died and King Nikita was recently deposed by his people. And now he resided in the Hôtel Continental, a few houses from me. I met him as he drove in a taxi, looking gloomy and grim, to plead his lost cause before the conference. A deposed king, abandoned by his people, yet pleading to get back his crown from delegates who had caused the abdication of emperors, kings, and princes was a characteristic sight. How have the mighty fallen!



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How the Details of New Life in Hungary Are Being Worked Out

THE outside world really knows very little of what is going on in the countries where Bolshevism prevails. We hear of the wholesale bloodshed and of the lootings that take place because naturally the press reaches only for the most sensational side of events. Behind the burning of plutocratic palaces and the grim work of the firing squad, there is a more prosaic side; because, after all, life is running along and, if the people are not living normally, they are at any rate maintaining still most of the normal aspects of life. Stores are still being run, business goes along in a sort of a way, schools are still open and churches and theatres. And so, a very natural question has arisen in the public mind: How are the Bolsheviks managing these more normal phases?

H. G. Alsberg in the *Nation* (New York) tells of the normal side of Bolshevistic reign in Hungary. It must be borne in mind, however, that this writer is friendly disposed toward the new order. He paints it very favorably. He says:

What did the proletarians do when they came to power? Did they raid the bourgeoisie and pull them out of their palaces? Not at all. In the first place, they fixed a death penalty for looting and disorder. I can honestly say that I heard of more disorder due to race hatreds in the country of my recent sojourn than during the revolution in Hungary. The public utilities function fairly well in Budapest. The trolleys run as usual. The telephone works, though rather badly (which may be said of almost every European capital). The streets are lighted and decently clean. Alcohol has been abolished—again under penalty of death for secret selling.

Although food is rather scarcer in Budapest than before the revolution, it is now seasoned with a seasoning that makes it taste better than the food at Sherry's—the seasoning of justice and democracy. I stopped at the most fashionable hotel in Budapest. It was meatless week. In the comfortable dining-room I had for my dinner bread aplenty, sauerkraut and two boiled eggs, noodles sweetened with honey, cheese, and coffee substitute. In a little working-man's restaurant on a back street, I had the same thing next day, at somewhat less cost. For the first time since the war began rich and poor eat much the same food. The poor eat more than they used to and the rich less. Food hoards have been confiscated for the public benefit. Hungary was a land of shameless selfishness in food. Banker and nabob ate and drank to excess while the workman starved. But now, even at afternoon tea at the Ritz, the high-rouged ladies in near-Paris gowns, and the begaitered *jeunesse dorée* who have learned nothing from recent events, can get nothing save a few crackers and an unsweetened cup of near-tea from the "untippable" waiters. The waiters have decided that it no longer comports with their self-respect to take tips. The service has not suffered by the elimination of tips; it has rather gained in friendliness and geniality. And the most beautiful Hungarian band still plays passionate music at these teas and still ends up with that soul-stirring justification for Hungarian chauvinism—the Rakoczy March.

When society has to be made over to attain the proletarian heart's desire, a wholly new schedule of laws has to be enacted to take the place of the old bourgeois code. There are laws for the complete transformation of the education, the establishment of continuation schools, and the communization of banks, of houses, of art collections, and of factories. There are regulations restricting the withdrawal of bank deposits to 2,000 Kr. a month, and cutting down all fortunes to the 50,000 Kr. level. There are new wage scales which bring the average of wages to 1,500 Kr. a month and do not permit the experts and entrepreneurs to get more than 3,000 Kr. a month. Also there are laws which give the soldiers a total monthly wage of over 3,000 Kr. The theatres have been communized, the prices of seats reduced, and boxes abolished. All shops, retail and wholesale, have had to register all their stock, and no one is allowed to purchase at random; one may buy only what he can prove that he needs. While the scarcity lasts, hoarding and speculation in the necessaries of life are not to be allowed. The old law-courts have been abolished, and revolutionary tribunals established where a lawyer may not show his face except under penalty of death. The people's commissary said in stern Cromwellian tones when appealed to by briefless barristers, "If you can't learn a useful handicraft, then you'll have to learn to sweep the streets."

All jewelry above 3,000 Kr. in value has been taken over by a stern Government. Strange to say, few ladies resisted. No one as yet knows exactly about that death penalty. Do they actually mean it, or not? Nobody wants to be the first to test the present Government's firmness on this point. I spoke to one rich, pretty, but overfed, lady who had meekly handed over her pearls and diamonds. She told me of it with tears. Behind those tears were nameless horrors—the possibility of no servants, of doing her own work, and maybe of going out to do other people's work in case her husband did not succeed in smuggling some of the hundred millions he had made in speculation during the war, across the border to Vienna or to Switzerland.

Naturally not everything is perfect in this new state. Practically all banking business has stopped, except for the drawing of small checks, up to 2,000 Kr. for personal use, or checks for the payment of wages. International business, the sending of money by private individuals to Austria or Switzerland, and trading in foreign exchange are over. There is no evidence as yet that the present Government is running on anything but the momentum supplied by the old machine, which has been scrapped. On the other hand, the Government is in possession of a certain amount of ready cash, it holds the jewelry it has confiscated, and it is in receipt of a steady income from the communized houses. Yet with out-of-work, old age, and incapacity pensions, with more liberal workingmen's insurance and tremendous soldiers' pay, the running expenses must be great. The Government states that it has about 20,000 Red soldiers under arms. These cannot be said to be very formidable as yet, since they have little discipline. Some financial relief will be obtained from the repudiation of the war debt held inside Hungary, which will amount to almost 50,000,000,000 Kr., but such action cannot solve the financial problem.

To old-fashioned eyes, this dictatorship of the proletariat may look oppressive. There is, for instance, no such thing as a free press in Hungary. All the newspapers have been nationalized and write exactly as they are told; all look alike and are alike uninteresting. In the communization of the theatre, however, much has apparently been gained. Schiller, Shaw, Shakespeare, and Molière largely constitute the present programmes.

Another feature unpleasant to the capitalist is the law governing the coming Soviet elections. In these elections only working people can vote; no capitalist will be allowed to cast a ballot. The barber who shaves me points out that he will be allowed to vote, but that his "boss," who also works all day shaving customers, will not be permitted to do so, as he is a capitalist. All working women will, of course, have the right to vote.

Dressing in Paper

How the Germans Are Making Do With "Ersatz" Clothing and Food

THE most common word in German to-day is "ersatz,"—substitute. So scarce have all materials become in the land that essayed domination or downfall that it has been impossible to get along without substitutes for almost everything. The Germans wear paper clothing and wooden shoes and they eat ersatz in a hundred unwholesome and unappetizing forms.

A very amusing description of the ersatz mode of living is told by Webb Waldron, in *Collier's Weekly*, in the form of an account of one day's shopping in Berlin. He started out to look for a pair of civilian trousers to take the place of his American army trousers and puttees which were attracting too much unfriendly attention. He found that a pair of real cloth trousers would cost him about eighty-seven dollars!

"Cheaper?" the clerk repeated. "Nothing much cheaper, sir. Not in cloth."

"Not in cloth?"

"Of course we have ersatz—substitute." He turned to another shelf, pulled down another pair of trousers. "Paper fiber. Twenty marks."

I felt them. They were thick and stiff. The weave was nearly as coarse as gunnysacking. In fact, I had seen almost that precise texture before, undyed, in some burst paper-fiber sandbags half buried in a smashed Austrian trench on the Isonzo. However, the trousers looked fairly well—at a distance of a few feet. The color was attractive, the cut passable. I had never thought to wear paper trousers outside of a masquerade, but why wouldn't these do for the street? The difference between eighty-seven dollars and a half and five dollars was a clinching argument. As I was trying on a pair in the discreet curtained cabinet at the end of the aisle I grinned to think that I should camouflage my legs in trousers that were themselves camouflaged.

This willingness in a victorious and supposedly distinguished enemy to accept ersatz lowered me in the clerk's opinion, I am afraid. As I came out he met me with somewhat lessened deference but unlessened briskness.

"Any collars, ties, shirts, gloves, underwear?"

I hesitated. "Let me see your soft collars—brown color."

He led me to a show case. "Choose your style, please. Seven marks each."

Here it was again—$1.75 for an ordinary soft cotton collar.

The clerk saw my shock. "Too expensive? Here's something in ersatz." He threw out on the counter a thin, brown strip of wood with punched buttonholes and smooth rounded edges. After letting me stare at it a moment he picked the strip up, bent it into a circle, and thrust it in front of my eyes. "Birch. One mark."

I took the thing and examined it. An interesting addition to a museum, but for my neck, no, thank you. So I was thinking when a sudden idea halted me. Here was an unusual chance to see just how effective the English blockade had been, and have an amusing half hour at the same time. So why stop at trousers? Why not ersatz myself from head to foot—if I could?

"All right," I said. "Two. Size fifteen and a half."

The clerk was used to serving English and Americans before the war. "Size fifteen and a half," he calculated. "That means forty-one centimeters." He laid out two strips of wood. "Anything else?"

"Have you ersatz underwear?"

He pointed me down the aisle to another counter.

"Ersatz?" repeated the underwear salesman. "Here you are, sir." He spread on the counter some objects of the same coarse weave and hardly less rough and stiff than the trousers I had

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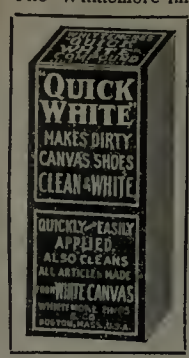

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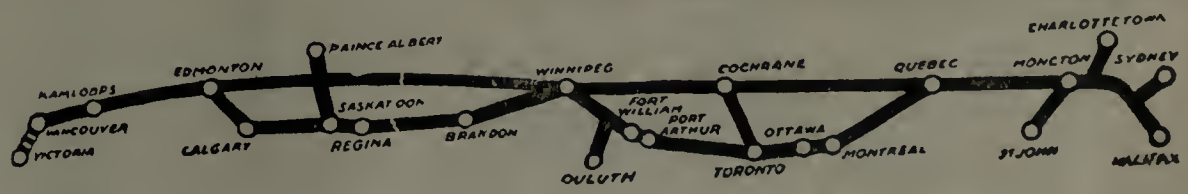

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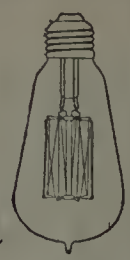

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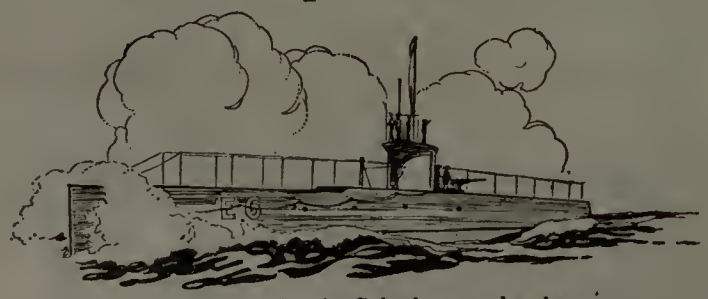

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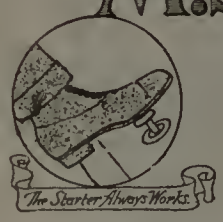

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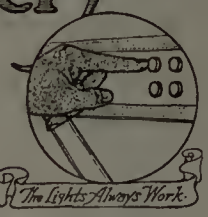

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ST. JOHNS, P.Q. 4

just bought. "Paper fiber. Ten and twelve marks a garment."

When my editor in New York read the item "One ersatz uniform" on my expense account he might actually compel me to wear the outfit. The terrifying thought must have been written in my face. "Perhaps these seem too rough, sir," suggested the clerk kindly. "Here is something we call ersatz, but which is real German cotton."

He produced an undershirt made of thick ropes of lumpish yellow stuff. The spaces between warp and woof were almost half an inch square. I wavered. The first would feel exactly like the hair shirt of the Dark Ages; the second like a section of a hammock.

"You call this ersatz," I said suspiciously, picking up the very open work garment again; "but is it? German cotton is cotton, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted, "it's a sort of cotton."

"Very well"—bravely—"I'll take the other, the hair shirt."

"The which, sir?"

"The real fake—the ersatz. One suit. Size forty."

Then I bought a white paper shirt—a very good looking shirt—for five marks (real cotton shirts on the same counter were priced $15), some paper suspenders for one mark, and a handsome paper fiber necktie for two marks.

Now for socks.

"These are our paper socks," apologized the man behind the counter.

They were not nearly so rough and heavy as the underwear and trousers; but their stiffness alarmed me. I half expected them to snap in two like brittle cardboard when I thrust my hand inside to examine the weave. "Will they wash?" I asked in real concern.

"Oh, yes, you can dip them up and down in cold water." He spoke without enthusiasm. "But don't use soap, sir. Or they'll disintegrate."

Canadian Manufacturers Decide on New Policy

Resolutions Carried at Meeting Following a Warm Debate With Colonel MacLean

THE annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, held recently in Toronto, was featured by a stormy debate between Lieut.-Col. J. B. McLean on the one hand and S. R. Parsons, an ex-president of the association, on the other. For a number of years Colonel MacLean has been criticizing the association on the ground that it is not handled on a broad enough basis; its executive direction is in the hands of a circle of Toronto manufacturers of narrow vision, and that consequently the manufacturers of Canada are placed in a false light. He has charged some members of the inner circle with ill-advised activities, resulting in the antagonizing of other classes—labor, the farmer, and the retail merchant. Mr. Parsons replied to the charges and was followed by his lieutenant, Sam Harris, of Toronto, who attacked Col. MacLean directly, using the term "yellow cur." Colonel Maclean replied in the current issue of *The Financial Post*. Some of the most interesting points that he makes in this connection are appended:

"The annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association this week opened with a severe denunciation—which had been carefully prepared—of myself and *The Financial Post*, by two members, and wound up with the greatest general reward I have had in my whole journalistic career, going back over 37 years. When Mr. Bulman vacated the chair in favor of the new president, he advocated—at times in the exact words of *The Financial Post*—the policies put before its readers. He was followed by Mr. Robson, of Edmonton, in the same strain. The helpful work done by *The Financial Post* was specifically mentioned by one of the oldest members, Hon. E. J. Davis. Finally one resolution after another was unanimously adopted on exact lines persistently suggested in these columns. This is published as a vindication.

"As our readers know, a campaign has been going on in these columns for nearly five years for a reorganization and for a change in the general policy and attitude of the association. This campaign has been constructive in that the weaknesses and handicaps were frankly and fearlessly exposed and methods by which they could be overcome were specified. The campaign was undertaken in conjunction with some of the older members, who from long experience clearly saw where the association would land if it continued to drift along as it had been under the men who had gradually assumed its control and direction.

"It has been an unpleasant fight. I knew my motives would be impugned, and as one distinguished correspondent wrote, I should have been 'warned of the folly of proven experience tilting

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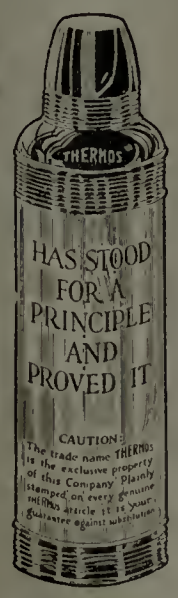

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at an adamant state of mind.' I knew, also, that I would be bitterly attacked by the smaller minds. But when we had so many members of proven experience at our back we knew we were right.

"It is to these men the association should give credit for this week's further developments. I, and the writers associated with me, have been merely the medium by which the facts and sane views have been placed before the membership generally, and through whom the necessary pressure was brought to bear to eliminate the influence of the Toronto clique. At one time the membership generally, including many in Toronto, felt that the only way to eliminate this control was to move the head office to Montreal or Ottawa. But the strong article in last week's issue, the chief thought in which was inspired by a member, was the final blow that broke the power of the clique, and the motion to retain the head office in Toronto, in which district the vast majority of the members are, was adopted.

"These and following points are given because this issue is to be sent to those manufacturers who are not regular readers. Some of my good friends in the C.M.A., members like E. G. Henderson, a past president, question the advisability of dealing with these matters in *The Financial Post*. But the facts are that more manufacturers read this paper regularly than the total membership of the association to-day, the other readers being financiers and investors, who are very deeply interested as present and prospective investors in Canadian industrial securities. So important has this become that we have been considering for some time giving more space to manufacturing topics. The encouraging developments at this week's meeting have settled it.

"My life work has been as a specialist in giving of news, the advocating of policies in the best interests of the various classes, manufacturers, investors, merchants, farmers and others. In that way we get more closely in touch with the real opinion of the whole country than by other newspaper publishers. Also, so much depends upon the accuracy of our information and views that it is absolutely necessary to tell the truth. That is what we are paid for. This naturally sometimes gives offense to my best friends, who see only their particular, selfish side, or to others, quite sincere, who cannot see that a newspaper like *The Post* is a national institution, not a local corporation. Readers have no conception of the strenuous efforts made to suppress or misrepresent important transactions. It is far worse in class than in general newspapers, and Stewart Lyon, editor of the *Globe*, speaking at a meeting of editors, deplored the way the big daily papers were handicapped on this account—the suppression of news—and he was followed by the editor of the *Telegram*, Winnipeg, to the same effect. The big class papers dare not suppress anything that is of vital interest to their other readers, if they would hold their clientele permanently. This is much misunderstood. We have occasionally been accused of carrying on our papers in the interests of our readers. This is true and in the long run it has been realized by those who accuse us that it is in their best interests.

"I had my first experiences with the C.M.A. in 1882-3, at tariff interviews with Sir John Macdonald and Sir Leonard Tilley. From then on I have been an ardent protectionist for Canada and have been through every campaign since. With this experience and the information that comes to me through all the other classes we serve, we ought to know the attitude of the Canadian people as a whole better than most men. And we think we best serve our readers and the manufacturers generally by giving them the hard facts, and advocating the policies based on them that will aid in upbuilding Canadian industry, no matter how disagreeable.

"A number of men in the C.M.A. have refused to look at these facts. They say we are doing great harm in publishing them. They say, 'The way to deal with the farmer is to throttle him; to hell with trade unions; squelch the clergy.' Some very good men hold some of these views because they do not know the facts. When they know them they act very differently. What promised to be a big, costly, very nasty strike, involving thousands of men, a few weeks ago was quickly and satisfactorily settled by a man who read one of our articles, which completely changed his attitude towards labor unions. I will give the names and details to the president of the C.M.A. for verification. Then there is the other class who seldom go outside their own circle and are out of touch with general manufacturing conditions, and still more so with public opinion. Unfortunately they have had most to say in the C.M.A. Hence present conditions. But of them I will talk later.

"In the meantime I will rise to a 'question of privilege,' as S. R. Parsons—one of the best presidents the association ever had, but an injudicious ex-president—would say, and he 'rises' often these days. Some of the leading dailies have taken great pains to play up the sensational parts of the C.M.A. meeting, omitting the explanation details. Our last week's article on association matters stirred up the 'old gang'; also Mr. Parsons, who, however, has not been one of them. Mr. Parsons brought it up and dealt with it unfairly and inaccurately as documents referred to since will show. He also raised several other interesting points on newspaper policy which will be dealt with later, but he altogether refrained from dealing with the main points in the article.

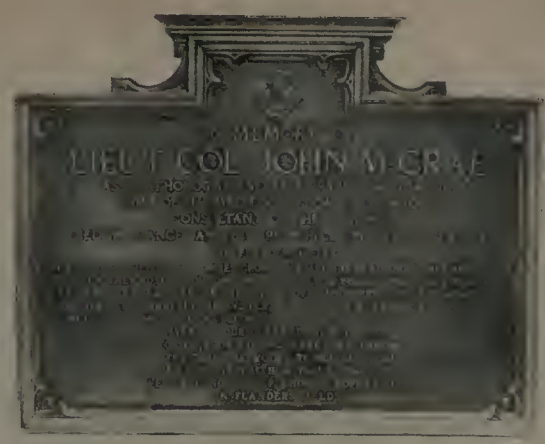
"Then up rose Sam Harris. He said he considered himself one of the old gang as he had been 15 years one of the most active members of the executive committee and had much to do with the policies of the association all these years, which is quite true. He wanted to know who the pinheads were. 'Am I one of them, Colonel?' he asked.

"To which I replied I would let it be decided when he finished his speech.

"He refrained from dealing with the article which he had in his hand on its merits. That is, to explain or defend the charge in the article that the old gang in the C.M.A.—which he said he represented—had so mismanaged its affairs and misrepresented its membership as to unnecessarily estrange the farmers, labor unions, clergy, etc. Instead, he added the Irish to the list by proceeding to explain his knowledge of Irish dogs. He said there were several kinds of curs, but the lowest type of all was a yellow dog, and he evidently desired myself and the audience to understand I was one of the latter class.

"A stillness prevailed. It was not necessary to answer his question. The necessity for the changes advocated in these columns was emphasized. Compare the Association in its great days—and it is now going to be greater than ever—under Edward Gurney, Senator Nichols, Hon. E. J. Davis, W. K. George, W. K. McNaught, the Ellis brothers, Sir Albert Kemp, and others of like calibre. It is unnecessary to say more. A number of members got together to demand an apology from Mr. Harris. Some wanted a withdrawal from the association. One of the provincial branches threatened to withdraw, and sent a formal notice to that effect. It was felt that the story of such an exhibition going out through the country would create an entirely wrong impression of the membership. A deputation called on me to know if I would accept an apology. I said it was quite unnecessary.

"If Mr. Harris had called me a lap dog it would have been different. I know something about dogs, particularly about the 'yellow dog,' the name given by the ignorant to the grandest breed of all—the Irish terrier. I have owned and bred a great many of them. You will find my name in the prize lists as an exhibitor at shows from New York to San Francisco, and later, in conjunction with a partner and worshipper of dogs, the late Dr. W. A.



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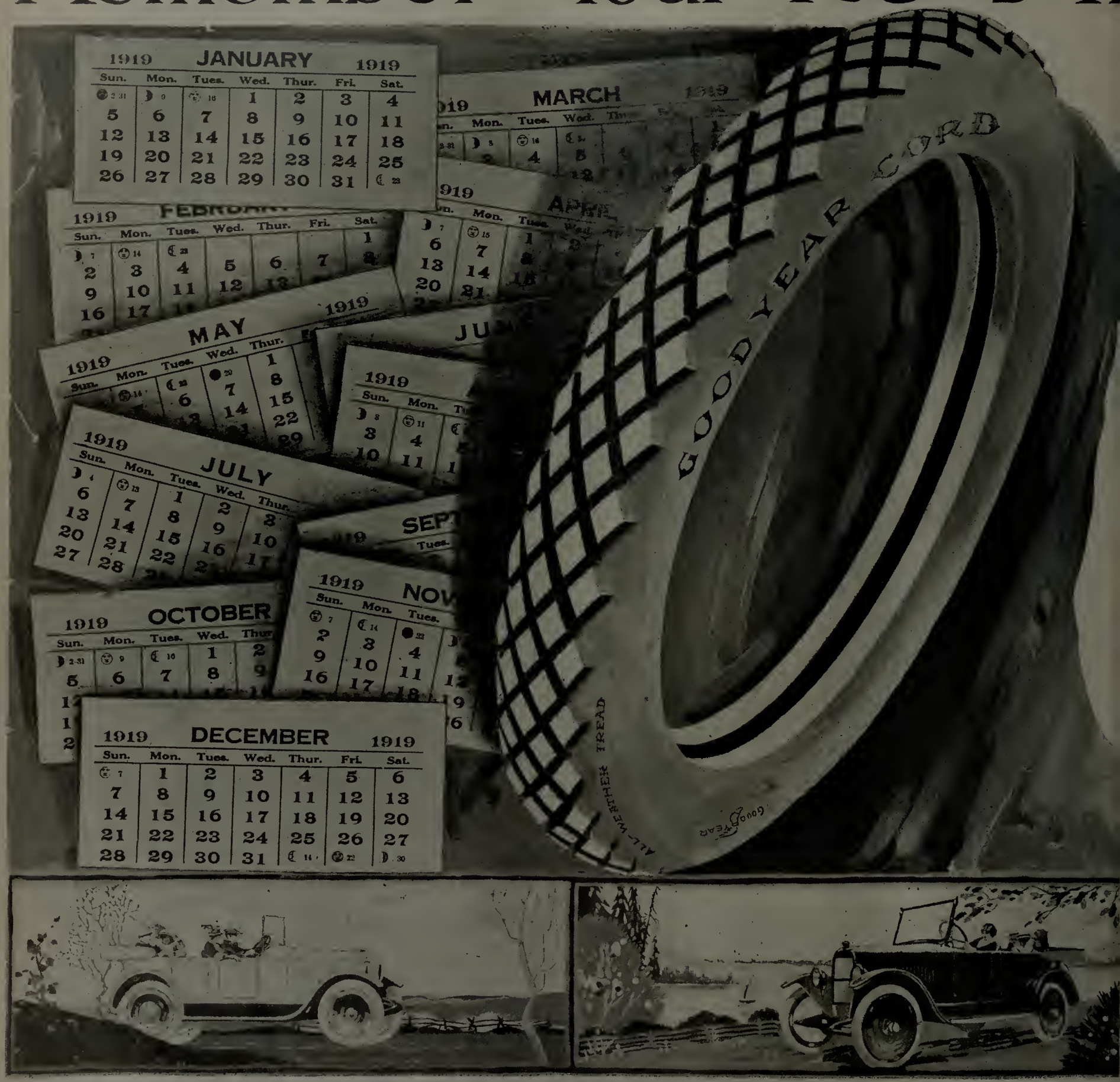

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Drummond, Irishman, author of 'The Habitant,' and brother of a former president of the association. I have been going along the street with a dog for which I would not take $1,000. when ignorant persons have asked wherever did I get the 'yellow cur.' I sold one for $1,200, and paid as high as $800. Wm. Brodie, Banff, refused $5,000 for 'Irish Ambassador,' the yellowest of yellow dogs.

"The Irish terrier was originally, and still is, the gypsy dog of Ireland. His wonderful qualities were recognized about 100 years ago. Mr. Harris is thus a century behind the times. Queen Victoria had two as constant companions. They are noted for their wonderful intelligence, faithfulness, reliability, good temper and absolute fearlessness. They are very shy but love a fight. They are very discerning, being gentle with children and other decent persons. With others they will never be friendly, in fact, are vicious. You know the story of the man who dislikes dogs. Mr. Harris should apologize to the Irish and the Irish terrier. They have breeding.

"If Mr. Harris, and his Toronto colleagues, know as little about general business conditions in Canada, and the relations between the great classes of manufacturers, agriculturists and labor unions as he does about dogs, and particularly Irish dogs, the membership generally have all the evidence of the need of the new blood now being arranged for and the reorganization of the Association now in progress. This is what we have been working for in conjunction with and under the advice of some of the best men in the Association, and in which we know we have the sympathy of the great mass of members.

"Typical of their view was what Hon. Mr. Davis, who came to me at the close of the meeting, said, 'Keep it up; you are doing magnificent work for the C.M.A. Take the advice of one like myself who has been for so many years in public life exposed to criticism, false and otherwise. Pay no attention to it when you know you are right.'"

Roosevelt Would Have Supported Wilson

In Presidential Election Before United States Entered War

THERE was a time before the last American election, when it was uncertain how the Republican party would go in regard to the war, when Theodore Roosevelt made up his mind that it might be necessary for him to get out and stump the country for Wilson. What a spectacle this would have been; an ex-Republican President fighting for the Democratic candidate!

The story is told by John J. Leary, Jr., a journalist who knew Mr. Roosevelt very well and had his complete confidence. Mr. Leary is beginning a series of articles on his recollections of Roosevelt in *McClure's Magazine*. On the point in question, he writes:

It is not known to many that, in 1915, Colonel Roosevelt threatened, in the event that certain contingencies became facts, to support President Wilson for re-election against the Republican nominee.

The threat was made at a luncheon given at the Harvard Club in December of that year by the late Robert J. Collier. Later, in explaining the famous Gary dinner to me, Colonel Roosevelt repeated the threat.

The Gary dinner may well be described as the mystery of the 1916 campaign. Exactly what it meant, few knew then, and, publicly, it has never been authoritatively explained.

The facts are that it was but an incident in the Colonel's campaign for preparedness—he attended it that he might explain, so that "big business men who have not been my friends, but who now know that I am right, might see the situation exactly as it is, and be in a position to help."

That the Gary dinner threw the politicians into a flutter and sent such old guardsmen as Boies, Penrose and Murray Crane flying to New York to find out what it was all about, was entirely due to the fact that Mrs. Harold Vivian, wife of a political writer on the New York *World* had an engagement to attend a concert on the night of the dinner.

The next morning, Vivian, in the course of breakfast small talk, asked how she enjoyed the entertainment.

"I did not go," said she. "You see ——" (naming the young woman with whom she was to have gone) "had to sing at the big dinner Judge Gary gave Colonel Roosevelt last night."

Vivian lost interest in the grape fruit then and there. He knew of the Colonel's rule about attending private dinners except in his own home or in the homes of his immediate friends, as well as the Colonel's horror of large private dinners any place. It appealed to him as a story, and the next day the fact that there had been such a dinner, together with the names of the guests, was made public. What happened, what was said at the dinner, was not. In consequence, political editors and the public jumped at the conclusion that Colonel Roosevelt was preparing to run for the Presidency again. For some days there was considerable speculation as to what it really meant, until Robert E. MacAlarney, then city editor of the New York *Tribune*, suggested I see Colonel Roosevelt and end the mystery.

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My reception by the Colonel was characteristic.

"I certainly will not give any interview on that dinner," he declared. "Neither will I authorize any statement. I will, however, tell you just what it means and what happened there, and then, if you wish, you can explain in your own way and on your own responsibility.

"It is absolutely nonsensical to assume, as some have assumed, that this dinner had anything to do with my being a candidate for President. I am not thinking of anything of that sort now.

"All that was discussed at that dinner was what you might for want of a better term call 'the greater Americanism.' If that is politics, then we talked politics.

"Now, let us sit down and discuss this thing. When I am through you can tell me what you think you want to do. You can have all the facts; you need all the facts to write of the thing intelligently. But whatever you write, it must be understood that I must not be quoted and it must not be made to appear that I am the source of information."

"How was it," I asked, "that Judge Gary, whom I know to be interested in preparedness, happened to ask you to meet the people who were at that dinner?"

"It is not my practice," said he, "to cross-examine those who invite me to dine as to their motives for so doing. But if I were to guess, I would say that one actuating motive was a feeling of 'I told you so.'

"Gary, as you probably know, has always been friendly to me. I do not know that he voted for me in 1912, but I would not be surprised to learn that he did. All but two or three of his guests that night were anti-Roosevelt men eighteen months ago. They were very much opposed to my work for preparedness. The few that were not anti-Roosevelt men were of the opinion that I was committing political hari-kari. The others said I was rocking the boat.

"Now they say that in preaching preparedness, I was right and am right. And I think that Mr. Gary had in a way a sort of desire to say to his friends in important business:

"'Come and have a look at this fellow you thought so terrible; notice that he does not shoot at the musicians; that he eats in a normal way and prefers his food cooked; that when he talks he talks sanely, as you and I talk, and talks nothing but the soundest kind of Americanism.'

"That is only a guess, however. In any event it could not have been the big motive. Behind it all, I believe, was a desire of these men—all Americans, men who have done things and are doing big things, men who have a stake in the country—to take counsel together on the big problem of national preparedness. Under the circumstances, was it not natural that I should be asked to attend and submit my views? I was glad to go, glad that these men were seeing the light. That's all there was to that.

"What did I tell them? Exactly what I have been telling others and what I propose to tell everybody who will listen to me—the need of preparation.

"But with all of this talk about the Gary dinner why is the luncheon Bobby Collier gave at the Harvard Club overlooked? There were politics there in plenty. Mr. Collier, I suspect, had something of the 'I told you so' idea in his head when he planned the luncheon, for, in the movement for preparedness, he was in much the same position as Judge Gary—with me, but lonesome so far as his everyday associates were concerned.

"All but one or two of the men he had at the luncheon were anti-Roosevelt men three years ago. They were anti-Roosevelt when I began talking preparedness eighteen months ago. Then they said, as Judge Gary's friends had said, 'Roosevelt is rocking the boat.' Three-fourths of them—most of the party were writers—agreed with me before they left.

"We did talk politics there—the straightest kind of politics. The political discussion was started by someone referring to an editorial in the New York *Tribune* calling attention to the

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By F. A. TAYLOR
of Taylor Bros., Cutlery, Hamilton, Ont.

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way party leaders were dodging the real issue and asking: 'Do they want Roosevelt?' meaning, as you know, for President in 1916. That editorial was strong meat. It appealed to me immensely.

"In the discussion that followed, I said that much as I dislike Mr. Wilson and despise his policies, that in the event of the Republicans nominating any man on a hyphen platform or on hyphenated promises, I would support President Wilson for re-election with all of the strength at my command.

"And, by Godfrey, I mean it! If there's a mongrel platform adopted by the Republican convention, much as I dislike Wilson, I'll stump the country for him from one end of it to the other, and I won't ask his permission to do so either.

"No platform and no man who swerves in the slightest degree from absolute loyalty to the greater Americanism can have my support. I will not be neutral if such a candidate is named or such a candidate nominated."

Bolshevism in the Past

Chartist Leaders, Nearly a Century Ago, Preached Revolutionary Doctrines

BOLSHEVISM is not new. It has in one form or another broken out at various stages of the world's history. There was an individual of unusual character who essayed in the early days of colonization in America to establish communistic rule among the British colonists. They did not take kindly to his ideas so he went out and lived with the Indians. He so successfully organized the aborigines that the colonial authorities resorted to strategem to get him into their power. He was clapped into jail where he soon after died. There is a most extraordinary story in connection with this man. History, strangely enough, is silent on the subject.

In a department called: "The Odd Measure," in *Munsey's Magazine*, the fact is recalled that the Chartist movement in England paralleled in some respects the Bolshevist growth. The matter is referred to as follows:

Among the laboring classes in England, in the middle thirties of last century, there arose a wave of discontent and revolution that bore a strange resemblance to modern upheavals commonly grouped as Bolshevistic.

The Chartist movement, as it is known, was accompanied by wild threats of violence, inflammatory speeches, and sporadic riots. Its leaders were divided into physical-force men and moral-force men. Class war was preached openly. A back-to-the-land campaign was inaugurated, the aim of which was to make England a land of small farmers instead of a nation of large estates and concentrated industries. O'Brien, the Chartist schoolmaster, and an adventurer named Feargus O'Connor were the early protagonists of this formidable uprising. The middle classes were in something like a panic. The Duke of Wellington enrolled two hundred thousand special constables to insure public safety. There were cannon in the squares of the big cities, and dragoons with drawn swords rode through the streets.

As commonly happens with such movements, the leadership of the Chartists passed more and more into the hands of the extremists, the advocates of physical force. The most prominent was Ernest Jones, a young lawyer born and educated in Germany. He was a man of much ability and of good social standing, but as a Chartist orator he outspokenly advocated revolution. He did not use such modern terms as "soviet," "general strike," and "the iron march of labor," but he urged the setting up of a national assembly, a "universal cessation of labor," and the formation of a national guard of armed workers. Finally the Government took action, and one day when Jones thundered that "soon the green flag of the Chartists would be flying over Downing Street," he was arrested and sentenced to two years in jail. When he came out, Chartism was dead.

Winning the Secrets of the Desert

Extensive Excavating Operations To Begin Immediately After Peace

NOW that Britain is to have Mesopotamia, the work of excavating the buried cities of the desert will begin systematically. In all quarters of the arid land over which Turkey has held sway, the last traces of past and gone civilization show above the sands in the form of shapeless mounds. The Turks have in the past put every possible difficulty in the way of the archaeologists who have sought to unearth the secrets of these buried cities.

Writing in *The Scientific American* Edgar J. Banks says:

It may be truly said that excavation work among the ruins of the Babylonian and Assyrian cities has hardly begun. Nineveh, Nimrud, Assur and the ruins of two or three other smaller Assyrian cities have been partially explored. Farther south excavations have been made at Babylon, Nippur, Bismya and Tello. Not yet has a single Mesopotamian ruin been thoroughly explored, and there are hundreds and even thousands of them waiting to give up their treasures. The entire valley from Bagdad southward almost to the Persian Gulf is a vast cemetery of buried cities. Mounds, like tombstones, mark the places where they lie. Some of the mounds are so low

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that they are scarcely perceptible above the level of the plain; others rise to the height of 150 feet. The oldest of them cover the cities of the Sumerians and Babylonians. Others come from the Persian, Parthian or early Arabic times. In them are buried treasures, so many and so great that the museums of the whole world could not contain them all. Even in the level plain ancient objects are found whenever the natives dig for water or plow the land, and where none would think of seeking. A Tigris River boatman reached out his oar to push his boat from the shore toward which the current was carrying him. Suddenly he saw a stream of gold flow down to the water's edge. He had hit an earthen pot in which someone a thousand or more years ago had buried his wealth. De Sarcec, the French Consular Agent at Busreh, went shooting along the shore of an ancient canal. On the summit of a low, unpromising mound, Tello, he saw a large stone statue of an ancient Babylonian king. Later beneath the surface he found a dozen other similar statues which are now in the Louvre. For this discovery he was raised from the rank of consular agent to that of an ambassador, and was granted a large fortune by the French Government. Near the Arab encampment of Ibra is a small mound called Drehem. Once I visited it and decided that it could be nothing but the ruin of a mud fort guarding the canal. A little later the Arabs of the vicinity discovered in that mound several hundred thousand inscribed clay tablets which were written about 2250 B. C. This is the source of many of the small clay tablets in the museums throughout America. At the outbreak of the war some Arabs south of Babylon were digging for bricks in a mound so small and low that the explorer thought it unworthy of notice. In it they discovered more than 20 large clay cylinders, each inscribed with about 140 lines of fine writing by the great Nebuchadnezzar. There he tells how he built the walls of Babylon which were one of the seven wonders of the world, and how he restored the old temple which is sometimes called the Biblical "Tower of Babel." Once while walking over a low mound near Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris I found ancient Parthian copper coins so thickly scattered on the surface that I could not step without treading upon them. They were corroded and worthless, but they indicated what may some day be found down in the protecting clay of that mound. The work of the archaeologist in Mesopotamia has hardly began—and centuries will pass before it can be completed.

At last the Turkish Empire is breaking up. At least Mesopotamia has been wrested from the obstructive Turks, and this wonderful archaeological field promises to be opened to the explorer. When the British took control of Egypt a new impetus was given to the study of the ancient civilization along the Nile. Instead of obstructing the work of the excavator, they encouraged him in every possible way. Scholars were invited to Egypt, and anyone with the necessary qualifications and means had been permitted to dig wherever he would. In Cairo was constructed a great museum where the scholars from all the world may study every detail of ancient Egyptian life. The Egyptian Government has been exceedingly liberal with the excavator, permitting him to take from the country all duplicate objects, or whatever was not desired for the Cairo Museum. Thus Egyptian antiquities now form a part of the collection of every museum, and the interest in things Egyptian has become widespread.

What has taken place in Egypt will also take place in Babylonia. Already steps have been taken to promote the explorations of the ruins. An American school of archaeology has been projected for Bagdad. Several expeditions are in formation to go to the most promising of the buried cities. Probably in Bagdad will be erected a great museum where the most valuable of the treasures will be stored and made accessible. The illicit digging by the

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Arabs will cease, for the traffic in antiquities and the smuggling of them from the country will no longer be possible. The excavator will be allowed a part of his discoveries for his home museum. From the Babylonian and Assyrian records so far discovered we have but faint glimpses of what may yet be found.

Another obstacle in the way of Babylonian exploration work has been the difficulty in reaching the country. No inhabited part of the world has been more inaccessible. The long journey overland from Damascus to Bagdad required nearly a month of the hardest desert travel. The longer way by water from Bombay up the Persian Gulf and the Tigris was so very expensive in both time and money that the tourist never ventured that way. Now Bagdad is all but connected with the Mediterranean by rail, and the journey once requiring a month may be made in less than 48 hours.

Still another obstacle has been the hostility of the native desert tribes. All that will soon pass. The explorer who ventured into the interior, even when guarded by Turkish soldiers, took his life in his hands. Sometimes he had to fight his way or buy his safety with gifts. The expedition to Nippur was broken up by the shooting of an Arab horse thief. The German work at Fara was closed when an Arab workman was killed. Nearly every expedition has cost human life. Now a railroad has been built along the Tigris; other lines will reach into the interior. The desert along the rivers has been irrigated and converted to farms. The face of the European, which many a Mesopotamian Arab had never seen before the war, will be familiar. The native distrust will disappear and the desert will be safe.

The methods of excavation will probably change as European influence spreads over the valley. In the past the work has been carried on in a most primitive manner. The men have been ignorant of any kind of labor. Their tools were crude and of local make. The American pick is too heavy for the Arab to handle. The shovel is a mysterious and complicated instrument, and nothing is more amusing than to watch an Arab in his vain efforts to guide a wheelbarrow. The men work in gangs of nine. The head of the gang is armed with a small one-armed pick, almost a toy, with which he loosens the dirt. With him two men with short-handled triangular hoes scrape the dirt into the baskets, and the other six men, with the baskets of dirt on their hips, slowly dance and sing their way to the dump. The future excavator will adopt more modern methods. The Arabs will be trained for their work. They will use modern implements, and the dirt will be taken to the dump by rail.

Guarding Our Coast Line

Continued from page 33

band were taken off many of the ships searched, and it is said that many spies were discovered; but, so far as is known, no one was stood up against the stone walls of the Citadel and shot.

"The search of the *Frederick VII* was by no means fruitless," so one of the officers engaged told me. "The results fully justified the precautions taken. The Germans on board were carrying contraband, under the seal of the Swedish Embassy at Washington." The incident afterwards caused great trouble between the Allies and Sweden.

Much ingenuity was shown in the conveyance of documents and valuables; and the officers searching frequently found themselves in delicate situations; but the search went on relentlessly.

Sailing of the Convoy

THE convoy system, which was perfected here, was a reminder of the days of Nelson; but it was more than a century since convoys had been seen in Canadian waters. It was a standing wonder that it was not adopted earlier in the war. Its disadvantages, of course, are apparent; the whole convoy must be largely governed by the speed of the slowest ship.

At first, they left Halifax exclusively. Later on, the store and slower convoys went from Sydney; and when the subs came on the coast, many of the troop convoys went from Quebec, and had to be met off Cap Rosier, near Gaspé, and escorted to sea. In addition, the very important ships running between Conception Bay and Sydney, supplying ore for the steel works; and coastal ships between Sydney and Halifax and Halifax and Boston, had to be convoyed.

Not only was Halifax a point of departure for ships going East; but it proved in this war to be a great rallying point for troops in great numbers from Australia, New Zealand, reservists of all the Allied nations, and for great volumes of Asiatic labor; brought across the Pacific and then across Canada. Apparently those mythical "Russian troops" never passed through Halifax on their spirit journey to the Western front. After the United States entered the war, Halifax became a busy centre for furthering the rapid transit of American troops and material. Great flotillas left the port, protected by Imperial cruisers, in some cases in co-operation with United States cruisers, containing an extraordinary assortment of nationalities. It was not uncommon for convoys to have thousands of troops from Canada, United States, Australia, New Zealand; with many Serbians, Jews, and so forth, from the United States.

A date would be fixed for the departure of a convoy of thirty-five or more ships. Departments existed in Halifax for the co-ordination of all the individual ships; and instructions were given to those in command that they should go to sea organized as a mobile fleet, to enable them from the time of their departure until their dispersal at the different ports on the other side to act in concert on such matters as changing course, conduct in fog or ice, and the understanding of all protective measures which experience had taught as necessary. They left the Basin in single line to pass out through the harbor, at the mouth of which methods for checking the order of departure existed.

There were strict prohibitions against photography of any sort around Halifax without permission during the war. I did discover one snap-shot of a convoy proceeding to sea; but it was so small and indistinct that it would not stand reproducing.

The average convoy would have two cruisers, in some cases accompanied by United States destroyers, when they became available. Before its departure, the course was carefully swept for German "eggs," and the hydroplanes hovered overhead, looking out for submarines. The warships took the convoy all the way across, and when it was dispersed there it was looked after by Allied cruisers.

Each ship had directions to be followed not only while with the convoy, but as to what she should do in case of parting company. All confidential literature necessary to be in the possession of the ships was brought up to date and issued to each ship concerned.

On another occasion a large convoy was proceding to sea in single line, and each ship was towing a buoy some distance astern, according to custom, to maintain distance. The sub chasers spied these suspicious things on the face of the waters, and directed a terrific fire on them from their guns, completely demolishing every "periscope" in sight. They returned back to port, perfectly satisfied with themselves; but they heard something from the other side by the first mail, when there was a howl from a line of ships' officers who lamented the loss of their buoys.

It is believed that none of the submarines operating off this coast were ever sunk, although I understand the United States navy has claimed one. If

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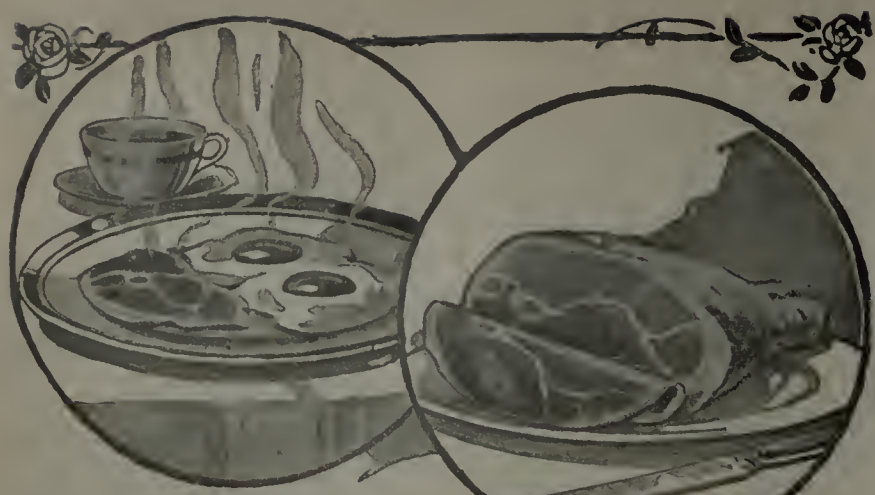

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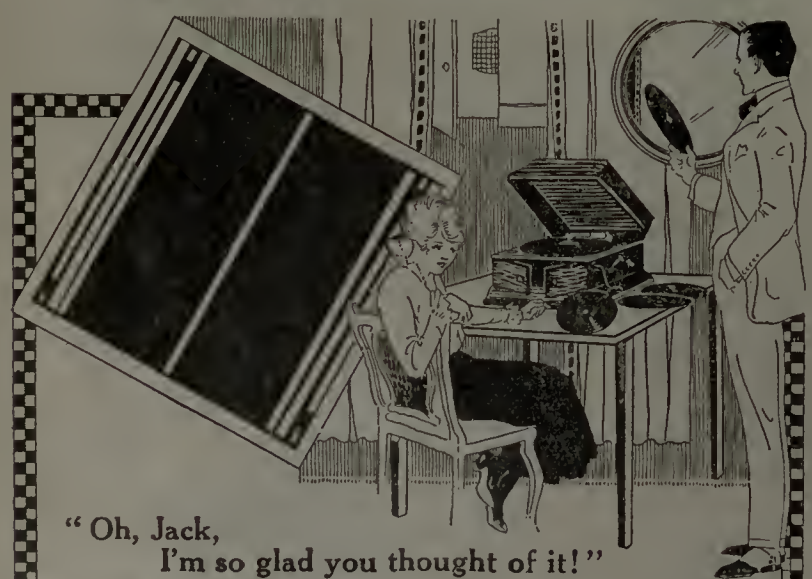

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they did not get it, it was not for lack of trying, at all events.

From the report of Halifax alone about fifteen hundred ships with stores and materials sailed every year. Some times it would be possible for 80 or 90 ships to sail in a week, much depending on the weather, the allies' requirements, and so forth. The organization and arrangements necessary to allow of this great volume of shipping being despatched was very great and very intricate, and never ceased, night or day. The constant movement of patrols alone in this connection proved a great task, as each departing convoy had to be surrounded by a cloud of protecting craft, whilst going to the open sea.

The Work of the Wireless

IN 1918, the most active period of hostile submarine operation in the Western Atlantic, all the chief Canadian wireless stations were busy night and day, picking up the many reports from ships at sea of submarine attacks. These messages were forwarded to the naval centre at Halifax, so that a continuous story of the movements of hostile subs flowed in. All reports were carefully examined, and those bearing either certainty or likelihood of truth were again sent out in the form of warnings or advice for the help of convoys, or to Allied shipping in general. Should a ship, when attacked, become crippled, the fact together with her condition and exact position could be passed through a first-class Canadian wireless station to any point where the most prompt help could be secured. The fact that a very large proportion of Allied ship movement could be plotted hour after hour enabled help to be summoned to a distressed ship, and her enemies driven off. In cases where ships were sunk, and crews had to take to their boats, the wireless was invaluable.

Early in the war the advantage of the powerful wireless station at Barrington Passage became apparent. Its transmitting range, under favorable circumstances, ran up to fifteen hundred miles. Barrington was reinforced by a chain of coast stations of lesser power, but capable of passing messages with great rapidity around the coast of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and into the Gulf. Cape Race also has a powerful station, and a naval station of the first class exists at St. John's, Nfld. By the use of the chain of high power stations, the field of reception and transmission of messages can be greatly increased. Messages originating in German territory and in Paris have been frequently read in Canadian high power stations, although they were nearly always in cipher. The fact that by a recent invention the position from which a message has been sent can be measured accurately by other stations or ships increases the danger to the users.

German Mines Off the Coast

THE discovery, on the Canadian coast, of mines which are nowadays laid by subs in a series, proved a further complication and a source of care and concern to those engaged in the work of guarding shipping. Sometimes the presence of such mines would be first indicated by a ship striking one. In other cases a single mine would break away from its mooring wire and be found floating. The laying of connected mines would be expected off focal points on the coast, or positions where ships would be expected to draw together during the pursuit of the voyage. Very often those charged with the duty of searching for mines could, by placing themselves in the position of their enemy, judge what he would do. A likely spot for mines in the approaches to Halifax would be in the comparatively shallow waters of Sambro banks; where, in fact, a very dangerous nest of German mines was located and removed by an intensive process of mine sweeping. At this point eight mines were found in a row.

The business of mine sweeping made great progress in this war. The sweepers would proceed out of Halifax harbor in a flotilla and, arrived at the appointed area, would assume a formation roughly on the principle that the greatest area is to be covered, having in view the number of vessels available for the service. They decide the depth at which the first sweep is to be made. This is regulated by a mechanism attached to the wire betwen each pair of sweepers. Unless the mines are badly laid, there are no surface indications of their presence. One came up off Sambro, which led to the discovery of the others. It was found by the people of Sambro Island. All the mines found were of the cylindrical type usually used by subs. They were particularly dangerous in that they floated at an angle of 45 degrees, and might easily be mistaken for a log. These particular mines were found in the summer of 1918, after the oil tanker *Lux Blanca* was sunk.

One nest found seemed to have been laid in error. It was found off Betty Island, to the south of Halifax. It could have done no harm to sea-going ships, and was probably put down in the fog, and in a hurry.

The whole area off Halifax has now been thoroughly swept, and the naval authorities consider that there is no likelihood of many mines being left, although this will be ascertained definitely under the agreement made with the enemy that the location of all mines shall be disclosed.

Two Subs Off Our Coast

IT is thought that two subs, both of the *Deutschland* type, operated off our coast. They were seen many times, and were of slow speed. They had two 5.7 guns with a range of about nine miles, and in the latter days of the war many merchant ships were more heavily armed.

In 1918 they must have begun to think that they were getting close to winter weather and they had to go south. They made a dead set at oil ships as they knew how necessary they were. There were enormous quantities of oil shipped from Halifax, where, on the Eastern passage the Imperial Oil Company is developing one of the largest plants in America.

The expected coming of the submarines was realized when, one fine summer day, August 6th, 1918, the *Lux Blanca*, an American oil tanker, was sunk after a fight, in which two of her crew were killed. The *Lux Blanca* and another oil tanker had discharged their cargo at Halifax, and were bound for Mexico.

The day after the destruction of the *Lux Blanca*, a report went about Halifax that the submarine had been captured, and was being towed in by two warships with flags flying and bands playing. Thousands of people gathered on Citadel Hill to see the triumphal procession. They pictured to themselves a repetition of a similar scene, over one hundred years ago, when the British ship *"Shannon"* towed the American frigate *"Chesapeake"* up the harbor, after their memorable duel. But they waited in vain; the sub was busy elsewhere.

For the next week or ten days there was a constant stream of reports coming in of ships falling victims of the submarines. Five or six Nova Scotian vessels were torpedoed or shelled. The attitude of the sub captains varied. The one who sank the *Annie M. Perry* gave the captain his position and congratulated him on being only 35 miles from land, saying he had frequently driven crews into their boats 500 miles from land. The captain of one of the schooners was told not to worry, as he would have plenty of time to save the lives of the crew. But they told the captain of the *Triumph* that they would wipe out the whole fishing fleet.

This Halifax steam trawler, the *Triumph*, after being captured, was fitted up with guns and wireless by the Germans, and a crew put on board; she was then sent out raiding on the Middle Banks, off Canso, and did much havoc. On one day there were 108 destitute fishermen came into Canso, having lost their ships. But she could not scare the fishermen off the seas. One Yarmouth skipper who refused to leave the Banks, even when the submarine was busiest there, came into port with a fare of fifty thousand pounds.

The captain of one of the submarines

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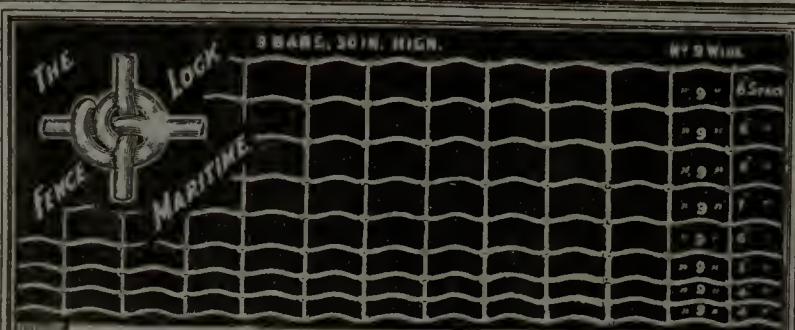

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---AGENTS---

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With their smooth, thick coating and centres of creams, nutmeats and jellies, make the holiday a real joy.

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Established 1832

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300 Branches in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as well as in Newfoundland, Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica and in the United States at Boston, Chicago and New York.

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To this city falls the honor of producing Canada's best footwear. There, the Hartt Boot & Shoe Co., Limited, started to manufacture on the principle that only the best is truly inexpensive. In the years that have passed, this high standard of quality has never been deviated from and will continue to be maintained.

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An extremely stylish Oxford in Black Vici Kid. Gold Medal grade model 1250. No. 64 last.

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What would you not give to be able to select the choicest specimens from that glittering horde? If you could you would doubtless pick out the same tender, young fish that we use exclusively for **CHICKEN HADDIES,** the delicious, economical sea-food.

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The thoughtful and thrifty housewife, always on the lookout for high quality at low price, finds **CHICKEN HADDIES** a perfect dish, for they come to the table with all the fresh wholesomeness of the salt sea. You will enjoy this savory fish with its delicate flavor enhanced by the use of a suitable sauce.

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If your food store cannot supply you, write us direct, giving your dealer's name and address and enclosing 10c in stamps to cover mailing, and a regular 30c can will be sent you without delay.

MARITIME FISH CORPORATION, LIMITED

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Nova Scotia has the only coal deposits on the Atlantic seaboard of America. The quantity available is authoritatively estimated at nine thousand million tons.

Investigate the industrial opportunities of this Province.

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Millions of Cups Enjoyed Every Day

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The more Quality given for the money the greater the success.

Figuring on this basis, the Quality given in the Red Rose Tea packages must be large for the money—

For millions of cups of Red Rose are enjoyed every day in Canada.

Wherever the railroad, the auto, the horse, the canoe, and the dogsled go—be it a main road or a trail through the wilderness —wherever "good" tea is enjoyed and value and economy appreciated—there you will find the Red Rose packages.

To supply the demand for Red Rose Tea, the T. H. Estabrooks Company operates in St. John, New Brunswick, one of the largest tea sorting, testing, blending. and packing warehouses in Canada, and, in addition, there are branches in five other Canadian cities. Almost every grocery store in Canada sells Red Rose Tea.

While the residents of the Maritime Provinces look upon the T. H. Estabrooks Company as an industry that belongs to the provinces, the lovers of "good tea" all over Canada have made it an industry of national importance.

Every day they go by the thousands to the grocery stores to buy tea with the distinctive Red Rose flavor, the rich Red Rose strength, and the splendid Red Rose economy.

Red Rose Tea tastes better, goes farther and is more economical, because it consists chiefly of hill-grown ASSAM teas—the richest and strongest in the world.

Red Rose meets every tea requirement.

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NO car has a better starting and lighting system than that now available to purchasers of Ford Cars.

It is a Ford product, built into the motor—

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On the open models—Touring Cars and Runabouts—it is OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT.

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On all models the Ford Standard Magneto also provides ignition independent of the batteries.

See the Ford car with this new equipment.

Ford Runabout $660; Touring $690
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Coupe $975; Sedan $1175 (closed model prices include Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment).
These prices are F. O. B. Ford, Ont. and do not include the War Tax.

111

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Continued from page 58

told one of the schooner captains that he had come in so far that he saw the lights of Halifax.

That, or something else, decided the authorities that Halifax must be darkened; and for months the people were groping about with flashlights as all street lights were out. Later, this order was amended so that street lights should have the top and outside blackened. But business was done with the blinds down in the old garrison city for a long time. It was a gloomy time, and there was constant expectation of attack from airships. When the first deafening crash of the explosion came in December of 1917, the first thought of everyone was that the airships had come at last; but no airships could have wrought the damage and death of that one fell blast.

The Land Defences of Halifax

THE land defences of the Port of Halifax were of the most vital importance. On both sides of the harbor, for miles out, are enormously strong and well-armored forts with modern guns, powerful searchlights, and all the modern scientific devices for detection and protection. As soon as war broke out, the scheme of defence, always in the hands of the officer commanding, was put in force. All Halifax units were immediately mobilized, and all those in the Maritime Provinces, including the 1st Canadian Garrison Artillery, 18 officers and 249 men; 63rd Regiment, 34 officers and 490 men; 66th Regiment, 34 officers and 490 men; 94th Cape Breton Highlanders, 32 officers and 488 men. Soon after, the P.E.I. Heavy Artillery, 6 officers and 134 men; a Composite Battalion of 24 officers and 416 men, as well as the C. E., A. S. C., and A. M. C., were ordered out.

These troops were at once sent to their war stations, where they did hard and constant service, continually asking to be sent overseas, and continually being told that they were absolutely necessary where they were. Only by going out and doing personal recruiting among their friends and relatives at home, to fill their places in the garrison, could they get away; and in this manner each regiment sent drafts overseas equalling several times the number of men in the original establishment.

On the declaration of war, one of the two entrances of the harbor was blocked by the sinking of a ship in the channel; the other entrance was protected by sinking an anti-submarine net. This defence was maintained during the continuance of the war, being raised only for the admission of properly identified ships.

Wreckages on the Coast

THERE were many wrecks in war time, particularly when the submarines were operating. It was a common thing, indeed, for ships to go on the rocks, and then claim they were torpedoed. Five ships, one of which was filled with troops, ran ashore on the coast within reach of Halifax in one morning. Several of them were foreigners. There was fog and bad weather at the time, but the situation was further complicated by the fact that they were all keeping pretty well in to get clear of the submarines, and also by the fact that the foreigners were shooting out wireless messages, many of which were unintelligible or misleading. One ship made her messages with three different ships' signals, to the effect that three warships were ashore, and there was naturally some excitement when this reached Halifax. The troopship ashore that morning was the *City of Vienna*, with 1,400 men on board. She was on Sambro shoal, and two U. S. warships were called up and stood by her. The helpful Americans took the men off her before dark that night; but she became a total wreck, and is still bleaching her bones with many another around Sambro.

It is interesting to note here that, owing to the perfecting by a Canadian during the war of an invention, the germ of which has been in our marine department for thirty years, any ship may now come into Halifax by electrical guidance as easily as a car follows a trolley along the wire.

Owners Up

Continued from page 20

"Hurry up, gentlemen! Make your bets while the merry-go-round plays on."

"For a repeat!" Texas shrilled, dropping the chips, one after another, on to the thirteen square until they stood like a candle. Impatiently the croupier checked him:

"Mind the limit, Mister."

"When I play the sky's my limit," Texas answered.

"Not here," the croupier admonished, sweeping three-quarters of the ivory discs from thirteen.

The little ball of peripatetic fate that had held on its erratic way during this, now settled down into a compartment painted green.

"Double zero!" the croupier remarked, and swept the table bare.

Texas cursed. "There ain't no green-eyed horse runnin' for the track—everybody's got a chance. Here, I'm going to cash in."

HE shoved the ivory chips irritably across the table, and the croupier stacking them in his board, said: "A thousand and fifty."

As methodically as he had built up the chips, from a drawer he erected little golden plinths of twenty dollar pieces, and with both hands pushed them toward the winner.

Texas put the palm of his hand on the shiny mound, saying:

"I'm goin' to orate; I'm gettin' plumb hide-bound 'cause of this long sleep in Walla Walla. To-morrow I'm pullin' my freight down the trail to the outside where men is. But these yeller-throated singin' birds says I got a cow-hocked whangdoodle on four hoofs named Horned Toad that can outrun anything that eats with molars in Walla Walla, from a grasshopper's jump to four miles. Now I've said it, ladies—who's next?"

A quiet voice at his elbow answered almost plaintively: "If you will take your paw off those yellow boys I'll bury them twice."

At the sound of that drawling voice Texas sprang to his feet, whirled, and seeing Carney, struck at him viciously. Carney simply bent his lithe body, and the next instant Iron Jaw had Texas by the throat, shaking him like a rat.

"You damned locoed fool!" he swore: "what d'you mean—what d'you mean?" each query being emphasized by a vigorous shake.

"He simply means," explained Carney, "that he's a cheap bluffer—a wind gambler. When he's called he quits. That's just what I thought."

"Give him a chance, Blake," Death-on-the-trail interposed; "Let go!"

Iron Jaw pressed Texas back into his chair saying: "You've got too much booze. If you want to bet on your horse sit there and cut out this Injun stuff."

SNAKY DICK had jumped to his feet, startled by the fact that Carney was about to break in on his preserve. Now, he said: "If Texas is pinin' for a race Clatawa is waitin'—so is his backin'."

Carney turned his gray eyes on the speaker:

"There's a rule in this country, Snaky, that when two men have got a discussion on, others keep out. I've undertaken to call this jack-rabbit's bluff, and he makes good or takes his noisy organ away to play it outside of Walla Walla."

Texas Sam had received a thumb in the rib from Iron Jaw that meant, "Go ahead," so he said, surlily: "There's my money on the table. Anybody can come in—the game's wide open."

"That being so," Carney drawled, "there's a little buckskin horse tied to the post outside, that's carried me for three years around this land of delight, and he looks good to me."

He unslung from his waist a leather roll, and dropped its snake-like body across the Texas coin, saying:

"There's two thousand in twenties, and if this cheap-singing person sees the raise, it goes for a race at a mile-and-a-quarter between the little buckskin outside and this cow-hocked mule he sings about."

"I want to see this damn buckskin," Texas objected.

"You don't need to worry," Iron Jaw commented; "the horse is pretty nigh as well known as Bulldog."

But Texas, having been born in a very nest of iniquity, a stable boy, tout, half-mile-track ringer, and runner for a wire-tapping bunch, was naturally suspicious.

"I don't match against an unknown," he objected; "let me lamp this Flyin' Dutchman of the Plains; it may be Salvator for all I know."

"Let him get out the door," Carney sneered; "it will be good-bye—we'll never see him again."

"And if we don't," Snaky Dick interposed, "I'll cover your money, Carney."

Bulldog swung the gray eyes, and levelled them at the red-and-yellow streaked beads that did seeing duty in Snaky's face:

"You ever hear about the gent who was kicked out of Paradise and told to go scoot along on his belly for butting in?" Then he followed the little crowd at Texas Sam's heels.

IN the yellow blare of the Del Monte lights the buckskin looked very little like a race horse. He stood about fifteen-and-a-quarter hands, looking not much larger than a pony, as, half asleep, he had relaxed his body; the lop ears hanging almost at right angles to his lean bony head suggested humor more than speed. He stood "over" on his front legs, a habit contracted when he favored the weak knees. As he was a gelding his neck was thin, so far removed from a crest that it was almost ewe-like; his tremendous width of rump caused the hip bones to project, suggesting an archaic design of equine structure. The direct lamplight threw cavernous shadows all over his lean form.

Texas Sam shot one rapid look of appraisement over the sleepy little horse; then he laughed.

"Pinch me, Iron Jaw!" he cried; "am I ridin' on the tail-board of an overland bus, seein' things in the desert, and hearin' wings?"

He pointed a forefinger at the buckskin: "Is that the lopin' jack-rabbit that runs for your money?" he queried of Carney.

"That horse's name is Pat," Bulldog answered quietly, "and we've been pals so long that when any yapping coyote snaps at him I most naturally kick the brute out of the way. But that's the horse, Buckskin Pat, that my money says can outrun, for a mile-and-a-quarter, the horse you describe as a cow-hocked cow pony, the same being, I take it, the horse you scooted away on when I slapped you on the mouth this morning."

Texas Sam was naturally of a vicious temper, and this allusion caused him to flare up again, as Carney meant it to. But Iron Jaw whirled him around, saying:

"Cut out the man end of it—let's get down to cases. We aint had a live hoss race for so long that I most forget what it looks like. If you two mean business come inside and put up your bets, gentlemen."

IRON JAW abrogated to himself the duty of master of ceremonies. First he set his croupier to work counting the gold of Texas Sam and Bulldog Carney. There were an even hundred twenty dollar gold pieces in the belt Carney had thrown on the table.

"You're shy on the raise," Iron Jaw remarked, winking at Texas.

"I'll see his raise," the latter growled. "You've got more 'n that of mine in your safe, Iron Jaw, so stack 'em up for me till they're level. I might as well win somethin' worth while though there won't be no fun in the race. That jack—that buckskin"—he checked himself—"won't make me go fast enough to know I'm in the saddle."

"You let me in on that and I'll furnish the speed," Snaky Dick could not resist

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the temptation to clutch at the money he saw slipping away from him. "Make it a three-cornered sweep, Mr. Carney," he pleaded; "I'll ante."

"It would be some race," Iron Jaw encouraged; "some race, boys. I've seen the little buckskin amble. I don't know nothin' about this Texas person's caravan, but Clatawa, for a sauce bottle that holds both warm and cold blood, aint so slow—he aint so slow, gents."

The idea caught on; everybody in the saloon rose to the occasion. Yells of "Make it a sweep! Let Clatawa in! Wake up old Walla Walla with something worth while!" came from many throats.

Bulldog seemed to debate the matter, a smile twitching his drab mustache.

"I've said it," Texas cried: "she's wide open. Anybody that's got a pet eagle he thinks can fly faster 'n my cow-pony can run, can enter him. There aint no one barred, and the limit 's up where the pines point to."

SNAKY DICK had edged around the table till he stood close beside Bulldog, where he whispered: "Let me in, Carney; I've been layin' for this flannel-mouth. I don't want to see him get away with Walla Walla money. You save your stake with me, if I'm in."

Carney pushed the little wizen-faced speaker away, saying: "Any kind of a talking bird can swing in on a winning if he's got a copper-riveted, cinch bet. But sport, as I understand it, gentlemen, consists in providing excitement, taking on long chances."

"That's Bulldog talkin'," somebody interrupted; and they all cheered.

"That being acknowledged," Carney resumed, "I feel like stealing candy from a blind kid when I crowd in on this Texas person. A yellow man wouldn't know how to own a real horse; that money on the table is, so to speak, mine now; but as Snaky Dick is panting to make it a real race, purely out of a kindly feeling for Walla Walla sports, I'm going to let him draw cards. Clatawa is welcome."

"The drinks is on the house when I hear a wolf howl like that," Snaggle Tooth yelled. "Crowd up, gentlemen—the drinks is on the house! Old Walla Walla is goin' to sit up and take notice; Bulldog is some live wire."

CHAIRS were thrust back; men crowded the bar: liquors were tossed off. Sheriff Teddy the Leaper, who had come in, felt his arm touched by Carney, and inclining his head to a gentle pull at his coat sleeve, he heard the latter whisper, "Stake holder for my sake." That was all.

Then the crowd swarmed back to the table where the croupier had remained beside the mound of gold.

"You give Jim, there, a receipt for a thousand, and he'll pass it out," Iron Jaw told Texas.

Jim the croupier took from the safe behind him rolls of twenty-dollar gold pieces and stood them up in Texas's pile. He removed a few coins, saying: "The pot is right, gentlemen; two thousand apiece."

"Hold on," Snaky Dick cried; "it aint closed yet—I draw cards."

"Not till you see the bet and the raise," Carney objected. "Nobody whispers his way into this game; it's for blood."

"Give me a cheque book, Snaggle Tooth."

"Flimsies don't go," Carney objected.

"Nothin' but the coin weighs in agin me," Texas agreed; "put up the dough, boys, or keep out."

Snaky was in despair. Here was just the softest spot in all the world, and without the cash he couldn't get in.

"Will you cash my cheque?" he asked Iron Jaw.

"If Baker 'll O.K. it I figger you must have the stuff in his bank—it'll be good enough for me," Iron Jaw replied.

There was a little parley between Snaky Dick, his associate, and Baker, who was a private banker. The cheque was made out, endorsed, and cashed from the gambling funds, Iron Jaw being a partner of Snaggle Tooth's in this commercial enterprise.

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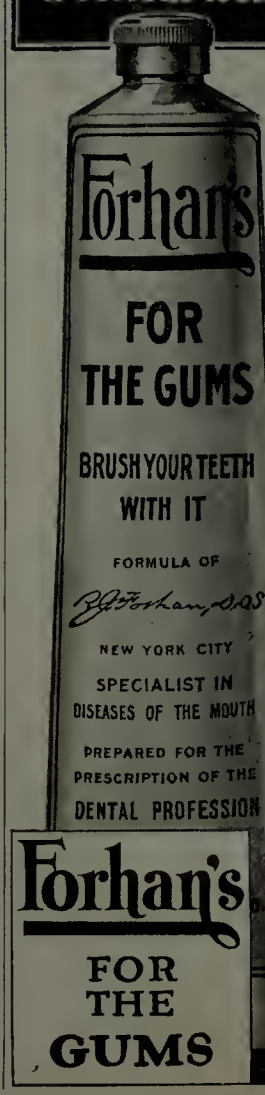

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When the pot was complete, six thousand on the table, Texas said: "We've got to have a stake holder. Are you both agreeable to Mr. Blake?"

SNAKY DICK coughed, and hesitated. He had no suspicion that Iron Jaw had any interest with Texas Sam, but knowing the man as he did, he felt sure that before the race was run Iron Jaw and Snaggle Tooth would be in the game up to the eyes.

The drawling voice of Carney broke the little hush that followed this request.

"You're from the outside, Texas; you know all about your own horse, and that lets you out. The selecting of a stake holder, and such, most properly belongs to Walla Walla, that is to say, such of us interested as more or less live here. The Sheriff of Shoshone, who is present, if he'll oblige, is the man that holds my money, and yours, too, unless you want to crawfish. Does that suit you, Snaky?"

"It does," the latter answered cheerfully, for, fully believing that Clatawa was going to show a clean pair of heels to the other horses, he wanted the money where he could get it without gun-play.

"That's settled, then," Carney said blithely, ignoring Texas completely. He turned to Teddy the Leaper: "Will you oblige, Sheriff?"

The Sheriff was agreeable, saying that as soon as they had completed details they would take the money over to Baker's bank and lock it up in the safe, Baker promising to take charge of it, even if it were at night.

"Just repeat the conditions of the match," the Sheriff said, and he drew from his pocket a note book and pencil.

Carney seized the opportunity to say:

"A three-cornered race between the buckskin gelding Pat, the black gelding Horned Toad, and the bay horse Clatawa at one mile and a quarter. The stake, two thousand dollars a corner; winner take all. To be run one week from today."

"Is that right, gentlemen?" the Sheriff asked; "all agreed?"

"Owners up—this is a gentleman's race," Texas snapped.

"Satisfactory?" the Sheriff asked, his eyes on Carney. The latter nodded; and Iron Jaw winked at Snaggle Tooth. Snaky Dick could scarce credit his ears; surely the gods were looking with favor upon his fortunes; the other riders would be giving him many pounds in this self-accepted handicap.

AT Sheriff Teddy's suggestion the gold was carried over to Baker's bank, a stone building almost opposite the Del Monte; the bag containing it was sealed, and placed in a big safe, Baker giving the Sheriff a receipt for six thousand dollars.

Then they went back to the Del Monte for target practice at the bottle, each man implicated buying ammunition.

At this time Carney had taken the buckskin to his stable, going back to the saloon.

Snaggle Tooth made a short patriotic speech, the burden of which was that the saloon was full of men of eager habit who had not had a chance to sit into the game, and to ameliorate the condition of these mournful mavericks he would sell pools on the race, for the mere honorarium of five per cent.

Fever was in the men's blood; if he had suggested twenty per cent. it would have gone.

Snaggle Tooth took up his position behind a faro table and called out:

"The pool is open, with Clatawa, Horned Toad, and Pat in the box. What am I bid for first choice?"

"Twenty dollars," a voice cried.

"Thirty," another said.

"Forty."

"Fifty."

A dry rasp that suggested an alkaline throat squeaked, "A hundred. Is this a horse race, or are we dribblin' in to the plate at the Synagogue."

"Sold!" Snaggle Tooth yapped, knowing well that excitement begat quick action. "Which cayuse do you favor, plunger?"

"The range horse, Clatawa."

The croupier at Snaggle Tooth's elbow took the bidder's five twenty-dollar gold pieces and passed him a slip with Clatawa's name on it.

"A hundred dollars in the box and second choice for sale," Snaggle Tooth drawled, his prominent fang gleaming in the lamp light as he mouthed the words.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, was bid like the quick popping of a machine gun; at seventy-five the bids hung fire, and the auctioneer, thumping the table with his bony fist, snapped: "Sold! Name your jack-rabbit."

"Horned Toad," came from the bidder of the seventy-five.

"A hundred and seventy-five in the box," Snaggle Tooth droned, "and the buckskin for sale. What about it, you pikers—what about it?"

There seemed to be nothing about it, unless silence was something. The hush seemed to dampen the gambling spirit.

"What!" yelped Snaggle Tooth; "two thousand golden bucks staked on the horse now, and no tin-horn with sand enough in his gizzard to open his trap! This is a race, not a funeral—who's dead? Bulldog, you laid even money; here's a hundred and seventy-five goin' a-beggin'. Ain't you got a chance?"

"Ten dollars?" Carney bid as if driven into it.

"Ten dollars, ten dollars bid for the buckskin; a hundred and seventy-five in the box, and ten dollars bid for the buckskin. Sold!"

The first pool was followed by others, one after another; the roulette table, the keno game, and faro were in the discard—their tables were deserted.

It soon became evident that Clatawa was a hot favorite, the public's money was all for the Walla Walla champion. Noting this the Horned Toad trio hung back, bidding less. Clatawa was selling for a hundred, Horned Toad about fifty, and the buckskin sometimes knocked down at ten to Carney, or sometimes bid up to twenty by someone tempted by the odds.

At last Carney slipped quietly away, having bought at least twenty pools that stood him between three and four thousand to a matter of two hundred.

IN the morning he rode the buckskin out to Molly's cottage and turned him over to Billy.

The boy's voice trembled with delight when he was told of what had taken place.

"Gee! now I will get well," he said; "I'll beat the bug out now—I'll have heart. You see, Mr. Carney, I got set down in California a year ago. It wasn't my fault; I was ridin' for Timberleg Harley, and he give the horse a bucket of water before the race; he didn't want to win—was lettin' the horse run for Sweeny, layin' for a big price later on. He had an interest in a book, and they took liberties with the horse's odds—he was favorite. He didn't dare tell me anything about it, the hound. When I found the horse couldn't raise a gallop, hangin' in my hands like a sea lion, I didn't ride him out thinkin' he'd broke down. They had me up in the judges' stand, and sent for the books. It looked bad. Timberleg got off by swearin' I'd pulled the horse to let the other win; swore that I stood in with the books that had overlaid him. I was give the gate, and it just broke my heart. I was weak from wastin' away. And you can't beat the bug out if you lose your courage; there ain't nothin' to it, the bug 'll win—it's a hundred to one on him.

"First thing, I'm goin' to give Waster a ball to clean him out; give him a bran mash, too. He must be like a currycomb inside, grass and hay and everything here is full of this damn cactus. A week aint much to ready-up a horse for a race, but he aint got no fat to work off, and he knows the game. In a week he'll be as spry as a kitten. I'll just play with him. I'll bunk with him, too. If Slimy Red got wise to anythin' he'd slip him a twig of locoe, or put a sponge up his nose. Do you know what that thief did once, Mr. Carney? He was a moonlighter; he sneaked the favorite for a race that was to be run next day out of his stall at night and

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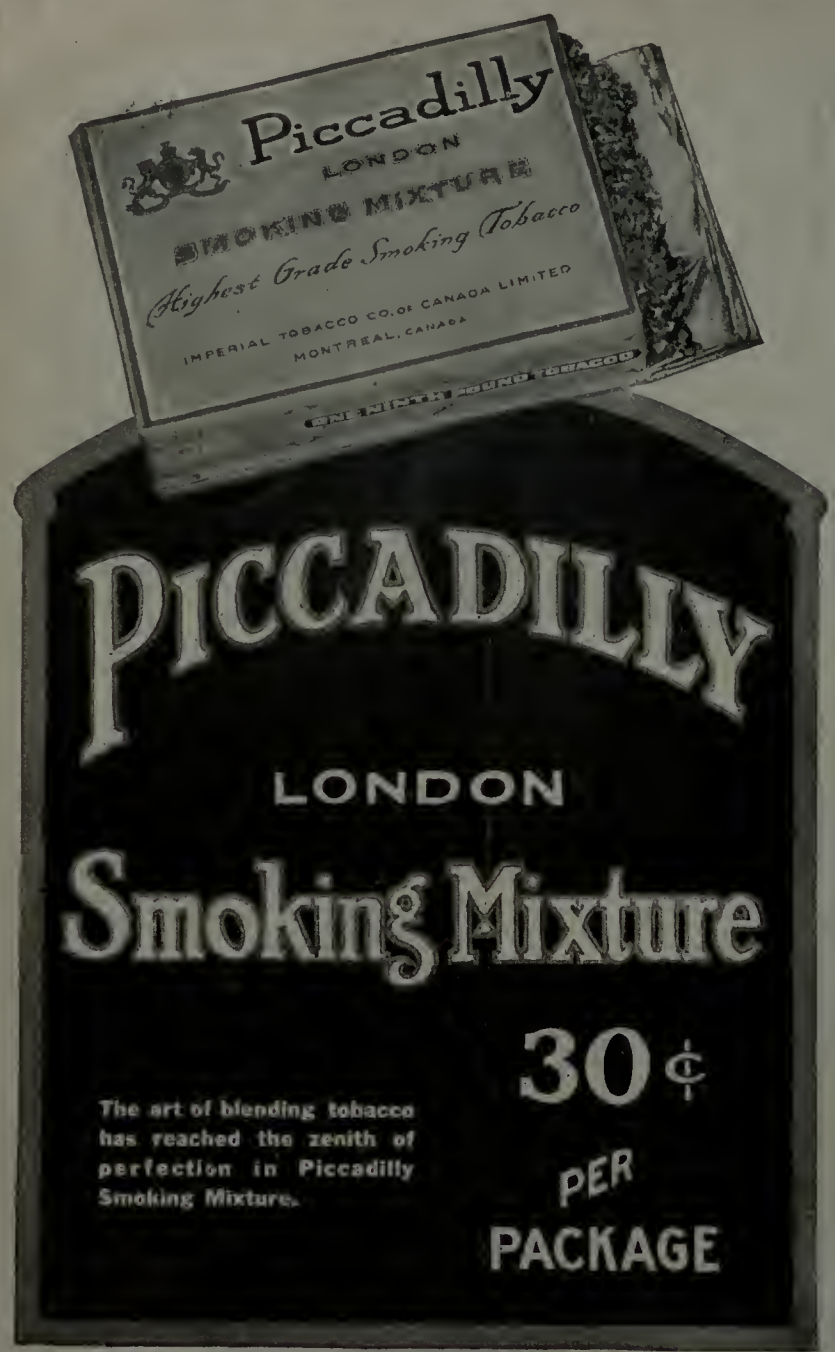

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galloped him four miles with about a hundred and sixty in the saddle. That settled the favorite; he run his race same 's if he was pullin' a hearse."

"That's a good idea, Billy. There's half-a-dozen Slimy Reds in Walla Walla; it's a good idea, only I'll do the sleeping with the buckskin. I'd be lonesome away from him."

The boy objected, but Carney was firm.

BILLY was not only a good rider, but he was a man of much brains. There was little of the art of training that he did not know, for his father had been a trainer before him—he had been brought up in a stable.

Fortunately the buckskin's working life had left little to be desired in the way of conditioning; it was just that the sinews and muscles might have become case-hardened, more the muscles of endurance than activity.

But then the race was over a distance, a mile-and-a-quarter, where the endurance of the thoroughbred would tell over Clatawa. Indeed, full of the contempt which a racing man has for a cold-blooded horse, Billy did not consider Clatawa in the race at all.

"That part of it is just found money," he assured Carney. "Clatawa will go off with a burst of speed like those Texas half-milers, and he'll commence to die at the mile; he hasn't a chance"

As to Ding Dong it was simply a question of whether the black had improved and Waster gone back enough through being thrown out of training to bring the two together. Anywhere near alike in condition Waster was a fourteen pound better horse than Ding Dong. It might be that now, his legs sounder than they had ever been when he was racing, Waster might run the best mile-and-a-quarter of his life.

Of course this might not be possible in a three-quarter sprint, for, at that terrific rate of going, running it from end to end at top speed, a certain nervous or muscular system would be called upon that had practically become atrophied through the more leisure ways of the trial work.

The little man pondered over these many things just as a man of commerce might mentally canvass great markets, conveying his point of view to Carney generally. He would map out the race as they sat together in the evening.

"Of course Snaky Dick will shoot out from the crack of the pistol, and try to open up a gap that'll break our hearts. He won't dare to pull Clatawa in behind; a cold-blooded horse's got the heart of a chicken—he'd quit. Slimy'll carry Ding Dong along at a rate he knows will leave him enough for a strong run home; but he'll think that he's only got Clatawa to beat and he'll pull out of his proper pace—he'll keep within strikin' distance of Clatawa. I'll let them go on. I know 'bout how fast Waster can run that mile-and-a-quarter from end to end. Don't you worry if you see me ten lengths out of it at the mile. Waster won all his races comin' through his horses from behind, 'cause he's game. When Clatawa cracks, and I'm not up, Slimy'll stop ridin', he'll let his horse down, thinkin' he's won. You'll see, Mr. Carney. If a quarter-of-a-mile from the finish post I'm within three lengths of Ding Dong and not drivin' him you can take all the money in sight. I'll tell you somethin' else, Mr. Carney; if I'm up with Ding Dong, and Slimy Red thinks I've got him, he'll try a foul."

"Glad you mentioned it, little man," Carney remarked drily.

THE buckskin was given a long steady gallop the day after he had received the ball of physic; then for three days he was given short sprinting runs and a little practice at breaking from the gun. Two days before the race he was given a mile-and-a-quarter at a little under full speed; rated as though he were in a race, the last half a topping gallop. He showed little distress, and cleaned up his oats an hour later after he had been cooled off. Billy was in an ecstasy of happy content.

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pace had seen Waster gallop his trial over the full course, for the boy had arranged it cleverly. Texas Sam and Snaky Dick both worked their horses in the morning, and sometimes gave them a slow gallop in the evening. Billy knew that at the first peep of day some of the Clatawa people would be on the track, so he waited that morning until everybody had gone home to breakfast thinking all the gallops were over; then he slipped on to the course and covered the mile-and-a-quarter without being seen.

The course was a straight away, one hundred feet wide, lying outside of the town on the open plain, and running parallel to the one long street. The finish post was opposite the heart of the town.

The week was one long betting carnival; one heard nothing but betting jargon. It was horse morning, noon, and night.

Carney had acquired another riding horse, and the Horned Toad cabal laughed cynically at his seriousness. Iron Jaw could not understand it, for Bulldog had a reputation for cleverness; but here he was acting like a tenderfoot. Once or twice a suspicion flashed across his mind that perhaps Bulldog had discovered something, and meant to call them after they had won the race. But there was Clatawa; there was nothing to cover up in his case, and surely Carney didn't think he could beat the bay with his buckskin. Besides they weren't racing under Jockey Club rules. They hadn't guaranteed anything; Carney had matched his horse against the black, and there he was; names didn't count—the horse was the thing.

Molly had heard about the match and had grown suspicious over Billy's active participation, fearing it might bring on a hemorrhage if he rode a punishing race. When she taxed Billy with this he pleaded so hard for a chance to help out, assuring Molly that Waster would run his own race, and would need little help from him, that she yielded. When she talked to Bulldog about it he told her he was going to give the whole stake to Billy, the four thousand, if he won it.

AND then came the day of the great match. From the time the first golden shafts of sunlight had streamed over the Bitter Root Mountains, picking out the forms of Walla Walla's structures, that looked so like a mighty pack of wolves sleeping in the plain, till well on into the afternoon, the border town had been in a ferment. What mattered whether there was gold in the Coeur d' Alenes or not, whether the Nez Perces were good Presbyterians under the leadership, physically, of Chief Joseph, and spiritually, Missionary Mackay, was of no moment.

A man lay cold in death, a plug of lead somewhere in his chest, the result of a gambling row, but the morrow would be soon enough to investigate; today was the day—the day of the race; minor business was suspended.

It made men thirsty, this hot, parching anticipation; women had a desire for finery. Doors stood open, for the dwellers could not sit, but prowled in and out, watching the slow, loitering clock hands for four o'clock.

One phrase was on everybody's lips: "I'll take that bet."

Numerically the followers of Clatawa were in the majority; but there was a weight of metal behind Horned Toad that steadied the market; it came from a mysterious source. Texas Sam had been played for a blatant fool; nobody had seen Horned Toad show a performance that would warrant backing.

The little buckskin was looked upon as a sacrifice to his owner's well-known determination, his wild gambling spirit, that once roused could not be bluffed. They pitied Carney because they liked him; but what was the use of stringing with a man who held the weakest hand. And yet when somebody, growing rash, offered ten to one against the buckskin, a man, quite as calm and serene as Bulldog Carney himself, looking like a placer miner who worked a rocker on some bend of the Columbia, would say, diffidently, "I'll take that bet." And he would make good—one yellow eagle or fifty. It was almost ominous, the quiet seriousness of this man who said his name was Oregon, just Oregon.

"Talk of gamblers," Iron Jaw said with a spluttering laugh, and he pointed to the street where little knots of people stood, close packed against some two, who, money in hand, were backing their faith. Then the fatty laugh chilled into a cold-blooded sneer:

"Snaggle Tooth, we'll learn these tinhorns somethin'; to-morrow your safe won't be big enough to hold it. But say, don't let that Texas brayin' ass have no more booze."

"If you ask me, Blake, I think he's yeller. He's plumb babyfied now because of Carney—sober he'd quit."

"Carney won't turn a hair when we win."

"Course he won't. But you can't get that into Texas's noddle with a funnel—he's hoodooed; wants me to plant a couple of gun-men at the finish for fear Bulldog'll grab him."

"Look here, Snaggle, that coyote—hell! I know the breed of them outlaws, they'd rather win a race crooked than by their horse gallopin' in front—he just can't trust himself; he's afraid he'll foul the others when the chance flashes on him. You just tell him that we can't stand to kiss twenty thousand good-bye because of any Injun trick; the Sheriff wouldn't stand for it for a minute; he'd turn the money over to the second horse quick as a wolf'd grab a calf by the throat."

THAT was the atmosphere on that sweet-breathed August day in the archaic town of Walla Walla.

It was a perfectly conceived race; three men in it and each one confident that he held a royal flush; each one certain that, bar crooked work, he could win.

The sporting Commandant of the U.S. Cavalry troop had been appointed judge of the finish at the Sheriff's suggestion. And another officer was to fire the starting gun.

It was a springy turf course, just the going to suit Waster, whose legs had been dicky. On a hard course, built up of clay and sand, guiltless of turf, the fierce hammering of the hoofs might even yet heat up his legs, though they looked sound; his clutching hoofs might cup out unrooted earth and bow a tendon.

An hour before race time people had flocked to the goal where would be settled the ownership of thousands of dollars by the gallant steed that first caught the judge's eye as he flashed past the post. Even Lieutenant-Governor Moore was there; that magnificent Nez Perces, Chief Joseph, sat his half-blooded horse, a six-foot-three bronze Apollo, every inch a king in his beaded buckskins and his eagle feathers. The picture was Homeric, grand, and behind the canvas the subtle duplicity of gold worshippers.

At half-past three a hush fell over the chattering, betting, vociferating throng, as the judge, a tall soldierly figure of a man, called:

"Bring out the horses for this race: it is time to go to the post!"

Clatawa was the first to push from behind the throng to the course where the judge stood. He was a beautiful, high-spirited bay with black points, and a broad line of white starting from a star from his forehead adown his somewhat Roman nose. Two men led him, one on either side, and a blanket covered his form.

Then Horned Toad was led forward by a stable man; beneath a loose blanket showed the outlines of a small saddle. The horse walked with the unconcerned step of one accustomed to crowds, and noise, and blare. Beside him strode Texas Sam, a long coat draping his form.

Behind Horned Toad came the buckskin, at his heels Bulldog Carney, and beside Carney a figure that might have been an eager boy out for the holiday. The buckskin walked with the same indifference Horned Toad had shown.

As he was brought to a stand he lifted his long, lean neck, threw up the flopped ears, spread his nostrils, and with his big bright eyes gazed far down the track, so like a huge ribbon laid out on the

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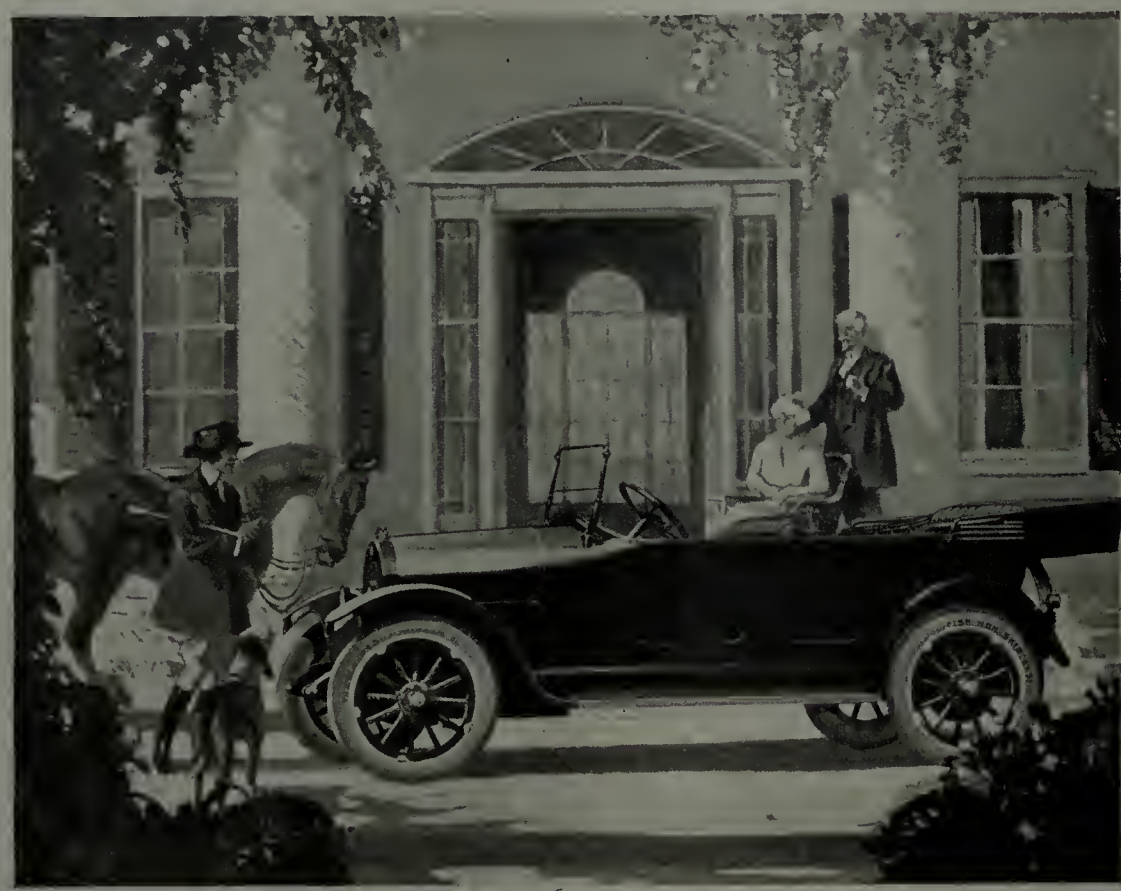

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plain, as if wondering where was the circular course he loved so well. He knew it was a race—that he was going to battle with those of his own kind. The tight cinching of the little saddle on his back, the bandages on his shins, the sponging out of his mouth, the little sprinting gallops he had had—all these touches had brought back to his memory the game his rich, warm, thoroughbred blood loved. His very tail was arched with the thrill of it.

"Mount your horses; it is time to go to the post!" Judge Cummings called, watch in hand.

THE blanket was swept from Clatawa's back, showing nothing but a wide, padded surcingle, with a little pocket either side for his rider's feet. And Snaky Dick, dropping his coat, stood almost as scantily attired; a pair of buckskin trunks being the only garment that marked his brown, monkey-like form.

Horned Toad carried a racing saddle, and from a snaffle bit the reins ran through the steel rings of a martingale.

At this Carney smiled, and more than one in the crowd wondered at this get-up for a supposed cow-pony.

Then, when Texas threw his long coat to a stable man, and stood up a slim lath of a man, clad in light racing boots, thin, white racing breeches, and a loose silk jacket, people stared again. It was as if, by necromancy, he had suddenly wasted from off his bones forty pounds of flesh.

But there was still further magic waiting the curious throng, for now the buckskin, stripped of his blanket, showed atop his well-ribbed back a tiny matter of pigskin that looked like a huge postage stamp. And the little figure of a man, one foot in Carney's hands, was lifted lightly to the saddle, where he sat in attire the duplicate of Texas Sam's.

With a bellow of rage Iron Jaw pushed forward, crying:

"Hold there! What th' hell are you doin' on that horse, you damn runt? Get down!"

He reached a huge paw to the rider's thigh, as though he would yank him out of the saddle.

HIS fingers had scarce touched the boy's leg when his hands were thrown up in the air, and he reeled back from a scimitar-like cut on his windpipe from the flat open hand of Carney, and choking, sputtering an oath of raging astonishment, he found himself looking into the bore of a gun, and heard a voice that almost hissed in its constrained passion:

"You coarse butcher! You touch that boy and you'll wake up in hell. Now stand back, and make to Judge Cummings any complaint you have."

Snaggle Tooth and Death-on-the-trail had pushed to Iron Jaw's side, their hands on their guns, and Carney, full of a passion rare with him, turned on them:

"Draw, if you want that, or lift your hands, damn quick!"

Surlily they dropped their half-drawn guns back into their pig-skin pockets. And Oregon, who had thrust forward, drew close to the two and said something in a low voice that brought a bitter look of hatred into the face of Snaggle Tooth.

But Oregon looked him in the eye and said audibly: "That's the last call to chuck—don't forget."

Iron Jaw was now appealing to the judge:

"This match was for owners up."

He beckoned forward the stakeholder:

"Aint that so, Sheriff—owners up?"

"That was the agreement," Teddy sustained.

"Wasn't that the bargain, Carney?" Iron Jaw asked, turning on Bulldog.

"It was."

"Then what th' hell 're you doin' afoot—and that monkey up?" And Iron Jaw jerked a thumb viciously over his shoulder at the little man on Waster.

CARNEY'S head lifted, and the bony contour of his lower jaw thrust out like the ram of a destroyer.

"Mr. Blake," he said quietly, "don't use any foul words when you speak to me—we're not good enough pals for that; if you do I'll ram those crooked teeth of yours down your throat. Secondly that's the owner of the buckskin sitting on his back. But the owner of Horned Toad is sitting in a chair down in Portland, a man named Reilly, and that thing on Ding Dong's back is Slimy Red, a man who has been warned off every track in the West. He doesn't own a hair in the horse's tail."

Iron Jaw's face paled with a sudden compelling thought that Carney, knowing all this, and still betting his money, held cards to beat him.

The judge now asked: "Do you object to the rider of Horned Toad, Mr. Carney?"

"No, sir—let him ride. I'm not trying to win their money on a technicality, but on a horse."

"Well, the agreement was owners up, you admit?"

"I do," Carney answered.

"Did this boy on the buckskin's back own him when the match was made?"

"He did."

"Is there any proof of the transaction, the sale?" Major Cummings asked.

"Let me have that envelope I asked you to keep," Carney said, addressing the Sheriff.

When Teddy drew from a pocket the sealed envelope, Carney tore it open, and passed to the judge the bill of sale to MacKay of the buckskin. Its date showed that it had been executed the day the match was made, and Teddy, when questioned, said he had received it on that date, and before the match was made.

"It was a plant," Iron Jaw objected: "that proves it. Why did he put it in the Sheriff's hands—why didn't the boy keep it—it was his?"

"Because I had a hunch I was going up against a bunch of crooks," Carney answered suavely; "crooks who played win, tie, or wrangle, and knew they would claim the date was forged when they were beat at their own game. And there was another reason."

Carney drew a second paper from the envelope, and passed it to the judge. It was a brief note stating that if anything happened Carney his money, if the buckskin won, was to be turned over to the owner, Billy MacKay.

When the judge lifted his eyes Carney said, with an apologetic little smile: "You see, the boy's got the bug, and he's up against it. Molly Burdan is keeping both him and his sister, and she can't afford it."

Major Cummings coughed, and there was a little husky rasp in his voice as he said quietly:

"The objection to the rider of the buckskin horse is disallowed. This paper proves he is the legitimate owner and entitled to ride. Go down to the post."

A YELL of delight went up from many throats. The men of Walla Walla, and the riders of the plains who had trooped in, were sports; they grasped the idea that the gambling clique had been caught at their own game; that the intrepid Bulldog had put one over on them. Besides, now they could see that the race was for blood. The heavy betting had started more than one whisper that perhaps it was a bluff; some of the Clatawa people, believing in the invincibility of their horse, had hinted that perhaps there was a job on for the two other horses to foul Clatawa and one of them go on and win, though few would admit that Carney would be party to cold-decking the public.

But accident had thrown the cards all on the table; it was to be a race to the finish, and the stakes represented real money.

Before they could start quite openly Carney stepped close to the rider of Horned Toad, and said, in even tones:

"Slimy Red, if you pull any dirty work I'll be here at the finish waiting for you. If you can win, win; but ride straight, or you'll never ride again."

"I'll be hangin' round the finish post, too," Oregon muttered abstractedly, but

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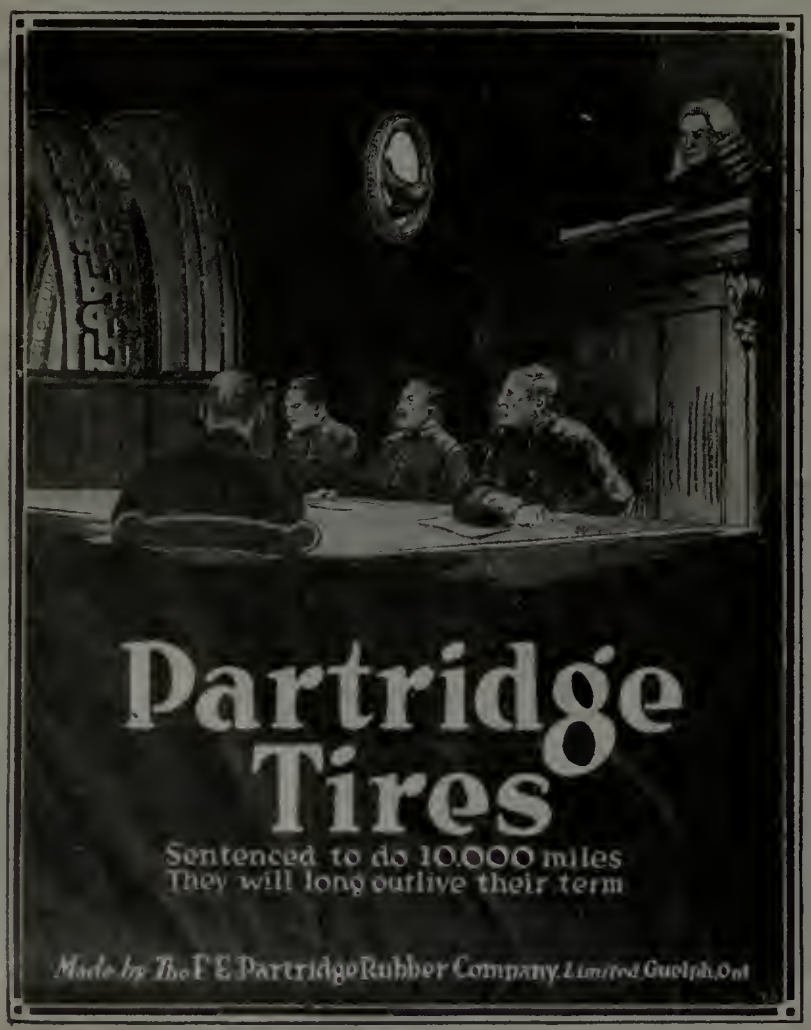

both Iron Jaw and Snaggle Tooth could hear him.

THE three horses passed down the course, Clatawa sidling like a boat in a choppy sea, champing at his bit irritably, flecks of white froth snapping from his lips, and his tail twitching and swishing, indicating his excitable temperament: Horned Toad and Waster walked with that springy lift to the pasterns that indicated the perfection of breathing. Indians and cowboys raced up and down the plain, either side of the course on their ponies, bandying words in a very ecstasy of delight. Old Walla Walla had come into its own; the greatest sport on earth was theirs in all its glory.

After a time the three horses were seen to turn far down the course; they criss-crossed, and wove in and out a few times as they were being placed by the starter. The excitable Clatawa was giving trouble; sometimes he reared straight up; then, with a few bucking jumps, fought for his head. But the sinewy Snaky Dick was always his master.

Atop the little buckskin the boy was scarce discernible at that distance, as he sat low crouched over his horse's wither. Almost like an equine statue stood Waster, so still, so sleepy-like, that those who had taken long odds about him felt a depression.

Horned Toad was scarcely still for an instant; his wary rider, Texas, was keeping him on his toes, not letting him chill out; but, like the buckskin's jockey, his eye was always on the man with the gun. They were old hands at the game, both of them; they paid little attention to the antics of Clatawa—the starter was the whole works.

Clatawa had broken away to be pulled up in thirty yards. Now, as he came back, his wily rider wheeled him suddenly short of the starting line, and the thing that he had cunningly planned came off. The starter, finger on trigger, was mentally pulled out of himself by this; his finger gripped spasmodically; those at the finish post saw a puff of smoke, and a white-nosed horse, well out in front, off to a flying start.

The backers of Clatawa yelled in delight.

"Good old Snaky Dick!" some one cried.

"Clatawa beat the gun!" another roared.

"They'll never catch him—never catch him! He'll win off by himself!" was droned.

BEHIND, seemingly together, half the width of the track separating them, galloped the black and the buckskin. It looked as if Waster raced alone, as if he had lost his rider, so low along his wither and neck lay the boy, his weight eased high from the short stirrups. A hand on either side of the lean neck, he seemed a part of his mount. He was whispering, "Ste-a-dy boy! stead-d-dy boy! stead-d-dy boy!" a soft, low monotonous sing-sing through his clinched teeth, his crouch discounting the handicap of a strong wind that was blowing down the track.

He could feel the piece of smooth-moving machinery under him flatten out in a long rhythmic stride, and his heart sang, for he knew it was the old Waster he had ridden to victory more than once: that same powerful stride that ate up the course with little friction. He was rating his horse. "Clatawa will come back," he kept thinking: "Clatawa will come back!"

He himself, who had ridden hundreds of races, and working gallops and trials beyond count, knew that the chestnut was rating along of his own knowledge at a pace that would cover the mile-and-a-quarter in under 2.14. Methodically he was running his race. Clatawa was sprinting; he had cut out at a gait that would carry him a mile, if he could keep it up, close to 1.40. Too fast, for the track was slow, being turf.

He watched Horned Toad; that was what he had to beat, he knew.

Texas had reasoned somewhat along the same lines; but his brain was more flighty. As Clatawa opened a gap of

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a dozen lengths, running like a wild horse, Texas grew anxious; he shook up his mount and increased his pace.

The buckskin reached into his bridle at this, as though he coaxed for a little more speed, but the boy whispered, "Steady, lad, steady!" and let Horned Toad creep away a length, two lengths; and always in front the white-faced horse, Clatawa, was galloping on and on with a high deer-like lope that was impressive.

AT the finish post people were acclaiming the name of Clatawa. They could see the little buckskin trailing fifteen lengths behind, and Horned Toad was between the two.

Carney watched the race stoically. It was being run just as Billy had forecast; there was nothing in this to shake his faith.

Somebody cried out: "Buckskin's cut of it! I'll lay a thousand to a hundred against him."

"I'll take it," Carney declared.

"I'll lay the same," Snaggle Tooth yelled.

"You're on," came from Carney.

And even as they bet the buckskin had lost a length.

Half-a-mile had been covered by the horses; three-quarters; and now it seemed to the watchers that the black was creeping up on Clatawa, the latter's rider, who had been almost invisible, riding Indian fashion lying along the back of his horse, was now in view; his shoulders were up. Surely a quirt had switched the air once.

Yes, the Toad was creeping up—his rider was making his run: they could see Texas's arms sway as he shook up his mount.

Why was the boy on the little buckskin riding like one asleep? Had he lost his whip—had he given up all idea of winning?

They were at the mile; but a short quarter away.

A moan went up from many throats, mixed with hoarse curses, for Clatawa was plainly in trouble; he was floundering; the monkey man on his back was playing the quirt against his ribs, the gyrations checking the horse instead of helping him.

And the Toad, galloping true and straight, was but a length behind.

Watching this battle, almost in hushed silence, gasping in the smothered tenseness, the throng went mentally blind to the little buckskin. Now somebody cried:

"God! look at the other one comin'! Look at him—lo-ok at him, men!"

HIS voice ran up the scale to a shrill scream. Other eyes lengthened their vision, and their owners gasped.

Clatawa seemed to be running backwards, so fast the little buckskin raced by him as he dropped out of it, beaten.

And Horned Toad was but three lengths in front now. Three lengths? It was two—it was one. Now the buckskin's nose rose and fell on the black's quarter; now the mouse-colored muzzle was at his girth; now their heads rose and fell together, as, stride for stride, they battled for the lead: Texas driving his mount with whip and spur, cutting the flanks of his horse with cruel blows in a frantic endeavor to lift him home a winner.

How still the boy sat Waster; how well he must know that he had the race won to nurse him like a babe. No swaying of the body to throw him out of stride; no flash of the whip to startle him—to break his heart; the brave little horse was doing it all himself. And the boy, creature of brains, was wise enough to sit still.

They could hear the pound of hoofs on the turf like the beat of twin drums; they could see the eager strife in the faces of the two brave, stout-hearted thoroughbreds: and then the buckskin's head nodding in front; his lean neck was clear of the black, and he was galloping straight as an arrow.

"The Toad is beat!" went up from a dozen throats. "The buckskin wins—the buckskin wins!" became a clamor.

Pandemonium broke loose. It was stilled by a demoniac cry, a curse, from some strong-voiced man. The black had swerved full in on to the buckskin; they saw Texas clutch at the rider. Curses, cries of "Foul!" rose; it was an angry roar like caged animals at war.

CARNEY, watching, found his fingers rubbing the butt of his gun. The buckskin had been thrown out of his stride in the collision: he stumbled; his head shot down—almost to his knees he went: then he was galloping again, the two horses locked together.

Fifty feet away from the finish post they were locked: twenty feet.

The cries of the throng were hushed; they scarce breathed.

Locked together they passed the post, the buckskin's neck in front. Their speed had been checked; in a dozen yards they were stopped, and the boy pitched headlong from the buckskin's back, one foot still tangled in the martingale of Horned Toad.

Men closed in frantically. A man—it was Oregon—twisted Carney's gun skyward crying: "Leave that coyote to the boys."

He was right. In vain Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail sought to battle back the tense-faced men who reached for Texas. Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail were swallowed up in a seething mass of clamoring devils. Gun play was out of the question: humans were like herrings packed in a barrel.

Major Cummings, cool and quick-witted, had called shrilly "Troopers!" and a little cordon of men in cavalry uniform had Texas in the centre of a guarding circle.

Carney, on his knees beside the boy was guarding the lad from the mad, trampling fighting men; striking with the butt of his pistol. And then a woman's shrill voice rose clear above the tumult, crying:

"Back, you cowards—you brutes: the boy is dying: give him room—give him air!"

Her bleached hair was down her back, her silk finery was torn like a battered flag, for she had fought her way through the crowd to the boy's side.

"Don't lift him—he's got a hemorrhage!" she shrilled, as Carney put his arms beneath the little lad. "Drive the men back—give him air!" she commanded, and turned Billy flat on his back, tearing from her shoulders a rich scarf to place beneath his head. The lad's lips, coated with red froth, twitched in a weak smile; he reached out a thin hand, and Molly, sitting at his head, drew it into her lap.

"Just sit still, Billy. You'll be all right, boy; just lie still; don't speak," she admonished.

SHE could hear the lad's throat click, click, click at each breath, the ominous tick, tick of "the bug's" work; and at each half-stifled cough the red-tinged yeasty sputum bubbled up from the life well.

The fighting clamor was dying down; shame-faced men were widening the circle about the lad and Molly.

The judge's voice was heard saying: "The buckskin won the race, gentlemen." And he added, strong condemnation in his voice:

"If Horned Toad had been first I would have disqualified him: it was a deliberate foul."

The cavalry men had got Texas away, mounted, and rushed him out to the barracks for protection.

"Get a stretcher, someone, please," Molly asked of the crowd.

"Billy will be all right, but we must keep him flat on his back."

"You'll be all right, Billy," she added, bending her head till her lips touched the boy's forehead, and her mass of peroxided hair hid the hot tears that fell from the blue eyes that many thought only capable of cupidity and guile.

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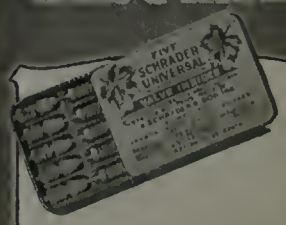

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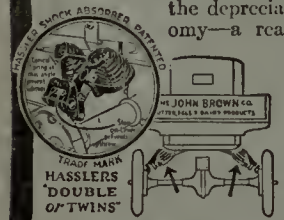

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Bunkered

Continued from page 28

"You don't understand how it is, Mr. Macara," she said, with a shaky kind of smile and an effort to disengage herself.

"Jack!" he corrected, holding her more closely.

"You don't understand — Jack," she amended. "We decided this morning, father and I, that we can fight no longer. We are going into liquidation on Monday. We're afraid we may not come out clean if the sale turns out badly."

"Liquidation! I doubt it," he replied. "But we'll talk that later. What's your answer, Mary?"

"I can't—Jack! I can't! We may be broken and disgraced. If we can't pay everybody a hundred cents on the dollar, I wouldn't stay in this place. I couldn't," she said.

"We are getting away from the subject again," he answered, and to mend matters he drew her still nearer to him. "I don't care about Seascape, about knitting mills, about golf, about debtors or creditors, one snap, just now. If you express a preference for Patagonia, we'll pull up stakes and start out. There's only one absolutely necessary thing in life to me as I regard it, and it is you—just you, Mary.

"There's going to be no more worry of that kind for you, no more bothers about money, no more anxiety about business. That's my side of the partnership. You never were intended for a dingy old office, Mary, but just for the delight of my heart and home. Will you come to me, Mary, lassie?"

She hesitated a moment, her eyes cloudy, her lips quivering.

"I am so tired of it all. It will be just heaven! You seemed to be fighting against me—me—and it hurt dreadfully! And if I get irritable and bunker you sometimes?"

"Didn't I take my medicine like a man out there?" he nodded in the direction of the fatal hazard.

"Yes, like an angel," she agreed.

"The grand thing about medicine is the sweet that goes with it—or comes after," he observed.

They drew closer still, while the flying seagulls made flip remarks to each other about the queer ways of humans.

IV

"I WANT you to congratulate me, Uncle," said Macara to McWham on Monday morning. "Mary Warrender has promised to marry me."

"Are ye daft? Ye've got to excuse me, John, but I dinna feel just jokesome the day," complained the old man. "I've no got over the putt that lost you the cup on Saturday. It came near bunkering me for gude. John, it was no slip, but juist de'il-like pairvairsity, —female pairvairsity."

"I've seen Jim Braid do as bad many a time, and as for Johnny Ball!" laughed Macara. "If a lassie hasn't the right to bunker her future husband when she wants to, what's to become of the whole question of woman's rights? Maybe she was just testing me. I came through with full marks—passed, and nothing needed but the minister's diploma."

"Which o' the twa of us is the crazy yin?" demanded McWham. "Ye talk, John, like an addled egg."

"I'm telling you the plain fact. I'm going to marry Mary Warrender," asserted Macara.

"Then we pairt!" snarled McWham. "Ye can juist gang to the de'il yir ain gait."

"I'm pretty well used to my own gait," smiled Macara. "Better call up the accountants and get the partnership affairs straightened out. I'd like it done quick, for I can use the money."

"I reckon ye do this because I'm an auld, auld man," whimpered McWham.

"No, because I'm a young, young one," laughed Macara. "I like the business here well enough; the mills are rounding into good fettle, we're opening up grand markets. All those things are important in their way. But business is one thing, the lassie another."

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The implication was that business was rather a drossy thing.

"I'll ha'e the accountants in and we'll square up," said McWham furiously. "This prankie has cost ye better than a million."

"No' an unreasonable price," said Macara, dropping into dialect in his earnestness. "I'm like the McWhams that way—I dinna mind price when I'm satisfied wi' my bargain. Ye ken aboot the man and the pearl o' great price? He sold all he had to get it. His modern name is John McWham Macara. I'll get my bit things ready in the office. Maybe I'll send a laddie over to fetch 'em later."

"Ower from whaur?" demanded McWham.

"I'll likely be ower the road," said John. "They need a bit lift. The business has an auld name, and if modernized ——"

"They're next door to bankruptcy!" interrupted McWham.

"Hoots! Siller'll cure that!" scoffed Macara. "I'm no a beggar. I can get all the money I want for new mills, after what we've done here in a short time. Then there's my share o' the partnership. What I've done this side of the road I can do on the other."

"And ye'll build the Warrenders up wi' my money?" screamed McWham.

"No, with mine," answered John. "Ye told me the other day I had doubled the place's worth."

V.

MACARA was fussing with papers at his desk when McWham shuffled in.

"John," he whimpered. "I'm an auld, auld man!"

"Aye, nane of us grows younger," replied his nephew with chill philosophy.

"To be beaten on the eighteenth is sair wark," McWham moaned.

"Ten down and eight to play is worse," observed Macara.

"Aye, laddie, but to be stymied when ye've the game as good as won," lamented the old man.

"But, uncle, man, you've got to be a philosopher if you're a golfer, else ye're naething but a divot-cutter miscalled," returned Macara.

"A good man wi' the putter has ways o' twisting round a stymie. I mind Willie Park, at the Himalayas hole at Prestwick ——"

"Ne'er mind aboot Wullie Park!" snapped McWham. "Ye've got something on yir mind, John."

"Yes, I have," said Macara. "First, Mr. Warrender's no business man, and kens as much about stockings as he does about the plumbing in the mansions of the New Jerusalem. Second, he's solvent—no working capital, but a fair, old-fashioned plant, that can be put in shape not over expensive. Third, there's a good mill in running order. Fourth, ye do not want a local rival if ye can help it. Fifth, ye've been crazy for years to have the two mills one. Sixth, ye'll have to build soon, or demand will attend to the matter of supply, and there'll be new folk here, and here's a mill, not sixty feet away, in running order. I've as many heads to my discourse as a Free Kirk dominie."

"Gang on, John," said McWham, his head bent in thought.

"You'll buy, or we'll buy, Warrender out, lock, stock, and barrel, at fair valuation," said Macara.

"Better let him crack. It'll be cheaper under the sheriff's hammer," suggested McWham.

"There'll be no sheriff's hammer," replied Macara. "What would hurt the lassie badly would hurt me worse. That's part of the price you'll have to pay if I stay here. If we don't buy as a firm, I'll buy as John Macara."

"Gang forrit, John McWham," said the old man, attentive again.

"There'll be enough money for Mr. Warrender to retire on comfortably. He'll be able to live at his ease with his books and flowers," explained Macara. "We will add a much needed mill to the business, and building costs money these days. That's the way round the stymie. The Warrenders will be out, the two firms one, the old mill yours again. What more could any man want of ambition's fulfilment this side Jordan's flood? The point now to be settled is: McWham and Macara both sides of the road, or McWham this side, Macara the other?"

"The one firm, John, for I'm an auld, auld man. Shake hands, laddie. Fix it wi' Warrender as ye wull. What ye say goes. There's no holding a lad that can win through oot of a bunker. Ask the bit lassie to come see me one day and tell me aboot bunkerin' ye. She's juist the image o' her mother. Aye, John, get wed sune. I'm an auld, auld man, the wee yins bring back the days that were as well as promise for those to be. I was a wee bit disappointed at first, John, but I'm satisfied the noo."

"That's golf!" said John, in high commendation, and taking up his hat, he stepped over the way, for he had seen a face at the other window.

The Land of National Leaders

Continued from page 31

whole thing will typify absolute correctness. So far as the world knows, there has not been one redeeming vice in Sir Robert's career. If, when the peace treaty is finally signed, he should join Lloyd-George and "The Tiger" and celebrate in a really human manner with a mild fling at the *Folies Bergeres* or *La Cigale*, I think all Canada would breathe a sigh of relief and think rather more of him.

But, if not particularly loved, he has been immensely respected. The burden of respect he has borne since entering politics, constantly piling up as it has, would be almost insupportable to many men, but Sir Robert seems designed to bear it. He is not, nor ever has been, a man whose personality appealed to his supporters, either in the country or in Parliament; too many of them have been frozen by casual contact with his icy regularity, but his uprightness has been a great asset to his party, and he has frequently revealed the possession of political acuteness and determination.

Most Liberals, and some Conservatives, used to consider Sir Robert Borden a political accident, and, when Union Government was being born, he was the bitterest pill the Liberals of the Maritime Provinces had to swallow. While the Conservatives were in power, the feeling seemed to be that, if there had to be a Conservative Premier, it was as well that he should come from the Maritime Provinces; and, perhaps, in their hearts they were rather proud of him. But when it came to the Liberals of Nova Scotia accepting him as a leader, it proved one of the biggest obstacles in the way of Union. His attitude at that time seems to have been generous to a fault. He offered to retire from his old constituency and seek election elsewhere, and did retire, on the understanding that a Liberal and a Unionist should be chosen from Halifax. But agreement proved impossible, and two Unionists were returned by acclamation.

What the Liberals in the Maritime Provinces seem to have resented particularly was the manner in which candidates were chosen. They describe the preparations for Union Government as a number of self-constituted leaders getting together and choosing certain candidates, and then exposing them to the people as their representatives. They are very proud people, politically, and prefer to do their own thinking, not only on politics, but on every other sub-

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ject. I am referring mainly to Liberals in discussing recent political events in the Maritime Provinces; because the feeling is, and it is probably correct enough, that Union was a proposal emanating from the Conservative Government in power when the idea was conceived; and Conservative support for it was assumed as much from party fealty as from conviction as to the necessity and rightness of it.

It largely resolved itself into a conflict of allegiance to the two leaders. It is, perhaps, vain to be threshing old straws; but had the question of conscription been presented to the people before it became so purely a partisan one; or even if the Union Government had been under some other leader than Sir Robert Borden, it would have received more support in Nova Scotia.

Some Other Head-liners

FOR absolute fluency, knowledge of political history, and quickness of repartee, Hon. W. S. Fielding stands in a class by himself. He is rarely interrupted, because he is always courteous to a fault himself—and Parliament learned long ago that it is not healthful for the interrupter. He walks briskly o the front of the House, carries all his notes in his head, and can speak for hours without being at a loss for a word. Though he speaks far too seldom, he never rises without having a valuable contribution to make to the subject under discussion. After a public career of nearly forty years, without a stain, he is to-day in the front rank of Parliamentarians, and in some respects the most notable figure in the Liberal party or in the House of Commons.

New Brunswick seems to produce men of caustic utterances, skilled in invective, resourceful. White age has mellowed the nature of Sir George Foster, it also seems to have lessened his interest, and he has not been the prominent figure in Parliament since 1911 that he once was; but he was a tower of strength to his party when in Opposition. Foster and Fielding had it out many a long night on the floor of the House, and it was always a "grand fecht." Carvell is a fighter, pure and simple, and he also shone more in Opposition than he has done since becoming a member of a Government where his heart is not; but no Government ever had a more troublesome and critical opponent than he, in the days, not so very long ago, when he was cursing what he now has either to bless or leave severely alone. In changing times like these, with strange political bedfellows for so many, past records rise very often to confound our politics and our politicians; and they find themselves estopped to-day by what has happened yesterday. Carvell's quietness as a member of the Cabinet is perhaps due to a desire to let sleeping dogs lie; and perhaps not to put too much on record that might be inconvenient in the near future.

The New Mackenzie

Lastly, there are the two Cape Bretoners, Maclean and Mackenzie. Mackenzie knows the more Scripture of the two, probably because he stayed behind, in Cape Breton, where they still "tak the buiks" night and morning, say long and eloquent "graces" at each meal, and have the Bible at their finger ends generally; and it would be hard to find a speech of his of any length which is not garnished with opposite Scriptural quotations. But this is not to say that he is of the type of meek and lowly follower who turns the other cheek. He comes back quick as a flash to anyone who tries to heckle him, and as the dignified Michael Clark remarked in Parliament recently: "It is impossible to get the last word with my honorable friend." As the titular leader of the Opposition himself said, he "may or may not be Premier of Canada; but he is a mighty ready and well-furnished speaker, with a wide knowledge of public affairs, whom any Premier would be glad to have at his back. When the name of Mackenzie was announced as temporary leader of the Opposition I recall that some of the members of the Press Gallery jeered; and some members of the House seemed to think it was a step down from Laurier. Now, the titular leader of the Opposition is not a subject for jeers. He was always a useful man in his party, and is certainly much above the average in ability. There was once a Mackenzie—from Ontario—who led the Liberal party to victory; and I will make bold to say that he was no abler a member of the clan than his namesake who is in the running to-day.

The outstanding feature of A. K. Maclean's character is what Matthew Arnold called his "sweet reasonableness." There is no more effective speaker in the House; because he convinces every one who listens to him that he is convinced himself, and that what he is stating is the naked truth. He is a very useful type of Parliamentarian; because he never makes pretensions to knowledge which he does not possess, and always appears most anxious for light, even from members of the Opposition. He never deviates from the courtesy which is innate, whether in the House or out of it. He is responsible for a very large measure of whatever popularity the Government enjoys.

While the articles in this number of *MacLean's Magazine* on the Maritime Provinces are intended less to be an attempt to explain the people of the Maritime Provinces to themselves than to the other parts of Canada, they will be read, nevertheless, by a good many people in those Provinces. There will probably be a good deal of what is contained in them with which they will not agree. They may even resent it when I say that it is hard to understand why, of all those who entered Union Government, Hon. A. K. Maclean should be the man against whom there is most bitterness in his own province among his old political friends. It is, of course, just another Highland characteristic. There is no one who can be a warmer friend, or a more bitter enemy; and they still carry the skene dhu in their stocking down there, when it comes to politics. I have heard no one suggest that "A.K." was not perfectly sincere in going into Union Government; and the gravamen of the charge against him seems to be that he put too much heart in his new allegiance. When the returns from the 1917 election came in, and before the soldiers' vote was counted, there were seven Government supporters elected in Nova Scotia, and nine Opposition. It is said that Mr. Maclean gave an interview to the Montreal *Gazette* about this time, in which he expressed the hope that, when the soldiers' vote was taken, this showing would be reversed—as it was. His old political friends resented what looked to them like unnecessary satisfaction over this possibility; and perhaps, considering the bitterness engendered over the situation in Nova Scotia, it would have been better left unsaid. But to those who know the circumstances under which the handy man of the Cabinet entered Union Government, and who remember his absolute straightforwardness and political "decency" on all occasions, it seems something that might be forgiven. I think the time will come when it will be; and the Liberals of the Maritime Provinces will yet think no worse of the man who played the game as fairly towards Union Government as he did when a straight Liberal.

The political attitude of the Maritime Provinces since Confederation has been, on the whole, Liberal. In Nova Scotia the two parties have broken about even in Federal politics although in Provincial affairs there has been a Liberal administration in power, with one short "lapse," since Confederation. In New Brunswick, the Liberals have been triumphant eight times, and the Conservatives, five. In Prince Edward Island, Liberals have won five times and Conservatives four. In the two last elections the parties have stood 2, 2.

The Spirit of the Maritimes

Continued from page 25

a dissipation of effort and resources that is lamentable. With unequalled "raw material," they might have a university down there which would make adequate use of the finest product they have—brains. But though proposals for amalgamation have been broached more than once, they never took definite shape.

Unfair Treatment is Charged

THE circumstances under which the Maritime Provinces entered Confederation have been detailed in another article in the present number of this magazine; so it is not necessary to refer to them at length here. There is certainly a strong feeling down there that the union has not been so advantageous to them as to the other partners; and Confederation is, with a surprisingly large number of Maritime Province people, more or less of a grievance, in the way it has worked out. They think that the tendency is to "hog" everything for the Upper Provinces.

"The moving of the offices of the I.C.R. from Moncton to Toronto," said one New Brunswick man to me, "is indicative of the attitude towards us ever since Confederation. We are the 'poor relations' of Canada, now."

Some of what are now the greatest banks in Canada—such as the Royal and the Bank of Nova Scotia—were founded and established in Halifax; but they looked good to some outsiders, and the process of expansion was followed by flight.

"The energies and brains of the people of the Maritime Provinces have been systematically picked by Ontario and the West," complained a Halifax man bitterly, "and used to develop that part of Canada rather than our own. Before Confederation, we were progressing rapidly and increasing in wealth and population. It was a time at which wooden shipbuilding, in which we had ranked high among the nations of the world, was beginning to go down. We had many able men here, and if they had thrown their energies into the maintaining of the proud position of their own province, instead of sacrificing their time and attention to pulling chestnuts out of the fire for Ontario, we might have had a flourishing iron ship-building industry here to-day. Instead of that, they were lured away by the cry of a great Canada—in which the Upper Provinces and the West have had the lion's share."

"If there is one thing," said another man; and a prominent man too, "that makes me absolutely sick of having the name of Canadian, it is to hear your—"

"Excuse me," I said: "Not mine!"

"Well, the people, papers, and politicians of the Upper Provinces speak about the Intercolonial Railway as though it were constructed by them for us. The best paying part of the road had been built by us before we ever entered the union; and while Ontario and Quebec came in without any railway or other public works of national advantage, but with a large debt, we at least had some assets.

"While the new lands of Canada, which are the property not of any one part of it, but of the whole Dominion, have been applied to the advantage, at one time or another, of Quebec and Ontario, and the West, we have remained down here, hemmed in by the sea, with nothing to offer the immigrants whom we have been helping to bring here for the benefit of other provinces. Occasionally, you hear some one ignorantly retort that Nova Scotia was given her coal, which should be the property of all Canada. Nova Scotia bought her coal from private interests in England, to whom it had been granted in the early days; and she paid for it herself, and took it into Confederation with her, along with many other valuable assets."

This is not the statement of a disgruntled individual with a "grouch." It is the expression of a pretty general viewpoint.

The Feeling Toward the West

THE spirit of the people of the Maritime Provinces, in reference to the rest of Canada, is not unlike the spirit of the people of Great Britain towards some newer and more aggressive peoples. They are, comparatively, very old and have the dignity which age brings. They do not wish to complete the building of the world in a day; and they are not exclusively absorbed with the idea of making a great deal of money quickly. It is for this reason that they have been frequently called slow. Rather, they should be called leisurely. Somebody has to stop and think how the wealth shall be applied and distributed.

There is a great deal of intellectual pride among them. They do think that they are a peg higher than the rest of Canada. How could they refrain from so thinking, when from one county in Nova Scotia—Pictou—have come six presidents of Canada's greatest universities, and professional men numberless as the sands of the sea.

Again, like the people of Great Britain, they are not giving to boasting about their accomplishments, only when driven to it, as I am here; but I will say that, like the Briton, their calm air of conscious superiority is sticking out all over them.

It is this feeling they have towards Ontario and the West; the feeling towards Quebec is more akin to the feeling they have for themselves: Quebec is no parvenu. They feel, as I have already shown, that they were dragged into Confederation against their will; that it was never any advantage to them and never will be. Latterly, the paternal interest of the Government of Canada, and the allocation of her resources, has been entirely for Ontario and the West. The constant irritation emanating from Ontario in the way of slighting criticism of the Maritime Provinces and their people, which is more common than the people of Ontario perhaps realize, has intensified the feeling of estrangement.

Continued on page 80

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 23

Heating Our House of Snow

WHEN the floor has been covered and the bedding, cooking gear, writing materials, and other things brought in, a fire is lighted, the fuel varying according to circumstances. The end to be gained, if fuel is abundant, is to heat the house until the snow in its roof and walls begins to thaw. If the fuel allows it, we sometimes bring the temperature within, doors temporarily as high as eighty degrees Fahrenheit. We keep feeling of the roof and walls to watch the progress of thawing. The thawing, of course, is most rapid in the roof, as the hot air accumulates against it, and usually the lowest tier of blocks near the floor does not thaw at all. As thawing proceeds no dripping occurs, because dry snow is the best sort of blotter and soaks the water into itself as fast as it forms. When the inner layer of the roof has become properly wet with the thawing and the walls damp to a less degree, we either put out the fire temporarily or make a large hole in the roof, or both, and allow the house to freeze. This forms a glazing film of ice for the house, giving it far greater strength than it had before, with the further advantage that if you rub against the glazed surface scarcely any-

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thing will adhere to your clothing, while if you were to rub against the dry snow before the glazing takes place you would get your shoulder white, with a good deal of the snow perhaps falling on the bed. After this glazing the house is so strong that, without taking special care, any number of men could climb on top of it, and polar bears may, and occasionally do, walk over these houses, and I have never known of one breaking. Their strength, however, is somewhat the same as the strength of an eggshell, and while they are difficult to crush with pressure, they are easy to break with a blow. A polar bear has no trouble in getting in if he wants to, for one sweep of his paw will scratch a great, penetrating hole.

Attaining Perfect Comfort

TWO hours after the building of the house is begun every one is comfortably inside, eating a warm supper. Whether on the sea-ice or ashore, we usually feel that we have an abundance of fuel. This will explain any apparent discrepancy between our accounts of the comfort of our snow houses and the accounts of others, who describe the temperature in them as being ten or twenty degrees below freezing. Those who have depended in cooking and heating on the alcohol or other fuel brought with them, have usually omitted heating except as it was incidental to the cooking. They had cunningly devised means for concentrating the flame of either alcohol or kerosene stoves against the bottom of the pot, and if any heat escaped into the house it was in spite of them. When the cooking was done the stove was promptly extinguished. We, by contrast, take no pains to concentrate our fire against the pot and are glad to have half the heat escape into the room, but even at that our houses are seldom warm enough when the cooking is finished and we burn the stove for some time afterward. If the house was built at fifty below zero, each block in the wall was also of that temperature and contained what we may unscientifically speak of as a great deal of "latent cold." To neutralize this it is necessary to keep the house at a temperature of about sixty degrees Fahrenheit for a considerable time, which we usually do. The snow out of which the house has been built is so nearly cold-proof that when the latent cold has once been neutralized, the heat of our bodies keeps the temperature well above the freezing-point, even with the hole in the roof for ventilation. But if the weather outside gets a little warmer than when we made camp, our body heat may be too great or the cooking may produce too much heat, and the roof in that case will begin to melt. This we take not so much as a sign that the house is too warm, but rather that the roof is too thick, so we send a man out with a knife to shave it down, perhaps from four inches to two inches, giving the cold from outside a chance to penetrate and neutralize the heat from within, stopping the thawing. It may happen the next day that the weather turns cold again and in that case hoar frost begins to form on the roof and drops in the form of snowflakes on the bed. That is a sign that the roof is now too thin, and a man goes out with a shovel and piles the necessary amount of soft snow on the roof to blanket it till the formation of hoar frost stops.

If you remember that all of us who have spent more than a year "living on the country" are quite of the Eskimo opinion that no food on earth is better than caribou meat, and if you have any experience in the life of a hunter anywhere, you will realize that in the evenings when we sit in these warm houses, feasting with keen appetites on unlimited quantities of boiled ribs, we have all the creature comforts. What we lack, if we feel any lack at all, will be possibly the presence of friends far away, or the chance to hear opera or see the movies. At any rate, it is true that to-day in the movie-infested city I long for more snow-house evenings after caribou-hunts as I never in the north longed for clubs or concerts or orange-groves. And this is not peculiar to me. The men who have hunted with me are nearly all of the same mind—they are either in the north now on way back there by whaling-ship, or eating their hearts out because they cannot go.

To be Continued

What U.S. Did—And Didn't Do

Rear-Admiral Sims Talks of Anti-Sub War, And Reminds Vain Boasters of The Truth

REAR-ADMIRAL SIMS, commander during the war of the U.S. naval forces operating in European waters, and a Canadian-born admiral at that, in New York recently disclosed some interesting facts about the anti-submarine warfare. In an address before the English-speaking union, at the Hotel Astor, he let his audience in on a few "secrets," and incidentally made some remarks about editors, and others, who think—or think they think—that the United States won the war.

The foundation stone of the whole allied military machine, he said, was the British grand fleet, lying in Scapa Flow, always ready for sea on two hours' notice, and so much greater in power that the High Sea fleet never left port. With the British fleet in some way destroyed, even if we had had ten million soldiers and a thousand destroyers and 30,000,000 tons of shipping, the Germans would have won a victory in short order.

The popular idea that the convoy system was an American idea, the adoption of which was opposed by the English authorities until tests had demonstrated its utility, was utterly wrong, the Admiral declared.

The convoy system was not adopted earlier, for two reasons, both of which turned out to be wrong. Naval officers did not believe that merchant seamen could handle their ships effectively in the close formations necessary. I did not share this belief because I had taught navigation for several years on the schoolship Pennsylvania and I knew what the average naval officer has never learned, that the merchantman is a far better seaman than the naval officer. The reason is that the merchant officer passes his whole life at sea, while the naval officer stays on shore just as much as he can and goes to sea only when the Navy Department orders him there.

So far from the Americans demanding the convoy system, we were rather behind the English in the matter. When it was decided that such a system was necessary the second obstacle was the attitude of the merchant sailors themselves. They doubted their own ability until they tried it out.

But its adoption made protection by destroyers with depth charges easy. To understand how easy it was it is necessary to understand the limitations of the submarine, which can proceed only a short distance under water and must always keep the power necessary for under water action in reserve in order to escape an attack by our destroyers.

Now, many people do not understand why the submarine was put down and why the submarine did not sink all the battleships the Allies had.

The explanation is very simple. Great Britain transported across the channel about eighteen or nineteen million passengers without losing any at all although the submarines were supposed to infest those waters.

The problem was relatively simple on account of the short distance, only twenty-two miles. All they had to do was to have a sufficient number of patrol vessels in this area, to span across the

channels, so that no submarine could show its periscope within that area without being fired upon immediately.

If we could do that all over the ocean there would be no trouble from submarines. But it would take several hundred million patrol vessels, of course, to do it all the way over the ocean.

Now, that band of water across the Channel was immune to submarines. If you move it any place else, it will stay immune. If you put some troopships in the middle, and move the whole business, it still stays immune; and that is the convoy system.

It is an aggregation of vessels as close together as safety will permit with one or two lines of destroyers around them. The destroyer is dangerous to the submarine, because it carries the terrible depth charge, commonly called "ash cans" on account of their shape and size —a perfectly simple appliance containing 300 pounds of TNT, a very high explosive, with a fuse which will set it off when it drops down to a certain depth, anywhere from 40 to 100 feet.

As soon as a submarine is seen, or the track of a torpedo is seen, the destroyer gets after him, up the line at full speed, and begins to drop these bombs in a circle around where the submarine must be. The shock of each one of those is like the entire broadside of a battleship. It very frequently sends them to the bottom or brings them to the surface, which we like just as well.

There would not have been much difficulty with the submarines if there were enough destroyers. We did not have enough destroyers. We may have been blamed for not having built destroyers in anticipation of this campaign, but how could you expect any decent people to believe that any white people on earth would do what the Germans did?

It is quite true I could name you a couple of British officers and a couple of American officers who said: "That is exactly what the Germans will do." But that simply meant that those men were that kind themselves; that is what they would have done.

The Grand Fleet at all times has been able to navigate around the North Sea simply because it was surrounded by screens of destroyers.

The submarine is not a dangerous weapon to the military vessel.

Now, there is a popular impression that we were doing the whole business, because when an American editor writes a story he writes it about we Americans; he does not bother about anybody else particularly. As a matter of fact, we had only a small proportion of the anti-submarine forces there.

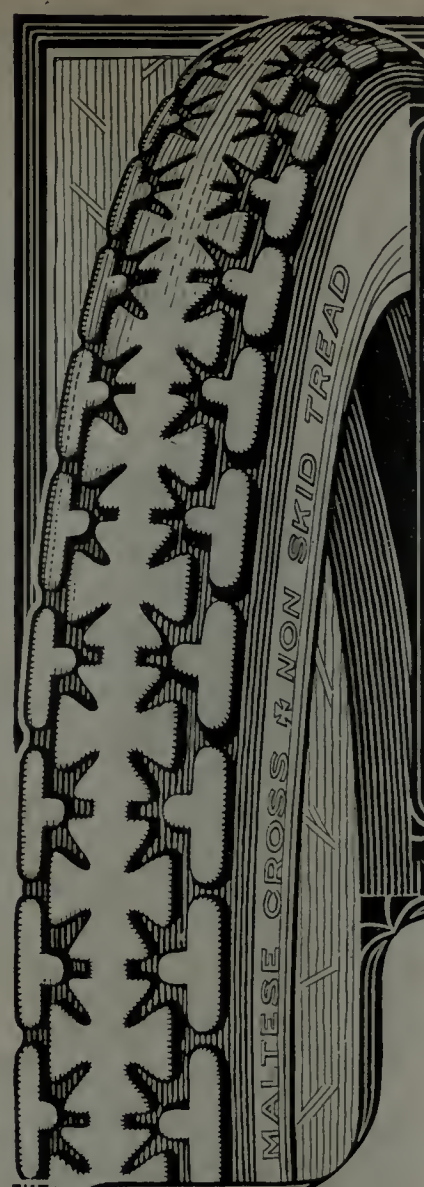
Around the British Isles Great Britain had about 3,000 at the time when we had less than 200.

The best of those men, in my estimation, were the mine sweepers. The German submarines were continually planting mines around the coast, in the Channel, on the east coast of England, in the Irish Sea, on the west coast of Ireland. All those areas had to be swept. Six or seven hundred vessels were at it all the time. Hardly a day passed when some of them did not disappear; but they never weakened.

Now, back of all that was the great Grand Fleet, reinforced by the American destroyers lying in Scapa Flow or Rosyth, at Edinburgh, ready to tackle the German fleet if it came out. So great in strength that the German fleet did not dare come out, but you did not dare not to be rendy with the Grand Fleet.

When I say we knew when I first went over there that the Germans were winning the war, that is only a polite way of saying that we were pretty scared about it. We didn't know what to do. There was no room for any differences of opinion. We had to agree.

So in conjunction with the British and the other Allies we discussed the matter entirely dispassionately. Our mission was to defeat the enemy; and the means we employed was consolidation of the forces, the adoption of the Allied methods, as we were the newcomers, the elimination of all friction, or the officer that caused the friction and the suppression of all personal ambition.



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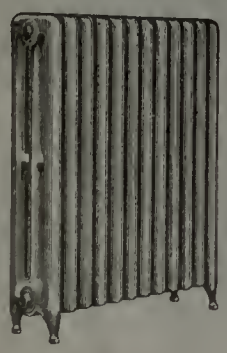

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The Spirit of the Maritimes

Continued from page 79

The U.S. and Reciprocity

THE feeling towards the United States is warm, and always has been. The trade of the Maritime Provinces was with the people of the New England States long before Ontario was ever more than a name to them; and the tradition is that trade relations were far more satisfactory than they have ever been with Ontario. The people of the Maritime Provinces were at heart strong for reciprocity no matter how they voted; and, I believe, would be still, if the issue were again presented. How that issue was bedevilled by political casuistry, is an old story. The present writer, having no preconceived attachment one way or the other, and a year before reciprocity became a partisan issue, spent weeks interviewing men of all shades of opinion in Nova Scotia on the question; putting to them a suppositious reciprocity arrangement far wider than the one afterwards introduced in Parliament: and there was practical unanimity from men of both political parties as to the value it would be for the Maritime Provinces. Long ago, when the question of union with Canada was being agitated in Newfoundland, it is said that the fishermen in the remote parts of that island were warned by those who opposed it that "their babies would be taken for gun wadding" if they went into any such scheme. Some of the arguments against reciprocity in Nova Scotia were based on fears not much more complimentary to the intelligence of the people.

The East—and Strong Drink

AS an abstract proposition, the Maritime Provinces seem in favor of prohibition. The majority of them voted for it when the plebiscite was taken. It was then largely academic, and it gave one a virtuous feeling to banish the demon for a day, through the ballot box. Prince Edward Island was one of the first parts of Canada to go "dry"; and the druggists there for a time vied with the promoters of fox ranches as the plutocrats of the island. In New Brunswick, a referendum will be submitted to the people this summer somewhat along the lines of that proposed in Ontario. The women will not have a vote, and it would not be surprising if New Brunswick should become one of the oases in the great prohibition desert in Canada. Meanwhile, a brisk trade in liquor is being carried on illicitly; and it was amusing in St. John to hear "wholesale bootleggers" and "retail bootleggers" referred to in the most casual manner.

Nova Scotia will probably remain dry; but it will be an awful wrench for the Highlanders. Cape Breton is Highland to the core; and the number of stills operated in the hills there is said to be enormous. That was what I was told in Sydney:

"A feature of the hardware trade is the great demand for copper pipe: Dealers do not ask to what use it is going to be put. As one of them said: 'We keep still about it'."

Can you imagine a country which puts on a Gaelic play (as was being done in Sydney when I was there) refreshing itself with buttermilk? It may be different in Halifax. The bill at the local theatre there was commended as featuring "Laughter, Loveliness, and Lingerie." Presumably that end of the province will go in for light wines.

WHEN D. D. McKenzie, the Leader of the Opposition, announced in the House this spring in the most casual way that he was a moderate protectionist, some people thought that he had made terrible "break." As a matter of fact, he was not more than two jumps ahead of his party in the Maritime Provinces, if that. If the future of Nova Scotia and, to a large extent, New Brunswick, with abundant raw materials, water power, coal, shipping facilities, and a reasonable supply of labor is not as a manufacturing country, all precedents in the New England states and elsewhere, are valueless. Nova Scotia is now the third manufacturing province in Canada—but a poor third; yet her manufactured products more than doubled in the decade ending 1910. With the rise in manufacturers comes an inevitable leaning towards a protective tariff. The pure free trader is as rare in the Maritime Provinces as anywhere else, although there are some. Generally speaking, the McKenzie attitude of moderate protection is not likely to antagonize many of his supporters outside of the West. The feeling in the East is that the tariff is not a sacred thing, the ark of the manufacturers' covenant, from which unholy hands are ordered off. It should be ordered on a scientific basis; applied where necessary, and removed or lowered where unnecessary. The tariff was made for man; not man for the tariff.

The East and the War

THE Scotch and English people of the Maritime Provinces took an active part in the war. There could not be any finer men in the world physically than the Highlanders of Cape Breton. They went without much fuss, and they are coming back the same way. Looking out of the train window early one morning, I saw two returned soldiers, who had just alighted at a lonely platform at the foot of a steep hillside, with nothing but trees and snow for a background, as far as the eye could reach. They were fine types of the young Cape Breton Highlander and they stood tightening up their straps, and looking after the train. I could imagine them climbing the hills together, perhaps thinking about some of the companions who had gone away with them but who did not come back; and keeping the thoughts to themselves. When they came to the parting of the paths, they would go their separate ways without any elaborate ceremony of leavetaking. And when they reached home I question if either got any more effusive greeting, from the head of the house, at least, than an: "Aye, Sandy; you're back!"

Somebody down there told me a typical story of the coming home of one of these boys. He had been away four years; and when he came back he thought there was some kind of little outburst of diversion coming to him, but his pooch was bare. There was a picnic to be held in the neighborhood, and he approached his father, as diplomatically as a Scotchman can, for the necessary finances. There was no enthusiasm for the proposal visible; but it was finally agreed that, if he went out and caught a sheep, he could have part of the proceeds. They were wild hill sheep; and he had expended enough energy to capture a German trench before the animal was finally brought in; but he was spurred on by thoughts of the revelry to come.

"I see you catched him," said his father.

"Ay."

"It's a fearful fine day for makin' the hay, Donald. I'm thinking we will not go to the picnic the day, but we'll all drive over to the Sacrament on Sunday."

Florenceville, N.B.

Your Review of Reviews is particularly educative and your other articles on Canadian problems no less so. I wish you continued growth and prosperity.

A. S. J.

Ferguson, B.C.

I enclose a year's subscription to your magazine, sample copy of which shows a paper second to none on this continent. Many thanks for the copy.

A. C. C.

With the Snowball Brigade

Continued from page 13

"You have plenty of men of your own," he was told. "Why have us send British troops for this service?"

"I want the gold to reach its destination," Kolchak replied.

This train made the trip in ten days.

Two padres once took the train for Omsk, and got off at an intermediate station, nothing but a desolate, windswept hamlet, to stretch their legs, leaving all their belongings on board. They wandered too far from the station and the train pulled out without them.

They got another train in a week.

Drinks of Various Kinds

WE were not allowed to use unboiled water for drinking purposes, nor even to wash in. Even without the Headquarters order on this subject, I think we would have boiled the water. Strictest economy was enjoined in the use of water, but none of us became so saving that we formed the Russian habit of filling their mouths with water, and then squirting it out into their cupped hands, washing their faces that way.

A bath is a distinct luxury in Vlady. Everything has to be improvised, so there are difficulties apart from the scarcity of water. My bath was originally a large fish barrel, and although there wasn't a great deal of room it proved serviceable.

Sometime ago the American Red Cross were fixing up an anti-typhus train and the man who was in charge was a Russian Jew with all sorts of qualifications. He went to work and built in one of the railway coaches a big steam bath where a person could go in, undress, have a thorough cleansing, and in the meanwhile his clothes would be thoroughly disinfected, washed in a de-lousing chamber and returned to him clean—that's how it was meant to work out.

To start with this genius built the steam chamber of zinc, a cold current of air came in from somewhere near the floor, so that naturally anybody would want to sit down on the benches. These by some means were made scalding hot so that if you tried to sit down once! ! !

The clothes and undergarments were to be disinfected, and the Jew said he knew that Hydrocyanic Acid would do that all right. It was only just in time that he was prevented from using HCN which is commonly known as Prussic Acid.

The simple-minded Russians were told about having these nice baths on the train and it was tried at First River. Men sent their wives and children and sometimes whole families came, got undressed innocently, gave up their clothes, went into the steam room, got the draft on their legs, sat down, woof! jumped up again, then they decided that they had had enough so they went back to the dressing room.

The steam had been shot through their garments from all angles and the clothes were nice and clean, but had shrunk to one-third their size and immediately they were taken out of the steam room into the air they froze stiff as boards. Large-sized Russians were given things which looked like a pair of frozen running pants in place of their trousers and elderly corpulent dames received beautiful white garments which would have fitted them probably in the years before they put their hair up.

Vodka is still sold in Siberia, and while we were there the "official" ban was taken off. Most of it is put up in little flat tins, as it is *too strong* to be put into glass bottles! It is very bad stuff; some men went almost crazy from the effects of drinking it. There's a fight in every drink.

There is no doubt that vodka was—and is—a great curse, for it is so cheap and the people drink it in such vast quantities. It is a colorless fluid, and almost pure alcohol. At any time of

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the day or night it was a common sight to see drunks rolling along the sidewalks, or else dead asleep in the gutter—soldiers, officials and women.

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It is a common sight to see pigs and goats wandering along the car tracks, getting in the car's road, and this gives the crew another excuse for quitting, and getting a drink. This is a common occurrence; they always have plenty of time. Nitchevo!

I was surprised to find out that they actually had rules which are posted up inside each car. When the Canadians first arrived in Siberia these rules were published as an addenda to routine orders. I will quote one rule only:

"Passengers are requested not to get in and out of the cars by the windows."

Nothing Matters!

WHEN it was announced that the "Snowball Brigade" was to be withdrawn from Siberia most of us were ready to return. Discomforts, when one can have the variation of fighting now and again, are things to be borne with. But our famous policy of non-interference had caused most of us to be "fed up."

I suppose the people at home imagined we lived high, clothed in sables and ermine. We were certainly glad to learn we'd soon be crossing the Pacific again. I went into Vlady to get some money changed.

About the time that this issue of MacLean's is being read I expect that the balance of the "Kanatskies" will be back home in Canada. When we packed up at Gornastai, and started on the trip home we passed the same piles of ammunition and supplies, the same wharves crowded with congested freight, that we had observed in landing there. Millions upon millions of roubles' worth of goods were exposed to the elements—rotting. The Russians had ordered some of this stuff three or four years ago—and had even paid for some of it.

As we passed a siding where the goods were cluttering up everything but the right-of-way, partially covered with rotting tarpaulins, I said to a Russian yard-master:

"Why don't you either store that stuff properly, or send it on where it can be used?"

The man looked at it with apathetic eyes, then turned listlessly, and said:

"Nitchevo!"

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 16

That, I think, was her chief attitude of mind, one that caused me much indignation at the time; for I felt that I could have knelt down and worshipped the heaven-born genius who was delighting the whole Kingdom with his Art. But Mr. Betterton, with his habitual kindliness and good humour, paid no heed to Mistress Euphrosine's sour disposition towards him, and when she tried to wither him with lofty speeches, he would quickly make her ridiculous with witty repartee.

HE came more and more frequently to the house, and mine eyes being unusually sharp in such matters, I soon saw that You had wholly won his regard. Those then became happy times. Happy ones for You, Mistress, whose love for a great and good Man was finding full reciprocity. Happy ones for him, who in You had found not only a loving heart, but rare understanding and that great talent which he then and there set himself to develop. They were happy times also for me, the poor, obscure Scrivener with the starved heart and the dreary life, who now was allowed to warm his Soul in the sunshine of your joint happiness.

It was not long before Mr. Betterton noticed the profound admiration which I had for him, not long before he admitted me to his Friendship and Intimacy. I say it with utmost pride, that I was the first one with whom he discussed the question of your career and to whom he confided the fact that You had a conspicuous talent for the Stage, and that he intended to teach and to train You until You could appear with him on the boards. You may imagine how this idea staggered me at first—aye! and horrified me not a little. I suppose that something of the old puritanical middle-class prejudice had eaten so deeply into my Soul that I could not be reconciled to the idea of seeing any Woman—least of all you, Mistress—acting a part upon the Stage. Hitherto young Mr. Kynaston and other boy-actors had represented with perfect grace and charm all the parts which have been written for Women; and I could not picture to myself any respectable female allowing herself to be kissed or embraced in full view of a large audience, or speaking some of those lines which our great Dramatists have thought proper to write.

But Mr. Betterton's influence and his unanswerable arguments soon got the better of those old-fashioned ideas, and anon I found myself looking eagerly forward to the happy time when you would be freed from the trammels of Mistress Euphrosine's tyranny and, as the Wife and Helpmate of the greatest Actor of our times, take your place beside him among the Immortals.

III

IT was not until the spring of the following year that I first noticed the cloud which was gathering over your happiness. Never shall I forget the day when first I saw tears in your eyes.

You had finally decided by then to adopt the Stage as your profession, and at the instance of Mr. Betterton, Sir William Davenant had promised you a small part in the new Play, wherewith he was about to open his new Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The piece chosen was called Othello, written by one William Shakespeare, and Sir William had finally decided that the parts written in this Play by the Author for Women should be enacted by Women; an arrangement which was even then being worked quite successfully by Mr. Killigrew at his theatre in Clare Market.

I knew that a brilliant future lay before You; but Mistress Euphrosine, who had constituted herself your Guardian and Mentor, tried in vain to turn you from your career. The day when you made your decision was yet another of those momentous ones which will never fade from my memory. You had hitherto been clever enough to evade Mistress Euphrosine's vigilance whilst you studied the art of speaking and acting under the guidance of Mr. Betterton. She thought that his frequent visits to the house were due to his regard for her, whereas he came only to see You and to be of service to You in the pursuit of your studies.

But the time came when You had to avow openly what were your intentions with regard to the future. Sir William Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields was to be opened in June,

and you, Mistress, were, together with his principal Actresses, to be boarded after that by him at his own house, in accordance with one of the provisions of the Agreement. The question arose as to where You should lodge, your poor mother having no home to offer You. Mistress Euphrosine made a great show of her abhorrence of the Stage and all the immorality with such a career implied. My cheeks blush with shame even now at the recollection of the abominable language which she used when first You told her what You meant to do, and my heart is still filled with admiration at your patience and forbearance with her under such trying circumstances.

Fortunately for us all, Mr. Betterton arrived in the midst of all this wrangle. He soon succeeded in silencing Mistress Euphrosine's exacerbating tongue, and this not so much by the magic of his Persuasion as by the aid of the golden Key which is known to open every door —even that which leads to a scolding harridan's heart. Mr. Betterton offered his sister a substantial Sum of Money if she in return would undertake to give you a comfortable lodging until such time as he himself would claim You as his Wife. He stipulated that you should be made comfortable and that no kind of menial work should ever be put upon you.

"Mistress Saunderson," he said impressively, "must be left absolutely free to pursue her Art, unhampered by any other consideration."

Even so, Mistress Euphrosine could not restrain her malicious tongue, and the whole equitable arrangement might even then have fallen through but for your gentleness and quiet determination. Finally, Mistress Euphrosine gave in. She accepted the liberal terms which her illustrious Brother was offering her for your maintenance, but she reserved unto herself the right of terminating the arrangement at her will and pleasure. Obviously she meant to be as disagreeable as she chose; but you had to have a respectable roof over your head until such time as you found a Haven under the aegis of your future husband's name.

After that, it seemed as if no cloud could ever come to obscure the Heavens of your happiness. Nevertheless, it was very soon after that episode that I chanced upon You one evening, sitting in the parlour with the book of a Play before you, yet apparently not intent upon reading. When I spoke your name You started as if out of the dream and quickly You put your handkerchief up to your eyes.

I made no remark then; it would have been insolence on my part to intrude upon your private affairs. But I felt like some faithful cur on the watch.

For a while dust was thrown in my eyes from the fact that Mr. Betterton announced to us his projected trip abroad, at the instance of Sir William Davenant, who desired him to study the Scenery and Decorations which it seems were noted adjuncts to the Stage over in Paris. If Mr. Betterton approved of what he saw there, he was to bring back with him a scheme for such Scenery to be introduced at the new Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which would be a great triumph over Mr. Killigrew's Management, where no such innovations had ever been thought of.

Naturally, Mr. Betterton, being a Man and an Artist, was eager and excited over this journey, which showed what great confidence Sir William Davenant reposed in his Judgment. This, methought, accounted for the fact that You, Mistress, seemed so much more dejected at the prospect of his absence than he was. I also was satisfied that this absence accounted for your tears.

Fool that I was! I should have guessed!

MR. BETTERTON was absent two months, during which time I oft chanced upon You, dear Mistress, with a book lying unheeded on your lap and your dark eyes glistening with unnatural brilliancy. But I still believed that it was only Mr. Betterton's absence that caused this sadness which had of late fallen over your spirits. I know that he did not write often, and I saw—oh! quite involuntarily—that when his Letters came they were unaccountably short.

Then, one day—it was in May—seeing you more than usually depressed, I suggested that as the weather was so fine we should repair to the theatre in Clare Market and there see Mr. Killigrew's company enact "The Beggar's Bush," a play in which Major Mohun was acting the part of Bellamente with considerable success.

Had I but known what we were destined to see in that theatre, I swear to God that I would sooner have hacked off my right leg than to have taken You thither. Yet we both started on our way oblivious of what lay before us. Time had long since gone by when such expeditions had to be done in secret. You, Mistress, were independent of Mistress Euphrosine's threats and tantrums, and I had come to realize that my Employer could nowhere else in the whole City find a Clerk who would do so much for such very scanty pay, and that he would never dismiss me for fear that he would never again meet with such a willing Drudge.

So, the day being one on which Mr. Baggs and Mistress Euphrosine were absenting themselves from home, I persuaded You easily enough to come with me to the Play.

Your spirits had risen of late because you were expecting Mr. Betterton's home-coming. In fact, You had received authentic news that he would probably be back in England within the week.

IV

AT once, when I took my seat in the Gallery beside you, I noticed the beautiful fair Lady in the box, whom I had not seen since that marvellous day a year ago, when you and I sat together at the Play. She was more radiantly beautiful than ever before.

Discreet enquiries from my neighbour elicited the information that she was the Lady Barbara Wychwoode, daughter of the Marquis of Sidbury and the acknowledged Belle among the Débutantes of the season. I understood that nothing had been seen of the Lady for the past three years owing to the grave and lingering illness of her Mother, during the whole course of which the young girl had given up her whole life to the tending of the invalid.

Now that his Lordship was a widower, he had insisted on bringing his Daughter to London so that she might be brought to the notice of His Majesty and take her place at Court and in Society, as it beseemed her rank. That place the Lady Barbara conquered quickly enough, by her beauty, her charm and her wit, so much so that I was told that all the young Gallants in the City were more or less over head and ears in love with her, but that her affections had remained steadfastly true to the friend and companion of her girlhood, the young Earl of Stour, who in his turn had never swerved in his allegiance and had patiently waited for the day when her duty to her mother would cease and her love for him be allowed to have full sway.

All this, of course, sounded very pretty and very romantic; and you, Mistress, gave ungrudging admiration to the beautiful girl who was the cynosure of all eyes. She sat in the Box, in the company of an elderly and distinguished Gentleman, who was obviously her father, and of another man who appeared to be a year or two older than herself and whose likeness of features to her own proclaimed him to be her Brother. At the rear of the box a number of brilliant Cavaliers had congregated, who had obviously come in order to pay court to this acknowledged Queen of Beauty. Foremost among these we noticed a tall, handsome young Man whose noble features looked to me to suggest a somewhat weak yet obstinate disposition. He was undeniably handsome: the huge, fair periwig which he wore lent a certain manly dignity to his countenance. We quickly came to the conclusion that this must be the Earl of Stour, for it was obvious

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that the Lady Barbara reserved her most welcoming smile and her kindliest glances for him.

The company in the Box kept us vastly amused for a time, in the intervals of watching the Actors on the Stage; and I remember that during the second Act, the dialogue in the Play being somewhat dull, both You and I fell to watching the Lady Barbara and her throng of admirers. Suddenly we noticed that all these Gentlemen gave way as if to a newcomer who had just entered at the rear of the box and was apparently desirous of coming forward in order to pay his respects. At first we could not see who the newcomer was, nor did we greatly care. The next moment, however, he was behind the Lady Barbara's chair. Anon he stooped forward in order to whisper something in her ear.

And I saw who it was.

It was Mr. Betterton.

For the moment, I remember that I felt as if I were paralyzed: either that or crazed. I could not trust mine eyes.

Then I turned my head and looked at You.

You too had seen and recognized. For the moment you did not move, but sat rigid and silent. Your face had become a shade or two paler and there was a scarce perceptible tremor of your lips.

But that was all. I alone knew that you had just received a stab in your loving and trusting heart, that something had occurred which would for ever mar the perfect trustfulness of your early love. . . . something which you would never forget.

V

YOU sat out the rest of the Play, dear Mistress, outwardly quite serene. Never, I think, has my admiration for your character and for your worth been more profound. I believe that I suffered almost as much as you. I suffered because many things were made clear to me then that I had ignored before. Your tears, your many Silences, that look of trustful happiness now gone from your eyes. I understood that the Incident was only the confirmation of what you had suspected long since.

But You would not let any one see your heart. No!. not even me, your devoted bondsman, who would gladly die to save you from pain. Yet I could not bring my heart to condemn Mr. Betterton utterly. I did not believe even then that he had been unfaithful—led away no doubt by the glamour of the society Beauty, by the talk and the swagger of all the idle Gentlemen about them—but not unfaithful. His was not a nature to love more than the once, and he loved you, Mistress—loved you from the moment that he set eyes on You, from the moment that he knew your worth. His fancy had perhaps been captured by the beautiful Lady Barbara, his heart wherein your image was eternally enshrined had been momentarily bewitched by her wiles; but he was not responsible for these actions—that I could have sworn even then.

Mr. Betterton is above all an Artist, and in my humble judgment Artists are not to be measured by ordinary standards. Their mind is more fanciful, their fancy more roving; they are the Butterflies of this world, gay to look at and light on the wing.

You never told me, Mistress, what course You adopted after that eventful afternoon; nor would I have ventured to pry into your secrets. That You and Mr. Betterton talked the whole matter over, I make no doubt. I could even tell you, methinks, on which day the heart to heart talk between you took place. That there were no recriminations on your part I dare aver; also that Mr. Betterton received his final dismissal on that day with a greater respect than ever for You in his heart, and with deep sorrow weighing upon his Soul.

After that, his visits to the house became more and more infrequent; and at first you would contrive to be absent when he came. But, as I always have maintained, his love for You still filled

his innermost being, even though the Lady Barbara ruled over his fancy for the time being. He longed for your presence and for your friendship, even though at that time he believed that you had totally erased his Image from your heart.

And so, when he came, and I had perforce to tell him that You were absent, he would linger on in the hope that You would return, and he would go away with a bitter sigh of regret whenever he had failed to catch a glimpse of You.

You never told me in so many words that You had definitely broken off your engagement to Mr. Betterton, nor do I believe that such was your intention even then. Mistress Euphrosine certainly never realized that You were smarting under so terrible a blow both to your pride and to your sentiments, and she still spoke glibly of your forthcoming Marriage.

It was indeed fortunate for You, fortunate for us all, that both she and Mr. Baggs were too self-absorbed—he in his Business and she in her Piety—and too selfish to be aware of what went on around them. Their self-absorption left You free to indulge in the luxury of suffering in silence; and I was made almost happy at times by an occasional surreptitious pressure of your Hand, a glance from your Eyes, telling me that my understanding and sympathy were not wholly unwelcome.

CHAPTER THREE

A Criminal Folly

I

IN June, you made your début upon the stage, dear Mistress. Though You only played a small part, your Grace and Charm soon won universal approval. I have so often told You of my feelings, my hopes, my tremors and my joy on the occasion when first I saw you upon the boards, that I will not bore you with the re-telling of them once again. Securely hidden behind a pillar, I only lived through the superacuteness of my senses, which drank in your Presence from the moment when You stepped out from behind the Curtain and revealed your gracious personality to an admiring Audience.

As long as I live, every word which You spoke on that day will continue to ring in mine ear, and when mine eyes close for ever in their last long Sleep, I shall see your exquisite Image floating dreamlike before their gaze.

II

FROM that day onward, I saw you more seldom than I had been wont to do before. Your Success at the new Theatre had been so pronounced that Sir William Davenant soon entrusted You with more important parts. Thus your time was greatly taken up both with Performances and with Rehearsals and with the choosing and trying on of dresses. Of necessity your work threw you often in the company of Mr. Betterton, he being the leading Actor in Sir William's Company, and the most popular as he was the most eminent of His Majesty's Well-Beloved Servants. In fact, his fame at this time was reaching its apogee. He was reckoned one of the intimates of His Majesty himself; Gentlemen and Noblemen sought his company; great ladies were zealous to win his favours.

Needless to say that concurrently with his rise to pre-eminence, an army of Enemies sprung up around him. Hungry curs will ever bay at the moon. Set a cat upon a high post and in a moment others will congregate down below and spit and yowl at their more fortunate kind. Scandal and spite, which had never been so rife as in these days, fastened themselves like evil tentacles on Mr. Betterton's fair name.

He was too proud to combat these, and You too proud to lend an ear to them. You met him now upon an easy footing of Friendship, of gentle gratitude as of a successful Pupil towards a kindly teacher. To any one who did not know you as I do, You must at that time have seemed completely happy. You were independent now, earning a good salary, paying Mistress Euphrosine liberally for the lodgings which she placed at your disposal; free to come and go as you pleased, to receive the visits of Gentlemen who were desirous of paying their respects to You. You were, in fact, Mistress Saunderson, the well-known Actress, who was busy climbing—and swiftly too— the Ladder of Fame.

Of your proposed Marriage with Mr. Betterton there was of course no longer any talk. For some reason best known to herself and which I myself never tried to fathom, even Mistress Euphrosine had ceased to speak of it.

Did she, with the depths of her ambitious and avaricious heart, harbour the belief that her Brother would one day wed one of those great Ladies who were wont to hang entranced upon his lips when he spoke the immortal words of the late Mr. William Shakespeare or of Mr. John Dryden? I know not; nor what benefit she would have derived from it if such an unlikely Event had indeed taken place.

Towards me, she was still frigidly contemptuous. But as to that, I did not care. I was determined to endure her worst gibes for the sake of dwelling under the same roof which still had the privilege of sheltering you.

III

IT was one day early in September—just something over a year ago, in fact—that my Lord Stour called at the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs. I knew him at once for the Cavalier who was ever in attendance upon the Lady Barbara Wychwoode and whom rumour had assigned to her as her future husband.

Frankly, I had never liked him from the first. I thought him overbearing and arrogant. His manner towards those who were inferior to him in station was always one of contempt. And I often wondered how Mr. Theophilus Baggs, who was an Attorney of some standing in the City of London, could endure the cool insolence wherewith young gentlemen like my Lord Stour and others were wont to treat him. Not only that, but he seemed to derive a sort of gratification from it, and was wont to repeat—I was almost going to say that he would boast of—these acts of overbearance to which he was so often subjected.

"Another of the stiff-necked sort," he would say after he had bowed one of these fine Gentlemen obsequiously out of his office. "An honest, God-fearing Man is as dirt beneath the feet of these Gallants."

My Lord Stour, of a truth, was no exception to the rule. I have since been assured that he was quite kindly and gracious in himself and that his faults were those of the *milieu* in which he had been brought up, rather than of himself.

Of course You, dear Mistress, were out of the house during the whole of that never-to-be-forgotten day of which I am about to speak, and therefore knew nothing of the terrible Event which then occurred and which, in my humble judgment, completely revolutionized Mr. Betterton's character for the time being. But Fate had decreed that I should see it all. Every moment of that awful afternoon is indelibly graven upon my Memory. I had, however, neither the Chance nor the Opportunity to speak to you of it all.

My Lord Stour came to call upon Mr. Theophilus Baggs at three o'clock of the afternoon. Kathleen, the maid of all work, opened the door to him and Mistress Euphrosine received him in the Parlour, where I was also sitting at my desk, engaged on copying out a lengthy Indenture.

"Master Baggs awaits me, I think," my Lord said as he entered the room.

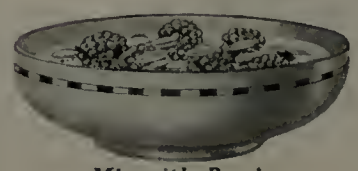
Mistress Euphrosine made a deep curtsey, for she was ever fond of the Aristocracy.

"Will you deign to enter, my Lord?" she said. "My husband will wait upon your pleasure."

"Tell him to be quick, then," said my Lord; "for I have not a great deal of time to spare."

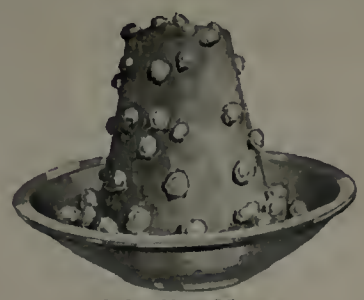
He seated himself beside the table and drew off his gloves. He had taken

A Pantry Sign
For Summer


Mix with Berries

Float in Every Bowl of Milk

Crisp and Butter for Playtime Confections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absolutely no notice of my respectful salutation.

Mistress Euphrosine sailed out of the room and a moment or two later Mr. Baggs came in, carrying a sheaf of papers and looking very fussy and obsequious.

My Lord did not rise to greet him, only turned his head in his direction and said curtly:

"You are Mr. Theophilus Baggs, attorney-at-law?"

"At your Lordship's service," replied my employer.

"Brother-in-law of Tom Betterton, the Actor, so I am told," my Lord went on with quiet condescension.

This innocent remark, however, appeared to upset Mr. Baggs. He stammered and grew as red as a turkey-cock, not realizing that his connection with the great Actor was truly an honour upon his name. He hemmed and hawed and looked unutterably foolish, as he mumbled confusedly:

"Er. . . . that is. . . . only occasionally, my Lord . . . . very occasionally, I may say . . that is . . . . I . . ."

"Pray calm yourself," broke in my Lord haughtily. "I admire the fellow's acting. . . the man himself does not exist for me."

"You are most gracious, my Lord," murmured Mr. Baggs promptly, whilst I could have struck him for his obsequiousness and his Lordship for his arrogance.

IT seems that the matter which had brought Lord Stour to Mr. Baggs' office was one of monies connected with the winding-up of the affair of the late Earl, uncle of the present peer. I was busy with my work during the time that these affairs were being discussed and did not pay much heed to the conversation. Only two fragments thereof struck mine ear, I remember, chiefly because they were so characteristic of the two men—the Aristocrat and the Plebeian—and of the times in which we live.

At one time Mr. Baggs ventured to enquire after the health of the Honourable Mrs. Stourcliffe, his Lordship's mother; you should have heard the tone of frigid pride wherewith my Lord seemed to repel any such presumptuous enquiries.

The other fragment which I overheard was towards the end of the interview, when Mr. Theophilus Baggs, having counted over the Money before his Lordship, placed a Paper before him and bade me bring him a pen.

"What's this?" queried my Lord, astonished.

"Oh!" Mr. Baggs stammered, with his habitual humility of demeanour, "a mere formality, my Lord. . . er . . . . h'm. . . . only a . . . .er . . . . receipt."

"A receipt?" my Lord asked, with an elevation of his aristocratic brows. "What for?"

"Er . . . er . . . ." Mr. Baggs stammered. "For the monies, my Lord. That is . . . . er . . . . if you will deign to count it over yourself . . . . and see that it is correct."

At this, my Lord rose from his seat, waved me aside, took and pocketed the money. Then he said coolly to Mr. Baggs:

"No, Sir; I do not care to count. My uncle knew you to be honest or he would not have placed his affairs in your hands. That is sufficient for me. I, on the other hand, have received the money. . . . That is sufficient for you."

"But—!" ejaculated Mr. Baggs, driven out of his timidity by such summary procedure.

"Egad, Sir!" broke in my Lord, more haughtily than before. "Are you perchance supposing that I might claim money which I have already had?"

"No. . . . no!" protested Mr. Baggs hastily. "I assure you, my Lord. . . . er . . .that it is . . . . h'm . . . . a mere formality . . . .and . . ."

"My word," retorted my Lord coolly, "is sufficient formality."

Whereupon he turned to the door, taking no more notice of me than if I were the doormat. He nodded to Mr. Baggs, who was of a truth too deeply shaken to speak, and with a curt, "I wish you good-day, Mr. Notary!" strode out of the room.

I doubt not, Mistress, that You and many others of gentle Manners if not of gentle Birth, would think that in recounting this brief interview between my employer and the young Earl of Stour, I have been guilty of exaggeration in depicting my Lord's arrogance. Yet, on my word, it all occurred just as I have told it. No doubt that Mr. Baggs' obsequiousness must have been irritating, and that it literally called forth the haughty Retort which otherwise might have remained unspoken. I myself, humble and insignificant as I am, have oft felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to kick my worthy Employer into some measure of manliness.

For let me assure you that, though subsequently I became more closely acquainted with my Lord Stour, I never heard him use such haughty language to any of his Dependents, nor do I think that so gentle a Lady as Lady Barbara Wychwoode would have bestowed her fondness and regard upon him had his Nature been as supercilious and as insolent as his words.

V

THAT afternoon was indeed destined to be fuller of events than I ever could have anticipated. No sooner had I closed the door upon my Lord Stour, when I heard footsteps ascending the stairs and then my Lord's voice raised once more, this time with a tone of pleasure mingled with astonishment.

"Wychwoode, by gad!" he exclaimed. "And what in Heaven's name have you come to do in the old fox's lair?"

I did not hear the immediate reply. More fussy than ever, Mr. Baggs had already signed to me to re-open the door.

"Lord Douglas Wychwoode," he murmured hurriedly in my ear. "One of the younger sons of the Marquis of Sidbury. I am indeed fortunate to-day. The scions of our great Nobility do seek my help and counsel . . . ." and more such senseless words did he utter, whilst the two young Gentlemen paused for a moment upon the landing, talking with one another.

"I thought you still in France," Lord Douglas said to his friend. "What hath brought you home so unexpectedly?"

"I only arrived this morning," the other replied; "and hoped to present my respects this evening, if your father and the Lady Barbara will receive me."

"Indeed, they'll be delighted. *Cela va sans dire*, my friend. My sister has been rather pensive of late. Your prolonged absence may have had something to do with her mood."

"May you speak the truth there!" my Lord Stour remarked with a sigh.

"But now you have not told me," rejoined Lord Douglas, as he and his friend finally went into the room and curtly acknowledged Mr. Baggs' reiterated salutations, "what hath brought you to the house of this bobbing old Thief yonder."

"Private business," replied Lord Stour. "And you?"

"The affairs of England," said the other, and tossed his head proudly like some young Lion scenting battle.

Before his friend could utter another remark, Lord Douglas strode rapidly across the room, took some papers out of the inner pocket of his coat, and called to Mr. Baggs to come up closer to him.

"I want," he said in a quick and peremptory whisper, "a dozen copies of this Deed done at once and by a sure hand. Can you do it?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Mr. Baggs. "May I see what the paper is?"

I was watching the pair of them; so was my Lord Stour. On his face there came a sudden frown as of disapproval and anxiety.

"Wychwoode—" he began.

BUT the other did not heed him. His eyes, which were so like those of his sister—were fixed with an eager, questioning gaze upon my Employer. The latter's face was absolutely expressionless and inscrutable whilst he scanned the paper which Lord Douglas, after a scarce perceptible moment of hesitation, had handed to him for perusal.

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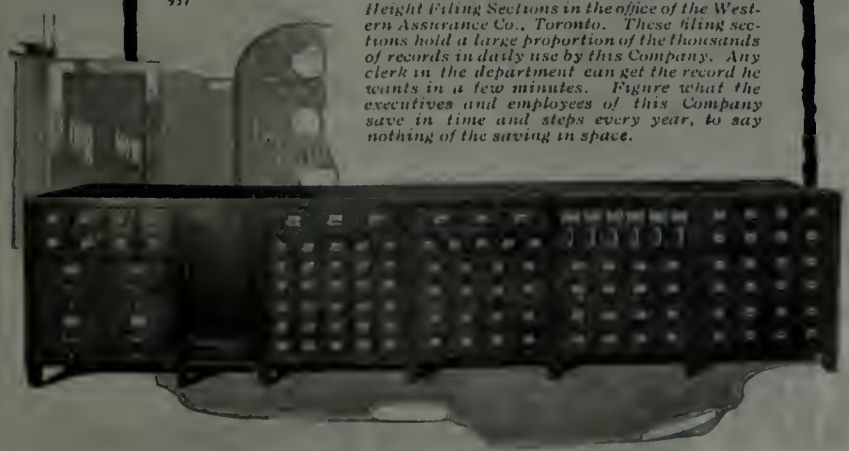

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"Yes," he said quietly, when he had finished reading. "It can be done."

"At once?" asked Lord Douglas.

"At once. Yes, my Lord."

"By a sure hand?"

"Discretion, my Lord," replied Mr. Baggs, with the first show of dignity I have ever seen him display, "is a virtue in my profession, the failing in which would be a lasting disgrace."

"I rely even more upon your convictions, Mr. Baggs," Lord Douglas rejoined earnestly, "than upon your virtues."

"You and your friends, my Lord, have deigned to talk those matters over with me many a time before. You and they know that you can count on me."

Mr. Baggs spoke with more Quietude and Simplicity than was his wont when dealing with some of these noble Lords. You may be sure, dear Mistress, that I was vastly astonished at what I heard, still more at what I guessed. That Mr. Baggs and his Spouse belonged to the old Puritan Party which had deplored the Restoration of the Kingship, I knew well enough. I knew that both he and Mistress Euphrosine looked with feelings akin to horror upon a system of Government which had for its supreme head a King more than half addicted to Popery and wholly to fast living, with women, gambling and drinking all the day. But what I had never even remotely guessed until now was that he had already lent a helping hand to those numerous Organizations which had for their object the overthrow of the present loose form of Government, if not that of the Monarchy itself.

I did not know, in fact, that beneath a weak and obsequious exterior, my Employer hid the stuff of which dangerous Conspirators are often made.

For the nonce, however, I imagine that he contented himself with writing out Deeds and Proclamations for the more important malcontents, of whom apparently my Lord Douglas Wychwoode was one. He had never taken me into his confidence, even though he must have known that he could always rely upon my Discretion. What caused him to trust me now more than he had done before, I do not know. Perhaps he had come to a final decision to throw in his lot with the ultra-Protestant party, who viewed with such marked disfavour the projects of the King's marriage with the Popish Princess of Portugal. Certain it is that he came to me without any hesitation with the Papers which Lord Douglas had just entrusted to him, and that he at once ordered me to make the twelve copies which his Lordship desired.

I RETIRED within the window-recess which you know so well, and wherein I am wont to sit at my copying work. Mr. Baggs then set me to my task, after which he drew the screen across the recess so that I remained hidden from the view of those who were still in the room. I set to with a will, for my task was a heavy one. Twelve copies of a manifesto which in itself covered two long pages.

A manifesto, in truth!

I could scarce believe mine eyes as I read the whole rambling, foolish, hot-headed rigmarole. Did I not have the Paper actually in my hand; had I not seen Lord Douglas Wychwoode handing it himself over to Mr. Baggs, I could not have believed that any men in their sober senses could have lent a hand to such criminal folly.

Folly it was; and criminal to boot!

The whole matter is past history now, and there can be no harm in my relating it when so much of it hath long ago been made public.

That manifesto was nothing more or less than an appeal to certain Sympathizers to join in one of the maddest enterprises any man could conceive. It seems that my Lady Castlemaine's house was to be kept watched by Parties of these same Conspirators, until one night when the King paid her one of his customary evening visits. Then the signal was to be given, the house surrounded, my Lady Castlemain kidnapped, His Majesty seized and forced to abdicate in favour of the young Duke of Monmouth, who would then be proclaimed King of England, with the Prince of Orange as Regent.

Now, have you ever heard of anything more mad? I assure you that I was literally staggered, and as my Pen went wearily scratching over the Paper I felt as if I were in a dream, seeing before me visions of what the end of such a foolish Scheme would be: the Hangman busy, the Prisons filled, sorrow and desolation in many homes that had hoped to find peace at last after the turmoil of the past twenty years. For the appeals were directed to well-known people outside London, some of whom were connected with the best known Families in the County. I must, of course, refrain from mentioning names that have been allowed to fall into oblivion in connection with the affair; but you, dear Mistress, would indeed be astonished if you heard them now.

And what caused me so much worry, whilst I wrote on till my hand felt cramped and stiff, was mine own helplessness in the matter. What could I do, short of betraying the trust which was reposed in me?—and this, of course, was unthinkable.

I WROTE on, feeling ever more dazed and numb. From the other side of the screen the voices of the two young Gentlemen came at times to mine ear with unusual clearness, at others only like an intermittent hum. Mr. Baggs had apparently left the room, and the others had no doubt become wholly oblivious of my presence. Lord Douglas Wychwoode had told his friend something of his madcap Schemes; his voice sounded both eager and enthusiastic. But my Lord Stour demurred.

"I am a soldier," he said at one time; "not a Politician."

"That's just it!" the other argued with earnestness. "It is men like you that we want. We must crush that spendthrift Wanton who holds the King in her thrall and we must force a dishonoured Monarch to give up the Crown of England to one who is worthier to wear it, since he himself, even in these few brief months has already covered it with infamy."

"You have set yourself a difficult task, my friend," my Lord Stour urged more soberly; "and a dangerous one, too."

"Only difficult and dangerous," retorted Lord Douglas, "whilst such men as you still hold aloof."

"I tell you, I am no Politician," his friend rejoined somewhat impatiently.

"But you are a man, and not a senseless profligate—an earnest Protestant who must loathe that cobweb of Popery which overlies the King's every action and blurs his vision of duty and of dignity."

"Yes—but—"

Then it was that Lord Douglas, with great impatience and earnestness, gave to his friend his criminal Scheme—for criminal it was, however much it might be disguised under the cloak of patriotism and religious fervour. How Lord Stour received the communication, I could not say. I had ceased to listen and was concentrating my mind on my uncongenial task. Moreover, I fancy that Lord Stour did not say much. He must have disapproved of it, as a right-minded Man would, and no doubt tried his best to bring Lord Douglas to a more rational state of mind. But this is mere conjecture on my part, and of course I could not see his face, which would have been a clear index to his thoughts. At one time I heard him exclaim indignantly:

"But surely you will not entrust the distribution of those manifestoes, which may cost you your head, to that obsequious and mealy-mouthed notary?"

Mr. Baggs should have heard the contempt wherewith my Lord uttered those words! It would have taught him how little regard his servile ways had won for him and how much more thoroughly would he have been respected had he adopted a more manly bearing towards his Clients, however highly these may have been placed.

After this, Lord Douglas Wychwoode became even more persuasive and eager. Perhaps he had noted the first signs of yielding in the attitude of his friend.

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"No, no!" he said. "And that is our serious trouble. I and those who are at one with me feel that we are surrounded with spies. We do want a sure Hand—a Hand that will not err and that we can trust—to distribute the Manifestos, and if possible to bring us back decisive answers. Some of the men with whom we wish to communicate live at some considerable distance from town. We only wish to approach influential people, but some of these seldom come to London; in fact, with the exception of the members of a venal Government and of a few degenerate Peers as Profligate as the King himself, but few men, worthy of the name, do elect to live in this degenerate City."

This talk was somewhat rambling; perhaps I did not catch all that he said. After awhile Lord Stour said casually:

"And so you thought of me as your possible emissary?"

"Was I wrong?" retorted Lord Douglas hotly.

"Nay, my friend," rejoined the other coldly. "I am honoured by this trust which you would place in me; but—"

"But you refuse?" broke in Lord Douglas with bitter reproach.

IMAGINE that my Lord Stour's reply must have been an unsatisfactory one to his friend, for the latter uttered an exclamation of supreme impatience. I heard but little more of their conversation just then, for the noise in the Street below, which had been attracting my attention on and off for sometime, now grew in intensity, and, curious to know what it portended, I rose from my chair and leaned out of the window to see what was happening.

From the window, as you know, one gets a view of the corner of our Street as it debouches into Fleet Street by the "Spreadeagle Tavern," and even the restricted view which I thus had showed me at once that some kind of rioting was going on. Not rioting of an ordinary kind, for of a truth we who live in the heart of the city of London are used to its many cries; to the "Make way there!" of the sedan chairman and the "Make room there!" of the drivers of wheel-barrows, all mingling with the "Stand up there, you blind dog!" bawled by every carman as he tries to squeeze his way through the throngs in the streets.

No! this time it seemed more than that; and I, who had seen the crowds which filled the Streets of London from end to end on the occasion of the death of the Lord Protector, and had seen the merry-makers who had made those same streets impassable when King Charles entered London a little more than a year ago, I soon realized that the Crowd which I saw flocking both up and down Fleet Street was in an ugly mood.

At first I thought that some of those abominable vagabonds from Whitefriars—those whom we call the Alsatians, and who are in perpetual conflict with the law—had come out in a body from their sink of iniquity close by and had started one of their periodical combats with the Sheriff's Officers; but soon I recognized some faces familiar to me among the crowd as they ran past the corner—men, women and boys who, though of rough and turbulent character, could in no way be confounded with the law-breaking Alsatians.

There was, for instance, the tinker, whom I knew well by sight. He was running along, knocking his skillets and frying pans against one another as he passed, shouting lustily the while. Then there was a sooty chimney-sweep, whom I knew to be an honest man, and the broom men with their boys, and many law-abiding pedestrians who, fearful of the crowd, were walking in the traffic way, meekly giving the wall to the more roisterous throng. They all seemed to be a part of that same crowd which was scampering and hurrying up and down Fleet Street, shouting and causing a disturbance such as I do not remember ever having seen before.

I SHOULD have liked to have gazed out of the window until I had ascertained positively what the noise was about; but I remembered that my task was only half-accomplished and that I had at the least another half dozen Manifestos to write out. I was on the point of sitting down once more to my work, when I heard Lord Douglas Wychwoode's voice quite close to the screen, saying anxiously, as if in answer to some remark made by his friend:

"I trust not. My sister is out in her chair somewhere in this neighbourhood, and only with her two bearers."

Apparently the two Gentlemen's attention had also been arrested by the tumult. The next moment Mr. Theophilus Baggs came in, and immediately they both plied him simultaneously with questions: "What were those strange cries in the street? Was there likely to be a riot? What was the cause of the tumult?" All of which Mr. Baggs felt himself unable to answer. In the end, he said that he would walk down to the corner of the Street and ascertain what was happening.

Ensconced within the window recess and hidden from view by the Screen, I soon gave up all attempts at continuing my work. Somehow, the two Gentlemen's anxiety about the Lady Barbara had communicated itself to me. But my thoughts , of course, were of You. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I knew that You were safe; at some distance, in fact, from the scene of the present tumult. Nevertheless, I had already made up my mind that if the rioting spread to the neighbouring streets, I would slip out presently and go as far as Dorset Gardens, where You were busy at rehearsal, and there wait for You until you came out of the Theatre, when, if You were unattended, I could escort You home.

I COULD not myself have explained why the Noise outside and the obvious rough temper of the People should have agitated me as they undoubtedly did.

Anon Mr. Baggs returned with a veritable sackfull of news.

"There is a great tumult all down the neighbourhood," said he, "because Lady Castlemaine is even now at the India House drinking tea, and a lot of rowdy folk have made up their minds to give her a rough welcome when she comes out. She is not popular just now, my Lady Castlemaine," Mr. Baggs continued complacently, as he gave a look of understanding to Lord Douglas Wychwoode. "And I fancy that she will experience an unpleasant quarter of an hour presently."

"But, surely," protested my Lord Stour, "a whole mob will not be allowed to attack a defenceless woman, however unpopular she may be!"

"Oh, as to that," rejoined Mr. Baggs with an indifferent shrug of his shoulders, "a London mob is not apt to be squeamish when its temper is aroused; and just now, when work is scarce and food very dear, the sight of her Ladyship's gorgeous liveries are apt to exasperate those who have an empty stomach."

"But what will they do to her?" urged my Lord, whose manly feelings were evidently outraged at the prospect of seeing any Woman a prey to an angry rabble.

"That I cannot tell you, my Lord," replied Mr. Baggs. "The crowd hath several ways of showing its displeasure. You know, when a Frenchman or some other Foreigner shows his face in the Streets of London, how soon he becomes the butt of passing missiles. The sweep will leave a sooty imprint upon his coat; a baker's basket will cover him with dust; at every hackney-coach stand, some facetious coachman will puff the froth of his beer into his face. Well! you may draw your own conclusions, my Lord, as to what will happen anon, when my Lady Castlemaine hath finished drinking her dish of tea!"

"But surely no one would treat a Lady so?" once more ejaculated my Lord Stour hotly.

"Perhaps not," retorted Mr. Baggs drily. "But then you see, my Lord, Lady Castlemaine is . . . . Well! she is Lady Castlemaine . . . . . and at the corner of our street just now I heard murmurs of the pillory or even worse for her —"

To be continued

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The Romance of Girl Guiding

AT a girls' summer vacation camp along the wooded shore of a lake, the girls, dressed in the most appropriate kind of out-door clothes, were trying to gather from the sun and the air and the water, the reserve force necessary for the next year's work. Some of them were swimming in the lake, some were playing folk games on the sand, others were carrying drift wood for the camp-fire, when three outsiders stopped to look at them. One was an artist, one was a journalist, one was a physician.

"What a picture they'd make!" exclaimed the artist.

"What a story they'd make!" said the journalist.

The doctor was pretty sober. He said: "I'm not thinking what a picture they'd make, or what a story they'd make; but, my, what mothers they'd make!"

This expresses something of the attitude of the women who are working to promote the Girl Guide movement—at least they are looking ahead to the girl's womanhood in every single detail of the guide programme. In an address during her present tour of Canada Lady Baden-Powell, Chief Guide, said:

"We are just beginning to realize the force of a girl's influence. Even the little girl has an influence on her own family, when she becomes a flapper she influences for good or evil the young men who come across her path, and later in her own home and through her children, if she has any, she exerts perhaps a greater influence than any other person, on the social and national life of the country. If the girl has a fine mind and body, the woman will have likewise in the days to come, and she will in her turn see that the next generation after her will be the fine type of citizen that the country needs.

"We are beginning to realize, too, that the girl of to-day must have some right outlet for her energies—some wholesome channel for self-expression. It is not in keeping with the spirit of the times that girls when they are out of school are at home helping their mothers to cook and wash and sew. The girls of to-day are restless—they must not be allowed to drift into habits of idleness and wastefulness or other wrong paths. Any effort to prevent this is worth while because any social evil is preventable; it may not be curable, but it is preventable if it is taken in time.

"The Girl Guide movement has been planned with these things in view. We don't set out to 'do the girl good.' We want her to do herself good. The organization is non-political, broad enough to take in every country—there are guides in practically every country from Great Britain and the United States and Canada to Japan and India; the last request for organization came from Gowganda. We must have certain rules but we are not bound up with red tape, only tied with a little elastic. And we are not out for numbers on paper; it is quality we want."

Notwithstanding the last condition, the Girl Guide movement was started in Canada only seven years ago and the membership is now fourteen thousand.

Girl Guides celebrate Empire Day by attending Church in a body.

WHEN a girl becomes a Guide, who promises three things, *to honor God and the King; to obey the Guide law; to do at least one good turn to someone every day.* She is reminded of these three promises every time she makes the Guide salute, with three fingers upright, the thumb and little finger bent and touching. "And," says Lady Baden-Powell, "that all important little self then becomes the second consideration, and the well-being of others is of primary importance. It is when girls and boys have the desire for the welfare of the State deeply ingrained in their minds, to the extinction of purely personal wishes, that we may look for a new world and happier national life."

The Guide law is an ideal chart and compass for the girl in her teens. It consists of ten definite rules: First, *a Guide's honor is to be trusted.* There was a time when honesty was not considered essentially a woman's virtue, but the poet who wrote "cunning, coy and hard to please," didn't describe the type of woman desirable as a friend or wife or mother or citizen to-day. The world needs women who can be good comrades, dependable friends and safe counsellors, and the training must begin with the girls. The second law is like unto the first;—*a Guide is loyal to the King, her country, her employer.* Third, *it is a Guide's duty to do at least one kind action every day.* This might be almost anything, from washing the dishes by the Brownies or the little juniors of the guides to the splendid war work done by the senior Guides. It is the particular feature of Guide work that Lady Baden-Powell says "makes the all-important little Self become a second consideration." It is this law of helpfulness too, perhaps more than the badges they earn which encourages them to train in useful accomplishments. The fourth is the law of friendliness. *A Guide is a friend to all no matter to what social class they may belong.* We know that legislation is not nearly so powerful a force as neighborliness—especially in a nation like Canada where one-third of the people speak languages other than English and where the per-

Girl Guides taking part in an out-door pageant.

Tent "Dippy-go-easy" in a Guides' Camp at Collingwood.

sonal touch is so much needed to create a spirit of unity. The fifth law is, *a Guide is courteous.* It is amazing how little common politeness there is among us. Next, *a Guide is a friend to animals.* We don't expect to find unkindness to animals among girls, but the object of the Guide law goes beyond that. The idea is that the girls should go into the fields and woods and learn the ways and wonders of the wild life and through this have a greater reverence for the laws of Nature and their Creator. *A Guide obeys orders.* This is not only to teach obedience to her superiors; rather to lead the girl to obey quickly and cheerfully the dictates of her own conscience. The eighth law is the law of cheerfulness. *A Guide smiles under all circumstances.* This isn't always possible of course, but there is nothing equal to *trying* to smile under difficulties to develop self-control—and almost every regrettable trait in men and women can be put down to lack of self-control. The ninth is the law of thrift. *A Guide is thrifty,* in the use of money, clothes, food, everything—a very important consideration in these times of high prices and rather extravagant habits of living. Last, and perhaps most important, *a Guide is pure in thought, word and deed.*

Out-door cooking in a Vancouver girls' camp.

THE idea of earning badges appeals strongly to the girl in her teens. Incidentally it sets her learning arts and handicrafts which are going to make her not only more useful, but which will indirectly work miracles in her whole personality and character. Lady Baden-Powell quotes an unvarnished criticism of the growing tendency to artificiality in the conduct of the girls of Great Britain, which might well be considered in our own country:

"The student of manners may well wonder how much farther the reaction against the Victorian code of womanly good form is likely to go on the part of the younger girls. The flapper, while she consumed quantities of sweets, and tied her hair with astonishing bows, was amusing enough. But in her newer manifestations, as she expands towards the costliest of silk stockings, smokes numberless cigarettes, and makes up with paint and powder as if to go on the stage in a revue chorus, she stands for tendencies that the more experienced man or woman of the world knows to be undesirable from every point of view. Not until the next generation is born shall we know the full extent of the mischief that these restless young girls, craving to draw attention to themselves, are doing the race."

And the Chief Guide, herself, adds:

"That is one of the main troubles. The restlessness of the girls whose energies must run somewhere is what it is our business to cope with now while there is yet time. In the Girl Guides we can supply the right channel for these energies. Let them bedeck themselves with simple uniform—attractive yet serviceable and without frills. Let them bedeck themselves with badges on their arms—*after* they have earned them through solid work."

The accomplishments which win badges are varied and practical. The War had a tendency to give every girl a new interest in "First Aid" work. The ambulance badge, a button with a red cross, is awarded to the girl when she passes an examination in simple first aid. A badge bearing the sign of an

Continued on page 94

Drill and physical culture are a part of the Guide programme.
The "march past" Chief Commissioner Lady Pellatt, at the annual Guide Rally, Toronto.

The NORDHEIMER
"Human Touch" Player Piano
Means Much to Your Home

THE value of anything is its value to life. Does it bring happiness? Is it uplifting, ennobling? Is it broadening and educational? Herein lies the power of the Nordheimer Player Piano. It is a tremendous force as an educational element in music. It is a prolific source of pleasure in the home—BECAUSE IT MAKES MUSIC AVAILABLE to you, who cannot play a note. The whole world of music is opened to you through the marvellous mechanism and tonal perfections of this superb instrument.

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Princess Skin Food	1.50
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(Write for free sample of this delightful Cold Cream)

Write for Booklet D

The Hiscott Institute, Ltd., 59F College St., Toronto

Nellie McClung on Women and Reconstruction

When Nellie McClung speaks, you want to quote every word she says, but you never do because you also want not to take your eyes off her. The paragraphs given here were taken from a lecture and cannot be claimed to be absolutely verbatim. However, there is enough that is characteristic of her wit and vision to belong to no one else.

WE can take one cue for our principles of reconstruction in Belgium. They want the new houses very much like the old ones because the old places are dear to them, *but they are willing to have more windows;* which means more light, more sun, more happiness. Perhaps we have come to the place where we need to let in more light, to have more calling of things by their right names, less censorship, more honesty.

Nellie McClung, writer, lecturer, general campaigner for "a fair chance," "a square deal," for every Canadian.

Another inspiration is left us in the message from Edith Cavell as she was being taken out to her execution — *Patriotism is not enough. We must have no ill will or hatred against anyone.*" It was no wonder, then, that when one of her executioners, kinder than the others, offered to blindfold her before the shot was fired, she could say: "You needn't bother about that. I'm not afraid to die."

And before the best intentions can accomplish anything, *women must learn team work.* Men have had a better chance to do this. They have learned it as boys in their team-play. The boy on the rugby field doesn't want to do it all himself. He is willing to take his place and pass the ball on to the next one. This is something that most women have to learn for themselves. The part of the army that goes over the top needs the support of the rest of the army; the crest of the wave would soon fall back without all the body of water back of it.

Women will be able to do a great deal more of the reconstructive work that counts, when some arrangement is made by which every woman can specialize in the thing she can do best. What man would undertake to make his own clothes or clean his own office? What a loss it is to society that a woman who is a good teacher, for instance, should have to give up teaching just because she is married. With the community kitchen in operation, what a happy system it would be for the mother to come home from her work to luncheon just as the father comes from his work, and the children come from school—and to bring in the smaller children from the nursery and all gather together around the table with the meal already cooked sent up in the elevator. And there would be no burnt pies to put out in the garbage pail because the cooking would be done by a specialized cook. . . . . It is the time and energy spent in putting down one thing and picking up another, in trying to do a hundred different things in a day, that brings a woman at night to the point of nervousness where she is "too tired out to stand up and too strung up to sit down."

Relief is not likely to come through any change in the domestic servant situation because too many women in the past have proved to be poor employers. Girls will work all day in a factory sticking labels on pickle bottles, eat rolls and coffee at a lunch-counter and go home at night to a room that, in winter, is of the temperature of a well, and in summer is quite different, rather than go to work in another woman's house—and, like grape-nuts, "there is a reason." When they work in a factory they quit at six o'clock. After that they can go to the movies and if they don't come home before eleven, there's no one waiting with a long face to say: "Where were you?" Before we can hope for any change in the domestic servant situation, we will have to accord the domestic helper the dignity she deserves.

The enfranchisement of women has brought new responsibilities. Enfranchisement is not enough. Women must have emancipation, a spirit of reconstruction. For people to go back to ease and complacency because the war is over is equivalent to a horse going back into a burning stable—he always has found rest and safety in the old stall; he expects he will find it again. We've heard of horse-sense, but that's not it. What we need is a moral equivalent for war—something to hold us together. One of the best things women can do now is to try to make a coherent Canada, because at present we're a very divided nation.

Canadians in the West found this out in the early days of the war when they came in touch with the people in some of the foreign settlements. The new Canadians had been left too much to themselves; they felt little or nothing of Canadian patriotism. In other sections the feeling was different. Dr. Lawford, a Methodist minister, worked in a solid Austrian district, where the people were mostly Roman Catholic. He didn't try to take away their religion. Curing the "flue" epidemic when an Austrian woman was dying in the improvised hospital, and very much distressed because no priest was within possible distance of reaching her, the Methodist minister asked for a candle and himself administered the sacrament as well as he could after the order of her own church. On different occasions when the priest failed to reach the church on Sunday morning the people asked Dr. Lawford to come in and take the service. . . . *And when the war came that solid Austrian settlement ranked third of all the municipalities of Alberta in patriotic giving.*

We had a similar incident in the early days of the West when a misunderstand-

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I want you to try these pickles and just see if YOU don't think they are the best *you* ever tasted

"Queen Quality" Pickles

owe their deliciousness to the fact that only firm, crisp, best selected specially grown cucumbers, onions and cauliflower and the best grade of spices and vinegar are used.

Ask your grocer—he has "Queen Quality"

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ing arose between the Indians and the officials of the C.P.R. Company, and the Indians painted their faces and sharpened up their tomahawks and started out to wipe out the C.P.R.; and they could have done it for there were thousands of them. There was only one man who could save the situation. That was a little man in a fur coat whom any of the Indians could have picked up and thrown into the Bow river. But he was Father Lacombe, and the Indians listened to him—not because he made them afraid of the consequences; they were past caring about consequences—but because he had lived and worked with them and buried their dead and consoled their dying and *he had their good will.* And Father Lacombe traveled over the C.P.R. on a gold pass for the rest of his life.

If the foreigners of Canada are to be taught to be loyal they must have something to be loyal to, and the best thing to be loyal to is a friend. We want to teach them to love our flag, but the only way to make them love the flag is to make them love us. Legislation won't take the place of neighborliness; we need a new spirit in our people.

THE moulding of the new Canadians must begin with the children. Ira Stratton, one of the biggest men in the West who is official organizer of foreign schools of Alberta, has found some opposition here and there in the public opinion that there was no need of educating these foreigners; someone had to do the unskilled labor of the country, they were all right as they were. To which he always replied that he would accept the argument if it could be proved that when Christ said: "Suffer the little children," he meant only Anglo-Saxon children who could speak the English language.

On one occasion Mr. Stratton went into a section where one Polish teacher was struggling with one hundred and ten children. He called a meeting and tried to persuade the people to build a four-room school and add three English teachers to the staff, that every child might have a chance, but the movement was opposed by an influential Polish merchant. When things looked most hopeless, two children came and peeped shyly in at the door, and the organizer who loves children called them in. He brought one little boy up and set him on the table and with his arm around the child said in the broken English that seemed more intelligible to his audience:

"I go through your country; I see plenty church. Church good thing. I see cross on church; cross good thing too. It tells of One who come to earth to die that men might have a chance. I worship Him too. When He was here he talk to men just like you, He say 'You like to go to Heaven when you die; to live with Me in mansion I'm going to build? I'll tell you one way to do it—*Give square deal to kid.*'

"After a while I die, Christ say to me: 'Stratton, what you been doing all these years?' I say 'Lord, I do just what you tell me to, I go through to country, say "Make better schools. Give better chance to Polish boy, Jewish boy, Catholic boy, Protestant boy, German boy—every boy the same chance."' What will you say? Did you give square deal to kid?"

And they got the new school. Perhaps it was partly because the little boy who had strayed in and been set in their midst was the son of the Polish merchant.

AN important branch of reconstruction work for women is the reconstruction of the amusements of the people. The saddest people in the world are the people with the beaten look in their eyes who have never known anything but hard work, who have never learned to play. Our criminals come from the people who have never had a chance at self-expression. If I were a fortune-teller I would tell everyone the thing we all like to hear and which every wise fortune-teller tells every one of her clients, "You have great capacities, within you

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A Ballantyne Slip-on
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The Butterfly typifies the excellencies of Patterson's Chocolates—the product of master confectioners.

From coast to coast—the Patterson Butterfly is favorably known—it "flew into fame with Patterson's name."

Patterson's Chocolates are well and truly represented by their emblem of good taste.

Patterson's
TORONTO
A Matter of Good Taste 2

which have not yet been touched!" And it would be the truth; we are all unexploded shells. . . I am looking forward to the day when we will have municipal theatres and the people will put on their own plays and folk-dances. In the West we hope to soon have the Austrians and Polaks and Ukranians and the new Canadians from any other foreign country singing their folk-songs and dancing their folk-dances at our fairs for our delight and the salvation of their own souls.

Has it ever occurred to you that the ethical mind of our people is formed by the movies? I am not in sympathy with the attitude of those who never go near the movies; I am a regular attendant myself, but I sometimes come away heavy of heart. With the popular type of picture that makes marriage a joke and family life too flat for anything it is not surprising that when in one city a questionnaire was made to a number of girls under sixteen who were regular movie fans as to what style of picture they liked best, the majority of the girls answered that they liked the picture "where the girl has two fellows, one who is old and rich, and one who is young and handsome and poor, and the girl marries the old one and he dies and she gets all his money and then marries the one she liked all the time." . . . But it is better to help than to condemn, better to promote something better than to criticize what we have. When the sweet and beautiful play, "Little Women" was coming to Edmonton, the Women's Institute of the city put a reader in the papers endorsing it. Women might do this with more of the good things. Working on from this beginning why couldn't we have municipal ownership of moving pictures? There's a lot of money in the moving picture business and the money could be turned back for the good of the people in the way of baths, parks and playgrounds.

THE last four years have given us so much that is heroic; we are not lacking inspiration. To begin with, four hundred thousand men were willing to die for Canada; and there were all the individual sacrifices afterwards, like the case of the Canadian boy who had tried thirteen times to escape from a German prison and on the fourteenth time, when he and his two companions were within sixty feet of the Holland border, the flashlight of a German guard was turned on them, and the boy who had tried thirteen times to escape and suffered the incidental punishments sprang on the guard and called to his companions: "I'll hold him, boys —you beat it" . . . . But we mustn't think that boy is dead. That spirit will live on as long as the world stands. The dead are not those who gave their lives for others—the dead are the well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed men and women who care nothing about how other people live. *The uncommon are the dead.*

The time has come for a change of heart in the rather prevalent attitude toward "me and mine." There are still some women who have about the same consideration for people outside their own families as the mother who brought her little boy to school and said to the teacher: "Now Willie is a very unusual child." (Every teacher knows how many unusual children are brought to school by their mothers.) "It won't do for you to whip him—he's too high strung. But if Willie should be bad, and he may be, whip the boy next him and that'll scare him."

We need the bigger outlook, the longer vision. Always after a war there is a moral letting down. The business men of Calgary have asked the Provincial Government to put on a moral campaign, a campaign of educational instruction—and Calgary is no worse than any other city. How bad the morality of the nation is depends on you and me. We have been crying for "men to match our mountains"—we have them in every community. The time is ripe to call in all our reserves, the workers, the spurters and the shirkers, the lifters and the leaners.

And we must try to make of Canada a nation, not a mob. Have you ever stopped to consider that there is no difference in the personnel of a dog-team and a dog fight? There are the same dogs, the same names—the only difference is in their attitude to each other.

Perhaps the greatest guide to the work that lies before us is to be found in the book of Isaiah: *"Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make His paths straight."* It's a wise nation that looks to see how God moves and then takes things out of His way. France, you remember, refused the Reformation and had to take the Revolution. The prophet tells us: *"Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be made low."* How is that for equality? I know the word "equality" is a veritable red flag to some people. I also know that if all people were made equal in the morning they would be different by eleven o'clock. But I don't mean equality of achievement, I mean equality of chance. . . . . *"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,"* we are promised, *"and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."*

The Romance of Girl Guiding

Continued from page 91

artist's palette is given for achievement in some branch of art work. For studying something of astronomy, the girl receives the astronomer's badge, a button bearing seven stars; for basket-weaving, a basket-worker's badge; for bee-farming, a badge with the sign of a bee hive; for learning to manage a boat, tie knots in rope, swim fifty yards, and know the flags of the Merchant Service and those of the new International code of signals, the boatswain's badge bearing an anchor; for simple carpentry, repairing and making some useful articles of furniture, a carpenter's badge with the sign of a brace and bit; for child-nursing or mothercraft, knowing the general rules for the care of a baby, having bathed and dressed a baby two years old, being able to tell a fairy tale and for kindred accomplishments, is awarded a badge bearing a cross slightly different from that on the ambulance badge. Badges with special signs are awarded for other achievements. The quill and folio indicate accomplishment in clerical and simple business work, a broiler is the sign for cooking, a cycle wheel shows that the girl owns a bicycle in good working order which she is willing to use in the King's service, if called upon at any time in case of emergency. A sickle is the sign on the dairymaid's badge, indicating that the girl can milk a cow, make butter, and understands the care and preparation of poultry for market. For dress-making her badge bears a pair of scissors; for skill as an electrician, an arrow mark; as an entertainer, a comedy face; as a laundress, a flat-iron; as a trained member of a fire-brigade, a flame; a friend to animals, a horse-shoe; for aviation, an aeroplane; for gardening, a daisy; for geology, a pick and shovel; for gymnasium work, a pair of dumb-bells. Following the same idea, special badges are awarded when the girl has passed the Guide examination and proved herself proficient as a horsewoman, housekeeper, interpreter, knitter, milliner, musician, naturalist; path finder, having a general knowledge of the district so as to be able to guide strangers and having some knowledge of the history of the place and any buildings of historical interest; photographer; pioneer, rifle shot, sick nurse, signaller, surveyor, swimmer, telegraphist.

The Senior Guides, or girls of eighteen or twenty years or older, begin to specialize more in the study of citizenship, art and literature, nature lore, physical training and homecraft. Before the girl wins her citizen's badge

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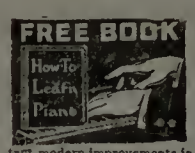

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she must have done acts of voluntary service in her community, understand the present basis of the Parliamentary vote and the responsibility it implies, with the general principles of local Government and the duties incumbent upon women in respect to the Municipal vote, and she must be able to make a five minutes' extempore speech or write an essay on any subject connected with citizenship, set by the examiner, five minutes' grace being given for framing her ideas. To cultivate a taste for art and literature the girls may be taken to picture galleries and concerts; and every company may form its own library.

During the war the girl Guides rendered invaluable service in the innumerable ways that an organization of such broad scope could do. In Great Britain they put themselves unreservedly at the service of the Red Cross and other war departments, and in addition raised money for relief purposes *entirely by their own earnings.* This is one of their rules. Guides are not allowed to solicit money either for the Company funds or any other purpose—and it naturally contributes to their spirit of independence and resourcefulness. And every girl, and every woman interested in girls, knows that the spirit of independence and resourcefulness and helpfulness and general reaching toward a broader, better womanhood is needed perhaps more to-day than ever during the last five years.

INVESTMENT SITUATION

Continued from page 6

L. G. Beauhien & Co., stock brokers, Montreal:

Bonds

City of Montreal, 6's, due Sept., 1923 101
Montreal Tramways & Power, 6%, due March, 1924 101
Wabasso Cotton bonds, 6%, due June, 1947 90

Stocks

Canada Cement, pref. stock, 7% 101½
Shawinigan Water & Power Co., 7% . 124

Wood Gundy & Co., bond dealers, Toronto.

Dom. of Canada Guarantee, 4% bonds (issued by Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.) due June, 1962. Price, 79.46 and accrued interest; yielding 5.20%.

Province of Manitoba, 5½% bonds due April 1, 1934. Price, 102.57 and int.; yield, 5¼% bonds.

City of Winnipeg, 5½% bonds, due April 1, 1939. Price, 102.45 and int.; yield, 5.30%.

Province of British Columbia, 5½% bonds, due March 5, 1939. Price, 102.44 and int.; yield, 5.30%.

Government of Newfoundland, 5½% bonds, due July, 1939. Price 102.44 and int.; yield, 5.30%.

Quebec Roman Catholic Schools, guaranteed by City of Quebec; 5½% bonds, due April 1, 1954. Price, 102.36 and int.; yield, 5.35%.

City of Saskatoon, 5% bonds, due Jan. 1 1944. Price, 91.97 and int.; yield, 5.60%.

City of Moose Jaw, 5½% bonds, due June 1, 1939. Price 98.80 and accrued interest; yield, 5.60%.

Town of North Battleford, 5½% bonds, due Jan. 1, 1944. Price, 90.57 and interest; yield, 6¼%.

A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto.

City of Toronto, Separate School, 5% bonds, maturing March 4, 1939, at 101.83 and interest; yield, 5.35%.

City of Verdun, 5½% bonds, due May 1, 1927, 100 and int.; yield, 5½%.

Canadian Northern Western 4½% registered, stock guaranteed by Province of Alberta, due Feb. 16, 1942, at 88.23 and int.; yield, 5.40%.

City of Medicine Hat, Alta., 5% bonds, due Jan. 1934, at 92.06 and interest; yield, 5.80.

Howard Smith Paper Mills, 6%, 1st mortgage sinking fund golds bonds, maturing June 1, 1934, at 93 and int.; yield, 6¾%.

They add: "Should your client be a person with limited means, living on his income, we hesitate about recommending a corporation bond, but we have no hesitation in recommending any of the above mentioned municipal bonds, particularly the first three quoted. If your client has plenty of means, earning an income as well, we have no hesitation in recommending some of the Howard Smith Paper Mills 6% bonds. Attention is also drawn to the long date Victory bonds, the 1933 and 1937 maturities. We regard these for a wealthy investor as the most attractive bond on the market."

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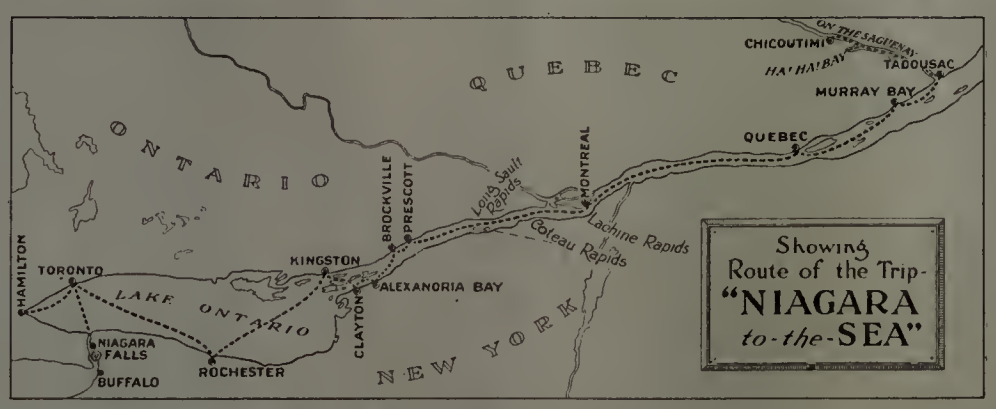

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

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The LECTURER AT LARGE

A Few Painful Reminiscences of the Platform

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"We are trying the experiment of cheaper talent."

IT has been my lot to speak and to lecture in all sorts of places, under all sorts of circumstances and before all sorts of audiences. I say this not in boastfulness, but in sorrow. Indeed I only mention it to establish the fact that when I talk of lecturers and speakers, I talk of what I know.

Few people realize how arduous and how disagreeable public lecturing is. The public see the lecturer step out onto the platform in his little white waistcoat and his long tailed coat and with a false air of a conjurer about him, and they think him happy. After about ten minutes of his talk, they are tired of him. Most people tire of a lecture in ten minutes; clever people can do it in five. Sensible people never go to lectures at all. But the people who do go to a lecture and who get tired of it, presently hold it as a sort of grudge against the lecturer personally. In reality his sufferings are worse than theirs. In fact the whole business of being a public lecturer is one long variation of boredom and fatigue.

So I propose to set down here some of the many trials which the lecturer has to bear.

The first of the troubles which anyone who begins giving public lectures meets at the very outset is the fact that the audience won't come to hear him.

The Society That Won't Turn Out

THIS happens invariably and constantly, and not through any fault or shortcoming of the speaker. The city in which I live, and I suppose for the matter of that, all Canadian cities, is overrun with little societies, clubs and associations, always wanting to be addressed. So at least it is in appearance. In reality the societies are chiefly composed of presidents, secretaries, and officials, who want the conspicuousness of office, a few members who hope to succeed to office, and a large list of other members who won't come to the meetings. For such an association, the invited speaker carefully prepares his lecture on "*Indo-Germanic Factors in the Current of History.*" If he is a professor, he takes all winter at it. You may drop in at his house at any time and his wife will tell you that he is upstairs "working at his lecture." If he comes down at all it is in carpet slippers and dressing gown.

His mental vision of his meeting is that of a huge gathering of keen people with Indo-Germanic faces, hanging upon every word.

The Meeting of the Owl's Club

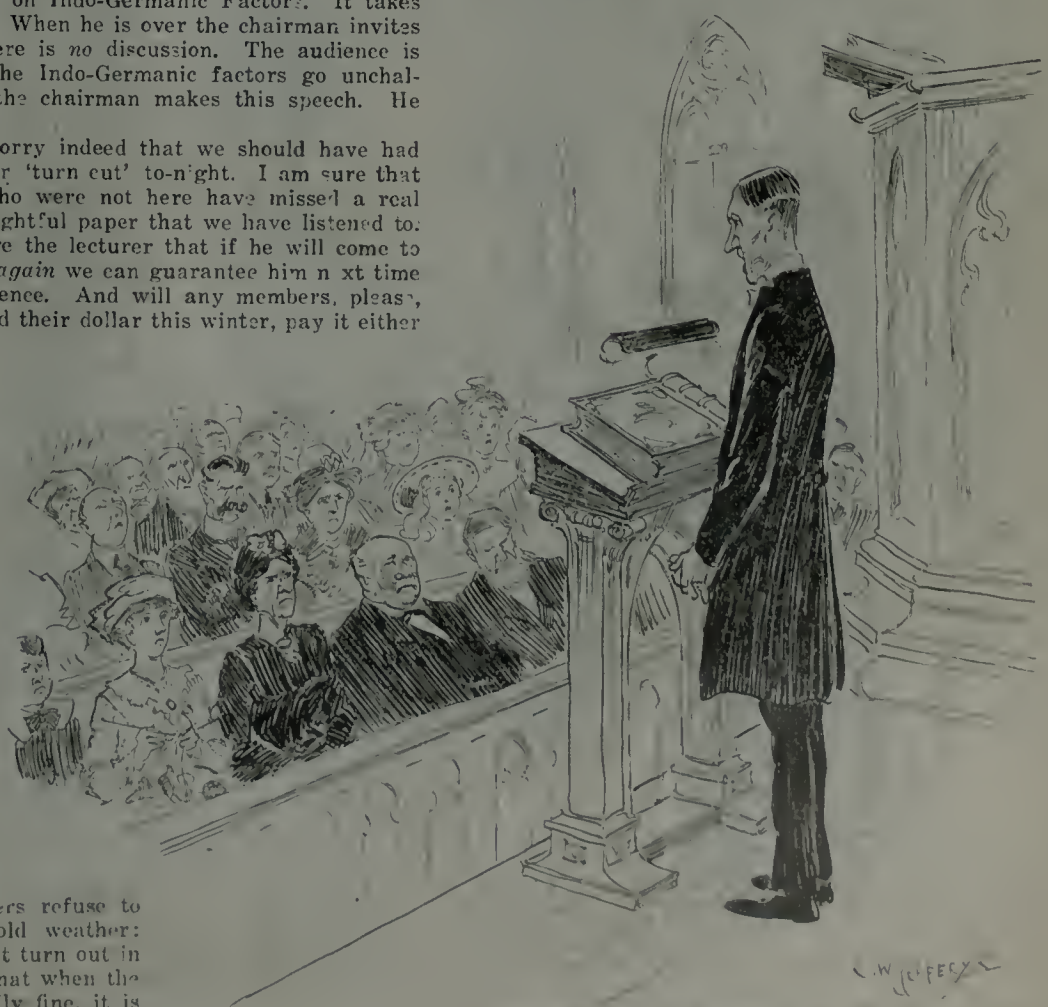
THEN comes the fated night. There are seventeen people present. The lecturer refuses to count them. He refers to them afterwards as "about a hundred." To this group he reads his paper on Indo-Germanic Factors. It takes him two hours. When he is over the chairman invites discussion. There is *no* discussion. The audience is willing to let the Indo-Germanic factors go unchallenged. Then the chairman makes this speech. He says:

"I am very sorry indeed that we should have had such a very poor 'turn out' to-night. I am sure that the members who were not here have missed a real treat in the delightful paper that we have listened to. I want to assure the lecturer that if he will come to the Owl's Club *again* we can guarantee him next time a capacity audience. And will any members, please, who haven't paid their dollar this winter, pay it either to me or to Mr. Sibley as they pass out."

I have heard this speech (in the years when I had to listen to it) so many times that I know it by heart. I have made the acquaintance of the Owl's Club under so many names that I recognize it at once. I am aware that its members refuse to turn out in cold weather: that they do not turn out in wet weather; that when the weather is really fine, it is impossible to get them together; that the slightest counter attraction—a hockey match, a sacred concert—goes to their heads at once.

There was a time when I was the newly appointed occupant of a college chair and had to address the Owl's Club. It is a penalty that all new professors pay: and the Owls batten upon them like bats. It is one of the compensations of age that I am free of the Owl's Club forever. But in the days when I still had to address them I used to take it out of the Owls in a speech, delivered, in imagination only and not out loud, to the assembled meeting of seventeen Owls, after the chairman had made his concluding remarks. It ran as follows:

"Gentlemen—if you *are* such, which I doubt. I realize that the paper that I have read on '*Was Hegel a Deist?*' has been an error, I spent all the winter on it and now I realize that not one of you pups know who Hegel was or what a Deist is. Never mind. It is over



"The Lord will forgive anyone who laughs at the professor."

now, and I am glad. But just let me say *this*, only this, which won't keep you a minute. Your Chairman has been good enough to say that if I come again you will get together a capacity audience to hear me. Let me tell you that if your society waits for its next meeting till I come to address you again, you will wait indeed. In fact, gentlemen,—I say it very frankly,—it will be in another world."

An Ideal Chairman

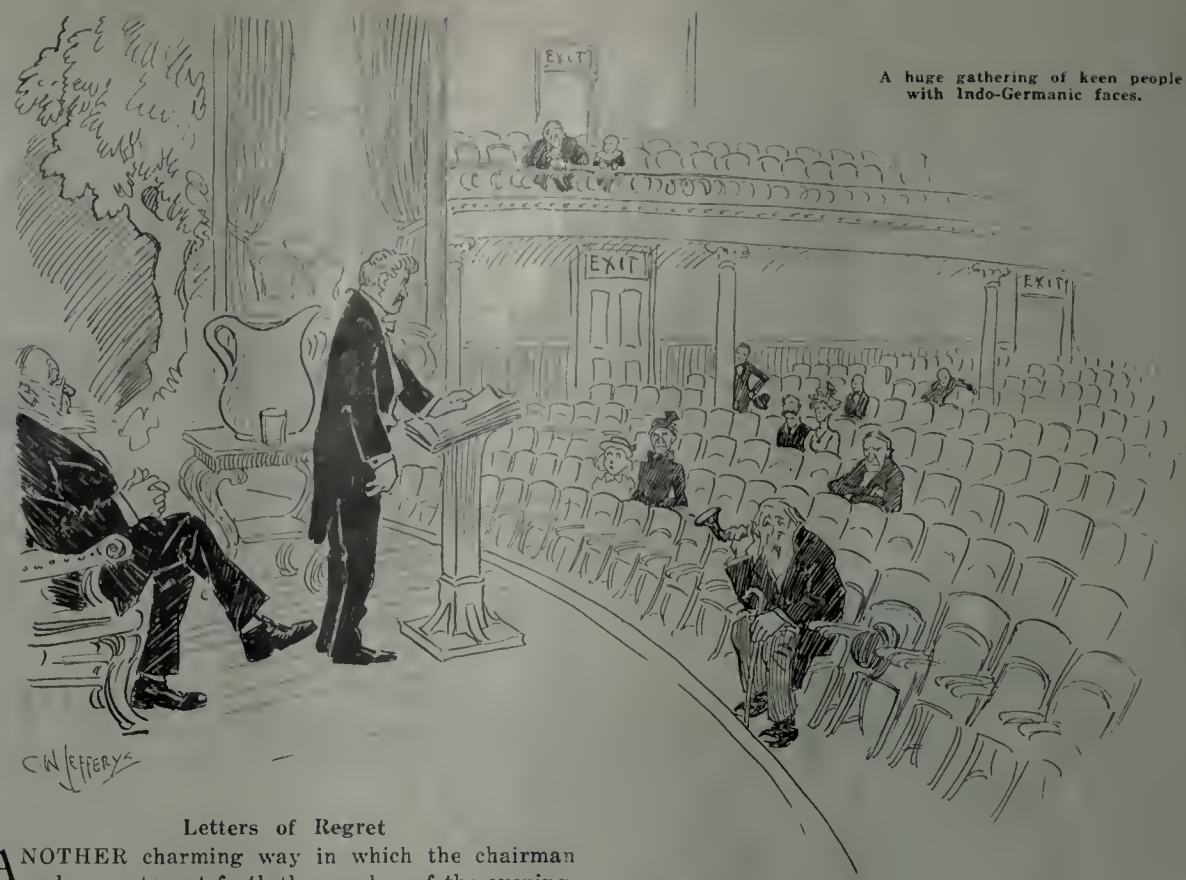
BUT pass over the audience. Suppose there is a *real* audience, and suppose them all duly gathered together. Then it becomes the business of that evil-minded villain—facetiously referred to in the newspaper reports as the genial chairman—to put the lecturer to the bad. In nine cases out of ten he can do so. Some chairmen, indeed, develop a great gift for it.

Here are one or two actual samples from my own experience:

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of a society in a little village town in Western Ontario, to which I had come as a paid (a very humbly paid) lecturer, "we have with us to-night a gentleman" (here he made an attempt to read my name on a card, failed to read it, and put the card back in his pocket)—"a gentleman who is to lecture to us on" (here he looked at his card again) "on Ancient—Ancient—I don't very well see what it is—Ancient—Britain? Thank you, on Ancient Britain. Now, this is the first of our series of lectures for this winter. The last series, as you all know, was not a success. In fact, we came out at the end of the year with a deficit. So this year we are starting a new line and we're trying the experiment *of cheaper talent.*"

Here the chairman gracefully waved his hand toward me and there was a certain amount of applause. "Before I sit down," the chairman added, "I'd like to say that I am sorry to see such a poor turn-out to-night and to ask any of the members who haven't paid their dollar, to pay it either to me or to Mr. Wallace, as they pass out."

Let anybody who knows by experience the discomfiture of coming out before an audience on any terms, judge how it feels to crawl out in front of them labelled *Cheaper Talent.*



A huge gathering of keen people with Indo-Germanic faces.

Letters of Regret

ANOTHER charming way in which the chairman endeavors to put forth the speaker of the evening, and the audience into an entirely good humor, is by reading out letters of regret from persons unable to be present. This, of course, is only for grand occasions when the speaker has been invited to come under very special auspices. It was my fate, not long ago, to "appear" (this is the correct word to use in this connection) in this capacity when I was going about Canada trying to raise some money for the relief of the Belgians. I travelled in great glory with a pass on the Canadian Pacific Railway (not since extended; officials of the road kindly note this) and was most kindly entertained wherever I went.

It was, therefore, the business of the chairman at such meetings as these to try and put a special distinction or cachet on the gathering. This is how it was done:

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman, rising from his seat on the platform with a little bundle of papers in his hand, "before I introduce the speaker of the evening, I have one or two items that I want to read to you." Here he rustles his paper and there is a deep hush in the hall while he selects one.

"We had hoped to have with us to-night Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of this Dominion. I have just received a wire from Sir Robert in which he says that he will not be able to be here."

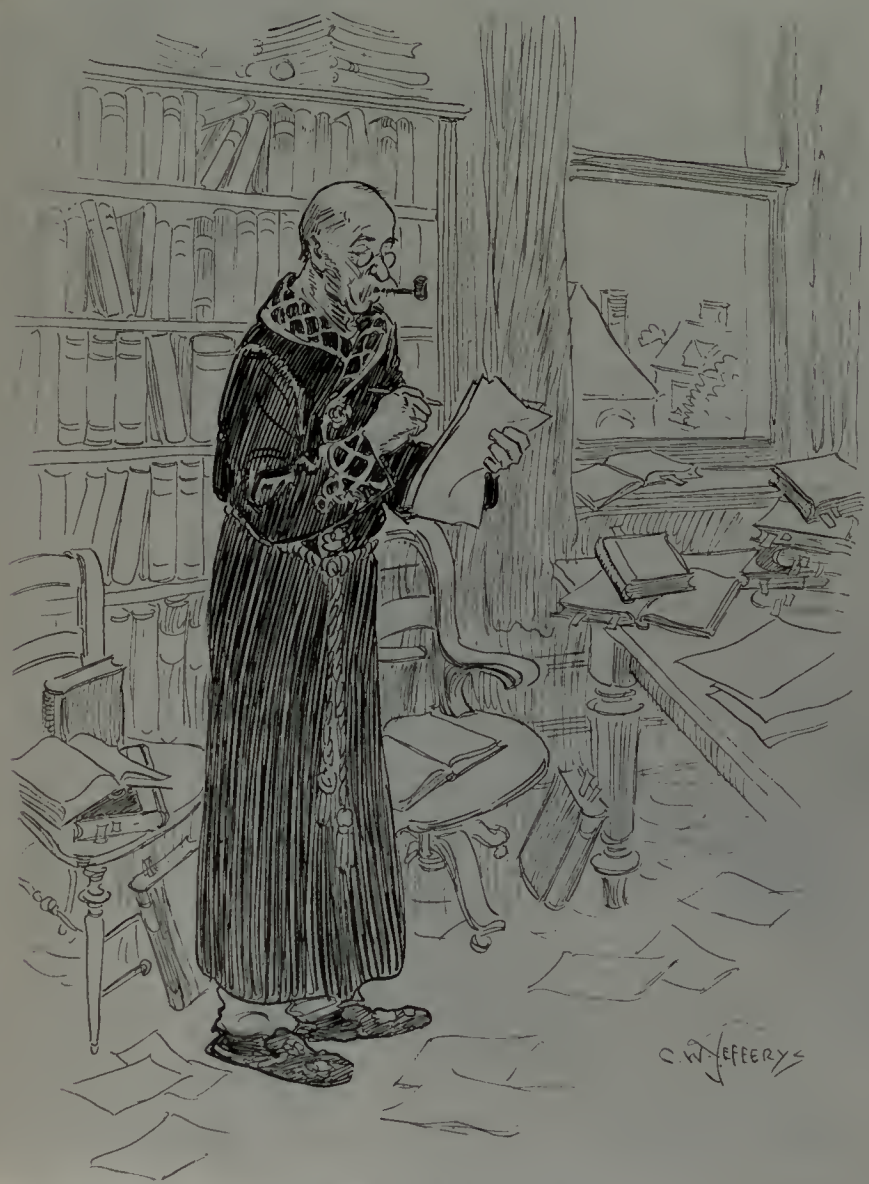
Great applause.

Presently the chairman puts up his hand for silence, picks up another telegram and continues:

"Our committee, ladies and gentlemen, telegraphed an invitation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier very cordially inviting him to be with us to-night. I have here Sir Wilfrid's answer in which he says that he will not be able to be with us."

Renewed applause.

The chairman again puts his hand up for silence and goes on, picking up one document after the other. "The Minister of Finance regrets that he will be unable to come" (applause)—"Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux—(applause) will not be here (great applause)—the Mayor of Toronto (applause) is detained on business (wild applause)—the Anglican Bishop of the Diocese (applause)—the Principal of the University College, Toronto (great applause)—the Minister of Education (applause)—none of them are coming." Great clapping of hands and enthusiasm, after which the meeting is called to order with a very distinct and palpable feeling that it is one of the most distinguished audiences ever gathered in the hall.



Upstairs working at his lecture.

Humor Under Difficulties

HERE is another experience of the same period while I was pursuing the same exalted purpose:

I arrived in a little town in Eastern Ontario, and found to my horror that I was billed to "appear" *in a church.* I was to give readings from my works and my books are supposed to be of a humorous character. A church hardly seemed to be the right place to get funny in. I explained my difficulty to the pastor of the church, a very solemn-looking man. He nodded his head, slowly and gravely, as he grasped my difficulty. "I see," he said, "I see, but I think I can introduce you to our people in such a way as to make that all right."

When the time came, he led me up on to the pulpit platform of the church, just beside and below the pulpit itself, with a reading desk with a big bible and a shaded light beside it. It was a big church, and the audience, sitting in half darkness, as is customary during a sermon, reached away back into the gloom. The place was packed full and absolutely silent.

Then the chairman spoke:

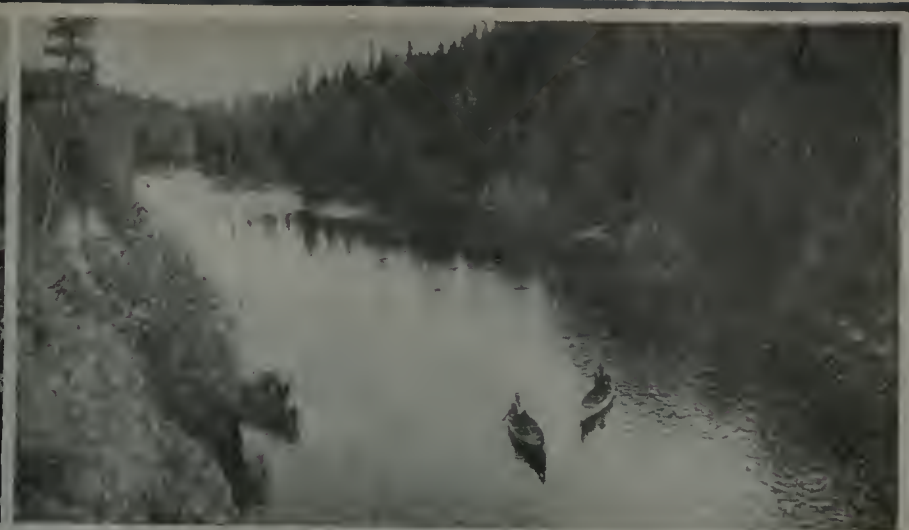
"Dear friends," he said, "I want you to understand that to-night it will be all right to laugh. Let me hear you laugh heartily, laugh right out, just as much as ever you want to. Because,"—and here his voice assumed the deep sepulchral tone of the preacher, "when we think of the noble object for which the professor appears to-night, we may be assured that the Lord will forgive anyone who laughs at the professor."

I am sorry to say, however, that none of the audience, even with the plenary absolution in advance, were inclined to take a chance upon it.

The Chairman With the Afterthought

I RECALL in this same connection the chairman of a meeting at Burlington, Vermont. He represented the type of chairman who turns up so late at the meeting that the committee in charge have no time to explain to him properly what the meeting is about, or who the speaker is. I noticed on this occasion that he introduced me very guardedly by name (from a little card) and said nothing about the Belgians, and nothing about my being (supposed to be) a humorist.

Continued on page 61



The UNSPOILED COUNTRY

Canada Has a Great Asset in Temagami

By HAROLD C. LOWREY

PAUL, the Ojibway, slyly whittled a forked stick and stirred the sizzling bacon into sputtering a noisy protest at our apparent indifference to its delicious aroma.

Mingling with the tang of pine and balsam the nidors of the camp-cooked meal floated temptingly upon the thin hardwood smoke drifting across the rocks to where we sat fascinated by the glorious beauty of the vista, spreading out beneath us like a fairy heaven.

The stiff climb up High Rock in the bracing morning air had given us keen appetites. But even our appetites, tantalizing as they were under the whetting odors, could not release us from the spell that the beautiful scene had cast over us. We were lifted above the everyday, swept out of the sordidness of human discordances into a heaven of good thoughts bounded by rambling hills and sprinkled with sparkling lakes.

The skillets rattled significantly, still we were indifferent.

The Ojibway patiently lifted the tea and the bacon to the end of the green-log grid where they would still keep hot even though they were out of the blaze of the open fire. Picking the centre frying pan from the fire, he dexterously flipped, with but a single movement of his wrist, the half-cooked flap-jack fitting so snuggly against its flaring sides. Replacing the pan, Paul looked toward the open spot where our party were ecstatically pointing out to each other the *one hundred and seven* lakes and lakelets easily seen with the naked eye from the top of High Rock.

Paul had guided other parties to this eyrie tableland and knew its effect on the uninitiated, so he calmly waited until the fish and "jacks" were just right. Then with one of those rare, illuminating smiles expressive of the redman's shy humour, he reached for a tin plate to sound the tocsin that would break the spell and bring us pell-mell to our woodland meal of nut-brown bacon, crisp, fresh-caught fish, jam, flap-jacks and the inevitable strong tea. We eagerly consumed to the last crumb that meal, prepared a la Ojibway and served democratically in the invigorating, pine-scented air of High Rock, twelve hundred feet above the sea level.

Dinner over we were again drawn to the edge of the great flat rocks which the gods—so the Ojibways claim—dropped upon the presumptuous island mountain lest it thrust its summit too high in the garden of the gods and thus learn unduly of their secrets. Be the legend right or wrong, one cannot resist a certain degree of credulity, for those great flat rocks are strategically placed at the four corners of the summit as if the gods might have said to the hill: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou intrude into our domain." These rocks are there, earning for the island mountain its name "High Rock," and providing the mountain's visitors with nature-chiselled seats before the wide open spaces from which can be seen one of the finest panoramas in all the wide, wide world.

An Unexcelled View of Woods, Rock and Water

AS we looked out over it from our perch up there on those flattened rocks overhanging the blue waters of the lake four hundred feet below, we found the view unforgetable, a scene to stir to its innermost depths the soul of every Canadian and to bring into new significance those old familiar lines:

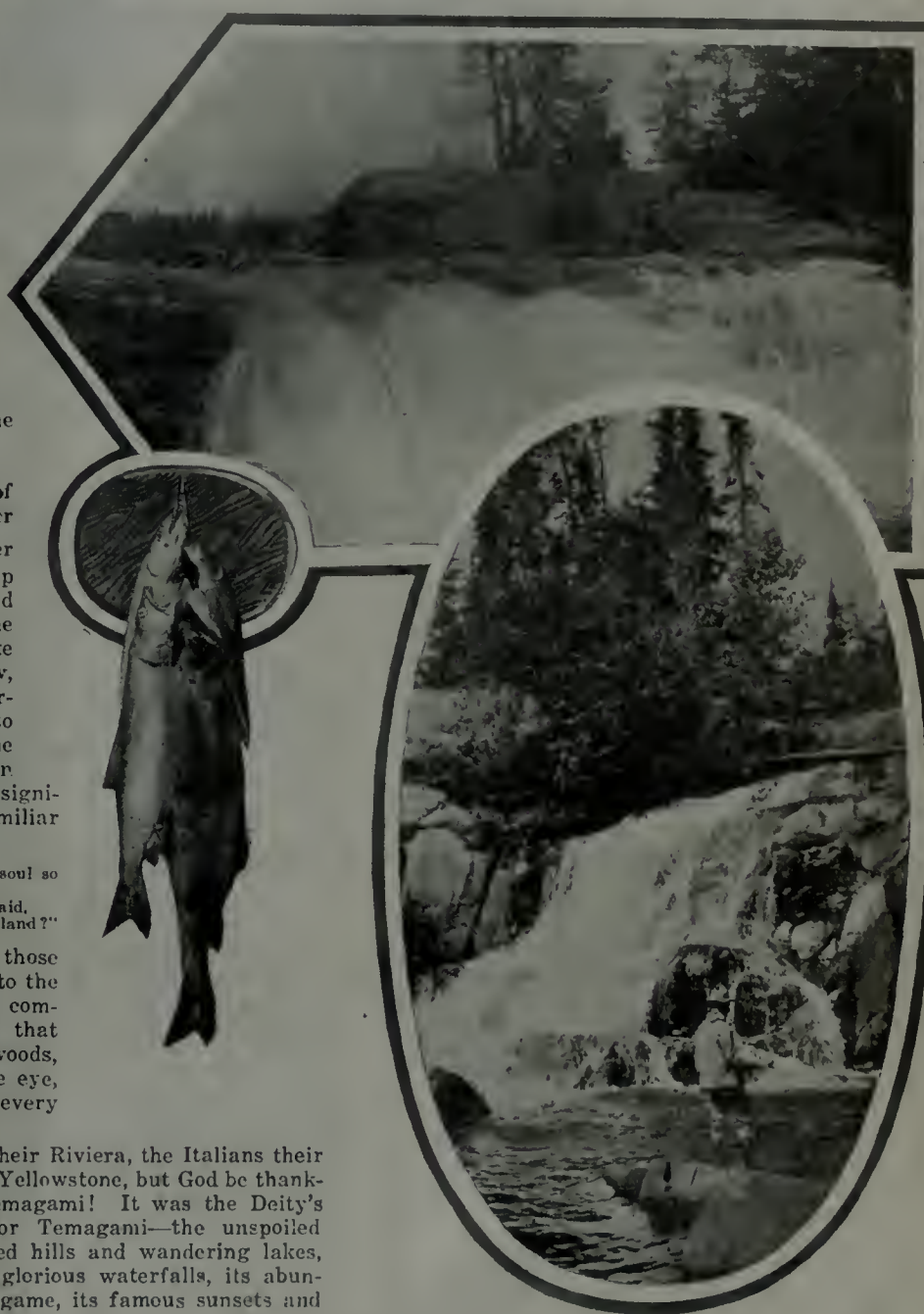
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Just to stand there in those bracing breezes looking to the thirty-two points of the compass, where always that mesmeric beauty of woods, rock, and water met the eye, was an education that every Canadian should have.

The Swiss may have their Riviera, the Italians their Alps, the Yankees their Yellowstone, but God be thanked that Canada *has* Temagami! It was the Deity's most generous gift; for Temagami—the unspoiled country—with its wooded hills and wandering lakes, its winding rivers and glorious waterfalls, its abundant fish and rambling game, its famous sunsets and its wonderful blue haze, the beautiful solvent of it all, is indeed a paradise beyond compare.

Pictured in cold type, the beauty of that vista must seem as a thing overdrawn, or as the shadowy dreamings of a poet, yet imagine, if you can, standing there upon that summit, o'erhanging those blue waters ever so far beneath you, and looking out over the many-fingered expanse of Lake Temagami (te-mog-a-me), studded and dotted with its *sixteen hundred* islands and islets all of deepest emerald, laying like a giant hand of sparkling sapphire, lost here and there behind the high hills, against the soft green carpet of balsam and pine running all the way from the wandering shores to the dim horizon hiding behind the blue haze.

Seeing it in the fullness of its primeval glory, you too would find irresistible its call to come and explore its secret places, many of which have never seen the pale-face. Twelve years ago, the Temagami Forest Reserve was an almost unknown wilderness. To-day it is still unspoiled, yet its fame has reached the ends of the earth, though unfortunately it is better appreciated by our cousins to the South than it is by Canadians. This fact cannot be too deeply impressed.



Scenes from the unspoiled country which abounds in water falls and island-studded lakes.

An Historic Point

TAKE for instance the camp colony, which Paul is pointing out to us down there on the point of Temagami Island. It was on that very spot where the first post of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company was established over a hundred years ago and it was there the Ojibways bartered their furs for the "firesticks" and "long knives" of the pale-face. To them the post was known as Wabi-Kon—a name still

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A NEW SERIAL STORY

EBB *and* FLOW

CHAPTER I

By C. W. STEPHENS

Author of "Man and Wife"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

OUTSIDERS had always taken it for granted that Richard Chipperfield and Edith Barnsley would one day marry. It seemed one of those cool, fore-ordained arrangements that have been within the public knowledge so long that all spice of romance has died out of them. Ste. Brunhilde society was accustomed to resolve itself into a kind of matrimonial bureau whose business it was to sort out the eligibles of the opposed sexes and pair them off appropriately. Now and again, naturally, the plans went wrong, Cupid being an erratic kind of person, and a girl and a man would break out of the orderly Noah's Ark procession, fall rather absurdly in love with each other—that was the popular view—and that was the end of them, as far as the bureau was concerned.

When the small Chipperfield was in petticoats and Edith Barnsley in long clothes, it was said that they were obviously destined for one another—as if there was such a thing as obviousness in affairs matrimonial. When she was in short frocks and he in knickerbockers, the obviousness of the thing was again pointed out. There came a day when she put up her hair and let down her skirts, and he bloomed into his first Sunday tail coat and tall hat. The thing then was as clear as daylight that the next step would be "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," the bells and orange blossoms.

Edith's father was the manager of the Dearnside Mining Company; Richard's male parent had been, in his lifetime, Secretary and Treasurer of the company. The latter lived long enough to see his son established as boss of the Mining Company's mills. The two families represented the upper crust of Ste. Brunhilde society. People said that young Richard—he was one of those serious, estimable young men who would never be called Dick—had business in his blood; certainly he had it in some part of his make-up. When he was at school he had a reputation for long-headedness that brought him more than once under the castigation of an unappreciative master. He was a keen trader, and with a ridiculously small stake could manage to separate his companions from their choicest possessions. At that time folks said the Lord, or somebody else, had meant him to be a lawyer. He had an excellent opinion of himself, and was the unlikeliest kind of man to do anything in the least degree romantically foolish. If he married, the girl would have to possess something besides a pleasing appearance and sweet disposition. Edith was not likely to have much money, as the Barnsleys were reputed to live up to the last cent of the five thousand a year salary the head of the house received, but there was much, in the way of business advancement, that the General Manager of the Company might be able to do for a worthy and enterprising son-in-law.

Still, Richard was not an impulsive young man. By the time Edith was two and twenty they had been thrown together a great deal in the small social circle of Ste. Brunhilde. They attended the same parties, went to the same church where they sang in the choir. They danced, played five hundred, played tennis and golf together.

Sometimes Richard very nearly came to the point. A young man, even one like Richard Chipperfield, has his weak moments when brought into contact with a very pleasant and very pretty girl, and there came crises when he was very nearly over the precipice. He had always thought it rather tough luck that John Barnsley, Edith's father, should be so extravagant. With his income properly administered, his prospective father-in-law ought to have had something laid by, out of which to furnish a dot to a daughter; but it was well known that he had nothing. Romance was very pretty, but to Richard it rather lacked sustaining elements. Richard had never taken much stock in it. He had never spoken directly to Edith of love. In school days he had never carried her books. His furious jealousy had never been roused by amatory glances thrown at her by other small boys. He had never achieved a black eye or bloody nose in rebuking trespassers on his assumed preserve.

Never for a moment did he doubt that if he crooked his beckoning finger, Edith would rush to him as for her life. When the temptation to give the signal surged within his bosom, prudence always suggested the dark possibility that, if he did invite her to share his lot, there would, the day after, come flitting out of the world beyond, some charmer with money beyond the dreams of present avarice. That would be nothing less than tragic. Lots of deserving young men, who might have picked up something really luscious in the matrimonial market, had come a cropper through being too romantically impulsive. The thought operated as a wet blanket on the kindling fires within his bosom.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and a wonderful Saturday afternoon in late Spring. The poet intimates that in the Spring the dove begins to assume Easterly radiance, and that at the same season love-frivolity disports itself within the heart of the average young man. This particular afternoon there was a tender softness in the winds, the sun shone brilliantly, yet there was a cool vivacity in the air. The lake was a mimic sea of turbulent little waves, with here and there a white-cap among them. They looked like blue-clad water sprites revelling in the water from the pure joy of living. Edith and Richard were playing golf. They were standing on the tee going to the seventh. It was a nice kind of a tee, if you were playing a single with a nice kind of girl. There were trees, forming a semi-circle behind it—nice screeny trees. You could peep through them and see the flashing waters below, if you wanted to see flashing waters, which, under the circumstances, you probably didn't. Then too, the seventh was a blind hole. There was no long, flat vista ahead, on which could be seen a dozen foozling players, always looking back for fear you might drive into them. It was an artistic, thoughtfully designed tee, with a hill rising sharply before it over which you had to loft with your iron.

Edith had the honor, as she usually had, for she could beat Richard handily at golf. She wore a smart little blue skirt, not too long and she had very pretty ankles, and small, neatly shod feet. Her trim white blouse, open at the throat, was neat and fetching. She was hatless, and her hair was a pretty brown. Her golfing style was distinctly good. The easy, graceful abandon of her swing made her driving a picture. Richard wished he had a camera that would give him a picture of her as she stood poised for an instant, before whipping the ball off the little hummock of sand.

Really, Mr. Chipperfield thought, this dallying of his over the big business, was not in the least efficient. If they were to be married, as of course they were, what time better to fix things up than the present? There did not seem any sound reason to the contrary. Better get it over and settle down.

"Come on, Richard," said Edith, marvelling a little at his absent-minded dilatoriness. "The pair behind will be coming up directly."

He knew she was speaking of golf, but there seemed to be something in tune with hour, place, and mood, in her words. He advanced, tee'd his ball, then turned and looked at her. The fateful words were on his lips. She looked at him as if apprehensive that he might be about to have a stroke of some kind.

"Edith," he said, "I've been thinking — thinking very seriously ——" She smiled encouragingly; Richard always did a lot of thinking.

"Thinking about what?" she asked innocently. "Well, anyway drive off. You can tell me what you've been thinking about as we walk along."

"But ——" he temporized. Then he stopped from a natural impulse. Wasn't he being a little too precipitate? She was distracting, and a Spring day, a tree and hill screened spot, a girl who is very agreeable ——! Well, they are apt to disturb reason and cold logic. They say he who hesitates is lost. Sometimes that is so, and again, in other cases, he is found. The following pair came along the path through the trees. Richard made a hasty shot, wrecked it, and off they went.

After that the love project was shelved. You can't talk love to the nicest girl satisfactorily when a couple of blatant idiots behind are bawling "Fore!" every ten seconds or so. Richard knew they were doing it to put him off his stroke, not because they were in the least hurry. He could see them, as he cast angry looks back between foozling shots, sitting on the tee puffing at pipes, every now and again bellowing "Fore!" after the manner of lusty calves who had lost their mothers in a fog.

He didn't tell her what he had been thinking about, and, indeed, had barely recovered his poise when they finished the game. He had it in mind to ask her to walk back with him through the woods. Then he would settle things. He knew a nice shady corner where it could be all fixed up in no time. On his way to the Club House, a mine man stopped him, and Edith walked on slowly.

"Heard the news?" asked his friend.

"No, what news?" Richard responded.

"Great doings. The merger's gone through. All fixed up finally yesterday. There'll be revolution down here. Six companies made into one. New Board of Directors—city men, Toronto, Montreal, New York, regular dividend hounds. Some of the folks round this way will have to sit up and take notice. There will be changes, boy! A lot of those who thought they had warm billets for life will be thinking that dynamite's popped under them."

Richard thought that the eyes of his friend glanced rather meaningly toward Edith Barnsley, as if hinting that the parental head of the Barnsley family might be in some danger. And Richard, warm as was the day, shivered. He had almost been too precipitate. It would be as well to wait and see how the new order of things worked. If Barnsley should happen to lose his position in the new shuffle, well—the world would be not quite the same.

HE did not take Edith home by the woods,, but let her go with some of her friends. It was a nuisance, for she was a nice kind of a girl, and he liked her very much, but—well, love's a sensitive thing, and apt to catch cold if it stands too long in a draught. If it should happen that John Barnsley lost his position and salary ——

The thought was appalling. The man was over fifty, and five thousand dollar jobs were not to be picked up every day in that part of the world. Besides, Richard did not think a great deal of the abilities of the manager. The fact was that he did not have a very high opinion of anyone's powers save his own. He would be sorry for Edith, if anything did go wrong.

It was rough on a girl to have an improvident father.

And, while all this profound thought was going on in Richard's mind, Edith was wondering a little. She knew the expectations regarding herself and the hope of the Chipperfield family. Friends teased her sometimes about him, after the fashion they have. She had had a sort of intuition on the seventh tee that he was on the verge of a proposal, a girl has an extra sense by which she apprehends these matters. He had been unusually mellow up to the time he met his friend, putting the irritation caused by the bawlers out of mind. She wondered what had brought about the chill in the atmosphere. Perhaps she was a little disappointed. There had been times when the talk of her affairs with Richard had been rather annoying, and then he had sometimes let it appear, perhaps unconsciously, that he imagined that as soon as he should be pleased to drop the handkerchief, she would rush to pick it up. No girl likes to think that a man regards her as cheap and easy. But she wondered, a little disappointedly, what had cooled the atmosphere.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BARNSLEY knew that something was wrong the moment her husband entered the house that evening. He was a good-looking man in his fifty-second year, with reddish complexion and greying moustache and hair. His light tweed clothes were smartly cut, giving him the appearance of a comfortably off country magnate who understood how to take life easily, and was in circumstances that enabled him to do so. When matters went smoothly he was as good-natured as he looked, but, like most worth-while men, he had his peppery side. This evening it was plain to so skilled an observer as his wife that something had put him out. He went at once to his room, washed and brushed up in record time, then came down to the dining-room with a very perceptible chip on his shoulder. The table was laid, so he had no chance to grouch about delay. Mrs. Barnsley furnished an excellent table for the family, and her husband was a man who appreciated the agreeable things of life.

The room was large and well furnished, after a solid, substantial fashion. The windows, open this beautiful Spring evening, gave a charming view of lawn, flower garden, orchard and lake. On the farther side of the water was the camp town, a place of some five thousand people. It straggled untidily up the side of a long, steep hill, near the top of which were the mines of the Dearnside Company, of which Mr. Barnsley had been the manager for the better part of ten years. Barnsley was a mining engineer, and had been a hustler in his earlier days. He had engineered the promotion of the Dearnside Company, taking as fee for his labors, besides a money commission, the managership for a period of years. This contract had expired, but he had held on to his place afterwards without further agreement. It was an easy position, and, finding himself on velvet, he had snuggled his shoulders into the downy couch, made it fit him admirably, and appreciated life—the simple life. Who wouldn't, in his place? Five thousand a year in the country before the high cost of living keyed things up, a fine house rent free, and lots of pleasant privileges and perquisites. There was no pleasanter country for a man who loved the world of out-doors, and did not think that city streets and lamp-posts, theatres and cabarets, were essential to human happiness. Barnsley loved to drop a fly over the rising spot of a trout, troll for maskilonge, squint along the barrel of a gun, spend week-ends at his fishing camp. The man who pretends to despise these delights, and professes that he prefers the application of the whirling grindstone of industry to his nose, is a liar, in apostolic language, and the truth is not in him. Most of us work because we have to, and if we didn't have to there would be fifty jobs for everybody, with few takers. Barnsley was a good man to work for, so the men said. He gave to others, so far as disciplinary decency would allow, the same indulgence he claimed for himself. The officers of the company were a band of brothers, of sorts. Of course there were little differences now and again, since many of them were married. The ladies would have friction on church matters, choir affairs, or points of social precedence, but the men, as far as permitted, lived in reasonable peace and amity. The fact was, as any member of the staff would explain, it was not like the staff of an ordinary business house, and socially it was a classy affair.

Coulson, the book-keeper, for instance, held his position because he had married a relative of one of the company's directors; and so it obtained throughout the place. Even the mature office boy was a kind of remittance man. He had made a hash of things at College, coming away without a degree at the insistent request of the Faculty. Being unable to secure a really congenial position in the hard, cold world, among unrefined folk, something had to be done for him by his relatives, lest he earn notoriety and spot the family scutcheon by dying of starvation. So he had been sent down to Ste. Brunhilde, where he affixed the stamps to the outgoing mail, and chaperoned the post-bag twice a day to and from the post office. All the office men had been born with expectations, but had been switched from the track by one little thing or another. They had the dignity of men with promising pasts, and you never realized fully how classy they were until you heard their women folk hold forth on their family genealogical trees. The Barnsleys were at the head of the society of the community. Nobody questioned that.

One would have to travel far before finding a pleasanter woman than Mrs. Barnsley, a comely woman nearing the fifties, quiet, shrewd, hospitable, home-loving. They had three children, Edith, the eldest, Nancy, four years younger, and a boy, Jack Junior, in his twelfth year. Nancy was her father's favorite, pert, pretty, lively, just about launching out, after College, on a pleasant campaign of her own, in which friends and amusements played prominent parts. Edith was more serious than Nancy. She was fond of housework and being the eldest of the family, had been able to indulge her hobby all she desired. Then she had at one time taken an odd notion to go away and take a course at a business college. That had been the one eccentric thing of her entire life. When she came back she bought a typewriter, and, whenever she wanted a real bit of indoor sport—so Nancy used to say—she would go up to her room and revel in stenographic exercises, which were irreverently called "pothooks" within the family circle, or would pound away on the typewriter as Nancy played ragtime. She was a funny girl, so the general opinion ran, and just suited for a driving, unromantic person like Richard Chipperfield.

WHEN Mr. Barnsley came into the dining room, adorned with the shoulder chip, as aforesaid, Nancy was at the piano playing a ragtime lament whose burden was:

> Coon, Coon, Coon, I wish my color'd fade.
> Coon, Coon, Coon, I'd lak a different shade.

Jack Junior was on the lawn with a catapult, pretending to slay sparrows, though the birds were in much less danger than the windows of the conservatory.

"Hello, dad!" exclaimed Nancy, ceasing to mourn her sable color. "You look as if somebody had stroked your fur the wrong way."

"Is dinner ready?" her father demanded, heedless of her observation.

"Yes, everything is on the table, or ready to put on," his wife replied.

They ranged themselves about the mahogany in their accustomed places, and the meal proceeded. Ordinarily they were the liveliest family at meals, but the father's looks appeared to blanket them all this evening, except perhaps Nancy.

"Rather like a Quaker's meeting," she observed. "By the way, dad, I was in town this afternoon, and I'd like some money, please. There's the smartest Summer outing dress at the Bon Marche, and it might have been made specially for me. I shall want one for the picnic at Lake Joseph, next week. They wished me to take it and have it charged, but I had a conscience, for once. Wasn't I self-denying? Edith was lecturing me the other day about the extravagance of charging things, and I think there is reason in what she said. They wanted thirty-five dollars for the dress, but I can get it for thirty-two, I am sure, if I have the cash. I won't want a hat," she went on self-denyingly, "you don't need them in the woods or on the water. Just thirty-two dollars, daddy, so please hand over and smile."

She clenched her small fist, outstretching two fingers to represent the barrel of a hold-up gun.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" her father asked. They had all heard him make the same inquiry a hundred times before, so it had not much effect.

"No, dear, or I might be tempted to spend you, and then I'd want you back afterwards," said the little minx.

"There will have to be much less spending from now on—a great deal less," her father observed with ominous deliberateness. "There has been a great change, and I don't know yet what the precise outcome is going to be."

"What did you have for lunch, dad?" asked Nancy. "Really you should come home for it. You know everything they cook at the hotel positively swims in grease, and always makes you glum and economical."

"Nancy!" her mother rebuked. The slip of a girl would say things to her father that the mother in her liveliest moments would never dream of speaking.

"Things have got to be altered," continued Mr. Barnsley. "The amalgamation has gone through, and we live in a different world. A revolution has swept over the place, and we may be hit hardest of all."

"Gracious, father!" exclaimed Nancy. Her ideas of revolutions were of mobs running wild, heads being chopped off, unfortunates stood against walls before firing squads. "What can you mean?"

"The amalgamation has gone through. The Dearnside Company exists no longer except as a part of the big new corporation," he replied.

"Yes, I heard something about that in town, to-day," Nancy went on. "But I thought that the amalgamation of the companies was a wonderfully progressive thing. Competition would be done away with, and instead of half a dozen companies doing their best to cut each other's throats in the price market, there would be just one big organization, having practical control of the market."

"A revolution may be progressive, and yet hit the old order hard," her father explained. "Do you realize what this will mean for those who have been employed by the half-dozen independent companies? There will be one firm instead of six, one office with one staff instead of half a dozen, one big king instead of half a dozen lesser ones. It means that those who had friends at Court, on the old boards, will be without them. The new board will be a different proposition. On the old ones, the members were, as a rule, personal friends, the employees closely identified with the employers. But now all that's gone. The employees will be just cogs in a wheel or wheels in a machine, their value measured by their utility. The personal element has gone."

"But the new company will require managers just as the old ones did. There should be as good or better positions available," said Edith. "You've been on the ground so long and are so familiar with the place and conditions that it might be even better for you, might it not, father?"

"One would have thought that experience locally would count," replied her father, somewhat mollified. "But, as a matter of fact, it does not appear to have done so. The general managership that I thought might possibly come my way has gone elsewhere. An outsider named Christie is being brought in at fifteen thousand a year. He's a young man, I'm told, one of the modern school, a driver of the new efficiency type one hears so much about these latter days. It'll be within his power to cut off every head, make new rules, fix salaries afresh, reorganize everything. I may not hold my present position a month—nothing is certain."

"You don't really mean that, John," his wife said fearfully, for the manner of her husband made her afraid.

"I mean it absolutely," he replied. "Everything is in the air. I may be continued in a subordinate position, or he may turn me adrift. The latter, of course, is the natural thing, since the new king doesn't usually care to have the old one round the premises. However, I'm not out a position yet, but, Nancy, my girl, get rid of thoughts about new picnic dresses and money outlays generally."

CHAPTER III

THE Dearnside Company's office was the kind that Noah may have been supposed to have had in the ark. It was palatial enough outwardly, for the Dearnside management had been extravagant in its

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Stephens' story "Man and Wife," concluded in the June number, was a very popular one with readers of MACLEAN'S. *Repeated inquiries have been received as to when this story will come out in book form. Inasmuch as it did not run to book length it is not likely that it will appear in that form, but we are glad to be able to announce that other Stephens stories will appear in* MACLEAN'S. *"Ebb and Flow" will be found quite as interesting as "Man and Wife."*

buildings; more veranda than house about their erections. Inisde it was furnished after the early-Victorian manner. The desks and stools might have come straight out of Dickens' Messrs. Cheeryble Brothers office, high, spindle-legged affairs, as if to take the clerks into the realms of high finance and business. The office was a free-for-all kind of place, and next to the hotel lobby, the most popular gossip shop in the town. Anybody who happened to stroll that way, with nothing much on mind or hands, just dropped in, took a seat, smoked and chatted, chewed and spat, as habit and inclination dictated. One could hear more news of the town than the local paper printed in a month in a quarter of an hour's call at Dearnside's. When the morning mail was brought up, politics, sport and world affairs were discussed and adjusted. If you wanted a good story, that was the place to find it. Each man considered it his duty to bring in a reasonably fresh one every day or so. It was a co-operative humorists' club. There were fishing tales and hunting tales, and other kinds of tales. With visitors in the wicker arm chairs that took up the main portion of the middle of the floor, and the clerks, backs to their desks, pens stuck behind their ears, the place was a kind of Areopagus where men gathered, as did the Athenians of old on Mars Hill, "to tell or hear some new thing."

Coulson, the book-keeper was a man of rather pretty wit. Being the head of the office it was incumbent on the rest to laugh at his jokes. He had been in the lumber business, but it had disappeared from beneath him, and then he got into Dearnside's office through pull. He was one of the old school—vintage round 1850. He kept the books after a quaintly antique manner, and wrote the letters, being reputed to have a neat literary style, and being a good penman. Wrote them—one uses the words advisedly, for he hated the new-fangled way of machine correspondence. A typewriter was an abomination in his eyes, a sure indication of the growing slothfulness of the age. It was an insult, he believed, to write a letter on a machine, showed no proper respect, besides dwarfing the writer's individuality. What character could there be in a machine? Nothing like the personality displayed in penmanship. He used one kind of pen, and one kind of ink. When the letters were written they were copied in a creaky old press that appeared to be about the date of the arrival of Christopher Columbus.

Mr. Barnsley was away one particular bright and cheery day. The mail train was late, and did not arrive till two in the afternoon. It was about twenty minutes later when a stranger put in his appearance. He was a young man, about thirty to judge by looks, smartly dressed after a city fashion. A live-wire sort of person he appeared to be, possibly some drummer, new to the country, who had drifted along.

The office did not approve of casual drummers. There were the regular ones who had called once a month or thereabouts for years. These latter were welcomed, a wicker chair was at their disposal, and they carried vest-pocketfuls of cigars that were distinctly above the stogie brand. They were free, too, with the cigars, and usually had a nice little tale or two, picked up in the course of their acquaintance with cities and men. Outsiders, however, were not encouraged at Dearnside's. They were classed with book agents, and beggars who insisted on exhibiting their sores and sending round the hat, pour la charite.

The new-comer halted at the counter.

"Mr. Barnsley in?" he inquired somewhat brusquely.

"Not yet," said Coulson rather peevishly, for he hated to be interrupted in his narrations. "And so," he resumed. "I had three flies on the cast, a Brown Montreal, a Parmachene Belle, and a Silver Doctor for leader. I cast, whipped two or three times, and then there was a pull as if I'd a whale on. Believe me or not, it nearly dragged me out of the boat. And, by gosh! there were three of them on, one for each fly, and the smallest not a fraction less than a pound and a half."

"When do you expect Mr. Barnsley in?" asked the impatient visitor.

"Can't tell. May be ten minutes or two hours," snapped Coulson. "Leave a card or a message, if you like, or else sit down and make yourself as happy as you can."

"I'm in a hurry," said the stranger.

"Shouldn't be. Thunderingly hot day," observed the office boy. "Any little thing I can do for you?"

"Yes, show me the manager's office, and find out where Mr. Barnsley is, quick. I'm Christie," said the stranger.

There was consternation in massy clouds in the skies. Followed on this a deft sliding and slithering on tall stools, and after this the scratching of pens, exceeding all speed records. Coulson stood his ground courageously, though a little pale.

"How do you do, Mr. Christie, welcome to Ste. Brunhilde. Mr. Barnsley is away but may be back within an hour or so. He's a busy man, here, there, and everywhere, as one might say. Charming weather for the time of year, is it not?"

THE office thought that while the new king might be a live-wire and a hustler in his way, he lacked something of the *savoir faire* that the business men of the old time were renowned for. He looked inside and outside the office. He was inquisitive in a sharp, jerky way as a living interrogation mark might be. His eyes were of the gimlet variety, and he had a steel trap sort of mouth that had on the upper lip a short, bristly, aggressive moustache. His talk was all questioning. He gave back no exchange remark and neither praised nor condemned. There was no criticism from him. He was a veritable hunting hound for information, and whether it pleased or displeased him nobody could tell. So came the new king into his kingdom.

EVERYBODY talked about new brooms and their way of sweeping clean at first, but this broom did no immediate sweeping of any consequence, contrary to expectations. The weeks went by, and then a month—two—three, without any notable change. No salary was cut, no head lopped off. True the *conversaziones* in the office were abandoned, and the wicker chairs were banished, but these alterations were in the way of voluntary concessions of Coulson to the new spirit of the times.

The new man was a perfect fiend for statistics and facts. He had to know every day to a pound what pits and mills were turning out. When the people of the town had just begun to laugh at the evil prognostications his coming had adduced, and to feel that they had been needlessly alarmed, Christie started in to do a little bit of sweeping, and presently house-cleaning was on in full blast. He began with a detailed and elaborate stocktaking of the properties of the corporation. Every scrap and stick was inventoried. If the company owned a pair of chicks as they had to go down on the list. All the house property of the concern was gone over, valued and the figures put down. Every little pile of scrap iron went into the reckoning. Then began the re-arrangements and cleaning up. He took Barnsley into the office one morning, and talked things over. First the office was discussed.

"Yes," he said, shortly, dropping into a chair.

"Fossils of a remote geological age," said Christie. "There's going to be a new head. No, I don't mean to scrap the others without giving them a chance. They need a live man at the top, brains instead of just a headpiece to look at. If the rest fall into line, all right, if they don't they'll make way for those who will, but they'll have a show. Coulson's three thousand will be reduced to two, and there will be a whittling down of the rest. Now about the house property. We've over two hundred houses. Anybody that wants one just squats down on it, and when he's got a house rent free, he thinks he's a vested right to water and electric light and the services of a carpenter or two to keep the place in order. We're keeping cows and horses for half the staff. That's all to be done way with. Every house has to bring in rent. Where men have been hired and allowed to take one, an allowance will be made in the pay, but the new men hired will just get ordinary wages and pay rent. Not a wisp of hay, not a handful of grain, goes out on this free farm business. And all these scores and scores of tons of scrap have to be turned into money."

They were revolutionary moves, but Barnsley knew in his heart that they were all just and right. The way in which the property of the old company had been wasted was a disgrace. It had become a system that everybody fell in with. He blamed himself for not having made the changes long ago, but he had let himself get into a groove, and things had slid along any way. One thing he admired about the new king was his fairness in handling the men. He fired nobody on his past record, blaming the system rather than the man, and gave each one a chance to make good under the new regime.

When they got through about everything else, Christie came abruptly to the matter that had long been uppermost in Barnsley's mind—his own relation to the new order of things. The ex-manager did not see where he could be placed, and the reflection had given him many a wakeful night. The pit boss had been retained. Chipperfield in the mills was holding on—and neither man had been cut in salary. It seemed as if Christie had taken to Chipperfield, who was a hustler, ambitious, and, in a not too obtrusive way, obsequious. The new king was not above using a man of this type. He appeared to size him up at once as one who was keen to stick to his job, and ready to please his over-lord no matter the kind of duty he was asked to perform. Chipperfield was a born intriguer, and, always out after the main chance, and made himself useful to the seeker of information about everything that was going on round the place. As a commanding general uses secret service, so Christie had use for one who could give him sidelights on current happenings.

"Now as to yourself, Barnsley," said the chief. "I've given it a lot of thought, and have come to a decision, the best I can. I don't want you to feel hurt, but, you see you and I, in a way conflict. I am here to do on a six-mine scale what you did in one. Of course you may have other plans and would like to get away."

"No, I have done nothing yet," Barnsley answered.

"Well then, I want to tell you just what I can do," the other continued. "I'm creating a new position. I want a man to take a lot of the routine work off my hands. It'll be his duty to give an eye to the entire field, to go round it continually, sort of co-ordinate reports on the work, see where the hitches are, suggest changes that might make for improved general efficiency, and help to get the whole organization running to its best advantage. Such a man will act as my assistant, without executive authority. You know I can pick up a score of ambitious youngsters, well-qualified, hustlers, who would jump at the chance of making good with a big corporation like ours in the expectation of making the job a jumping-off place for a really worth-while position. You're getting five thousand and a house. I can't pay anything like that. Twenty-five hundred will be the salary, with no house; and if you wanted to retain your present residence, the rent would be thirty a month. We can make no exceptions in the renting rule."

"That means that the net salary would be round twenty-two hundred," said Barnsley reflectively.

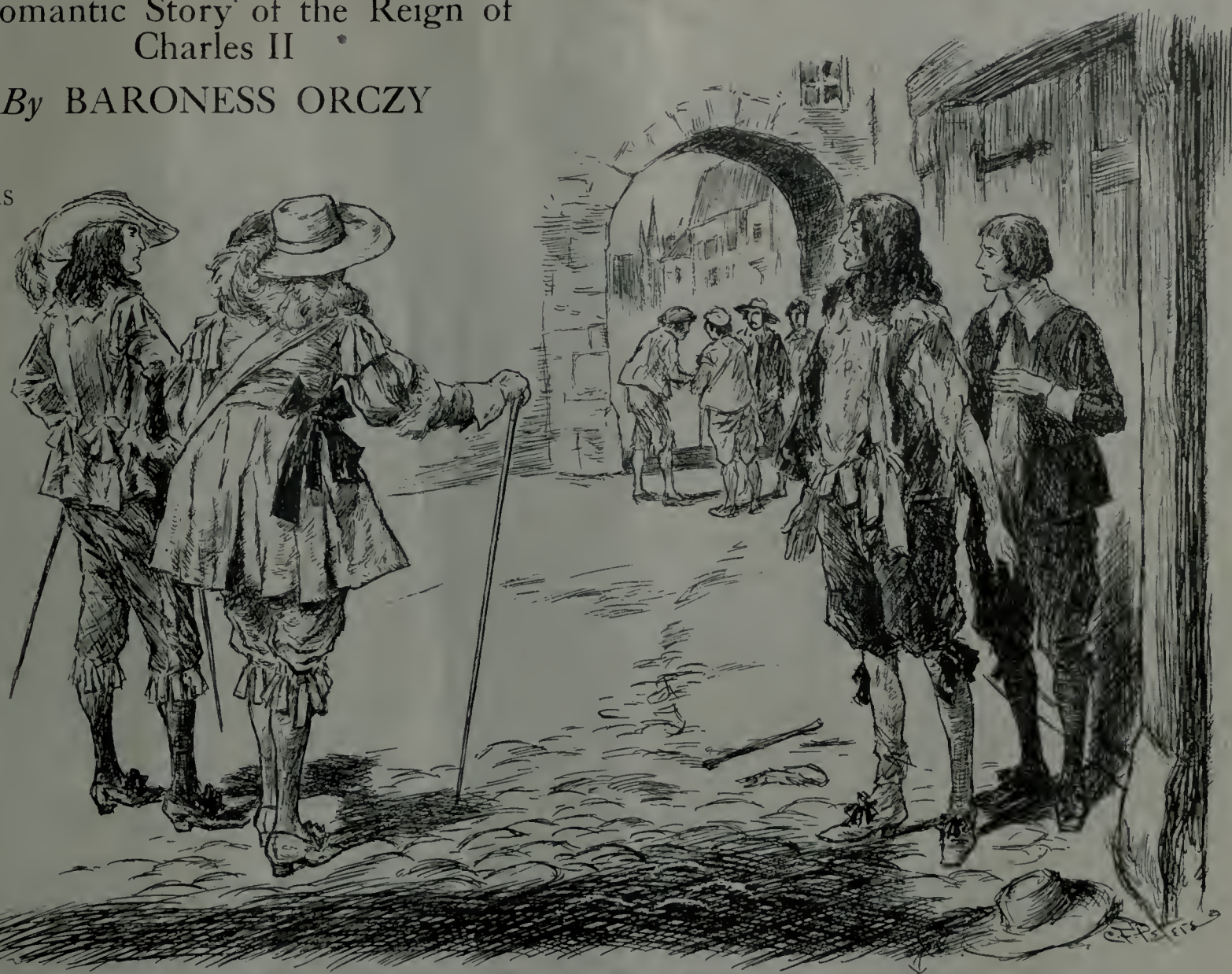
Continued on page 59

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

A Romantic Story of the Reign of Charles II

By BARONESS ORCZY

Illustrated by C. F. PETERS



"In that case, my Lord," said Mr. Betterton, "you can only cross swords henceforth with a coward and a liar!"

CHAPTER THREE—*Continued*

"BUT this is monstrous—infamous—!"

"And will be well-deserved," here broke in Lord Douglas decisively. "Fie on you, friend, to worry over that baggage, whilst we are still in doubt if my sister is safe."

"Yes!" murmured Lord Stour with a sudden note of deep solicitude in his voice. "My God! I was forgetting!"

He ran to the window—the one next to the recess where I still remained ensconced—threw up the sash and gazed out even more anxiously than I had been doing all along. Mr. Baggs in the meanwhile endeavoured to reassure Lord Douglas.

"If," he said, "her Ladyship knows that your Lordship hath come here to visit me, she may seek shelter under my humble roof."

"God grant that she may!" rejoined the young man fervently.

We all were on tenterhooks, I as much as the others; and we all gazed out agitatedly in the direction of Fleet Street. Then, all at once, my Lord Stour gave a cry of relief.

"There's the chaise!" he exclaimed. "It has just turned the corner of this street . . . No! not that way, Douglas . . . on your right . . . That is Lady Barbara's chaise, is it not?"

"Yes, it is!" ejaculated the other. "Thank Heaven, her man Pyncheon has had the good sense to bring her here. Quick, Mr. Notary!" he added. "The door!"

The next moment a Sedan chair, borne by two men in handsome liveries of blue and silver, came to a halt just below. Already Mr. Baggs had hurried down the stairs. He would, I knew, yield to no one in the privilege of being the first to make the Lady Barbara welcome in his house. The excitement and anxiety were momentarily over, and I could view quite composedly from above the beautiful Lady Barbara as she stepped out of her Chair, a little flurried obviously, for she clasped and unclasped her cloak with a nervy, trembling hand.

A second or two later, I heard her high-heeled shoes pattering up the stairs, whilst her Men with the Chair sought refuge in a quiet tavern higher up in Chancery Lane.

CHAPTER FOUR

More Than a Passing Fancy

I

I WOULD that You, fair Mistress, had seen the Lady Barbara Wychwoode as I beheld her on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon; her cheeks of a delicate pallor, her golden hair slightly disarranged, her lips trembling with excitement. You, who are so inexpressibly beautiful, would have been generous enough to give ungrudging admiration to what was so passing fair.

She was panting a little, for obviously she had been scared, and clung to her Brother as if for protection. But I noticed that directly she entered the room her eyes encountered those of my Lord Stour, and that at sight of him a happy smile at once overspread and illumined her face.

"I am so thankful, Douglas, dear," she said. "that Pyncheon happened to know you were here. He also knew the way to Mr. Baggs' house, and as soon as he realized that the crowd in Fleet Street was no ordinary one, he literally took to his heels and brought me along here in amazingly quick time. But, oh!" she added lightly, "I can tell you that I was scared. My heart went thumping and I have not yet recovered my breath."

Her cheeks now had become suffused with a blush and her blue eyes sparkled, more with excitement than fear, I imagined. Certain it is that her beauty was enhanced thereby. But Lord Douglas, with a brother's privilege, shrugged his shoulders and said with a show of banter:

"Methinks, Babs, dear, that your heart hath chiefly gone a-thumping because you are surprised at finding Stour here."

She gave a gay little laugh—the laugh of one who is sure of love and of happiness; the same laugh, dear Mistress, for which I have hearkened of late in vain from You.

"I only arrived in London this morning," my Lord Stour explained.

"And hastened to pay your respects to the law rather than to me," Lady Barbara taunted him lightly.

"I would not have ventured to present myself at this hour," he rejoined. "And apparently would have found the Lady Barbara from home."

"So a beneficent fairy whispered to you to go and see Mr. Notary, and thus arranged everything for the best."

"The beneficent fairy had her work cut out, then," Lord Douglas remarked, somewhat impatiently, I thought.

"How do you mean?" she retorted.

"Why," said he, "in order to secure this tryst, the beneficent Fairy had first to bring me hither as well as Stour, and Lady Castlemaine to the India House. Then she had to inflame the temper of a whole crowd of roisterers sufficiently to cause the worthy Pyncheon to take to his heels, with you in the chair. In fact, the good Fairy must have been to endless trouble to arrange this meeting 'twixt Lady Barbara and her Lover, when but a few hours later that same meeting would have come about quite naturally."

"Nay, then!" she riposted with perfect good humour,

"let us call it a happy coincidence, and say no more about it."

EVEN then her Brother uttered an angry exclamation. He appeared irritated by the placidity and good humour of the others. His nerves were evidently on edge, and while my Lord Stour, with the egoism peculiar to lovers, became absorbed in whispering sweet nothings in Lady Barbara's ears, Lord Douglas took to pacing up and down the Room like some impatient Animal.

I watched the three of them with ever-growing interest. Being very sensitive to outward influences, I was suddenly obsessed with the feeling that through some means or other these three Persons, so far above me in station, would somehow become intermixed with my life, and that it had suddenly become my Duty to watch them and to listen to what they were saying.

I had no desire to pry upon them, of course; so I pray You do not misunderstand me nor condemn me for thus remaining hidden behind the screen and for not betraying my Presence to them all. Certainly my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode had known at one time that I was in the room. They had seen me installed in the window recess, with the treasonable Manifestos which I had been set to copy. But since then the two Gentlemen had obviously become wholly oblivious of my Presence, and the Lady Barbara did not of course even know of my Existence, whilst I did not feel disposed to reveal myself to any of them just yet.

II

LORD DOUGLAS, thereafter, was for braving the rioters and for returning home. But Lady Barbara and Lord Stour, feeling happy in one another's Company, were quite content to bide for a time under Mr. Baggs' sheltering roof.

"You must have patience, Douglas," she said to her brother. "I assure you that the Streets are not safe. Some rowdy Folk have set themselves to attacking every chair they see and tearing the gold and silver lace from the Chairmen's liveries. Even the side-streets are thronged. Pyncheon will tell you of the difficulty he had in bringing me here."

"But we cannot wait until night!" Lord Douglas urged impatiently.

"No!" said she. "Only one hour or two. As soon as the people have seen Lady Castlemaine and have vented their wrath on her, they will begin to disperse, chiefly into the neighbouring Taverns, and then we can slip quietly away."

"Or else," broke in Lord Stour hotly, "surely the Watchmen will come anon and disperse that rabble ere it vents its spite upon a defenceless woman!"

"A defenceless woman, you call her, my Lord?" Lady Barbara retorted reproachfully. "She is the most dangerous enemy England has at this moment!"

"You are severe, Lady Barbara ——"

"Severe!" she exclaimed, with a vehement tone of reproach. "Ah! you have been absent, my Lord. You do not know—you do not understand! Over abroad you did not realize the Misery, the Famine, that is stalking our land. Money that should be spent on reclaiming our industries, which have suffered through twenty years of civil strife, or in helping the poor to tide over these years of lean harvests, is being lavished by an irresponsible Monarch upon a greedy wanton, who——"

"Barbara!"

She paused, recalled to herself by the stern voice of her brother. She had allowed her Indignation to master her maidenly reserve. Her cheeks were aflame now, her lips quivering with Passion. Of a truth, she was a Woman to be admired, for, unlike most of her sex, she had profound feelings of Patriotism and of Charity; she had valour, enthusiasm, temperament, and was not ashamed to speak what was in her mind. I watched my Lord Stour while she spoke, and saw how deeply he worshipped her. Now she encountered his gaze, and heavy tears came into her eyes.

"Ah, my Lord," she said gently, "you will see sadder sights in the Streets of London to-day than ever you did in the Wars after the fiercest Battles."

" 'Tis no use appealing to him, Babs," Lord Douglas interposed with obvious exacerbation. "A moment ago I told him of our Plans. I begged him to lend us his sword and his hand to strike a blow at the Profligacy and Wantonness which is sending England to perdition worse than ever before ——"

Lady Barbara turned great, reproachful eyes on my Lord.

"And you refused—?" she whispered.

Synopsis of First Instalment

This is the story of Thomas Betterton and Joyce Saunderson as told by John Honeywood. Betterton is a famous actor and a favorite of Charles II. The favor that he wins with other women, particularly Lady Barbara Wychwoode, causes Joyce to break off her engagement with him. Honeywood is engaged by Theophilus Baggs as a clerk and scrivener and is ordered to copy a treasonable manifesto brought by Lord Douglas Wychwoode, brother of Barbara. It calls upon the gentry of the country to unite in a plot to seize and dethrone Charles. Lord Douglas meets Lord Stour, Barbara's lover, at Baggs' house and endeavors to draw him into the plot.

MY Lord looked confused. All at once, I knew that he was already wavering. A weak Man, perhaps; he was deeply, desperately enamoured. I gathered that he had not seen the Lady Barbara for some months. No doubt his soul hungered for her smiles. He was the sort of Man, methinks, who would barter everything—even Honour—for the Woman he loved. And I do not think that he cared for much beyond that. His father, an you remember, fought on the Parliament side. I do not say that he was one of the Regicides, but he did not raise a finger to help or to serve his King. And he had been a rigid Protestant. All the Stourcliffes of Stour were that; and the present Earl's allegiance to King Charles could only have been very perfunctory. Besides which, this is the age of Conspiracies and of political Factions. I doubt not but it will be another twenty years before the Country is really satisfied with its form of Government I myself—though God knows I am but a humble Clerk—could wish that this Popish marriage for the King had not been decided on. We do not want religious factions warring with one another again!

But all this is beside the mark, nor would I dwell on it save for my desire to be, above all, just to these three People who were destined to do the man I love best in the world an irreparable injury.

As I said before, I could see that my Lord Stour was hesitating. Now Lady Barbara invited him to sit beside her upon the Sofa, and she began talking to him quietly and earnestly, Lord Douglas only putting in a word or so now and again. What they said hath little to do with the portent of my Narrative, nor will I plague You with the telling of it. Those people are nothing to You; they have nothing to do with humble plebeians like ourselves; they are a class apart and we should never mix ourselves up with them or their affairs, as Mr. Betterton hath since learned to his hurt.

III

WHILE they were talking together, the three of them, I tried once more to concentrate my mind upon my work, and finished off another two or three copies of the treasonable Manifesto.

All this while, you must remember that the noise and rowdiness in the streets had in no way diminished. Rather had it grown in intensity. The people whom I watched from time to time and saw darting down Chancery Lane or across the corner of Fleet Street, looked more excited, more bent on mischief, than before. I had seen a few stones flying about, and once or twice heard the ominous crash of broken glass.

Then suddenly there came an immense cry, which was not unlike the snarling of hundreds of angry Beasts. I knew what that meant. My Lady Castlemaine was either on the point of quitting the India House or had been otherwise spied by the Populace. I could no longer restrain my curiosity. Once more I cast my papers aside and leaned out of the window. The shouting and booing had become more and more ominous. Apparently, too, a company of the City Watchmen had arrived. They were trying to force their way through the throng, and their calls of, "Make way there!" sounded more and more peremptory. But what was a handful of Watchmen beside an excited crowd of rioters determined to wreak their temper upon an unpopular bit of baggage? I doubt not but that His Majesty's Body-guard could alone restore order now and compass the safety of the lady.

As I leaned out of the window I could see stones and miscellaneous missiles flying in every direction; and then suddenly I had a clear vision of a gorgeous sedan chair escorted by a dozen or more City Watchmen, who were trying to forge a way for it through the crowd. They were trying to reach the corner of our Street, hoping no doubt to turn up this way and thus effect an escape by way of the Lower Lincoln's Inn Fields and Drury Lane, while the crowd would of necessity be kept back through the narrowness of the Streets and the intricacies of the Alleys.

The whole point now was whether the Chairmen could reach our corner before the roisterers had succeeded in beating back the Watchmen, when of course they meant to tear Lady Castlemaine out of her chair. Poor, wretched woman! She must have been terribly frightened. I know that I myself felt woefully agitated. Leaning out toward the street, I could see Lady Barbara's pretty head at the next window and my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas close beside her. They too had forgotten all about their talk and their plans and Conspiracies, and were gazing out on the exciting spectacle with mixed feelings, I make no doubt. As for me, I feel quite sure that but for my sense of utter helplessness, I should have rushed out even then and tried to lend a hand in helping an unfortunate woman out of so terrible a predicament, and I marvelled how deep must have been the hatred for her felt by gentlemen like my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode that their sense of chivalry forsook them so completely at this hour so that neither of them attempted to run to her aid or even suggested that she should find shelter in this house.

As for Mr. Baggs, he was not merely idly curious; he was delighted at the idea that my Lady Castlemaine should be maltreated by the mob; whilst Mistress Euphrosine's one idea was the hope that if the rioters meant to murder the baggage, they would not do so outside the door. She and Mr. Baggs had come running into the Parlour the moment the rioting reached its height; and of a truth, dear Mistress, You would have been amused to see us all at the three front windows of the house—three groups watching the distant and wildly exciting happenings in Fleet Street. There was I at one window; Mr. and Mrs. Baggs at the other; Lady Barbara and the two Gallants at the third. And the ejaculations which came from one set of Watchers or the other, would fill several pages of my narrative.

Mistress Euphrosine was in abject fear. "Oh! I hope," cried she now and again, "that they won't come this way. There'll be murder upon our doorstep!"

My Lord Stour had just one revulsion of feeling in favour of the unfortunate Castlemaine. "Come, Douglas!" he called at one time. "Let's to her aid. Remember she is a woman, after all!"

But Lady Barbara placed a restraining hand upon his arm, and Lord Douglas said with a rough laugh: "I would not lift a finger to defend her. Let the Devil befriend her, an he list."

And all the while the mob hissed and hooted, and stones flew like hail all around the chaise.

"Oh! They'll murder her! They'll murder her!" called Mistress Euphrosine piously.

"And save honest men a vast deal of trouble thereby," Mr. Baggs concluded sententiously.

The Watchmen were now forging ahead. With their sticks and staves they fought their way through bravely, heading the chair towards our street. But even so, methought that they stood but little chance of saving my Lady Castlemaine in the end. The crowd had guessed their purpose already, and were quite ready to give chase. The Chairmen with their heavy burden could be no match against them in a race, and the final capture of the unfortunate woman was only now a question of time.

THEN suddenly I gave a gasp. Of a truth I could scarce believe in what I saw. Let me try and put the picture clearly before you, dear Mistress; for in truth You would have loved to see it as I did then. About half a dozen Watchmen had by great exertion succeeded in turning the corner of our street. They were heading towards us with only a comparatively small knot of roisterers to contend against, and the panting, struggling Chairmen with the sedan chair were immediately behind them.

As far as I could see, the crowd had not expected this Manœuvre, and the sudden turning off of their prey at right angles disconcerted the foremost among them, for the space of a second or two. This gave the Chairmen a brief start up the street. But the very next moment the crowd realized the situation, and with a wild war-cry, turned to give chase, when a Man suddenly stepped out from nowhere in particular that I could see, unless it was from the "Cock" tavern, and stood at the bottom of the street between two posts, all alone, facing the mob.

His appearance, I imagine, had been so unexpected as well as so sudden, that the young Roisterers in the front of the crowd paused—like a crowd always will when something totally unexpected doth occur. The Man, of course, had his back towards us, but I had already recognized him, nor was I surprised that his appearance did have the effect of the checking for an instant that spirit of mischief which was animating

the throng. Lady Barbara and the young Gentlemen at the other window were even more astonished than I at this wholly unforeseen occurrence. They could not understand the sudden checking of the rioters and the comparative silence which fell upon the forefront of their ranks.

"What does it all mean?" my Lord Stour exclaimed.

"A man between the chair and its pursuers," Lord Douglas said in amazement.

"Who is it?" queried Lady Barbara.

"Not a Gentleman," rejoined Lord Douglas; "for he would not thus stop to parley with so foul a mob. Meseems I know the figure," he added, and leaned still further out of the window, the better to take in the whole of the amazing scene. "Yes—by gad! . . . . . It is. . . . . "

Here Mistress Euphrosine's cry of horror broke in upon us all.

"Alas!" she ejaculated piously. "'Tis that reprobate Brother of mine!"

"So it is!" added Mr. Baggs drily. "'Tis meet he should raise his voice in defence of that baggage."

"But, who is it?" insisted my Lord Stour impatiently.

"Why, Betterton the Actor," replied Lord Douglas with a laugh. "Do you not know him?"

"Only from seeing him on the stage," said the other. Then he added: "An Actor confronting a mob! By gad! the fellow hath pluck!"

"He knows," protested Mr. Baggs acidly, "that the mob will not hurt him. He hath so oft made them laugh that they look upon him as one of themselves."

"Listen!" said Lady Barbara. "You can hear him speak quite plainly."

Whereupon they all became silent.

ALL this, of course, had occurred in far less time than it takes to describe. Not more than a few seconds had gone by since first I saw Mr. Betterton step out from Nowhere in particular into the Street. But his interposition had given my Lady Castlemaine's chairmen, and also the Watchmen who were guarding her, a distinct advance. They were making the most of the respite by hurrying up our street as fast as they were able, even while the crowd—that portion of it that stood nearest to Mr. Betterton and could hear his voice—brake into a loud laugh at some sally of his which had apparently caught their fancy.

From the distance the cry was raised: "To the pillory, the Castlemaine!"

It was at this point that my Lady Barbara bade everyone to listen, so that we all could hear Mr. Betterton's rich and powerful voice quite plainly.

"Come, come, friends!" he was saying; "the Lady will get there without your help some day, I'll warrant. Aye! and further too, an the Devil gives her her due! Now, now," he continued, when cries and murmurs, boos and hisses, strove to interrupt him. "You are not going to hiss a hard-working Actor off the stage like this. Do, in the name of sport, which every sound-minded Englishman loves, after all, await a fitter opportunity for molesting a defenceless woman. What say you to adjourning to the 'Cock' tavern? where mine Host hath just opened a new cask of the most delicious beer you have ever tasted. There's a large room at the back of the bar—you know it. Well! every one who goes there now—and there's room for three or four hundred of you—can drink a pint of that beer at my expense. What say you, friends? Is it not better than to give chase to a pack of Watchmen and a pair of liveried Chairmen who are already as scared as rabbits? See! they are fast disappearing up the street. Come! who will take a pint of beer at the invitation of Tom Betterton? You know him! Is he not a jolly, good fellow? . . . ."

Of course he did not deliver this speech uninterruptedly. It was only snatches of it that came to our ear. But we Listeners soon caught the drift of it, and watched its reception by the crowd. Well! the fire-eaters gradually cooled down. The prospect of the ale at the "Cock" caused many a smack of the lips, which in its turn smothered the cries of rage and vituperation. Anon One could perceive one forearm after another drawn with anticipatory pleasure across lips that had ceased to boo.

Just then, too, Heaven interposed in a conciliatory spirit in the form of a few drops of heavy rain, presaging a storm. The next moment the stampede in the direction of the "Cock" tavern had begun, whilst my Lady Castelmaine's Chairmen trudged unmolested past our door.

My Lord Stour gave a loud laugh.

"'Twas well thought on," he exclaimed. "The Mountebank hath found a way to stop the rabble's howls, whilst my Lady Baggage finds safety in flight."

But Lady Barbara added thoughtfully: "Methinks 'twas plucky to try and defend a Woman single-handed."

IV

I WATCHED the turbulent throng, filing now in orderly procession through the hospitably open doors of the "Cock" tavern. Mr. Betterton remained for awhile standing at the door, marshalling the more obstreperous of his invited guests and parleying with Mr. Barraclough, the host of the "Cock"—no doubt making arrangements for the quenching of three or four hundred thirsts at his expense. Then he suddenly turned on his heel and came up the Street. Lord Douglas gave one of his rough, grating laughs, and said:

"So now I see that, like a wise man, Mr. Betterton mistrusts his popularity and proposes to seek refuge from his ebullient friends."

"I believe," said Mistress Euphrosine to her Lord in an awed whisper; "I believe that Thomas is coming here."

Which possibility greatly disconcerted Mr. Baggs. He became quite agitated, and exclaimed fussily:

"I'll not have him here. . . . . I'll not. . . . . Not while her Ladyship is here. . . . . I'll not allow it!"

"And pray why not, Mr. Notary?" Lady Barbara put in haughtily. "Mr. Betterton sups twice a week with His Majesty. Surely then you may invite him without shame under your roof!"

"And I've never seen the great Actor close to," remarked Lord Stour lightly. "I've oft marvelled what he was like in private life."

"Oh!" said Lord Douglas, with a distinct note of acerbity in his voice, "he is just like any other Fellow of his degree. These mountebanks have of late thought themselves Somebodies, just because 'tis the fashion for Gentlemen to write plays and to go to the Theatre. My Lord Rochester, Sir George Etherege and the others have so spoilt them by going about constantly with them, that the Fellows scarce know their place now. This man Betterton is the worst of the lot. He makes love to the Ladies of the Court, forgets that he is naught but a Rogue and a Vagabond and not worthy to be seen in the company of Gentlemen. Oh! I've oft had an itching to lay a stick across the shoulders of some of these louts!"

I would that I could convey to you, dear Mistress, the tone of spite wherewith Lord Douglas spoke at this moment, or the look of contempt which for the moment quite disfigured his good-looking face. That he had been made aware at some time of Mr. Betterton's admiration for Lady Barbara became at once apparent to me, also that he looked upon that admiration as a presumption and an insult.

I was confirmed in this supposition by the look which he gave then and there to his Sister, a look which caused her to blush to the very roots of her hair. I fancy, too, that he also whispered something on that subject to my Lord Stour, for a dark frown of anger suddenly appeared upon the latter's Face and he muttered an angry and rough ejaculation.

As for me, I am an humble Clerk, a peaceful Citizen and a practising Christian; but just at that moment I felt that I hated Lord Douglas Wychwoode and his Friend with a bitter and undying hatred.

V

MESEEMED as if the air within the room had become surcharged with a subtle and heady fluid akin to an Intoxicant, so many Passions were even then warring in the innermost hearts of us all. There was Hatred and Spite, and Fervour and Love. We were all of us *alive* at that moment, if you know what I mean. We were Individuals who felt and thought individually and strongly; not just the mere sheep-like creatures swayed hither and thither by the modes and exigencies of the hour. And I can assure you that even then, when we heard Mr. Betterton's quick step ascending the stairs, we all held our breath and watched the door as if something Supernatural was about to be revealed to us.

The next moment that door was thrown open and Mr. Betterton appeared upon the threshold.

Ah! if only you had seen him then, Mistress, your heart would have rejoiced, just as mine did, at the sight. Personally, I could never tell You if Mr. Betterton is tall or short, handsome or ill-favoured; all that I know is that when he is in a room you cannot look at anyone else; he seems to dwarf every other Man by the Picturesqueness of his Personality.

And now—oh! You should have seen him as he stood there, framed in the doorway, the grey afternoon light of this dull September day falling full upon his face, with those glittering eyes of his and the kindly, firm mouth, round which there slowly began to spread a gently mocking smile. He was richly dressed, as was his wont, with priceless lace frills at throat and wrists, and his huge periwig set off to perfection the nobility of his brow.

With one swift gaze round the room, he had taken in the full situation. You know yourself, dear Mistress, what marvellous powers of intuition he has. His glance swept over Lady Barbara's exquisite comeliness, her somewhat flurried mien and wide, inquisitive eyes; over Lord Douglas, sullen and contemptuous; my Lord Stour, wrathful and suspicious; Mistress Euphrosine and Mr. Baggs, servile and tremulous. I doubt not that his keen eyes had also spied me watching his every movement from behind the screen.

The mocking smile broadened upon his face. With one shapely leg extended forward, his right arm holding his hat, his arm executing a superb flourish, he swept to the assembled company an elaborate bow.

"My Lords, your servant," he said. Then bowed more gravely to Lady Barbara and added with a tone of subtle and flattering deference: "I am as always your Ladyship's most humble and most devoted slave."

Whereupon her Ladyship swept him one of those graceful curtsies which I understand have become the mode in fashionable Society of late. But the young Gentlemen seem-

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Betterton sank on one knee before her; his mellow voice sounded tender and caressing.

The Seven Blue Doves

Another Story of Bulldog Carney

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Owners Up," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

The flickering lamplight picked out from

THEY had not been playing more than half-an-hour when Bulldog Carney felt there was something wrong with the game. Perhaps it was that he was overtired—that he should have taken advantage of the first bed he had seen in a month, for he had just come in off the trail to Bucking Horse, the little, old, worn-out mining town, perched high in the Rockies on the Canadian side of the border.

From the very first he had been possessed of a mental unrest now habitual with him at poker. His adventurous spirit had always found a risk, a high stake, an absolute sedative; it steadied his nerve—gave him a concentrated enjoyment of pulled-together mental force. But to-night, there was a scent of evil in the room.

A curious room, too, in which to be playing a game of poker for high stakes, for it was the Mounted Police shack at Bucking Horse. But Sergeant Black was away on patrol, or over at Fort Steel, and at such times the key of the log barracks was left with Seth Long at his hotel, the Gold Nugget. And it was Seth who had suggested that they play in the police shack rather than in a room of the hotel.

Carney could not explain to himself why the distrust, why the feeling that everything was not on the level; but he had a curious conviction that someone in the party knew every time he drew cards just what was in his hand; that some one always over-mastered him; and this was a new sensation to Bulldog, for if there ever was a "poker face" he owned it. His steel-gray eyes were as steady, as submerged to his will, as the green on a forest tree. And as to the science of the game, with its substructure of nerve, he possessed it *in excelsis.*

He watched each successive dealer of the cards unobtrusively; watched hand after hand dealt, and knew that every card had been slipped from the top; that the shuffle had been clean, a whispering riffle without catch or trick; and the same pack was on the table that they had started with. He had not lost anything to speak of—and here was the hitch, the enigma of it: once he felt that a better hand than his own had been deliberately lain down where he had raised; another time he had been called when a raise would have cost him dear, for he was overheld; twice he had been raised out of it before the draw. He felt that this had been done simply to keep him out of those hands; and both times the Stranger had lost heavily.

SETH LONG had won; but to suspicion that Seth Long could manipulate a card was to imagine a glacier dancing a can-can. Seth was all thumbs; his mind, so to speak, was all thumbs.

Cranford, the Mining Engineer, was different. He was mentality personified; that curious type; high velocity, delicately balanced, his physical structure of the flexible tenuous quality of spring steel. He might be a dangerous man if roused. Beneath the large dome of his thin Italian-pale face were dreamy black eyes. He was hard to place. He was a mining engineer without a mine to manage. He was somewhat of a promoter—of restless activity. He was in Bucking Horse on some sort of a mine deal about which Carney knew nothing. If he had been a gambler Carney would have considered him the author of the unrest that hung so evilly over the game.

Shipley was a bird of passage, at present nesting in the Gold Nugget Hotel. Carney knew of him just as a machinery man, a seller of compressed-air drills, etc., on commission. He was also a gambler in mine shares, for during the game he had told of a clean-up he had made on the "Gray Goose" stock. The Gray Goose mine was an ill-favored bird, for its stock had had a crooked manipulation. Shipley's face was not confidence-inspiring; its general contour suggested the head-piece of a hawk, with its avaricious curve to the beak. His metallic eyes were querulous; holding little of the human look. His hands had caught Carney's eye when he came in to the shack first and drew off a pair of gloves. The fingers were long, and flexible, and soft-skinned. The gloves were the disquieting exhibit, for Carney had known gamblers who wore kid coverings on their hands habitually to preserve the sensitiveness of their finger tips. He also had known gamblers who, ostensibly, had a reputable occupation.

If the Stranger had been winning Carney wouldn't have been so ready to eliminate him as the villain of the play. He was almost more difficult to allocate than Cranford. He was well dressed—too well dressed for unobservation. His name was Hadley, and he was from New York. Beyond the fact that he had six thousand dollars in Seth Long's iron box, and drank somewhat persistently, little was known of him. His conversation was almost entirely limited to a boyish smile, and an invitation to anybody and everybody to "have a small sensation," said sensation being a drink. Once his reticence slipped a cog, and he said something about a gold mine up in the hills that a man, Tacoma Jack, was going to sell him. That was what the six thousand was for; he was going to look at it with Tacoma, and if it were as represented, make the first payment when they returned.

WATCHING the Stranger riffle the cards and deal them with the quiet, easy grace of a club-man, the sensitive tapering fingers slipping the paste across the table as softly as the falling of flower petals, Carney was tempted to doubt, but lifting his gray eyes to the smooth face, the boyish smile laying bare an even set of white teeth, he changed, muttering inwardly, "Too much class."

It was puzzling; there was something wrong; the game was too erratic for finished poker players; the spirit of uncertainty possessed them all; the drawing to fill was unethical, wayward. Even when Carney had laboriously built up a queen-full, inwardly something whispered: "What's the use? If there are better cards out you'll lose; if not you'll win little."

Carney's own fingers were receptive, and he had carefully passed them over the smooth surface of the cards many times; he could swear there was no mark of identification, no pin pricks. The pattern on the back of the cards could contain no geometric key, for it was remarkably simple; seven blue doves were in flight across a blue background that was cross hatched.

Then, all at once, he discovered something. The curve of the doves' wings were all alike—almost. In a dozen hands he had it. It was an artistic vagary; the right wing of the middle dove was the thousandth part of an inch more acutely angled on the ace; on the king the right wing of the second dove to the left.

It would have taken a tuition of probably three days for a man to memorize the whole system, but it was there—which was the main thing. And the next most important factor was that somebody at the table knew the system. Who was it?

Seth had won; but a strong run of luck could have accounted for that, and Seth as a gambler was a joke. The Stranger, if he were a super-crook, hiding behind that juvenile smile, would be quite capable of this interesting chicanery—but he had lost.

Cranford, the Engineer, who had played with the consistent conservativeness of a man sitting in bad luck, was two hundred loser. The man of machinery, Shipley, was two hundred to the good; he had played a forcing game, and but for having had two flushes beaten by Seth would have been a bigger winner. These two flushes had troubled Carney, for Shipley had drawn two cards each hand. Either he was in great luck, or knew something.

Carney debated this extraordinary thing. His courage was so exquisite that he never made a mistake through over-jealousness in the fomenting of trouble; the easy way was always the brave way, he believed. In the West there was no better key to let loose locked-up passion than to accuse men of cheating at cards; it was the last ditch at which even cowards drew and shot. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, and dropped it into his lap. At the next hand he looked at his cards, ran them together on the very edge of the table, dropped one into the handkerchief, placed the other four, neatly compacted, into the discard, and said, "I'm out!"

Then he wiped his eyes again with the handkerchief, and put it back in his packet.

AT the third deal somebody discovered that the pack was shy—a card was missing. Investigation showed that it was the ace of hearts.

A search on the floor failed to discover the ace.

The irritation caused by this incident was subdued.

"I'll slip over to the hotel and get another pack," Seth Long suggested, gathering up the cards and putting them in his pocket.

From the time Carney had discovered the erratic curve to the doves' wings he had been wanting to ask, "Who owns these cards?" but had realized that it would have led to other things: now the query had answered itself—they were Seth's evidently.

the doorway the face of Shipley.

THIS decided Carney, and he said: "I'm tired—I've had a long ride to-day."

He stacked up his chips and added: "I'm shy a hundred."

He slid five twenty dollar gold pieces on to the table, and stood up yawning.

"I think I'll quit, too," Cranford said. "I've played like a wooden man. To tell you the truth, I haven't enjoyed the game—don't know what's the matter with me."

"I'm winner," Shipley declared, "so I'll stick with the game; but right now I'd rather shove the two hundred into the pot and cut for it than turn another card, for to play one round with a card shy is a hoodoo to me. I've got a superstition about it. It's come my way twice, and each time there's been hell."

The boyish smile that had been hovering about Hadley's lips suddenly gave place to a hard sneer, and he said: "I'm loser and I don't want to quit. The game is young, and, gentlemen, you know what that means."

Shipley's black brows drew together, and he turned on the speaker:

"I haven't got your money, mister; your losin' has been to Seth. I don't like your yap a little bit. I'll cut the cards cold for a thousand now, or I'll make you a present of the two hundred if you need it."

Carney's quiet voice hushed into nothingness a damn that had issued from Hadley's lips; he was saying: "You two gentlemen can't quarrel over a game of cards that I've sat in; I don't think you want to, anyway. We'd better just put the game off till to-morrow night."

"We can't do that," Seth objected, "I've won Mr. Hadley's money, and if he wants to play I've got to stay with him. We'll square up and start fresh. Anybody wants to draw cards sets in, them as don't, quits."

"I've got to have my wallet out of your box, Seth, if we're to settle now; besides I want another sensation—this bottle's dry," Hadley advised.

"I'll bring over the cards, your wad, and another bottle." Long said as he rose.

In three or four minutes he was back again, pulled the cork from a bottle of Scotch whisky, and they all drank.

Then, after passing a leather wallet over to Hadley, he totalled up the accounts.

Hadley was twelve hundred loser.

He took from the wallet this amount in large bills, passed them to Seth, and handed the wallet back saying, with the boy's smile on his lips: "Here, banker, put that back in your pocket—you're responsible. There's forty-eight hundred there now. If I put it in my pocket I'll probably forget it, and hang the coat on my bed-post."

Seth passed two hundred across to Shipley, saying: "That squares you."

Cranford had shoved his chips in with an I.O.U. for two hundred dollars, saying: "I'll pay that to-morrow. I feel as if I had been pall-bearer at a funeral. When a man is gloomy he shouldn't sit into any game bigger than checkers."

Seth now drew from a pocket two packs of cards—the blue-doved cards and a red pack; then he returned the blue cards to his pocket.

Carney viewed this performance curiously. He had been wondering intently whether the new pack would be the same as the one with the blue doves. The red cards carried a different design, a simple leafy scroll, and Carney washed his mind of the whole oblique thing, mentally absolving himself from further interest.

Seth shuffled the new cards, face up, to take out the joker; having found it, he tore the card in two, threw it on the floor, and asked: "Now, who's in?"

"I'll play for one hour," Shipley said, with an aggressive crispness: "Then I quit, win or lose; if that doesn't go I'll put the two hundred on the table, to Mr. Hadley's one hundred, and cut for the pot."

Curiously this only raised the boy's smile on Hadley's face, but inflamed Seth. He turned on Shipley with a coarse raging:

"You talk like a man lookin' for trouble, mister. Why the hell don't you sit into the game or take your little bag of marbles and run away home?"

"I'm going," Carney declared noisily. "My advice to you gentlemen is to cut out the unpleasantness, and play the game."

Somewhat sullenly Shipley checked an angry retort that had risen to his lips, and, reaching for the rack of poker chips, started to build a little pile in front of him.

CRANFORD followed Carney out, and though his shack lay in the other direction, walked with the latter to the Gold Nugget. Cranford was in a most depressed mood; he admitted this.

"There was something wrong about that game, Carney," he asserted. "I knew you felt it—that's why you quit. I was to go up to Bald Rock on the night train to make a little payment in the morning to secure some claims, but now I don't know. I'm sore on myself for sitting in. I guess I've got the gambling bug in me as big as a woodchuck; I'm easy when I hear the click of poker chips. I lose two hundred there, and while generally, it's not more than a piker's bet on anything, just now I'm trying to put something over in the way of a deal, and I'm runnin' kind of close to the wind, financially. That two hundred may—hell! Don't think me a squealer, Bulldog. Good night, Bulldog."

Carney stood for ten seconds watching Cranford's back till it merged into the blur of the night. Then he entered the hotel, almost colliding with Jeanette Holt, who put a hand on his arm and drew him into the dining-room to a seat at a little table.

"Where's Seth?" she asked.

"Over at the police shack."

"Poker?"

Carney nodded.

"Mr. Hadley there?"

Again Carney nodded. Then he asked, "Why, Jeanette?"

"I don't quite know," she answered wearily. "Seth's moral fibre—if he has any—is becoming like a worn-out spring in a clock." Then her dark eyes searched Carney's placid gray eyes, and she asked: "Were you playing?"

"Yes."

The girl drew her hand across her eyes as if she were groping, not for ideas but for vocal vehicle. "And you left before the game was over—why?"

"Tired."

Jeanette put her hand on Carney's that was lying on the table. "Was Seth cheating?"

"Why do you ask that, Jeanette?"

"I'll tell you. He's been playing by himself in his room for two or three days. He's got a pack of cards that I think are crooked."

"What is this Shipley like, Jeanette? Do you suppose that he brought Seth those cards?"

"I don't know," the girl answered; "I don't like him. He and Seth have played together once or twice."

"They have! Look here, Jeanette, you must keep what I am going to tell you absolutely to yourself, for I may be entirely wrong in my guess. There was a marked pack in the game, and I think Seth owned it. This Shipley acted very like a man who was running a bluff of being angry. He and Seth had some words over nothing. It seems to me the quarrel was too gratuitous to be genuine."

"You think, Bulldog, that Shipley and Seth worked together to win Hadley's money—he had six thousand in Seth's strong box?"

"I can't go that far, even to you, Jeanette. But to-morrow Seth has got to give back to Hadley whatever he has won. I've got one of the cards in my pocket, and that will be enough."

"But if he divides with Shipley?"

"Shipley will have to cough up the stolen money, too, because then the conspiracy will be proven."

"Yes, Bulldog. I guess if you just tell them to hand the money back, there'll be no argument. I can go to bed now and sleep," she added, patting Carney's hand with her slim fingers. "You see, if Seth got the Stranger's money away it wouldn't worry him—the moral aspect, I mean; but somehow it makes it terrible for me. It's discovering small evil in a man—petty larceny, sneak thieving—that pours sand into a woman's soul. Good night, Bulldog. I think if I were only your sister I'd be quite satisfied—quite."

"You are," Carney said, rising; "we are seven—and you are the other six, Jeanette."

AS a rule nothing outside of a tangible actuality, such as danger that had to be guarded against, kept Carney from desired slumber; but after he had turned out his light he lay wide awake for half-an-hour, his soul full of the abhorrent repugnance of Seth's stealing.

Carney's code was such that he could shake heartily by the hand, or drink with, a man who had held up a train, or fought (even to the death of someone) the Police over a matter of whisky or opium running, if that man were above petty larceny, above stealing from a man who had confidence in him. He lay there suffused with the grim satisfaction of knowing how completely Seth, and possibly Shipley, would be non-plussed when they were forced on the morrow to give up their ill-gotten gains. That would be a matter purely between Carney and Seth. The problem of how he would return the loot to Hadley without telling him of the marked pack, was not yet solved. Indeed this little mental exercise, like counting sheep, led Carney off into the halls of slumber.

He was brought back from the rest cavern by something that left him sitting bolt upright in bed, correlating the disturbing something with known remembrances of the noise.

"Yes, by gad! it was a shot!"

He was out of bed and at the window. He could have sworn that a shadow had flitted in the dim moonlight along the roadway that lay beyond the police shack; it was so possible, this aftermath of card cheating, a shot and someone fleeing. It was a subconscious conviction that caused him to precipitate himself into his clothes, and slip his gun belt about his waist.

In the hall he met Jeanette, her great mass of black hair rippling over the shoulders from which draped a kimona. The lamp in her hand enhanced the ghastly look of horror that was over her drawn face.

"What's wrong, Jeanette—was it a shot?"

"Yes! I've looked into Seth's room—he's not there!"

Without speaking Carney tapped on a door almost opposite his own; there was no answer, and he swung it open. Then he closed it and whispered: "Hadley's not in, either; fancy they're still playing."

Jeanette pointed a finger to a door farther down the hall. Carney understood. Again he tapped on this door, opened it, peered in, closed it, and coming back to Jeanette whispered; "Shipley's not there. Fancy it must be all right—they're still playing. I'll go over to the shack."

"I'll wait till you come back, Bulldog. It isn't all right. I never felt so oppressed in my life. I know something dreadful has happened—I know it."

CARNEY touched his fingers gently to the girl's arm, and manufacturing a smile of reassurance, said blithely: "You've eaten a slab of bacon, *a la* frypan, girl." Then he was gone.

As he rounded the hotel corner he could see a lighted lamp in a window of the police shack. This was curious; it hurried his pace, for they were *not* playing at the table.

He threw open the shack door, and stood just within, looking at what he knew was a dead man—Seth Long sprawled on his back on the floor where he had tumbled

from a chair. His shirt front was crimson with blood, just over the heart.

There was no evidence of a struggle; but the chair across the table from where Seth had sat was ominously pushed back a little. The red-backed cards were resting on the corner of the table neatly gathered into a pack.

Cool-brained Carney stood just within the door, mentally photographing the interior. The killing had not been over a game that was in progress, unless the murderer, with super-cunning, had rearranged the tableau.

Carney stepped to beside the dead man. Seth's pistol lay close to his outstretched right hand. Carney picked it up, and broke the cartridges from the cylinder; one was empty; the barrel of the gun was foul.

Seth's shirt was black and singed; the weapon that killed him had been held close.

Carney's brain, running with the swift, silent velocity of a spinning top, again thought; was the killer so super-clever that he had discharged Seth's gun to make it appear suicide?

Subconscicusly the marked cards that probably had led up to this murder governed Carney's next move. He thrust his hand in the pocket of the coat where Seth had put the discarded pack—it was gone. He felt the other pocket—the pack was not there. A quick look over the room, table and all, failed to locate the missing cards. He felt the inside pocket of the coat for the leather wallet that contained Hadley's money—there was no wallet.

At that instant a sinister feeling of evil caused Carney to stiffen, his eyes to set in a look of wariness; and at the soft click of a boot against a stone his gun was out, and, without raising, he whipped about.

The flickering uncertain lamplight picked out from the gloom of the night in the open door-way the face of Shipley. Perhaps it was the goblin light, or fear, or malignant satisfaction that caused Shipley's face to appear grotesquely contorted; his eyes were either gloating, or imbecile-tinged by horror.

"My God! what's happened, Carney?" he asked. "Don't cover me, I—I——"

"Come into the light, then." Carney commanded.

In silent obedience Shipley stepped into the room, and Carney, passing to the door, peered out. Then he closed it, and dropped his gun back into his belt.

"What's happened?" Shipley repeated. And the other, listening with intensity, noticed that the speaker's voice trembled.

"Where have you come from just now?" Carney asked, ignoring the question.

Shipley drew a hand across his eyes, as if he would compel back his wandering thoughts, or would blot out the horror of that blood-smeared figure on the floor.

"I went for a walk," he answered.

"Why—when?" Carney snapped imperiously.

"I quit the game half-an-hour ago, and thought I'd walk over to Cranford's house; the smoking, and the drinks had give me a headache."

"Why to Cranford's house?"

SHIPLEY threw his head up as if he were about to resent the crisp cross-examining; but Bulldog's gray eyes, always compelling, were now fierce.

"Well—" Shipley coughed—"I didn't like the looks of the game to-night; that ace being shy—Didn't you feel there was something not on the level?"

"I didn't take that walk to Cranford's!" The deadliness that had been in the gray eyes was in the voice now.

"I thought that if Cranford was still up I'd talk it over with him; he'd lost, and I fancied he was sore on the game."

"What did Cranford say?"

"I didn't see him. I tapped on his door, and as he didn't answer I—I thought he was asleep and came back. I saw the door open here, and—" Shipley hesitated.

"Did you leave Seth and Hadley playing?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't see either of them again?"

"No."

"Did you hear a shot?" and Carney pointed toward the bloodstained shirt.

Shipley looked at Carney and seemed to hesitate. "I heard something ten minutes ago, but thought it was a door slamming. Where's Hadley—have you seen him? Were you here when this was done?"

"Come on," Carney said, "we'll go back to the hotel and round up Hadley."

As they went out Carney locked the door, the key being still in the lock.

When the two men entered the Gold Nugget, Carney stepped behind the bar and turned up a wall lamp that was burning low. As he faced about he gave a start, and then hurried across the room to where a figure huddled in one of the big wooden armchairs. It was Hadley—sound asleep, or pretending to be.

When Carney shook him the sleeper scrambled drunkenly to his feet blinking. Then the boy smile flitted foolishly over his lips, and he mumbled: "I say, how long 've I been asleep—where's Seth?"

"What are you doing here asleep?" Carney asked, the crisp incisiveness of his voice wakening completely the rather fogged man.

"I sat down to wait for Seth. Guess the whisky made me sleepy—had a little too much of it."

"Where did you leave Seth—how long ago?"

"Over at the police shack; we quit the game and Seth said he'd tidy up for fear the Sergeant'd be back in the morning—throw out the empty bottles, and pick up the cigar stubs and matches, kind of tidy up. I came on to go to bed and—" Hadley spoke haltingly, as though his memory of his progress was still befogged—"when I got here I remembered that he'd got my wallet, and thought I'd sit down and wait so's to be sure he didn't forget to put it back in the iron box."

"Did you have a row with Seth when you broke up the game?"

Hadley flushed. He was in a slightly stupid condition. During his nap the whisky had sullenly subsided, leaving him a touch maudlin, surly.

"I don't see what right you've got to ask that; I guess that's a matter between two men."

Carney fastened his piercing eyes on the speaker's, and shot out with startling suddenness: "Seth Long has been murdered—do you know that?"

"What—what—what're you saying?"

Hadley's mouth remained open; it was like the gaping mouth of a gasping fish; his eyes had been startled into a wide, horrified wonder look.

"Seth—murdered!" Then he grinned foolishly. "By God! you Westerners pull some rough stuff. That's not good form to spring a joke like that; I'm a tenderfoot, but—"

"Stop it!" Carney snarled; "do you think I'm a damn fool? Seth has been shot through the heart, and you were the last man with him. I want from you all you know. We've got to catch the right man, not the wrong man—do you get that, Hadley?"

The fierceness of this tonic'd the man with a hangover, cleared his fuzzy brain.

"My God! I don't know anything about it. I left Seth Long at the police shack, and I don't know anything more about him."

There was a step on the stairway. Carney turned as Jeanette came through the door. He went to meet her, and turned her back into the hall where he said:

"Steady yourself, girl. Something has happened."

"I know—I heard you; I'm steady." She put her hand in his, and he pressed it reassuringly. Then he whispered:

"I'm going to leave you with these two men while I get Doctor Anderson, and I want you to see if either of these men leaves the room, or attempts to hide anything—I can't search them. Do you understand, Jeanette?"

"Yes."

He came back to the room with the girl and said:

"I'm going for the coroner, Dr. Anderson, and for your own sakes, gentlemen, I'll ask you to wait here in this room—it will be better."

Then he was gone.

In twenty minutes he was back with Dr. Anderson.

On their way to the hotel Carney and the Doctor had gone in to the police shack to make certain, through medical examination, that Seth was dead.

Upon their entry Jeanette had gone upstairs, the Doctor suggesting this.

Dr. Anderson was a Scotchman, absolute, with all that the name implies in canny, conservative, stubborn adherence to things as they are; the apparent consistencies.

Here was a man murdered in cold blood; he was the only one to be considered; he was the wronged party; the others were to be viewed with suspicion until, by process of elimination, they had been cleared of guilt. So there was no doubt whatever but that Carney had as good a claim as any of them to the title of assassin.

In the flurry of it all Carney had not thought of this.

When the three stories had been told, Dr. Anderson said:

"Sergeant Black will be back to-morrow, I think, then we'll take action. I'd advise you gentlemen to remain *in statu quo*, if I might use the term. There's one thing that ought to be done, though, I think you'll agree with me that it is advisable for each man's sake. A wallet with a large sum of money has disappeared from the murdered man's pocket, and as each one of you will be more or less under suspicion—I'm speaking now just in the way of forecasting what that unsympathetic individual, the law, will do—it would be as well for each of you to submit to a search of your person. I have no authority to demand this, but it's expedient."

To this the three agreed; Hadley, with a sort of repugnance, and Shipley with, perhaps, an overzealous compliance, Carney thought. There was no trace of the wallet.

Carney had said nothing about the missing cards, but neither were they found.

No pistol was found on Hadley, but a short-barreled gun was discovered in Shipley's hip pocket.

The Doctor broke the weapon, and his eyebrows drew down in a frown ominously—there was an empty chamber in the cylinder.

"There're only five bullets here," he said, his keen eyes resting on Shipley's face.

"Yes, I always load it that way, leaving the hammer at the empty chamber; so that if it falls and strikes on the hammer it can't explode."

With an "Ugh-huh!" Anderson looked through the barrel. It was of an indeterminate murkiness; this might be due to not having been cleaned for a long time, or a recent discharge.

"I'd better retain this gun, if you don't mind," he said.

SHIPLEY agreed to this readily. Then he said, in a hesitating, apologetic way that was really more irritating than if he had blurted it out: "Mr. Carney, as I have stated, was discovered by me standing over the dead man with a gun in his hand. I think as this point will certainly be brought up at any examination, that Mr. Carney, in justice to himself, should let the Doctor examine his weapon to see that it has not lately been discharged."

Carney started, for he fancied there was a direct implication in this. But the Doctor spoke quickly, brusquely. "Most certainly he should—I clean forgot it."

Carney drew the gun from its leather pocket, broke it, and six lead-nosed .45 shells rolled on the table; not one of the shells had lost its bullet. He passed the gun to Dr. Anderson, who, pointing it toward the light, looked through the barrels.

"As bright as a silver dollar," he commented, relief in his voice; "I'm glad we thought of this."

Carney slipped the shells back into the cylinder, and dropped the gun into its holster without comment.

Then the Doctor said: "We can't do anything tonight—we'll only obliterate any tracks and lose good clues. We'll take it up in the morning. You men have got to clear yourselves so I'd just rest quiet, if I were you. If we go poking about we'll have the whole town about our ears. I'm glad that nobody thought it worth while to investigate if they heard the shot."

"A shot in Bucking Horse doesn't mean much," Carney said, "just a drunken miner, or an Indian playing brave."

It seemed to Carney that Anderson had rather hurried the closing out of the matter, that is, temporarily. It occurred to him that the Scotchman's herring-hued eyes were asking him to acquiesce in what was being done.

Carney lingered when Shipley and Hadley had gone to bed.

The Scotch Doctor had filled a pipe, and Bulldog noticed that as he puffed vigorously at its stem his eyes had wandered several times to the platoon of black bottles ranged with military precision behind the bar.

"I'm tired over this devilish thing," Carney remarked casually, and passing behind the bar he brought out a bottle and two glasses, adding, "Would you mind joining?"

"I'd like it, man. Good whisky is like good law, a wee bit of it is very fine, too much of it is as bad as roguery."

The Doctor quaffed with zest the liquid, wiped his lips with a florid red handkerchief, took a puff at the evil-smelling pipe and said:

"Court's over! A minute ago I was 'Jeffries, the Hangin' Judge,' and to-morrow, as coroner, I'll be as veccious no doubt; now, *ad interim*," (the Doctor was fond of a legal phrase), "I'm going to talk to you, Bulldog, as man to man, because I want your help to pin the right devil. And, besides, I have a soft spot in my heart for Jeanette—perhaps it's just her Scotch name, I'm not sayin'. In the first place, Bulldog, has it struck you that you're in fair runnin' to be selected as the man that killed Seth?"

Carney laughed; then he looked quizzically at the speaker; but he could see that the latter was in deadly earnest.

"Mind," the Doctor resumed, "personally I know you didn't do it; that's because I know you devilish well—you're too big for such small-brained acts. But the law is a godless machine; its way is like the way of a brick mason—facts are the bricks that make the structure."

"But the law always searched for the motive, and why should I kill Seth, who was more or less a friend?"

"All the worse. As a matter of fact there are more slayings over strained friendships than over the acquisition of gold. But don't you remember what that foul-mouthed brute, Kootenay Jim, and when Jeanette's brother was near lynched?"

Carney stared; then a little flush crept over his lean tanned face:

"You mean, Doctor, about Jeanette and myself?"

"Aye."

Carney nodded, holding himself silent in suppressed bitterness.

"The same evil mouths will repeat that, Bulldog. And here are the bricks for the law's building. Shipley will swear that he found you bending over the murdered man with a gun in one hand searching his pockets. And I noticed, though I didn't speak of it, there was blood on your hands."

Startled, Carney looked at his fingers; they were blood-stained. Then he drew his gun, saying: "God! and there's blood on this thing, too!"

"There is; I saw it on the butt. And though you broke it here before us to-night to show that it hadn't been discharged, Sergeant Black, while he's thick-headed, will perhaps have wit enough to say that you were off by yourself when you came for me, and could have cleaned house."

"And that swine, Shipley—do you suppose he thought of that too?"

"I think he did: I did at the time, though I said nothing. You see, Carney innocent or guilty, he naturally wants to clear himself and he took a chance. If he 's innocent he may really think that you killed Seth, and hoped to find the proof of it in a smudged gun and an empty shell; and if he's guilty, he was directing suspicion towards you, knowing that the clean gun would be nothing in your favor at the examination as you had had the opportunity to put it right. I don't like the incident, nor the man's spirit, but it proves nothing for or against him. I expect he's clever enough to know that the last man seen with a murdered man is, *de facto*, the slayer."

"As to the matter of the gun," Carney said. "I've an idea Seth was killed with his own gun. He was in a grouchy mood to-night—he always was a damn fool—and he may have pulled his gun, in his usual bluffing way, and the other party twisted it out of his hand and shot him. I only heard one shot." Carney remained silent for a full minute; then he said:

"One doesn't care to bring a good woman's name into anything that's evil, but I fancy I'd better tell you: Jeanette was wakened by the shot that wakened me, and we talked in the hall before I went over to the police shack."

"That'll be valuable evidence to establish your alibi, Bulldog—in the eyes of the law, in the eyes of the law."

THEN the Doctor puffed moodily at his pipe, and Carney could read the writing on the wall in the irritable little balloons of smoke that went up, the Doctor's unexpressed meaning that gossips would say Jeanette had sworn falsely to clear him.

Anderson resumed:

"Hadley was evidently the last man playing cards with Seth, and there was considerable money at stake; that he was still up when the murder was discovered—these things are against him. Supposing he did shoot Seth, he might have come to the hotel, and seeing a light in the upper hall, and hearing Jeanette moving about, might have sat in that dark corner till things had quieted down before going to his room."

"Hadley isn't the kind to commit murder."

"To-night he was another kind of man—he was pretty drunk; and the man that's drunk is like an engine that had lost the governing balls—he has lost control. And the shock of the murder may have sobered him enough to make him a bit cautious."

"But Shipley was out, too," Carney objected.

"Aye, he was; and he's got a devilish lame story about going to see Cranford. I don't like his face—it's avariciously vicious—he's greedy. But the law can't hang a man for having a bad face; it takes little stock in the physiologist's point of view."

Carney sat thinking hard. The full significance of the attached possibilities had been put clearly before him by the astute, canny Scotchman, and he realized that it was friendship. He was certain the Doctor suspected Shipley.

"I wanted to get shut of yon two," the Doctor added, presently, "for you're the man that needs to get this cleared up, and you're the man can do it, even as you caught Jack the Wolf. Is there any clue that we can follow up before the trail gets cold?"

"There is, Doctor. There was a pack of marked cards in Seth's pocket, and they're gone."

"The man that has that pack is the murderer," Doctor Anderson declared emphatically.

"He is."

"And the wallet."

"Yes."

It was the muzzle of the buckskin, nosing him back into consciousness.

THEN Carney explained to the Doctor that the marked pack had evidently belonged to Seth, and told of the change in cards, and the possibility that Shipley had stood in with Seth on the winnings, letting the latter do all the dirty work, perhaps helping Seth's game along by raising the bet when he knew that Seth held the winning cards.

Again the Doctor consulted his old briar pipe; then he said: "Either Shipley or somebody was in collusion with Seth, you think?"

"Yes."

"If we could get that man—?"

"Look here, Doctor," and Carney put his hand on the other's knee, "whoever has got that money will not try to take it out over the railroad for it was in fifty dollar bills of the Bank of Toronto."

"I comprehend; the wires, and the police at every important point; a search. Aye, aye! What'll he do, Bulldog?"

"It'll go out over the thieves' highway, down the border trail to Montana or Idaho."

"My guidness! I think you're right. Perhaps before morning somebody may be headin' south with the loot. If it's Shipley—I mean, anybody—he may have a colleague to take the money down over the border."

"Yes, the money; he'll not try to handle it in Canada for fear of being trapped on the numbers."

"So you might not get the murderer after all," Anderson said meditatively; "just an accomplice who wouldn't squeal."

"No, not with the money alone on him we wouldn't have just what I want, but when we get a man with the marked pack in his pocket that's the murderer. It was devilish fatalism that made him take that pack, like a man will cling to an old pocket-knife; they're the tools of his trade, so to speak. And here in the mountains he could not handily come by another pack, perhaps.

"I comprehend. If the slayer goes down that trail he'll have the marked cards with him still, but if he sends an accomplice the man'll just have the money on him. Very logical, Bulldog."

TWICE as they had talked Carney had stepped quickly, silently to the door at the foot of the stairway and listened; now he came back, and lowering his voice said: "I get you, Doctor; it's devilish square of you. I'm clear of this thing, I fancy, as you say, in

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SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

PART V.---We Discover New Land

By

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

LIKE all of our Arctic winters the winter of 1914-15 was spent in getting ready for the exploratory work of the coming spring. The previous summer the *Mary Sachs* had brought to Cape Kellett, at the northwest corner of Banks Island, an outfit of such things as we still had left after the loss of the *Karluk*, but our good sledges were gone, and consequently Captain Bernard of the *Mary Sachs* occupied most of his time making sledges. Much of the material for these was obtained by dismembering the ship to secure the hardwood and iron. Our pemmican had also gone with the *Karluk*, and for that reason our steward, Baur, and others spent many hours slicing up and drying beside the galley stove the meat of polar bears, seals, and caribou, which the rest of us killed either at sea or on shore and brought to the camp. The *Sachs* had not brought us much fuel, so that one or two men had to busy themselves continually in searching up and down the coast, under the snow, for pieces of driftwood and hauling these home, sometimes a distance of fifteen miles.

With this work going on, Natkusiak and I nevertheless found time for an exploratory crossing of the south end of Banks Island. As we made this in the darkness of midwinter, first-class geographic results were not to be expected. Our main purpose was, in fact, to pay a visit to the Eskimos whom we supposed to be wintering on the southeast corner of the island. The supposition that we should find them there was based on the verbal statements of these Eskimos themselves when, in the spring of 1911, I had met them on their return from Banks Island on the ice of Prince Albert Sound. Eskimos may be as truthful as any people, and are so in fact; nevertheless they frequently give wrong impressions to one another and to those most conversant with them because of their fatal lack of exact words for time and distance. They cannot count above six and have to describe distances by such indefinite terms as "not far" or "very far," and with regard to time their vocabulary is almost equally vague. We now know that the portion of the winter spent by them on the southeast corner of Banks Island is not January, but March and April.

Crossing Land in Darkness

BUT not knowing it then, we devoted much of December to a hazardous crossing of the mountains back of Nelson Head. The danger is not in the mountains themselves, although precipices are frequent, but in the darkness which makes every precipice treacherous. Because of the elevation of the land to perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, and because of the open water which prevails most winters around the south end of the island, every breath of wind that blows off the sea is converted into clouds of fog when it strikes the colder hills. The daylight is negligible; and the moonlight, which comes to you commonly enough first through clouds that are high in the sky and later through a mass of fog that immediately envelops your party, is a light which enables you to see your dog-team distinctly enough, or even a black rock that may be one hundred yards away, but is scarcely better than no light at all upon the snow at your feet. So far as your eyes tell you, you never know whether you are going to step on a bank of snow or into an abyss. Walking ahead of the team in light of this sort, I used to carry a pair of large, dark-colored deerskin mittens.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In this instalment Mr. Stefansson's narrative reaches perhaps the most important stage with the story of his discovery of large islands in the portions of Arctic Canada previously unexplored. The map gives a suggestion of the location and size of these islands and it will be seen that they add very considerably to the area of the Dominion of Canada. In the next, and concluding instalment, Mr. Stefansson tells at greater length of his discoveries.*

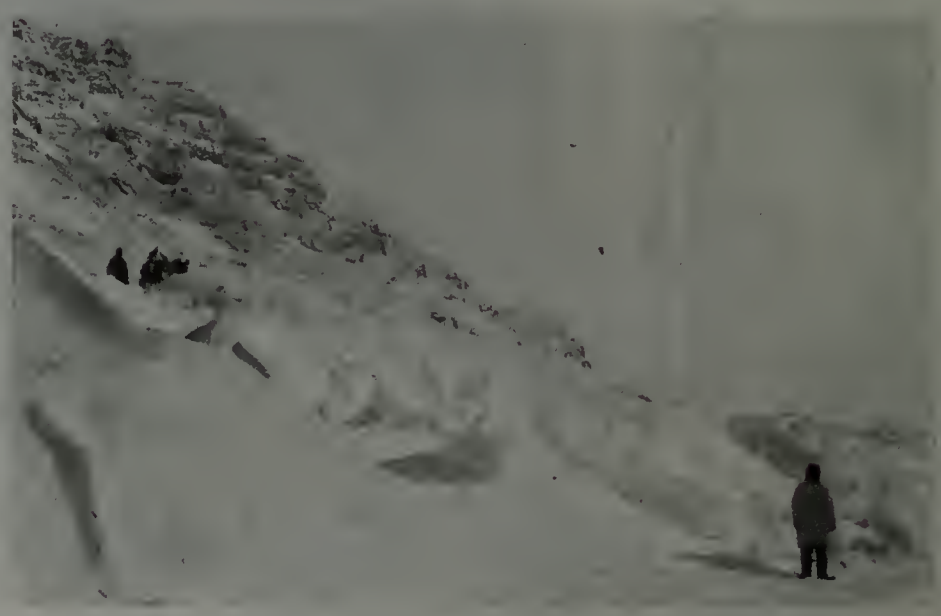
After throwing one of them about ten yards ahead of me, I would keep my eyes on it till I got within three or four yards and then throw the other mitten, so that most of the time I could see the two black spots on the snow ahead of me separated by five or six yards of whiteness. When falling snow or a blizzard still further complicated the situation we used to remain in camp, sometimes two or three days at a time, unless we happened to be following a valley where there was no special danger of falling, but where we were merely inconvenienced by walking now and then against the face of a cliff.

Although the south end of Banks Island where we crossed it was no more than fifty miles in diameter, we undoubtedly traveled double that distance between December 22nd and January 4th, when we reached the sea ice of De Salis Bay. In another five days we had examined the whole southeast coast of the island and had crossed Prince of Wales Straits to Victoria Island without discovering any signs of human beings. This is the one time of the year, as we well understand, when traveling is dangerous if you rely upon game for your food and fuel. The game is there, of course, no less than at other seasons, but the darkness is a great handicap in securing it. We found the ice in the vicinity of Victoria Island not to be in motion, and as there consequently was no open water, the chance of getting bears was less here than elsewhere. Seals could be secured only through the tedious method of having the dogs discover breathing-holes and then waiting for the seals to come up, a method where the element of chance plays such a part that no one should use it where other methods are available.

We Turn Back

INSTEAD, therefore, of stopping to hunt in Victoria Island when our food-supplies began to run low, we turned back to Banks Island toward the open water we had seen as we followed the coast east from De Salis Bay. The reason they did begin to run low was that we had had to cross a range of mountains in a condition of light which compelled us to climb steep ridges and make comparatively precipitous descents into valleys, as the daylight was insufficient for the selection of better courses. Hauling a load was impossible, for where a light sled could travel a loaded one could not be moved by the combined strength of men and dogs. I had felt certain also of discovering Eskimos who in all probability would have had stores of food from which to supply us.

When we turned back from Victoria Island I had no immediate intention of giving up the search after Eskimos, but expected merely to replenish our food stores at De Salis Bay. January 12th was our first day of hunting. We had, on a clear day at noon, daylight enough to see the sights of the rifles for about two hours, although not clearly enough for good shooting. It is never really safe to leave a camp unguarded, for the dogs must be tied to protect them against one another, and when they are tied a bear may very well come and kill one or more of them. We took the chance, however, left the camp to itself, and went in different directions to search for game. That day I had no luck, but Natkusiak killed one seal.



Typical of S.E. Coast of New Land.

FOR three days after that both of us continued to be unsuccessful in our hunting. Both of us killed seals, but the ice was moving so rapidly that before we could secure them they had been buried under heaps of crushing ice. The tracks of polar bears were numerous, and it was only a question of time when one was certain to be encountered. On the fourth day of the hunt I had just killed a seal and secured it when I looked over my shoulder to see three bears approaching. It was already past noon and their yellowish-white outlines against the pure-white ice were so indistinct that they could not be seen except when they were moving, or at least their bodies could not, although their shiny black noses were conspicuous. When bears are on the alert and when they either see something indistinctly or are expecting to see something the presence of which they suspect, they move their necks and their whole bodies to peer about in a peculiar snaky way. When

the light is such that their bodies cannot be seen, but their black noses are conspicuous, they give, in their efforts to see the more plainly in the rough ice, about the effect of railway men's signal lights that are being swung on a dark night. These particular bears made themselves conspicuous now and then by standing on their hind legs, which brought their profiles against the sky. My first two shots brought down a big bear and a small one, but the third inflicted apparently only a flesh wound and the bear that received it disappeared instantly in the rough ice. Nutkusiak, who was about half a mile away, soon arrived. We skinned the two bears, and, making a sort of sledge of the skin of the small one, we loaded into it its own meat and dragged it home, allowing, perforce, the meat of the other bear and the seal to take its chances. These bears came just in time, for we had but a single meal left of the seal killed three days before. The following day we found where we had left them the other bear and the seal, although the ice, which was crushing in the neighborhood, might easily have buried the meat during the night.

One of our most serious losses when the *Karluk* sank was that of our kerosene-containers, which had been substantially made of galvanized iron. We were now forced to carry our kerosene in the ordinary five-gallon tins furnished by the oil companies. As kerosene is much more convenient than blubber for cooking in snow houses in winter, we were carrying a supply of it, but now found that our tin had sprung a leak and that nearly all the kerosene was gone. This mischance, together with the too rapid passing of the midwinter period, decided me to give up for that year the search for Eskimos and to return to the winter base at Kellett. We made the return with such good luck as to weather that we were able to travel in one day as much as forty-five miles, a distance it had taken us seven days to make on the way east.

When we got back to Kellett we found that Mr. Wilkins had completed a series of tidal observations, and that Captain Bernard had prepared for us a thousand pounds of dog feed, by drying meat and mixing it with fat as required. He had also made two excellent sledges. On February 9th the first advance ice party of the year left Cape Kellett under the command of Mr. Wilkins, and the rest of us followed a few days later. Our plan was to follow the west coast of Banks Island north about one hundred and fifty miles and then to cross McClure Strait to Prince Patrick Island and strike out on the ocean northwest from the southwest corner of that island.

BEFORE leaving I had come to realize that we were facing a failure of the plans for that spring because of circumstances unpreventable, no matter how clearly they are foreseen. The various sorts of dog sickness are still as mysterious as were the African fevers in the time of Livingstone. By Christmas-time our dogs at Kellett had begun to die, one by one. In some cases it was the fattest and the youngest dogs; in other cases the oldest and most decrepit. The only thing we could do was to isolate the affected animals from the healthy ones, and in some cases this may have helped, although one or two of the dogs that died appeared never to have had any contact with the ones that originally showed the disease. There are many theories about these diseases, and there may be some significance in the fact that we have never lost any dogs that have been living on caribou or other land game, but always dogs that have been living on seal meat.

This sled was hauled by six dogs with a load varying from 500 to 1000 lbs. over land and rough sea ice for four years.

When we finally got away from Kellett we still had two good dog-teams and a third poor one, which was really all we needed, for we had only two first-class sledges. But a day or two after starting we realized we had a serious difficulty to contend with in addition to the dog sickness. It seems that the preceding autumn a certain amount of snow had first fallen upon the coast ice and later a shower of rain had formed a skin of ice over the snow. On top of this soft snow had again fallen, but the thin layer of ice was left as a sort of roof over innumerable cavities and soft places underneath, so that every few steps a dog would break through and get the sharp, angular pieces of thin ice between his toes. Before we realized it nearly all our dogs had bleeding feet and some of them were incapacitated for work. The temperature also at this time was exceedingly low, averaging for a period of weeks forty-two degrees below zero. We did not mind the cold in general, and out at sea such cold is really an advantage, but now it prevented us from doing what we should have done had the weather been warmer—namely, tying boots upon the feet of the dogs to protect their pads from the cutting ice, which at this temperature we did not dare to do for fear the tight lashing around the legs might so interfere with the circulation of the blood as to cause freezing.

Typical scene—ice breaking up in spring on an Arctic coast.

A typical Eskimo dog. They are well furred and have sound feet, but lack the strength and endurance of the better sorts of "civilized" dogs.

We Finally Leave Banks

WHEN we got to the northwest corner of Banks Island we discovered that more kerosene-containers were leaking. To have kerosene is an undoubted convenience; and now the only hope of healing the feet of our dogs was to give them a good long rest. So while our sore-footed dogs were being healed by resting I sent Storkersen and Thomsen back to Kellett with a team of those dogs some of which we did not expect to use on the ice and all of which we could now protect with boots against the ice, as the temperature had become less severe. The result of these delays was that it was not until April 5, 1915, that we were finally able to leave Banks Island, when we struck Northwest from Cape Alfred.

Our party up to this time had consisted of seven men. But now I sent back Wilkins, Crawford, and Natkusiak, and the ice exploratory party of that year therefore consisted of Storkersen, Thomsen, Andreasen, and myself.

Because the season was already so late, we took rather more risks on this journey than I consider generally justifiable in polar work. On April 10th, for instance, we camped at the southern edge of a level expanse of ice of unknown width. I examined it in the evening and found it about four inches thick and not strong enough to bear a sled, but that night we had an exceptionally hard freeze and the next morning the ice was between six and seven inches thick. This is quite thick enough for safe travel of loaded sledges if the area to be crossed is a limited one, and, no matter what the area, it is safe so long as the ice remains unbroken. But ice of this thickness, as indeed of any thickness, may at any time be broken up by increase in the strength of a current or the sudden oncoming of a gale. If the ice is thick no great danger results, for then a cake of almost any size will be a safe refuge for men and dogs, but if six-inch ice commences to break up, then no cake is safe unless it is of great area; and under the strain cakes naturally break into smaller and smaller pieces. If, then, we were to find ourselves with a loaded dog-sled on a piece not much bigger than is necessary for the men and dogs to stand on, the cake would either tip on edge or actually sink under our weight.

Striking North Across the Ice

IT is not often that we have found perfectly level ice to be more than five miles across, and the morning of the 11th when we started out on this six-inch ice we expected to cross it in an hour. But we found it very sticky with the salt crystals on its surface, as indeed it was bound to be, and this interfered with our speed so that we did not travel at much more than three miles per hour. In some places the ice had telescoped on the previous day and was of double thickness, but wherever it was of single thickness it bent perceptibly under our weight, and we never dared to stop except on telescoped places.

We traveled hour after hour and the horizon was everywhere a straight line with the sky. It was exceedingly cold, and clouds of "steam" were seen rising here and there. These worried us a bit, for we thought they might be from opening leads and consequently danger signals showing that the break-up of our ice had commenced. Of course we realized that six-inch ice is so warm from the water underneath that it throws off clouds of vapor if the air is at a low temperature, and as we advanced the vapor clouds continually receded before us, showing that they did not come from open water, but were being formed from the ice. After about twenty miles of travel we sighted some heavy old ice upon which we found a safe camping-place for the night. Within an hour after we landed the thinner ice which we had left began breaking up, giving us excellent sealing water right by our camp, but giving us also an uncomfortable feeling that had the thin ice been five miles wider or had we started in the morning an hour or so later, this day might have proved the last day of our travels.

In our ice journeys, besides the astronomical observations which serve to tell us where we are, we take frequent soundings to learn the depth of the waters where we are traveling and the character of the sea bottom. For some two weeks we had a bottom that was clearly uneven, for the water varied in depth from one hundred to two hundred fathoms. Comparison of our dead reckoning with our astronomical observations also showed that the ice we were traveling on was moving steadily to the southwest—a very inconvenient fact, as our hopes all lay to the northwest. There was a great deal of open water. When

A spring camp on the New Land—meat of many reindeer piled up. A man looking through field glasses for game.

we found a belt of a quarter or half a mile of clear water lying across our path it took us only an hour or two to get over, for we were expert by this time in converting our sleds into boats by the use of our tarpaulins. But much more often the leads were filled with moving ice or with stationary ice that was not strong enough to walk on, but so strong that, had we attempted to break a way through it with our sled rafts, we should in half a dozen crossings have chafed holes in the canvas.

A delay beside the lead where the ice is not moving is one thing, and a delay when you know the ice is drifting in a direction opposite to your course is quite another. We took frequent chances in crossing leads on thin ice, and one of these crossings, on April 25th, came near ending in a serious accident. We realized the risk and took certain precautions. Our main dependence being always rifles and ammunition, we carried half the ammunition and two rifles on each sled, and for an additional precaution I used to carry my own rifle on my back, and about fifty rounds of ammunition with it. Had we lost one sled we could still have continued with the other; and had we lost both, the fifty cartridges would probably have taken the four of us home, although exploration for the year would have been at an end.

An Accident to One Sled

THE accident of April 25th resulted when we came to a strip of young ice about ten yards wide. As on all such occasions, I walked out upon it carefully, while the teams and men awaited the verdict. With my hunting-knife I made holes at three different places, and by putting my hand in the water found that the ice was about six inches thick. To those used to fresh water, ice of six inches seems a great thickness, and as a matter of fact a team of dray-horses and a heavy load could be taken across six inches of fresh-water ice. Salt-water ice is a different thing. A piece of it four inches thick, if you allow it to drop on any hard surface from a height of three or four feet, will splash like a chunk of ice-cream instead of falling like a piece of rock as would glare ice of the same thickness. I knew this crossing was dangerous, but it was so short that I thought the dogs would probably be upon firm footing before the ice broke, if it did break.

The first sled crossed safely. It had been built by Captain Bernard according to a design of my own, with runners that rested on the ice for seven out of their twelve feet of length, so as to distribute the weight over a large area of ice. The other sled was of the typical Alaskan type, where the runners are bent somewhat rocking-chair fashion, to make the sled easier to turn and manœuver, and only two or three feet of the middle portion of the runners rest on level ice.

Andreasen was in charge of the leading sled, and, as it came across without difficulty, Storkersen and Thomsen anticipated no trouble with the second. They were walking along close to the stern end when I noticed the ice under them begin to bend. I shouted to them to get away from the sled, my idea being to remove their weight from the locality and to expose the ice to the weight of the sled only. But when they realized that the ice was about to break their idea was to push the sled quickly over to the other side. Both of them took hold of the handle-bars and commenced pushing, when the inevitable happened. Their weight added to that of the sled broke the ice, after the dogs had landed on the firm part beyond, but when the front end of the sled itself had barely touched it. Before the ice had fully broken I had hold of the trace of the leading dog and Andreasen was at the bow of the sled. Storkersen and Thomsen escaped falling into the water by letting the sled go as it broke through, and the stern of it was immersed while the bow was held against the ice. It was doubtless not much more than over a second before we all had our hands on the front end of the sled, and not more than two or three till we had it out of the water, but it seemed much longer, and it was certainly long enough for imagining what our situation would be if we lost everything that was on the sled. Not a desperate situation necessarily, although we might have had to give up our work for the year at that point. As it was, we spent two days in getting rid of as much as possible of the ice that had formed on the various articles that got into the water. After the accident we examined the ice and measured every piece that had broken, and found that at the very thinnest the ice was five and three-quarters inches thick. The temperature at the time of the accident was twenty below zero.

One of our best dogs ("Red" his name was), a half-blood mastiff who took part in every one of our long trips five successive years—equal in strength to two Eskimo dogs and tireless. Picture shows mosquitoes.

Long before this we had left the area of shallow soundings and were now traveling over an ocean of unknown depth, for our sounding-wire was only about half a mile in length and we never got bottom with it.

We Land On Prince Patrick

THE ice behaved in a peculiar way. When the wind blew from the south or southwest, no matter how hard, it merely stopped moving, or, in the case of extreme gale, would in the course of a day move a few miles to the north. But whenever there was a calm or when the wind was from the northwest, the north, or the east, the ice kept moving steadily southwest. By the middle of May we had lost hope of making any notable journey to the northwest that year, for we were only one hundred miles offshore from the Prince Patrick Island coast. For a time after reaching this conclusion we tried to travel northeast directly into the teeth of the drift, but we lost as much ground at night as we gained in the daytime, and eventually turned toward shore. The current was so strong, however, that we were unable to reach land on Prince Patrick Island abreast of our turning-point, but were carried south, and were with difficulty able to land on the southwest corner near Land's End, on June 4th.

The west coast of Prince Patrick Island was explored in 1853 by a party under command of Lieutenant Mecham, of McClintock's expedition. Mecham tells us that no country could possibly be more barren or desolate. They found not a blade of grass nor a living creature, but gravel everywhere, and the land sloped so imperceptibly to the sea that they had to dig through the snow to ascertain whether they were on land or on ice. In view of this and of the fact that we had several weeks before run out of kerosene for fuel and had finished our dog feed some time before that, it became necessary to talk over with the men the advisability of going on. We all knew that the world would approve if we were to turn home at this point, for it has been the rule in Arctic exploration that the traveling parties face toward home soon after half the provisions have been used with which they started from home, relying on the other half to take them back. It had been so with Mecham and with McClintock on this very coast; a portion of it remained unexplored because Mecham's party on the south and McClintok's on the north had been forced by the partial exhaustion of their supplies to turn back toward their base on Melville Island. But I was delighted to find that all of us were agreed that no risk of life was involved in advancing into any portion of the Arctic without supplies at this time of the year. While we did not expect to find Mecham wrong in saying that no living thing could be found on the coast of Prince Patrick Island, and we felt that this would only mean that if our experience agreed with his, we should have to turn back to sea again, where, on the sea-ice and in the water, all of us knew that food could be secured. The plan of advancing north, therefore, had the enthusiastic support of all our party.

In following the coast northeastward we soon came to the conclusion that Mecham's charting of it was by no means correct, but we also concluded that were we to attempt to revise it our results would not be much better than his, if at all. It was generally a question of light. There is much fog at this season, and Mecham had evidently done a good deal of his mapping in fog, with the inevitable results. If we were going to attempt a revision of his work we should have to do part of our work in fog also, with the results that those portions of the coast where he had got sunlight would have been

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The Northern islands are crowded in summer with grass and flowers and there are bumble bees and butterflies—picture shows butterfly.

A PARTY *in the* MAKING

Some Things About the Farmers' Faction—and Other Political Points

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The New Book," "The Power of the West", etc.

Illustrated by WM. CASEY

SIR ROBERT BORDEN, the Budget and heat like unto that of dog days descended on Parliament in solid formation. Up to that time everything had been lovely. The Westerners had caucused, everybody had talked and "a very pleasant time was had by one and all." Nobody got angry for long; nobody looked serious for more than a few moments at a time, and even the ministers mixed their wails anent being overworked with an occasional trip to the Country Club, which is the one oasis in an arid land. It was as happy-go-lucky a gathering of statesmen as ever got together under the big top.

But Borden, Budget and torrid heat are irritating influences taken separately and individually. Formed up in a solid phalanx they promise the same kind of joy a Hun regiment brought to a Belgian village. But they brought long-waited-for results.

First Hon. J. A. Crerar slipped his cable and, careening before the Western breeze, drifted into the cross benches. Now everybody had known for months that the Minister of Agriculture had only been awaiting the Premier's return to get out of the Cabinet. They knew and they knew that he knew that he didn't belong—that he was in the Cabinet but not of it. But in this little Ottawa world, where the political atmosphere is so thick you can saw it off in square blocks with a handsaw, it is one thing to know that a Cabinet Minister is going out and quite another to see him get out.

As you are probably aware everybody in Ottawa considers politics either the main business of life or a valuable sideline. In other words, everybody is more or less in politics and has ambitions. Those ambitions centre in the Cabinet. If you wade back through Canadian political history you will be struck by the small number of Canadian statesmen who have relinquished portfolios. To be sure a number of great Canadians have, one time or other, put in their resignations. But the resignations have been largely of the "sign here" variety, with the Premier indicating the place and talking in sweetly persuasive tones. Even Hon. Bob Rogers who went out amid a bit of a pyrotechnic display might have carried yet a little longer had not Sir Clifford Sifton been close to the Borden elbow urging the necessity of Union Government and exerting a sort of benign influence over the Borden end of the correspondence.

The Government backers are pouring a volume of abuse in his quarter.

The Cabinet Was Shocked

CONSEQUENTLY when Hon. T. A. Crerar, resisting all appeals to stay on the job—and it is no secret that Sir Robert Borden was sincerely sorry to lose him—pulled his soft hat firmly down over his eyes and walked out without fuss or feathers, all Ottawa was shocked. It was shocked because it knew that a Western farmer had done something it really couldn't do itself, because—well, it isn't done, you know.

Also certain of Mr. Crerar's colleagues were shocked. Hon. J. A. Calder naturally thought a man's duty lay where the loaves and fishes were thickest. He didn't say so in so many words, but you could gather from his remarks that no man can be truly patriotic who doesn't hold office just as long as a grateful people will let him. Hon. Wesley Rowell was also furiously indignant. In his anguish he cried that as all the Cabinet had been willing to stay on the job if the tariff were left untouched for another year, Mr. Crerar should all the more have stayed put while the Western farmer was being coaxed and pitied and hand-fed with a few sops that savored of freer trade.

It was hinted that Mr. Rowell was letting out Cabinet secrets in making statements like the above. But this brought further indignation from the meek and lowly Wesley, also vehement denials. And everybody knows that while G. Washington may have made an occasional slip in veracity, Hon. Wesley really couldn't.

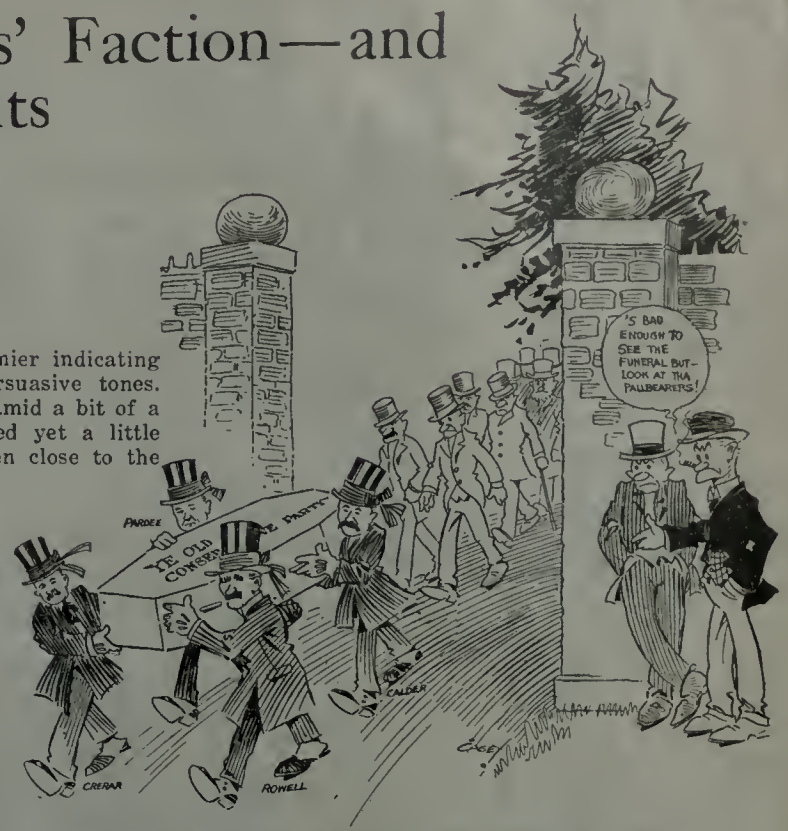
Anyway with Mr. Crerar safely seated where he could look the Speaker squarely in the eyes it was a case of "bring on your budget." So Sir Thomas brought it—brought it with much care and possibly some prayer. So careful was he that, in violation of the rules of the House, he read his speech, thereby making his speech lose much of its force even if it did prevent him repeating himself quite as much as usual. As you have all thoroughly digested that budget by this time, there is no need to dismiss it here. But it may be remarked in passing that it carried all the earmarks of Union Government. It met all issues by dodging them and it never lost an opportunity to pass the buck.

Wooing the West

MOREOVER, the debate that followed was unique in the annals of Parliament. It has been said of it that though the Government's last trade mandate from the people was loudly and clearly protectionist, only two protectionist speeches were made during the nine days' conversation. One of these was made by W. F. Cockshutt of Brantford, and the other by D.D. McKenzie, House leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition. All the other orators on both sides were in a "wooing the West" competition. Men who had sworn by the National Policy on a thousand platforms stood up in their places and told the Prairie farmers that they had given them more free trade in a few minutes than the Grits had in as many years, and that if they would only be good, they'd give them more, and more and more. Staid old Grits who had fed the West with unfulfilled promises, crossed their hearts and swore that this time they'd be true. The Western tail was not wagging the Canadian dog but it was waving in the centre of the Commons chamber and scarce a hand but was stretched forth to try to influence its gentle motions. And all the time Hon. T. A. Crerar sat with his hat pulled down over his eyes and the same old boyish smile beaming at intervals over his face. Of course he took early occasion to state his position. And if he didn't add one to the list of great orations he gave his declaration of faith in good clear language that all could understand. Also he showed that his experience in farmers' clubs had accustomed him to the rough and tumble style of argument. Half-a-dozen times some critical Government supporter tried to tangle him with a question and he eased each of them back into his seat with a smiling word or two that brought more amusement to the House than comfort to the questioner. And when he was through the general trend of comment might be summed up:

"Well, I didn't agree with Crerar—but I believe he is honest."

Whereat the country marvelled. For an honest man may be the noblest work of God, but an honest politician surely is the rarest.



They hate to see the party of Sir John Macdonald committed to the grave at the hands of a bunch of Grit pall-bearers.

Government Forces Take Heart

THEN the tariff war was on in earnest and the question that stood out bright and clear on each morning's horizon was: "How many Grain Growers will follow Crerar and how many will stick to the Government and brave their constituents' scorn? A rumor crept softly around that if the Government wasn't sustained by a good majority it would bring on a general election. Report also had it that Sir Robert Borden was tired and would welcome a chance to change the robes of office for the dressing-gown and slippers, and that Sir Thomas White was preparing to step out of the Finance Department into the presidency of a bank or insurance company. Those were gloomy days for the great masses of members on both sides of the House. Where they had expected to see three years of increased indemnities they looked into a cloud that threatened an early and expensive appeal to hostile electors.

But it soon became apparent that, if Sir Robert was tired, he still had enough energy left to get out and make a fight for his political life; that the dignified knight who was wont to pass the humble back bencher with the slightest of nods was mingling freely with the common or farmer variety of member and wearing a smile that almost matched the matchless curl of his beautiful hair. Thereupon the Government forces took heart and got busy. The vacant portfolio of Agriculture was dangled before various eyes but kept more especially in the vicinity of Henders, the President of the Manitoba Grain Growers.

Then Senatorships are always good bait, though unfortunately there are no vacancies in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Still they were freely offered. In this

connection it is told of the veteran Tom McNutt, of Salt-coats, that, when offered one of those $2,500 sinecures, he went out and looked the Saskatchewan Senators over and that, after doing some figuring with a short lead pencil, he decided that all of them were likely to live longer than the Union Government. Anyway, he came back into the House, declared for free trade, voted against the Government and selected a seat for himself on the cross benches.

Dr. Michael Clark spoke early in the debate and was as eloquent and interesting as always. But after he was all through the guessing started as to which way he would vote. One day it was claimed that he had a farmer nomination in his pocket and would vote as he usually preached. But on the next it would be pointed out that Red Michael as an independent drew no applause with his eloquence. Consequently it was figured that he would rather die a political death than live through three years of applauseless speeches. This would put him back on the Government side. Finally, however, he took the bit in his teeth and bolted to his brother farmers.

A Memorable Night in Parliament

DAY by day the fight went on. Orators banged their desks and told how they loved their country. But that was only camouflage. The real force of the Government offensive was thrown into flank movements, tending to cut down the score of Western Unionists who threatened to desert to the half-way house and cut the nominal Government majority of 70 to an actual something under thirty. And as the constant dropping wears away the stone, so that twenty dwindled till when the vote came only a faithful dozen, Crerar included, voted the way the West has wanted.

It was a memorable night in Parliament when the division on the budget took place—when the Union Government took off nicely and leaping high and clear went over the first jump and landed clearly with a nice lead of fifty votes. Not that there was any fear of the Government's defeat. It is hard to turn out a Government when it wants to stay in office, and the Opposition doesn't want it to get out. As it was, just to provide against any eventualities, an even score of French members found it advisable to give more attention to the Quebec elections than to the budget. Of course, the Whips got together and, by scientific pairing, covered them up. But there are those who declare that, if it had been necessary to keep the Government not only in power, but also in good humor, every Frenchman in the House would have found a meeting to address in his native province.

Still there was jubilation when the end approached. The debate lasted well into the small hours, but at midnight the Union Whip announced that the Government was safe by from 25 to 30 majority and the snatches of song coming from upstair rooms grew more joyful and increased in volume. Finally the elevators vomited a hilarious crowd into the main corridor and marching in procession they sang: "It's a Long Long Trail." They sang at the chamber doors till the sergeant-at-arms rattled his sword and all reasoned with them. Then they went into executive session in good old Room 16 and had reached that stage of musicality in which "mother" is wont to be extolled when the division bells rang.

Of the division little need be said. The House had been so carefully canvassed that everybody knew how everybody was going to vote and the half-hundred majority was the only surprise. Then it was that it was discovered that so many Frenchmen were taking more interest in provincial elections than in free trade amendment to the budget. And a suspicion arose that perhaps the ancient province was more protectionist than the Great West would care to see it.

WITH the Budget safely on its way, people began to scan the cross benches to see what manner of men were those who had presumably laid the foundations of a new party. And at first glance their front line trenches looked formidable indeed. For, in addition to the farmers, Hon. W. S. Fielding and Fred Pardee, both elected as Unionists and both drifting towards the big August Convention, had settled on those cross benches and voted for the McMaster amendment and against the Government. Those two taken with Dr. Michael Clark and Hon. T. A. Crerar made up a quartette that would compare favorably with anything the older parties could produce. But a moment's reflection told you that Fielding and Pardee would soon be moving further along and that their places would have to be filled from among the plainer farmers sitting a bit further back. Fielding at any rate doesn't belong there for a minute. He's a fine specimen of that old Liberal type who are the truest Conservatives. For he's an interesting study, this little grey man who once almost gave reciprocity to Canada. He's a bunch of contrasts. He's so big at times that you strain your neck looking up to him; so small at others that you need a microscope to see him. At one moment he's a great Canadian; the next he's a little colonial such as only the Maritime Province can produce. But he's always one of the most interesting speakers that ever stood on the floor of the House. His language is as smooth as the purring of an automobile and no other member can express his exact shade of meaning with the same ease and courage. And then he always keeps you guessing, for you never can tell from which of his varied altitudes he is viewing the subject under debate. Fielding is a great Canadian, but he will never do for a leader. His following would never know whither they were being led.

Fred Pardee we have often met before and, as he pauses at the cross benches on his way home, he grows more and more like the merry, human Pardee who used to lead Sir Wilfrid Laurier into the Liberal caucus, lead the cheers for the Old Chief and lead him out again. It will be some years before anyone who ever voted Unionist will climb very high in the Grit ranks—for the spirit of Laurier still leads the "Grand Old Party"—but Fred Pardee will be one of the first to regain his old ascendency. And with his natural political sagacity he may go a long way.

Hon. Wesley really couldn't.

NEITHER is T. A. Crerar a stranger to these pages. The "Hon." is left off advisedly. For, though the Grain Grower leader is a fine figure of a man he's so much of a democrat that most people who don't call him "Aleck" compromise by making it plain "Crerar." But prepare to soon meet a different Crerar to the quiet farmer who has so unassumingly administered the affairs of the Agricultural Department.

"You fellows are underestimating this man Crerar," said a Western Cabinet Minister to a Liberal member a day or two after Crerar had resigned his portfolio. "He's a big man. Why, when the Grain Growers were just getting nicely under way they were talking rural credits and the banks got sore and decided to close down on them. Crerar, without saying a word to anyone, jumped on a train, went to New York, came back with an eight million dollar line of credit and told the bankers to go to blazes."

From this it may be gathered that Crerar is a bit of a fighter. And, if he is sitting quietly while the Government hacks are pouring a volume of abuse is his direction, it doesn't mean that he's a quitter. It means that he is learning to bide his time. He can afford to wait. For he is the one man in this Parliament who has a great personal following. It will stick because it has found that sticking to Crerar pays. And in due time he will square his accounts and leave some of that "overage" the amateur farmers are raving about at present.

When the Tail Wags the Dog

AT T. A. CRERAR'S left hand sits Dr. Michael Clark. And a more valuable ally the farmer leader could not find anywhere. He has all that Parliamentary experience the new party so sadly lacks. And no man in Canada knows better how to use it. As a Parliamentary debater, Red Michael has no rival in the House. He has a genius for arraying his facts in the best tactical formation and he drives them home with a force peculiarly his own. Every trick of the trade is known to him. So with the industrious farmers to do the work and Michael to pile up that work so that it will do the most good you may expect this little faction to do pretty effective work. Moreover, there is every reason to believe it will grow. Experienced politicians figure, yes even fear, that another election will give T. A. Crerar a following of sixty members. Then will the tail begin to wag the dog in deadly earnest.

W. A. Buchanan of Lethbridge would probably rank next in importance among the cross benches, but for the fact that he seems as yet unable to totally divorce himself from the Unionists. Buchanan is a Lethbridge newspaper proprietor and editor, very well thought of on all sides of the House. He speaks forcibly and well and always gets a good hearing.

Close behind these come Maharg of Maple Creek, Reid of Mackenzie and Davis of Neepawa. The last named is a lawyer, though you'd never guess it. Maharg and Reid are both farmers and both prominent in Grain Growers' circles. All three look more liable to make good on the farm than in Parliament. But of course that could be said of the great majority of members in the other parties. But on the whole they are well up to if not above the Parliamentary standard—which it has been said before is not very high just at present.

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Scarce a hand but what was stretched forth.

PETITE SIMUNDE

By Arthur Beverley Baxter

Author of "Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist," "The Man Who Scoffed," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

FOUR hundred miles north of Toronto, the Cobalt mining country surrenders its daily toll of silver to the world. In that region there is mostly rock. Where woods exist, the trees are gaunt and defiant, as though resentful of the approach of man; in winter they stand like white-shrouded ghosts, and the wind howls dismally through them until in the little settlement of Ville Marie, across the lake, men draw closer to the fire, and women croon comfort to frightened children, yet half-believe, themselves, the Indian legend that another soul is on its way to the Great Unknown.

Five miles north of Cobalt the town of Haileybury straggles down a hill to the lake, on the other side of which can be seen the blue shores of Northern Quebec, where lies the sleepy little hamlet known as Ville Marie, possessed of its church, its wayside public-house, "Les Voyageurs," and a few vagabond frame buildings. The ring of the blacksmith's anvil can be heard throughout the day, for there is little else to drown the noise. But when the lumber-jacks come in from the woods, or the river-runners from their convoys of logs, there is always the sound of a noisy chorus from "Les Voyageurs," led (in the times we write of) by Pierre Generaud, who knew that singing a constant fortissimo stimulates thirst in participants and auditors alike. On Sunday there is the sound of the organ, and the villagers walk about in ill-fitting garments of respectability: a simple God-fearing community, knowing no world but their own, and finding their joy of life in mere existence.

His auditors were lost in gesticulatory admiration.

It was gathering dusk, one summer evening in the year 1914, when the figure of a young officer wended its way towards "Les Voyageurs."

He had crossed from Haileybury on the afternoon boat, causing not a little comment by the uniform he wore. Every one in the mining country knew him as "Dug" Campbell, manager of the Curran Lake Mine—they were hardly prepared for the sudden transition from his usual costume of riding-breeches, brown shirt, and lumberman's boots, to the trappings of a British officer. He was a young man of big stature, with broad, restless shoulders that seemed to chafe under the bondage of a tunic, and he had a long, loose-limbed stride oddly at variance with the common conception of military bearing. His eyes were light blue, his hair an unruly brown that flirted with red—and his name was Campbell. Such men do not wait for the second call when there is war.

Wherever civilization is forcing her right of way, whenever she is fighting for her existence, the descendants of Scotland will be found. When a new railroad struggles over unnamed rivers and through untrodden forests, somewhere ahead there is always a son or a grandson of old Scotia, whose eyes are a humorous blue and whose hair has more than a tinge of red. There is no part of the world to which the Scot is a stranger, but he rises to his best in a new country where waterfalls must be harnessed to give power; where great rocks must be blasted from age-old foundations; where rebellious nature in her primeval state must be taught that the world was made for man.

On that August evening in that most fateful of years, the figure of Captain Douglas Campbell, tall and somewhat rugged, like one of the northern trees, might have served as a sculptor's model for the spirit of Scotland confirming and strengthening the purpose of young Canada.

Rich in tradition as she is, what glory of her past can Scotland have that is greater than this—that, strong in the manhood which seems to spring from the soil of the country, she sent her sons to every corner of the world; and when the shadow of war fell upon her—they came back! Sons, grandsons, those to whom their Scottish blood was little more than a family legend, *they came back.*

Scotland needs no other monument than those three words.

II

NEARING "Les Voyageurs" the young officer paused at a sudden burst of sound that came from the inn. In place of the usual chorus, one voice, a slovenly but powerful one, was bellowing forth a ribald song, remarkable only for its noisy coarseness. Reaching the hostelry, Campbell hammered at the door, which was opened by mine host himself.

"Ah!" he gesticulated eloquently, "Monsieur Campell!" (Pierre Generaud, like other French-Canadians, invariably reversed his accents on English words). "For why you come, eh?"

"My dear Generaud, must I give a reason for visiting the famous 'Les Voyageurs'?"

"Ah! By gosh, no!" Generaud beamed welcome from every pore—then struck an attitude of despair. "You come, is it not, as an officier, perhaps no—yes?"

"Yes. I want to speak just for a minute to the men inside."

"Oh, *mais non!*" The good host's gesture was a masterpiece, even among a race of gesticulators. "Not to-night, monsieur."

"And why not?"

"By Gar! Who you theenk is inside now? Listen—she sing!"

Campbell was too well acquainted with the universal French-Canadian use of the feminine pronoun to express any surprise when "she" proved to be the possessor of the aforesaid raucous, bass voice, which had broken into some song anent the passion of a sailor for a Portuguese young lady of great charm but doubtful modesty.

"Who is our friend?" he asked.

"What—you know not? She is the terrible Des Rosiers!"

"Well, I don't like Mr. Des Rosiers's voice."

"You nevair hear her name, monsieur? Sometime she is call 'Jacque Noir.' *Mon Dieu!*—she sleep with *le diable.*"

The landlord's eyes grew wide with horror; his shoulders contracted until they touched his ears.

"Look here, my friend," said Campbell, with a touch of impatience, "Jacque Noir or Jacque Rouge or Jacque Blanc is not going to keep me out here."

"But, monsieur, once she *keel* a man."

"My dear fellow"——

"One winter, a man has insult Des Rosiers, and—*voilà!* Jacque Noir *burn* her house—*keel* her family—*Murdair* her"——

WITH a laugh, the newly-created officer thrust the little man aside and entered the sacred precincts of "Les Voyageurs." A big, dirty, bearded fellow, of about thirty years of age, was leaning against the counter, waving a mug and bellowing a song. He looked formidable enough, but hardly justified the diabolical qualities attributed to him by Pierre Generaud. In spite of his unshaven face with its bloodshot, inebriated eyes, there was something not unpleasing about the man, and when his lips parted they disclosed teeth that were gleaming white.

A group of villagers sat in open-mouthed admiration beneath the singer, for Des Rosiers's reputation had gathered velocity like a snowball rolling down the side of a hill, gaining in size every time it came into contact with the drifts of rumor, until it had become almost a legend of wickedness. His audience felt a timid pride in the event. It was almost as if his Satanic Majesty himself had condescended to appear from below and sing comic songs for their benefit.

On the entrance of the officer, the song ceased, and all eyes were turned to the new-comer.

"Hola," said Des Rosiers, with extraordinary resonance. "You drink by me, *eh bien?*"

"No, thanks. I must only stay a minute."

"You no drink?" roared the lumber-jack, whose hospitality was not unlike the forcefulness of the muscular Christian in 'Androcles and the Lion.' "You drink, or by Gar, I brak your neck."

A hum of admiration rose from the villagers. They bore no possible malice towards the officer, but it was gratifying to find Jacque Noir living up to his reputation.

"*Messieurs,*" said Campbell, ignoring the gentleman in question, "there is a war. *La belle France* fights for her life, and Canada must help. She needs you—and you—and you."

With their meagre knowledge of English, he was forced to a simplicity of language that depended for effect almost entirely on the personal appeal. "Come with me to the war. We pay you one dollar ten a day, and your wife and *garçons* get money too."

Mr. Des Rosiers laughed, scornfully and sonorously. "I laugh," he said. "You theenk we go to war, and your English, by Gar, no leave Canada, but steal all we leave behind. The French-Canadian—he go; the English-Canadian, *non.*" He roared a vile oath, and laid his hand on Campbell's shoulder. "I brak your neck," he said comfortingly.

IN a moment Campbell's tunic was off and he was facing Jacque Noir. "You are a liar, Des Rosiers," he said. "You are the greatest liar and the worst singer in the Province of Quebec."

The Frenchman tore the red kerchief from his neck and hurled his mug to the floor where it broke into a hundred pieces. "By gosh, me!" he bellowed in a voice that would have terrified a bull; "I *keel* you!"

He advanced in windmill fashion, but his opponent, who had been the best boxer of his year at Toronto 'Varsity, stopped him with a blow known technically as a "straight left to the jaw." Des Rosiers paused to re-collect his thoughts. He was wondering whether to kick with one foot or with both, when something happened, and oblivion settled over him like the curtain on the last act of a melodrama. Campbell had stepped forward, and, putting his shoulder behind it, had delivered a blow on the lower part of the jaw with force enough to fell an ox. For Des Rosiers the rest was silence.

Concluding his recruiting speech to the dazed villagers, Campbell put on his tunic and strode quietly down the street. . . . But the fall of Mr. Pecksniff in the eyes of Tom Pinch was not more complete than the collapse of their idol, Jacque Noir, in the eyes of the inhabitants of Ville Marie.

III.

A SKY that was hung with stars looked down upon the shimmering roof-tops of Haileybury. The streets were deserted, except the main thoroughfare, where a group of men were seated in an irregular line, their pipes glowing in the darkness. They had been there since dusk.

Midnight passed, and the shadowy line grew longer as each hour struck. Men with heavy packs; men with the mud of the northern wilderness still on their boots; men who had walked for sixty miles; men whose beardless chins bespoke the schoolboy of a year before; men whose faces would have looked coarse and cruel in any light but that of the stars; one by one or in pairs they came. For each there was a yell of welcome, a ribald jest or two—then silence once more, and the glowing pipes. The first glimmering streaks of dawn showed the queue in all its picturesque grotesqueness. The man in front was leaning against a frame store that bore the placard "Recruiting Office."

Some three thousand miles away, a Hohenzollern Emperor had said that Great Britain would crumble into disintegration at the first sound of war. And through the forests of the north and over weary trails men were staggering on, mile after mile, fearful of only one thing—that they might be too late to answer the call which had come from across the Atlantic, speeding over forests, cities, prairies, lakes, and mountains, until echo answered from the shores of the Pacific Coast.

The early boat from Ville Marie discharged its half-dozen passengers. A powerfully built French-Canadian strode up the hill and stopped at the crowd of men. With a worried contraction of his heavy eyebrows he surveyed the formidable length of the line.

"Godam!" said he.

Heedless of the jests and comments of the mob, he went slowly down the line, carefully scrutinizing each man, until he stopped at a half-breed Indian. For a moment only they argued in French, then he produced a roll of dollar notes in one hand, and brandished the other hand threateningly in the half-breed's face. The combined arguments proved too much; when the enrolment of recruits took place, number eighteen was Jacque Des Rosiers, sworn to serve His Majesty the King for the duration of the war and six months afterwards—in witness whereof he had drawn an inky cross after his name.

It would be difficult to give the exact motive for his action. He probably had never heard of Belgium, but—well, take horns and tail from the devil, and what is left?

THREE weeks later the company of amateur soldiers were warned to proceed to the concentration camp. Willing, but puzzled by the affliction of army discipline, they had struggled past the first pitfalls of recruitship. For the sake of Captain Douglas Campbell, their "boss," they suppressed their grumbling and submitted to the rites and ceremonies of military routine, arguing that, inexplicable as it was, it had some connection, however remote, with the ultimate goal of warfare. The afternoon before their departure Campbell addressed them for exactly five minutes. His hair looked redder and his eyes seemed bluer than before. With his powerfully built shoulders and the rhythm of his muscles that lent a grace to his entire body, despite its ruggedness, he recalled the Athenian age of physical perfection.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "you signed up to fight—so did I. We will fight, too, but Kitchener can't use us until we're ready. You wonder what all this drill is about. Well, here's my idea about it. There isn't a coward in this crowd; there isn't a man who wouldn't go down a shaft after a pal, even if the chances were a hundred to one against his coming back. But you're not ready for the front. You've got the heart, but your bodies must have training and discipline. Watch me with this cigarette. In flicking the ash I burn my finger; the next time I want to touch the ash, my finger avoids it by a quarter of an inch. I laugh and try again. You all know what I mean. I am not afraid of the cigarette, but my finger is. If you've ever been kicked in the leg by a horse, the next time the horse kicks, which of your legs is drawn back first? In some strange way your body has instincts of its own, and though you might have a heart like a bull, your muscles and nerves—your body—might fail you when you need them most. As I understand the army system, it is to train you to obey, not only mentally but physically. Eight months from now we may be lying half-dead, with the enemy's guns playing hell all around us. We may want to quit, we may be 'all in,' but, if the order comes to advance, we'll go forward, because our bodies will be disciplined to obey.

"Be patient then, men, and just smile when things go wrong. I would gladly have gone with you in the ranks, and there are lots of you chaps better able to lead than I, but a commission was given to me, and I'm out to do my best with the finest company of men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. I'm learning all the time—as you are. You will have bad times, and so shall I; but let's help each other to grin and make the best of it, for, after all, we're just great big children playing a mighty big game. . . . And when we reach France we'll show them all that the old Cobalt gang is afraid of nothing in this world or the next."

They cheered—and the man who shouted loudest was Jacque Des Rosiers. . . . And somewhere in the speech *esprit de corps* had been born.

"I brak your neck," he said, comfortingly.

FOUR winters came and went.

France lay in the warmth of a late spring evening, like a stricken deer that has thrown off its pursuers momentarily, but is bleeding from a hundred wounds. Month after month she had endured the invader, and the cycle of years, instead of freeing her, had only deepened her agony. What had she left? The next attack might see Arras and her remaining coalfields gone, the Channel ports captured, and then. . . Paris? . . Paris?

Unperturbed, however, by any such thoughts, Petite Simunde—no one thought of her by any other name—was driving four cows home from pasture. The setting sun had shed a kindly hue on her gingham garment that was neither a frock nor an apron, yet served as both. Nor was the mellowing sunlight unkind to her face, for the racial sallowness of her cheeks, accentuated by too constant exposure to the elements, was softened and shaded into a gentle brown. Her shoes, which were far too large, were in the final stages of disrepair. About the brow her hair was braided with a simplicity that was by no means devoid of charm. Her eyes—but there she was really French. Simunde had never been farther from the village of Le Curois than the neighboring town of Avesnes Le Comte (unless one counts the momentous occasion, a year after her birth, when she was taken to Arras for exhibition before an esteemed and wealthy relative, who was so little impressed that he bequeathed his entire estate, consisting of eight thousand francs, to a manufacturer of tombstones); but a French woman does not acquire coquetry—she is born with it. Even in church Simunde would cast such languishing yet mischievous eyes upon the curé himself, that the poor little man, who had never liked Latin at any time, used to stammer and mumble his orisons like an over-conscientious penitent at confessional.

When her two brothers went to war Simunde, who was then sixteen, assumed their tasks in addition to her own, in all of which she had the able direction of "madame" her mother. Between them they performed a day's work that would have exhausted two husky laborers. As is the custom in most of northern France, their home was not on the farm, but in the village, for one of the first essentials of existence to a Frenchman is companionship. On the outskirts of Le Curois, just on the hill, there was a great chateau, beautifully, gloomily aloof; but in the one street of the village itself, pigs, cows, hens and their offspring, wallowed in mud and accumulated filth.

It is difficult to know which is the more striking: the French peasant's stoicism in the presence of war, or his indifference to dirt.

ON this particular evening in May of 1918, Simunde was frankly regretting the absence of men. Not that she had ever been in love or known the rapture of wandering in the moonlight with a man (France is almost the only civilized country remaining that has not relegated chaperons to the realm of fiction); but she wanted to use her eyes on something more susceptible than a cow or a curé. It was spring, and she felt pretty, and when a woman is conscious of her own charm she seldom wishes to prove miserly with it.

She had just run across the road to convince a cow of its loss of the sense of direction when she heard the neighing of a horse. Glancing behind her, she looked directly into the eyes of a mounted British officer, whereupon that gentleman brought his steed to a standstill.

"*Bon soir, Mademoiselle,*" said he.

"*Bon soir, monsieur,*" she answered demurely. Her eyes were lowered shyly, and her fingers played over the stick she was carrying, like a flute-player caressing his instrument. The officer bowed slightly and tried to recall his French vocabulary, though it must be admitted he was never loquacious in any tongue when conversing with a daughter of Eve. As for her, since it is a woman's *role*, she waited. Would he speak again or would he pass on, leaving the memory of yet one more meeting with a gentleman of adventure, one more roadside drama in which the dialogue consisted only of an exchange of salutations? Most men who have returned from France will recall for years to come how, a few kilometres back from Hell, they often caught a glimpse of two dark eyes and a tender smile. Just that and—

Continued on page 52

Planning Soviet Rule in Canada

Tracing to the Centre of the Web

By LIEUT.-COL. J. B. MACLEAN

THE defeat of the Revolutionists in Winnipeg by the arrest of the leaders has not by any means ended the dangers to Canada. There is every reason to look for serious times this fall and winter. The Germans are spending money freely; and from a purely business standpoint it will pay them to pour out many millions more in their efforts to promote strikes, create discord among returned soldiers and otherwise cripple Canadian and other allied trades while they—far better organized than we are—will undersell us in our own markets.

Clear, undisputed evidence is in the possession of the authorities that their agents and dupes are preparing Eastern Canada, particularly Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, for the revolution; that the money comes from German sources; and finally that the whole movement is directed from one source in the United States and by one German, in New York, who has been wielding great power at Ottawa. I have never seen his name in a Canadian paper and a man who occupied a prominent position in the Department of Justice during the war, whose business it was to know of every dangerous character, had never heard of him. The Minister of Justice and some Cabinet Ministers had been fully warned. Yet that man, a German enemy, went to Ottawa and caused two of the most important orders-in-council —which had been carefully drawn up and issued, and which were designed for our protection at home and the safety of our fighting men overseas—to be cancelled, that he and his agents might more effectively work for our injury and defeat. We did not awaken until he had almost accomplished part of his scheme—a Soviet Government in Winnipeg. Then an aroused public opinion forced the Government to bring back the orders in council in the form of an Act of Parliament. Incidentally letters seized show that the Revolution started in Winnipeg sooner than the higher-ups intended.

This man in Sauteri Nuorteva, New York, alias Nyberg, a German ex-convict, head of the German propaganda bureau in New York—the body which directed the bombing, fires and explosions in the munition plants and ships in the U.S.

If the Dominion Department of Justice had acted on the information of those who knew the facts, who gave them the facts, there would have been no big strike in Winnipeg, there would have been no smaller strikes from Vancouver East to Sydney. Other very important information was offered from other official sources and the offers did not bring the courtesy of an acknowledgment. Time and again the local authorities sentenced most dangerous agitators, the men who started the trouble and they were promptly released. The Labor Unions, the employers and the people of Canada have suffered losses of millions upon millions, at the instigation of the enemy and for the sole purpose of benefiting the enemy in the war and in the future, and the Dominion Ministry of Justice is entirely to blame. Has not the time come for a complete clean-up of a department that has been failing us, that has failed to co-operate with the Militia Department and that actually thwarted the efforts of the Prime Minister himself?

It is true that there is something to be said in extenuation. The Department is handicapped because it must act through local authority, and provincial and municipal officials are as sceptical of German propaganda as the Asquith-Haldane-Churchill gang were of a German war. That does not excuse them but it proves the need for a virile Dominion Police force.

AN opportunity for full inquiry is now open. Press despatches say that the Manitoba Government is investigating the causes leading to the Winnipeg strike and the results. The Commissioner cannot do his work effectively unless he procures all the data in the Department of Justice, and particularly the reports submitted by C. H. Cahan, K.C., and the information received and offered, but ignored, from other very important sources. In an article on "Why Canada Let Trotzky Go," published in June MACLEAN'S, I referred to the appointment of Mr. Cahan as Director of Public Safety. I did not then, and do not now know Mr. Cahan, I have never even seen him and have therefore no personal interest in him. What I know, and am giving here, is the result of special inquiries. The fact more than confirms what was said on Page 66, in June MACLEAN'S, about the Trotzky influence at Ottawa and the persistent propaganda carried on by his agents through his groups in Canada to hamper our war efforts and bring on trouble connected with labor and returned soldiers. Conditions were so bad and the Department of Justice showed such helplessness, that the outlook seemed hopeless and Sir Robert Borden brought Mr. Cahan all the way from California and asked him, as a personal favor, to take charge of the situation, as Director of Public Safety. Certain persons in Canada co-operated with him and he had the assistance of the secret sources of all our Allies, so that he soon uncovered a mass of amazing information. But officialdom blocked him at every turn. Men who should have helped him sneered at his work. Sir Robert, who knew the seriousness of the situation, was at the Peace Conference and other Cabinet Ministers were not only indifferent but they hampered Mr. Cahan's work. Only in the Militia Dept., where they had a strong Minister and a very capable chief of staff, General Gwatkin, was his work understood.

Sauteri Nuorteva, the German who is inspiring and directing from New York the labor troubles in Canada.

Tracing it Back to Martens

BUT the Winnipeg strike came and happenings leading up to it began to be gossiped about. Cahan's reports were recalled. The raids and the arrests of the leaders in Winnipeg and Toronto, the raids elsewhere, the splendid work of the N. W. Police under Com. Perry and finally the big raids in New York produced evidence that proved that the trouble was all directed from one centre in New York. At the head of that centre was a German, Martens, with millions of money available for propaganda. Martens claimed to be a Russian, but the U.S. Government produced his own sworn and signed statement made in 1916, proving he was a German and that he registered there as a German. A further study of the names uncovered in the raids and their activities that led to the strikes show that had the Department of Justice arrested and jailed or deported about thirty men whose names they had, they would have put out of the way the real trouble-makers and there would have been no strikes.

And again, Canada owes a tremendous debt to the Minister of Labor and to the Trade Union leaders who supported him in Canada, and to Gompers and the heads of the International Unions in the States. These men had a broader knowledge of world situations than the Ministry of Justice. But for their foresight and steadfastness there is no doubt but that Canada from Port Arthur to Vancouver would have come under Soviet rule in May.

Help the Labor Unions

NOR is it fair to put all the blame upon the Ministry of Justice. A lot of us, manufacturers and employers of labor, have not done and are not doing what we should to help our best friends, the legitimate labor unions and the men in them in the present life and death struggle with anarchy. We are hearing a great deal about *conciliation*, but General Mitchell, whose brilliant intelligence and propaganda work in France and Italy brought him international recognition, started a new and vastly better idea when he said in a public address that it was not *conciliation* that we needed between employers and employees, including returned soldiers, but *co-operation*. Writing from my own experience of over a third of a century with the seven different unions in my own employ and with the mass of information now at hand I would impress upon all employers the recognition of and the standing by all *bona fide* unions, meeting all reasonable requests as to methods of bargaining, wages and hours. I have had many a fight with my own Unions, I have had strikes, and will probably have trouble in the future. My actual experience always favored International Unions. The men at the head have a world experience and outlook which overcomes the narrowness of a small locality—and they are almost invariably fair and conscientious in their dealings. I believe I am right in saying that the master printers of Toronto were the first to grant the nine-hour day; then the eight. More than that we inaugurated collective bargaining. In 1907 we entered into a five year collective agreement with seven allied printing trades. At the end of that time the leading Union said: "No more collective bargaining for us," and we have never gone back to it. We now have to spend weeks settling seven different wage scales with seven different unions.

The labor view is expressed by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, who sailed last week for the International Trades Union Congress at Amsterdam, when he said his delegation was pledged to advocate the broad principles of democracy and justice to which the workers are entitled as against Bolshevism.

Some of the most important facts in this article have been given me by U.S. and Canadian labor leaders.

NOT only in Canada but in Britain and the United States have we employers been short-sighted. Mayor Hanson of Seattle, who fought the I. W. W. when his city found itself one day under a Soviet Government, told the business men of Chicago last week that the indifference of employers in the North-West to the conditions in which lumbermen lived had given opportunity for Radicals to promote trouble and Samuel Crowther, who had been investigating conditions in Europe for a U.S. business paper, takes a similar view. "The question," he says, "which the European employer formerly asked himself with respect to labor was, 'How can I get an adequate production at a proper cost from my force?' The question that he is now asking himself is, 'How can I avoid going out of business?'" He concludes his report with:

"If I should be asked to state in a word what will be the policy of British employers—and I have talked with a great many of them—I could only say that there is no policy as yet. But there is an openmindedness in the majority which may work out the situation, once labor itself can determine what it stands for. If the trade unions win out, then industrial peace is possible. If they do not win out, then anything may happen. The main difficulties in England have been brought about by the employer refusing to face facts until he was opposed by a great movement—a movement which is an effect and not a cause. And that is the lesson which British industrial policies hold for America."

Sir Robert Hadfield explains why the British are not getting back their markets because the "manufac-

turers' hands are tied because a very great proportion of his time is occupied with the settling of labor troubles."

The British situation, according to William Allen White, editor of the Kansas City *Star*, who has been reporting the Peace Conference, is likely to lead to a bloodless uprising in England and that sooner or later England would be flourishing under Soviet government. "It will be a bloodless and orderly procedure," he said, "with King George as a sort of royal Soviet ruler. The King is playing with the radicals of England in about the same fashion as if Mr. Wilson were 'kowtowing' to the Debs element in this country. The British soldiers fought for democracy and are insistent that they have democracy in England. Higher wages in England will be the first fruit of this bloodless revolt, and the signs apparent just now are plentiful."

The labor troubles that have been going on and are constantly breaking out across Canada are well known. In the United States they are becoming so bad that one State after another has been deeply stirred up. And an attempt was made to break up the greatest labor organization with its three million members, to be followed by nation-wide impossible labor demands. Cables tell us of great strikes in France, Italy and the Australias.

Investigations conducted in Germany by British business men and financiers show that there are no serious wage or other labor troubles there; that the few agitators are dealt with promptly, generally shot; that employers and employees are working loyally together, as partners; that they are quickly reorganizing their industries; and that their production costs will be so low that they will soon get back many of their old markets, where in many lines they can undersell Britain, United States and Canada.

Thus we have a peaceful, aggressive Germany, but in all the allied countries simultaneous labor troubles. All are conducted on exactly the same lines as those leading to a Soviet Russia—the lines Trotzky learned in America. All are aiming to establish a Soviet in unison with Russia. In Russia 270 out of the 282 controlling that country are German.

Can there be but one explanation? Germany wants to keep us occupied with our own troubles and out of Russia, while she gets back her markets and retains her hold on Russia If she succeeds she wins the war.

German Propaganda in Canada

But let us see what evidence there is of German influence. In Canada we had our Investigating Committee, but only the surface was touched and the real facts underlying all the troubles were not uncovered because of disorganization in the Department of Justice and the lack of investigators. It was a free-for-all show. No effort was made by the committee to prepare and present evidence. It was a *complaint* bureau, not an *Investigating Committee.*

In New York State, however, they have gone about it in the right way. A Committee of the Legislature was appointed under Senator Lusk. They had the sympathy and support of the great majority of Trade Union leaders. The Senator at once selected a corps of able investigators—men who had been trained in the Military, Justice, and Naval Departments. They began to delve under the surface. They got at the cause—German propaganda. The little they have let out has alarmed the nation. It has now got beyond a question of labor troubles, and one State after another has appointed Legislative Committees to investigate these wide-spread Bolshevik activities. Apparently, investigations are to become nationwide. Everywhere these investigations are leading to Canada. They show that the Bolsheviks regard Canada as the most promising of all their fields, with Australia next. They show that the movement is backed by Germany. Back of it all is one of the brainiest Germans on the continent—the unofficial representative of Germany in America—a man who at one time had $40,000,000 of German money at his disposal. Under him a figurehead, Ludwig A. K. Martens. One day last year, Martens announced that he had been appointed Soviet Ambassador to the U. S. But Washington refused to recognize him officially. Washington, it appears, knew that Trotzky had selected a very clever German who went under the name of Sauteri Nuorteva. As his own record was not good and for other reasons, he suggested Martens, who had been posing as a Russian. But in 1914, he had registered as a German in England and in the United States. As late as 1916 he had sworn that he was German. The State Department bided its time. Martens' place was raided by, and he was summoned before the Lusk Committee. He protested his Russian citizenship when the above facts were flashed at him. He and his large staff occupied two floors in a large office building. They were all very busy for months. He said they were engaged in making large purchases for Russia; that they had $200,000,000 cash to spend. They spread this in Canada. Cornered, he had to admit that they had not bought one dollar's worth of goods, and finally it was shown that they were engaged in the most wide-spread, most nefarious propaganda that ever happened in the history of the United States and Canada. The king-pin of the organization was Nuorteva. Nominally a minor employee in the Soviet Bureau, he was really the clearing house for all the Bolshevik activities on the continent, including South America—the man who exerted such power at Ottawa, where he frequently went. The Bureau directed the I. W. W. and various subsidiaries, among which were all those banned from Canada; the Rand School occupying every floor of a big office building from which emanated, or were directed, publications totalling 750,000 daily circulation. From this centre too, went out a large staff of lecturers. One letter intercepted showed a Church of England Bishop wanted to deliver a series of lectures for the "Reds" in New York.

The Revolutionists are divided into three groups. The first is a small minority who would resort to any extreme to carry out their programme of revolution. The second is made up of loose-mouthed, mentally unbalanced political reformers. The third consists of a depraved few drawn together by talk of free love, nationalization of women and that sort of thing. The Lusk Committee intend to put each of them on the stand and give them an opportunity to explain.

Papers seized in the New York raids show that they had an extensive mailing list of persons to whom literature was regularly sent, advocating directly or indirectly revolution in Canada and the United States. These comprised Anarchists, Socialists, I. W. W., and other well-known fomentors of discords. Among the names on that list is a well-known Canadian labor leader, a man who is largely responsible for the troubles at present in the Maritime Provinces. He has been more or less ostracized by reputable labor leaders. One of them tells me they have the evidence that he is in constant communication with the Soviet, leaders of the I. W. W. and left wing of the Socialist party in New York. He further tells me the papers show not only this but a direct line of relationship between Canadian agitators and the revolutionary leaders in New York, and practically every move that has been made in Canada in the past year has been the result of conferences held and lines of action decided upon by the recognized radical leaders in the Union Square district.

Some other items selected at random from the papers read and translated by Senator Lusk's committee are:—

Martens, who posed as Bolshevik Ambassador to the United States. He is a German.

Prof. Scott Nearing, who was expelled from Pennsylvania University because he was endeavoring to prevent Americans from enlisting, is being paid a large salary to lecture and write for this Rand School. Prof. Nearing's main activities have been in the direction of arming the mob and taking away all arms from owners of property, including Trades Unionists who have worked hard, saved a little money and bought their own homes. With the members of the Soviet armed and all the other Unionists, employers and the public generally unarmed, Prof. Nearing points out it will be quite easy to seize the Government.

German Agents in Our Regiments

Another of the lecturers paid by the Rand School is J. E. Coldwell, convicted under the U. S. espionage law. In fact the society that owns the school has been convicted of sending men to enlist in U. S. regiments for the purpose of creating insubordination and mutiny. How far were our troubles in England inspired by the same source. In both Canada and the U. S. it was the Military Intelligence Departments who first uncovered German propaganda, but our Department of Justice and the public generally treated their reports as the wildest fiction and no systematic action was taken. Now it is definitely known that at least one German accompanied every Corps leaving Canada. They were thoroughly organized there being the chief agent with each division, one captain for each brigade to which the regimental spies reported and from whom they took orders. A number of them were caught and executed. But, it was not until the end was approaching that we in this country realized how thoroughly the German propaganda had been organized. The agents had two duties, to pass on reports and spread discontent leading to Bolshevism. Exactly the same thing happened in the U. S. Overseas Forces, and a number of officers and men were caught and sentenced.

They hope for as little bloodshed as possible, but the organ of the I. W. W. and *One Big Union* quotes as follows: "The United States is in the grip of a bloody revolution! Thousands of workers are slaughtered by machine guns in New York City! Washington is on fire! Industry is at a standstill and thousands of workers are starving. The Government is using the most brutal and repressive measures to put down the revolution. The above is what we may expect to see on the front pages of what few newspapers survive the upheaval."

The Socialists who want reform by evolution and not by bloody revolution say that the Soviet and I. W. W. have lists of men and women to be hanged, which include many labor leaders as well as so-called employers. Other captured documents show 52 I. W. W. publications, a number of them being under cover, with an aggregate daily circulation of 750,000. They also tend to show that the I. W. W. control a majority of the members in 100 trade unions and that when they are ready to strike, they can tie up the industries of the country if they all hang together. The method used was to get one I. W. W. in each trade union and for that one member to give all his spare time to his one factory in regard to the I. W. W. propaganda.

Also one or more reporters on each newspaper and at all possible centres of news disseminating bureaus.

Nuorteva says those who oppose the Soviet are in the pay of the English Imperialists and this story is being assiduously spread in the U. S.

Senator Lusk, chairman of the Committee investigating the activities and under whose direction the raids were made, sizes up the situation as follows:—

"There is a big radical element on every hand. To go at the matter intelligently we must separate this radical element into its proper classifications. Worst of all is the wilful and deliberate or insane extremist who believes in the bomb and other forms of wanton destruction. Along with him is the man who would set aside all of the laws and beliefs that have been handed down to us since the days of Washington and overthrow our Government by violence and revolution There is only one way to deal with this radical element. Whatever force is necessary on the part of the Government must be used to protect our institutions and the persons and property of our citizens from violence.

"The best of the radical element is comprised of men who feel that there are many existing wrongs in our country and who brood over what they consider to be these wrongs and who want to see them remedied. This appears to be a growing class. These are the men to whom we should give consideration and attention.

Continued on page 48

The Month's Vital Question

Will War-time Prices *Ever* Drop?

THE fact that "one can buy ten cents' worth of almost anything now for thirty cents" fills many columns of Canadian newspapers, both news and editorial pages. The recent action of the Government in creating a Court of Commerce, and in passing certain other presumably remedial legislation, has once again focussed the attention of the entire Dominion on our ever-present bugaboo, the High Cost of Living.

"Getting prices back to normal," says the Toronto *Star*, "is as difficult as coaxing a frightened kitten down out of a tree. The more you coax, the higher climbs kitty."

That this is the view taken by the committee of the House of Commons which inquired into the H. C. of L. is shown by the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, in its summary of the committee's report: "All that the committee can say, as a result of its investigations, is that the price level is not fixed. Prices may come down; but, so far as the committee can see, *they are just as liable to go up.*"

Those newspapers—and those members of the general public—who expected war-time prices to cease with, first, the termination of hostilities, and, later, with the signing of the peace pact, have met with keen—and even amazed disappointment, and many newspapers are busy trying to explain why we're paying war-time prices in peace-time.

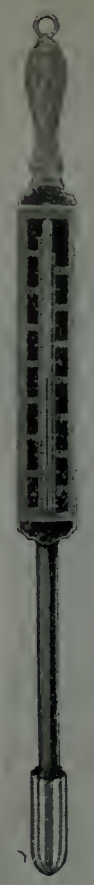
The basic economic causes, underlying the present era of high prices, are very little discussed by editorial writers. The Montreal *Gazette*, Victoria *Times* and others refer to the world shortage of almost all commodities, the large numbers of men still withdrawn from productive activities, the currency inflation, the large issue of securities, and other non-local, fundamental causes in a more or less perfunctory manner. Many papers ignore them altogether, and lay stress upon certain minor and contributory causes, with the apparent purpose in view that these secondary causes may, perhaps, be removed, or their effect minimized.

"The love of the almighty dollar is the principal cause of the high prices of things," in the opinion of the Stratford *Beacon*. This view is shared by the London *Advertiser* which excoriates profiteers and laments that "fortunes have been greedily grasped out of the misfortunes of the world, and that dividends beyond the richest dreams of promoters have been piled up."

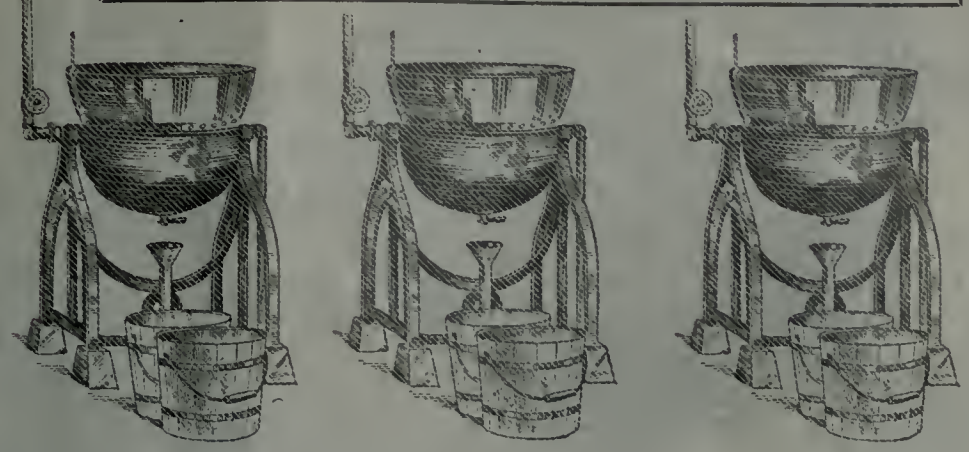
'Tis But Cold Comfort

In the same vein, the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* says: "It may be some consolation to the consumer to know that his own extravagance is held partly responsible for the high prices. Expensive tastes in meats and other things, and the demand for frequent deliveries, are mentioned as among the things that help to increase the cost of living."

The prevalence of strikes is referred to as an aggravating factor. The Toronto *Star* emphasizes the fact that during June, 1919, there were 89 strikes, involving 87,917 people, and resulting



This is a photographic reproduction of a section of our kettle room, and one of the thermometers. These make for absolute uniformity in Wethey's Orange Marmalade.



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It never varies. Every jar of it is the same. Carefully selected Seville oranges, pure cane sugar and scientific cookery make

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Ask your grocer for Wethey's Orange Marmalade. It satisfies the most critical. If your grocer is out of Wethey's he can easily get it for you.

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YOU will find an Ivory Soap bath *different*. Ivory works up instantly into a thick, soft, copious lather which spreads easily over the body and does not dry on the skin. It rinses quickly; no soap remains in the pores. The body glows after the "drying off" but does not shine because there is no unsaponified oil in Ivory. Your skin never smarts or burns after an Ivory Soap bath. Instead, you have a feeling of delightful exhilaration. An added advantage of Ivory in the bath is that it floats and is always within reach. You are not likely to slip on it in getting out of the tub.

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Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

in a loss of about 1,445,021 working days; in June, 1918, there were 32 strikes, involving 11,888 people, and the loss of only 46,941 working days. The Manitoba *Free Press* is authority for the statement that "the strike. . . . has prevented the manufacture of 2,000,000 pounds of butter within the province of Manitoba alone. . . . The farmers and creameries have lost $1,040,000, the farmers, of course, losing the major portion of that amount," and concludes its editorial by asking: "Are methods which produce the above results calculated to reduce the high cost of living?"

The Edmonton *Bulletin*, and many others, call attention to the fact that not the least important factor in the "vicious circle" is the high cost of labor. The *Bulletin* remarks: "The higher the cost of producing in the city what the farmer has to buy, the higher the cost of producing on the farm what the city dweller has to eat."

The Commons Cost of Living Committee reported that "the present price of wheat is a notable factor in the high cost of living."

Combines, mergers and profiteers appear to be legitimate targets for anyone who wants to lambaste some concern or individual, without fear of a "comeback." Certainly, during the sessions of the Cost of Living Committee, no opportunity was neglected to give publicity to extraordinary profits, in the opinion of the editor of the *Canadian Military Gazette*, who alleges that "the trouble arises mainly in the desire of the newspapers for sensational copy."

"Some of the profits," retorts the Toronto *Star*, "have been sensational enough to suit any such demand."

"Given a fairly-administered excess business profit tax, and a well-administered income tax," the *Military Gazette* asks, "Is there anything very bad about large profits made by companies?"

Those Huge Profits

In an editorial headed: "How the Robbery is Carried Out," the Belleville *Ontario* answers this query in no dubious fashion: "Such a state of affairs is nothing short of damnable and entitled to rank with high crimes for which the most serious punishment is provided."

The Saskatoon *Phoenix* believes that the revelations before the Committee should result in the formation of two parties in Canada—"the party of the protected interests and the party of the unprotected interests."

The Manitoba *Free Press* ascribes a great deal of the present industrial unrest to the attitude of the general public toward profiteering, and says: "The profiteering to which this natural evolution of trade and commerce is giving rise must be stopped. It is a fruitful source of popular discontent. It is a powerful weapon in the extension of ultra-socialistic doctrines which become revolutionary."

The C. of L. Committee reported that some profiteering was found to be "involuntary," and adds that "Individual cases of high profits have been discovered, but these are probably not more numerous or excessive than during ordinary times of peace. In some cases they are due to war orders, in other cases to speculation and efficiency, and again in other cases to a favored condition and greed."

A special investigation into combines was made, to supplement the committee's report, by Dr. W. T. Jackman, of the University of Toronto, and the Toronto *Globe* quotes him to the effect that "there is a good deal of combination everywhere in Canada, but in nearly every case its purpose is protective and not predatory." "Combinations for protective prices," the *Globe* concludes, "can mean only higher prices for consumers than those which would prevail otherwise."

What can we do about it?

Well, what is the remedy? What can be done to make the H. C. of L. less of a bogey? Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, quoted by the Halifax *Chronicle*, suggests as the panacea: "The remedy is to increase production and reduce consumption. These are the remedies—just simple thrift and hard work. That is as old as humanity, but it is sound. When you have high prices all over the world, you may depend upon it that they are not due to any local conditions."

With this simple formula the Toronto *Star* agrees, remarking that "old-fashioned remedies are often the best, and, by the same token, frequently overlooked." The Kingston *Standard* calls Sir Thomas' statement "the merest truism," and emphasizes the fact that "people who practise thrift, work hard, and produce more, object to having all this made use of by profiteers for their own advantage."

In its report, the C. of L. Committee decides that fixed prices and export embargoes would be "unsound on economic lines."

No material reduction in prices can be expected, the Committee reported, "except by increasing the volume, or by lowering the cost of distribution." "Get back into productive industry," and "encourage co-operative buying" are two other Committee admonitions.

If the Government fixes a price on wheat this year, the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle* asserts that a remedy for the H. C. of L. must be found in the fixing of other prices, on articles of everyday consumption. This paper contends that if the Government is going to agree to the farmers' demands, then it must, in consistence, accede to the demand of the people generally for a fixing of profits on all other articles of daily consumption. If it is fair to make certain the profits of the wheat growers, it surely is nothing more than fair to adopt such regulations as will assure consumers that they are not going to be robbed all along the line."

It's Up to The People

The solution of the whole question, says the Toronto *Star*, rests with the Canadian people. As the Manitoba *Free Press* says, "There is clear recognition of the point that it is impossible to restore pre-war prices. That is part of the price of the war. The fact might as well be faced. There may be a slight lowering in quotations here and there but an advance at some other point will neutralize it."

The moral the *Free Press* expresses tersely, is: "Buy!—you people—buy! But buy wisely, judiciously, carefully, intelligently.

"Buy—buy to-day!
"Buy those things you need.
"Buy wisely, but buy now.
"Now's the time—Let's Go!
"That is a good spirit for Winnipeg to emulate in tackling its post-war, post-strike problems."

That the whole of the Dominion should emulate this spirit is emphasized in the H. C. of L. Committee's report. This says: "In the final analysis the solution of the whole problem rests in a willingness on the part of all Canadian people to seize and make use of the splendid opportunities before them."

In other words: "IT'S UP TO YOU."

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Britain Winning Supremacy in the Air

How Great Britain is Developing Her Peace-time Programme in Aviation

THE present supremacy of Great Britain in flying will probably be questioned by no one. As the need of defence of an island gave her supremacy in the sea, so the need of defence of an island and an empire has pushed her to supremacy in the air. Richard Washburn Child, in an article in *Collier's* tells of the remarkable and complete programme Britain has for conquering the air.

In 1914, he writes, just before the war, the British Army asked Parliament for $5,000,000 for the air service. When the armistice came, I am told, the Air Ministry was preparing to ask for forty times as much. Peace has cut the estimate to something less than half a billion dollars for this year.

When the war came to an end there were more than 27,000 flying officers in the British air forces; toward the upkeep of a substantial air force there is no wobbling in the present British attitude.

"How many air battles were fought by your men during the war?" I asked.

"All in all, not less than 40,000," said the young major who has access to the figures. "It is one of the reasons why we are asking for a sizable air force. We shall have a peace footing of over 100 squadrons, with over 5,000 officers and at least 50,000 men."

It is, however, in civil flying that the present imagination of the Air Ministry, of Parliament, and of the British press and people is caught to a degree of which we Americans know nothing.

The kind of fact which stimulates this imagination is found in the rounds made these days by the political officer of the British at Bagdad. An inspection which once took him two months is now finished in forty-eight hours.

The kind of fact which stimulates this imagination is found in the plans for the "all-red routes" which the British are making to bind the empire together—to Egypt; from Cairo to Calcutta; Calcutta to Singapore; Singapore to Australia and New Zealand.

The chief of the British Air Staff and Controller General of Civil Aviation is Major General Sir F. H. Sykes. No doubt there are British flyers who believe that the imagination and foresight of this remarkable young man are too much restrained by his practical mind and the vast experience which the war, which his command of the air forces at the Dardanelles and in France, and his capacity for work and for infecting all his subordinates with work, have brought under his nose. But the British have put under his charge with full faith the development of peace aviation. They have ruled the wave. They will rule the air.

General Sykes has a map. It shows the various stages of the aerial route. The line touches Cairo, stretches out to Karachi, Singapore, to the Sunda Islands, to Wyndham in Australia, over the rough country to the railway line through Queensland and New South Wales to Melbourne, and then by way of Tasmania to New Zealand.

Some one asks what has been done besides map work. Sykes would say at once that pioneer flights have already been operating as far as to Karachi, Delhi, and Calcutta; he would point to the lessons of the regular air service now being operated between Boulogne and Cologne so that when this service is extended across the Channel to London the War Office can reach occupied territory in seven hours instead of five days. He would say that the system of wireless stations, the captive balloons to guide pilots flying above the clouds, established only a month or two for a route which since then has been afflicted with "horrible" weather, would be installed under the favorable weather conditions which make the Cairo-to-Australia aerial line an assured development.

Civil flying during the war was prohibited; it is good prophecy that the removal of the restrictions will result in the British taking to the air in a way to astonish us. Manufacturers, relying upon the attitude of the Air Ministry, are going forward with planes for commercial work.

Not to private initiative, however, but rather to Government oversight, control patronage, and research the British are intrusting the future of civil and commercial flying.

The truth of the matter is that it is doubtful whether civil aviation will keep pace with the times in any nation which sleeps over its opportunity. People who live under Governments which turn their backs upon aviation as a new and vital factor in war and in the economic and social life of the world may buy airplanes and go up in them, but ultimately, for the public safety, Governments will have to treat flying as a national and not a private affair.

The British are treating flying as a national affair. The men who have put the British first in the field of war flying and of making war flyers are going to put the British first in the field of peace flying and the making of peace flyers. These men begin with the idea that flying is a national necessity.

General Sykes believes that international rules are even more important than the laws which are now being prepared for flying within the air spaces above the United Kingdom. Not only is it necessary to deal as a nation with flying in its legal aspects, but the British believe that the flying of the future must be deeloped upon a basis of auxuiliary services, without which flying will remain as more of an individual venture than as a part of the life of a people. There is no agency which can supplant the Government in furnishing these services. The war has shown it.

Before the war where were the flying fields, the aerodromes, the markets for manufacturers, the research bureaus, the experience, the utilization of national communication systems, the wireless stations, the balloon guides, the beacon lights which all stand ready to-day as a background for the development of flying in peace times for commerce and transit?

What other agency than a Government can furnish a continuance of these auxiliary services upon which a nation's flying must depend?

The British, finding no answer to this latter question, have prepared to spend $2,500,000 at once on the organization and first work of the Civil Flying Division in the Air Ministry; they have prepared to spend $10,000,000 on research and experimental work. Some of this work will be done by the Government; some of it will be done by manufacturers who themselves could not command the capital necessary.

An investigation of the fields of labor and probable results to be obtained by this governmental work indicates clearly enough that it is folly for any people—the people of the United States, for instance—to rely upon private initiative for development of peace flying any more than they would rely upon it for the development of national air-flying power.

Let us look into it. Flying is not only as dependent upon rights of way, signals, beacons, weather, as water navigation; it is more so. He is a dull man indeed who cannot see that "navigation" of the air will require more services of the state and perhaps in the end give more service to the state than navigation of the sea.

The British Air Ministry, with this fact in mind, has favored Government patronage from the first, when control and assistance will count, rather than ultimate Government control and patronage when the control is made necessary by abuses of flying.

The plan of the ministry is to divide the attention given to civil flying into state flying and commercial flying. State flying is aviation for the mails, the customs service, the police, and for the multitude of official errands of importance.

The same Government promotion of the auxiliary or ground services which make the "background" for a nation's flying is needed as much for commercial flying as for state flying.

There is the weather. As General Sykes says, it is still the great natural enemy of aviation. No agency except a Government can furnish an adequate aviation weather report. None other can furnish the daily forecast such as the aviation forecast which now appears every morning in one's London morning newspaper as a beginning of a service, now in its infancy. When one is planning to fly to Paris, it is with the same interest which the boy had in reading the weather prognosis for the Fourth of July, "that visibility in the Channel is low, cloud banks on 20-mile southerly wind will arrive over Dover at 11 a.m. Wind velocity at 10,000 feet is 15 miles an hour," and so on.

Already the flight of man has dropped a bomb into the camp of the meteorologists, and already the weather studies extending to great heights above the earth promise to open up to weather reporting whole new fields of researches, yielding not only information to aviators but to all mankind. In the United Kingdom there already are nearly forty meteorological stations of the Royal Air Force. Without a national service, linked with an international service, the very bud of flight is nipped.

"Oh, it must be an international service for my purpose," said a pilot to me. "If it isn't, it's really very little good. A man can't get a really decent day's flying over England, you know."

Aerial navigation cannot be developed quickly without Government assistance. There are two sides of aerial navigation. One is skill and knowledge of the pilot, that ever-increasing requirement of technique which will lift the civil flying pilot out of the class of chauffeur, to which some misguided persons think he will belong, and perhaps above the class of marine navigator as well.

The useful flyer of peace will even have to be much more of a trained man than the flyer in war—more of a navigator. Not all, but most of the war flying, say some of the British who did it, was short-flight, calling for dash and daring, but not for the calm head and technical knowledge needed by the flyer of an airplane carrying twenty or thirty precious passengers from Stockholm to Marseilles or His Majesty's Royal Mail from the Sunda Islands to Australia, when it is a question of "going around the outside" of a typhoon.

Whatever may be one's opinion about Government oversight of peace-flying education, there can be no argument about the need for the Government to provide, as it provides for sea navigators, the services necessary to develop air routes.

But, unlike the mariner, the flyer of commerce and of Government service will probably require, if he is to fly in all weathers, constant touch with, and guidance by, the devices of wireless telegraphs and of wireless telephones which are developing so rapidly. He will navigate not by landmarks, not by charts, not by observation of the stars, but by directions sent up to him as he hangs in the bowl of the sky or bores his way through the clouds.

Is this a fantasy of the future? Not exactly. Not long ago one of the larger planes left Henderson Flying Field for Paris. An aerial navigator, without looking out of his craft, gave all the steering directions and calculated within a minute or two when Paris could be sighted. He could tell within a mile whether or not the machine was over Brighton at the moment he was asked the question. All this rather useful information to a navigator came through many miles of unwired space and was crystallized into human knowledge on a little metallic device at his finger tips. But it takes a Government to provide a service of this kind at the many points necessary.

If the war had not enlisted the British Government in aircraft research and experiment, and made desperate the need for improvement of the art of flying under a central authority such as the British Air Ministry, civil flying might have been ten years behind its present development.

The British will fly. Government and people are shoulder to shoulder on this. Even some of the labor Members of Parliament, who are just now railing at Government expenditure, are ready to see money spent by the Civil Flying Department of the Air Ministry.

Vital to the development of flying for peace is a definite and continuous Government policy, with Government support and supervision of flying under one central authority.

Kaiser Employed Famous Beauties

How Germany Enmeshed the Balkan States by Use of Women

HISTORY tells us how in times past the fate of nations has at times been influenced by the machinations of beautiful women, but the story of how the late Kaiser made use of the eternal feminine to spin his web around the various Balkan principalities is as full of interest as any similar story of ancient history. H. de Wissen, in the *Forum*, lays bare the planning and plotting by which Mad Wilhelm hoped to secure these minor nations to his own ends.

There was no state of the Balkans, he writes, too small for the Kaiser to desire. In Montenegro there ruled a very clever king, Nicholas I.

From the centre of the web in Potsdam the Kaiser feasted his eyes upon Montenegro. He knew that the old king had never looked leniently upon Pan-German intrigue despite attractive inducements. But the Kaiser knew also that it might be possible to win these little Balkan countries one by one to his side. Cherchez la femme!

The old king of Montenegro was ambitious for his daughters. There were six very charming girls. The aged and crafty matchmaker had succeeded in marrying five of them into high positions of European royalty. There remained the beautiful dark-eyed Princess Helene. Wilhelm suggested to Rome that among the beautiful daughters of Nicholas, of Montenegro, a suitable wife might be found for the Italian Crown Prince. Acting upon the Kaiser's advice, the Prince of Naples journeyed to Cetinje, met the dark-eyed Helene with a result that their betrothal was soon announced. And the spider in Potsdam was pleased.

The Italian Crown Prince and Helene came to the Italian throne. The Kaiser promptly asked the new King whether he would undertake the office of mediator in settling the terms of a defensive and offensive alliance between Germany and Montenegro. Being an exceedingly wise and capable man, Victor Emmanuel suavely declined, on the pretext that his father-in-law, the old King of Montenegro, was such an opinionated character that he never dreamed of suggesting anything to him, particularly where politics were concerned. The Kaiser's matchmaking had gone for naught.

The spider spun on. His eye fastened upon Danilo, the young Montenegran Crown Prince. He invited the prince to Berlin. Danilo was entertained royally. This led to the meeting of Danilo with an attractive German Princess, Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and to her smile and charm Danilo yielded. She went back with him to Montenegro as his bride. At last the Hohenzollern had caught the little kingdom in his web.

Jutta was clever and she made herself liked in Montenegro. From the day she was installed as the Crown Prince's wife in Cetinje, she began to intrigue and to plot, carrying out the instructions of Berlin. Insidiously she inflamed the people and to-day, discordant with the reaction of war, susceptible to the spirit of revolt sweeping westward from Russia, Montenegro is fertile Bolshevistic soil. The inflaming of the people by Jutta's acts and pomp have their sequel in old King Nicholas wandering around Paris today, fearful of going back to the land that once loved him.

There was Servia under the Obrenovitches.

The young King Alexander had just come to the throne.

The eye of the Kaiser fastened upon

End Every Corn Before You Fit a Shoe

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No Dainty Shoes

If You Consider Corns

There are these three ways:

1---Get big, loose-fitting shoes which don't pinch corns, or which permit corn pads.

2---Get dainty shoes and suffer.

3---Remove the corns.

The Sensible Way

The last way is the only way to nowadays consider. A corn is today a reflection. It signifies neglect.

Millions of people know that corns can be quickly ended. They have proved it repeatedly with Blue-jay.

They apply it in a jiffy, and the pain stops instantly. The corn never aches again.

In two days the corn completely disappears. Only one corn in ten needs a second application.

A large proportion of all corns are now ended in that way.

Scientific Methods

Blue-jay is the scientific method, evolved by scientific men. It is made in laboratories known the world over.

It has displaced, with those who know, the old, harsh, mussy methods. It substitutes a method which is gentle, sure and right.

People who now pare corns and merely pad them do themselves injustice. Corn troubles should be ended.

People who use wrong treatments court soreness and disappointment.

Let Blue-jay prove itself. Try it on one corn. It will show you the way to dainty, corn-free feet.

You will never let a corn annoy you after that.

Please don't delay. Ask your druggist now for Blue-jay and apply tonight.

B&B Blue=jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

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A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, centred on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable. (984)

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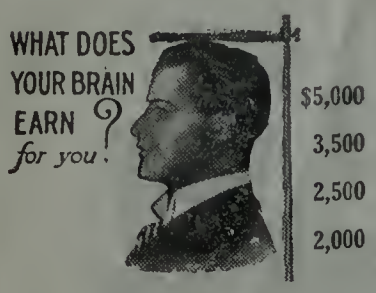

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this young man. The spider of Potsdam spun and brought him under his control. The Kaiser told young Alexander's mother that, were a conspiracy to be made, enabling the boy to seize the throne before he became of age, Berlin would give him recognition. The coup succeeded and in Servia a boy-king was enthroned. There came rivalries, animosities, strife and intrigue and, sick with all, young Alexander decided to take a vacation. He went to the Riviera. The tentacles of the spider of Berlin followed him there. At the tip of the tentacle was a face that smiled, the lovely Madam Draga Maschin.

She was a divorcee. Clever, insinuating, possessing a magnetic charm, Draga was decidedly attractive. She was pledged the support of the Kaiser if she could make young Alexander her husband.

Still a boy in years and experience the young King fell rapidly under the fascination of Draga Maschin. He asked her to marry him. The affair was a scandal. Here was the divorced wife of a Servian army officer, a woman with a questionable past, a woman not of the nobility, and young Alexander proposed to install her on the throne of Servia! The Servian capital, when it heard the news, was furious. The young King flew in the face of public opinion and he married Draga.

She, secure in the backing of the Kaiser, in return for which she was to induce the King to eliminate all Russian influence from Servia and make German paramount, went blindly ahead. She invited the German Minister to come to the palace and she told him that she was ready to favor the development of the Kaiser's policy in the Balkans. When news of this reached the Servian Foreign Office the old Ministers were furious. A plot was hatched.

One night the conspirators invaded the palace. The young King fought to protect his wife, only to receive a knife in the heart. His body was hurled out of the window into the street. Then the assassins fell upon Draga with knives and her body was also hurled out of the palace window. The next day a dynasty, the Karageorgevitches, came to rule in Servia. It was a dynasty hostile to German plans. If it had not come, Servia would have been on the side of Germany in this war; the little country would have been enmeshed by Draga in the Kaiser's web.

Not a country of the Balkans escaped the plotting of the Kaiser. Likewise in almost every case it was a woman whom the Kaiser used to foment the trouble to win the ruler of the little country to his side. The world knows the many treacheries of Ferdinand, once Czar of Bulgaria, now another ruler without a job. But it is not generally known that behind Ferdinand the inspiration and the source of the overwhelming ambition which brought about his downfall was a woman, the Princess Clementine, his mother.

There was a powerful man in the Bulgarian capital. They called him the "King Maker." He was better known as that than by his name, Stambouloff. There was a certain cruelty in his nature, but he was incapable of deceit. Ferdinand, on the other hand, had been instilled with the doctrine of the Princess Clementine, that the end justified whatever means were used to attain it. The Kaiser whispered from Berlin; the Princess Clementine whispered to Ferdinand. Ferdinand told Stambouloff that it was his intention to contract an alliance with Germany. Stambouloff declared with emphasis that he could not sanction Ferdinand's plan and, possessing a power which had caused him to be known as the "King Maker," he bluntly told Ferdinand that such treacherous plans would not be tolerated in Bulgaria. Shortly after that Stambouloff was unfortunate enough to return home one evening on foot. He was found the next morning in the street covered with knife wounds. The end justifies the means.

"The King Maker" out of the way, Princess Clementine had other plans for her son. He must be married. She arranged for him to marry the Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parme, the eldest of the nineteen children of the exiled Duke de Parme. She was a sweet woman with lovely hazel eyes, very attractive and with a sharply defined sense of right and wrong. Her straightforward character, her contempt for treachery and intrigue got on the nerves of the Princess Clementine and, of course, after that it was only a question of time when she too would go. Ferdinand and his wife became estranged; they spent most of their time apart and once more the Princess Clementine was the only woman to rule in Sophia.

One of the most brilliant and unscrupulous women ever sent down to create havoc in the Balkans, Princess Clementine was another of the Kaiser's tools and she too cost the man through whom she worked, her own son, his throne.

Another monarch lost his throne—lost it because the web of Wilhelm was spun around him, because of a woman of the Hohenzollerns. Although King George of Greece had been a Dane and quite hostile by tradition to German aggrandisement the Kaiser was able to bring about with him a certain spirit of friendliness. Indeed, Wilhelm prevailed upon him to send his son, Constantine, the Crown Prince, to be trained in a German military school. Once in Berlin, the heir to the Greek throne was subjected to the plausible Teutonic persuasion, with the result that, his military schooling completed, the Kaiser was able to induce him to remain a while longer in Germany. Constantine was attached to a Prussian regiment of the Guards, garrisoned at Potsdam. Of course, there he met the Princess Sophie of Hohenzollern, an attractive and clever woman, with singular discernment, strong ambition and, for a Hohenzollern, surprising tact. And, as the Kaiser had hoped, Constantine of Greece fell in love with her and asked for her hand. To the dismay of Queen Olga of Greece, they were married.

At the break of war, Constantine was not pro-German. When, in 1915, it seemed for a time that Greece roused by Venizelos would rise and strike Bulgaria, should the Bulgars, as was suspected then, invade Servia, Constantine was in a receptive mood toward the cause of the Entente. Then it was that an ugly story came out of Athens; it was that Sophie had threatened to kill Constantine and herself, were her husband to declare against Germany. He was confined to his bed for weeks; it was whispered that Sophie had violently quarreled with him and that in his side was the wound of a knife. One wonders. It is known that Greece did not go to Servia's aid, that Constantine became terrified as the Teutonic hordes swept down through Servia: that he became "man-afraid-of his wife"; that, prophesying Greece would be turned into a waste land, like Belgium, were Constantine to oppose the Hohenzollerns, Sophie came to rule Greece. She it was who incurred for her consort the wrath of the Entente; she it was who blocked Venizelos' plans for a glorious Greece, aligning with the little nations against German conquest; she it was who so turned Constantine's people against him that, like the Kaiser, he lost a throne.

There was one other Balkan land around which the Kaiser sought to weave his web—Roumania. There, too, was a woman; but this woman was not of the web, nor could she be enmeshed in it. On the contrary, she broke the strands of the web, which were creeping over the capital city, gay Bucharest. The woman was the Crown Princess, now Queen Marie.

As in other Balkan countries, the Hohenzollerns had their clutches upon Roumania. The old King Carol was

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a Hohenzollern. As a youth he was invited to assume the Princeship of Roumania, then a turbulent principality. Liking peace, he soon came at odds with the Kaiser, who never dangled before his eyes tempting baits, the fruits of conquest. Withal, Carol was a Hohenzollern and true to his blood. So it was that when the Kaiser went to war, Carol, although he would not align Roumania on the side of his relative, loving peace, maintained a somewhat friendly neutrality.

All this was not to the liking of the Crown Princess Marie. A woman of decided ideas on right and wrong, a woman secretly detested by the Kaiser, for the English characteristics of her face, Marie believed that the honor of Roumania lay with the Allies. Her influence upon the Crown Prince was powerful. Like her, he felt bound in no way to the Hohenzollerns; indeed, bound only to the cause of right, Marie worked against the influences at court which, in 1915, sought to make Roumania enter the war on the side of the Germans. She was instrumental, it is said, in discovering several intrigues whose end was this, and in exposing the plotters to the old King who wanted peace. And as Marie and the Crown Prince saw the Kaiser's conquests spreading, they feared the future. What would happen to Roumania? With the cabinet ministers inclined to the Entente, an understanding was reached. Russia pledged aid and, in 1916, Roumania swept into the war, bravely invading Austria.

The old King died. Marie and her consort ascended the throne. Then calamity. The Russian aid did not materialize. Roumania was betrayed. The Germans invaded. With their outnumbered but stubborn little armies Marie and her King fled. Their place became a hut at the front. Like Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium, they awoke to the roar of the guns. Until peace came, this Balkan woman, alone of them all to brave the Kaiser's wrath, to keep free of his intrigues, kept up heart and the heart of her people to the end. Tireless, ever working with the wounded, braving shell-fire and army hardships, she remained with her consort's troops. And soon, the cables tell us, Roumania's queen will come to America to plead for her devastated country—devastated because she dared the Kaiser's wrath.

Has Japan Two Governments?

Imperialistic Forces Work Separately From the Cabinet and Possess Greater Power.

A PECULIARITY of the Japanese form of Government has been revealed to the world in connection with the Peace negotiations. Although there is a ministerial Government in charge of the affairs of the Eastern Empire that is democratic in policy and personnel, certain powers are vested in a Japanese version of the House of Lords known as the Elder Statesmen. The Elder Statesmen have so much power that it almost amounts to this, that Japan has two Governments, one on the surface, the other behind the scene; and of the two the latter is the more powerful. Such at least is the construction put upon recent happenings by *Current Opinion* which says:

Universal suffrage remains a dream of the proletariat in Japan, to quote the announcement of the Tokyo *Chuwo*, and Prime Minister Hara must remain content with a moderate enlargement of the franchise. The Elder Statesmen are opposed to the whole democratic agitation, which makes administration along traditional Japanese lines more and more difficult. The franchise bill has been worked half way through the diet and represents a series of compromises. It will increase the number of voters to something less than three millions. Mr. Hara wanted to enfranchise every male above the age of twenty-five. The ministry contains too powerful a conservative element to make such a revolution possible. The program for the moment is to bring about a gradual extension of the suffrage until the empire is a democracy in the Western sense. The compromise is very distasteful to the proletarian element. There have been demonstrations in Tokyo and in the more important urban centres of the interior. The press remains under a rigid censorship which extends to foreign as well as domestic questions. Hence it is not easy to determine what truth there may be in statements that Japan is at present under the sway of the bayonet. There have been strikes in large factories. Police have invaded editorial offices to make sure that no journalistic indiscretions take place. In summing the situation up, the London *Post* feels bound to admit that something like reaction has set in, owing to the alarm of the trading and financial interests. They are at present in a combination with the Clansmen to drive the Hara ministry from office, but the great democratic leader is holding on to power, although with increasing difficulty.

One of the misfortunes of the Hara ministry is its impotence in the sphere of international relations. The *Temps* of Paris understands that the Elder Statesmen hold sway in diplomacy above the head of the Prime Minister and the deputies behind him in the House of Representatives. The Marquis Saion-ji would not dream of taking orders from Mr. Hara, and it is the Marquis who speaks the decisive word at Paris. Mr. Hara has had the mortification of discovering that the Elder Statesmen have a set of envoys of their own knocking about the world, especially in China. The diplomatist who nominally held the post of minister to China was a cipher compared with a mysterious envoy speaking for the clans. There has thus been a sort of duplex Japanese Government. Mr. Hara went into power determined to put an end to this state of affairs, but the European press is suspicious of the announcement that he has now succeeded.

The New Duty of the Church

Religion Must Accept Responsibility of Improving World Conditions.

MANY people have arisen to say that the church has failed to live up to the opportunities created by the war and that it is failing to-day to meet the needs arising out of the disturbed world conditions. The fact that in England people are flocking to spiritualistic seances to find the consolation that they seemingly have failed to secure from the church, is held up as the tangible proof. On the other hand there is a wide and general belief that the church has stood the shocks of war well and that the trials of the five years of devastation have caused the light of faith to glow more brightly in the heart of man.

Out of the turmoil of opinion has arisen one understanding, however: The church must undertake a wider responsibility with regard to matters apart from those purely religious. It is possible indeed that a new conception of what is meant by religion will be gained and that the church will not be

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content with individual salvation, but will strive to save mankind as a whole; in other words, interest itself still more widely in creating conditions that will save the race. This idea is convincingly brought forward by an English writer of note, Arthur Clutton-Brock, in the course of an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He writes:

Christianity will not be itself until it insists that no politics are secular, that the political aim of mankind is to establish Christ's Kingdom of Heaven here and now on earth, and in all human institutions. This it can do only by insisting that the universe and man are of a certain nature, which it must define and express both with precision and with passion. Early Christianity prevailed because it brought an immense hope into the world; Christianity can prevail now only if it renews that hope in the terms of our time and in relation to our problems. At present no church and no sect does that.

There is the Salvation Army; but it is possible only for the poor. It is evangelical in the old sense, offering men individual salvation. It can, and does, cure them of drink, but there is no philosophy in it, no political hope. It talks of the Blood of Jesus, but not of the nature of the universe. Its one aim is immediate rescue—a noble aim, no doubt, but altogether hand-to-mouth. It is concerned with what it shall do to comfort an overworked charwoman; it has no faith by which it can change the world so that charwomen shall not be overworked.

The Triple Labor Alliance

Miners, Railway Men and Transport Workers Join Forces.

"IS peace with honor possible with the gigantic labor combine?" Sir Leo Chiozza Money, member of the Royal Commission on the coal industry, asks in the London *Magazine*. He speaks of the "New Triple Alliance," which he describes:

A few months before the war broke out a growing need for solidarity of expression and action culminated in the formation of a remarkable Labor Alliance. Three great federations of Labor, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, the National Union of Railwaymen, and the Transport Workers' Federation, came to a significant and far-reaching agreement for joint counsel and action. The movement began with the miners, was approved and adopted by the railwaymen and transport workers, and a practical scheme for common purposes was hammered out between them by October of 1914.

In four years of war abroad and of social and of industrial dissolution at home, industrial questions have come to be canvassed as never before, and this great Labor Alliance, which was first mooted in 1913, and brought to fruition in 1914, is destined to play a great part in the reconstruction of industry and society upon which we are now definitely entering.

The three great parties to the Alliance are headed by three very remarkable men. Unfortunately, as I think, only one of them is in Parliament. Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who won a personal triumph at the General Election, has achieved a great position in Parliament, and has the ear of the House not only as the spokesman of a great trade union and as an official leader of the Labor Party, but as a man of extraordinary force of expression and of judgment and readiness in debate. Outside the House of Commons Mr. Smillie has, on several occasions, crossed swords with the Prime Minister in conference and very easily held his own. His statement of the miners' case on February 21st, 1919, at 10 Downing Street, made a tremendous impression, and extorted admiration from the most unfriendly critics. Mr. Robert Williams is also a man of great strength of character, and it may safely be predicted that he will soon find his way to the House of Commons and play a notable part in its proceedings.

What are the forces ranged behind these three Labor leaders? The membership of their unions is in itself impressive enough. The Miners' Federation embraces 800,000 men; the Railwaymen's Society, familiarly known as the N. U. R., 450,000; the Transport Workers' Federation 300,000. The aggregate membership is thus 1,550,000.

Mining, railway work, and transport work embrace in all—assuming demobilization completed—about 2,400,000 workers, and the activities of the three federations necessarily affect them all, whether organized or unorganized.

Let us think what that means. If we assume that of the 2,400,000 workers 1,600,000 are heads of families, and the remainder unmarried, and that the heads of families each represent five persons, we get a total, roundly, of 8,800,000 men, women, and children dependent upon work done in mines, railways, and transport, and all of them, in effect, under the leadership of the Triple Alliance of Labor.

Our population at the present moment, including the Army at home and abroad, is about 46,700,000, after the loss of nearly 1,000,000 of our finest young men in the war. *The Triple Alliance, therefore, represents nearly one-fifth of the entire population of the United Kingdom.*

Getting Out Slowly

Punch Humorist Describes Adventures in Getting Out of English Army.

CANADIANS may think that it takes a long time to effect demobilization in certain cases. But—take it from one who has been through the mill—the men of the C. E. F. are infinitely better off than the English Tommy, where red-tape is so all-entangling. A. A. Milne, in *Punch*, describes a "typical" scene:

"If you belong to any of the following classes," said the Demobilization advertisements, "do nothing." So Lieut. William Smith did nothing.

After doing nothing for some weeks he met a friend who said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?"

"Not yet," said William, looking at his spurs.

"Well, you ought to *do* something."

So Lieut. William Smith decided to do something. He was a pivotal-man and a slip-man and a one-man-business and a twenty-eight-days-in-hospital man and a W.O. letter ZXY/999 man. Accordingly, he wrote to the War Office and told them so.

It was, of course, a little confusing for the authorities. Just as they began to see their way to getting him out as a pivotal man, somebody would decide that it was quicker to demobilize him as a one-man-business; and when this was nearly done, then somebody else would point out that it was really much neater to reinstate him as a slip-man. Whereupon a sub-section, just getting to work at W.O. letter ZXY/999, would beg to be allowed a little practice on William while he was still available, to the great disgust of the medical authorities, who had been hoping to study the symptoms of self-demobilization in Lieutenant Smith as evidenced after twenty-eight days in hospital.

Naturally, then, when another friend met William a month later and said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?" William could only look at his spurs again and say, "Not yet."

"Better go to the War Office and have a talk with somebody," said his friend. "Much the quickest."

So William went to the War Office. First he had a talk with a policeman, then he had a talk with a porter, and then he had a talk with an attendant, and then he had a talk with a messenger girl, and so, finally, he came to the end of a long queue of officers who were waiting to have a talk with *somebody*.

"Not so many here to-day as yesterday," said a friendly Captain in the Suffolks who was next to him.

"Oh!" said William. "And we've got an army on the Rhine, too," he murmured to himself, realizing for the first time the extent of England's effort.

At the end of an hour he calculated that he was within two or three hundred of the door. He had only lately come out of hospital and was beginning to feel rather weak.

"I shall have to give it up," he said.

The Captain tried to encourage him with tales of gallantry. There was a Lieutenant in the Manchesters who had worked his way up on three occasions to within fifty of the door, at which point he had collapsed each time from exhaustion; whereupon two kindly policemen had carried him to the end of the queue again for air. He was still sticking to it.

"I suppose there's no chance of being carried to the *front* of the queue?" said William hopefully.

"No," said the Captain firmly; "we should see to that."

"Then I shall have to go," said William. "See you to-morrow." And as he left his place the queue behind him surged forward an inch and took new courage.

A week later William suddenly remembered Jones. Jones had been in the War Office a long time. It was said of him that you could take him to any room in the building and he could find his way out into Whitehall in less than twenty minutes. But then he was no mere "temporary civil servant." He had been the author of that famous W.O. letter referring to Chevrons for Cold Shoers which was responsible for the capture of Badajoz; he had issued the celebrated Army Council Instruction, "Commanding Officers are requested to replace the pivots," which had demobilized Marlborough's army so speedily; and, as is well known, Henry V had often said that without Jones—well, anyhow, he had been in the War Office a long time. And William knew him slightly.

So William sent up his card.

"I want to talk to somebody," he explained to Jones. "I can't manage more than a couple of hours a day in the queue just now, because I'm not very fit. If I could sit down somewhere and tell somebody all about myself, that's what I want. Any room in the building where there are no queues outside and two chairs inside. I'd be very much obliged to you."

"I'll give you a note to Briggs," said Jones promptly. "He's the fellow to get you out."

"Thanks *awfully*," said the overjoyed William.

A messenger girl took him and the note to Captain Briggs. Briggs listened to the story of William's qualifications—or rather disqualifications—and considered for a moment.

"Yes, we ought to get you out very quickly," he said.

"Good," said William. "Thanks *awfully*."

"Walters will tell you just what to do. He's a pal of mine. I'll give you a note to him."

So in another minute the overjoyed William was following a messenger girl to the room of Lieutenant Walters.

Walters was very cheerful. The thing to do, he said, was to go to Sanders. Sanders would get him out in half an hour. He'd give William a note, and then Sanders would do his best. The overjoyed William followed the messenger girl to Sanders.

"That's all right," said Sanders a few minutes later. "We can get you out at once on this. Do you know Briggs?"

"Briggs," said William, with a sudden sinking feeling.

"I'll give you a note to him. He knows all about it. He'll get you out at once."

"Thank you," said William faintly.

He put the note in his pocket and strode briskly out in search of the dear old queue.

"It will be quicker after all," he told himself, as he took his place at the end of the queue next to a Lieutenant in the Manchesters. ("Don't crowd him," said a policeman to William; "he wants air.")

* * * * * *

And you think perhaps that the story ends here, with William in the queue again? Oh, no, William is a man of resource. The very next day he met another friend, who said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?"

"Not yet," said William.

"My boy got out a month ago."

"H-h-h-how?" said William.

"Ah, well, you see, he's going up to Cambridge. Complete his education and all the rest of it. They let 'em out at once on that."

"Ah!" said William thoughtfully.

William is thirty-eight, but he has taken the great decision. He is going up to Cambridge next term. He thinks it will be quicker. He no longer stands in the queue for two hours every day; he spends the time instead studying for his Little Go.

How Men Act When Dry

Veteran Hotel Proprietor Relates Effect of Dry Legislation in Detroit, and Makes Some Prophecies.

INSTEAD of calling up wife from the bar telephone and pleading "business," the man-who-liked-his-glass in convivial company is now 'phoning wife to come down-town for dinner, says E. M. Statler, owner of four ultra-modern American hotels, in discussing in the *American Magazine* "How men act when they can't get a drink." In the "old days," says Mr. Statler, there used to be a line-up of men at the telephone booths near the bar between five and six o'clock every evening, telling their wives not to expect them for dinner as they were "detained on business." A more or less protracted sojourn, with cronies at the bar, followed, and later dinner in the grill, with liquid trimmings. Mr. Statler says:

The old bar still exists in the hotel at Detroit. That is, the counter is there, just as it was. Even the convenient foot rail remains. The little tables are still in place, as they were when men sat at them and had their drinks. But back of the bar there is a soda fountain now. Soft drinks, ice-cream sodas, hot coffee and chocolate are the only liquid refreshments obtainable.

Do the men still go there? Yes to a certain extent; but, so far, not as much as they patronized the bar. As time goes on, however, more and more men certainly are going to take to soft drinks. In the new Hotel Pennsylvania in New York we will have three soda fountains, and I expect they will do a big business. In Detroit the two most popular "temperance drinks" with men are the "grape-juice highball"—which is grape juice and seltzer—and the various ice-cream sodas.

I have been making inquiries, and I find that men have been patronizing soda fountains more and more in recent years, even where there was no prohibition. A woman told me the other day of going into one of these places in the New York financial district several times lately. On each occasion she was the only woman in the place, aside from the girls behind the counters. And the men in there were not office boys or young clerks, but solid, substantial business men who were taking their ice-cream sodas, their phosphates, and even their "nut sundaes," with evident enjoyment. If they did this when bars and saloons were open, they will surely do it

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Pie Fillings

A LITTLE Benson's Corn Starch should be introduced into juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb, cherry, etc., to prevent running over.

Orange Cream Pie (see Recipe below) is not difficult to make and will prove a happy addition to your dessert recipes.

Serve custards, blanc mange, sauces, gravies, cakes and puddings made with Benson's Corn Starch. *Write for booklet.*

PIE CRUST

Take ½ cup flour with ⅛ cup of Benson's Corn Starch, ⅛ teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of Mazola, or butter, ⅛ cup of cold water, ⅛ teaspoonful salt.

Sift flour, corn starch, and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening, rubb fine through flour, add last water and salt. Turn onto board, roll lengthwise till smooth and use as deaired.

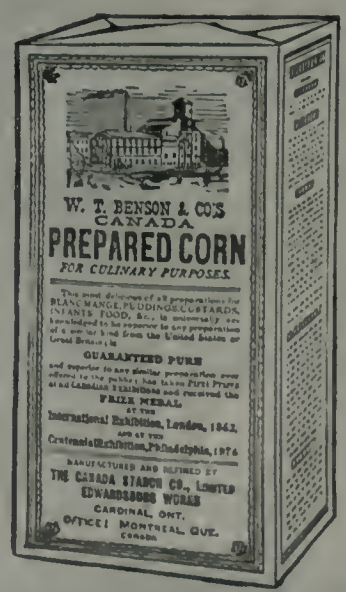
ORANGE CREAM PIE

Place in saucepan over the fire, 1 tablespoonful Benson's Corn Starch, ¾ cup water, ½ tablespoonful of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of Lily White Corn Syrup. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire; add yolks of two eggs, ¼ rind of an orange, and juice of one orange and ½ lemon; mix well.

Line greased pie pan with very thin pie crust, brush out with beaten egg, and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff; add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color.

Serve cold.



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management as a great human responsibility, the lessons of the war will not be lost.

Canada can help the world in solving great industrial problems affecting the welfare of all humanity.

Canada can produce food to feed nations, materials and manufactured products to increase the usefulness and comforts of millions.

Canada can create wealth—not solely for the aggrandizement of a few but for enjoyment by all, and can show the world how great things can be accomplished by inventive genius and executive ability coupled with ideals of service.

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But if this larger achievement is to follow, we business men must appreciate the vital importance of closer co-operation, more efficient management, and a vision that looks beyond the narrow limits of a competitive market.

To help attain that objective this company enlists its product, organization and physical equipment in the service of Canadian industry.

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NORTHERN NAVIGATION COMPANY, SARNIA

still more when there is no place else to go.

I will tell you further on how I think the new order of things will work out in time. But first I will explain what has already happened in Detroit. There has been a radical change in our restaurant business. The crowded hours used to be those for late suppers, beginning about eleven o'clock, after the theatres closed. That business has dropped off since the state went dry. The busy time now is from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. and *that* business is constantly growing better.

Another effect of the new conditions is that people are spending more for food when they go to the restaurants. The average check for luncheon and dinner is twenty per cent. higher than it used to be. Remember! This increase is in spite of the fact that all charges for drinks are now absolutely gone! That means that one large item has been subtracted from the amount spent in the restaurants, and yet the sum has increased. I mean the average sum per person.

Of course, in the meantime, the cost of many food items has also increased, and you may think that this would make up the deficit due to eliminating wine and liquor from the menu. But we have worked this all out, and it seems to be a fact that people are spending about sixteen per cent. more for food than they did when they could get liquor to drink. This is contrary to my expectation, for, in common with most restaurant proprietors, I thought that men ate *more* when they had wine or liquor to drink.

I think it may be accounted for in two ways: In the first place, a man is generally willing to spend a certain amount on a meal. When part of it had to go for drinks, he cut down on the food. He is still willing to spend the old amount on his meal. But now that none of it goes for liquor, he adds certain items that he used to get along without. Instead of having a cocktail, he takes oysters. The price is the same. Or he has soup, or perhaps a dessert, which he used to cut out when he put that money into drinks.

Another reason is probably that when a man is drinking he is not as hungry as when he isn't.

A good location for a bar is generally a poor location for anything else. It is apt to be more or less sequestered, which is not an advantage for a soda fountain or for anything else.

Shall we turn it into a tea-room? And if we do, will men go there? Outside of a few large cities, I don't think that they will; not now, at any rate. The dinner hour—or the supper hour, whichever it happens to be—is too early in this country to make people want tea at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. In time, we may become afternoon-tea drinkers, as the English are. In fact, I look for a spurt in this direction immediately in the cities where the dinner hour is seven o'clock or later.

People who know more about it than I do assure me that good hot tea is a great pick-me-up; that it really is "the cup that cheers" and does not inebriate. They tell me that it encourages conversation and that, with a reserve supply of hot water and some trimmings of toast and French pastry, it is capable of holding a group together in animated talk for an hour or two. I certainly hope so. For it looks now as if we hotel men have got to "beat our swords into plowshares," figuratively speaking. And if we can do it by turning our bars into tea-rooms, so much the better.

This making-over process may not be as revolutionary as it seems to us now. Drinking to excess has unquestionably become less frequent in recent years. It is no uncommon thing to see perhaps four men at a table in one of our cafés, three of them taking soft drinks and only one having a cocktail, a highball, or something of that sort. Two or three men go up to the bar, and one of them does not hesitate to order a seltzer. Nobody comments on it now; whereas, ten or fifteen years ago, a man who did that was guyed by his companions.

This Month's Cover

The cover on this issue features Miss Norma Talmadge, one of the most talented and deservedly popular of "movie" stars.

Alberta's Mammoth Animals

Hunting for Remains 3,000,000 Years Old.

THE present day hunter in search of big game would little think of going to Alberta in pursuit of his quarry, yet there was a time when that province produced animals larger than any now living. That was so long ago that nothing remains of these creatures but their bones, and they are turned to stone. Instead of the living animals, therefore, it is their bones which are now hunted hidden away under strata of earth, with their spoor, long since grown cold. The hunt is a difficult one and is described by Barnum Brown in the *National Geographic Magazine*, in part, as follows:

Between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, just north of the Canadian boundary, lies a vast area of level land, prairie in the east and forested near the mountains, with a narrow intervening section that is brush-covered. A number of small rivers drain this area, uniting in the province of Alberta to form the Saskatchewan, which flows into Lake Winnipeg. The Red Deer River is one of these tributaries that rises in the mountains north of Banff. Numbers of lesser streams fed by mountain snows and prairie lakes join it, making an irresistible stream that has cut through the prairie land, forming a miniature grand canyon, a mile wide at the top and from two to five hundred feet deep.

Although black, fertile soil forms the surface of the country, the earth below is composed of horizontal layers of clay and sandstone, and a journey of 250 miles down the river reveals four distinct geologic periods in the canyon walls. The strata representing these periods overlap like shingles on a roof, and in each are preserved the fossil remains of animals and plants which enable us to picture former conditions and life during past ages.

In the lower reaches of the river, 200 miles from the mountains, only seashells are found in the rocks, indicating that the ocean—an inland sea extending from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the Arctic Ocean—covered this area during a long time, in which several hundred feet of strata accumulated.

In these marshes of prehistoric times dwelt a host of reptiles, some large, some small, and of various forms, flesh-eaters and herb-eaters, but all sharing certain characters in common and known as dinosaurs. Not any were closely related to any living repile, yet they had some characters common to the lizards, crocodiles, and birds.

Of the kinds characteristic of the period one species, an herb-eater named *Trachodon*, was more than 30 feet long and about 15 feet high when standing erect. Its head, with broadly expanded mouth, resembles that of a duck, but back of the beak there are more than two thousand small teeth, disposed in many vertical rows, each containing several individual teeth, the new ones coming up from below as the old ones wore out.

The long hind legs terminated in three large hoofed toes, and the shorter, slender front feet were partly webbed. A long, thin, slender tail acted as a powerful swimming organ, and the body was covered with rough tuberculate skin. Having no means of defense, it lived chiefly in the water, where it was free from attacks of the flesh-eaters.

Along the shores lived *Ornithomimus*, bird mimic, as the name implies, one of the most remarkable of the dinosaurs. A skeleton found last year shows it to have been a toothless creature, the jaws sheathed like the beak of a bird.

The bones were light and pneumatic, like those of birds, but the skeleton closely resembles that of the flesh-eating dinosaurs. It was about 12 feet in length, with long, slender hind legs and shorter front legs. This was an agile creature, different from the typical flesh-eaters in feeding habits and doubtless a shore-living type that may have fed on crustaceans.

On land there were hoofed quadrupedal herbivorous kinds, some, like *Monoclonius*, having an immense skull, six feet in length, with three horns, a short one over each eye and a longer one above the nose. The jaws terminated in a sharp clipping beak, like that of a turtle, and further back in the mouth there were rows of double-rooted teeth. The back of the skull was developed into a broad shield, with scalloped border, extending over the neck. It was ancestral to the later *Triceratops*.

Strangest of all was the herbivorous *Ankylosaurus*, a stocky, short-legged, big-bodied creature, completely encased in armor. Dermal plates covered the skull, followed by rings of plates over the neck and rows of flat plates over the back and hips. Its tail terminated in a huge club, and the belly was covered by a pliable mosaic of small, close-set plates. It was further protected by a movable plate that could be dropped down like a shutter over each eye, thus completing its protection from insects and formidable foes.

Preying on the various herbivorous kinds were powerful flesh-eaters such as he *Albertosaurus*—an active animal 30 feet long and about 15 feet high. Armed with large, serrate dagger teeth and sharp, bird-like claws, it was capable of destroying any of its herb-eating relatives. It walked habitually on its hind legs, balanced by a long tail, while the short, reduced front legs could have been used only in grasping its prey.

That great numbers of these creatures lived in the ancient marshes is evident from the numerous remains found in the rocks. In a single quarry, of which there are many on the Red Deer River, bones representing several hundred individuals have been washed out of the bank, and more or less complete skeletons and individual bones are scattered all through the strata.

At that time southern Canada and the northern part of the United States enjoyed a climate similar to that of Florida for fig fruits and palm leaves are often found in these same rocks. Numerous coal veins and petrified wood bespeak the tropical abundance of the vegetation.

Above the *Edmonton* beds, flanking the mountains, there are several hundred feet of sandstones and clays called the *Paskapoo* beds, which were deposited after the dinosaurs became extinct.

These strata mark the beginning of the Age of Mammals. The giant reptiles had disappeared; their remains are never found in this formation; but in places the beds contain mammal teeth, bones, leaves, and fresh-water shells.

Planning Soviet Rule in Canada

Continued from page 34

"There seems to be a pretty general belief among even the most moderate radicals, with which I personally agree, that there is not a decent division of the dollar; that labor is not getting a fair division of the profits earned by the combination of capital and labor. If there is not a decent division of the dollar the condition must not be permitted to continue, breeding unrest and dissatisfaction in a land whose resources and wealth and Government have in them the greatest possibilities of any nation.

"Some of the laboring men tell me that they now realize the fallacy of the ordinary wage-increasing programme, which is almost immediately met by an increased cost of living, which in many cases more than offsets the increased wages.

"The large bodies of radicals, so far as I have been able to learn, have no

objection to the rich man having a great deal out of life. They do not object to his having a fine estate or a yacht or his motor cars. But they think that some course should and can be found so that the rich man can get all of the necessary pleasures out of life and a great many of the luxuries and still leave a much fairer share for the poor man.

"The radical who does not want to play fair and the capitalist who does not want to play fair must both feel the hand of the law."

The Strike Situation

THE Minister of Labor says we have lost so far $100,000,000 because of strikes. The ultimate losses to Canada will far exceed that huge sum. He could have added that thousands among whom this money was to be distributed may be living on borrowed money or charity this winter, that some of the strikes were prepared with German money by German agents, directed from New York, that one of the most prominent labor leaders in Canada receives his instructions from and reports regularly to this headquarters which is not a hundred miles from Union Square, that part of these instructions were to start trouble, but avoid settlements, to keep the workers discontented and unemployed, to make demands impossible to meet; that monies for the Winnipeg strike were carried there regularly by German agents sent from New York. The actual U.S. bills were captured. It is known that one agent, a clever, well-educated woman received $350,000 from two other women whose German connections are beyond doubt. The names of all three are well known.

Senator Robertson is and has been for many years an aggressive leader in the Telegraphers' Union. He is big mentally as well as physically and, mixing much with all classes, has increased his general knowledge of men and affairs. He is no demagogue, but rather cautious. When he says the workers of Canada lost a hundred million through unwise strikes inspired by German agents he compels serious thought. He does not blame the workmen. The best of us are constantly misled by plausible demagogues. He wants them now to understand. He knows that labor is being used by a lot of "intellectuals" who are not union men at all. They are making labor the "goat." When they do understand they will want some explanation from the Ministry of Justice. Some are beginning to talk that way now. It is getting out that the Department has the names and history of the men and women who have been goldbricking the unions. The Ministry was warned nearly a year ago. About thirty names were listed. Among them were Ivens and others who have since come into the open as trouble starters. If Orders-in-Council had not been cancelled on the personal representations of Nuorteva, if these men had been arrested, or if the men found guilty had not been promptly released by the Ministry of Justice, the workers and the people of Canada would probably have had $100,000,000 more money on hand to carry them through this winter.

How do we know that the arrests and counter propaganda would probably have stopped the trouble? Experience. In some places in Canada and the U.S. they have had little trouble. The chief weapon has been counter propaganda which brought out the true facts, and exposed the misrepresentations of the German agents. In Winnipeg the strikes stopped when the promoters were arrested. In Toronto the great strike arranged for May 1 went flat because the day before the German who was directing it and his two chief accomplices were arrested. His numerous agents and the dupes assembled for action, but with leadership gone, they dispersed quietly. A few weeks later a big general strike was planned. Employers and the Government, anxious to get back quickly to normal production met every reasonable demand, giving the workers more than they expected, but a settlement was the last thing the promoters wanted, and every proposal was side-stepped. This time they gathered in thirteen of Trotzky's agents and a lot of correspondence as they were sitting in secret conclave arranging details for the coming strike. There were no Canadians among them. A number were aliens. A panic spread among their agents, and again the leaderless, misled thousands on strike or awaiting the order quickly melted away, back to work or to seek the quickest and best compromise employers would make. The more prominent of the thirteen were given penitentiary sentences and others lesser terms, and for the first time the Ministry of Justice has not promptly pardoned them. There are German agents or dupes or converts in nearly all unions and the propaganda is being vigorously pushed. They have not yet uncovered the men higher up in Canada. After all we must recognize that it will pay Germany to spend millions to weaken Canada and the United States by seriously limiting the quantity and increasing the cost of production. They are extraordinarily cocky. They expect to have their old markets back in three years and to be stronger than ever in ten, in both commercial and military sense. They are now trying to create discord between Britain and U.S.—They are forming a new alliance with Russia which means eventual control of that country. They are working on Japan. Their friends have already a big say in Palestine. In ten years they will wipe out Poland. "God help Poland then," is the way one of their agents puts it.

THE authorities are discussing an interesting phenomena, brought to their attention by the capture of April 30. This man who had planned the May 1 outbreak had a marvellous power over his audiences. His plausible theories for the seizure of all property and the nationalizing of women brought him scores of converts, who became his secret agents to work upon unsuspecting men in the various unions. When brought to police headquarters it was found he was suffering from a disease that leads to insanity. Further investigation showed that a number of men of this demagogue type are in the same condition. Because of this he was ordered deported and he went direct to the Soviet Bureau in New York. J. Murray Clark, K.C., who has just read an interesting paper before the Ontario Historical Society on the craze for a form of municipal trading that swept the province and bankrupted many places, points out that it was the work of the demagogues of the 1840 and 1850; and he tells of a man of this type who ran for mayor of Toronto. Medical experts said he was insane but he was elected by a big majority and by foolish schemes added enormously to the city debt. But within the time specified by medical men who observed him, he was taken to an insane asylum and died. An M.P. and medical officers have been making investigations which may lead to examination of all these agitators who are urging Canada to join the Soviet System fastened on Russia by the German Agents. The British Government white paper recently issued on Russia is considered by the authorities as rather suggestive. It shows that day after day in the Petrograd newspaper issued under Trotzky direction about two-thirds of the advertisements are cures for this insanity provoking disease.

Maligning the Church

A COMMON explanation of the neglect of the Justice Department is the Minister is a Roman Catholic—the only representative of that church in the Cabinet. A friend brought a stranger from over the border who spent part of one afternoon attempting to prove to me that this church was back of the Bolshevik movement. Also he saw others in Ottawa and Toronto impressing the same thought. I did not believe it but started an investigation on my own account. I found unmistakable evidences to the contrary. The greatest obstacle to Bolshevist propaganda to-day is the Roman Catholic Church. It has been the big factor in the New York State situation and in keeping Canada safe so far. Instead, the trouble in the Department seems to be due to an entire misunderstanding of the propaganda, and a disposition on the part of the Minister and his subordinate, to trust the statements of the German emissaries, cleverly disguised.

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What of Future Conditions?

WHAT is the present situation in Canada? All this year there has been plenty of work for all at high and increasing wages. This was generally expected and employers made their preparations for it. While there was much uncertainty as to whether history would repeat itself, conditions have run true to after war experience. Therefore we should have perhaps another year or two of boom times with high wages and money plentiful if we produce, although unskilled labor is running short. When the boom subsides, look out. No one knows what will happen. Canada should come through better than any other country. We have the resources and a strong people to handle them, but we need to prepare for bad times, lower wages and much unemployment, that are sure to come, by earning and saving now and finding the big leaders who will carry us over this trying period.

What have we done so far? Here is a typical experience. It is that of a large machinery concern. The President was one of the group of Americans who had established big plants in Canada and who proved most helpful to us in supplying high grade munitions in large quantities. Speaking to one of our editors the other day, he said that when the war ended they ordered over $200,000 worth of machinery for the production of labor-saving farm implements, heretofore largely imported. Just as they were about to start production to fill large orders that had been booked in advance from Canadian farmers, about five hundred of their men went on strike. All efforts to conciliate them or to co-operate with them, to meet them on any reasonable terms, were offensively cast aside. The season is now practically over and this concern will not require their machinery until early next spring. The management is now debating whether their best policy will not be to close the works until the spring of 1920. Any investigation among these men on strike showed that in nearly every instance they had been satisfied with conditions and wages. They had been earning big money for a long time, far more money than the majority of Trade Unionists had been getting. They frankly admitted this. They would have been perfectly content to go on. They did not want to press their demands and certainly did not anticipate going out on strike or being out as long as they have. They are now spending their savings and worrying about the future, about the money to buy food and coal this winter. They would like to go back but the leaders will not let them and they have not the courage to

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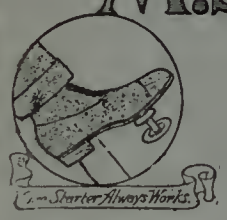

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stand up against them, for which they cannot be blamed. This case is typical of scores of others everywhere in Canada. Thousands of good men are on strike against their better judgment and wishes. You can verify this by having a confidential chat with almost any of them anywhere in Canada. Who got them out? What is keeping them out? Labor leaders, who know, say it is not their nominal leaders and that the Department of Justice or an expert investigation among German propagandists will show who .

The Remedy? Counter-Propaganda

Is the situation serious? Let me quote what one man who has got on the inside and knows, says—and he is not an employer, but depends upon his daily earnings—"If I could be sure that on my death, half of my savings would go to my wife and children, I would give up the other half to-day."

It is worse in Canada than in the States. Despite tremendous efforts the Germans have not yet got control of any important U.S. labor organization, but they have captured Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and other central bodies; and more are on the way.

The remedy is for Hon. Mr. Doherty, the Minister of Justice, to at once detail some capable trusted agent—Sir Percy Sherwood, if he can be induced to come back temporarily—to investigate. His report will more than confirm what is published here and what other departments can tell him. His course will then be clear. I am sure he will grant no more pardons and he will spare no cost on a thorough country-wide investigation in conjunction with the Militia and Naval officials and submit the evidence to a Commissioner at Ottawa, that the country may know the real facts. This to be followed by the punishment to the limit of all the guilty. At the same time a capable director of propaganda should be called in—a man with experience like Major-General A. D. MacRae or Brigadier-General C. H. Mitchell—to conduct a counter propaganda that the sturdy English and the Scotch emigrants here may no longer be led astray. Have you noticed how few Irish-Catholic or Orange are giving trouble? We don't want to deport anyone who can be induced to become a good Canadian. We need them and honest propaganda will bring nearly all of them back to sound understanding—even the average alien. Mr. Varley, returned soldier and labor organizer, has been bringing this phase very successfully to the attention of the Unionists. They should recognize that the war that is on now is not between the Teutons and the Allies—not a racial war—but between the persons who live in Canada, Teutons as well as Saxons, and the persons who reside in Germany. It is a war for trade, for money, and it is the hired agents of the latter who are creating our trouble. When our people understand this there will be fewer labor troubles. There will be a getting together of our employers and employees.

A Party in the Making

Continued from page 30.

Levi Thompson of Qu'Appelle and Tom McNutt of Saltcoats have both succeeded in raising luxuriant crops of face foliage in addition to unmentioned bushels of No. 1 Northern. They both belonged under Laurier in more normal days, but will hardly wander back to the McKenzie as their habit is to make known the crying needs of their constituents. And said constituents are prairie farmers.

John Archibald Campbell of Nelson, Man., is younger, abler and more outspoken. He was Commissioner for Northern Manitoba before adopting statesmanship as a trade. He has faith enough in his country to be a firm believer in the Hudson's Bay Railway and as a consequence should be able to accomplish all things. Anyway he promises to cut some figure in the farmers' party. Jimmie Douglas of Strathcona is another intelligent little farmer from Frank Oliver's neighborhood. In spite of his environment, he is able to retain a sunny disposition.

Fred Johnston of Lost Mountain and Robt. Cruise of Dauphin make up the doughty dozen. Both are farmers and both are farmer Liberals. In fact you can look over the whole farmer force without finding anything that savors of former Toryism. But it doesn't follow that they are on their way to the Grit benches. It may be that they will turn up at the August Convention. But there are many indications that the old-line Laurier Grits will hold sway there even as they did in Toronto where H. Hartley Dewart, who made the last trip with the Plumed Knight, was elected Provincial leader.

Now if there is anything more thoroughly glued to things as they were through Union Government it is the so-called Liberals of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. They have nothing in common with the farmers from the Prairie and look on the platform of the Council of Agriculture as a heresy to be abhorred. For political purposes they may camouflage their alleged principles for a time. But even farmers are suspicious. They will probably turn up at the August Convention. But they won't feel at home. And in the end they'll come back to Parliament in a solid block prepared to do their own dickering, express their own views and fight valiantly for their own share of the loaves and fishes.

NOW the farmers have occupied the major part of this article even as they have taken the lion's stand of Parliament's attention. But there are other politics brewing in other quarters. The Unionists have met in caucus and behind closed doors, with the keyhole stuffed, on motions and by standing vote duly christened the new Unionist party. But all is not joy and peace in their ranks. The old Conservatives have suffered long in silence. Now they are muttering that it is a shame to see the party of Sir John Macdonald first apologized for and then committed to the grave at the hands of a bunch of Grit pall-bearers. And sure it is that those old Tories are far from fond of following in the footsteps of Hon. J. A. Calder, Hon. Wesley Rowell and Hon. F. B. Carvell. Neither do they relish the promised reconstruction of Cabinet which will give them yet more Grits to apologize for. The open revolt is not far off. It may be that even before this is printed a Conservative Convention will have been called in Ontario. In the Maritime Provinces the party lines are still intact and the feeling is none too friendly towards a Government that furnishes a Tory following with Grit Leadership.

With the Cabinet reorganization, adding to the grievances of the Tories; the Unionist following trying to drive the farmers' party into the Grit ranks; the Grits repelling them by their adherence to old beliefs and ancient prejudices, the political future is a guessing match. But four factions at least are assured: Tories, Grits, Unionists and Farmers. And these will be just as surely added to as soon as the Government decides to submit its policies and its personages to what it fondly hopes will be an endorsation by the people.

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 28

done by him better than we could do the same portion in fog; the only improvement we could hope for would be here and there where our luck in weather was better than his. Furthermore, no one can with reasonable ease make a map of this coast in winter, for the land slopes so imperceptibly into the sea-ice

that, so long as snow covers land and ice alike, their limits can be ascertained only by digging. A good map of this coast can be made only when the land is free of snow, in May or early June.

After following the coast north for a few days we had confirmed Mecham's opinion of the absence of game. Accordingly, we went offshore about ten or twelve miles to where the land-fast ice meets the moving pack and where in the open lead we were able to secure seals. It is a curious fact, confirmed by the experience of other years besides this one, that bear tracks are absent in spring north of the south end of Prince Patrick Island. This is doubtless because seals in those latitudes are difficult for bears to secure on account of the peculiar ice conditions, although they are easily secured by the more skilful human hunter.

We Reach Unexplored Land

BECAUSE we traveled parallel to the land ten or twelve miles offshore, we found a series of small islands or reefs that had not been noticed by Mecham. When finally we came to the portion of the coast which Mecham and McClintock had been unable to explore in 1852, we loaded up our sledges with meat and blubber and proceeded toward shore. The coast turned out to be rather complicated and there were several little islands. It took us three days to complete the survey between the most northerly point reached by Mecham and the most westerly reached by McClintock, who had been working from the opposite direction.

In a cairn at Cape McClintock, which is the northern extremity of Prince Patrick Island, we found a record left by McClintock sixty-two years before. It ends with the sentence, "I have searched the islands and reefs lying offshore to the northward," which recalls the tragic reason for McClintock's and most of the other expeditions that gave us our knowledge of the islands to the north of Canada. Theirs were not primarily voyages of geographic discovery; they were searching not for islands unknown since the beginning of time, but for men lost in the search for a Northwest Passage, the hundred and twenty men who made up the crews of Sir John Franklin's ships. As we now know, this portion of the search was being conducted and hope was still being maintained five years after the last of the men they were searching for had died.

It is a matter of curious interest that this record is dated P.M., June 15, 1852, and that we found it on June 15th, and in the afternoon, sixty-three years later.

We Discern New Land

JUNE 17th, after taking the necessary astronomical observations to check up with those of McClintock, we started north, and after traveling twenty miles discovered new land. In order to keep a more careful account of the various courses by which we traveled, it was my custom at this time to follow several miles behind the sledges and to take frequent compass bearings of them, as well as, in this case, the outlying islands north of Cape McClintock so long as they remained in sight. After making what was considered a reasonable day's travel, the men camped with me about five miles behind them. After camp had been pitched and while the others were cooking supper, Storkersen climbed an ice hummock about forty feet in height just back of the camp, and with his glasses sighted to the northeast a new land which he could see at once was of considerable extent and about fifteen miles away. I was watching him through my glasses, and when I saw him shouting and signaling to the other men I knew that a discovery of some sort had been made. I climbed the highest available hummock in my vicinity, but it was not high enough, and I did not see the land until some two hours later, when, after taking all the necessary compass observations, I arrived at camp.

My men were all Norwegian, and as any one may see from reading the books of Nansen and Amundsen, Norwegians are prone to the celebration of any sort of event in any way possible. In this case they had cooked some malted milk they had saved for no particular reason, and had discovered some biscuit crumbs in the corner of a box in which we had long been carrying something else, and had made the two into a sort of stew. I don't think any of them considered this any better than seal meat, but, since seal meat was the food of every day, stew was a sort of celebration

June 19th we landed at what I have called Cape Murray, in honor of James Murray, our oceanographer and the friend and Antarctic traveling companion of Shackleton. Murray lost his life on the ice near Wrangell Island on the *Karluk* branch of our expedition. During the following two years, as we gradually explored this land and located its extreme points, we named cape after cape for the scientists and sailors who lost their lives with Murray or not long after.

When I was exchanging my fur clothes at Nome, Alaska, in 1912, for a suit of the well-advertised American kind, the clerk who sold them to me said that he could not understand how I could waste five years of my life in the Arctic. That is one point of view and a common one. This young man had spent the same five years behind a clothing store counter. Colonel Roosevelt had spent them in African travel, in the writing of books, and in the making of history. He said to me a month or two later that he envied me my five years in furs and snow houses, in new lands and among new people. That was another point of view. And a third was mine, for I in turn envied him his power and achievements and the character which had made them possible. But while I concede that accident plays so large a part in determining the momentous or trivial nature of geographic discovery that the greatest geographic discoverers must for that reason be ranked lower than the great men in other fields, still there is much to be said for exploration as a career, so long at least as there remains possible discovery of lands previously undreamed of. The tourist who crosses the Atlantic for the first time will spend hours on deck awaiting the predicted rising of Ireland above the rim of the sea, and feels then, unless he is neither young nor imaginative, a thrill which he does not forget the rest of his life. Yet Ireland to the tourist or America to the immigrant can never be what San Salvador was to Columbus, and, though you may not for the thrill of San Salvador be willing to change places with Columbus, you may well envy us who are still alive our first sight of the new land and our first landing upon it. While you may think what you will about the greatness of the achievement, the permanence of it cannot be denied. The next generation and the next will find that land upon their maps and, if they care to visit, they will find it there bounded by its ice-covered sea. If it is not an important, it is at least a tangible, contribution to the world's knowledge of itself.

SUMMER was fast approaching when we reached the new land on June 19th. There was snow on most of it, but some of it was bare and there were ponds and puddles here and there, although the rivers had not opened. We found lemmings, which are a sort of bob-tailed mouse, running about; several species of birds had arrived and their nesting was about to commence, and there were tracks of caribou and of wolves and foxes. The caribou had not come from the south, for it is another one of the many pieces of misinformation about the north that the caribou migrate south in the fall and north in the spring. This may be true in some places, but it is not true in others, and in general the same islands that are inhabited by caribou in summer are inhabited by them in winter.

The wisdom of the fox is not so evident as the saying is wide-spread, but the more I see of wolves the more respect I have for their intelligence, which is unique among the non-human inhabitants of the north. The second day on the new land I met a wolf that came running toward me at first, for he could not fail to mistake me at a distance for a caribou, but when he got within two

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hundred yards and could see me more plainly he realized my strangeness and, what is truly remarkable, inferred that I might be dangerous. This wolf could certainly never have seen a human before, and the only dark thing of size comparable to mine that he had ever seen must have been either a caribou or a musk-ox. The caribou are his prey, and while he seldom kills a musk-ox, he at least has no reason to fear that exceptionally clumsy and slow-moving animal. But at two hundred yards this wolf paused and, after a good look that satisfied him that I was something new in his experience, commenced to circle me at that distance to get my wind. When he got it it took him but a sniff or two and he was off at top speed. The similarly unsophisticated foxes of this region will commonly run within ten or fifteen yards of you and follow you around for miles, barking like a toy dog following a pedestrian.

The season was so far advanced that, after following the south coast of our island for three days and determining that it was of considerable size, we turned south on June 22nd. On our way toward Melville Island we completed the mapping of Fitz William Owen Island, which had been sighted by McClintock, discovered a little island only about five miles in diameter, and followed the west coast of Melville Island south. Here we killed two musk-oxen as well as some caribou, and saw a number of musk-oxen that we did not disturb.

The 4th of July we left Melville Island and in six days crossed McClure Straits to the Bay of Mercy on the north coast of Banks Island. Here we stopped to rate our watches. The place is an exceptionally interesting one. It was here that McClure wintered two years with his ship, the *Investigator*, which he abandoned eventually, retreating with his men to another ship at Melville Island. As I learned from the Eskimos of Victoria Island on my previous expedition, the ship had been broken by the action of wind and ice some years after McClure left her, and all that we found to mark the place were a heap of coal and a great many barrel-staves and fragments of packing-boxes, with here and there a piece of rusty iron.

A Pleasant Journey Back

WE left our sledges at this point, cut up the tarpaulin that had served us so well in crossing many a lead of open water, and made it into pack-saddles for our dogs in which to carry meat and other heavy things, while we ourselves carried the bedding and other bulky articles. The journey south over Banks Island was delightful. The caribou were fat and were seen in large and small bodies here and there on the rolling green prairieland. We usually killed one toward evening and our party was large enough so that we consumed about a whole animal at each camp. There is no wood for fuel, but our knowledge of the botany of the country enabled us to pick grasslike plants that have a resinous substance so that they burn well even when wet from rain or fog. I am unable to see any great hardships in polar travel in winter, whether it be on sea-ice or on an uninhabited land, and am still less capable of seeing anything in the nature of hardship in a summer journey overland.

We arrived at Cape Kellett on August 9th to find everything well at the camp. But two days later Capt. Louis Lane with the *Polar Bear* arrived, bringing us the unbelievable news of the death of eleven members of our expedition at Wrangell Island in the spring of 1914, and the no less unbelievable news of the World War which had been raging more than eleven months when Captain Lane left the last telegraph point at Nome, six weeks before.

(To be Concluded)

Petite Simunde

Continued from page 32

"Bon soir, mademoiselle."
"Bon soir, monsieur."

Commonplace, perhaps, in the telling, but in France it was the commonplace that became romance.

A smile crept into the officer's eyes, which were blue and kindly, though they had a glint in them—something like metal—a look that a mother always noticed first when her son returned from the line.

"*Ou est le village?*" he ventured.

"Le Curois?"

"*Oui!* Le Curois."

"*Mais, monsieur*"—her eyes widened and her hands indicated the village dwellings—"*c'est ici Le Curois!*"

He breathed deeply and ventured again.

"*Connaissez-vous un billet pour dix officiers?*" He felt rather pleased with the sentence; it was true he had intended to get accommodation for eleven officers, but it was moderately accurate for a foreign tongue.

For answer, Simunde led him, preceded by the four cows, to her domicile. "Madame," like all French housewives, had received billeting instructions in the first year of the war. In conjunction with her neighbors on either side, she speedily arranged accommodation for eleven officers in their cottages, and for the officers' "domestikues" in the barns.

ONE hour later the guests of war, their battalion having come out for rest, were dining comfortably in the home of Petite Simunde, while a sow, attended by ten small pigs, snorted approvingly outside the door.

Less than an hour afterwards Private Des Rosiers, acting as temporary batman to Major Douglas Campbell, was sitting on a chair in the farm-yard, in the glittering moonlight, regaling Simunde and her mother with grossly exaggerated stories of the mining country of Cobalt. He told them of his misdeeds, not in humility, but with much *braggadocio*, and his auditors listened, lost in gesticulatory admiration. Simunde was thrilled from her ill-shod feet to her braided brow. Jacque Des Rosiers was the first really wicked man she had met, and, woman-like, she was fascinated; also he had nice teeth and flashing eyes.

The picture of a young officer on horseback whose brown hair was almost red and whose humorous blue eyes had a glint in them like metal, faded as completely from her mind as the memory of the sunset that had thrown its spell upon them.

Unromantic? . . . *Que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre!*

TWO weeks passed, during which period the placid fields about Le Curois resounded to the shouts of Canadian troops rehearsing open warfare (for rumor had it that the hour was almost at hand when Foch was to release the forces of retribution). For pastime, the troops played baseball and held field-days of many and varied sports. Whatever they did, they shouted lustily and continuously while doing it, for they had mastered one elemental truth, that nothing can be accomplished without intensity.

Des Rosiers explained baseball to Simunde, who enjoyed the description without allowing it to interfere with her innumerable domestic and agricultural duties. It was quite true that Jacque Noir had never played the game or even mastered its rudiments, but he had the narrator's instinct that rises above mere accuracy of detail.

Every evening he accompanied Simunde to the pasture-land, and together they guided the patient cows homeward. When darkness set in and Simunde's tasks were finished for the day, he sat with her in the barn-yard and told lurid tales of Northern Canada—to all of which "madame," whose tasks were never finished, lent a delighted and adjoining ear.

He pictured to Simunde the snow—how it filled the rivers till they ran no more; how it covered the great pine-trees until, as far as eye could see, there was nothing but white; and he told of the wind that was never still. And she listened, as only a Frenchwoman can listen, with every emotion he called forth registering in her face, as clouds racing across the sun will throw their shadows on the ground.

Just before the battalion was to return to the line, the second-in-command, Major Douglas Campbell, was called to Divisional Headquarters for a prolonged conference. As a result Des Rosiers was returned to his company for duty, though he contrived to spend every free hour with the little belle of Le Curois. As the time for parting approached with cruel celerity, he talked less and took to long spells of moody silence. His heart had been melted as completely as the snow in the Northland is thawed by the sun in spring. As for her, the little artifices of gesture and the ceaseless coquetry of the eyes became less noticeable. For the first time in her life she felt the anguish of a woman's tears; Petite Simunde's guileless and innocent heart had been won by Jacque Des Rosiers, the bad man of Northern Quebec.

In a tempest of passionate ardor, but with becoming deference, he addressed his suit to the mother, who promised consideration that night and her answer on the morrow.

It was hardly twilight when he wandered back along the main road towards the fields where his battalion was bivouaced. Full of the picture of the little woman who had bewitched him, he failed to notice the approach of an exceedingly smart young staff-officer, ablaze in a glory of red and brass. With unseeing eyes, Des Rosiers looked directly at the young gentleman, but failed to make any sign. The officer, fresh from a staff course in England, stopped him with a sharp command.

"Just a moment, my man. Don't you know enough to salute?"

Des Rosiers awoke from his dream, came to attention, and saluted very badly.

"I no see you, sair," he said.

"Don't lie to me," snapped Brass Hat (who wasn't a bad chap on the whole); "of course you saw me. Damn it, you looked right at me. It's fellows like you who give the corps a bad name."

He was wrong there. It was the presence of several thousand men like Des Rosiers that had given the Canadian Corps a wonderful name—but let that pass, as Jack Point would have said.

THE element of tragedy seldom enters the lists of life with a fanfare of trumpets. It steals in unobtrusively, like a poor relation. It comes in the garb of the commonplace, or masked in triviality or gaiety. One is unaware of its presence until it throws off concealment and points its yellow fingers at the throat of its victim. What dramatist would have read tragedy into the absurd tableau presented by a slouchy French-Canadian soldier and a youthfull staff-officer? Yet, as inexorable as Fate, it was approaching Jacque Des Rosiers, and only a few yards away, hiding its skeleton's grin behind the mundane countenance of Sergeant Smith, returning to the battalion after a day's work in the orderly room.

The officer, who had just made a move to resume his walk, noticed the sergeant, and called him over.

"You are from the same battalion as this chap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Report him to his company commander for failing to salute an officer. Impress upon him that I would not have made this complaint, but your man looked directly at me, and—well, discipline must be maintained, especially out here."

Whereupon, feeling that he had rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, the youthful captain sauntered on to the chateau occupied by Divisional Headquarters, and dined with extra zest. And lest it be thought that this narrative treats him unkindly, let it be written that, three months later, he was badly wounded while performing a very gallant action. He was a professional soldier, somewhat lacking in psychology; that was all.

A little later Private Des Rosiers was arraigned before his company commander, a gentleman who was neither a soldier nor a psychologist. The heinous crime of passing an officer without acknowledgment was laid to the

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charge of the battle-worn and love-lorn villain from Quebec.

"What have you got to say for yourself?"

Des Rosiers said it. The officer shook his head.

"It's not good enough," he said. "You French-Canadians seem to think there's one law for yourselves and one for everybody else. You throw all your comrades down by deliberately insulting an officer—a staff-officer, who reports it to the G. O. C., and there you are. We're known as a bad battalion just because of a few slackers like you. Put him on the horse line picket for two nights, and confined to camp during the day."

The prisoner started. "Sair," he said, "I can no be here to-morrow night. *C'est impossible.*"

"Oh, is it emposeeble?" answered the officer, who prided himself on a gift of neat retort. Des Rosiers's eyes protruded to their utmost.

"By Gar!" he cried, "and nex' morning we go back to the line *encore*, yes?"

"Well? Have you any objections? If so, I am sure the divisional commander would appreciate hearing them."

"Ah, but *nonsieur l'officier*"—his hands were stretched forth in an agony of appeal—"Petite Simunde, she wait for me. I promise to come—I no come—it is terrible!"

The judge in khaki laughed.

"I am fed up with the stories of you French-Canadians and your village sweethearts —and, confound it, stop waving your hands about?"

"Standt'attenshun!" bellowed the sergeant-major.

"Consider yourself lucky to get off so lightly, my man.—That will do, sergeant-major."

"Escor' a'prisoner—ri' tuh — qui' mawch.—Lef' ri,' lef' ri'—Pawty, ha't—Report to horse line N.C.O. right away.—Escor', dees-mi'."

Rather late for mess, by reason of holding orderly room at an unusual hour, the company commander sat down to dinner with a glow of virtue in his bosom. He had been a lawyer-politician in a small Ontario town, and it pleased him to find that he had not lost the art of Buzfuzian browbeating.

And through it all the Fates had woven a thread of tragedy about the life of Jacque Noir, using in their scheme of things a non-psychological staff-officer, a non-military and non-psychological company commander, and a sergeant whose name was Smith.

"There is humor in all things," said Jack Point. Gilbert would have been equally correct if he had substituted the word "tragedy."

Before sundown of the next day the prisoner was reported absent, and when the battalion marched away for the line Jacque Des Rosiers was not with it.

VI.

FOUR days had passed before the second-in-command rejoined his unit in the trenches. He had been held at Divisional Headquarters, and for the first time learned of Des Rosiers's desertion. With a stiffening of the jaw and an ugly contraction of his shoulders, he quickly interrogated tragedy's mummers—a sergeant named Smith and a politician-lawyer company commander. To the former he said nothing; the man had done his obvious duty. To the company commander he gave a careful hearing; then, in short staccato sentences that had an odd resemblance to a machine-gun in action, subjected him to a brief questioning.

"What is Des Rosiers's conduct-sheet like?"

"Pretty bad, sir."

"What were his crimes?"

"Oh, the usual things—dirty on C.O.'s inspection, equipment missing, late for parades, and generally slovenly. If he hadn't had such a poor sheet, he would have been decorated."

"In other words, his crimes are rest-billet ones. Is that correct?"

"Well—yes, sir."

"But in the lines he earned a decoration?"

"Yes—at Vimy, he"——

"Have you known him to lie?"

"Well, you know what these French-Canadians are like."

"You understand what I mean. Have

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you ever known him to lie when put on his honor?'

"Er, no."

"When he told you that he had to see this girl, did you find out if he was speaking the truth?"

"No, sir, I"——

"Did you look for him at the girl's place when you were coming away?"

"I sent a picket through the village."

The blue in Campbell's eyes became unpleasantly light. "I had Des Rosiers in my company at Ypres when the Hun sent over his first gas—you were addressing meetings in Canada at the time—and I know him for a brave chap and as faithful as a dog. It's men like you with a sense of vision no greater than a mud-puddle that are making the French-Canadian question another Irish one. They are like children, easily swayed and true as steel to those they trust; but as long as you and your kind make a political cat's-paw out of them, alternately yelling 'Kamerad' and 'Traitor,' according to the political exigencies of the moment, so long will Canada be without the sympathy and enriching of a wonderfully virile race."

The junior officer's face flushed. "I acted according to the evidence," he persisted hotly.

"Damn the evidence," said Campbell furiously. "Play the man, not the charge-sheet. Does Des Rosiers strike you as a chap who would deliberately insult a staff-officer? When he is caught he will be shot. It can't be helped—discipline must be maintained; but I tell you, every few days, when I read in the adjutant-general's orders that Private So-and-So, charged with desertion in the presence of the enemy, was apprehended in a certain village, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot, sentence duly carried out at 4.15 a.m. on—— You know the ghastly rhythm of the thing as well as I do—I never read one of these things without having a bad ten minutes afterwards. I don't question the decision of the court—a deserter must pay the penalty—but, mark my words, behind every one of these cases there is the unseen part played by some officer or N.C.O. who punished at the wrong time or failed to punish, as the case may be. There are far too many machine-made, routine-fed chaps in the army, with stars on their shoulders, who don't know that there are times when the grip of a hand on a Tommy's shoulder, and a few words as man to man, free of any cursed condescension, are worth all the conduct-sheets in existence."

"You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill, sir. I consider you are very unfair to me."

"You do, eh? . . . What about your unfairness to Des Rosiers and his little French girl, when he faces a firing-squad in the early morning?"

WITH an angry gesture, Campbell left the dug-out and hurried to Battalion Headquarters. For twenty minutes he and the colonel, a gentleman and a soldier, quietly but firmly discussed the case of desertion.

"I agree with everything you say, Campbell," said the older man, "and I shall strongly recommend mercy to the court; but I am commanding a unit made up of many personalities, and I must think of the example to all."

"Very good, sir. By the way, colonel, I know where Des Rosiers is."

"You do? Then send word to the A. P. M."

"Excuse me, sir; may I go and bring him myself? I ask this as a very great favor."

The colonel pondered for a moment. "When will you be back?" he asked.

"Before 'Stand to' in the morning."

"Right—but, Campbell, my boy."

"Sir."

"Whatever you have in mind, remember that your duty and mine is to think of the example to the battalion."

The blue in Campbell's eyes deepened; then, with an imperious gesture of the head, like a horse that hears the sound of galloping hoofs a mile away, he saluted.

"I shall not forget what you say, sir."

"Thank you, Douglas."

With a restless impatience for delay, he left the dug-out and climbed from the trench to open land. Heedless of a machine-gun that spat at him from the enemy lines, he hurried on until he reached the brigade transport lines, where he secured a motor-car.

"Where to sir?" asked the driver.

"Le Curois," said the major; "and drop me just before you come to the village."

VII

IN the scorching heat of a summer afternoon, Petite Simunde was washing some linen outside her cottage. The silence, like the heat, was oppressive, and seemed more so by contrast with the noisy troops who had been there a week before. An apple falling from a tree to the ground . . . the restless pounding of a horse's hoof in its stall . . . the distant hum of an aeroplane . . . the rumble of guns, faint but ominous . . . these and the sighs of the little woman at her task, were the only signs that broke the stillness of the air.

She heard footsteps, and her heart, more than her eyes, told her that the man she dreaded had come. Her face blanched, and she caught her breath with a spasm of pain.

"Simunde"—Campbell's voice was gentle but firm—"where is Jacque?"

She continued her work without looking up.

"Simunde"—again the quiet monotone—"where is Jacque?"

She shook her head. "No compree," she faltered, falling into the jargon of war.

"Simunde." There was an inflection in his voice, an almost imperceptible note of severity, that set her heart throbbing with fear. This was a new person to her, this calm, stern, blue-eyed man who showed no excitement, no anger, only a quiet, kindly severity that gave her no chance for subterfuge. She hated him for his calmness—because he was English—because he was unfair. If he had only shouted or gesticulated—but this brown-haired giant! To oppose him was like trying to stem the incoming tide. And not many miles away a German Emperor was feeling the same sensation of impotence. It is a strange world when an emperor and a French peasant girl have to share the same emotion.

She looked up suddenly, and her dripping hands were clenched in a fever of supplication. Madly, passionately, she pleaded for her lover, as a woman will only do for the man she loves or for her child. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her voice was choked with sobs.

Patiently he listened, gathering from the anguish more than from her words the story he had already guessed. In a climax of grief, she groped for him with her hands and would have cried on his breast. But he made no move; only his eyes were very grave and tender.

"Simunde," he reiterated in English, "where is Jacque?"

With a shrill cry of rage, she stamped her foot on the ground. This great iceberg of a man was a devil! He had come for her lover. He would take him away to be shot. With an involuntary instinct of dismay, she glanced at the barn some little distance away; then, fearful that he had read her meaning, she forced a smile with her lips, only to find that her fear was correct.

Without a word, he put her gently aside and started for the barn. He had gone ten steps before she moved, then he heard her hurried breathing and her hands were on his arm.

"Monsieur," she cried, "Monsieur le major—Jacque—Jacque *keel* you!" she spoke in broken English, remembering one of Des Rosiers's stories of his misdeeds. Releasing her fingers, he reached the barn in a few short paces. Opening the door, he cautiously entered and tried to accustom himself to the semi-darkness. . . and saw the barrel of a rifle from the loft, slowly aligning itself in his direction.

"Des Rosiers!" His voice rang out like a pistol-shot "It is I—your officer!"

There was no sound for almost a full minute, then the rifle was lowered, and the unshaved, dishevelled French-Canadian stood before him.

"Why you come?" he said brokenly, "I

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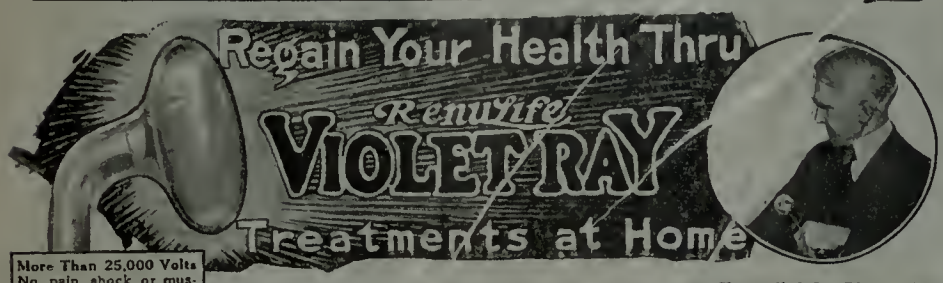

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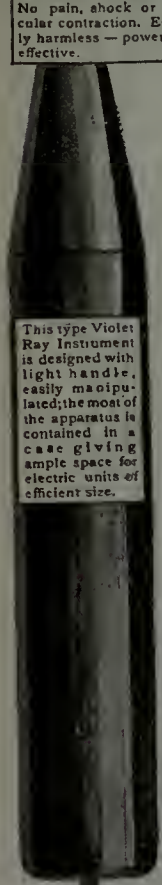

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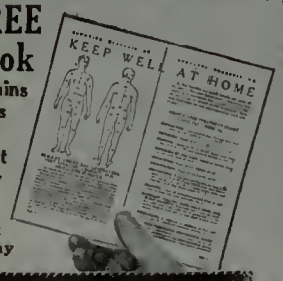

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can no shoot my officier. Why you come, eh?"

"Because you will go back with me, Des Rosiers."

The deserter's eyes filled with tears. "By Gar!" he said, "it is not, what you say, play fair. I say I shoot who come, and Jacque Des Rosiers, he is no afraid. But you—my boss—*mais non*. Maybe I go back with you and maybe they shoot me, yes?"

"You have deserted, and the punishment is—well, you know as well as I. If you come with me now there is a small chance of mercy."

The man's eyes flashed. "I no ask for mercy," he cried. "I, Jacque Des Rosiers, want mercy? Pouf! I laugh. They tell me I no see Simunde again, when I do nottings wrong. *Très bien*—I say sometings about it too. I go; I stay; *mêm' chose*—I am shot. Good! I stay with Simunde."

Campbell took a step forward, and there was metal in his voice as well as his eyes. His hand fell on the other's shoulder and gripped it like a vice. "You will come back with me," he said, and again there was the strange similarity to a machine-gun; "not that you may receive mercy, but because you are a coward, and must face your punishment for desertion in the presence of the enemy."

Des Rosiers's face darkened.

"Now, at this minute," went on Campbell, "the battalion, your battalion and mine, is in the line. Because you were not there, another man is in your place, perhaps at sentry duty. He may be dead by now and why? Because he did his duty, and took the place of a man who was afraid."

The French-Canadian's breath was hot with fury. He clenched his fists, and great veins stood out on his forehead. "By gosh, me!" he yelled; "who say Jacque Noir, she is afraid?"

With apparent calm, but his muscles poised for action, the officer looked squarely at him. "I say you are a coward," he answered. "You were afraid to go to the line with your comrades. You are afraid now to face your punishment."

He noticed that the fellow was crouching for a spring. With a shrug of his shoulders, he produced a cigarette-case and put a cigarette into his mouth.

"Well?" he said.

It was the second time he had beaten Des Rosiers. The poor fellow paused, then knelt at his feet and exhausted his passion in a sobbing explanation that would have been ludicrous but for the sincerity of anguish behind it.

A FEW minutes later they went together from the barn. Simunde was standing by her door. From the interior of the house the lamentations of "madame" could be heard. With a simplicity that strangely ennobled the rough fellow, Des Rosiers stopped and spoke to Simunde in French, then kissed her on the lips with a reverence that was more moving than the deepest passion. Without a word, he entered the motor-car and stared fixedly ahead at the road which climbed by the château. With a half-sob, Simunde turned to the officer. She said nothing, but her tears spoke a language that needed no words. The metal in his eyes melted into a deep compassionate blue. . . . . and Petite Simunde's troubled little heart thanked God for the great, broad-shouldered man with the hair that was almost red.

The two men slept in a deserted hut that night, but an hour before daybreak they were wending their way through the communication-trenches to the front line. It was half-an-hour before "Stand to" when the major and his unkempt companion reached the last dark trench where sentries were straining their eyes at the blackness of No Man's Land. A junior officer stepped up to the major and reported, quietly, the situation during the night.

"They've got a machine-gun post," he said at the end, "somewhere over by those three trees. Can you see them, sir? They got five of our chaps last night and two the night before."

"Humph! They tried for me too, yesterday afternoon. Can't the guns do anything?"

"They've tried, sir, but the rise in the ground seems to protect them from anything except a direct hit."

Even in the darkness the young lieutenant could notice the sudden look of decision which flashed into Campbell's eyes.

The lieutenant handed him a message-pad, on which he wrote a few words.

"See that the colonel gets this," he said, "and pass word along to the other companies that Private Des Rosiers and I are going to get that machine-gun post; so if we come back don't give us too hot a reception from your sentries. Sergeant, some bombs, and let Des Rosiers have that revolver, old chap. My batman will give you one of mine. Right—thanks."

"But, sir"—the young officer was vastly troubled—"it's not up to you. I'll go, major—honestly, I want to"——

"Thanks, old man; but this is a bigger job than it looks. Not that you couldn't do it as well or better, but—well, I've set my heart on going, that's all."

He glanced at Des Rosiers, and noticed that his face was grim and set.

"But, my officer, it is not fair," began the French-Canadian, "it"——

"Not fair?" There was a rasping sound in the major's voice.

"For me, *mais oui*, but for you, *non*. Please—I do my bes'—I go alone."

Without a word, the second-in-command put out his hand and grasped that of the deserter; and Des Rosiers felt that death for the other would be easy. Truly, as Campbell had said, war is a great big game, and men are like children. Three minutes later two figures were crawling like panthers towards the German lines.

The colonel of the battalion took the message from the runner's hands. It contained seven words:

"As an example to the battalion.
CAMPBELL."

"What's that noise?"

"Sounds like Mills bombs," said the adjutant.

"And revolvers," muttered the colonel, and swore softly to himself with a lip that quivered strangely.

VIII

IF you ever go to the Cobalt country, do not fail to take the boat to Ville Marie, on the blue shores of Northern Quebec.

There is an excellent hostelry at Ville Marie called "Les Voyageurs," where a little lady, known as Petite Simunde, has worked wonders in making it the cosiest, warmest, neatest little place that ever warmed the heart of a lumber-jack or a mining-prospector. At night her husband leads the singing with a mighty voice that shakes the rafters; for did not the former proprietor, Pierre Generaud, say that singing encouraged thirst?

At times, when Madame Des Rosiers is away for a day, Jacque Noir will regale his old friends with tales of his past life, tales that differ with every telling, and seem to indicate that the narrator himself is beginning to doubt their accuracy. At these times, too, he has been known to sing of a sailor who loved a Portuguese maid; but at the first sound of his wife's footsteps outside Monsieur Des Rosiers is the model husband, a *role*, to be frank, which suits him quite well.

When the snow is very thick on the ground, and the wind howls mournfully over the lake, Jacque Noir talks of France and the weary years of war. He will point with pride to his artificial foot, and then to his decoration, and slowly tell how two men went out into the dark after a machine-gun post.

And when the guests are gone and the fire is low, when the wind is moaning quietly, while the snow falls thick—thick—thick, they speak to each other of the officer who will never come back . . . . of the one whose hair was brown, almost like red. . . . whose blue eyes were stern and yet so kind.

Hand-in-hand they sit close together, and the only sounds are those of the crackling logs and the wind that is never still.

Unspoiled Country

Continued from page 15

borne to-day by the tent camp there which, by the way, is owned and operated by a young Toronto girl—meaning "in the shadow of tall rock," though there is still a difference of opinion as to this even among the Ojibways, some claiming that it should be interpreted "the camp of flowers."

We put it up to Paul and got this answer: "Me t'ink it say in dark of tall High Rock; maybe no, Chippewa talk, me don' know, guess."

Near it is sacred ground where Indian chieftains have been buried in the curious method of the redman. In front of it is a small cove guarded by a single barren rock nosing just above the water and holding aloft like a standard one lone pine, though not a particle of earth nor a vestige of vegetation can be seen above the water.

Then, as the eye follows the Arm, the same feeling of elation returns that we had experienced as we came in up that stretch of wide and narrow water. Sitting there, up high enough for us to trace our course all the way from the "Station" to Bear Island, we recalled how the cloak of conventionality slipped unnoticed from "us city-folks" when the witchery of the North touched the hidden spring within us that loosened our true natures and gave us back the care-free vivacity of youth. In a moment the barriers were swept aside and we were old friends with our fellow passengers, discussing with boyish frankness our vacation plans till we rounded Matagami Point and headed for "Friday's Clearing." This was Temagami where everyone was a friend and where the millionaire, awed by the tremendous wealth of Nature, travels incognito.

The Process of the Friday Boys

MY glass swept leisurely across the hundred and more islands thronging Pickerel Bay, till it came to a quick rest on the eagle's nest in the high crotch of an aged balsam towering over the portage from Spawning Bay into Spawning Lake. Old "baldhead" was sitting meditatively on the topmost branch, seemingly lost in wonder at the idle canoes upturned in front of the Friday cabin. This was a sight most unusual, for the "Friday Boys" are very popular guides.

"How much can the Friday boys carry over a portage, Paul?" I asked.

"Very much, heap much," replied our Ojibway after a few puffs at his pipe. Then, as if to express his envious contempt, he opined: "Too *damn* much."

We had watched with amazement, and not a little envy, the ease with which Paul swung a seventeen foot canoe, weighing eighty to ninety pounds, to his shoulders and trotted off with it across the rough trails which appeared impassable to our tenderfoot eyes. We had seen him take both a canoe and a hundred and fifty pound pack while we struggled courageously under single canoes or fifty to sixty pound loads. But the Friday boys are champion packers, carrying loads that seem incredible even to the seasoned woodsman.

"Can they carry more than you, Paul?" our curiosity impelled us to inquire, even though we knew it might be treading dangerous grounds. For the redman never likes to be excelled.

"Me carry much heavy, t'ree hundred pounds, maybe more, all you have need, no more," explained Paul, watching us anxiously to detect any signs of our dissatisfaction with his portaging powers before permitting himself to advertise his competitor's ability. His fears for his own popularity allayed, he said: "Him, Big George, him carry four hundred feefty heap times, long time, maybe two, t'ree mile. Too dam much. Him at big war now."

Crossing to the opposite side of the tableland of our lookout we discovered the thin arm of land embracing Portage Bay, forcing its waters back from the wide expanse of the South Arm and guarding them from the seductive attractions of Outlet Bay which leads its victim waters on to the bewitching Temagami Falls, below which lay Cross

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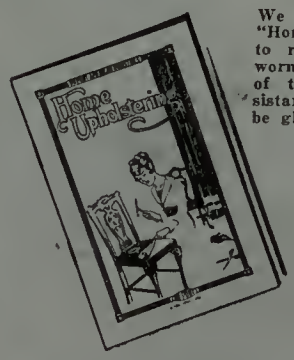

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DU PONT

Lake, McAdam, Lowry, and Hanging Stone Lakes. Across the wide waters of the South Arm of Temagami, dividing it from the curving deeps of the Southwest Arm with its piscatorial beauties—namaycush, bass, pickerel, pike—lay the pine-clad slopes of McLean Peninsula, which narrowly escaped the common fate of being an island by the scant thread of land, just a few hundred feet wide, tying it to the main land at the south.

From where we were, the Southwest Arm was faintly discernible where it clung heavily against the foothills of the upper levels of the Reserve to the west. We could see the tops of the high cliffs, a rise sheer out of the waters of Gull Lake, to which the visiting Nimrods are invariably directed with the solemn warning to get behind a tree every time a hook is baited. That is not the joke it first appears, for the writer was one of a party which caught *sixty-six* lake trout there within two hours, none of them less than two-pounders, and I personally caught on a single troll within *fifteen* minutes three gamey, small-mouth black bass weighing three and a half to four pounds. Gull Lake should have been named Big Catch Lake. It is a picture—towering sheerness of cliffs, lonely browns of burnt islands, warm greens of waving balsams, greyness of exposed crags leaning fearfully away from the assaults of the rippling blueness of the laughing waters, and over all the smile of a summer's sun.

Between the Gull and the Southwest Arm on the easiest route in, are two lakes, Nobody's and Skunk. We had traversed them a previous year with another guide named Tom, who spent his winters in trapping through those lakes. While crossing Skunk Lake—some people prefer to call it Elbow Lake because of its shape—we had expressed concern lest we meet up with the gentleman whose name it carried. To quiet our fears, our guide had quickly interposed:

"No danger that, me ketch him las' winter in mink trap, me stay in bush heap long time."

With one last look out across the South Arm to where Camp Cochrane—known to the Ojibways as Mitawanga—(the Upper Canada College Camp) hid its charmingly situated island behind the group of green dots sheltering it from the open water, we turned reluctantly away to the last remaining lookout, before which lay the North and Northwest Arms.

It was the most beautiful of the four. Below us the blue waters stretched out in a curve around the little bay formed by the peculiar shoreline of High Rock Island at this point, and then ran away, through innumerable islands, past the startlingly incongruous whiteness of the Indian village of Bear Island, past Devil's Island where courageously stands Keywadin Camp, past Ferguson's Mountain with its deserted mines, to the long beaches of Sandy Inlet, there to greet the incoming waters of the Annina-Nipissing, or to fling a flecky wave at the only farm of the district—Father Pardee's. Flanking the North Arm, the wide deeps of another arm, where twenty to thirty pound namaycush are frequently caught, swing sharply to the Northwest between two haze-crowned hills to finally exhaust itself in the twining waters of Obabika Bay.

The high rippling forests of green made it impossible to see the short portage across the Wuskigama head of land into the spreading waters of the sister Arm—the North—where they gather in Devil's Bay and Granny Bay as if crouching for the spring against the island-split head waters of Whitefish Bay to the north, or, to the west against the compact Sharp Rock Inlet waiting confidently behind the two narrow channels leading into it, the one guarded by Fire Rangers who are sufficiently blase to ask for "military papers" and licenses. The western portal of the Inlet is over the rough trail from which it derives its name—Sharp Rock Portage—leading into the Nonwakaming or Diamond Lake, a sparkling gem of rare splendour.

Diamond Lake is shaped somewhat like a thumb and forefinger, the thumb leading away to the west across a diamond-shaped body of sparkling water to lose itself in the rocky canons across which one has to portage to the Wakimika and the Obabika. Near this portage out of Diamond is a curious pile of small boulders, about as big as pumpkins, which rises about four feet above the level of the lake, being about a hundred feet long and twenty wide. It has the appearance of being hand-built but is a relic of the glacier period. Nearer the portage is a strange cleft cliff which legend says was split asunder by the gods in anger at the cliff for sheltering the murderous, ambushing Iroquois. Seeing the rock, the legend sounds more than plausible.

The Reserve to the west of Wakimika and Obabika is almost a solid forest of white, red, and banksome pine, spruce, tamarac, birch and poplar through which roam moose, deer and black bears. Wakimika is a favorite haunt of wild fowl and it is not uncommon to canoe close to deer feeding near the entrance to the Wakimika river—a strange, swift creek reeling, twisting and twining, in and out, over and under, back and forth, through a maze of fallen trees. This river is about two and a half miles as the crow flies and its current runs at least six miles an hour, yet so zigzagging is its course that it takes nearly three hours to traverse it, canoeing with the current. The thrills of the trip are beyond expression. I have threaded it twice, but would go many weary miles to repeat those pleasures. At its mouth is the ruins of a big motor launch which a mining company induced Oderic Perrone to portage into those wilds. It took ten guides of the Friday class to carry it across the rocky ravines. How they got it in is still a mystery, for they never brought it out. Oderic rarely abandons anything valuable.

The other branch of Diamond, the forefinger, points the way up to the Falls of the Lady Evelyn, at the foot of which four-pound bass wrestle with the strong currents. Beyond the Falls is the gloriously beautiful Lady Evelyn Lake, at the head of which, to the northeast, is the open route to the Montreal River; to the northwest, the speckled trout streams. Near the Falls, painted on a flat cliff, rising sheer out of the water, with that wonderful time-defying red pigment lost with the Indian warrior, is the hieroglyphic story of the death of the angel of the Iroquois who are called the "snakes of the lakes," because their tribe signature was a writhing snake, head downward, through whose coils was driven an arrow with six feathers. The story is of the drowning, near the rock, of the Iroquois's angel princess, of her burial on the top of the rock itself, and a history of the conquest of the country by the invincible Iroquois who came down the Annina-Nipissing.

A scant four miles away, the new home of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Bear Island stood in quiet relief at one end of the outstanding group of guides' houses lining the trail from the Post to the Fire Rangers' Hall at the nearer point of the island. Midway between we could see the tiny school, before which stood a tall flag-pole holding its ragged flag against the breeze, rippling the background of emerald green, which raised in one long wave from the village to the hill, behind atop of which stood a new Rangers' observation tower, stark and yellow against the blue haze.

The Mystery of Keywadin

"PAUL," we inquired as our Ojibway rose to pack for the return trip to Bear Island, "is that Keywadin up there beside the mountain beyond Bear Island?"

"Yep, him heap bad place," was the non-committal reply.

"What does Keywadin mean in Ojibway and why is it a bad place?" I persisted quite innocently.

"Him say 'north wind,' him bad place for Ojibway. Go home now." And go home unsatisfied we had to for, when the redman wishes to avoid embarassment, he travels. So with our curiosity unsatisfied we made the journey home.

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Ebb and Flow

Continued from page 18

"Just about that," said the other.

Barnsley made no reply for some moments. It was on his tongue to refuse at once. Though he had been expecting nothing better, possibly something worse, his pride revolted against all that the tremendous reduction would mean. He had been king.

This youngster before him, the man who had stepped into his shoes, was more than twenty years his junior. He, Barnsley, had been starting out as a fully fledged mining engineer when this lad was born, and now—! He reflected on the irony of the situation. Christie had come of poor folks, few advantages had been his, but he had made himself, advancing swiftly and surely by grit, courage, strength. He, Barnsley, had started out well, with some money and more influence at his back. He had been in the saddle, firmly established, as he had thought, but had taken things easily, lost much of his grip and force, and had been unseated, thrown aside.

Twenty-two hundred dollars—and when the other privileges incidental to the free house were taken away, as they would be, the salary would be a couple of hundred less than that. It meant that his income had been sliced down by two-thirds.

"I know it must seem small, and I can understand your feelings," said Christie, with more sensibility and consideration in his tone than Barnsley had thought him capable of. "I suppose that when a man comes to middle life, he does not look at such a position in the same way that a younger man would. Still the thing has to be looked at from a practical standpoint. A younger man would take the small opportunity and make something bigger out of it, but—well, you can't very well set the clock back. I want a man who will want, and fight, to make the bigger thing out of it. I don't hold altogether with the common view that when a man gets to middle life, he should be scrapped. The point is, has he got the fight in him, or has he made up his mind that he's a back number? If he thinks so, no amount of opportunity will be any use to him. If he forgets the clock, has the confidence in himself that is wanted, and has ambition, he, with his experience, should be a better man than one who has his experience to gain. What I mean is that everything depends on the man himself, what he thinks of his own powers. The men, I find, who drop out in middle life, are not driven out by anything but their own verdict on themselves, which, of course, the world has to adopt. If one thinks he can go no further, and virtually quits, you can't blame the rest of the world for assuming that he knows best about what he is.

"This job that's offered you is not charity, not consideration for you, but it's a chance to make good in the bigger sense. Perhaps, you may think that I, a much younger man, oughtn't to speak to you in this way, as it is no concern of mine, but I want you to look at it in my light, if you can."

WITH all his hurt pride, and something of jealousy, Barnsley did not dislike Ewan Christie, nor did he resent what he said. He knew that what the other man advanced as to candidates for the position was true. For a youngster it would be a great opening. It might be possible for him to pick up something better, but there was a great deal of doubt as to that. He had not made a conspicuous success of the position he had held. There were a hundred ways, he had seen since coming into contact with Christie, in which he could have made a bare success a big one. That was generally known. If he had made the best of his opportunities it would not have been necessary to bring a new man in. Of course, in making the appointment, the new Board had taken into consideration the available men on the spot. He had lost out on his record, and it would not help him to find another suitable place.

Then he was not sure of himself, he knew he had lost grip. He wasn't the man he had been, and the deterioration had been brought about by slackness. He was touchy, too, about his age. It is late before a man who has been active and vigorous, and still feels young, will acknowledge to himself that he is going back. At over fifty Barnsley felt that he was as good a man as ever he had been, but he knew that such was not the impression of onlookers. John Barnsley felt in this moment of review, that the crisis in his life had come, that he was at the final parting of the ways.

In youth, if a man feels he has made a mistake, there is usually time to correct it. In middle-age, it is not so easy. Inspiration comes easily to youth. Life has usually administered little punishment as yet. There is a buoyancy of spirit, an assimilative power in taking blows, the gift of quick recovery after them, the ability to come back, that late life lacks. The biggest tragedies are those of middle-age, when a man is disposed to take what has gone as the final verdict and stop fighting. Nearly every man quits too soon, often when the race is but half or two-thirds run, and quits when a chance still remains to make good. John Barnsley, in his moments of swift thought, felt that if he let go now, it would be practically a final decision. Could he step down, take the lower place, and fight a young man's fight, or the fight, rather, of a man young-spirited in spite of the discouraging tale of the years?

Something within him said:

"You can't step down in this way. You have some pride left in you. What will the world you've known say and think about it? Somehow you'll manage to scrape along to the finish. Take this kid's job and the whole town that has known you as you were will laugh you to scorn. It's the crust thrown to the man who has nothing left wherewith to buy his own loaf."

"I'd like a day or two to think it over," he said to Christie. "It means a good deal to a man with a family."

"Sure it does," the other replied. "Take a few days."

BARNSLEY was very silent that evening at dinner. When the meal was over he went alone into his den. Presently he called his wife in, and Edith came with her.

He was standing with his back to the hearth when they entered.

"Well, the thunderbolt fell to-day," he said. "Christie had a talk with me. He was fair enough, even considerate, much more so than I believed him capable of. You see, there is really no place for me as the staffs have been arranged before. But there is a new position, a kind of assistant managership without executive power. It would be all right for a young man with ambition as to the future. The salary is only twenty-five hundred a year, and out of that rent would have to be paid and I should no longer have some of the incidentals such as water and light. It is practically little better than a two thousand job." Then he stopped.

"What reply did you give, John?" asked his wife anxiously.

"My first impulse was to decline, and then I asked time for consideration. I haven't decided yet whether it was mean and snivelling of me or not," he replied.

"But there are other positions, outside, father," said Edith.

"Yes, there may be," he said. "And yet, it loomed up before me, rather discouragingly, that I was past fifty. I had never realized before, fully, what that grim fact really means. Then, again, I remembered that I was practically a discarded man. If I should apply for another position, it would be kept in mind that I wasn't considered good enough to hold my former job. A superseded manager is like a skipper who has lost his ship—there's the black mark set against him. Then, again, we've nothing saved. We've lived up to the last cent of our income, and if I quit, I'd step out with nothing."

Mrs. Barnsley could not have quite

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explained it to herself why she was not more depressed than she felt by reason of the announcement. She had expected worse news. None knew better than she the quick pride of her man. Yet he was taking it well, gravely, bravely. A few years back he would have snapped his fingers at such an offer, and gone out to take chances. She was not really afraid of being poor. For the moment she thought more of the change in the man than in the money situation.

"I think one ought to consider carefully before dropping a reduced certainty for a doubtful hope," she said. "Of course it is for you to make the decision, but you must not let thoughts of us influence you. We could live on the reduced salary, if we had to, couldn't we, Edith?"

"Of course we could," Edith replied.

"And then one never knows what it might lead to," said Mrs. Barnsley encouragingly. "It isn't as if you were an old man, John. Probably it would be just a little temporary set-back, and presently we would come up again."

The maid in the kitchen called Edith, and she left the room. Barnsley drew his wife down to the sofa by his side, and took her hand.

"Then you say I am to take it, Grace?" he asked.

"I think you should," she replied. "Don't you think so?"

"It is a big come-down," he said ruefully. "I was disposed at first to turn it down, but there were lots of things to consider. It wasn't so much the money end that troubled me, though that was serious enough. Something told me that my pride wouldn't let me take an inferior position, and then the whole thing seemed to take another slant. Something prideful in me answered the first thought, and it said:

"'Tackle the job, and show them that you can master the grim facts of the come-down and the fifty odd years.' Christie said it was an ideal position for a young man, or a man with young thoughts about himself. I've muddled things, I know. It's no use kicking about Christie being put over me, that's where he ought to be. He's a hundred per cent. efficient, and I feel his superiority every day. Something he said to me about a man in middle-life not being put to the mat by outward circumstances, but getting there because he voluntarily laid down, roused me. He was right—right in my case. I have been making too much of the years, taking things too readily for granted, and, I believe there's a big fight in me yet. Foolish old man's egotism, I guess."

"It is nothing of the sort," she replied. "If you believe in yourself as much as we do—I believe in you—you will win out of this small difficulty. It would be a far greater humiliation to my pride in you if you resigned just because of this reverse, than if you held on, and we had to live differently, and occupy a different position than formerly. We'll give you all the help we can in the home here, but, there's something I want to say. I've got to be taken in as financial partner. No more charge accounts, no more random ordering. You give me a hundred and twenty-five a month and you'll see how things can be managed. It will be like a new beginning, a clean, fresh start after twenty-five years of married life. The children will back us up, you'll see. They've been in some ways a little careless and extravagant about money, but that's our fault, not theirs. They are really gritty children, and sacrifice and effort will be the greatest thing possible for them."

"I've been afraid that the come-down would hurt them," he said. "Their standing in the place will not be the same, and, perhaps, there will be times when they'll feel it."

"You don't know them, perhaps, as well as I do," his wife smiled. "They needed something like this to bring out the best in them. Edith, of course, has always been reliable."

"What about her and Richard Chipperfield?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," she answered. "Probably it was more the talk of the place than anything else. Of course she never speaks about such matters."

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"I don't see him round here as much as he used to be," he said.

"No, he very rarely comes," she replied.

"I've noticed the change in him since Christie came more than in anyone else in town," he observed. "He fawns on Christie every chance he gets, and instead of the old affability he used to display toward me there is something in his manner that implies I'm not what I used to be. Perhaps I'm unduly sensitive. Do you think Edith takes notice or cares?"

"It would be hard to say," the wife replied. "She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve, and you may trust her to look after her own dignity when it's necessary. Perhaps Richard assumed too much."

"Then I am to say that I'll take the place?" he concluded. And there the discussion ended.

"I've thought your offer over," he said next day to Christie. "I'm obliged to you for it, and would like to accept."

"Good!" said Christie. "I had a sort of notion you might. Now about—" And without further observation on the personal matter, they plunged into work.

CHAPTER IV

EDITH chose a time of the day when she knew her father would be away from the office on a trip to one of the more distant mines. She was shown into the private office of Mr. Christie. Presently he came bustling in through the private side door. He saw a small, neatly figured girl awaiting him. She was dressed very trimly, skirt and blouse and tie all very becoming in a quiet, rather stylish way. He had a swift impression that she looked a nice, sensible kind of a girl, despite her prettiness. He decided in his own mind as he gave her a stiffish little bow that she would produce a book and pencil, proceed to explain that the minister's gown was worn out, and that really he must have a new one, or that a testimonial was to be presented to the most worthy organist, and would Mr. Christie please—and so forth. He was figuring on how much it would cost to get rid of her nicely.

"I called in reference to your advertisement for typist and stenographer," she began. Then, she was not on blessed charity bent. The smile vanished from his face and he was the business man, the live wire person, the efficiency expert, on his guard lest errant sympathies would permit something to be put over on him.

"Yes," he said shortly, dropping into a chair. She was not a girl, but a candidate cog in the machine. It was strict business from now on. "I had the notion of a man in mind."

"I think I am competent," she advanced, in her quiet way.

"Experienced?" he asked gruffly.

"If you mean have I held a position before—No," she replied. "I am qualified though. Here are my certificates from the Business College at—"

"Don't want to see them," he interrupted her intention to hand to him a beribboned roll. "Certificates are about the most misleading things in the world. I've had more diploma'd and certificated noodles apply to me for positions than any other kind."

She looked somewhat indignant, as if he had included her among the noodles.

"Efficiency would suggest a practical test," she fired back at him. He looked up sharply, as if something had stung the least bit. She didn't look like a hit-back kind of girl, but those cool grey eyes had a kind of fighting look in them, not peppery or gingery, but more of the steel rapier order. She was a girl, he guessed, who could hold her own should the necessity arise. Therefore he was interested.

"There's a pad, here's a pencil," he said, indicating the articles. "Ready?" She nodded, and he fired off a letter at her at a rate his conscience rebuked him for, but she stood the gaff all right, to his surprise, without any request for mercy.

"There's a machine." He pointed to a typewriter. She went to it, and typed the letter expeditiously under his eyes, handing the product for his inspection.

He ran his eyes over it carefully, hunting for slips. It had been a maliciously crafty letter, with "there" and "their" and "receive" and "achieve" in it. She had come out all right, though, punctuated properly, spaced and margined neatly, and had a clear notion as to style. He sniffed and laid the sheet down.

"Deaf?" he inquired in machine-gun fashion. One of his grievances was that the modern typewriting girl has her hair skilfully arranged over her ears so as to screen them usefully. He detested the "What's that, Mr. Christie?" drawled in professionally languid manner as he did the devil.

"Not at all," she replied. He noticed that her hair, quite pretty brown hair, was swept back from her temples above her ears. She had neat little ears too.

"Chew gum?" he demanded inquisitorially.

"No." The reply was serious and emphatic.

"Spell?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered with great confidence.

"Salary you think you ought to get?" he wanted to know.

"Eighty dollars a month to begin with," she replied, her heart beating violently at thought of her rapacity.

"I can get my pick of the office full for half the money," he said.

"Deaf, gum chewers, bad spellers probably," she retorted gravely. Yes, she was a girl who did credit to her grey eyes.

"You can keep your tongue still?" he asked rather rudely it seemed.

"I think so," she said with the faintest flicker of a smile.

"What I mean is that some stenographers have the impression that office business is a suitable theme for conversation among their friends. My stenographer is a confidential employee, and a girl who must yap ——" he remarked.

"I never yap," she interrupted quite agreeably.

"I didn't mean that," he explained half apologetically. "Slipped out. You understand that what transpires here must not be carted outside."

"I understand," she said.

Then he took a good look at her. It was a very impersonal look, and she did not in the least resent it; she was a stenographer and not a woman.

"You can try it," he replied. "There's your private room through that door. It will be exclusively yours. I object to social callers, and we do not serve afternoon tea. The office staff will have nothing to do with your work, and you will have nothing to do with theirs. I shall pay you eighty a month, probably you will never get any more, but—we pay according to value. When can you start?"

"Now," she replied.

To be Continued.

The Lecturer at Large

Continued from page 14

This last was a great error. The audience for want of guidance remained very silent and decorous, and well behaved during my talk. Then, somehow, at the end, while somebody was moving thanks, the chairman discovered his error. So he tried to make it good. Just as the audience were getting up to put on their wraps, he rose and knocked on his desk and said:

"Just a minute, please, ladies and gentlemen, just a minute. I have just found out—I should have known it sooner, but I was late in coming to this meeting—that the speaker who has just addressed you has done so in behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund. I understand that he is a well-known Canadian humorist (ha! ha!) and I am sure that we have all been im-

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mensely amused (ha! ha!). He is giving his delightful talks (ha! ha!) though I didn't know this till just this minute—for the Belgian Relief Fund, and he is giving his services for nothing. I am sure when we realize this, we shall all feel that it has been well worth while to come. I am only sorry that we didn't have a better turn-out tonight. But I can assure the speaker that if he will come to Burlington *again*, we shall guarantee him a capacity audience. And may I say, that if there are any members of this association who have not paid their dollar this season, they can give it either to myself or to Mr. Whittan, as they pass out."

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 21

ed to have lost count of their manners. They were either too wrathful or too much taken aback to speak. Mistress Euphrosine, with her nose in the air, was preparing to sail majestically out of the room.

MR. BETTERTON then stepped in. He threw down his hat and playfully made pretence to intercept Mistress Euphrosine.

"Sister, I do entreat you," he said with mock concern, "do not carry your well-shaped nose so high. The scent of Heaven will not reach your nostrils, try how you may. . . . 'Tis more likely that you will smell the brimstone which clings to my perruque."

And before Mistress Euphrosine had time to think of a retort, he had turned to her Ladyship with that gentle air of deference which became him so well.

"How comes it," he asked, "that I have the privilege of meeting your Ladyship here?"

"A mere accident, Sir," my Lord Stour interposed, somewhat high-handedly I thought. "Her Ladyship, fearing to be molested by the crowd, came to meet Lord Douglas here."

"I understand," murmured Mr. Betterton. And I who knew him so well, realized that just for the moment he understood nothing save that he was in the presence of this exquisitely beautiful Woman who had enchained his fancy. He stood like one transfixed, his eyes fastened almost in wonderment upon the graceful Apparition before him. I should not be exaggerating, fair Mistress, if I said that he seemed literally to be drinking in every line of her dainty Figure; the straight, white throat, the damask cheek and soft, fair hair, slightly disarranged. He had of a truth lost consciousness of his surroundings, and this to such an extent that it apparently set my Lord Stour's nerves on edge; for anon he said with evident irritation and a total disregard both of polite usage and of truth, since of course he knew quite well to whom he was speaking:

"I did not catch your name, Sir; though you seem acquainted with her Ladyship."

He had to repeat the query twice, and with haughty impatience, before Mr. Betterton descended from the clouds in order to reply.

"My name is Betterton, Sir," he said, no less curtly than my lord.

"Betterton? Ah, yes!" his Lordship went on, with what I thought was studied insolence, seeing that he was addressing one of the most famous men in England. "I have heard the name before. . . . but where, I cannot remember. . . Let me see, you are. . . ?"

"An Actor, Sir," Mr. Betterton gave haughty answer. "Therefore an artist, even though an humble one; but still a World contained in one man."

Then his manner changed, the stiffness and pride went out of it and he added in his more habitual mode of good-natured banter, whilst pointing in the direction of Mistress Euphrosine:

"That, however, is not, I imagine, the opinion which my worthy Sister—a pious lady, Sir—hath of my talents. She only concedes me a Soul when she gloats over the idea that it shall be damned."

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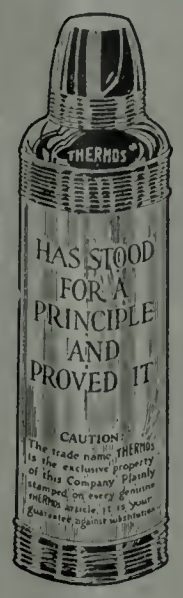

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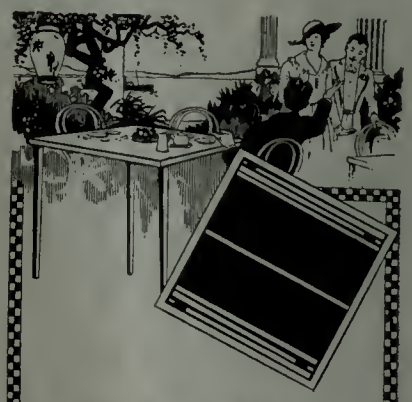

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"You are insolent!" quoth Mistress Euphrosine, as she stalked majestically to the door. "And I'll not stay longer to hear you blaspheme."

Even so, her Brother's lightly mocking ripple of laughter pursued her along the course of her dignified exit through the door.

"Nay, dear Sister," he said. "Why not stay and tell these noble Gentlemen your doubts as to which half of me in the hereafter will be stoking the fires of hell and which half be wriggling in the flames?" Then he added, turning gaily once more to the visitors as Mistress Euphrosine finally departed and banged the door to behind her: "Mistress Baggs, Sir, is much troubled that she cannot quite cannot make up her mind how much of me is Devil and how much a lost Soul."

"Of a surety, Sir," retorted Lord Douglas, with the same tone of malicious spite wherewith he had originally spoken of Mr. Betterton, "every Gentlemen is bound to share your worthy Sister's doubts on that point . . . and as to whether your right hand or your sharp tongue will fizzle first down below."

THERE was a moment's silence in the room—oh! the mere fraction of a second—whilst I, who knew every line of Mr. Betterton's face, saw the quick flash of anger which darted from his eyes at the insolent speech. Lady Barbara too had made an instinctive movement, whether towards him in protection or towards her Brother in reproach, I could not say. Certain it is that that movement chased away in one instant Mr. Betterton's flaming wrath. He shrugged his shoulders and retorted with quiet mockery:

"Your Lordship, I feel sure, will be able to have those doubts set at rest presently. I understand that vast intelligence will be granted to Gentlemen —down there."

At once my Lord's hand went to his sword.

"Insolent!——" he muttered; and my Lord Stour immediately stepped to his friend's side.

Like the Fleet Street crowd awhile ago, these two Gentlemen meant mischief. For some reason, which was not far to seek, they were on the verge of a quarrel with Mr. Betterton—nay! I believe that they meant to provoke him into one. In wordy warfare, however, they did not stand much chance against the great Actor's caustic wit, and no doubt their sense of impotence made them all the more wrathful and quarrelsome.

Mr. Baggs, of course, servile and obsequious as was his wont, was ready enough to interpose. A quarrel inside his house, between valued Clients and his detested Brother-in-law, was not at all to his liking.

"My Lords . . . " he mumbled half-incoherently, "I implore you . . . do not heed him . . . he . . . "

His futile attempts at conciliation tickled Mr. Betterton's sense of humour. The last vestige of his anger vanished in a mocking smile.

"Nay, good Master Theophilus," he said coolly, "prithee do not interfere between me and the wrath of these two Gentlemen. Attend to thine own affairs . . . and to thine own conspiracies," he added—spoke suddenly under Mr. Baggs' very nose, so that the latter gave a jump and involuntarily gasped:

"Conspiracies? . . . What—what the devil do you mean, Sir, by conspiracies?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing—my good friend," replied Mr. Betterton lightly. "But when I see two hot-headed young Cavaliers in close conversation with a seedy Lawyer, I know that somewhere in the pocket of one of them there is a bit of handwriting that may send the lot of them to the Tower first and to—well!—to Heaven afterwards."

MY heart was in my mouth all the time that he spoke. Of course he could not know how near the truth he was, and I firmly belive that his banter was a mere Arrow shot into the air; but even so it grazed these noble Lords' equanimity. Lord Douglas had become very pale, and my Lord Stour looked troubled, or was it my fancy? But I am sure that her Ladyship's blue eyes rested on Mr. Betterton with a curious, searching gaze. She too wondered how much knowledge of the truth lay behind his easy sarcasm.

Then Lord Douglas broke into a laugh.

"There, for once, Sir Actor," he said lightly, "your perspicacity is at fault. My Lord the Earl of Stour and I came to consult your Brother-in-law on a matter of business."

"And," exclaimed Mr. Betterton with mock concern, "I am detaining you with my foolish talk. I pray you, Gentlemen, take no further heed of me. Time treads hard on your aristocratic heels, whilst it is the slave of a poor, shiftless Actor like myself."

"Yes, yes," once more interposed the mealy-mouthed Mr. Baggs. "I pray you, my Lords—your Ladyship—to come to my inner office——"

There was a general movement amongst the company, during which I distinctly heard Lord Douglas Wychwoode whisper to my Lord Stour:

"Can you wonder that I always long to lay a stick across that man's shoulders? His every word sounds like insolence . . . And he has dared to make love to Barbara . . . "

Her Ladyship, however, seemed loth to linger. The hour of a truth was getting late.

"Father will be anxious," she said. "I have stayed out over long."

"Are the streets safe, I wonder?" my Lord Stour remarked.

"Perfectly," broke in Mr. Betterton. "And if her Ladyship will allow me, I will conduct her to her chair."

Again my Lord Stour flashed out angrily, and once more the brooding quarrel threatened to burst the bounds of conventional intercourse. This time the Lady Barbara herself interposed.

"I pray you, good my Lord," she said, "do not interfere. Mr. Betterton and I are old friends. By your leave, he shall conduct me to my chair. Do we not owe it to him," she added gaily, "that the streets are quiet enough to enable us all to get home in peace?"

Then she turned to Mr. Betterton and said gently:

"If you would be so kind, Sir—my men are close by—I should be grateful if you will tell them to bring my chair along."

She held out her hand to him and he bowed low and kissed the tips of her fingers. Then he went.

VI

LORD DOUGLAS' spiteful glance followed the distinguished Actor's retreating figure until the door had closed upon him. Then he said drily:

"Perhaps you are right, Babs. He may as well fetch your chair. It is raining hard and one Lacquey is as good as another."

He turned to Mr. Baggs, who, standing first on one leg and then on another presented a truly pitiable spectacle of servility and unmanliness. I think he had just come to realize that I had been in the room behind the screen all the while, and that my presence would be unwelcome to their Lordships if they knew that I had overheard all their conversation. Certain it is that I saw him give a quick glance in my direction, and then he became even more fussy and snivelling than before.

"In my inner office," he murmured. "I pray you to honour me, my Lords . . . A glass of wine, perhaps . . until the copies are finished. I should be so proud . . . and . . . and . . . we should be quite undisturbed . . . whereas here . . . I only regret . . . "

I despised him for all that grovelling, and so did the Gentlemen, I make no doubt. Nevertheless they were ready to follow him.

"We must wait somewhere," Lord Douglas said curtly.

"And I should be glad of a glass of wine."

Lady Barbara was standing in the window recess, waiting for her chair. She insisted on my Lord Stour going with her Brother into the inner room. Undoubtedly she did not wish either of them to meet Mr. Betterton again.

"I promise you," she said with quiet determination, "that I'll not stop to

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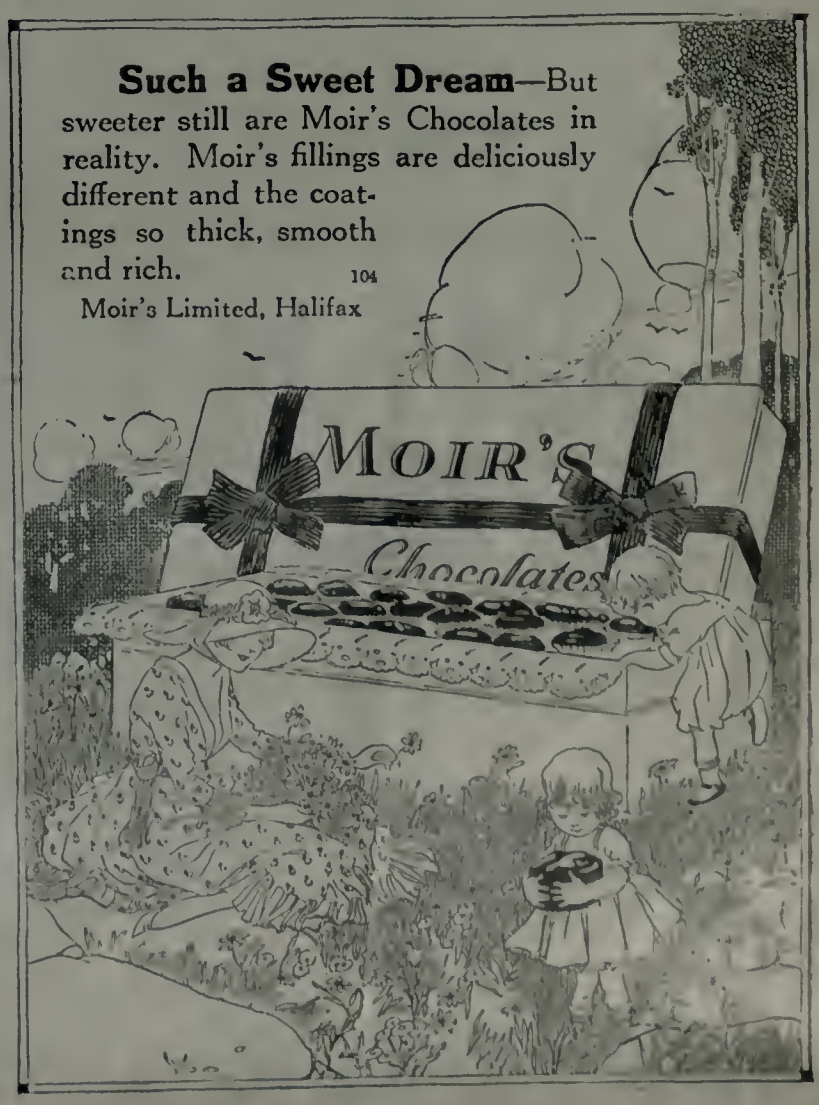

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speak with him. I'll watch through the window until my Men bring the chair; then I will go down at once."

"But——" protested his Lordship.

"I entreat you to go, my Lord," she reiterated tartly. "And you too, Douglas. My temper is on edge, and if I am not left to myself for a few moments I shall have an attack of nerves."

She certainly spoke with unwonted sharpness. Thus commanded, it would have been churlish to disobey. The young Gentlemen, after a second or two longer of hesitation, finally followed Mr. Baggs out of the room.

Now, I could not see the Lady Barbara, for she was ensconced in a window-recess, just as I was; but I heard her give a loud sigh of impatience. There was no doubt that her nerves had been jarred. Small wonder, seeing all that she had gone through—the noise and rioting in the streets, her terror and her flight; her unexpected meeting with her lover; then the advent of Mr. Betterton and that brooding quarrel between him and the two Gentlemen, which threatened to break through at any moment.

The next minute I saw her Ladyship's chair brought to a halt down below, and she crossed the line of my vision between the window and the sofa, where she had left her cloak. She picked it up and was about to wrap it round her shoulders, when the door was flung open and Mr. Betterton came in. He gave a quick glance round the room and saw that the Lady Barbara was alone—or so he thought, for of course he did not see me. He carefully closed the door behind him and came quickly forward, ostensibly to help her Ladyship on with her cloak.

"It is kind of you, Sir, thus to wait on me," she said coldly. "May I claim your arm to conduct me to my chair?"

She was standing close in front of him just then, with her back to him and her hands raised up to her shoulders in order to receive her cloak, which he had somewhat roughly snatched out of her grasp.

"My arm?" he riposted with a vibrating note of passion in his mellow voice. "My life, myself, are all at your Ladyship's service. But will not you wait one little moment and say one kind word to the poor Actor whose art is the delight of Kings and whose Person is the butt of every Coxcomb who calls himself a Gentleman?"

He flung the cloak upon a chair and tried to take her hand, which however, she quickly withdrew, and then turned, not unkindly, to face him.

"My Brother is hasty, Sir," she said more gently. "He has many prejudices which no doubt time and experience of life will mend. As for me," she added lightly, "I am quite ready to extend the hand of friendship not only to the Artist but to the Man."

SHE held out her hand to him. Then, as he did not take it, but stood there looking at her with that hungry, passionate look which revealed the depth of his admiration for her, she continued with a bantering tone of reproach:

"You will not take my hand, Sir?"

"No," he replied curtly.

"But I am offering you my friendship," she went on, with a quick, nervy little laugh; for she was woman enough believe me, to understand his look.

"Friendship between Man and Woman is impossible," he said in a strange, hoarse voice which I scarce recognized as his.

"What do you mean?" she retorted with a sudden stiffening of her figure and a haughty glance which he, of a truth, should have known boded no good for his suit.

"I mean," he replied, "that between a Man and a Woman, who are both young and both endowed with heart and soul and temperament, there may be enmity or love, hatred or passion; but friendship never."

"You talk vaguely, Sir," she rejoined coldly. "I pray you, give me my cloak."

"Not," he retorted, "before I have caused your Ladyship to cast one short glance back over the past few months."

"With what purpose, I pray you?"

"So that you might recognize as you gaze along their vista the man who

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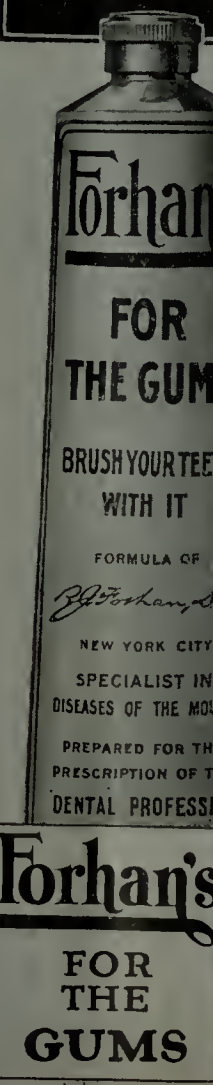

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since he first beheld you hath madly worshipped you."

She stood before him, still facing him, tall and of truth divinely fair. Nay! this no one could gainsay. For the moment I found it in my heart to sympathize with his infatuation. You, dear Mistress, were not there to show him how much lovelier still a woman could be, and the Lady Barbara had all the subtle flavour, too, of forbidden fruit. Mr. Betterton sank on one knee before her; his mellow voice sounded exquisitely tender and caressing. Oh! had I been a Woman, how gladly would I have listened to his words. There never was such a voice as that of Mr. Betterton. No wonder that he can sway the hearts of thousands by its Magic; no wonder that thousands remain entranced while he speaks. Now, I assure You, Mistress, that tears gathered in my eyes, there was such true passion, such depth of feeling, in his tone. But Lady Barbara's heart was not touched. In truth, she loved another man, and her whole outlook on life and men was distorted by the environment amidst which she had been brought up.

The exquisite, insinuating voice with its note of tender appeal only aroused her contempt. She jumped to her feet with an angry exclamation. What she said, I do not quite remember; but it was a remark which must have stung him to the quick, for I can assure you, dear Mistress, that Mr. Betterton's pride is at least equal to that of the greatest Nobleman in the land. But all that he did say was:

"Nay, Madam; an Artist's love is not an insult, even to a Queen."

"Possibly, Sir," she riposted coldly. "But I at least cannot listen to you. So I pray you let me rejoin my servants."

"And I pray you," he pleaded, without rising, "humbly on my knees, to hear me just this once!"

SHE protested, and would have left him there, kneeling, while she ran out of the room; but he had succeeded in getting hold of her hand and was clinging to it with both his own, whilst from his lips there came a torrent of passionate pleading such as I could not have thought any Woman capable of resisting for long.

"I am not a young Dandy," he urged; "nor yet a lank-haired, crazy Poet who grows hysterical over a woman's eyebrow. I am a man, and an Artist, rich with an inheritance such as even your Ancestors would have envied me. Mine inheritance is the mind and memory of cultured England and a Name which by mine Art I have rendered immortal."

"I honour your genius, Sir," she rejoined coolly; "and because of it, I try to excuse your folly."

"Nay!" he continued with passionate insistence. "There are passions so sweet that they excuse all the follies they provoke. Oh! I pray you listen . . . I have waited in silence for months not daring to approach you. You seemed immeasurably above me, as distant as the Stars; but whilst I, poor and lowly-born, waited and worshipped silently, success forged for me a name, so covered with Glory that I dare at last place it at your feet."

"I am touched, Sir, and honoured, I assure you," she said somewhat impatiently. "But all this is naught but folly, and reason should teach you that the daughter of the Marquis of Sidbury can be nothing to you."

But by this time it was evident that the great and distinguished Actor had allowed his folly to conquer his reason. I closed my eyes, for I could not bear to see a man whom I so greatly respected kneeling in such abject humiliation before a Woman who had nothing for him but disdain. Ah! Women can be very cruel when they do not love. In truth, Lady Barbara, with all her rank and wealth, could not really have felt contempt for a Man whom the King himself and the highest in the land delighted to honour; yet I assure you, Mistress, that some of the things she said made me blush for the sake of the high-minded man who honours me with his friendship.

"Short of reason, Sir," she said, with unmeasured hauteur at one time "I pray you recall your far-famed sense of humour. Let it show you Thomas Betterton, the son of a scullion, asking the hand of the Lady Barbara Wychwoode in marriage."

THIS was meant for a slap in the face, and was naught but a studied insult; for we all know that the story of Mr. Betterton's father having been a menial is utterly without foundation. But I assure you that by this time he was blind and deaf to all save to the insistent call of his own overwhelming passion. He did not resent the insult as I thought he would do; but merely rejoined fervently:

"I strive to conjure the picture; but only see Tom Betterton, the world-famed Artist, wooing the woman he loves."

But what need is there for me to recapitulate here all the fond and foolish things which were spoken by a truly great man to a chit of a girl who was too self-centred and egotistical to appreciate the great Honour which he was conferring on her by his wooing. I was holding my breath, fearful lest I should be seen. To both of these Proud People before me, my known presence would have been an added humiliation. Already Lady Barbara, impatient of Mr. Betterton's importunity, was raising her voice and curtly bidding him to leave her in peace. I thought every moment that she would call out to her Brother, when Heaven alone would know what would happen next.

"Your importunity becomes an insult, Sir," she said at last. "I command you to release my hand."

She tried to wrench it from his grasp, but I imagine that his held on her wrist was so strong that she could not free herself. She looked around her now with a look of Helplessness, which would have gone to my heart if I had any feeling of sympathy left after I had poured out its full measure for my stricken Friend. He was not himself then, I assure you, Mistress. I know that the evil tongue of those who hate and envy him have poured insidious poison in your ears, that they told you that Mr. Betterton had insulted the Lady Barbara past forgiveness and had behaved towards her like a Cad and a Bully. But this I swear to be untrue. I was there all the time, and I saw it all. He was on his knees, and never attempted to touch her beyond clinging to her Hand and covering it with kisses. He was an humble and a stricken Man, who saw his love rejected, his passion flouted, his suffering mocked.

I tell you that all he did was to cling to her hand.

VII

THEN, all at once, I suppose something frightened her, and she called loudly:

"Douglas! Douglas!"

I don't think that she meant to call, and I am sure that the very next second she had already regretted what she had done.

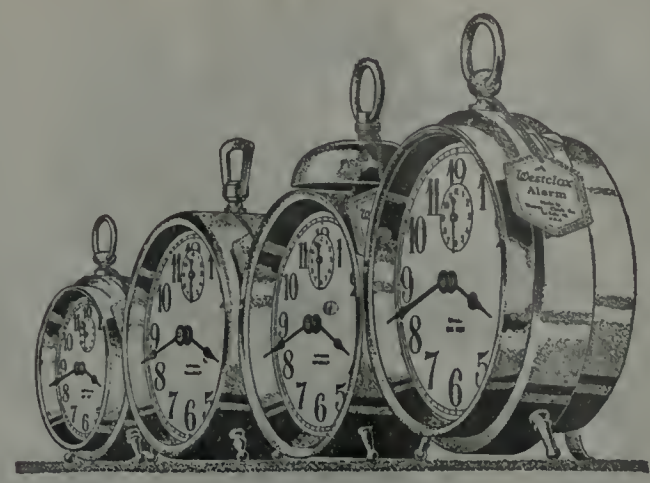
Mr. Betterton jumped to his feet, sobered in the instant; and she stood alone in the middle of the room, gazing somewhat wild-eyed in the direction of the door, which had already been violently flung open and through which my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas now hurriedly stepped forward.

"What is it, Babs?" Lord Douglas queried roughly. "Why are you still here?. . . . And what . . . ?"

He got no further. His glance had alighted on Mr. Betterton, and I never saw quite so much concentrated Fury and Hatred in any one's eyes as now appeared in those of Lord Douglas Wychwoode.

But already the Lady Barbara had recovered herself. No doubt she realized the Mischief which her involuntary call had occasioned. The quarrel which had been slowly smouldering the whole afternoon was ready to burst into living flame at this moment. Even so, she tried to stem its outburst, protesting that she had been misunderstood. She even tried to laugh; but the laugh sounded pitiably forced.

"But it's nothing, Douglas, dear," she said. "I protest. Did I really call? I do not remember. As a matter of fact, Mr. Betterton was good enough to recite some verses for my delectation. . .



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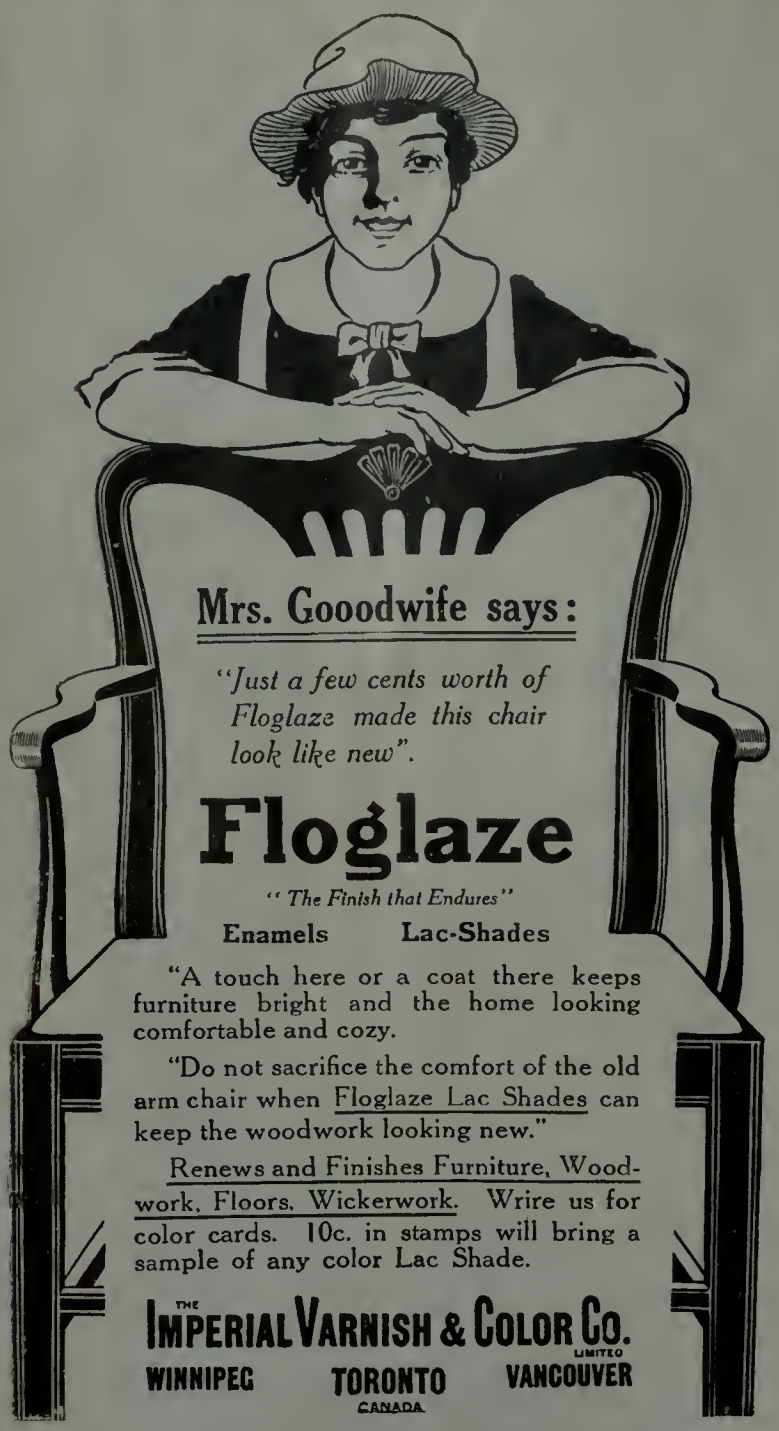

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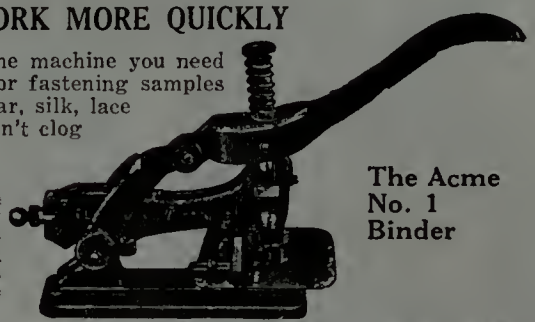

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My enthusiasm must have run away with me. . . and, unwittingly, I must have called out. . . . ."

Obviously the explanation was a lame one. I felt myself that it would not be believed. On the face of my Lord Stour thunderclouds of wrath were fast gathering, and though Mr. Betterton had recovered his presence of mind with all the Art at his command, yet there was a glitter in his eyes which he was powerless to veil, whilst the tremor of her Ladyship's lips while she strove to speak calmly aroused my Lord Stour's ever-wakeful Jealousy.

Lord Douglas, as was his wont apparently whenever he was deeply moved, was pacing up and down the room; his hands were clasped behind his back and from time to time I could see their convulsive twitching. Lord Stour now silently helped her Ladyship on with her cloak. I was thankful that Mr. Baggs and Mistress Euphrosine were keeping in the background, else I verily believe that their obsequious Snivellings would have caused my quivering Nerves to play me an unpleasant trick.

Mr. Betterton had retired to the nearest window-recess, so that I could not see him. All that I did see were the two Gentlemen and the threatening clouds which continued to gather upon their brows. I also heard my Lord Stour whisper hurriedly in Lord Douglas' ear:

"In the name of our friendship, Man, let me deal with this."

I felt as if an icy hand had gripped my heart. I could not conjecture what that ominous speech could portend. Lady Barbara now looked very pale and troubled; her hands as they fumbled with her cloak trembled visibly. Lord Stour, with a masterful gesture, took one of them and held it firmly under his arm.

He then led her towards the door. Just before she went with him, however, her Ladyship turned, and I imagine sought to attract Mr. Betterton's attention.

"I must thank you, Sir," she said, with a final, pathetic attempt at conciliation, "for your beautiful Recitation. I shall be greatly envied, methinks, by those who have only heard Mr. Betterton declaim upon the stage."

Lord Douglas had gone to the door. He opened it and stood grimly by whilst my Lord Stour walked out, with her Ladyship upon his arm.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Outrage

I

LORD DOUGLAS WYCHWOODE did not speak to Mr. Betterton after her Ladyship and my Lord Stour had gone out of the room, but continued his restless pacing up and down. I thought his silence ominous.

Half consciously, I kept my attention fixed upon the street below, and presently saw the Lady Barbara get into her chair and bid adieu to his Lordship, who remained standing on our doorstep until the Sedan was borne away up the street and out of sight. Then, to my astonishment, he walked down as far as the "Cock" tavern and disappeared within its doors.

The silence in our parlour was getting on my nerves. I could not see Mr. Betterton, only Lord Douglas from time to time, when in his ceaseless tramping his short, burly figure crossed the line of my vision.

Anon I once more thought of my work. There were a couple more copies of the Manifesto to be done, and I set to, determined to finish them. Time went on, and the afternoon light was now rapidly growing dim. Outside, the weather had not improved. A thin rain was coming down, which turned the traffic-way of our street to sticky mud. I remember, just after I had completed my work and tidied up my papers, looking out of the window and seeing, in the now fast-gathering gloom, the young Lord of Stour on the doorstep of the "Cock" tavern, in close conversation with half a dozen ill-clad and ill-condi-

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tioned Ruffians. But I gave the matter no further thought just then, for my mind happened to be engrossed with doubts as to how I should convey the Copies I had made to my Employer without revealing my presence to Lord Douglas Wychwoode.

His Lordship himself, however, soon relieved me of this perplexity, for presently he came to a halt by the door which led to the inner office and quite unceremoniously pushed it open and walked through. I heard his peremptory demands for the Copies, and Mr. Baggs' muttered explanations. But I did not wait a moment longer. This was obviously my best opportunity for re-appearing upon the scene without his Lordship realizing that I had been in the parlour all the time. I slipped out from my hiding place and carefully re-arranged the screen in its former position, then I tip-toed across the room.

In the gloom, I caught sight of Mr. Betterton standing in one of the recesses, his slender white hands, which were so characteristic of his refined, artistic Personality, clasped behind his back. I would have given a year or two of my humdrum life for the privilege of speaking to him then and of expressing to him some of that Sympathy with which my heart was overflowing. But no one knows better than I how proud a Man he is, and how he would have resented the thought that anyone else had witnesed his humiliation.

So I executed the manœuvre which I had in my mind without further delay. I opened the door which gave on the stairs noiselessly, then closed it again with a bang, as if I had just come in. Then I strode as heavily as I could across the room to the door of the inner office, against which I then rapped with my knuckles.

"Who's that?" Mr. Baggs' voice queried immediately.

"The copies, Sir, which you ordered," I replied in a firm voice. "I have finished them."

"Come in! come in!" then broke in Lord Douglas impatiently. "I have waited in this accursed hole quite long enough."

The whole thing went off splendidly, and even Mr. Baggs did subsequently compliment me on my clever ruse. Lord Douglas never suspected the fact that I had never been out of the Parlour, but had heard from the safe shelter of the window-recess everything that had been going on.

II

WHEN, a few moments later, I re turned to the Parlour eager to have a few minutes' speech with Mr. Betterton, I saw that he had gone. Anon, Kathleen the maid brought in the candles and closed the shutters. I once more took my place at my desk, but this time made no use of the screen. After awhile, Lord Douglas came in, followed by the ever-obsequious Mr. Baggs, and almost directly after that, my Lord Stour came back.

His clothes were very wet and he shook the rain out from the brim of his hat.

"What a time you have been!" Lord Douglas said to him. "I was for going away without seeing you."

"I wanted to find out what had happened in here," my Lord Stour gave reply, speaking in a whisper.

"What do you mean?"

"The fellow had the audacity to pay his addresses to Lady Barbara," my Lord Stour went on, still speaking below his breath. "I guessed as much, but wanted to make sure."

Lord Douglas uttered an angry cath, and Lord Stour continued hurriedly:

"Such insolence had to be severely punished, of course; and I saw to it."

"How?" queried the other eagerly.

"I have hired half a dozen ruffians from the tavern yonder, to waylay him with sticks on his way from here, and to give him the sound thrashing which he deserves."

It was with the most terrific effort at self-control that I succeeded in smothering the cry of horror which had risen to my lips. As it was, I jumped to my feet and both my chair and the candle from my desk fell with a clatter to the floor. I think that Mr. Baggs hurled a Volley of abuse upon me for my clumsiness and chided me in that the grease from the candle was getting wasted by dripping on the floor. But the Gentlemen paid no heed to me. They were still engaged in their abominable conversation. While I stooped to pick up the chair and the candle, I heard my Lord Stour saying to his friend:

"Come with me and see the deed accomplished. The Mountebank must be made to know whose hand is dealing him the well-merited punishment. My hirelings mean to waylay him at the corner of Spreadeagle Court, a quiet place which is not far from here, and which leads into a blind alley. Quickly, now," he added; "or we shall be too late."

More I did not hear; for, believe me, dear Mistress, I felt like one possessed. For the nonce, I did not care whether I was seen or not; whether Mr. Baggs guessed my purpose or not. I did not care if he abused me or even punished me later for my strange behaviour. All that I knew and felt just then was that I must run to the corner of Spreadeagle Court, where one of the most abominable Outrages ever devised by one Man against Another was even then being perpetrated. I tore across the room, through the door and down the stairs, hatless, my coat tails flying behind me, like some Maniac escaping from his Warders.

I ran up Chancery Lane faster, I think, than any man ever ran before. Already my ears were ringing with the sound of distant shouts and scuffling. My God! grant that I may not come too late! I, poor, weak, feeble of body, could of course do nothing against six paid and armed Ruffians; but at least I could be there to ward off or receive some of the blows which the arms of the sacrilegious Miscreants were dealing, at the instance of miserable Coxcombs, to a man whose Genius and Glory should have rendered him almost sacred in their sight.

III

AS long as I live will that awful picture haunt me as I saw it then. You know the Blind Alley on the left-hand side of Spreadeagle Court, with, at the end of it, the great double doorway which gives on the back premises of Mr. Brooks' silk warehouse. It was against that doorway that Mr. Betterton had apparently sought some resemblance of refuge when first he was set upon by the Ruffians. By the time that I reached the corner of the Blind Alley, he had fallen against the door; for at first I could not see him. All that I saw was a group of burly backs, and arms waving sticks about in the air. All that I heard, oh, my God! were ribald cries and laughter, and sounds as wild animals must make when they fall, hungry, upon their prey. The Ruffians, I make no doubt, had no grudge against their Victim; but they had been well instructed and would be well paid if their foul deed was conscientiously accomplished.

My Wrath and Anxiety gave me the strength which I otherwise lack. Pushing, jostling, crawling, I contrived to work my way through the hideous barrier which seethed and moved and shouted betwixt me and the Man whom I love.

When I at last kneeled beside him, I saw and heard nothing more. I did not feel the blows which one or two of the Ruffians thought fit to deal to Me. I only saw him, lying there against the door, panting, bleeding from forehead and hands, his clothes torn, his noble face of a deadly pallor. I drew his handkerchief from his coat pocket and staunched the wounds upon his face; I pillowed his head against my Shoulder; I helped him to struggle to his feet. He was in mortal pain and too weak to speak; but a ray of kindliness and of gratitude flashed through his eyes when he recognized me.

The Ruffians were apparently satisfied with their hideous work; but they still stood about at the top of the Alley, laughing and talking, waiting no donbt for their Blood Money. Oh! if wishes could have struck those Miscreants dumb or blind or palsified, my feeble

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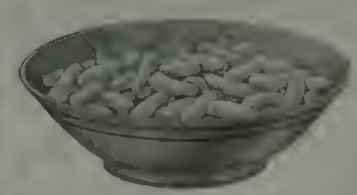

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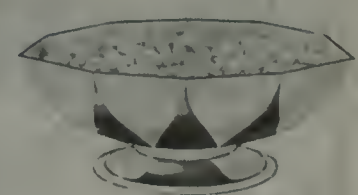

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voice would have been raised to Heaven, crying for Vengeance on such an infamous deed. Hot tears were coursing down my cheek, my temples throbbed with pain and misery, as my arm stole round the trembling figure of my Friend.

THEN all at once those tears were dried, the throbbing of my temples was stilled. I felt no longer like a Man, but like a petrified statue of indignation and of hate. The sound of my Lord Stour's voice had just struck upon mine ear. Vaguely through the gloom I could see him and Lord Douglas Wychwoode parleying with those abominable Ruffians. . . I heard the jingle of money. . . blood money . . . the ring of ribald laughter, snatches of a bibulous song.

These sounds and the clang of the Gentlemen's footsteps upon the cobblestones also reached Mr. Betterton's fast-fading senses. I felt a tremor coursing right through his limbs. With an almost superhuman effort, he pulled himself together and drew himself erect, still clinging with both hands to my arms. By the time that the two young Cavaliers had reached the end of the Blind Alley, the outraged man was ready to confront them. Their presence here, those sounds of jingling money and of laughter, had told him the whole abominable tale. He fought against his weakness, against pain and against an impending Swoon. He was still livid, but it was with rage. His eyes had assumed an unnatural fire; his whole appearance as he stood there against the solid background of the massive door, was sublime in its forceful expression of towering Wrath and of bitter, deadly humiliation.

Even those two miserable Coxcombs paused for an instant, silenced and awed by what they saw. The laughter died upon their lips; the studied sneer upon their faces gave place to a transient expression of fear.

Mr. Betterton's arm was now extended and with trembling hand he pointed at Lord Stour.

" 'Tis you ——" he murmured hoarsely. "You—who have done—this thing?"

"At your service," replied the young man, with a lightness of manner which was obviously forced and a great show of haughtiness and of insolence. "My friend Lord Douglas here has allowed me the privilege of chastising the common Mountebank for daring to raise his eyes to the Lady Barbara Wychwoode ——"

At mention of the Lady's name, I felt Mr. Betterton's clutch on my arm tighten convulsively.

"Does she ——" he queried, "does she—know?"

"I forbid you," interposed Lord Douglas curtly, "to mention my Sister's name in the matter."

" 'Tis to my Lord Stour I am speaking," rejoined Mr. Betterton more firmly. Then he added: "You will give me satisfaction for this outrage, my Lord ——"

"Satisfaction?" riposted his Lordship coolly. "What do you mean?"

"One of us has got to die because of this," Mr. Betterton said loudly.

Whereupon my Lord Stour burst into a fit of hilarious laughter, which sounded as callous as it was forced.

"A duel?" he almost shrieked, in a rasping voice. "Ha! ha! ha! a duel!!! —a duel with you? . . . With Tom Betterton, the Son of a Scullion. . . By my faith! 'tis the best joke you ever made Sir Actor. . . 'tis worth repeating upon the stage!"

But the injured man waited unmoved until his Lordship's laughter died down in a savage oath. Then he said calmly:

"The day and hour, my Lord Stour?"

"This is folly, Sir," rejoined the young Cavalier coldly. "The Earl of Stour can only cross swords with an equal."

"In that case, my Lord," was Mr. Betterton's calm reply, "you can only cross swords henceforth with a coward and a liar."

"Damned, insolent cur!" cried Lord Stour, maddened with rage no doubt at the other's calm contempt. He advanced towards us with arm uplifted—then perhaps felt ashamed, or frightened—I know not which. Certain it is that Lord Douglas succeeded in dragging him back a step or two, whilst he said with well-studied contempt:

"Pay no further heed to the fellow, my friend. He has had his punishment —Do not bandy further words with him."

HE was for dragging Lord Stour away quickly now. I do believe that he was ashamed of the abominable deed. At any rate, he could not bear to look upon the Man who had been so diabolically wronged.

"Come away, man!" he kept reiterating at intervals. "Leave him alone!"

"One moment, my Lord," Mr. Betterton called out in a strangely powerful tone of voice. "I wish to hear your last word."

By now we could hardly see one another. The Blind Alley was almost in total gloom. Only against the fast-gathering dusk I could still see the hated figures of the two young Cavaliers, their outlines blurred by the evening haze. Lord Stour was certainly on the point of going; but at Mr. Betterton's loudly spoken challenge, he paused once more, hesitated for the fraction of a second, then came a step or two back towards us.

"My last word?" he said coldly. Then he looked Mr. Betterton up and down, his every movement, his whole attitude, a deadly insult. "One does not fight with such as you," he said, laughed, and would have turned away immediately, only that Mr. Betterton, with a quick and unforeseen movement reached forward and gripped him by the wrist.

"Insolent puppy!" he said in a whisper, so hoarse and yet so distinct that not an intonation, not a syllable, of it was lost, "that knows not the Giant it has awakened by its puny bark. You refuse to cross swords with Tom Betterton, the son of a Menial, as you choose to say? Very well then, 'tis Thomas Betterton, the artist of undying reknown, who now declares war against you. For every insult and every blow, he will be even with You; for he will launch against You the irresistible thunderbolt that kills worse than death and which is called *Dishonour!* . . . . Aye! I will fight you, my Lord; not to your death, but to your undying shame. And now," he added more feebly, as he threw his Lordship's arm away from him with a gesture of supreme contempt; "go, I pray You, go! I'll not detain You any longer. You and your friend are free to laugh for the last time to-day at the name which I, with my genius, have rendered immortal. Beware, my Lord! The ridicule that kills, the obloquy which smirches worse than the impious hand of paid Lacqueys. This is the word of Tom Betterton, my Lord; the first of his name, as you, please God, will be the last of yours!"

Then, without a groan, he fell, swooning, upon my shoulder. When consciousness of my surroundings once more returned to me, I realized that the two Gentlemen had gone.

(To be Continued.)

The Seven Blue Doves

Continued from page 25

the eye of the law, but for a good woman's sake I've got to get the murderer."

"It would be commendable, Carney, if you can."

"Well, then, give these other men plenty of rope."

"I comprehend," and Doctor Anderson nodded his head.

"I've got a man—'Oregon' he's known as—down at Big Horn Crossing; he's there for my work; I'm going to pull out to-night and tell Oregon to search every man that rides the border trail going south."

"I don't know whether I can give you

the proper authority, Bulldog—I'll look it up with the town clerk."

Carney laughed, a soft throaty chuckle of honest amusement.

Piqued, the Doctor said irritably: "You're thinkin', Bulldog, that the little town clerk and myself are somewhat of a joke as representing authority, eh?"

"No, indeed, Doctor. I was thinking of Oregon. He's got his authority for everything, got it right in his belt; he'll search his man first and explain afterwards and when he gets the right man he'll bring him in. First I'm going to make a cast around the police shack with a lantern. Even by its light I may pick up some information. I'll get Jeanette to stake me to a couple of days' grub; I'll take some cats for the buckskin, and be back in three days."

"I'll wait here till you have a look," the Doctor declared; "there might be some clue you'd be leaving with me to follow up."

CARNEY secured a reflector lantern from a back room, and first kneeling down examined the footsteps that had been left in the soft black earth around the police shack door. He seemed to discover a trail, for he skirted the building, stooping down with the lantern held close to the ground, and once more knelt under a back window. Here there were tracks of a heavy foot; some that indicated that a man had stood for some time there; that sometimes he had been peering in the window, the toe prints almost touching the wall. There were two deeply indented heel marks as if somebody had dropped from the window.

Carney put up his hand and tested the lower half of the sash. He could shove it up quite easily. Next he drew a sheet of paper from his pocket—it was really an old letter—and with his pocket knife cut it to fit a footprint that was in the earth. Then he returned to the front door, and with his paper gauge tested the different foot imprints, following them a piece as they led away from the shack. He stood up and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, his brows drawn into a heavy frown of reflection, ending by starting off at a fast pace that carried him to the edge of the little town.

In front of a small log shack he stooped and compared the paper in his hand with some footprints. He seemed puzzled, for there were different boot tracks, and the one—the latest, he judged, for they topped the others—was toeing away from the shack.

He straightened up and knocked on the door. There was no answer. He knocked again loudly; no answer. He shook the door by the iron handle until the latch clattered like a castenet: there was no sound from within. He stepped to a window, tapped on it and called, "Cranford, Cranford!" the gloomed stillness of the shack convinced him that Cranford had gone—perhaps, as he had intimated, to Bald Rock.

He went back and fitted the paper into the topmost tracks, those heading away from the shack. The paper did not seem to fit—not quite; in fact, the other track was closer to the paper gauge.

Back at the hotel he related to Dr. Anderson the result of his trailing.

When he spoke of Cranford's absence from the shack, the Doctor involuntarily exclaimed: "My God! that does complicate matters. I was thinking we might get a double hitch on yon Shipley by proving from Cranford he hadn't been near the latter's shack. But now it involves Cranford, if he's gone. He's an unlucky devil, that, and I know, on the quiet, that he's likely to get in trouble over some payments on a mine, they are threatening a suit for misappropriation of funds or something."

"You see, Doctor," Carney said, "the sooner I block the likely get-away-gate the better."

"Yes. You pull out as soon as you like. I'll have a search for Cranford, and I'll generally keep things in shape till Sergeant Black comes—likely tomorrow he'll be here. I'll hold an inquest and, of course, the verdict will be 'by some one unknown.' I'll say that

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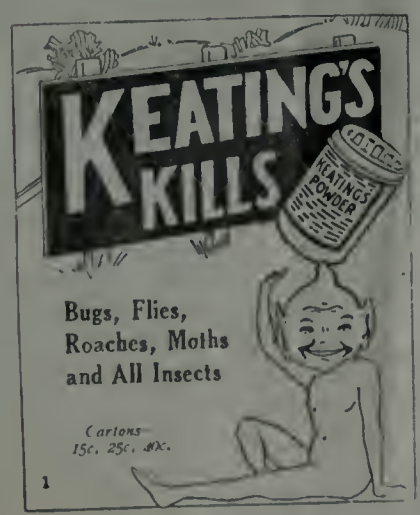

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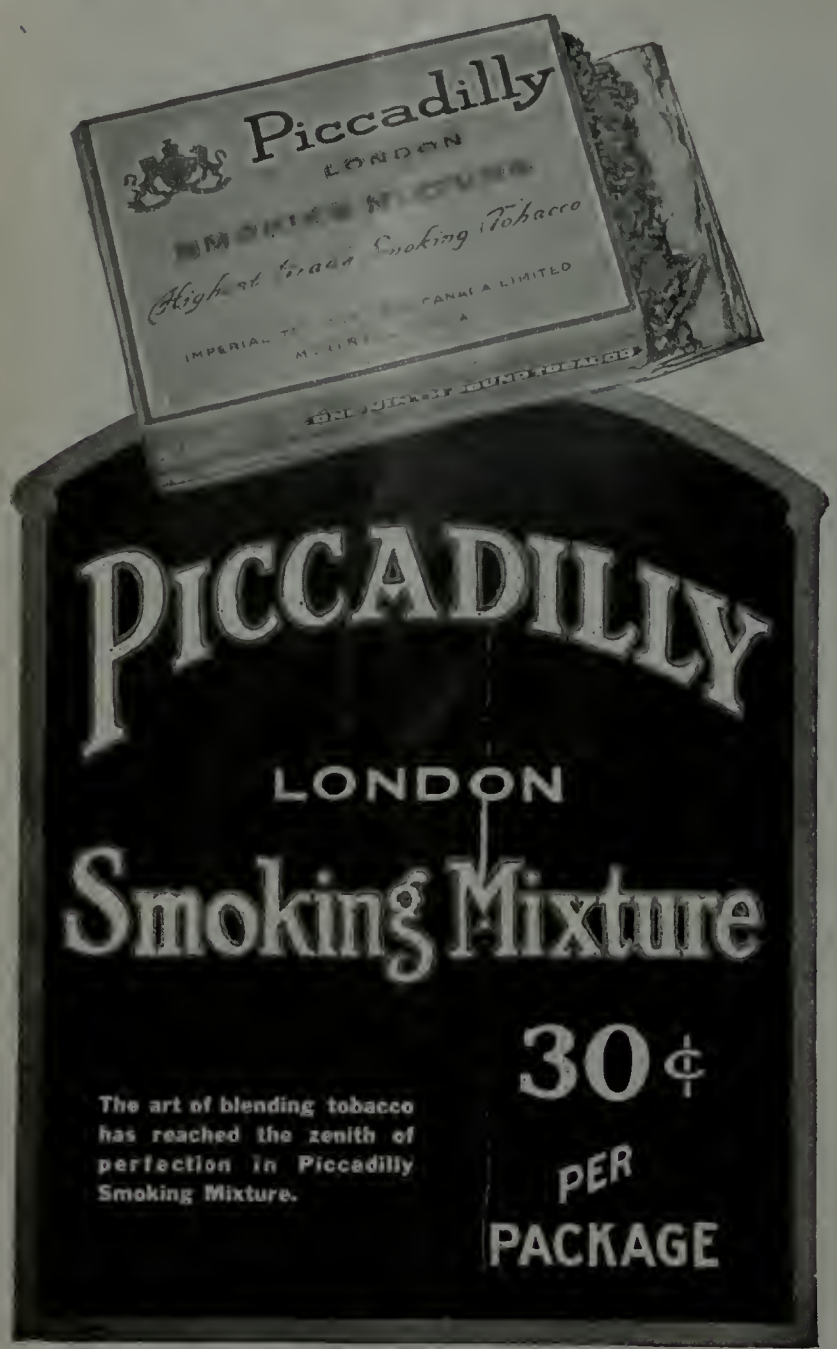

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you've gone to hurry in Sergeant Black."

WHEN the Doctor had gone Carney went upstairs to where Jeanette was waiting for him in the little front sitting-room.

With her there was little beyond just the horror of the terrible ending to it. Her life with Seth Long had been a curious one, curious in its absolute emptiness of everything but just an arrangement. There was no affection, no pretense of it. She was like a niece, or even a daughter to Seth; their relationship had been practically on that basis. Her father had been a partner of Long in some of his enterprises, enterprises that had never been much of anything beyond final failure. When his partner had died Seth had assumed charge of the girl. It was perhaps the one redeeming feature in Seth's ordinary, useless life.

Now Jeanette and Carney hardly touched on the past which they both knew so well, or the future about which, just now, they knew nothing.

Carney explained, as delicately as he could, the situation; the desirability of his clearing his name absolutely, independent of her evidence, by finding the murderer. He really held in his mind a somewhat nebulous theory. He had not confided this fully to Doctor Anderson, nor did he now to Jeanette; just told her that he was going away for two or three days and would be supposed to have gone after the Mounted Policeman.

He told her about the disappearance of the marked pack, and explained how much depended upon the discovery of its present possessor.

Part II

IT was within an hour of daybreak when Carney, astride his buckskin, slipped quietly out of Bucking Horse, and took the trail that skirted the tortuous stream toward the south. He had had no sleep, but that didn't matter; for two or three days and nights at a stretch he could go without sleep when necessary. Perhaps when he spelled for breakfast, as the buckskin fed on the now drying autumn grass, he would snatch a brief half hour of slumber, and again at noon; that would be quite enough.

When the light became strong he examined the trail. There were several tracks; cayuse tracks, the larger footprints of what were called bronchos, the track of pack mules; they were coming and going. But they were cold trails, seemingly not one fresh. Little cobwebs, like gossamer wings, stretched across the sunken bowl-like indentations, and dew sparkled on the silver mesh like jewels in the morning sun.

It was quite ten o'clock when Carney discovered the footprints of a pony that were evidently fresh; here and there the outcupped black earth where the cayuse had cantered glistened fresh in the sunlight.

Carney could not say just where the cayuse had struck the trail he was on. It gave him a depressed feeling. Perhaps the rider carried the loot, and had circled to escape interception. But when Carney came to the cross trail that ran from Fort Steel to Kootenay the cayuse tracks turned to the right toward Kootenay, and he felt a conviction that the rider was not associated with the murder. With that start he would be heading for across the border; he would not make for a Canadian town where he would be in touch with the wires.

Along the border trail there were no fresh tracks.

IT was toward evening when Carney passed through the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge—past the gruesome place where Fourteenfoot Johnson had been killed by Jack the Wolf, past where he himself had been caught in the beartrap.

The buckskin remembered it all; he was in a hurry to get beyond it; he clattered over the narrow, winding, up-and-down footpath with the eager hasty steps of a fleeing goat, his head swing-

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ing nervously, his big lop ears weaving back and forth in apprehension.

Well beyond the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge, past the dark maw of the cave in which Jack the Wolf had hidden the stolen gold, Carney went, camping in the valley, that had now broadened out, when its holding walls of mountain sides had blanketed the light so that he travelled along an obliterated trail, obliterated to all but the buckskin's finer sense of perception.

At the first graying of the eastern sky he was up, and after a snatch of breakfast for himself and the buckskin, hurrying south again. No one had passed in the night for Carney had slept on one side of the trail while the horse fed or rested on the other, with a picket line stretched between them; and there were no fresh tracks.

At two o'clock he came to the little log shack just this side of the U.S. border where Oregon kept his solitary ward. Nobody had passed, Oregon advised, and Carney gave the old man his instructions, which were to search any passer, and if he had the fifty dollar bills, or the marked cards, hobble him and bring him back to Bucking Horse.

Over a pan of bacon and a pot of strong tea Oregon reported to his superior all their own endeavor, which, in truth, was opium running. That was his office, to drift across the line casually, back and forth, as a prospector, and keep posted as to customs officers; who they were, where the kind hearted ones were, and where the fanatical ones were; for once Carney had been ambushed, practically illegally, five miles within Canadian territory, and had had to fight his way out, leaving twenty thousand dollars' worth of opium in the hands of a tyrannical customs department.

At four o'clock Carney sat the buckskin, and reached down to grasp the hand of his lieutenant.

"I'll tell you, Bulldog," the latter said, swinging his eyes down the valley toward the south-west, "there's somethin' brewin' in the way of weather. My hip is pickin' a quarrel with that flat-nosed bit of lead that's been nestin' in a j'int' until I just natural feel as if somebody'd fresh plugged me."

CARNEY laughed, for the day was glorious. The valley bed through which wandered, now sluggishly, a green-tinged stream, lay like a glorious Oriental rug, its colors rich-tinted by the warm flood of golden light that hung in the cedar and pine-perfumed air. The lower reaches of the hills on either side were crimson, and gold, and pink, and purple, and emerald green, all softened into a gentle maze like tapestry where the gaillardias and monkshood, and wolf-willow, and salmonberry and Saskatoon bushes caressed each other in luxurious profusion, their floral bloom preserved in autumn tawny richness by the dry mountain air.

And this splendor of God's artistry, this wondrous great tapestry, was hung against the sombre green wall of a pine and fir forest that zig-zagged, and stood in blocks, all up the mountain side like the design of some giant cubist.

Carney laughed and swung his gloved hand in a semi-circle of derision.

"It's purty," Oregon said, "It's purty but I've seen a purty woman, all smilin' too, break out in a hell of a temper afore you could say 'hands up.' My hip don't never make no mistakes cause it aint got no fancies. It's a-comin'. You ride like hell, Carney, it's a-comin'. Say Bulldog, look at that!" And Oregon's long, lean, not overclean finger pointed to the buckskin's head: "He knows as well as I do that the Old Man of the Mountains is cookin' up somethin'. See 'em mule lugs of his—see the white of that eye? And he aint takin' in no purty scenery, he's lookin' over his shoulder, down off there." And Oregon stretched a long arm toward the West, toward the home of the blue-green mountains of ice, the glaciers.

"It's too early for a blizzard," Carney contended.

"It might be, if they run on schedule time like the trains, but they don't. I froze to death once in one in September.

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I come back to life again, 'cause I'd been good always; and perhaps, Bulldog, your record mightn't let you out if you got caught between here and Buckin' Horse in a real le-game of snow hell'ry. The trail runs mostly up narrow valleys that would pile twenty feet deep, and I reckon, though you don't care overmuch yourself what gener'ly happens, you don't want to give the buckskin a raw deal by gettin' him into any fool finish. He knows; he wants to get to a nice little silk-lined sleepin' box afore this snoozer hits the mountains. Good-bye, Bulldog, and ride like hell—the buckskin won't mind; let him run the show—he knows, the clever little cuss."

Carney's slim fingers, though steel, were almost welded together in the heat of the squeeze they got in Oregon's bear-trap of a paw.

The trail here was like a prairie road for the valley was flat and the buckskin accentuated his apprehensive eagerness by whisking away at a sharp canter. Carney could hear, from over his shoulder, the croaking bellow of Oregon who had noticed this:

"He knows, Bulldog. Leave him alone. Let him run things hisself!"

THOUGH Carney had laughed at Oregon's gloomy forecast, he knew the old man was weather-wise, that a lifetime spent in the hills and the wide places of earth had tutored him to the varying moods of the elements; that his super-sense was akin to the subtle understanding of animals. So he rode late into the night, sometimes sleeping in the saddle, as the buckskin, with loose rein, picked his way up hill and down dale and along the brink of gorges with the surefootedness of a big-horn. He camped beneath a giant pine whose fallen cones and needles had spread a luxurious mattress, and whose balsam, all unstoppered, floated in the air, a perfume that was like a balm of life.

Almost across the trail Carney slept lest the bearer of the loot might slip by in the night.

He had lain down with one gray blanket over him; he had gone to sleep with a delicious sense of warmth and cosiness; he woke shivering. His eyes opened to a gray light, a faint gray, the steeliness that filtered down into the gloomed valley from a paling sky. A day was being born; the night was dying.

An appalling hush was in the air; the valley was as devoid of sound as though the very trees had died in the night; as if the air itself had been sucked out from between the hills, leaving a void.

The buckskin was up and picking at the tender shoots of a young birch. It had been a half-whinnying snort from the horse that had wakened Carney, for now he repeated it, and threw his head up, the lop ears cocked as though he listened for some break in the horrible stillness, watched for something that was creeping stealthily over the mountains from the west.

Carney wet the palm of his hand and held it up. It chilled as though it had been dipped in evaporating spirits. Looking at the buckskin Oregon's croak came back:

"He knows: ride like hell, Bulldog!"

CARNEY rose, and poured a little feed of oats from his bag on a corner of his blanket for the horse. He built a fire and brewed in a copper pot his tea. Once the shaft of smoke that spiralled lazily upward flickered and swished flat like a streaming wisp of hair; and above, high up in the giant pine harp, a minor string wailed a thin tremulous note. The gray of the morning that had been growing bright now gloomed again as though night had fled backwards before the thing that was in the mountains to the west.

The buckskin shivered; the hairs of his coat stood on end like fur in a bitter cold day, he snapped at the oats as though he bit at the neck of a stallion; he crushed them in his strong jaws as though he were famished, or ate to save them from a thief.

In five minutes the strings of the giant harp above Carney's head were playing a dirge; the smoke of his fire swirled, and the blaze darted here and there

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angrily, like the tongue of a serpent. From far across the valley, from somewhere in the rocky caverns of the mighty hills, came the heavy moans of genii. It was hardly a noise, it was a great oppression, a manifestation of turmoil, of the turmoil of God's majesty, his creation in travail.

Carney quaffed the scalding tea, and raced with the buckskin in the eating of his food. He become a living thermometer; his chilling blood told him that the temperature was going down, down, down. The day before he had ridden with his coat hung to the horn of his saddle; now a vagrant thought flashed to his buffalo coat in his room at the Gold Nugget.

He saddled the buckskin, and the horse, at the pinch of the cinch, turned from his oats that were only half-eaten, and held up his head for the bit.

Carney strapped his dunnage to the back of the saddle, mounted, and the buckskin, with the snort of relief, took the trail with eager steps. It wound down to the valley here toward the west, and little needles stabbed at the rider's eyes and cheeks as though the air were filled with indiscernible diamond dust. It stung; it burned his nostrils; it seemed to penetrate the horse's lungs, for he gave a snorting cough.

And the full orchestra of the hills was filling the valleys and the canyons with an overture, as if, perched on the snowed slopes of Squaw Mountain was the hydraulican of Vitruvius, a torrent raging its many throats into unearthly dirge.

Carney's brain vibrated with this presage of the something that had thrilled his horse. In his ears the wailing, sighing, reverberating music seemed to carry as refrain the words of Oregon: "Ride like hell, Carney! Ride like hell!"

And, as if the command were within the buckskin's knowing, he raced where the path was good; and where it was bad he scrambled over the stones, and shelving rocks, and projecting roots, with cat-like haste.

IN Carney's mind was the cave, the worked-out mine tunnel that drove in to the mountain side; the cave that Jack the Wolf had homed in when he murdered the men on the trail; it was two hours beyond. If he could make that he and the buckskin would be safe, for the horse could enter it too.

In the thought of saving his life the buckskin occupied a dual place; that's what Oregon had said: he had no right to jeopardize the gallant little steed that had saved him more than once with fleet heel and stout heart.

He patted the eager, straining neck in front of him, and, though he spoke aloud, his voice was little more in that valley of echo and reverberation than a whisper: "Good, Patsy boy, we'll make it. Don't fret yourself tired, old sport; we'll make it—the cave."

The horse seemed to swing his head reassuringly as though he, too, had in his heart the undying courage that nothing daunted.

Now the invisible cutting dust that had scorched Carney's face had taken visible form; it was like fierce-driven flour. Across the valley the towering hills were blurred shapes. Carney's eyelashes were frozen ridges above his eyes; his breath floated away in little clouds of ice; the buckskin coat of the horse had turned to gray.

Sometimes at the turn of a cliff was a false lull as if the storm had been stayed; and then in twenty yards the doors of the frozen north swung again and icy fingers of death gripped man and beast.

And all the time the white prisms were growing larger; closer objects were being blotted out; the prison walls of ice were coming closer; it was more difficult to breathe; his life blood was growing sluggish; a chill was suggesting indifference—why fight?

The horse's feet were muffled by the ghastly white rug, the blizzard was spreading over the earth that the day before had been a cloth of gold; it was like a winding sheet.

Carney could feel the brave little beast falter and lurch as the merciless snow clutched at his legs where it had swirled into billows.

To the man direction was lost—it was like being above the clouds; but the buckskin held on his way straight and true, fighting, fighting, making the glorious fight that is without fear. To stop, to falter, meant death; the buckskin knew it; but he was tiring.

Carney unslung his picket line, put the loop around his chest below his arms, fastened it to the saddle horn, leaving a play of eight feet, and slipping to the ground, clutched the horse's tail, and patted him on the rump. The buckskin knew; he had checked for five seconds; now he went on again, the weight off his back being a relief.

The change was good; Carney had felt the chill of death creeping over him in the saddle; the deadly chill, the palpitating of the chest that preluded a false warmth that meant the end, the sleep of death. Now the exertion wined his blood; it brought the battling back.

Time, too, like direction, was a haze in the man's mind. Two hours away the cave had been, and surely they had struggled on hour after hour. It scarce mattered; to draw forth his watch and look was a waste of energy, the vital energy that weighed against his death; an ounce of it wasted was folly; just on through the enveloping curtain of that white wall.

CARNEY had meant to remount the horse when he was warmer, when he himself was tiring; but it would be murder, murder of the little hero that had fought his battles ever since they had been together. The buckskin's flanks were pumping spasmodically, like the sides of a bellows; his withers drooped; his head was low hung; he looked lean and small—scarce mightier than a jack-rabbit, knee deep in the shifting sea of snow.

But the cave must be near. Carney found himself repeating these words: "The cave is near, the cave is near Patsy; on, boy—the cave is near." His mind dwelt on the wood that he had left in the cave when he took Jack the Wolf to Bucking Horse; of how cosy it would be with a bright fire going, and the baffled blizzard howling without. Yes he would make it. Was his life, so full of the wild adventures that he had always won out on, to be blotted out by just a snow storm, just cold?

He took a lofty stand against this. He was possessed of a feeling that it was a combat between the crude elements and his vital force of mental stamina. If he kept up his courage he would win out, as he always had. It was just Excelsior and Success, just—

There was a swirl of oblivion; he had flown through space and collided with another world; there had been some sort of a gross shock; he was alone, floating through space, and passing through snow-laden clouds. There was a restful exhilaration, such as he had felt once when passing under an anesthetic—Nirvana.

Then the cold snout of some abnormal creature in these regions of the beyond pressed against his face. Gradually, as though waking from a dream—it was the muzzle of the buckskin nosing him back to consciousness. He struggled painfully to his feet. How heavy his legs were; at the bottom of them were leaden-soled diver's boots. His brain not more than half clearing at that, he realized that he and the buckskin had slid from a treacherous shelf of rock, and fallen a dozen feet; the snow, unwittingly kind, catching them in a lap of feathery softness. But for the gallant horse he would have lain there never to rise again of his own volition.

They scrambled back to the trail, he and the little horse, and they were going forward. Oregon's command was working out—"Let the buckskin have his own way."

IF they had been out on the prairie, undoubtedly they would have gone around in a circle—in fact Carney once had done so—and the cold would have been more intense, the sweep of the wind more life-sapping; but here in the valleys in places the snow piled deeper; it was like surf rolling up in billows;

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it took the life force out of man and horse.

Carney was so wearied by the sustained struggle that was like a man battling the waves, half the time beneath the waters, that his flagged senses became atrophied, numbed, scarce tabulating anything but the fact that they still held on toward the cave.

Then he heard a bell. Curious that. Was it all a dream—or was this the real thing: that he was in a merry party, a sleighing party—that they were going to a ball in a stone palace? He could hear a sleigh bell.

Then he was nice and warm. He stretched himself lazily. It was a dream—he was waking.

When he opened his eyes he saw a fire, and the flickering fire-light played on the stone walls. Beside the fire was sitting a man; behind him something stamped on the stone floor.

He turned his head and saw the buckskin asleep on his feet with low-hung head.

"How d'you feel, Stranger?" the man at the fire asked, rising up, and coming to his side.

Carney stared; he was supposed to be back there fighting a blizzard. And now, remembrance, coursing with langourous speed through his mind, he was in the cave where he had held Jack the Wolf a prisoner.

He sat up and pondered this with groggy slowness.

"Some horse that, Stranger." The man's voice that had sounded thinly sinister had a humanized tone as he said this.

Carney's tongue was dry, puckered from the lower vitality. He tried to answer, and the man, noting this, said: "Take your time, Mister. You're making the grade all right, all right. I knowed you was just asleep. Try this dope."

He poured some hot tea into a tin cup. It tonic'd the tired Carney; it was like oil on the dry bearings of a delicate machine.

"Some April shower," the man said, piling wood on the fire. "I heerd a horse neigh—it was kind of a squeal, and my bronch havin' drifted out to sea ahead of this damn gale, I thinks he's come back. I heerd his bell, and I makes a fight with ol' white whiskers—'twan't more 'n 'bout ten yards at that—and there's that danged rat of yours, and he won't come in to the warm 'cause you'd got pinned agin a boulder and snow; he seemed to know that if he pulled too hard he'd break your danged neck. Then we got you in—that's all. Some horse!"

This and the warmth, and the tonic tea brought Carney up to date. He held out his hand.

But a curious metamorphosis in the man startled Carney. He turned surlily to shake up the fire, throwing over his shoulder; "I aint done nothin'; you've got to thank that little jack-rabbit fer pullin you through. I went out after my own bronch."

"But aint I all right, Stranger?" Carney asked gently, for he had met many men in the waste places with just this curious antipathy to an unknown. Oregon was like that. Men living in the wide outside became like outcast buffalo bulls, in their supersensitiveness—every man was an enemy till he proved himself.

THE man straightened up, and his eyes, that were set too close together each side of the fin-like nose, rested on Carney in a squinting look of distrust.

"I aint never knowed but one man was *all right*, and the Mounted Police hounded him till he give up."

The cave man turned the stem of the pipe he had been smoking toward the horse. "That buckskin with the mule ears belongs to Bulldog Carney. Are you him, or are you a hawse thief?"

"How do you know the horse?"

"I got reason a-plenty to know him, He cleaned me out in Walla-Walla when he beat Clatawa; and I guess you're the racin' shark that cold-decked us boys with this ringer."

Now Bulldog knew why the aversion.

"I'm Carney," he admitted, "but it was the gamblers put up the job; I just beat them out."

"Where d'you come from now?" the cave man asked.

"Bailey's Ferry," Carney answered in oblique precaution. He noticed that the other hung with peculiar intensity on his answer.

"How long was you fightin' that blizzard?"

"Since daylight—when I broke camp. Carney looked at his watch; it was three o'clock. "How long have I been here?"

"A couple of hours. Was you runnin' booze or hop, Bulldog?"

Carney started. Perhaps the cave man was conveying a covert threat, an intimation that he might inform on him. "Don't let's talk shop," he answered.

"I aint got no sore spots on my hide," the other sneered; "I'm an ordinary damn fool of a gold chaser, and I've been up in the Eagle Hills trailin' a ledge of auriferous quartz that's buck-jumpin' acrost the mountains so damn fast I never got a chanct to rope it. I'd a-stuck her out if the chuck hadn't petered. When I've just got enough sourbelly to see me to the outside I pulled my freight. That's me, Goldbug Dave."

THE other's statements flashed into Carney's mind a sudden disturbing thought—food! He, himself, had about one day's supply—had he it? He turned to his dunnage and saddle that lay where they had been tossed by the cave man when he had stripped them from the horse. His bacon and bannock were gone!

Wheeling, he asked, "Did you see anything of my grub?"

"All that was on your bronch is there, Bulldog. I don't rob no man's cache. And all I got's here." He held up in one hand a slab of bacon, about four pounds in weight, and in the other a drill bag, in its bottom a round bulge of flour the size of a cocoanut. "That's got to get me to Bailey's Ferry," he added as he dropped them back at the head of his blankets.

A subconscious presentiment of trouble caused Carney, through force of habit, to caress the place where his gun should have been—the pigskin pocket was empty.

The other man bared his teeth; it was like the quiver of a wolf's lip. "Your Gatt must 've kicked out back there in the snow; I see it was gone."

Bulldog knew this was a lie; he knew

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the cave man had taken his gun. He ran his eye over his host's physical exhibit—when the time came he would get his gun back or appropriate the one so in evidence in the other's belt. He went back to his dunnage, a thought of the buckskin in his mind; to his joy he found the horse's oats safe in the bag. This fastened the idea he had that the other had stolen his food, for his bacon and bannock had been in the same bag, they could hardly have worked out and the oats remain.

He sat down again, and mentally arranged the situation. He could hear outside the blizzard still raging. He could see in the opening the swirling snow that indeed had gradually raised a barrier, a white gate to their chamber. This kept the intense cold out, a cold that was at least fifty below zero. The snow would lie in the valleys through which the trail wound twenty feet deep in places. They had no snowshoes; he had no food; and Goldbug Dave's store was only sufficient for a week, with two men eating it.

He knew that there was something in Dave's mind; either a bargain, or a fight for the food. They might be imprisoned for a month; a chinook wind might come up the next day, or the day following that would melt the snow with its soft warm kiss like rain washes a street.

Carney was not hungry; the strain had left him fagged—he was hungry only for rest; and the buckskin, he knew, felt the same desire.

He lay down, and had slept two hours when he was wakened by the sweet perfume of frying pork.

CASUALLY he noticed that but one slice of bacon lay in the pan. He watched the cook turn it over and over with the point of his hunting knife, cooking it slowly, economically, hoarding every drop of its vital fat. When the bacon was cooked the chef lifted it out on the point of his knife and stirred some flour into the gravy, adding water, preparing that delicacy of the trail known as slumgullion.

Dave withdrew the pan and let it rest on the stone floor just beside the fire; then he looked across at Carney, and, catching the gray of his opened eyes, worded the foreboding thought that had been in Carney's mind before he fell asleep.

"I aint got no call to give you a showdown on this, Bulldog, but I'm goin' to. When I snaked you in here that didn't cost me nothin'; anyways you was down and out for the count. Now you've come back it aint up to me to throw my chanct away by declarin' you in on this grub: I'd be a damn fool to do it—I'd be just playin' agin myself."

Then he spat in the fire and held the pan over its blaze to warm the slimy mixture.

Carney remained silent, and his host, as if making out a case for himself continued: "We may be bottled up here for a week, or a month. Two men aint got no chanct on that grub-pile, no chanct."

"Why don't you eat it then?" And Carney sat up.

"I could, 'cause it's mine; but I got a proposition to make—you can take it or leave it."

"Spit it out."

"It's just this"—the fox eyes shifted uneasily to the little buckskin, and then back to Carney's face—"I'll share this grub if, when it's gone, you cut in with the bronch."

CARNEY shivered at this, inwardly; facially he didn't twitch an eye; his features were as immobile as though he had just filled a royal flush. The proposition sounded as cold-blooded as if the other man had asked him to slit the throat of a brother for a cannibalistic orgy.

"It's only ord'nary hawse sense," Dave added when Carney did not speak; "kept in the snow that meat 'd last us a month. Feeling don't count when a man's playin' fer his life, and that's what we're doin'."

"I don't dispute the sense of your proposition, my kind friend," Carney said in a well-mastered voice: "I'm not hungry just now, and I'll think it over. I've got a sneaking regard for the little

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buckskin, but, of course, if I don't get out he'd starve to death anyway."

"Take your time," and the owner of the pan pulled it between his legs, ate the slice of bacon, and with a tin spoon lapped up the glutinous mess.

Carney watched this performance, smothering the anger and the hunger that were now battling in him. It was a one-sided argument; the other man had a gun, and Carney knew that he would use it the minute his store of provisions were gone—perhaps before that. And Carney was determined to make the discussion more equitable. Once he could put a hand on the dictator, the lop-sided argument would true itself up. As to killing the little buckskin that had saved his life—bah! the very idea of it made his fingers twitch for a grasp of the other's windpipe.

For a long time Carney sat moodily turning over in his mind something; and the other man, having lighted his pipe, sat back against the wall of the cave smoking.

At last Carney spoke. "There's a way out of this."

"Yes, if a chinook blows up Kettle-belly Valley—there aint no other way. The manna days is all gone by."

"There's another way. This is an old worked-out mine we're in, the Lost Ledge Mine."

"She's worked out, right enough. There never was nothin' but a few stringers of gold—they soon petered out."

"When the men who were working this mine pulled out they left a lot of heavy truck behind," Carney continued. "There's a forge, coal, tools, and, what I'm thinking of, half-a-dozen sets of horse snowshoes back there. I could put a set of those snowshoes on the buckskin and make Bucking Horse in three or four days. He wore them down in the Coeur d'Alenes."

"If you had the grub," Dave snapped —"where're you goin' to get that?"

"Half of what you've got would keep me up that long on short rations."

"And what about me—where do I come in on givin' you half my grub?"

"The other half would keep you alive till I could bring a rescue party on snowshoes and dog-train."

DAVE sucked at his pipe, pondering this proposition in silence; then he said, as if having made up his mind to do a generous act: "I'll cut the cards with you—your bronch agin half my chuck. If you win you can try this fool trick, if I win the bronch is mine to do the same thing, or use him to keep us both alive till a chinook blows up."

From an inside pocket of his coat he brought forth a pack of cards, and slid them apart, fan-shaped, on the corner of his blanket.

Carney was almost startled into a betrayal. On the backs of the cards winged *seven blue doves*. It was the pack that had been stolen from Seth Long's pocket, and the man that sat behind them was the murderer of Seth Long, Carney knew. Yes, it was the same pack; there was the same slight variation of the wings. In a second Carney had mastered himself.

"I guess it's fair," he said hesitatingly: "Let me think it over—I'm fond of that little cuss, but I guess a man's life comes first."

He sat looking into the fire thinking, and if Dave had been a mind reader the gun in his belt would have covered Carney, for the latter was thinking, "There are three aces in that pack and the fourth is in my pocket."

Then he spoke, shifting closer to the blanket on which the other sat:

"I'll cut!"

"Draw a card, then," Dave commanded, touching the strung-out pack.

Carney could see the acute-angled wings of the middle dove on a card; he turned it up—it was the ace of diamonds.

"Some draw!" Dave declared. Then he deftly flipped over the ace of spades, adding: "Horse and horse, Bulldog; draw again."

"Shuffle and spread-eagle them again, for luck," Carney suggested.

Dave gathered the cards, gave them a riffle, and swept them along the blanket in a tenuous stream.

Carney edged closer to the ribbon of blue-doved cards; and the owner of them, a sneer on his lips, craned his head and shoulders forward in a gambler's eagerness.

Intensity, too, seemed to claim Bulldog; he rested his elbows on his knees and scanned the cards as if he hesitated over the risk. There, a little to the right, he discovered the third ace, the only one in the pack. If he turned that Dave could not tie him again. He knew that the minute that he turned over that card the cave-man would know that he had been double-crossed in his sure thing; his gun would be thrust into Carney's face; perhaps—once a killer always a killer—he would not hesitate, but would kill.

So Carney let his right hand hover carelessly a little beyond the ace, while his left crept closer to Dave's right wrist.

"Why don't you draw your card?" Dave snarled. "What're you—?"

Carney's right hand flopped over the ace of clubs, and in the same split second his left closed like the jaws of a vise on Dave's wrist.

"Turn over a card with your left hand, quick!" he commanded.

Dave, as if in the act of obeying, reached for his gun with the left hand, but a twist of the imprisoned wrist, almost tearing his arm from the shoulder-socket, turned him on his back, and his gun was whisked from its pigskin pocket by Carney.

Then Bulldog released the wrist and commanded: "Draw that card, quick, or I'll plug you; then we'll talk!"

Sullenly the other turned the card; as if in mockery it was a "jack."

"You lose," Carney declared. "Now sit back there against the wall."

Cursing Bulldog for a cold-deck sharp, the other sullenly obeyed.

THEN Carney turned up the end of Dave's blanket, and found, as he knew he should, Hadley's plethoric wallet, and his own six-gun. This proceeding had hushed the other man's profane denunciation; his eyes held a foreboding look.

Carney stepped back to the fire, saying:

"You're Tacoma Jack—you're the man that staked Seth Long to this marked pack." He drew from his pocket the ace of hearts and held it up to Tacoma's astonished view. "Here's the missing ace."

He put it back in his pocket and resumed: "That was to rob Hadley, when you found he was leaving the money in Seth's strong box while he went with you up into the hills to look at a mine that didn't exist. If he had taken the money with him he would have been killed instead of Seth. When the game was over that night, Seth signalled you with a lamp in the window, and, when you went in to settle with him, the sight of the money was too much, and you plugged him."

"It's a damn lie! I was up in the mountains and don't know nothin' about it."

"You were standing at that back window of the police shack when Seth and Hadley were playing alone, and when you shot Seth you were smooth enough not to open the front door for fear someone might be coming and see you, but jumped from the back window."

Carney took from his pocket the paper templet he had made of the tracks in the mud.

"I see from the soles of your gumshoe packs that this gets you." He held it up.

"It's all a damned pack of lies, Bulldog; you've been chewin' your own hop. Who's goin' to swaller that guff?"

Carney had expected this. He knew Tacoma was of the determined one-idea type; lacking absolute eye-witness evidence he would deny complicity even with a rope around his neck. He realized that with the valley lying twenty feet deep in snow he couldn't take Tacoma to Bucking Horse; in fact with him that was not the real desired point. If Carney had been a Mounted Policeman, the honor of the force would have demanded that he give up his life trying to land his prisoner; but he was a private individual, trying to keep clean

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The Midsummer Duty *of* Coolness

If By Any Chance You Are Not Cool And Comfortable There is Something Wrong With Your Habits or Environment.

By DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

IF by any chance you are not cool and comfortable, then there is something seriously wrong with your environment or habits or conscience. Incidentally, it is no mere coincidence that the lowest death-rates of the entire year in nearly all civilized countries outside of the tropics fall in June and July—the season when the air is so warm that nobody is afraid of it, even indoors, when the children are set free from their schools, when the pressure of indoor work is less, and even the poor can enjoy life.

But this natural paradise doesn't last forever. By and by the heat ceases to be grateful and becomes a burden, the glare of the sun becomes weariness to the eyes, the warm brown earth a source of dust, and the singing of birds is replaced by the buzzing of flies and the "zing" of the mosquito. Then if you are to preserve the health and comfort and coolness of the family you must beat the enemy to it.

Of course, as a first step toward making yourself comfortable for the summer, it goes without saying that you will put screens over all the windows and doors of your house, and screen in at least one wide porch. Since we discovered that malaria is carried by mosquitos and by no other means, and that flies carry typhoid, summer dysentery, and other infectious diseases, screens have been lifted out of the class of mere comforts and luxuries, and have become necessities of life and health. Also screens have been found to be not only life-savers, but good investments in a commercial way, for even cows give more milk if they are kept in screened stables and cool sheds, and protected from the maddening attacks of flies.

Screen in at least one porch that can be used for an outdoor sitting-room.

Indeed, when we come to analyze the matter, it is really surprising how many of our so-called luxuries and self-indulgences and even extravagances are following screens into the same category as health-preservers and efficiency increasers.

If you have not wire screens and can't afford them, or your landlord thinks he can't afford them, cotton mosquito-bar screens will serve admirably for one season. If you have no handy man to make frames for these improvised screens, you can tack the mosquito-netting right onto the window-casing outside. This, any one who can balance on a step-ladder and hit a tack on the head—instead of her thumb—can put up. In any case, the screen or mosquito-netting should cover the whole window; a cotton mosquito-netting tacked over all the window is far better than one of those wretched little compromises with sin, a wire screen which covers only half a window, or even slips in and out under the sash, and leaves comfortable little runways at the top, bottom, and sides for the flies to go in and out.

The next step toward making yourself comfortable for the summer is to provide some sort of porch—screened in if flies and mosquitoes breed near you—large enough to be used as both sitting-room and dining-room, and capable of being turned into a general living-room for the family during the summer. If you haven't a porch wide enough—have one built. You can have a thoroughly substantial, screened-in, awning-clad porch built onto your house for $150. If this is too great an expense, you can dispense with the awnings, and use instead the Japanese lattice screening, which can be drawn up when the sun is not shining; and merely have your porch floored and roofed, for one hundred dollars, the amount you will save at the drug-store. Eat in the open air if possible—and make it possible by cutting a window or door to give "gangway" between the kitchen and the living-porch. Few things add more to the pleasure of life and relieve the depressing effect of hot weather upon the appetite so effectively as eating in the open air. If your house is wired for electricity, put in a single or double socket over the porch table for electric cooking appliances, and make your coffee, and toast, and cook your eggs, bacon, and waffles right at the table. Give the big stove in the kitchen as complete a summer vacation as possible. If you have no electricity in your house, you can do your summer cooking on a gas, or gasoline, or improved oil stove.

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this plan will add largely to the comfort and peace of mind of the cook, and through her to that of the rest of the family. There is a great deal of waste motion in roasting the cook with the roast and stewing her with the stew—especially if you happen to be the cook yourself.

After making a porch to keep yourself cool on, the next step is to provide for an abundant flow of air through all the rooms of your house both day and night. Usually this can be secured by a proper arrangement of windows and doors. The doors are often the most important feature in the whole scheme of summer ventilation. Every living-room in any house which stands by itself ought to have windows on at least two sides, and if they are not there, they ought to be put in. But in many houses there is not exposure on two sides, and even where there is, ventilation from three sides is a desirable thing and may be attained by utilizing the doors of the rooms in connection with the open windows of the room, or rooms, across the hall. In this way you can get a good free cross-sweep of air through all the rooms. Where you have only your own family, or young children to consider, just throwing the doors wide open is sufficient, but if considerations of propriety are supposed to interfere, the doors should be fitted with light swinging screens of the Venetian blind type. This will satisfy the proprieties, keep out bears and burglars, and yet let a current of air through.

In offices, hotels, or apartment-houses any room which can not get good cross-ventilation, or opens on a narrow court, ought to be equipped with an electric fan. The initial cost of an electric fan is not heavy, it lasts a number of seasons, and the expense of running it is slight. It will return fifty per cent. per summer on the investment, for the sense of coolness it produces is not merely grateful and agreeable, but is life-saving and efficiency increasing. Much of the depression and discomfort which at all times of the year comes from stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms and bad air is now known to be due to heat and stagnancy. So any agency which keeps the air moving is a real benefit to health.

Of course the coolest and healthiest place to sleep during the summer is on a porch, and a little ingenuity will usually succeed in devising some outdoor refuge from the heat at comparatively little expense. In the absence of a real sleeping-porch, any balcony which already exists, or can be built onto a house, will serve for this purpose. A flat roof, or even the roof of an ordinary porch which does not slope too steeply, will serve in an emergency, though any sleeping-place you are going to use constantly must be roofed and screened against insects. However, it is a great relief and resource all through the dog days to have even the most temporary place, where on the worst and most stifling nights a mattress can be pulled out and used.

The best aspect for a sleeping-porch, or a mere "night-camp" as the case may be, is south, southeast, or southwest, because the summer winds come from these quarters. The awnings or screens of a sleeping-porch should be colored green, brown, or dark blue.

Next to fresh air in the campaign for coolness and comfort, comes the necessity for abundant bathing and splashing and sponging with cool water. In hot weather the bathroom becomes one of the most important rooms in the house, and a refreshingly cool bath in the morning and another one at night should be as regular as sunrise and sunset. It is an excellent thing to come home from business in time to get a luxurious bath before dinner, and any time during the day that you feel distressed by the heat, or have half an hour to spare, it is an excellent idea to take a bath if possible. When in doubt take a bath is an important rule in the game called life.

For children free and frequent dabbling and splashing and paddling in water is even more important and health-protecting than in the case of adults. Heat, just plain heat, seldom does any very serious harm to grown-

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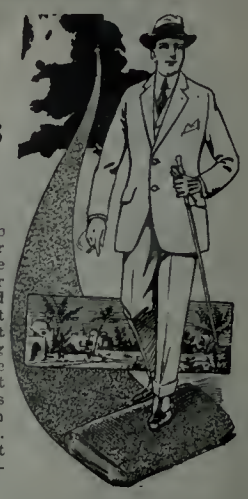

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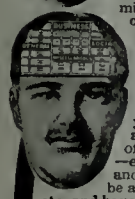

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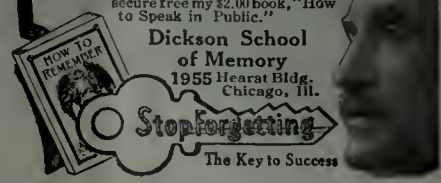

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Outdoor Games.

School Re-Opens September 16th.
New Prospectus from Miss Stuart.

Montreal's Travelling Baby Clinic

By FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS

ONE doctor, two nurses, a weighing machine, a chart, packed into the University Settlement motor-bus and driven into one of the least savory of Montreal's slums on one of the least inviting days of the month! And the secretary of the city's Baby Welfare Committee tells the story of the visit in the *Star*. Perhaps if other Canadian cities were to send medical ambulances into their poor districts, they would find just as startling conditions.

One little mother of nine guards a brood of six, the youngest a baby in arms—her arms! A beautiful boy of six with large dark eyes stops short when he first catches sight of the magnificent yellow vehicle by the side of the road. He bursts into a wild flood of Yiddish punctuated with gestures of admiration and wonder.

"He say," giggles a comrade in dirt, "he say—when I beeg man I get one fine beeg motor like dat-a-one! He fool—eesh, n'est pas?"

The children crowd breathlessly about the yellow car. Cinderella's coach itself could not excite more interest. They gabble in various tongues. Presently their mothers catch the infection. One by one they emerge from the houses and swarm about the clinic. A nurse steps down and beckons the nearest woman.

"Have your baby weighed?" she invites. "Come on! It won't cost you anything."

With many uncertain giggles a young mother accepts the invitation. Her baby is placed on the weighing machine amid the breathless silences of the audience. The doctor, the nurses look a little grave as they return the baby.

It weighs just thirteen pounds.

"What is the baby's age?"

"Eleven months."

COMMENT seems superfluous. The baby—like most other slum-babies everywhere on earth—is suffering from malnutrition. On inquiry the doctor finds that it has been fed on condensed milk. He explains the baby's condition and the proper treatment for it to the mother.—She shrugs her shoulders.

"He's all right!" she says composedly. "Besides—I got anoder coming pretty soon."

But now several candidates for weighing present themselves—or rather, are presented by their eager guardians. Word has been passed about that medical service will be tendered free. The crowd becomes denser. Interest heightens.

One after another thirty-eight babies are examined and weighed. Of the entire thirty-eight, one only emerges from the transaction with unimpaired credit. One only is healthy and in good condition.

About half the babies suffer from rickets and nearly all from malnutrition. One of six months looks as though it might shortly have a chance of passing through green fields and grass and flowers for the first time—on its way to the cemetery!

"HOW do you feed that baby?"

"Oh, the baby is very well fed—very well fed indeed! It gets meat and potatoes regularly!"

The little mother of nine with her brood of six approaches, baby in arms. Her baby, too, must be weighed. Alas! its weight of fourteen pounds matches its age of fourteen months; and examination reveals the sad fact that it is tubercular.

And now a baby is presented for consideration whose tiny face bears traces of suffering. The nurse, half-suspecting the truth, feels the tiny spine—starts—hands the baby to the doctor who takes a blue pencil and traces the spine which curves ominously in answer to his pencil.

"Do you happen to remember if this child has ever had an accident?"

"Oh, yes. He got a tumble when he was around five months—it was nothing!"

And there lies the baby with a serious case of curvature of the spine!

TWENTY out of thirty-eight babies are fed on condensed milk. Doctor and nurses urge the use of pure, fresh milk. The answer is significant. The milk they buy is too bad to give babies—they didn't like it.

One thinks with sudden interest and anxiety of the proposed city by-law with regard to milk. When will it materialize? Two dead babies in this one street lend point to one's wonder.

The parents are advised to go to the nearest milk station and buy pure milk. Some cannot walk so far. Few, if any, can afford ice to keep the milk fresh. We tell them that some good men in the City Hall are trying to have them supplied with ice during the summer months. Their eyes brighten. We also tell them that we are trying to bring about some arrangement by which pure fresh milk will be within the reach of all.

It seems little enough that we can tell them or do for them. Pathetic Good Samaritans handing out meagre supplies of salve and bandages to those who have fallen by the wayside, we wonder inwardly when we shall be able to organize a proper police force to restrain the thieves who prey upon the life of the poor—slums, soaring prices and wages insufficient to meet these prices.

SEVENTEEN hundred dollars is the estimated worth of a human life to its country. I calculate silently that about $129,200 is being squandered in this street alone. No, let us avoid exaggeration! Of the thirty-eight examined, one child was sound; probably one of the next thirty-eight will be healthy also. And several of the rickety, undernourished ones will be of a calibre which will triumph over all obstacles and still live and succeed in spite of everything. So we may safely subtract several thousands from the sum total of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, two hundred dollars. Still are we not a little wasteful? Even considering the money and the waste of it. The waste of human suffering one hardly cares to dwell upon.

This traveling clinic is merely a makeshift. What is really needed is a first-class, properly equipped medical ambulance which can be used constantly in the service of humanity. A large perfectly-equipped motor ambulance would cost in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars—a little more than the estimated worth of a human life to its country. Truly, "Child conservation is the bargain counter of modern philanthropy."

And what of the mothers? Do they resent our "interference?" Do they sneer at our advice? Why, ninety-nine out of one hundred are pathetically grateful for our interest and pathetically eager to avail themselves of our information. For the first time, perhaps, in their lives, they begin to suspect that their children do not suffer and die because of some mysterious decree of Providence; for the first time, perhaps, they begin to see the connection between their own ignorance and their children's fate.

The Midsummer Duty of Coolness

Continued from page 80

ups who are in fair condition, but to children, with their translucent skins, and big brains, and delicate nervous systems, heat is a serious danger. At times it seems literally to melt them like an overripe peach, or wilt them like a lettuce-leaf. Their one protection is in their profuse and abundant perspiration, which keeps them cool. When a cool breeze or a current of air is to be

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MacLEAN'S School Directory

Branksome Hall

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A Residential and Day School for Girls

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Principal - MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.
Pass and Honor Matriculation. French House. Art, Music, Domestic Science, Special Course in Dietetics. Large Playgrounds, Outdoor Games. Primary School for Day Pupils.
Autumn Term will begin September 17th.
For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

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Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

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Calendar sent on application — REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

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FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO MISS F. E. CARROLL, PRINCIPAL

School will re-open on Monday, September 15th.

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WHITBY - ONTARIO

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For Calendar apply to J. W. H. Milne, B.A., D.D., President.

had, all is well; but on muggy, stifling days without a breath of air stirring, some artificial means for promoting evaporation is necessary. Give the little ones a bath at least three times a day, and let them splash and rollick and play frog or fish in the tub as long as ever they wish.

Last and by no means least in the comfort code comes the admonition, "Be good to yourself in the matter of food in summertime." Fortunately, there is usually an abundance of wholesome appetizing foods to be had at this time of the year—such things as fruits, fresh vegetables, milk, eggs, butter, ices, and ice-cream. A high place in the summer diet should be given to ice-cream, iced puddings, and frozen custards. Their combination of sugar and fat gives them a high nutritive value, and they are readily digested by a healthy stomach, especially if eaten slowly, with plenty of good cake, home-made cookies, or salted crackers. Every family should be equipped with a good ice-cream freezer, and should use it as least three times a week. A couple of nice sandwiches, a large saucer of ice-cream (one pint), and a plate of good cookies make not only an attractive lunch, but a full meal with a fuel-value of over a thousand calories.

Of course you don't need quite so much of the substantial foods, particularly meat and fat, in summer as in winter, because they do give a little extra heat to the body—which is very useful in cold weather, but not needed now—but you can't keep healthy and in good working condition without a fair, yes, a liberal amount, of upbuilding food. Many people feel weak and depressed and grouchy in hot weather because they try to live on the principle that the less we eat the cooler we keep. Never forget that when there is real work to do, you must shovel coal under your boilers to do it with.

Of course it is hardly necessary to say that you should plan your clothing for the summer on comfort and health-giving principles. Give yourself the widest leeway and liberty in matters of fit and color and weight; fit yourself and all your family out with plenty of cool, light-colored, loose-fitting clothing of inexpensive materials that will wash easily, and then wear just as little of it at a time as the law allows. Fortunately most of the absurd old conventions about formal dress, and stiff collars, and black clothes, and wearing your coat or hat upon all occasions, at the peril of your life, have been done away with, or at least suspended during hot weather. On the other hand, everything that keeps you cool and fresh looking and pretty, provided it isn't too tight or too stiff, helps to keep you comfortable and in a good summer-time mood.

If you deliberately plan in advance for comfort in this way, you will soon cease to dread the summer, and if you don't dread the summer, you will find the hot weather won't get on your nerves half as much as it used to do. Heat, just plain heat, never killed anybody outside of the fiery furnace. Most of the harm heat does comes in the way of aggravating unhealthful conditions which already exist in your system, or in making you worry and fuss. You won't worry if your nerves are properly fed and ventilated and rested. Then, if a real old-fashioned hot spell does come, keep cool, don't fan yourself into apoplexy or imagine that you are heading for a sunstroke, but take it easy and trust your constitution, remembering that the only thing certain about the weather is that it will soon change.

The Seven Blue Doves

Continued from page 78

the name of a woman he had a high regard for—Jeanette Holt. . He wanted a written confession from this man. Bringing in the stolen money and the cards wouldn't be enough; it might be said that he, himself, had taken these two things and returned them.

EVEN the punishment of Tacoma didn't interest him vitally. Two thieves had combined to rob a stranger, and over a division of the spoil one had been killed—it was not, vitally, Carney's funeral. Now to gain the confession he stretched a point, saying:

"They believe Seth Long. He says you shot him."

Startled out of his cunning, Tacoma blundered: "That's a damn lie—Seth's as dead's a herrin'!"

"How do you know, Tacoma?" and Carney smiled.

The other, stunned by his foolish break, spluttered sullenly: "You said so yourself."

"Seth's dead now, Tacoma, but you were in too much of a hurry to make your get away. Dr. Anderson and I found him alive, and he said that you, Tacoma Jack, shot him. That's why I pulled out on this trail."

The two men sat in silence for a little. Tacoma knew that Carney was driving at something; he knew that Carney could not take him to Bucking Horse with the trail as it was; the buckskin would have all he could do to carry one man, and without huge moose-hunting snowshoes no man could make half a mile of that trail.

Carney broke the silence: "You made a one-sided prosposition, Tacoma, when you had the drop on me; now I'm going to deal. I'd take you in if I didn't value the little buckskin more than your carcass; I don't give a damn whether you're hanged or die here. I'm going to cut from that slab of bacon six slices. That'll keep you alive for six days with a little flour I'll leave you. I can make Bucking Horse in three days at most with snowshoes on the buckskin; then I'll come back for you with a dog-train and a couple of men on snowshoes. You've got a gambling chance; it's like filling a bob-tailed flush—but I'm going to let you draw. If the chinook comes up the valley, kissing this snow, before I get back, you'll get away; I'd give even a wolf a fighting chance. But I've got to clear a good woman's name; get that, Tacoma!" and Carney tapped the cards with a forefinger in emphasis. "You've got to sign a confession here in my notebook that you killed Seth Long."

"I'll see you in hell first! It's a damn trap—I didn't kill him!"

"As you like. Then you lose your bet on the chinook right now; for I take the money, your gun, your boots, and *all the grub.*"

As Carney with slow deliberation stated the terms Tacoma's heart sank lower and lower as each article of life-saving was specified.

"Take your choice, quick!" Carney resumed: "a grub stake for you, and you bet on the chinook if you sign the confession; if you refuse I make a clean-up. You starve to death here, or die on the trail, even if the chinock comes in two or three days."

There was an ominous silence. Carney broke it, saying, a sharp determination in his voice: "Decide quick, for I'm going to hobble you."

Tacoma knew Bulldog's reputation: he knew he was up against it. If Carney took the food—and he would—he had no chance. The alternative was his only hope.

"I'll sign—I got to," he said, surlily; "you write and I'll tell just how it happened."

"You write it yourself—I won't take a chance on you; you'd swear I forged your signature, but a man can't forge a whole letter."

He tossed his notebook and pencil over to the other.

WHEN Tacoma tossed it back with a snarling oath, Carney, keeping one eye on the other man, read it. It was a statement that Seth Long and Tacoma Jack had quarrelled over the money; that Seth, being half drunk, had pulled his gun; that Tacoma had seized Seth's hand across the table, and in the struggle Seth had been shot with his own gun.

Carney closed his note book, and put

it in his pocket, saying: "This may be true, Tacoma, or it may not. Personally, I've got what I want. If you're laughing down in your chest that you've put one over on Bulldog Carney, forget it. To keep you from making any foul play that might make me plug you I'm going to hobble you. When I pull out in the morning I'll turn you loose."

Carney was an artist at twisting a rope securely about a man, and Tacoma placed in the helpless condition of a swathed babe, Carney proceeded to cook himself a nice little dinner off the latter's bacon. Then he rubbed down the buckskin, melted some snow for a drink for the horse, gave him a feed of oats, and stretched himself on the opposite side of the fire from Tacoma, saying: "You're on your good behavior, for the minute you start anything you lose your bet on the chinook."

In the morning when Carney opened his eyes daylight was streaming in through the cave mouth. He blinked wonderingly; the snow wall that had all but closed the entrance, had sagged down like a weary man that had huddled to sleep; and the air that swept in through the opening was soft and balmy, like the gentle breeze of a May day.

Carney rose and pushed his way through the little mound of wet, soggy snow and gazed down the valley. The giant pines that had drooped beneath the weight of their white mantles were now dropping to earth huge masses of snow; the sky above was blue and suffused with gold from a climbing sun. Rocks on the hillside thrust through the white sheet black, wet, gnarled faces, and in the bottom of the valley the stream was gorged with snow-water.

A hundred yards down the trail, where a huge snow-bank leaned against a cliff, the head and neck of a horse stood stiff and rigid out of the white mass. About the neck was a leather strap, from which hung a cow-bell. It was Tacoma's cayuse frozen stiff, and the bell was the bell that Carney had heard as he was slipping off into dreamland behind the little buckskin.

CARNEY turned back to where the other man lay, his furtive eyes peeping out from above his blanket—they were like rat eyes.

"You win your bet, Tacoma," Carney said, "the chinook is here."

Tacoma had known; he had smelt it; but he had lain there, fear in his heart that now, when it was possible, Bulldog would take him in to Bucking Horse.

"The bargain stands, don't it, Bulldog?" he asked: "I win on the chinook, don't I?"

"You do, Tacoma. Bulldog Carney's stock in trade is that he keeps his word."

"Yes, I've heerd you was some man, Bulldog. If I'd knew you'd pulled into Buckin' Horse that day, and was in the game, I guess I'd a-played my hand dif'rent—p'raps it's kind of lucky for you I didn't know all that when I drug you in out of the blizzard."

Carney waited a day for the snow to melt before the hot chinook. It was just before he left that Tacoma asked, like a boy begging for a bite from an apple: "Will you give me back them cards, Bulldog?—I'd be kind of lost when I'm alone if I didn't have 'em to riffle."

"If I gave you the cards, Tacoma, you'd never make the border; Oregon is waiting down at Big-horn to rope a man with a pack of cards in his pocket that's got seven blue doves on the back; and I'm not going to cold-deck you. After you pass Oregon you take your own chances of them getting you."

Unspoiled Country

Continued from page 58

We were so anxious to solve the mystery surrounding Keywadin that we lost no time in making our way to the Island's home, Turner's House, where the old Scotch ex-factor and his Ojib-

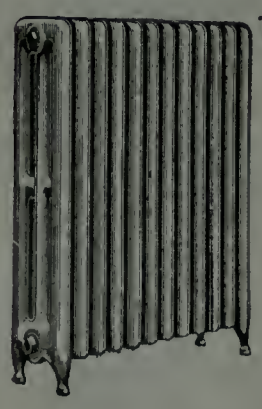
You Must Keep Warm Next Winter

Comfort Says so, and the Doctor Says so, too

You must consult your comfort. Does your house really feel warm on cold days, on windy days, every day, all winter long? If not, don't try to make yourself think the present heating system will do. The discomfort of an insufficiently heated house is reason enough for putting in a new hot water boiler. But a stronger reason still, is that a chilly house causes colds, rheumatism, pneumonia and sicknesses of many kinds. Poorly heated houses are where the doctors most frequently call and where they present their largest bills.

Why Don't You Write Us and Ask What It Would Cost

After all, the first thing to do is to find out what it would cost. There is no use waiting for low prices because commodity prices in all lines of metals and building materials will not go down. The demand for materials and all the costs in connection with manufacture, show no chance of reduction. You save nothing by delay, so act promptly. A King Hot Water Boiler and Imperial Radiators are the best heating system you can put in as is shown by many reasons simply explained in our booklets and other literature. If a new boiler will add to your comfort, do not put off getting it in. Even at a higher initial cost, its economy is such that it makes a substantial saving in fuel, week by week, and this is multiplied over and over as long as the system is in service. Do not let a few dollars in cost prevent you having a warm house. If you spread the cost over a lifetime of winters the cost per season is trifling. Get your heating engineer to give you estimates on a King Hot Water System without delay.



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way princess put up such appetizing fare.

We found the old Scotchman in his accustomed place, smoking his short pipe, and, like a lot of impatient school children, we bombarded him with questions till he finally consented, for peace's sake, to tell us the legend about Keywadin.

One upon a time, his Satanic Majesty ruled over all the land and had his wigwam upon the top of Devil's Mountain, rising four hundred feet above Deep Water (Temagami). His wife Kokomis ruled with him. Then it came about that Kokomis tired of her evil consort and clandestinely took her affections elsewhere. In scorching anger, his Satanic Majesty turned his erring wife into a stone likeness of an old squaw with a shawl over her head to hide her shame, and then heaved the stone far out from the mountain so that it would fall into Deep Water. But he miscalculated the distance and the stone—"Granny Rock"—fell upon an elongated buttress of the mountain. In his towering rage the Devil jumped down and kicked out the narrow channel of deep water now separating Devil's Island from Devil's Mountain on the mainland. The stone image of Kokomis is still on the island.

During the first days of the mining boom some dare-devil palefaces defied the "bad medicine" of the Indians and camped on the island. Prior to this no redman could camp anywhere within sight of the home of Granny Rock for fear the Devil might be offended. Despite the dire warnings and vigilant eyes of scores of Indians, the pale-faces made camp; stayed out the night and were unpunished. These chaps then conceived the dangerous idea of turning the tables on the Indians by secretly removing Granny Rock to Bear Island where they placed it beside the trail leading to the Post. The Indians were panic stricken, believing that the Devil was warning them of impending punishment for permitting the pale-faces to violate Devil's Island. The calm counsel of the factor and the Ojibway Princess prevailed and after a long pow-wow the Indians returned Granny Rock to its proper place on Devil's Island.

Some Characters of Temagami

MRS. TURNER still mothers the tribe. She translates their letters from prospective tourists, she sends the orders to the mail-order houses, she gives the settlement its great feast—Christmas Dinner—which is a community affair, she cheers them when seasons are poor and game is scarce, and last but not least, she cooks a meal that men travel far to enjoy. She is a princess in name and in practice.

And the centre of all this great reserve is the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company's Post where another genial Scotchman by the name of Fraser holds forth as factor. He is the source of all information, supplies, and mail. He divides his honors somewhat with Oderic Perrone of whom we have previously spoken. Oderic meets us at the station, brings us in by motor boat in summer or by "Lizzie" or dog-sled in winter and takes us out the same way. He is a typical man of the North, bulging of biceps, big of heart, wonderfully resourceful, with black curly hair, blue eyes, and a laugh that never wanders far from his jovial face. To him the 3,750,000 acres of heavily wooded Reserve, its 1,062 lakes, its countless streams and myriad islands are as an open book.

To us as Canadian-born, it is a glorious heritage, one that we all should be intimately acquainted with, not only for our personal pleasure and recreation but for first-hand information of the natural resources and natural beauties of our own Canada. Too long have we been dilatory in this matter, too long have we sought in foreign climes for the scenic grandeur to be found only in our own land. Let us therefore become acquainted with Temagami—the unspoiled country—with its three thousand mile shoreline, its sixteen hundred islands, its game, its namaycush, its bass, its pickerel, pike, and trout, to say nothing of its health-giving tonic air or its recreation pleasures.

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Consider these new "Office Specialty" Counter Height Filing Sections in the light of an investment that pays you real dividends in actual money saved.

In the first place "Office Specialty" Counter Height Filing Sections serve all the purposes of high-grade filing cabinets. And in addition they combine the function of an office counter. That's where your first dividend comes in—you save, in first cost, the price of a counter.

On top of this there's your dollar-and-cents saving represented by the floor space conserved. And at the prevailing rate of rentals this saving means quite a respectable figure on your bank balance.

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If this were all the service these Counter Height Filing Sections performed you would even then be getting double value for your money.

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They act as department divisions in an office when stacked together as shown in the illustration.

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The girl on the cover is Miss Dorothy Dalton.

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Having done that, Boyle stayed around for a day, during which time the place was twice attacked from the air, and feeling that everything was fairly satisfactory, proceeded on his way.

The incident needs no comment. D'Artagnan could not have done more.

After reaching Stafka, he was asked to attend a conference with the Government at Petrograd. He did this, made his report and had the satisfaction of seeing his recommendations accepted in their entirety.

FOR the sake of space, as I want to write of his more spectacular exploits, it is necessary to pass over his work of the next few months. It is sufficient to note that he began to interest himself in Roumanian as well as Russian transportation, being furnished with a special train or a destroyer whenever he wished for them. At that time Russia had about 1,000,000 men in Roumania and had not shifted a pound of flour for some weeks, whereas the army was eating a bread ration of two pounds per day per head. The Roumanian wheat was disappearing fast and experts estimated they would be at the end of their supplies by January, 1918.

Enter Klondyke Boyle.

He promptly arranged for some eight draft boats for Lake Yalpooh, made out a system which was subsequently carried out, and for several months 500 tons of flour per day were delivered from Russia to Roumania.

Having adjusted that trifling matter, the worthy Klondyker then hurried to Stafka and interviewed Kerensky who, after the Korniloff trouble, had invested himself with the rank of Commander-in-Chief. At the conference with Boyle and Kerensky were General Alexieff and General Doukhonin, who later became the Commander-in-Chief of Russian Forces. Owing to General Alexieff's approval of Boyle's suggestions, the latter was placed in complete charge of reorganization and construction work on the Bessarabian Railways.

At this stage in Boyle's career, officialdom decided that he had been a free lance long enough and the General, who was chief of the British Transport Mission, informed him that he was under the Mission for orders. This struck Boyle as absurd and he protested, but the British Ambassador at Petrograd and the War Office informed him that he was subject to regulations.

It is difficult to harness a hurricane.

Lt.-Col. Boyle tendered his resignation to the Russians, offering first to complete his Bessarabian work and then steal silently away. The Russians were much perturbed and invited him to Petrograd to confer with the (then) Minister of War, the Minister of Ways and Communications and the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Gentlemen," said Boyle, who felt that his knowledge of local affairs made supervision not only irritating, but unnecessary, "I am tired of working in the position I occupy, not because of any effect it has on my work, but because of constant annoyances from the British and American Transport Missions."

The matter was adjusted by the "Stevens" Mission and the British one being kept to the Civil area, and the man from Canada was placed in complete charge of the Military area.

Boyle and the Bolsheviks

AFTER a period of modified calm, punctuated by trying moments, he kept at the work until the Russians signed an armistice. As no one wanted to do any further work after that, Boyle went to Petrograd and was among those present when the Bolsheviks seized the wheel and started their joy-ride.

To a man with a natural love for moulding chaos, the Bolsheviks offered an enticing prospect for further adventure. There was street fighting for six days in Moscow, resulting in a freight blockade and a threat of general starvation. The Northern Army was starting for home, amusing itself by destroying estates, burning villages and, to celebrate their new freedom, massacring peasants en route.

Realizing that the plot of their drama was becoming somewhat obscured by the enthusiasm of the actors, the Bolsheviks did a wise thing. They took General Maniekouski, Minister of War, from the prison where they had incarcerated him, and with an aplomb one is forced to admire, replaced him in the War Ministry and told him to feed the Army.

"Tsehk!" said the General, "send for Colonel Boyle."

The General, being a soldier, knew that the military art consists of shoving responsibility on another's shoulders. He asked Boyle to go to Moscow and untie the knot, and Boyle, not being a puccha soldier, promptly agreed to do so.

Nothing daunted by the news from that city, he entered its bullet-harassed streets, and in 48 hours freight was moving out of Moscow, and in a week things were running fairly smoothly.

How did he do it? It is difficult to state, but presumably, even a Bolshevik stands aside for a man who knows where he is going.

What a pity the Allies at large did not realize that elemental bit of psychology.

In case time hung heavy on his hands, Boyle was then placed in charge of the protocol between Russia and Roumania for both food and clothing—up to that time Russia had only delivered promises. The Wizard of the Klondyke waved his hand and in eight weeks more than two thirds of the promised goods were delivered. Some idea of the magnitude of this can be gathered when it is realized that the protocol covered equipment for 350,000 men.

He Takes Up Roumania's Burden

HAVING performed this Herculean task, Boyle was just taking a breather and wondering whose stables would have to be cleaned out next, when he was visited by the much perturbed Roumanian Consul-General at Moscow. That official had received orders that he was to send to Roumania the archives of the Foreign Office which had been deposited in Moscow when evacuation of their country had been expected, and also he was to send all the paper money which was being printed there.

The proposition was a difficult one, as the load weighed twenty tons, and it was necessary to pass through the lines of the Bolsheviks and Ukranians, who were fighting. It was at this stage that Boyle's admiration of Roumania took definite and permanent form. As an ex-manager of a heavyweight prize fighter he had felt for a long time that Roumania was a game little bantam trying to hold her own in a ring crowded with heavy-weights. From what he could gather, she was getting the worst of it from friend and foe alike, so he decided to lend our little ally a helping hand.

Having almost absolute authority on the railroads, he took charge of the archives and a vast sum of money, and after twice passing through the lines where the Bolsheviks and Ukranians were at war, he reached Jassy in safety. After that he returned to Russia and continued his work as chairman of the All Russian Food Board, which had been formed in November, 1917.

It was during this period that Boyle paid a visit to Antonof, the leader of the Bolsheviks against the Cossacks, to ascertain the exact state of mind of that evil-reputationed General in case the Germans advanced. To the Canadian's surprise he found the Russian an excellent leader and decidedly anti-German. Boyle and he had a most amiable visit and, on parting, swore eternal hatred to Germany . . . and history records that, as long as his men held together, Antonof never went back on his oath of war to the Hun.

Boyle is Arrested

ARMED with Antonof's authority, Boyle then proceeded to Sebastopol and, as his train arrived, it was surrounded by a Bolshevik leader named Speiro with a committee of sailors.

"What does this mean?" demanded Colonel Boyle.

Speiro explained that a local newspaper had just announced that England had made peace with Turkey, the British Fleet had entered Constantinople, and was about to invade the Black Sea for the purpose of crushing the Black Sea Fleet as a punishment for the Bolsheviks making war on Roumania. Therefore a resolution had been passed to arrest all allied subjects, so that for every sailor killed, they could execute ten allied subjects. They implied that Boyle would make a pleasant addition to their list.

Summoning his interpreter, Boyle addressed them in a very few words, but with plenty of emphasis. He explained that the whole thing was untrue, that the newspaper was owned by German propagandists and he called for volunteers to go and demolish the said newspaper.

This appealed to the mob as an idea of considerable originality, so they adjourned to the newspaper office, arrested nineteen members of the staff and then wrecked the place.

At the invitation of the committee, Boyle waited until next day, when large meetings took place. Speiro referred to England as Russia's best friend (this being received with wild applause). Later, Boyle attended a meeting of all the committees of the Black Sea Fleet and through an interpreter (Capt. G. A. Hill of the 4th Manchesters) he explained that England never forsook her friends, that she did not want to interfere with Russian politics but merely wished to stop Russians from killing each other, so that they could devote their energies to the much nobler task of killing Germans.

"The Huns," he said, "are sure to advance into your country for the purpose of making you more their slaves than you have ever been before."

This caused a furore of appreciation and the appearance of a British Naval Officer in uniform was a signal for wild applause.

The episode is not lacking in humor, but it turned the whole Black Sea Fleet solidly pro-ally at the very moment that it seemed to be assuming a friendship towards Germany.

IN the next, and most important, phase of Boyle's labors, it will be seen that, largely through him, peace was arranged between the Bolsheviks and Roumania. We have forgotten too soon how pluckily Roumania fought on when the Allies let disaster grip her by the throat. Tortured, robbed, betrayed, she believed in Britain, and her gallant army was ready to retire into Russia and fight on even if the Germans occupied their country. And then to fill her cup, the spectre of Bolshevism raised its skeleton's grin at her borders and the Russia she had always known as her friend, became her enemy.

At the risk of his life, a Canadian from the Yukon braved the anger of Rackovski, the most powerful member of the Russian Supreme College. This man, who was himself a Roumanian, would not hear of peace with Roumania, but by deliberate intrigue, Boyle turned the man's associates against him, and secured an offer of peace which he took to Roumania, passing through the lines and being fired at by Bolshevik gunners. In the subesquent negotiations, Boyle had to act as intermediary, and on one occasion, while flying just above the Dneister in an aeroplane, a Roumanain battery fired at them and death was missed by a matter of inches.

Eventually peace was signed and Boyle's greatest achievement came to an end.

His Outstanding Exploit

BUT though his greatest achievement had been performed, his outstanding exploit was yet to come.

Both Roumania and Russia were holding prisoners and in Odessa there were some fifty odd Roumanians who had been detained, practically as hostages. Included in the number were generals, a number of high naval officials, a few senators and members of parliament and various wealthy business men. Colonel Boyle was given authority to effect the exchange of this party for a similar number of Russians; and, as well, to superintend the safe conduct of some 100,000 Russian troops who were being disarmed and returned to their own country.

Rackovski gave him authority for a special train to take the Roumanians from Odessa to Benderi, but this man, one of the Bolshevik leaders, was a German agent and not only lied to Boyle about the position of the enemy but left Petrograd, secretly, a day before Boyle. As a result, early next morning, a gang of Bolsheviks known as the Roumanian Revolutionary Battalion (in reality a number of Bulgarian escaped criminals) went to the prison and taking the Roumanian prisoners, placed them on board the steamship *Imperator Traian.*

At nine that morning Boyle received this information from Madame Pantazi, a Canadian woman married to the Director of the Roumanian Navy, who was, himself, one of the fifty prisoners. Pluckily offering her services as interpreter, she accompanied the Klondyke King as he proceeded to turn things upside down.

He first procured an order of release from the Bolshevik leader, Brashanaw, and succeeded in getting the prisoners from the ship to the dock, although they were still guarded. At that time they were loading the *Imperator Traian* with the villainous Roumanian Revolutionary Battalion and things began to assume an ugly aspect. This band of men delivered the ultimatum that the fifty prisoners would accompany them to the Crimea or they would be shot where they stood.

Boyle held his ground until a riot started and about eighty armed men lined the side of the ship, when he ordered the prisoners on board and, though the Revolutionary leaders tried to stop him, he forced his way on the ship as well, conscious of the fact that what little chance they had for life rested entirely in his hands.

In passing, it is pleasant to be able to relate that Madame Pantazi's fearless conduct resulted in her being personally decorated by the King of Roumania.

Eventually the ship reached Theodosia in the Crimea, where Boyle and his party were interned in the Naval Quarantine Grounds, close to the docks. Boyle at once got in touch with the British Vice-Consul who turned out to be a splendid type of man, and together they discussed the confused political situation of the town and how best to exploit it. As usual various Bolshevik parties were fighting for supremacy, the Roumanian Revolutionary scoundrels were plotting with some local anarchists to get control, but up to the moment the real leader was a working man who dominated everything by innate personality.

Boyle went to see this man, who not only expressed his desire to help the prisoners, but, secretly, gave the Canadian permission to leave the town and procure twenty Chinese members of the International Army. While these Oriental gentlemen were known by that euphonious name. they were actually paid murderers of absolutely unbiased minds. With this merry band, Boyle returned to the town and contrived to make arrangements with a little ship "*The Chernamore*" to take the prisoners to Sebastopol. One hour before sailing time, he cut the telephone wires to the town, marched the party to his ship and, leaving ten Chinamen at the entrance of the dock to hold it against attack by the Revolutionaries, he managed to get away with his fifty prisoners and ten Chinese.

On arrival at Sebastopol he was notified that the prisoners belonged to the Black Sea Fleet, who would take charge of them, but that he could have a special train for himself to any destination he chose. As this meant certain death for his charges, he lined up his ten warriors and addressed them something after this fashion:—

"Gentlemen, there is going to be a scrap and I intend it to be a fight to the finish. Will you stand by and help me?"

A huge fellow on the right with two knives in his belt was appointed spokesman.

Continued on Page 81

"What's the matter, Reggie?" It was the Mater's voice.

ON LEAVE

By HARRY BAILEY

Author of "The Impostor," "A Billiard Cue from Japan." Etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Van Werveke

I HAD been home only twenty-four hours when I ran against old Pitley in the Strand. Pitley's the kind of fellow I would sooner avoid than a five-point-nine; the kind of Johnny who tells you all your faults by saying what some old blighter you never heard of thinks about you. That's Pitley.

"Reggie Conway!" he cried, seizing my right hand in a death grip. "Jove! I am pleased to see you. They tell me you have got another pip. My gad! you do look fit. But the face is just the same."

"What's the matter with my face?" I asked gloomily, for I had as little chance of shaking him off as an oyster has of getting out of its shell.

"Oh, I say nothing, my dear Reggie," he assured me with a characteristic wave of a podgy, right hand; "but two of the fellows told me you called at the Club last night. 'Old fish-face Conway is home on leave,' one said—I wouldn't think such a thing, my dear boy, I'm merely repeating their senseless remarks—'He's got the luck of Satan. I shouldn't be surprised if he marries that millionaire girl, Dorothea Reynolds. From what I hear she's been moping about him ever since he went out. Fools for luck if you like!'"

I disengaged myself from Pitley, gently but firmly, walking off towards Piccadilly with my heart in the clouds. Fancy dear old Dorothea moping about me! Why I had never dreamt of such a thing. True we had been good friends for a very long time, but she knew that I was incapable of permanent passion. If I loved a girl one week with all the devotion of an Orpheus, I forgot her the next. Human nature can't be explained. It's got to be faced. Jove, though, it wouldn't do. Poor old Dorothea! She mustn't worry about me. I should have to settle down some time; why not at once? So I hailed a taxi.

"Miss Reynolds will see you, sir," said an anaemic-looking maid.

DOROTHEA was reclining on a white-upholstered divan. Her raven hair looked beautiful in its slight disarray and in her cheeks the color came and went prettily as she caught sight of me. I opened my eyes a little for, really, old Dorothea was more stunning than I had thought, and there were dark rings beneath her violet eyes. She had been crying, crying about me! I felt very tender and very foolish as I stood there.

"Reggie," she cried, "it *is* good of you to look me up so soon."

She blushed a little as I shook hands with her and I could feel my heart beating much faster than was good for it.

"When the heart calls," I answered airily, thinking little of what I said, though Dorothea and her fripperies made me realize what I had missed. Somehow or other I couldn't help thinking how nice it would be to marry and feel quite settled.

"Reggie!" she cried, and there was more than a suspicion of laughter in her voice. "Sit down here," she commanded making room on the divan, "and tell me all your adventures."

I sat down racking my old brains to discover what had brought so much color to her cheeks and why her eyes were sparkling like those of a famished kitten I found in a cellar at Arras. Suddenly I remembered, both what I had said and old Pitley's remarks. There was only one way out. But for the life of me I couldn't restrain a little shiver which started from the crown of my head and crept to my feet.

"Tell me all you've been doing, Reggie," said Dorothea again. "How you must have suffered in those awful trenches last winter!"

I was saved. In my excitement I blurted out a lot of information that might have got me court-martialled had it ever become known and even mentioned Dick Heyward, a big pal of mine whose name had been freely coupled with Dorothea's till she had given him his congé twelve months previously

After I'd said it I felt a few qualms but there was no uneasiness in Dorothea's face, so I continued:

"Heyward's coming home next week. Shall I bring him to see you?"

"Don't!" she cried in a curiously stifled voice. Then, as I looked at her in astonishment, "You mean Roger Heyward?"

"I never heard of a Roger," I said, wondering what she was getting at; "I said 'Dick,' commonly called 'Tip Heyward'."

"I'm sorry," smiling sweetly. "I remember Mr. Heyward quite well. Bring him by all means, Reggie."

AFTER that there was a decided slump. Dorothea sat as mute as a Boche prisoner, while I thought and thought until it had to come out.

"Dorothea," I began, feebly I know, for it was an awful job, "I've thought of no one but you this last six months. Will you marry me if I come out all right?"

I could just see the dimple in her right cheek and the noble column of her neck as I waited, breathlessly, for her answer.

"Is this a proposal, Reggie?" she asked. "No; I don't mean to be unkind but you and I know each other very well. I wonder how many girls you have proposed to in the last seven years."

It was good tactics, I admit.

"Seven or eight," I mumbled.

"And you forgot them all in a few days. Didn't you, Reggie?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"The difficulty is," she was talking like a teacher to a bally kid, "that one never knows whether to take you seriously or not."

"This is genuine," I pleaded.

"I'm going to test that. Your mother told me last week that she purposed giving a dinner-party the evening before you return to France. I shall be there. After dinner, unless you change your mind, I shall announce our engagement. Will that suit, Reggie?"

"Lord, yes," I said. "I don't mind. I'm serious this time."

II

I FELT pretty sick for the next few days. Piccadilly even lost its charms and the club was unbearable. What the deuce had made me propose to Dorothea I couldn't determine, unless it was the tittle-tattle of old Pitley, and a wonderful feeling of sympathy for her sorrow. The worst of it was I couldn't escape this time; Dorothea wasn't the kind of girl a fellow can "chuck" without warning. I sent her hosts of flowers and numerous boxes of chocolates but I couldn't pluck up enough courage to see her.

Things got so bad that at last I wired to the Colonel:

"Recall me at once. In deuce of a mess.
Conway."

Next day I had the answer, "Don't be a silly ass."

That put the lid on it. I had never suspected the grim old Colonel of being a sport; but, even through my misery, I could see that he thought that he was doing me a good turn rather than a bad one. Still, as some Johnny says, "there's bound to be a silver lining somewhere," and my lining turned up in the shape of Heyward.

"Hello, old top!" I remarked clutching him firmly, "whither away?"

"Anywhere," he said in his *distrait* fashion.

"Cheer-o; I know just the thing to lighten that weary load of yours."

"What's the game?" he said when I had got him inside a taxi.

"I'm taking you to see the richest, prettiest girl in London," I said.

Heyward sat up. "Who's that?"

"Miss Reynolds."

He gave me a great start. "Nothin' doin', Reggie," he cried. "Stop this car at once."

I played my ace. "What's the fuss?" I asked. "She told me she'd like to see you."

Heyward's cheeks burned dully. "She did?" he asked. "Let us go then to see this charming, rich lady," he laughed harshly.

It was a frightful bore getting them settled down for Dorothea was as cold as an icicle and Heyward as savage and disagreeable as a wild-cat.

I sustained the conversation until I was getting a bit tired. Dorothea interposed at last.

"Didn't you promise to play a round of golf with me to-morrow, Reggie?" she asked and there was a whole world of entreaty in her eyes.

What the deuce was it all about? I'd never promised to play golf with her. But it was evident she had something at the back of her mind so I said "Yes" as brightly as I could.

"I thought we'd play at Ropestones and my clubs are in the golf-house at Whitelands."

I caught her point. Evidently she was fed up with Heyward and could only think of this cumbrous method of getting rid of him.

"I'll run down to Whitelands," I said. "I sha'n't be above an hour."

"Thank you"—Dorothea's voice and smile were sweet as honey.

"I'm coming, old chap," cried Heyward.

"I thought you'd stay and tell me about the fighting," pleaded Dorothea in a hurt tone.

Heyward tugged at his moustache.

"I'd rather go," he exclaimed savagely.

"Very well," said Dorothea meekly, but she looked so pitiful that, though I was completely befogged, I put in a word.

"Sit down, man," I cried, "I sha'n't be more than an hour. You needn't be frightened of Dorothea."

I was sorry for old Heyward as I sat in the taxi; but what Dorothea's game was beat me. He was evidently as deeply in love with her as ever and it seemed that she wanted him to burn his fingers a second time. It was rough on Heyward and Dorothea had never struck me before as a girl of that type. I thought I'd hurry back and save the poor chap.

BUT the little gods ordained otherwise. The only person in the club-house was a girl. She was so pretty that I stood and looked at her in astonishment. It was only when a faint flush overspread her oval face that I realized my indiscretion.

"I'm a—afraid," I began, stammering purposely, "t—that I've been rather rude."

"Most people are," she said calmly. "Have you come down to play?"

"No."

She was obviously disappointed.

"If you're short of an opponent," I said eagerly, "I'll play you with pleasure; but I've no clubs and I'm lamentably short of practice."

"Here are Dad's," she said; "and your lack of practice will perhaps equalize matters."

I grasped the bag thankfully. Here was romance. Dorothea and Heyward went clean out of my mind.

"I'll play you for a sovereign or a ——," I paused.

"You can have the 'or' if you beat me," she whispered.

"Madam," I said gravely, "before we begin may I introduce myself: Reginald Conway of His Majesty's 'Thunderers'—at your service."

"I shall call you 'Reggie'," she bubbled, "and you may call me 'Barbara.' Isn't it an ugly name?"

"It is the name of Romance," I said. "It just suits you."

She made a grimace.

"Am I so ugly?" she demanded. "You'd be a poor courtier, sir."

"A poor courtier may prove a devoted slave," I answered, for she was so bewitching that I felt my pulses quiver at the beauty of her.

"You're improving. Am I to have the honor?"

She drove off—a good-length ball. The game for that wonderful prize had begun.

FOR the first nine holes she led me comfortably; but, with the turn, I began to make up the lee-way. A neck and neck struggle ensued until, on the last green, Barbara was left with an easy putt to win.

"It's an easy shot, Reggie," she said. "If I hole out you're beaten, remember."

"By one," I sighed.

She missed it. I was so excited that I could have cut a caper.

"It will be so nice having a tie. I shall hole out this time," she said very decidedly.

"What happens now?" I asked after she had succeeded. "Am I to be left desolate?"

"Decidedly not. I brought some sandwiches. You shall lay the cloth while I make the tea."

I've never known such luck. We had a sparkling tea and never a soul put in an appearance. It was eight o'clock before I could tear myself away but though I called at the Club and even looked round at Dorothea's I could find no trace of old Heyward.

"I don't know where he went," remarked Dorothea crossly.

"By Jove I clean forgot about those clubs," I apologized.

"It doesn't matter. I didn't want to play. I'm very tired, Reggie," she added as if in excuse.

So I departed more mystified than ever, to dream dreams of straw-colored tresses flecked into occasional gold by a stray sunbeam and eyes of a blue only to be equalled by the turquoise of Alpine lakes.

I took my own clubs down to Whitelands next morning and found Barbara there, alone.

"Dad's suffering from his old enemy, gout," she explained.

I found my heart jumping like a silly school-kid's at each glance and, at luncheon, when my fingers accidentally touched hers, a thrill ran through me from head to foot.

"Most people are rude," she said, calmly.

IN the following days I lived at Whitelands. London saw me no more. For me it did not exist. I was in love. I knew it almost at once and recognized, too, that, this time, it was no meretricious affair. For good or ill I was Barbara's.

At times the hopelessness of it all overwhelmed me. Dorothea and any question regarding her were temporarily forgotten. I was only concerned with Barbara. A softened glance, a tender speech would transport me to Heaven: an unconcerned or cutting remark would thrust me down to hell.

And on my last morning I beat her. Again she had an easy putt—to tie this time— and again she missed. We wandered back to the Club-house in silence.

"I should like to see the woods," I said, in a shaky voice, for my emotion was so strong that I could scarcely control myself. "Will you come, Barbara?"

We paced through the leafy aisles and settled ourselves on a fallen oak.

"I go to-morrow, Barbara," I said huskily. "Will you be sorry?"

I searched her face hungrily but the wondrous long lashes had veiled her eyes.

"Certainly," she said.

I could wait no longer.

"Oh, Barbara!" I pleaded, seizing one sun-browned, strong hand, "give me some hope. For God's sake don't send me back, broken-hearted."

She merely turned her head away and in that action I read her answer and became mad.

"Barbara," I cried, "I love you. Do you hear? I love you. Give me at least some consolation. I have been a rotter, I know. I'm not fit to touch you; but, dear, I worship you."

"Poor Reggie," she said.

My blood seemed to congeal.

"I will give you my answer to-night," she added.

"But how, how?" I protested. "Mater is giving a dinner-party to-night."

"And wouldn't welcome a poor, unknown girl like me."

I winced at her irony. "To me you are the world," I protested. "If only I could be sure of knowing to-night!"

"You shall," she promised.

And with that I had to be content.

III

IF anyone ever plumbed the abyss of torment I did that evening. How to get out of the fix I didn't know! Figure it to yourself. Dorothea Reynolds, whom I did not love, was going to announce our engagement at the conclusion of dinner: Barbara—I didn't know her other name and never gave it a thought—the girl I did love to distraction had promised to send me her answer. What if it was "Yes?" What should I do? And suppose her answer came after Dorothea's announcement! Oh, I was between the devil and the blue deep sea with a vengeance and no matter how I cudgelled my brains I couldn't find my way out!

I descended to dinner rather late. No sooner had I entered the drawing-room than the gong sounded and Mater ordered me to take in Dorothea. I was pretty down in the mouth for the first few minutes though Dorothea, who had become more brilliant than ever since our last meeting, seemed to notice nothing amiss; but, all at once as my eyes wandered carelessly down the long table I saw the one face in the world. I gasped. It was Barbara without a doubt.

"What's the matter, Reggie?"—it was the Mater's voice.

"Nothing, dear," I stammered. "I get these little fits occasionally. The Doc says it's the after-effects of that touch of gas I had."

That lie worked—it was a white one only. But for the life of me I couldn't stop shuddering. Barbara here and Dorothea due to speak in a few minutes. God! I couldn't sit still and watch that haughty, little face grow into a mask of cold disdain. If she loved me it would kill her. At one moment I thought of whispering to Dorothea to postpone her news: at another I determined to slide to the floor and sham a faint. But I couldn't. I'd got to play the game now. I caught Barbara's eyes just once and there must

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MEET MR. HABITANT!

By T. M. FRASER

IN undertaking to introduce Mr. Habitant to the Dominion of Canada, and to the other dominions beyond the seas, wherever MACLEAN'S *MAGAZINE* circulates—including the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—I am aware that it is a somewhat delicate task. There are some places where they do not wish to meet him.

In seeking accurate information regarding the people of Quebec, I approached one of the departments of the Provincial Government and was told that Mr. Ernest Myrand, Provincial Librarian, could give me a great deal of information, and direct me to a great deal more; "but perhaps it would be as well not to tell him you are from Ontario," my guide added. "He is apt to be a little impatient because of the vast amount of mis-information some people in your province have published and circulated regarding the people of Quebec!"

"I presume he has no preconceived dislike to the Maritime Provinces, has he?" I inquired.

"No. They stand all right with Quebec. Tell him you hail from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and that will break the ice for you. I am an Ontario man myself; but I must confess I am sometimes ashamed at the estimate the people of my native province have put on these people, among whom I have lived now for a great many years; because the more I know of them, the better I appreciate their really unique qualities of head and heart—and hands."

It took me some little time to reach Mr. Myrand, because my way to him led through the magnificent home for books which the province has created. Public libraries sometimes remind one of catacombs, where the literary remains of dead and forgotten authors are interred, peacefully waiting for the resurrection; and, walking through the gloomy corridors, you sigh, solemnly: "Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!"

In the Quebec library, there is "a welcome on the door-mat," so to speak. It is the word "Bibliothèque." Libraries and librarians, I know. The latter are often fussy persons, in charge of works which are perpetually "out"; and who regard with impatience inquiries for authors unknown to them, when Mary Jane Holmes is bulging from the shelves in profusion, and trying to elbow Ralph Connor out of the limelight. I tried three separate Canadian libraries in vain this summer to verify a simple quotation, and then had to give it from a bad memory; incidentally incurring a kindly chiding from one who I am sure would know it: "Reader," the delightful literary causeur of the Manitoba *Free Press*. Here, *je fais connaissance avec un Bibliothèque—et avec un Bibliothécaire!* An adventure in knowledge.

A magnificent symbolical stained glass window, a true work of art, floods the place with its soft lights, and is reflected through the glass entrance doors on the outside wall of the opposite wing of the building. The walls are decorated with historical pictures of great interest; draped together are the original battle-flags of the two races, which they carried when they marched to hurl back invaders of the province a century ago; reaching from the beautiful inlaid stone floors towards the ceiling are serried ranks of mahogany-colored steel bookcases, containing everything worth while in French and English. Patience, reader; we are approaching the habitant; but I must set the stage properly. We must find out what those who have written about him, fairly voluminously, have said; both those who know Quebec from within, and those, like myself, who came as seekers after knowledge.

Why Montreal Has No Library

THE desire of the *Canadien* that the world should know him for what he really is, has something almost pathetic about it. In this keeper of the storehouse of knowledge, whose occupation has necessarily brought constantly to his knowledge what he knows to be unfair and false pictures of his compatriots, I found an impatience which one could easily forgive; but also a great courtesy and helpfulness.

It is surprising to read in Mr. Beckles Willson's book on the Province ("Quebec: The Laurentian Province") that Montreal does not possess a great public library and the reason for it! "One of the arguments I heard gravely used against the establishment of a public library," Mr. Willson says, "was that there were 'too many races and religions.'" There must surely be some reason other than that; for in the Quebec library I think one might find all that he might reasonably require, with something for the taste, both Catholic and *catholic*. Mr. Myrand not only led me to his shelves; but searched the literary highways and byways of the city for the *Fliegende Blätter* of the pamphleteers in both languages. And after ten days' reading, and talking, and "rubbering," I do not know that I found anywhere a better introduction to Mr. Habitant than in a little pamphlet written by an English advertising man, Mr. C. E. A. Holmes, entitled: "Meeting the French-Canadian Half-Way." I was after facts; and Mr. Holmes had them.

Hon. Honore Mercier, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec.

To understand and appreciate the real genius of the habitant, you must, of course, meet him in his proper environment—on the land, amid his natural surroundings. If you cannot do that—and most of us cannot—it is at least fair to take the evidence as to his characteristics from those who do dwell close to him, rather than accept the disordered ravings of an insensate and hostile faction in another province. One fact may be unpleasant, but it is indisputable: a large part of all the enmity and prejudice created against Quebec and its people in Canada has had its origin in Ontario, and is still mainly confined to that province. It is very largely sectarian, but partly political.

No concerted effort to combat this feeling has been made. There occasionally have come dignified and calmly-worded protests from some Canadians; but their defence has been left as a rule to those of the Anglo-Saxon race, who have lived beside them for centuries in the same province; and should, presumably, be the best qualified to speak concerning them.

French-Canadian Stability An Asset

FOR this purpose I desire to quote at some length from a recent editorial article in a paper whose influence and authority will not be questioned anywhere. I refer to the Montreal *Gazette*, published in Quebec province for well on toward a century and a half. After this considerable acquaintance with its French-speaking fellow citizens, the *Gazette* says:

"Quebec is sometimes scornfully referred to as the reactionary, the unprogressive, the ultra-conservative province of Canada; terms, however, that many people do not resent, but rejoice in, having regard to their source. There is such a thing as movement without progress; and in the stability of the French-Canadian race Quebec possesses an asset of immense value. The stigma of inertia cast upon this province can be borne with patience by a people happy in their homes, reverential in their religion, content with their condition, nor need they shrink from comparison with other provinces in material welfare. The farming class is prosperous. It makes money and saves, marketing its products in nearby industrial centres at very profitable prices, even though the methods of agriculture be often those of the fathers. The industrial life of the people is not greatly ruffled by agitators and strikes, when the element racially foreign to the French-Canadian is absent. In Quebec is the most populous city of the Dominion, the foremost in manufactures, in shipping, in the arts, in finance, and in education at least the peer of any. The temperament of the people is conservative by nature and training, thereby insuring progression upon sound lines; it is unreceptive of all fallacies revived, as of new fads formulated; and moves along the even tenor of its way when other peoples madly chase will-o'-the-wisps, and burn down houses to roast a supper . . . .And so it happens that in the sometimes derided province of Quebec are found industrial communities living in harmony and contentment, where "the rich man helps the poor man, and the poor man loves the great." The influence of the Roman Catholic church has produced this happy state, making for permanence of employment, fair wages, and a cordial co-operation between capital and labor. It is a fine asset for the province."

It is this sort of first-hand evidence which the open-minded man must of necessity accept in preference to the guerilla attacks of the propagandist and the bigot.

For the first century and a half of the three centuries and more of Quebec's history, the only inhabitants were of French birth or extraction; so the habitant distinguishes the families of the original founders of the country from the immigrants of a later date, and from other countries. When Canada was ceded to Great Britain by the King of France, the habitant was left in undisturbed possession of his land and other property. His natural increase has been remarkable. From the sixty thousand dwelling here at the end of the French regime, there have sprung more than two millions. The fecundity of the race is extraordinary; and it is a proof, if one be wanting, of the bravery of the French-Canadian. It takes courage to face the battle of life with fifteen, twenty, or even thirty children (such numbers are not unknown). There are many men wearing war decorations to-day who would think twice before engaging in the battle of the boots, with this number of hostages to fortune to be shod and clad. It is a very valuable, and very genuine sacrifice for the welfare of one's country, that the habitant is making when he undertakes by his own unaided exertions to launch ten or fifteen children equipped for the battle of life. All honor to the French-Canadian father. He deserves the Order of Many. The finest decoration of all should be reserved for that Canadien who is on record as having adopted another child, after having reared twenty-five of his own! And honor to La Belle Canadienne, the good, attractive, strong, religious, frugal and industrious Canadienne mother.

"The habitant is prouder of his big family than of any of his possessions. The poorer he is, the more he cherishes them. The brightest and best of his flock is selected to be given to the church; and the height of

Hon. Jules Allard, Minister of Lands and Forests, Quebec.

Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works, Quebec.

their pride is when they receive from this son the first mass he serves."

French-Canadians the Real Landed Gentry

THE original tillers of the soil in Lower Canada who held their land under feudal tenure would not accept the name of *"censitaire."* which carried with it some sense of the servile status of the feudal vassal in France, but preferred to be called "habitants" or inhabitants of the country, i.e., free men. The designation obtained official recognition. Now they would rather be called *Canadiens.* This attachment to the land is one of the most striking characteristics of the French in Canada. If there is any class in Canada which we could call the "landed gentry" it would be these French people of Quebec. Many of the farms are still held by the lineal descendants of those to whom the land was first granted by the King of France or his representatives in the earliest days. A few years ago a committtee on the old families of Quebec set out to get accurate information, and discovered more than 270 of such families. They were given medals and diplomas of honor, which testified that they still owned the family homesteads which had been granted to their ancestors 250 years ago. In every case proof of the genuineness of the claim had to be established by the production of official notarial deeds.

Those old people gloried in the name of "habitant"; but it has become so much flung about on familiar and ignorant lips, particularly in connection with those poems of Drummond (so delightful, but so misrepresentative), that a good many of the younger generation rather fight shy of the name now; and the Nationalists encourage the use of the term *Canadien.*

Although the introduction was, so to speak, under an alias, there is no doubt that Drummond, with what are usually called his "habitant poems," made the name of the natives of Quebec better known to the world than any other man or agency. After his poems became popular, we had (and still have) a flood of amateur elocutionists who prided themselves on their ability to speak what they commonly called "the French-Canadian dialect," and we had a long and distressing siege from young men who spoke through the nose and grimaced like monkeys, while they misrepresented the language and habits of our Quebec fellow-citizens. Mr. Holmes, in his little booklet, gives the following history of Drummond and his work:

"Strange as it may seem, the man who is to a great extent responsible for the prevailing opinion that French-Canadians speak a "patois" is one who greatly loved the French-Canadian race, Dr. Henry Drummond, who little dreamt that his "Habitant" poems would be taken to be written in French-Canadian dialect. When Drummond came to Canada as a boy, from his native country of Leitrim, Ireland, he studied telegraphy and was given work as an operator at l'Abord-a-Plouffe, a little village near Montreal. It was there he came in contact with the amiable French-Canadian lumberjacks, whose native language he could not speak. The affability of the French-Canadian is proverbial. Seeing that young Drummond could not converse with them in French, they endeavored to make themselves understood by speaking a gibberish of French and English. He was greatly impressed by the picturesque way in which these people he was living with told their quaint tales of backwoods life, and it is the way they spoke to him (and by no means the way they spoke among themselves), which he endeavored to weave into his writings.

"Drummond's first tale, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" had no sooner been published than it was widely reproduced and made its way throughout the length and breath of the American continent. The old law of supply and demand governed—Drummond had found a new style which had taken the reader's fancy; publishers demanded more and so the author continued to produce poems in the same vein, taking his themes wherever he found them, and rendering them in the Anglo-French gibberish that the public wanted."

Speech in Quebec is Not Patois

THE idea that the French spoken in Quebec is a patois, is common enough among those who have not taken the trouble to inform themselves to the contrary. William Wood (who has written so much and so entertainingly on the Province of Quebec, and probably is better versed in the subject than any other English writer), says, ("In The Heart of Old Canada"):

"The habitant speech is a very genuine old French—not a patois, much less a degenerate form of any standard tongue. It is ,indeed, the next of kin to Molière's own, carried overseas two centuries ago by the most conservative of emigrants, and still living in unconscious fidelity to the "Grand Monarque." Its important variants are generally of Norman origin, or nautical and military terms applied to every-day life; a very natural transference in a colony founded by seamen, and maintained by force of arms. New conditions soon called for new expressions. Some Indian words were adopted; and anglicisms have since crept in at different times. But the natural growth of new Canadian terms out of pure old French has always been the truest form of development; and such terms have now acquired a legitimate technical precision in their New World acceptations."

It is more exact to say that American is a patois of English. Leading French public men who have visited Canada have repeatedly remarked on the purity of the French spoken here, though it has an exotic charm of its own, and undoubtedly it has been diluted to some extent with some of "the wine of the country." But what language has not? And a language is usually the better for it. It is so a language grows.

An American educationist makes the interesting suggestion that "the attempt to make Canadian French seem like a different language from French, has been chiefly due to French teachers from France who hope thereby to be better able to feather their own nests." We know that in Canada it is also due largely to those who have been fighting against any recognition of the French language in the Dominion.

A prominent Canadian Nationalist summed it up for me in this way: "Drummond's intentions were all right, but he created a false impression. The Canadians who speak the dialect he used are chiefly those who have come back from long residence in the United States."

"There is no Parisian French," said Mr. Meyrand. "Here we have a Canadian and Provincial pronunciation; but not a patois. Frechette and others have had their work crowned by the French Academy. Do you think they would do that to a patois?

Nationalist Engine is High Speed

IN Quebec I met some of the young men who have made the Nationalist name known—and, incidentally, the name is about all that *is* known with accuracy outside of Quebec. It is a dangerous subject; but I must confess that the nerve, the eloquence, the wide knowledge, and the camaraderie of Armand Lavergne and his circle rather charmed me. It is a high-speed engine which perhaps needs a "governor"; but no one can impugn the Canadianism of these men.

"Tell me something about the character of the Canadien," I asked them. "Well," said one, "I would describe it with the word 'simpliste.' He minds his own business. You might call it selfishness, perhaps; but we think it is just minding his own business. You may take away his neighbor's land, or his chair, or his cow, and he will have regret; but he will not fight for that cause. But take his own, and he will. He would not go to help Lloyd George out of his troubles; but if anyone came to fight Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that person would, as you say, get it in the neck. It may be a fault that we cannot see any farther than our nose; but then, it is long enough for us.

"For myself, I think the enlistment situation here has been misrepresented; but back of all that is the fact that he did not want to go away to fight. They were not encouraged to enlist, that is true.

"Then there was only a comparatively small number of them came under the conscription law. They marry at twenty, as a rule. Out of 400 farmers examined, 350 were not subject to enlistment. And remember that in the other Provinces, your politicians lead you. The Canadien leads his politicians. As for the influence of the priests we hear so much about, it is decreasing in politics, but not in religion."

"Well," I said, "here are some of the reasons one of your Quebec university professors gives why voluntary enlistment failed in Quebec: the race-hatred between Ontario and Quebec over the school question; too much loose talk about imperialism—that is, that Canada's interests must be sacrificed for those of the Empire. What about them?"

"The Canadien is not against British connection (this from a Nationalist!); on the contrary, he is very strongly in favor of it; but he wants his imperialism straight, not via Toronto. There is no element in the population more loyal to Canada, because the habitant has no longer any racial affiliation, in a political sense, with any Old World power. Canada is *son pays et ses amours*—the object of his affection and his pride. He loves France in an impersonal way, as the land of his origin and his early ancestors, but his real love is reserved for Canada. Can you hear 'O Canada' sung, and doubt that? Remember, that song is French-Canadian; and perhaps you might compare it as a work of art, with the Ontario production, 'The May-pull Leaf Forever!'

"In Quebec the voter dictates to his representative. The politicians were in favor of conscription; the voters were against it.

"The French perform a great service to Canada in preventing American penetration, by their language and their papers. From a Canadian point of view, the greatest asset of this country is the French language. And if you Anglicize us, you make us American, not English. Ontario is permeated with United States slang, newspapers—and nose. We are not English. Certainly we are not French; when some of the habitants saw the tricolor, they asked: 'What flag is that? We are Canadians.'"

"Yes," interrupted another, "and it begins to look almost as though Canada were steering for bankruptcy. The 'illiterate habitant'—Quebec's savings—will save this country yet."

A Law-Abiding Province

"BUT I am given to understand that you are immoral and lawless?" "The foundation of morality in this Province is the Ten Commandments. We do not keep them all at once, but we compare pretty favorably, I think. The trouble with you people in Ontario is that you do not know anything about Quebec, except what a few trouble-breeders tell you. Outside of Montreal and Quebec, where we have criminal assizes twice a year, it has not been necessary to open the courts for the past three years. In all the other districts—Sherbrooke, Three Rivers, Rimouski, Chicoutimi, Montmagny, etc., we have not had criminal assizes for about ten years. This is with more than a million people. Earl Grey said all the wickedness we

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Hon. J. E. Caron, Minister of Agriculture.

The Chief, raising his eagle wing, commanded silence.

EVIL SPIRITS

Bulldog Carney in a New Role

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "The Seven Blue Doves," "Owners Up," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

THE Rockies, their towering white domes like sheets of ivory inlaid with blue and green, looked down upon the Vermillion. Range, and the Vermillion looked down upon the sienna prairie in which was Fort Calbert, as Marathon might have looked down upon the sea.

In Fort Calbert the Victoria Hotel, monument to the prodigality of Remittance Men, held its gray stone body in aloofment from the surrounding box-like structure of the town.

In a front room of the Victoria six men sat around an oak table upon which was enthroned a five-gallon keg with a spigot in its end. It was an occasion.

Liquor was prohibited in Alberta, but the little joker in the law was that a white citizen, in good standing, might obtain a permit for the importation of five gallons.

Jack Enders held the patent right that made the keg on the table possible.

Five of the six were Remittance Men, the sixth man, Bulldog Carney, was different. His lean, tanned face suggested attainment; the gray, restful eyes held power and absolute fearlessness; they looked out from under the light, tawny eyebrows like the eyes of an eagle.

Like Aladdin's lamp, the amber fluid that trickled through the spigot transported, mentally, the Englishmen back to the Old Land. It was always that way with them when there was a shatterment of the caste shell, an effacement of the hauteur; then they damned the uncouth West as a St. Helena, and blabbed of old London.

A blond giant, FitzHerbert. was saying: "Jack Enders here is in no end of a fazzle; his pater is coming out uninvited, and Jack has a floaty idea that the old gent will want to see that ranch."

"The ranch that the Victoria's worthy drayman, dear Enders, is supposed to have acquired with the several remittances dear pater has remitted," Harden explained to Carney.

"Oh Lord, you fellows!" Enders moaned.

HIS desolated groan was drowned by a droning call that floated in from the roadway; it was a weird drool—the droning, hoarse note of a tug's whistle.

Harden sprang to his feet crying: "St. Ives! a Thames 'Puffing Billy'! Oh, heavens! it makes me homesick."

Harden had named it; it was the absolute warning note of a busy, pudgy little Thames tug.

Some of them went over the table in their eagerness to investigate. Outside they stood aghast in silent wonderment; the hot, scorching sun lay like a yellow flame across the most archaic, disreputable caravan of one that had ever cast its disconsolate shadow upon the main street. A dejected, piebald cayuse hung limply between the shafts of a Red River cart whose appearance suggested that it had been constructed from broken bits of the ark. In the cart sat a weary semblance of humanity.

The man's face and hands were encrusted with a plastic mixture of dust and sweat till he looked like a lamellar creature—an armadillo. He turned small, sullen eyes in which was an impatient, querulous look, upon the six.

"It's a Trappist monk from the merry temple of Chartreuse," FitzHerbert declared solemnly.

"Do it again, bargee," Harden begged; "blow your horn, O Gabriel—there's vintage inside; one blast to warm the cockles of our hearts and we'll set you happy."

The little eyes of the charioteer fastened upon Harden with his cogent proposition; he made a trumpet of his palms, and blew the tug boat blast. He did it sadly, as though it were an occupation.

But Enders, with a spring, was in the cart. He picked up the slight figure and tossed it to the blond giant, who, catching the thing of buckskin and leather chapps, turned back into the bar.

"Sit you there, foghorn," FitzHerbert said, as he lowered the unresisting guest to a chair.

The guest's eyes had grown large with the confirmatory evidence of a keg; the spigot fascinated him; it was like a crystal to a gazer. He shoved out a dry, furred tongue, and peeled from his lips the rim of lava that darkened their pale contour.

Harden had replenished the glasses, and the one he passed to the prodigal was the fatted calf—it was full.

The guest raised the glass till the sunlight, slanting through a window, threw life into the amber fluid, and gazed lovingly upon it.

"Oh, my aunt!" Harden bantered. "The man who has come up out of the stillness has a toast."

THE little man coughed, and from the flat chest floated up through thin tubes a voice that was soft and cultured as it wafted to their astonished ears; "Gentlemen, the Queen."

FitzHerbert, who had been in the Guards before something had happened, started. It was the toast of a vice-president of an officer's mess at dinner.

The six sprang to their feet, carried aloft their glasses, drank, and sat down again in silence. FitzHerbert's big voice had a husk in it as he asked: "Where is the regimental band, Sir?"

The little man's shoulders twitched as he answered: "The band is outside; we'll have the bandmaster in for a glass of wine, presently."

"By George!" FitzHerbert gasped; and Carney, who also knew, gazed at the little man, and his gray eyes that were thought hard, had gone blue.

"Now," Harden declared, "if somebody could dribble in who could give us twelve booms from Big Ben, we'd have a perfect ecstacy of the blues."

At that two men came in through the front door, their scarlet tunics showing blood red in the glint of sunshine that played about their shoulders.

"Oh, you Sergeant Jerry Platt!" the blond giant cried; "here is where the regulations bear heavy on a man, for we can't invite you to join up."

The Sergeant laughed. "You bad boys; if somebody hasn't a permit for this I'll have to run you all in."

Platt's companion, Corporal McBane, lengthened his dour face and added: "Drinkin' unlawful whisky is a dreadful sin."

"Shut your eyes, you two chaps, and open your mouths," FitzHerbert bantered; "that wouldn't be taking a drink."

"Let me see the permit," Platt asked, ignoring the chaff.

When he had examined the official script he said: "Sorry, gentlemen, to have troubled you."

As the two policemen turned away Platt nodded to Carney the jovial cast of his countenance passing into a slightly cynical transition.

"Good fellows," Harden remarked, "our Scotch friend had tears of regret standing in his eyes at sight of the keg."

"Yes, and they have a beastly task. This liquor law is all wrong. To keep it from the Indians white men out here have to be treated like babes or prisoners. That's why everybody is against the police when the law interferes with our just rights; but with them when they're putting down crime."

"The worst part of it is," Carney added, "that sometimes a bull-headed man who has all the instincts of a thief catcher becomes a Sergeant in the force, and can't interpret the law with any human intelligence. Fortunately it's only one once in a while."

THE ragged stranger shook himself out of the gentle state of quiescent restfulness the whisky had produced, to say: "There will be a freshet of this stuff in Fort Calbert in a few days."

"Put me down for a barrel, O joyful singer," FitzHerbert exclaimed eagerly.

Carney's gray eyes had widened a little at the stranger's statement.

"You can apply to Superintendent Kane," the little man answered; "he will have the handling of it, I fancy—a carload"

FitzHerbert's blue eyes searched Carney's, but the latter sat as if playing poker.

"Tell us about it, man," Enders suggested.

"I pulled into Fort Calbert this morning," the other contributed, "and a jocular constable took me to the Fort as a vagrant."

"Your equipage was against you," Enders advised.

"Don't think anything of that," FitzHerbert said; "the hobos have been running neck-and-neck with the gophers about here; they burned up five freight cars in two weeks. The police have been shaken up over it by the C.O."

The little man drew from a pocket of his coat a bag of gold, and clapped it gently on the table.

"You had your credentials." And FitzHerbert nodded.

"I'd been washing gold down on the bars at Victoria. It was this way. I have a farm there, and last year I put in thirty acres of oats. It was a rotten crop and I didn't cut it. This year it came up a volunteer crop—a splendid one; I sold it to Major Grisbold at Fort Saskatchewan, standing. Now I'm on my holidays, just a little pleasure jaunt."

"The constable took you to the Fort?" FitzHerbert suggested, for the little man's mind had returned to the convivial association of his glass.

"By Jove! forgive me, gentlemen—about the whisky: While I was waiting for an audience with the Police *Ogema* I heard, through an open door, a pow-wow over a telegram that had just come. Its general statement was that whisky was being loaded at Winnipeg on car 6100 for delivery at Bald Rock. The Major gave the Sergeant orders to seize the car here."

"Who owns the whisky?" FitzHerbert asked.

"I heard the C. O. say, 'It's that damn Bulldog Carney again'! so I suppose—"

THE little man's eyes opened in wondering perplexity at the blizzard of merriment that cut off his supposition; neither could he understand why FitzHerbert clapped a hand on his shoulder and said: "Old top, you're a joy!"

The laughter had but died down when Carney rose, and, addressing the little man, holding out his hand, said: "I'm *very* glad to have met you, sir." Then he was gone.

"I like that man," the derelict said. "What's his name—you didn't introduce me?"

"That gentleman is Mr. Bulldog Carney," FitzHerbert answered solemnly.

"Oh, I say!" the other gasped.

"Don't worry; you've probably done him a good turn," FitzHerbert answered.

The stranger blinked his solemn eyes as if debating something; then he related: "My name is Reginald Llewellyn Fordyce-Anstruther. From Anstruther Hall. One can drive a golf ball into either one of three counties—Surrey, Sussex, or Kent."

In retaliation each one of the five presented himself at decorous length.

Carney strolled to the railway station and sent a telegram to John Arliss at Winnipeg. It was an ordinary ranch-type of message, about a registered bull that was being shipped. In the evening he had an answer to the effect that the bull would be well looked after.

Then Sergeant Jerry Platt paid several visits daily to the railway station for little chats with a constable who patrolled its platform from morning to night.

On the sixth day a gigantic black-headed drab snake crawled across the prairie from the east, and toward its tail one joint of the vertebrae was numbered 6100.

Sergeant Jerry was on hand, and his eye brightened; the advice the Major had received was reliable, evidently.

The station master knew nothing about the car; it was through freight—not for Fort Calbert.

Bulldog Carney had wandered unobtrusively down to the station; a dry smile hovered about his lips as he listened to the argument between the amiable Jerry and the rather important magnate of the C.P.R.

"Lovely!" he muttered once to himself as he wandered closer to the discussion.

It was a case of when great bodies collide. The C.P.R. was a mighty force, and its agents sometimes felt the tremendousness of their power; the Mounted Police were not accustomed to being balked when they issued an order.

Jerry wanted the seals broken on the car. This the agent flatly refused to do; rules were rules, and he only took orders re railroad matters from his superior officer.

Jerry was firm; but the famous Jerry Platt smile never left his face for long. "There's booze in that car, Mr. Craig," he declared.

"How do you know?" the station agent retorted.

"Perhaps we got the info from Bulldog Carney there," and Jerry laughed.

Perhaps Bulldog had been waiting for a legitimate opening, for he jumped:

"I think it is altogether incredible, Sergeant Jerry," he answered; "Ottawa would never let that much liquor get out of Ontario—they have use for it down that way."

"It's booze," Jerry asserted flatly, "and I'm going to tell you something on the level, Bulldog. You're a hell of a nice fellow, but if I get the evidence I expect to get you'll go into the pen just as though I never set eyes on you."

Carney laughed. "When you say the word, Jerry, and I can't make a get-away, I'm yours without trouble. But I don't mind laying you a bet of ten dollars that somebody's been pulling your Superintendent's leg. A carload of whisky is simply preposterous."

THIS little by-play had given Sergeant Platt time for a second thought. He could see that the agent was one of those duty-set men, and would not break the seal of the car; and without authority he did not care to take it on himself.

"Look here, Craig," he said, "cut that car off. I'll get the C. O. to come down; in the meantime you might wire your divisional point how to act. We've simply got to detain the car even if we use force; but I don't want to get you into trouble."

A look of pleasure suffused Carney's face; for, or against him, he admired brains in a man. And Jerry's determination and bravery were also well known. He turned to the station master saying:

"I don't want to horn in on this round up, Craig, but I fancy that's the proper way. I've a curiosity to see just what is in that car."

Sergeant Platt waited patiently, and the conductor of the freight train was now on the platform asking for his "line clear."

Craig was up against a new situation. His company was powerful, and would back him up if he were absolutely in the right, but they also expected of a man a certain amount of intelligence plus his orders; they didn't encourage friction between their employees and the Mounted.

"Cut off 6100, Jim, and run her into the sidin'," he said curtly to the conductor. And as a panacea to his capitulation he added: "If you've got somebody else's way-freight there, Jerry, I'd advise you to apply for a job as brakeman, you're so damned fond of runnin' the C.P.R."

Platt laughed, and turning to the constable, said: "Gallop down to the Fort, report to the C.O., and ask him for a written order to break the seals on this car, as the agent refuses to."

So 6100 was lanced from the yellow snake's body, and then the reptile crawled up the grade toward the foothills, the tail-end joint, the caboose, flicking about derisively as it hobbled over the uneven track.

AN inkling of what was on had come to the ears of the citizens; casually the worthy people sauntered down to the station. They were thirsty souls, for permits did not grow on every lamp post. That a whole carload of whisky had been seized bred a demoralizing thirst. It was doomed, of course, to be poured out on the parched earth, but the event had an attraction like a funeral.

At the end of half-an-hour the constable returned, not only with a written order, but accompanied by Major Kane himself. Behind came a heavy police wagon, drawn by an upstanding pair of bays.

The Major was a jaunty, wiry little man; his braided cap, cocked at a defiant angle on his grizzled head, suggested the comb of a Black-Red, a game cock. He had originally been a Sergeant in the Imperial forces, and in his speech there was the savor of London fog.

"What's this, my good man?" The words popped from his thin lips as he addressed the agent. "You should have broken the seals on that car. Do so now."

"You'll take the responsibility then, sir," Craig answered.

"My word! We're always doing that, always—that's what we're here for, to take responsibility; the force is noted for it."

There was an ominous squint in the little man's eye which was fastened on Carney rather than the agent as he said this. Now, led by the Major, a procession headed for the car of interest.

The station agent clipped the seal wire, and as the door was slid open, the sunlight streaming in picked out the goodly forms of several oak barrels.

The Major's lips clipped out a sharp "Ha!" And Sergeant Jerry grinned at Bulldog Carney.

It must be confessed that Bulldog's gray eyes held a trifle of astonishment over this exhibit.

At a command two constables had popped into the car, and the Major, turning to Sergeant Jerry, said: "Back the wagon up, Sergeant, and take this stuff to the Fort."

The station master interposed: "I think, sir, that if you're seizing this stuff as liquor you'd better make sure. The bar'ls looks a bit too greasy and dirty to be whisky bar'ls."

"Just a clever little covering up of the trail by a foxy whisky-runner," the Major said pleasantly, and let his shrewd eyes almost wink at Carney. "But I'll humor you, Mr. Craig. Have one of your section men bring a sledge, and we'll knock in the head of a barrel; it's got to be destroyed; the devilish stuff gives us trouble enough."

ONE of the yard men brought a sledge; a barrel was rolled out, stood on end, and the yard man swung his heavy, long-nosed spike-driving sledge. At the second blow it went through, and a little fountain of syrup fluttered up like a spray of gold in the sunlight.

"Oh, my aunt!" FitzHerbert exclaimed; "you've struck it sweet this time, Major."

A little group of Sarcees who had viewed with apathetic indifference the turmoil of the whites, swarmed forward like so many bees, dipped their dirty fingers in the treacle, and lapped it off with grunts of appreciation. It was Dog-leg who grunted: "Heap big chief, Redcoat man! Him damn good; break him more!"

"Dump out another barrel," the nettled Major commanded.

This oaken casket, when shattered by the sledge, cast oil on the troubled waters—literally, for it contained good healthy kerosene.

The citizens yelped with delight. Dog-leg begged the Major not to waste these things of an Indian's desire, but give them to his tribe.

The station agent, realizing that he had been on the winning horse in his objection, could not resist a little crow. "Well, Major, you've roped something at last. For the next thirty days I can sit up nights answering correspondence. The man that owns this car of groceries will want to know what the hell the company's up to, broaching his goods. The Superintendent of the Western Division will want to know why I sidetrack freight billed through Fort Calbert. You said you'd take responsibility, but you've given me a big lot of work, and I ain't none too well paid as it is. Somebody's double-crossed you."

"And, by George! I'll keep after that somebody till I get him, if I have to follow him to the North Pole!" Major Kane answered crossly.

Then the constables investigated the car's interior.

There were barrels of sugar, biscuit, bundles of brooms, boxes of salt cod, boxes of peas, beans—in fact the car's interior was a replica of a well-ordered grocery store rather than the duplicate of a bar-room.

The Major was mystified. They certainly had got the car that had been wired on by the Secret Intelligence Department as containing whiskey.

He had no word of another car; what could he do? Beyond Fort Calbert were several small places on the line where there were neither police nor men who either feared or were friendly to the law. He turned to the station master, saying:

"Craig, can't you wire ahead and see if you can get that car of whisky cut off, I believe it's on that train."

"How'd I know what car to cut out; besides, I've no jurisdiction outside my own station. As it is the company 'll have a bill of damages to pay, and of course, somebody on a three-legged stool at the head office 'll try to cut it out of my pay. You'd better have your men put those packages back in the car, so I can seal it up. I'm going in to wire the Superintendent of the Western Division at Winnipeg to report the whole thing to your Commissioner at Regina."

Some Stoney Indians, with the Sarcees, watched sadly the return of the broken barrels of desire to the car; not since they had looted the H. B. Co.'s store at Fort Pitt had there been such a pleasing prospect of something for nothing.

The constables mounted the horses and with the police wagon departed.

Sergeant Jerry Platt, in a little detour passed close to Carney, saying as he slacked his pace: "Bulldog, you're too damn hot for this country; Montana, I would suggest as a wider field. But we'll get the goods on you yet, old top."

"Then Montana might prove attractive, dear Jerry."

The Major walked away stiffly, pondering over this mixed-up affair. He would wire to one of his outposts up in the hills; but he was handicapped by his want of data. With whisky as the bone of contention everybody's hand would be against the force—the very train men, if they could get away with it.

Carney had viewed the incident with complacency. If 6100 contained groceries then the other car, for there was one, had got safely through with its holding of liquor. Carney had known before the telegrams were sent that Jack Arliss was shipping two cars, one of goods and one of whisky; one consigned to John Ross, and one to Dan Stewart; and John Ross was also of the gang, though ostensibly an industrious storekeeper in the next town to Bald Rock, Dan Stewart's habitat. How Arliss had double-crossed the police, either by shifting the goods or juggling the shipping bills, did not matter.

Carney's telegram telling Arliss that the police at Fort Calbert were going to seize 6100 made it a sure thing for that gentleman to shoot through the whisky under another number, and a day ahead of the suspected car.

Back at the Fort Major Kane called in Sergeant Jerry for a consultation. Jerry had been in the force for many years; he had risen from the position of scout and knew every trick and curve of the game; besides, which was almost a greater asset, he was liked of the citizens.

"Bulldog 'll stay right here," he advised; "he's got brains, the cool kind that don't sputter in the pan. It wouldn't do a bit of good to round him up, for we haven't got a thing on him—not a thing. He's so well liked that nobody 'll give him away; he plays the game like Robin Hood used to. Dan Stewart 'll handle this stuff; but till you've clapped your hands on somebody with the goods we'll be guessing. A lot of it'll be run into the plains—there isn't a rancher wouldn't buy a barrel of it, and swear he'd never heard of it. Every white man is against this law, sir. They don't think Carney's breakin' the law."

The Major pondered a little, then he said: "Instruct the Sergeant-Major to send out a patrol up toward the foothills, with orders to get some of this consignment, and some of the runners at any cost."

So that night a patrol rode into the Western gloom.

With a squealing snort the cayuse swerved.

NEXT day, as Sergeant Jerry strolled out of the stockade gate, he was accosted by a French half-breed, who intimated that for a matter of ten dollars, paid in hand, he would tell Jerry where he could nab a big lot of whisky as it was being run the following night.

The informant refused Jerry's invitation to accompany him to the Commanding Officer. To insist would only frighten the breed, and a frightened breed always lied; so Jerry, taking a gambling chance, passed over the ten, and learned that in the night a whisky caravan would come along the trail that crossed the ford at Whispering Water, heading for Fort Calbert itself.

This was quite in keeping with Carney's audacity, and Jerry, still wondering that anybody would give away Bulldog, carried the information to the Major.

"We'll have to act on it," Major Kane declared; "sometimes a breed will sell his own wife for a slab of bacon."

When night had settled down over the prairie Sergeant Jerry Platt, Corporal McBane, and three constables rode quietly through the gates, and, skirting the west wall of the stockade, drifted away to the south-west.

At ten o'clock the police were snugly hidden in the heavy willow bush of the little valley through which rippled Whispering Water; their horses had been taken back on the trail by one constable.

A bullseye lantern fastened to a stake just topped a rock. In this position, when the slide was pulled, its rays would light up the trail where it dipped from the cut bank to the stream.

THEY lay for an hour in the little bluff of willows. A moon that had hung in the Western sky wandering lazily toward the distant saw-toothed ridge of the Rockies, had passed behind the gigantic stone wall, and a sombre gloom had obliterated the uneven edge of the cut bank. In the belly of the valley it was just a well of blackness, cut at times by a pencilled line of silver where the waters swirled around a cutting rock. The stillness was oppressive for the air was dead; no winger of the night passed; no animal of the prairie, gopher or coyote, disturbed the solemn hush; nobody spoke; in each one's mind was the unworded thought that they waited for a man that was known to be without fear, a man to whom odds meant little or nothing.

As they lay belly to earth in the heavy grass Corporal McBane pivoted his body on elbows close to Sergeant Jerry and whispered: "I'm glad, man, you suggested the flare. In the dark, wi' promiscuous shootin', there might be killin', and I'd no like to pot Bulldog mysel', even if he is a whisky runner."

Jerry laughed a soft, throaty chuckle. "You'd have a fine chance, Mac, with that old .44 Enfield pepperbox against Carney with his .45 Colt; he just plays it like a girl fingerin' the keys of a piano; those gray cat eyes of his can see in the dark."

"Well, wi' the flare on him he'll quit. It's only damn fools that won't wait for a better chance."

"We had him once before," Jerry said reflectively, "and he gave us the slip; just for the hell of it, too, for it was that train hold-up, and it was proved after he had nothing to do with it. But listen to this, Scottie. We both like Bulldog, but if he bucks us, we belong to the Force."

"Aye, I'm aware of it, Sergeant; and Bulldog him-

self wouldn't thank us to spit on our salt. But what makes you think he'll be with this outfit?"

"Because it's just one of his damned mad capers to run it into Fort Calbert under our nose, and he wouldn't ask anyone to run the risk and not be there."

But McBane had a Scotch reluctance to believe in foolish bravado. "It's no sense, Sergeant," he objected, "and Carney's verra clever."

SUDDENLY, on top of the cut bank where the trail dipped through the sandy wall, something blurred the blue-black sky; there was a heavy slipping, sliding noise as if a giant sheet of sand-paper was being shoved along the earth. There was the creaking of wood on wood, the dull thump of an axle in a hub; a softened, just perceptible thud, thud of muffled hoofs.

The shuffling noise that was as if some serpent dragged its length over the deep sands of the cut was opposite the armed men when the voice of Sergeant Platt rang out in a sharp command:

"Halt! Hands up—you are covered! If you move we fire!"

At the first word, "Halt!" the bullseye threw its arrogant blare of light upon the creeping thing of noise. It painted against the cut bank the bleary-eyed cayuse, the archaic Red River cart, and the unformidable figure of the Honorable Reginald Fordyce-Anstruther—that was all. That is to say all but five square tins, atop of which sat the outlaw, Reggie.

It was a goblined, pathetically inadequate figure sitting atop the tins, the lean, attenuated arms held high as if in beseechment.

Sergeant Jerry cursed softly; then he laughed; and Corporal McBane exclaimed: "Ma God! it's like catchin' a red herrin'."

But Jerry, careful scout, whispered: "Circle to the rear, Corporal; keep out of the light; it may be a blind."

Soon McBane's voice was heard from the cut bank, "All clear, Sergeant."

Then Sergeant Jerry, stepping into the open, examined the exhibit. Instead of carrying concealed weapons Reggie had a fair load of concealed spirits; he was fully half drunk. Questions only brought some nebulous answers about the permit being up in Fort Calbert, and that he was bringing in the goods. Even Jerry's proverbial good nature was sorely taxed.

"I'm gettin' fed up on these damned tricks of Bulldog's," he growled, "for that's what it is."

"I'm not sure," McBane objected; "this ninny may ha' blabbed, and yon breed, hearin' it, saw a chance to make a shillin' or two."

However, Reggie, and his cayuse and the whisky were attached and escorted in to barracks.

Perhaps it was the fortifying courage of the whisky the villain had imbibed that caused him to bear up remarkably well under this misfortune of the very great possibility of losing his not-too-valuable outfit; or he may have known of some fairy who would make good his fine.

In the morning the liquor was very formally taken out to the usual sacrifice place, just at the back of the barracks, and in the presence of the Superintendent and a small guard of constables, poured in a gurgling libation upon the thirsting sand bank of a little ravine. Then the empty tins were tossed disdainfully into the coulee.

Back in the Fort Major Kane said: "This was all a blind, Sergeant Platt; none of the stuff will come down this way—they'll run it up among the miners and lumberjacks. Take Lemoine the scout, and pick up some of the patrols up about the Pass."

IN half-an-hour Sergeant Jerry rode out from the Fort into the West; and by the middle of the afternoon Corporal McBane reported to the O.C. that the few constables remaining in the Fort were drunk—half were in the guard room.

The Major was horrified. Where had the liquor come from? Corporal McBane didn't know.

In his perplexity the Major, stick in hand, stalked angrily to the scene of the morning sacrifice. The mound apparently had not been disturbed. He had a nebulous idea that perhaps the men had chewed up the saturated earth. He jabbed viciously at the spot with his walking stick as if spearing the alcoholic demon. At the third thrust his stick went through, suggesting a hole. With boot and hand the Major sent the sand flying. A foot down he came upon a gunny sack. Beneath this was a neat cross-hatching of willow wands resting atop an iron grating that was supported by a tub; a tub boned from the laundry, but the strong odor that struck the Superintendent's nostrils was not suds—it was whisky.

He yanked the tub out of the cavity and kicked it into the coulee. Then he stood up and mopped his perspiring forehead, muttering: "The devils! the cursed stuff! It's that damned outlaw, Bulldog Carney, that's put them up to this. The liquor that poor waster brought in was just a blind, the tip from the half-breed was part of his devilish plot. It's a game to put my men on the blink while he runs that carload."

Rage swirled in the Major's heart as he turned toward the Fort; but before he had reached the gates his sense—and the little man had lots of it—laid embargo on his tongue, and he passed silently to his quarters to sit on the verandah and curse softly to himself.

He was sick of the whole whisky business. He had been in the Mounted from the very first, fifteen years or so of it now. They had not come into the Territories to be pitted against the social desires of the white inhabitants who were in all other things law abiding: but here this very thing took up more than half their time and energy. And it was a losing game with the cunning and desires of a hundred men pitted against every one of his force.

There were rumors that it was soon to be changed—the trade legitimatized; that is, for Alberta to the Athabasca border. With a small army of clever whisky traders, no licenses, no supervision against them, it was a matter of impossibility to keep liquor from the half-breeds, who were a sort of carry-on station to the Indians.

To trail murderers, gun-men, cattle and horse thieves, day after day across the trackless prairie, or the white sheet-of-snow buried plain, was an exhilarating game—it was something to stimulate the *esprit de corps;* a Mounted Policeman, feeling, when he had landed his man, full reward for all his hardships and danger; but to poke around like an ordinary city sleuth and bag some poor devil of a breed with a bottle of whisky, only to have him up before the magistrate for a small fine was, to say the least, disquieting; it made his men half ashamed of their mission.

Of course the present incident was not petty; it was like Bulldog Carney himself—big; and the Major would have given, right there, a half year's pay to have bagged Bulldog, and so, perhaps have broken up the ring.

But determined as the force was, the British law was greater still. Without absolute convicting evidence Carney would have been acquitted, and the Major perhaps censured for making a mistake.

At headquarters was a fixed edict: "Take no position from which you will have to recede," which meant really, "Don't make mistakes."

As the little man sat thinking over these many things, sore at heart at the quirky thrust Fate had dealt him, for he loved the Mounted, loved his duties, loved the very men, until sometimes breaking under the strain of service in the lonely wastes they cracked and a dirty streak, yellow or black, showed—then he was a tiger, a martinet; no sparing. "Out you go, you hound!" he would snap; "you're a disgrace to the force, and it's got to be kept clean."

Then "Dismissed" would be written opposite the man's name in the annual report that went from the Commissioner at Regina to the Comptroller at Ottawa.

The chorus of a refrain floated to his ears from the guard house—it was "The Stirrup Cup."

"God! England," the little man groaned. "That's Cavendish singing," he muttered.

How long and broad the highway of life, how human, how weakly human those who travelled it. Cavendish, a younger son of a noble family, a constable at sixty cents a day! They were all like that—not of noble family, but adventurers, roamers, men who had broken the shackles of restraint all over the world. That was largely why they were in the Mounted; certainly not because of the sixty cents a day. And, so, how, even in his bitterness of set awry authority, could the incident of the tub be a heinous crime on their part?

"By gad!" and the little man popped from his chair and paced the verandah, saying inwardly: "They're my boys; I'd like to forgive them, and shoot Carney—damn him! He's at the bottom of it."

THE great arrogant sun, supreme in his regal gold, had slipped down behind the jagged mountain peaks as Carney, on his little buckskin, and the blond giant FitzHerbert on a bay, swung at a lope out of Fort Calbert for a breather over the prairie.

As they rode, almost silently, they suddenly heard the shuffling "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat" of a cayuse, and in a little cloud of white dust to the west there grew to their eyes the blurred form of a horseman that seemed to droop almost to the horn of his saddle.

"A tired nichie," FitzHerbert commented; "he smells sowbelly frying in the town—he hasn't eaten for a moon, I should say."

The dust cloud swirled closer, and Carney's gray eyes picked out the familiar form of Lathy George, one of Dan Stewart's men. The rider yanked his cayuse to a stand when they met, almost reeling from the saddle in exhaustion. The cayuse spread his legs, drooped his head, and the flanks of his lean belly pumped as if his lungs were parched.

"Hello, Bulldog." Then the man looked warily at Carney's companion.

FitzHerbert saw the look and knew from the stranger's physical shatterment that some vital errand had spurred him; so he touched a heel to his bay's flank, and moved slowly along the trail.

The rider of the cayuse in tired, panting gasps gave Carney his message.

"All right, George," Bulldog commented at the finish, "go to the Victoria, feed your horse, have a good supper, get a room and sleep."

"What'll I do, boss, when I wake up—how long'll I sleep?"

"As long as you like—a week if you want."

"What'll I do then—don't you need me?"

"No, play with your toes if you like."

Lathy George pulled his reeling cayuse together, and pushed on. Carney gave a whistle, and FitzHerbert, wheeling his bay, turned.

"I've got to go back to town," Carney said.

"I'll go too," the other volunteered; "this devilish boundlessness is like a painted sky above a painted ocean—it gives me the lonely willies."

"There's hell to pay back yonder," Carney said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder

"It's always back there, or over yonder—never here when there's any hell to pay," FitzHerbert commented dejectedly; "it's just one long plaintive Sabbath."

"I've got to go back to the foothills soon's I've got into evening dress," Carney continued.

"Me, too, if there's action there."

"Hardly, my dear boy; it's purely a matter of diplomacy."

"Absolutely, Bulldog; that's why you're going. You're going to kiss somebody on both cheeks, pat him on the back, and say 'here's a wrist watch for you'—you love it. What's happened?"

"The Stonies are on the war path."

"Ugly devils—part Sioux. They're hunters—bloodletters— first cousins to the Kilkenny cats. In the rebellion a few years ago, only for the Wood Crees they'd have murdered every white prisoner that came into their hands."

"Yes, they're peppery devils. In the Frog Lake massacre one of them, Itoka, killed a white man or two and was hanged for it."

"What started them now?" FitzHerbert asked.

"Whisky."

FITZHERBERT stole a glance at Carney's stolid face; then he whispered; Carney's word had been like a gasp of confession, for, undoubtedly, the liquor was from the car.

"How did they make the haul?" he asked.

"The Stonies have just had their Treaty Payment, and there's a new regulation that they may go off the reserve at Morley to make their fall hunt in the mountains, at this time; they were on their way, under Chief Standing Bear, when they ran into the gent we've just met, and his mates in the Vermillion Valley. George was running two loads of whisky up to the lumber camps."

"Great! that combination—lumberjacks, Stonies, and Whisky; it would be as if hell had opened a chute—there'll be murder."

"I know Standing Bear; he made me a blood brother of his. I did him a bit of a turn. I was coming through the Flathead Valley once, and the old fellow had insulted a grizzley. The grizzley was peeved, for the Stoney had peppered a couple of silly bullets into the brute's shoulder. I happened to get in a lucky shot and stopped the silver-tip when he was about to shampoo old Standing Bear."

"Yes, I heard about that, you and your little buckskin. Say, Bulldog, that little devil must have the pluck of a lion—they say he carried you right up to the grizzley, and you pumped him full of .45."

"That's just a yarn," Carney asserted; "but anyway, the chief and I are good friends. I'm going to pull out and persuade him to go back to the reserve. Jerry Platt has gone down in that direction, and you know what the Sergeant is, Fitz—he'll stack up against that tribe alone; if they're full of fire-water, and have been rowing with the lumber jacks—their squaws will be along and you know what that means—Jerry stands a mighty good chance of being killed. I feel that it will be sort of my fault."

Continued on Page 85

Drilling an awkward squad. An officer giving personal instruction to a new recruit.

The WHITE EAGLE *at* NIAGARA

How Canada Trained the Polish Army

By MAJOR C. R. YOUNG

Late Adjutant Polish Army Camp.

IN September of 1917 there began a unique chapter in the history of the old military town of Niagara. Of fighting it had seen aplenty, and the tramp of alien soldiery was not wholly unknown; but for the eighteen months that followed it was to give enthusiastic quarter to a host that yearned for the Vistula and the Warta and for the opportunity to fight, and, if need be, to die, as their fathers had done before them, under the white eagle.

For a century and a half the Poles had resolutely awaited the day when they might strike their Imperial despoilers a decisive and avenging blow. On several occasions desperate chances had been taken, for which they suffered to the full. But with the outbreak of the world war their great hour appeared to have come. Representative Poles outside enemy territory urged armed participation, and France, sorely pressed, and bound to Poland by strong historical and sentimental ties, gave the opportunity. On June 4th. 1917, President Poincare established by proclamation an autonomous Polish army to fight beside the French for the freedom of the world—including Poland. France undertook to equip, pay and train the new force until responsibility for it could be assumed by the Government of a resurrected Poland. The personnel was to be built up by voluntary enlistment of Poles from America, of Poles who might be transferred from the allied armies, and of those who might elude the clutches of their ancient enemies and rally under the white eagle in France. In September of 1917, a Franco-Polish Mission made up in part of Polish veterans of this war came to America to stimulate recruiting for the new army and the Polish Military Commission was set up to undertake the enlistment of volunteers and their transportation to a mobilization camp. Arrangements were speedily made with the Government of Canada to open a camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The Polish recruits were to be provided in camp with a temporary distinctive uniform—that worn by the old militia of Canada—and the entire expenditure by the Canadian Government on their behalf was to be charged to France.

An officer of the Polish Army. The uniform is that of the French Army—light blue in color.

Until Poles began detraining in considerable numbers at Niagara Camp, few people in Canada knew much, or apparently cared much, about the Polish Army movement. Late in 1916, an officer of the American Legion reported activity among the Poles of the United States and prophesied the ultimate despatching to France of a considerable Polish force. He was not taken seriously. When, however, early in 1917, twenty-three young Poles were sent to the School of Infantry, M. D. No. 2, at Toronto, to qualify as officers, the enterprise began to acquire substance. The classes grew, so that a few months later at Camp Borden, there were in training, at one time, one hundred and fifty young officers-to-be.

The Growth of an Army

SUDDENLY, in the closing days of September, an order was received by Lieut.-Colonel A. D. LePan, commanding the School of Infantry, M. D. No. 2, to proceed with his staff to the new camp and take command.

Recruits began to arrive almost immediately, sometimes surging over every limit the imagination had set. In one day, before it was fairly on its feet, the Second Depot Battalion registered 588 men. From that time on, a steady stream of volunteers poured into Niagara in the eighteen months of operation, mounting up to 22,400 men. Of these, nearly 21,000 were sent to France to form the backbone of the army of New Poland. Ninety-nine per cent. of the men received came from the United States, and but one per cent. from Canada.

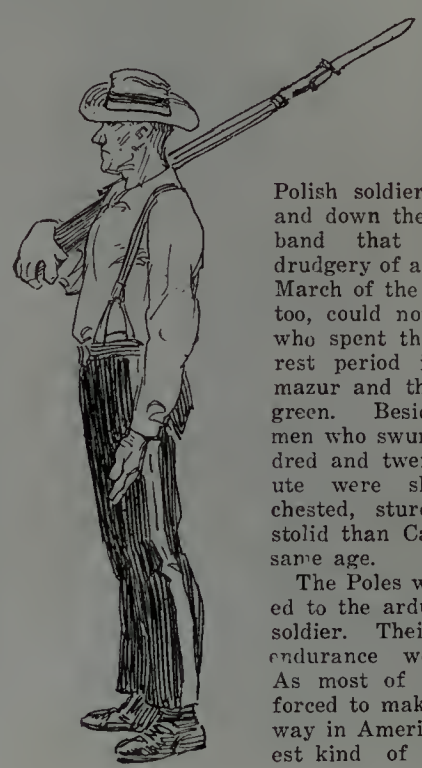
It was an unusual task that confronted the Canadian staff at Niagara. The unknown loomed large. No one could foretell the duration of the camp, the probable number of incoming recruits, or the disciplinary irregularities that might develop amongst thousands of imported foreigners whose knowledge of English and of army life was meagre. Then, too, the camp had to be made ready for winter occupation—something it had not known for fifty years. Barracks had to be built, nearly a score of unused buildings in town to be made habitable for those that could not be provided

Types of the rank and file of the Polish Army. Some wear the Czapka, others old Canadian militia caps, while the summer headgear was a wide-brimmed straw hat, turned up at the right side and with a band of amaranth and white, the Polish National Colors

with shelter in military premises, and water mains and sewers had to be laid or deepened. Many thousands of men had to be clothed, fed, organized and trained in the rudiments of the soldierly life. A special system of documentation, medical examination and categorization, record-keeping and pay had to be devised to meet the complex requirements of the situation and to enable draft quotas to be organized on short notice and despatched to France. A handful of officers—considerably less than would have been allotted to a battalion of Canadian infantry—loyally supported by a few score of N.C.O's and men of the Canadian services and departments and by the splendid voluntary aid of the American Red Cross and the Canadian Y.M.C.A. set to work and for eighteen months grappled ceaselessly with the ever-changing situation that grew out of this unique enterprise. It is a laborious undertaking at best to conduct a draft-giving unit of one's own countrymen in one's own country, but the difficulties become multitudinous when the men handled speak an unfamiliar tongue, when they are enlisted in one country in accordance with its restrictions, are mobilized in and under the regulation of another and are trained and despatched overseas in accordance with instructions received from a third.

A Picturesque Camp

THERE was much that was distinctive in the life of the Polish Army in camp. A casual glance across the parade ground might have given the impression of a Canadian training camp before the war, for here passed and repassed the scarlets and dark blues and rifle greens of the old militia. But yonder from a staff flew an unknown twin-striped red and white service flag, and from the end of a hut vigorously rose a white eagle from its amaranth field. Then here was seen the square-topped headdress of the Polish soldier—the czapka—and down the breeze from a band that lightened the drudgery of a drill floated the March of the Falcons. These, too, could not be Canadians who spent their hard-earned rest period in dancing the mazur and the polka on the green. Besides, the young men who swung by at a hundred and twenty to the minute were shorter, bigger-chested, sturdier and more stolid than Canadians of the same age.



The Poles were well adapted to the arduous life of the soldier. Their strength and endurance were remarkable. As most of them had been forced to make their difficult way in America by the hardest kind of physical labor, they were somewhat heavy and slow of movement. Yet those who had participated in the gymnastic activities of the Polish societies lacked nothing in agility of sprightliness.

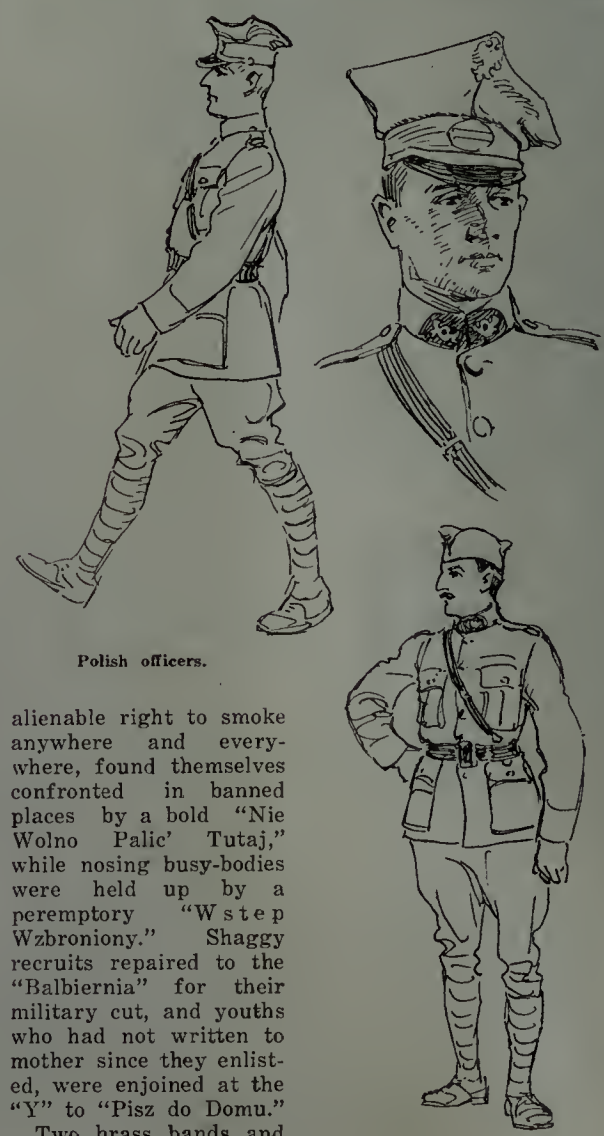
Patience under depressing conditions was one of their outstanding military virtues. Through the excessively cold and dreary winter of 1917-18, when army boots were difficult to obtain, when Niagara common was alternately an Arctic steppe and a morass, and when "a platoon with mitts" became the most envied of units, they were models of cheerful obedience. Not till December 1st, when the movement of troops to the advanced posts at St. John's, Quebec, and to Fort Niagara reduced the number of men in camp from 43,000 to 3,100, was it possible to withdraw the last men from canvas and give them the shelter of a roof. Yet, when questioned, they invariably replied that they were comfortable. Then, too, throughout the long and tiresome quarantine of eight weeks, consequent upon the outbreak of influenza, the Polish troops submitted to tedious preventive measures with the greatest alacrity. There was at no time during the camp any appreciable grousing.

Could Not Speak English

WHILE the language difference introduced administrative complications, it heightened the interest of the camp. Perhaps forty per cent. of the recruits were unable to make themselves understood in English. It was therefore necessary that detailed instruction should be in Polish and that orders be read to the men in that language. For this, the English-speaking Polish officers and N.C.O's previously trained at Toronto, Camp Borden and Niagara were indispensable. However, several members of the Canadian staff acquired a useful working knowledge of the Polish language. The proudest moment in the life of a certain University Professor, turned soldier, is said to have been when he first moved his battalion to divine service and back entirely in Polish. Very often, too, officers who in civil life would have sputtered at Beauchamp or Cholmondeley, might have been nodding with ill-concealed satisfaction at such a sequence as this:

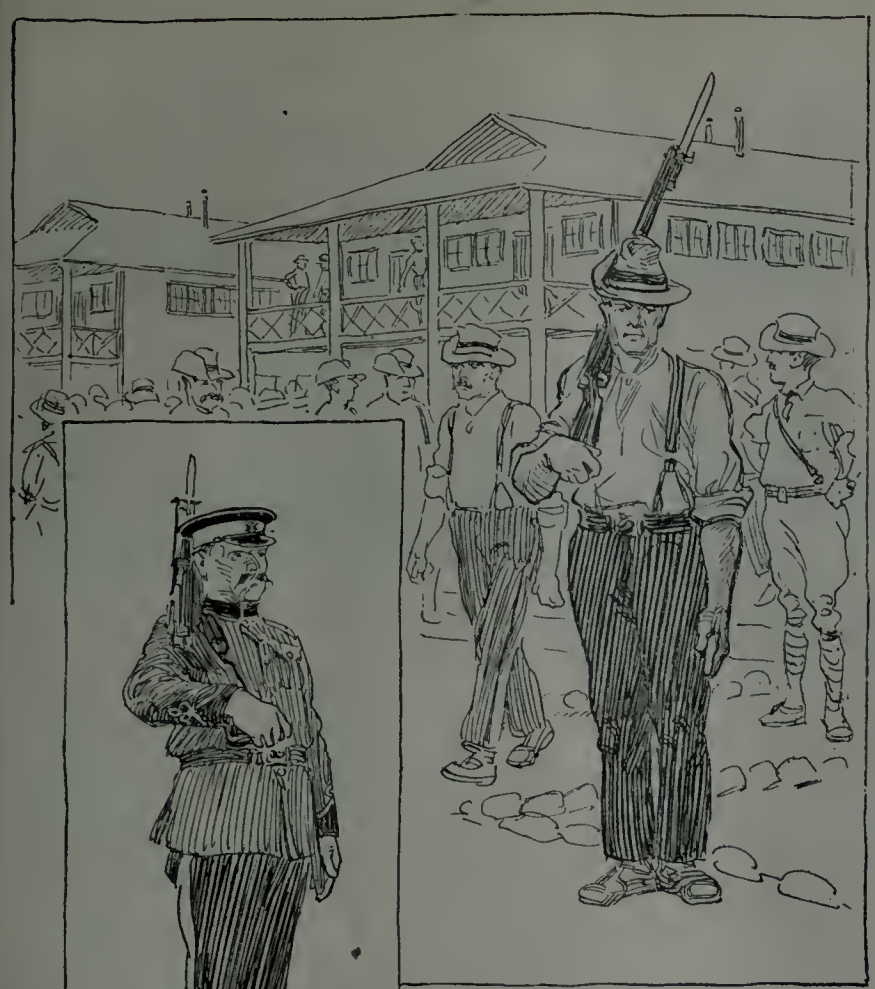
Cieszczyk
Drzy zga
Grzeszczuk
Krzy zanowski
Przybyszewski
Sobieszczanski

In Polish Niagara strange admonitions sprang from notice-board and placard. Those who claimed the inalienable right to smoke anywhere and everywhere, found themselves confronted in banned places by a bold "Nie Wolno Palic' Tutaj," while nosing busy-bodies were held up by a peremptory "Wstep Wzbroniony." Shaggy recruits repaired to the "Balbiernia" for their military cut, and youths who had not written to mother since they enlisted, were enjoined at the "Y" to "Pisz do Domu."



Polish officers.

Two brass bands and



Sentries of the Polish Army Camp. Note the position of rifle at shoulder arms. It conforms to the drill of the French Army, with which it is affiliated.

a bugle band were developed from the raw material that offered itself. For many months these continued to delight soldiers and civilians alike, until, in their turn, they were sent overseas as units to fill an indispensable role in the Polish camps in France. Through music, a touch of Poland always characterized civic demonstrations during the occupation. No welcome of returning soldiers, no Victory Loan parade was quite complete without a Polish band. They became a part of the civic life.

IT was, however, in unorganized music that the spirit of the Pole, that variable mingling of light-heartedness and melancholy, had its most compelling expression. Whenever and wherever Poles congregated, music in some form or other spontaneously broke forth. It was most effective in their unrehearsed, mass singing. That which might well have brought "idle tears" to the eyes floated across Niagara plain on many a soft summer night. Those who heard it will never forget the haunting charm of that song of happy youth shadowed by forebodings of sorrow to come, "Jack Szybko Mijaja Chwile (How Fast the Moments Fly)." Then there was the tripping, care-free march of the victorious legions of Dombrowski: "Jeszcze Polska Nie Zginela (All is Not Yet Over With Poland)" welling up in their merriest moments, as when, in great cheering train-loads, they began their long journey to France—and to Poland. But from the very depths of hearts, saddened with the sufferings of their beloved land came the solemn, stately "Boze Cos' Polske (O God, Protector of Poland)" by common consent regarded in Niagara Camp as the National Hymn of Poland. Men and women who have heard all that is most impressive in music have often stood with tear-filled eyes as thousands of Poles poured forth in this sublime hymn the pent-up emotion of a hundred and fifty years of persecution.

The love of the Poles for music was but one evidence of their emotionalism. Should a brother Pole be honored, as when an intrepid officer was decorated with the British Military Cross, they indulged in a riot of kissing. The like happened when drafts departed for overseas. Yet testimony against a Polish wrong-doer had often to be divided by three or four. Their praise for those who helped was only equalled by their condemnation of those who hindered. Their loves and their hates were intense. They never stopped half way; they went the full course.

C.W. JEFFERYS NIAGARA

A pronounced international aspect was given the camp by the frequent presence of foreign officers. For many months there were attached officers from the French and Polish armies, on one occasion numbering as many as fifteen. During the maintenance of the advanced post at Fort Niagara, directly across the river, American officers were also frequent visitors. A delightful camaraderie sprang up in this varied company thrown together by chance in a unique undertaking.

The visits of that distinguished Pole who now holds the post of First Minister were great occasions in camp. He and Madame Paderewski came several times. Wherever they went—and they penetrated the inmost recesses of barrack and kitchen—they were received by their compatriots with evidence of profound respect and affection.

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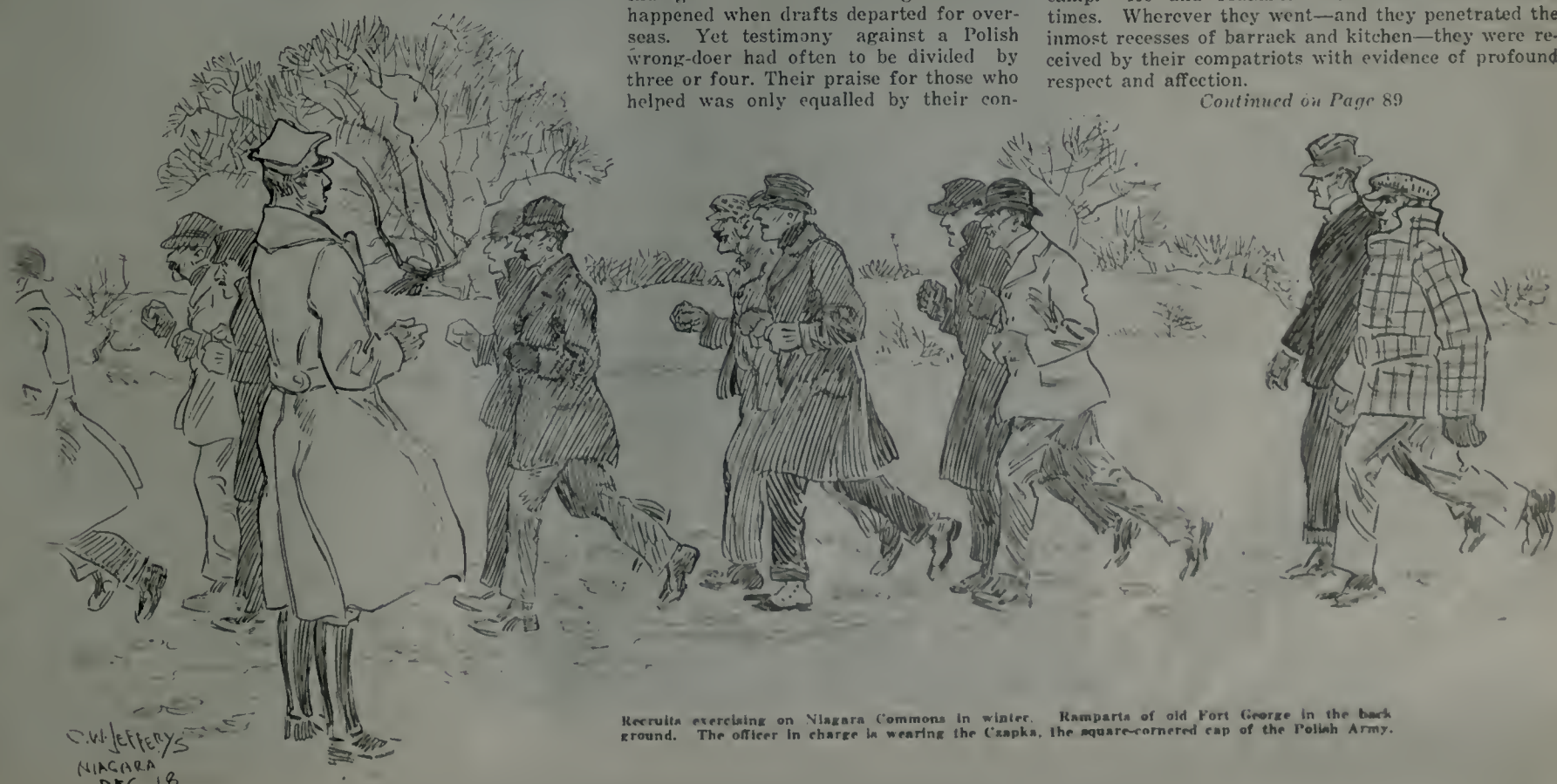

C.W. JEFFERYS NIAGARA DEC. 18

Recruits exercising on Niagara Commons in winter. Ramparts of old Fort George in the background. The officer in charge is wearing the Czapka, the square-cornered cap of the Polish Army.

GROWING UNDER GOUIN: QUEBEC'S RENAISSANCE

By Thomas Munro

THE renaissance of Quebec, financially, industrially, educationally, and in almost every other way, seems to have begun with the Gouin Government. That may seem like a partisan statement; but when you observe the enthusiastic way in which the Quebec people endorse that Government—in many constituencies not even opposing the Government candidate; and when you study its achievement, it seems fair to give this Government credit for being constructive and progressive. I have not studied what the opponents of the Government have to say about it—something incredibly atrocious, no doubt—but I have travelled on the roads it has constructed, seen the industrial and agricultural development it has encouraged, and have compared the condition of the province fifteen or twenty years ago with its condition to-day. Now, I feel inclined to agree with the opinion expressed by newspapers and newspaper men—what better judges!—of all shades of political opinion—that in Sir Lomer Gouin the province has produced a man who is as able as he is honest; and, though it is a one-man Government, that one man has been a host.

The Quebec elections were held last June. There does not seem to have been any very pressing reason for holding the elections just then. The Government certainly had not exceeded its mandate. Perhaps Sir Lomer, like Antaeus, just wanted to touch his feet to earth again, to renew his strength. The formal reasons given were that the Government had had a war mandate; now it wanted a peace mandate; and that it had expended on roads all it had been authorized to borrow, and would like to know if the people desired it to keep on with its road building. They did, most emphatically—and no wonder. Because Quebec now has the best roads in the Dominion, *so far as it has gone*, and means to continue until every farmer can get his goods to market, and his family to church, without breaking an axle or the third commandment.

When Sir Lomer Gouin came into power in 1905 he began with a fine list of promises to the electors—not a wholly unprecedented performance. He now can claim to have kept them all. Some of the chief items on this program I must mention; because it is around them that the development of the province has hinged. They were the stabilization of finances and increase of revenue, the development of education, and the improvement of rural roads. There were eighteen planks in his platform altogether, and he threw in others gratuitously afterwards, when he had found how easy it was for brains, vision, and energy to govern the "ignorant" and "unstable" Fren-Canadians, and carry them along with him in progressive legislation.

The foundation of his policy, of course, had to be financial. Most dreams that come true have to be based on that. When they are not, they usually remain dreams. The ideal combination is the "fifty-fifty man," who has imagination, and, in addition, the energy to see that his dreams are tried out. The neighboring province of New Brunswick has resources little, if any, inferior to those of Quebec; but they are almost at the end of their tether, there, for means to develop them and make them productive.

I am not going to lead the reader into any detailed statement of the finances of the province; but the figures are there for all to see. The expenditures made were with the object of making two dollars come back where one had come before; and they accomplished the purpose. The debt of Quebec per head is the smallest of any province in Canada; and the habitant has been given a run for his money, as he may always be trusted to see is the case.

The Gouin Government began by repaying old loans, and generally putting the province in a position where its credit would stand the test in any of the money markets. As other provinces in Canada often wonder just how Sir Lomer does it, it may be interesting to note how he went about raising his revenues. He took for his motto: Thrift and Economy; and added to it, Reconstruction and Progress. Ever since Confederation, the finances of Quebec had been in a more or less precarious condition, with surpluses rare and deficits common. He turned first to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and convinced him that the subsidies of all the provinces must be increased. They were. Then the revenues from the various resources of the province such as Game and Fisheries, Mines, Lands and Forests, were all increased by judicious management, until the total from the whole public domain amounted to nearly two million dollars in 1918, as compared with less than nine hundred thousand in 1897. The stumpage dues, for example, have been increased nearly one hundred per cent. since the Gouin Government came into power; and here, it may be observed, the New Brunswick Government is taking a leaf out of Sir Lomer's book. The Government has been able to show a surplus every year since it came into power, averaging over nine hundred thousand dollars a year, and the interest charges on the public debt, notwithstanding the large borrowings made for road building, show a substantial decrease per capita.

Sir Lomer Gouin.

The succession duties are a fertile source of revenue. Many a plug of Montreal Twist and other of Sir William Macdonald's products the habitant had accounted for; he got a little of his own back when the Macdonald estate returned to the Province of Quebec $3,325,000 in succession duties.

It was while the province was in this favorable condition that Sir Lomer went to the people asking them to authorize the spending of twenty million dollars on roads. Some people who think the habitant is picayune and penurious might revolve in their minds the fact that he, metaphorically, slapped the Premier on the back with a contingent of sixty supporters, and said: "Go to it!"

With some people, road building is synonymous with graft. In the House of Commons last winter the

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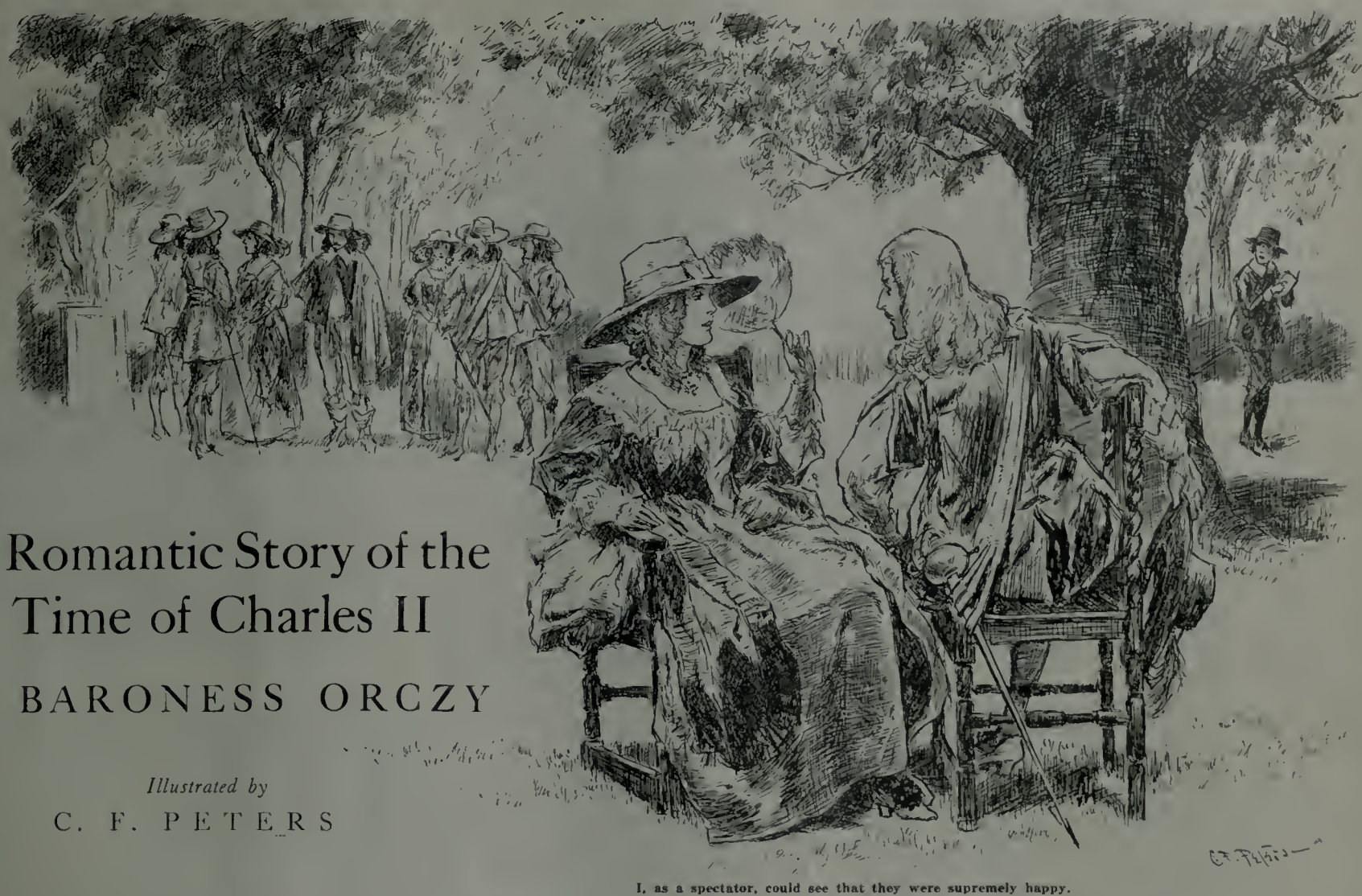
HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED



A Romantic Story of the Time of Charles II

By BARONESS ORCZY

Illustrated by
C. F. PETERS

I, as a spectator, could see that they were supremely happy.

CHAPTER SIX

The Gathering Storm

I.

IT was after that never-to-be-forgotten Episode that Mr. Betterton honoured me with his full and entire Confidence. At the moment that he clung so pathetically to my feeble arms, he realized, I think for the first time, what a devoted Friend he would always find me. Something of the powerful, magical Fluid of my devotion must have emanated from my Heart and reached his sensitive Perceptions. He knew from that hour that while I lived and had Health and Strength, I should never fail him in Loyalty and willing Service.

Soon afterwards, if you remember, Mr. Betterton went again to Paris, by command of His Majesty this time, there to study and to master the whole Question of Scenery and scenic Effects upon the Stage such as is practised at the Theatre de Moliere in the great City. That he acquitted himself of his task with Honour and Understanding goes without saying. The rousing Welcome which the public of London gave him on his return testified not only to his Worth but also to his Popularity.

The scenic Innovations, though daring and at times crudely realistic, did, in the opinion of Experts, set off the art of Mr. Betterton to the greatest possible advantage. No doubt that his overwhelming Success at that time was in a great measure due to his familiarity with all those authentic-looking doors and trees and distant skies which at first bewildered such old-fashioned actors as Mr. Harris or the two Messrs. Noakes.

Never indeed had Mr. Betterton been so great as he was now. Never had his Talents stood so high in the estimation of the cultured World. His success as Alvaro in "Love and Honour," as Solyman in the "Siege of Rhodes," as "Hamlet," or "Pericles," stand before me as veritable Triumphs. Bouquets and Handkerchiefs, scented Notes and Love-tokens, were showered upon the brilliant Actor as he stood upon the Stage, proudly receiving the adulation of the Audience whom he had conquered by the Magic of his Art.

His Majesty hardly ever missed a performance at the new Duke's Theatre when Mr. Betterton was acting, nor did my Lady Castlemaine, who was shamelessly vowing about that time that she was prepared to bestow upon the great Man any Favour he might ask of her.

II.

BUT outwardly at any rate, Mr. Betterton had become a changed Man. His robust Constitution and splendid Vitality did in truth overcome the physical after-effects of the abominable Outrage of which he had been the Victim; but the moral consequences upon his entire character and demeanour were indeed incalculable. Of extraordinary purity in his mode of living, it had been difficult, before that Episode, for evil Gossip to besmirch his fair name, even in these lax and scandalous times. But after that grim September afternoon it seemed as if he took pride in emulating the least estimable characteristics of his Contemporaries. His Majesty's avowed predilection for the great Actor brought the latter into daily contact with all those noble and beautiful Ladies who graced the Court and Society more by virtue of their outward appearance than of their inner worth. Scarce ever was a banquet or fête given at White Hall now but Mr. Betterton was not one of the most conspicuous guests: never a Supper party at my Lady Castlemaine's or my Lady Shrewsbury's but the famous Actor was present there. He was constantly in the company of His Grace of Buckingham, of my Lord Rochester and others of these noble young Rakes; his name was constantly before the Public; he was daily to be seen at the Mall or in St. James's Park, or at the more ceremonious parade in Hyde Park. His elegant clothes were the talk of every young Gallant that haunted Fop's Corner, his sallies were quoted by every Cavalier who strove for a reputation as a wit. In fact, dear Lady, You know just as well as I do, that for that brief period of his life Mr. Betterton became just one of the gay, idle, modish young Men about town, one of that hard-drinking, gambling, scandal-mongering crowd of Idlers who were none of them fit to tie the laces of his shoes.

I, who saw more and more of him in those days, knew, however, that all that gay, butterfly Existence which he led was only on the surface. To me he was like some poor Animal stricken by a mortal wound, who nevertheless capers and gyrates before a grinning Public with mechanical movements of the body that have nothing in common with the mind.

III.

OF the beautiful Lady Barbara I saw but little during the autumn.

There was much talk in the Town about her forthcoming Marriage to my Lord of Stour, which was to take place soon after the New Year. Many were the conjectures as to why so suitable a Marriage did not take place immediately, and it seemed strange that so humble and insignificant a Person as I was could even then have supplied the key to the riddle which was puzzling so many noble Ladies and Gentlemen. I knew, in my humble capacity as Spectator of great events, that the Marriage would only take place after the vast and treasonable projects which had originated in my Lord Douglas Wychwoode's turbulent mind had come to a successful issue.

I often confided to You, dear Mistress, in those days that Mr. Betterton, in the kindness of his Heart, had made me many an offer to leave my present humdrum employment and to allow myself to be attached to his Person as his private Secretary and personal Friend. For a long time I refused his offers—tempting and generous though they were—chiefly because if I had gone there to live with Mr. Betterton I should have been irretrievably separated from You. But in my Heart I knew that though the great Man was not in pressing need of a Secretary, his soul did even long and yearn for a Friend. A more devoted one, I vow, did not exist than my humble self; and when, during the early part of the Autumn You, dear Mistress, finally decided to leave your present uncomfortable quarters for lodgings more befitting your growing Fame and your Talents, there was nothing more to keep me tied to my dour and unsympathetic Employer and to his no less unpleasant Spouse.

I therefore gave Mr. Theophilus Baggs notice that

I had resolved to quit his Employ, hoping that my decision would meet with his Convenience.

I could not help laughing to myself when I saw the manner in which he received this Announcement. To say that he was surprised and indignant would be to put it mildly; indeed, he used every Mode of persuasion to try and make me alter my decision. He began by chiding me for an Ingrate, vowing that he had taught me all I knew and lavished Money and Luxuries upon me, and that I was proposing to leave him just when the time had come for him to see some slight return of his Expenditure and for his pains, in my growing Efficiency. He went on to persuade, to cajole and to bribe, Mistress Euphrosine joining him both in Vituperation and in Unctuousness. But, as You know, I was adamant. I knew the value of all this soft-sawder and mouth-honour. I had suffered too many Hardships and too many Indignities at the hands of these selfish Sycophants to turn a deaf ear now that friendship and mine own future happiness called to me so insistently.

Finally, however, I yielded to the extent of agreeing to stay a further three months in the service of Mr. Baggs, whilst he took steps to find another Clerk who would suit his purpose. But I only agreed to this on the condition that I was to be allowed a fuller amount of personal Freedom than I had enjoyed hitherto, that I should not be set any longer to do menial tasks, which properly pertained to a Scullion, and that whenever my clerical work for the day was done I should be at liberty to employ my time as seemed best to me.

Thus it was that I had a certain amount of leisure, and after You left us, fair Mistress, I was able to take my walks abroad, there where I was fairly certain of meeting You, or of having a glimpse of Mr. Betterton, surrounded by his brilliant Friends.

Often, dear Mistress, did You lavish some of your precious time and company upon the seedy Attorney's Clerk, who of a truth was not worthy to be seen walking in the Park or in Mulberry Gardens beside the beautiful and famous Mistress Saunderson, who by this time had quite as many Followers and Adorers as any virtuous Woman could wish for. You never mentioned Mr. Betterton to me in those days, even though I knew that you must often have been thrown in his Company, both in the Theatre and in Society. That your love for him had not died in your Heart I knew from the wistful look which was wont to come into your eyes whenever You chanced to meet him in the course of a Promenade. You always returned his respectful and elaborate bow on those occasions with cool Composure; but as soon as he had passed by and his rich, mellow Voice, so easily distinguishable amongst others, had died away in the distance, I, who knew every line of your lovely face, saw the familiar look of Sorrow and of bitter Disappointment once more mar its perfect serenity.

IV.

WE had an unusually mild and prolonged autumn this past year, if you remember, fair Mistress; and towards the end of October there were a few sunny days which were the veritable aftermath of Summer. The London Parks and Gardens were crowded day after with Ladies and Gallants, decked in their gayest attire, for the time to don Winter clothing still appeared remote.

I used to be fond of watching all these fair Ladies and dazzling Cavaliers, and did so many a time on those bright mornings whilst waiting to see You pass. On one occasion I saw the Lady Barbara Wychwoode, in company with my Lord Stour.

Heaven knows I have no cause to think kindly of her; but truth compels me to say that she appeared to me more beautiful than ever before. She and his Lordship had found two chairs, up against a tree, somewhat apart from the rest of the glittering throng. I as a Spectator could see that they were supremely happy in one another's company.

"How sweet the air is!" she was sighing contentedly. "More like spring than late autumn. Ah, me! How happily one could dream."

She threw him a witching glance which no doubt sent him straight to Heaven, for I heard him say with passionate earnestness:

"Of what do Angels dream, my beloved?"

They continued to whisper, and I of course did not catch all that they said. My Lord Stour was obviously very deeply enamoured of the Lady Barbara. Because of this I seemed to hate and despise him all the more. Oh! when the whole World smiled on him, when Fortune and Destiny showered their most precious gifts into his lap, what right had he to mar the soul which God had given him with such base Passions as Jealousy and Cruelty? With his monstrous Act of unwarrantable violence he had ruined the happiness of a Man greater, finer than himself; he had warped a noble disposition, soured a gentle and kindly spirit. Oh! I hated him! I hated him! God forgive me, but I had not one spark of Christian spirit for him within my heart. If it lay in my power, I knew that I was ready to do him an Injury.

From time to time I heard snatches of his impassioned speeches. "Barbara, my beloved! Oh, God! how I love You!" or else: "'Tis unspeakable joy to look into your eyes, joyous madness to hold your little hand!" And more of such stuff as Lovers know how to use.

And she, too, looked supremely happy. There was a sparkle in her eyes which spoke of a Soul intoxicated with delight. She listened to him as if every word from his lips was heaven-sent Manna to her hungering heart. And I marvelled why this should be: why she should listen to this self-sufficient, empty-headed young Coxcomb and have rejected with such bitter scorn the suit of a Man worthy in every sense to be the Mate of a Queen. And I thought then of Mr. Betterton kneeling humbly before her, his proud Head bent before this ignorant and wilful Girl, who had naught but cruel words for him on her lips. And a great wrath possessed me, greater than it ever had been before. I suppose that I am very wicked and that the Devil of Revenge had really possessed himself of my Soul; and then there, under the trees, with the translucent Dome of blue above me, I vowed bitter hatred against those two, vowed that Fate should be even with them if I, the humble Clerk, could have a say in her decrees.

V.

JUST now, they were like two Children playing at love. He was insistent and bold, tried to draw her to him, to kiss her in sight of the fashionable throng that promenaded up and down the Avenue less than fifty yards away. "A murrain on the Conventions!" he said with a light laugh, as she chided him for his Ardour. "I want the whole Universe to be witness of my joy."

She placed her pretty hand playfully across his mouth.

"Hush, my dear Lord!" she said with wonderful tenderness. "Heaven itself, they say, is ofttimes jealous to see such Happiness as ours. . . . And I am so happy. . . ." she continued with a deep sigh, "so happy that at times a horrible presentiment seems to grip my heart. . . ."

"Presentiment of what, dear love?" he queried lightly.

I did not catch what she said in reply, for just at that moment I caught sight of Mr. Betterton walking at a distant point of the Avenue, in the Company of a number of admiring Friends.

They were hanging round him, evidently vastly amused by some witty sallies of his. Never had I seen him look more striking and more brilliant. He wore a magnificent coat of steel-grey velvet with richly embroidered waistcoat and a cravat and frills of diaphanous lace, whilst the satin breeches, silk stockings and be-ribboned shoes set off his shapely limbs to perfection. His Grace of Buckingham was walking beside him, and he had my Lady Shrewsbury upon his arm, whilst among his Friends I recognized my Lords Orrery and Buckhurst, and the Lord Chancellor himself.

The Lady Barbara caught sight of Mr. Betterton too, I imagine, for as I moved away, I heard her say in a curiously constrained voice:

"That man—my Lord—he is your deadly Enemy."

"Bah!" he retorted with a careless shrug of the shoulders. "Actors are like toothless, ill-tempered curs. They bark, but they are powerless to bite!"

Oh, I hated him! Heavens, how I hated him!

How puny and insignificant he was beside his unsuccessful Rival should of a surety have been apparent even to the Lady Barbara. Even now, Mr. Betterton, with a veritable crowd of Courtiers around him, had come to a halt not very far from where those two were sitting; and it was very characteristic of him that, even whilst the Duke of Buckingham was whispering in his ear and the Countess of Shrewsbury was smiling archly at him, his eyes having found me, he nodded and waved his hand to me.

VI.

A MINUTE or two later another group of Ladies and Gallants, amongst whom her Grace the Duchess of York was conspicuous by her elegance and the richness of her attire, literally swooped down upon Mr. Betterton and his Friends, and her Grace's somewhat high-pitched voice came ringing shrilly to mine ear.

"Ah, Mr. Betterton!" she exclaimed. "Where have you hid yourself since yesterday, you wicked, adorable Man? And I, who wished to tell you how entirely splendid was your performance in that supremely dull play you call 'Love and Honour.' You were superb, Sir, positively superb! . . . I was telling His Grace a moment ago that every Actor in the World is a mere Mountebank when compared with Mr. Betterton's Genius!"

And long did she continue in the same strain, most of the Ladies and Gentlemen agreeing with her and engaging in a chorus of Eulogy, all delivered in high falsetto voices, which in the olden days, when first I knew him, would have set Mr. Betterton's very teeth on edge. But now he took up the ball of airy talk, tossed it back to the Ladies, bowed low and kissed Her Grace's hand—I could see that she gave his a significant pressure—gave wit for wit and flattery for flattery.

He had of a truth made a great success the day before in a play called "Love and Honour," writ by Sir William Davenant, when His Majesty himself lent his own Coronation Suit to the great Actor, so that he might worthily represent the part of Prince Alvaro. This Success put the crowning Glory to his reputation, although in my humble opinion it was unworthy of so great an Artist as Mr. Betterton to speak the Epilogue which he had himself written in eulogy of the Countess of Castlemaine, and which he delivered with such magnificent Diction at the end of the Play, that His Majesty waxed quite enthusiastic in his applause.

VII.

STANDING somewhat apart from that dazzling group, I noticed my Lord Douglas Wychwoode, in close conversation with my Lord Teammouth and another Gentleman who was in clerical attire. After awhile, my Lord Stour joined them, the Lady Barbara having apparently slipped away unobserved.

My Lord Stour was greeted by his friends with every mark of cordiality.

"Ah!" the Cleric exclaimed, and extended both his hands—which were white and plump—to my Lord. "Here is the truant at last!" Then he waxed playful, put up an accusing finger and added with a smirking laugh: "Meseems I caught sight of a petticoat just behind those trees, where his Lordship himself had been apparently communing with Nature, eh?"

Whereupon my Lord Teammouth went on, not unkindly and in that dogmatic way which he was pleased to affect: "Youth will ever smile, even in the midst of dangers; and my Lord Stour is a great favourite with the Ladies."

Lord Douglas Wychwoode was as usual petulant and impatient, and rejoined angrily:

"Even the Castlemaine has tried to cast her nets around him."

My Lord Stour demurred, but did not try to deny the soft impeachment.

"Only because I am new at Court," he said, "and have no eyes for her beauty."

This, of course, was News to me. I am so little versed in Court and Society gossip and had not heard the latest piece of scandal, which attributed to the Lady Castlemaine a distinct penchant for the young Nobleman. Not that it surprised me altogether. The newly created Countess of Castlemaine, who was receiving favours from His Majesty the King with both hands, never hesitated to deceive him and even to render him ridiculous, by flaunting her predilections for this or that young Gallant who happened to have captured her wayward fancy. My Lord Sandwich, Colonel Hamilton, the handsome Mr. Wycherley, and even such a vulgar churl as Jacob Hill, the rope dancer, had all at one time or another been favored with

Continued on Page 68

SYNOPSIS:—*This is the story of Thomas Betterton and Joyce Saunderson as told by John Honeywood. Betterton is a famous actor and a favorite of Charles II. The favor that he wins with other women, particularly Lady Barbara Wychwoode, causes Joyce to break off her engagement with him. Honeywood is engaged by Theophilus Baggs as a clerk and scrivener and is ordered to copy a treasonable manifesto brought by Lord Douglas Wychwoode, brother of Barbara. It calls upon the gentry of the country to unite in a plot to seize and dethrone Charles. Lord Douglas meets Lord Stour, Barbara's lover, at Baggs' house and endeavors to draw him into the plot. Betterton makes love to Barbara and the noblemen hire bullies to set upon him and beat him. They refuse him the satisfaction due a gentleman.*

The PROBLEM *of Our* NEW CANADIANS

IT does not matter how much sentiment there may be relating to any subject, nor how many well-wishers it may have, things do not begin to happen until some man or woman is raised up to turn into action the many kind thoughts and good wishes which exist in a sort of nebular condition. That is what is meant by the saying that every reform is the lengthened shadow of some man.

The West has had for many years a "Foreign Problem," caused by the great influx of people from other countries, who have come hither, attracted by the free land and the resultant opportunities for home-making. They come here unable to speak the language, unacquainted with our customs, and in many ways dependent upon the kind offices of our people. There are many things they can not do for themselves. The churches, seeing this opportunity for service, have done good work by establishing mission centres, free kindergartens, day nurseries, night schools, sewing classes and Sunday schools. But the workers have always known that it was the public school which could do the real work of education. And in the public schools where the foreign children have attended, there have been many teachers with real vision and real kindness of heart whose good work cannot be measured. But no particular effort was made in the way of special help to the foreign schools until about four years ago in the province of Manitoba, when Mr. Ira Stratton, of Stonewall, was appointed "Official Trustee."

Ira Stratton, organizer of schools for foreigners in Manitoba.

The Right Man For the Work

THIS appointment was not exactly an appointment —it was an inspiration on the part of the Education Department. Mr. Stratton has the physical equipment to fill this position—he is probably the biggest man in Manitoba. He can do anything from editing a paper to building a barn, and he can do them equally well; he can tell a story like Abraham Lincoln; he has unbounded faith in humanity, and a genial humor that carries him over the rough places. He is never tired, sick or cross, and if he hasn't tact he has something better. He has straightforwardness, honesty, and an understanding of human nature. Besides this, he knows every man, woman, child and dog, and the best method of approach in each case. He is a perfect example of the man Kipling wrote about when he said: "Who does not look too good or talk too wise." Mr. Stratton can address a Sunday school, or a church audience, or a farmers' gathering, or a trustees' convention, with equal ease and effectiveness; and the best of his good gifts is that he can fit his style of argument to the intelligence of his hearers.

Addressing a gathering of Polish farmers, among whom he had gone to organize a school, he urged them to give their children the proper equipment for battling with the world. This he held to be a knowledge of the English language, and drove it home to them in this way—"I'll go out—chop tree—with big poker—you say—him one fool—you right. Poker—wrong tool—for chop tree. I need axe—big sharp axe. You send your boy to get job Winnipeg—him talk Polish—no get job—wrong tool. Him talk English—get job—right tool. I not say English language best language in world—maybe it is—maybe not; but anyway, one good tool for make living in this country."

This simple parable went home, and the school was duly organized without opposition.

Mr. Stratton has a way of meeting difficulties. He does not dodge them or go around them or back up from them. He walks straight over them!

There Was a Meeting!

ONE time in the winter of 1916, he made a trip through Northwestern Manitoba, organizing schools, and in one district the secretary refused to call a meeting of the ratepayers. He had his own ideas about outside influences in school matters.

One of the men of the district brought the word to Mr. Stratton and timidly advised him not to come.

Quite undisturbed, Mr. Stratton replied, "I will be there at 10 o'clock, and there will be a meeting!"

At ten o'clock sharp, Mr. Stratton arrived at the school, and his arrival was not any sharper than the weather, for it was a bitterly cold day.

The school was locked, and there was a death-like stillness brooding over the two farm-houses near by.

By Nellie L. McClung

Author of "In Times Like These," "Next of Kin," etc.

The stillness was so thick, that Mr. Stratton rightly divined that eager eyes were watching him from small eye-holes in the frosted windows.

Walking around the school-house, he selected a window which was in plain view of both farm-houses, and with some difficulty got it open and climbed in. The window was small and Mr. Stratton is big, but he was determined to enter the school, and he did it some way.

The school was as cold as outside, of course, but there was material for a fire, and soon the eager watchers saw smoke curling up from the chimney.

That brought them!

In a few minutes the key turned in the lock and a group of men walked in. Then the other farm-house sent its delegation, and in half an hour the meeting was opened with exactly fifty present. Mr. Stratton scolded them roundly for not having the fire on, and then proceeded to discuss the business of the day.

At 12 o'clock, when his driver came back for him, the meeting was over.

Before he left, Mr. Stratton was given a vote of thanks. Every man stood up, and the spokesman said, "Mr. Stratton, we want to thank you. Now we know you come for help. You come back again—we have big meeting—you send word—we have school full."

He overcomes his enemies by making them into friends.

Finding the Right Argument

ANOTHER time he went to a town in Northern Manitoba, where a new school was needed badly. It was a prosperous community, and there was some opposition, on religious grounds. Mr. Stratton knew this, for he had met one of the prominent men of the community—the Reeve—the year before at a convention.

When he arrived in the town and went to the meeting, he found the Reeve in the chair, and he realized that things were looking dark for the new school.

The meeting was largely attended, and Mr. Stratton pleaded for a good school. He knew there were only four English-speaking ratepayers and the by-law was for $12,000, a large sum to devote to a school system, which from their point of view was faulty.

During some desultory discussion, two small boys came to the door. Mr. Stratton was on a front seat, but persuaded the boys to come forward, and took the smaller one on his knee. When rising to make his final appeal, he stood the little fellow on the chairman's table, and with his arm around the child, began to speak. He thanked them for asking him to the meeting, and then said:

"I go round country, I see heap church—lots churches, maybe more churches than schoolhouses—Not my church—Never mind. I like schoolhouses, me School-houses good. Sometimes I go in your church You got big church just over there. I go in your church. I see big cross. Sometimes in church-yards, sometimes in field, I see cross, too. On cross I see figure. You know who I mean—You know what he do down here on this earth? He take boy just like this boy and put him on table before men and say, 'Men, you want to see Me again, you want to get to Heaven, do you?—Well—you give kid a square deal.' You expect to see Him some day? I do. He say to me: 'Stratton, what you do for boy and girl down below, eh?' I say, 'I go all over Manitoba, I try to get good schools for everybody's kid, Ruthenian, Polish, German, Russian —everybody. I try to give every kid same chance—square deal—just what you say!'"

Then, lowering his voice and looking into the faces (ordinarily stolid, but now somewhat stirred), he said—"When He ask you that question—what will you say, eh? Will you say you gave square deal to this kid? Every kid?—Eh?"

Then he left the matter with them.

The vote was entirely satisfactory, being more than four to one for the by-law. After the meeting, Mr. Stratton found that the little chap who had strayed in so providentially was none other than the son of the chairman, who had formerly been such a critic of the system.

A fourteen thousand dollar school soon graced the site, and with three qualified English-speaking teachers at work developing the Canadian spirit in the little folks, there became a proper occasion for rejoicing in Mr. Stratton's breast. He is given to saying of this community: "That, if their religion does not prevent them from settling a school problem as a matter of conscience, then I must decline to quarrel with them over their religion. There are a lot of people who think they carry about a better brand of religion, who refuse to apply conscience to a local school problem."

Can Foreigners Look Like Presbyterians?

IT is Mr. Stratton's great delight to take visitors to his schools, and especially those who are disposed to doubt the value of educating the "foreigner." For we have, unfortunately, still a few very excellent people so imbued with the belief that the Anglo-Saxon people are the pets of the Almighty, that they are apt to question the wisdom of giving the foreign child exactly the same chance as we give our own.

Mr. Stratton has had the pleasure of bringing many people to a wiser, saner and kinder conclusion, and one eminent divine, who, while not actively opposing the education of the foreigner, had not shown any enthusiasm over it, was so impressed by the sight of the eager little faces in one of Mr. Stratton's schools, that he cried out in astonishment to his travelling companion:

"Why they would pass for a group of Scotch Presbyterian children!"

Surely there can be no higher word of praise than that!

Mr. Stratton often says: "If people will only look into their faces, they will be convinced that it is well worth while to educate them."

In a certain town in Manitoba, one man said: "Some people think it is not wise to educate these people."

Mr. Stratton promptly replied: "I won't debate the point with you or with them. If you prove to me that the little fellow whom Christ took in Galilee and placed on an elevation before the men, and said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and 'Whosoever causeth one of these little ones to stumble,'—if you will prove that that little fellow was Anglo-Saxon by birth, and spoke English only, there is room for possible debate. But if, as I think, the little fellow was a Jewish lad and spoke Hebrew or Yiddish, and yet stood there as the representative of all the children of all races, all tongues, and all down through the ages, there is no room for debate. The question is settled! . . . . .We have to educate these people and make Canadian citizens of

them—or Canada will become a country of foreign tandards. What was the use of sending out brave lads to the slaughter over there, trying to save Canada from the tread of a foreign despot, if we let those of non-English birth cherish and maintain foreign standards here? One day, they of non-English descent will outnumber us, and they will make this country what they will. We can make them good Canadians now —but there is a time limit. If we who are at home fail to do this, we are unworthy of our sons and brothers and have let them pay too high a price for a temporary freedom. The standard will be the one set up now. We have no choice of time to act. To-morrow may be too late!"

What Has Been Accomplished

SINCE taking office nearly four years ago, Mr. Stratton has built 140 new schools, seventy "Teacherages," and has 120 or 125 additional English-speaking teachers at work in non-English districts.

In one district where a Polish teacher was struggling along with 141 children on the roll, Mr. Stratton found 110 actually present one day. Another day there were 119 in one room, with 35 seated in one corner covering a floor space 10 x 10½ feet. He began to agitate for a new school. The second meeting of ratepayers that was called, resulted in a vote of 70 to 19 in favor of a new two-roomed school, and the re-leasing of four sections of land to make another school district near by. The two-roomed school was built, and qualified teachers engaged. Another school in the new district that had been formed was at once built, and a qualified teacher presides there. The two-roomed school must be enlarged this year. When there is but one room in the school, Mr. Stratton tries to get a teacher who can bring her mother or sister to live with her. Sometimes a school is strong enough to make an allowance to the companion in return for her services in teaching sewing, music or some extra subject.

Some idea of the density of the population can be gathered from the Departmental Report of 1918. District No. 1039 comprises 10½ sections of land, with three-quarters held by speculators; there were 296 persons under 20 years of age, and all but two families were non-English. In this small district there are two school-rooms and a four-roomed cottage at one point, and, 1½ miles away, a third room. Three Canadian teachers occupy the cottage. Three years ago, with 147 on the roll, one poorly qualified teacher of non-English birth was the only ostensibly civilizing influence.

In an area of 40 sections, or say 5 miles by 8, there are nine teachers employed, and all have large classes. This is a farming community where every person gets a living from the soil.

The Choosing of Teachers

MR. Stratton has been very fortunate in his choice of teachers, and has had few failures. He likes best of all the two-roomed school where two teachers work together, and the four-roomed teachers' house, with its comfortable screened-in verandah, and fine garden lot, makes a pleasant home. This year he is arranging to secure cows for teachers who have asked for them, and the cream separator companies have presented separators to each of them as an advertisement for their goods.

Five acres is often the size of the lot purchased for the new school—"Land and fresh air are two things we should not be mean about," Mr. Stratton declares, "for we are not short of either of them." The statutory minimum size of a school site has been increased to three acres.

He does not minimize the hardships when engaging a teacher, and always insists upon having a personal interview. He says he can tell, after half an hour's conversation with the teacher, if she will "do."

He tells of one young lady who applied for a school which he had advertised as requiring a teacher. When she called at his office, the interview was brief, because he was leaving for a train.

Mr. Stratton said: "This school will hardly do for you."

She asked promptly: "What is the matter with it?"

"Well, it is 14 miles from the station," said the Official Trustee.

"I'll be all right when I get there, will I not?" asked the fair applicant.

"Oh yes, but you will not get home until Easter," was the reply.

"I didn't expect to return home until July," was the ready response.

"This settlement is what is commonly called foreign," said the man at the desk.

"I have 40 Ruthenian children on the roll where I am," said the teacher.

Mr. Stratton was keenly interested by this time,

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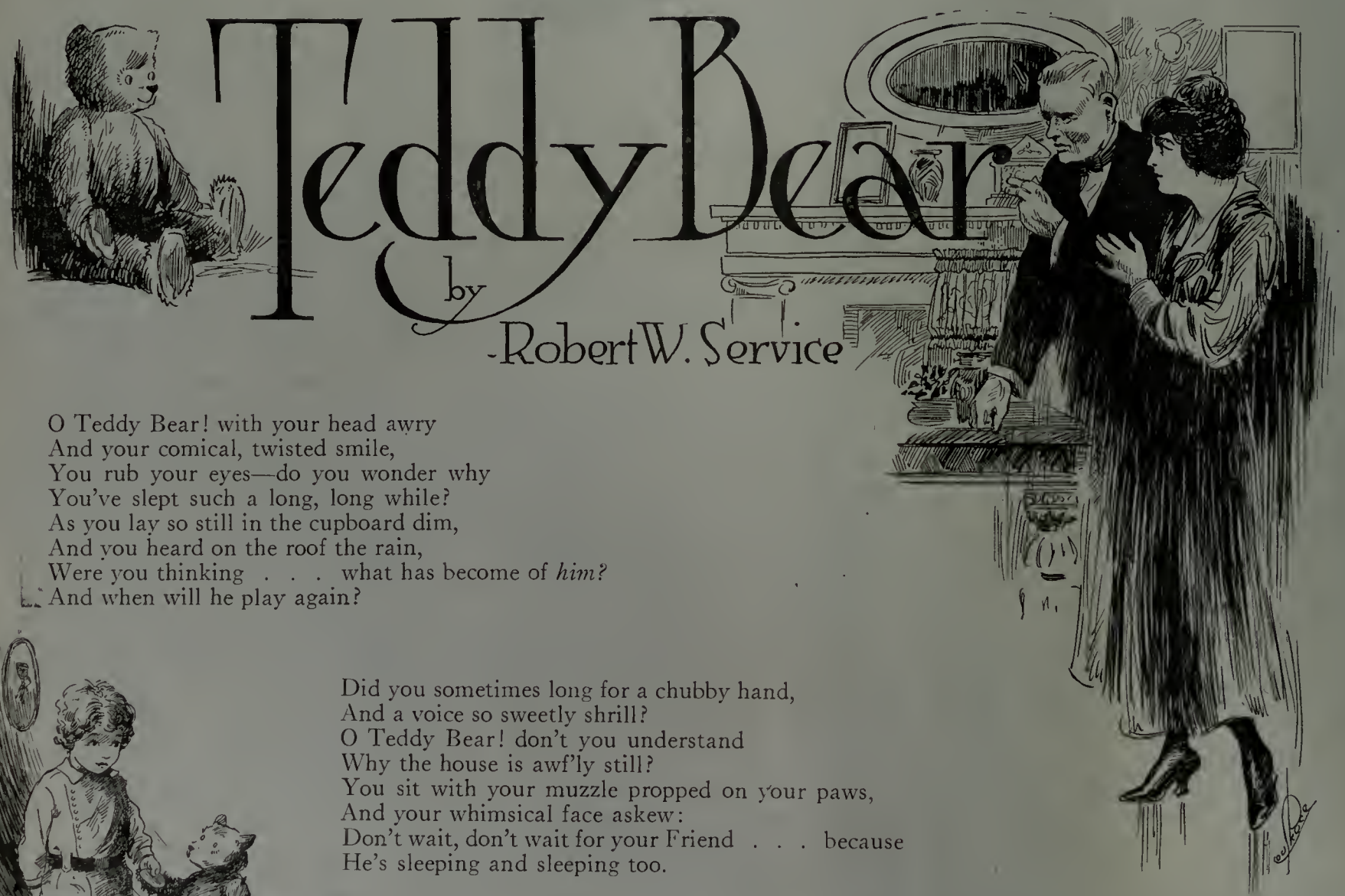

Teddy Bear

by Robert W. Service

O Teddy Bear! with your head awry
And your comical, twisted smile,
You rub your eyes—do you wonder why
You've slept such a long, long while?
As you lay so still in the cupboard dim,
And you heard on the roof the rain,
Were you thinking . . . what has become of *him?*
And when will he play again?

Did you sometimes long for a chubby hand,
And a voice so sweetly shrill?
O Teddy Bear! don't you understand
Why the house is awf'ly still?
You sit with your muzzle propped on your paws,
And your whimsical face askew:
Don't wait, don't wait for your Friend . . . because
He's sleeping and sleeping too.

Aye, sleeping long. . . You remember how
He stabbed our hearts with his cries?
And O the dew of pain on his brow,
And the deeps of pain in his eyes!
And, Teddy Bear! You remember, too,
As he sighed and sank to his rest,
How all of a sudden he smiled to you,
And he clutched you close to his breast.

I'll put you away, little Teddy Bear,
In the cupboard far from my sight.
Maybe he'll come and he'll kiss you there,
A wee white ghost in the night.
But me—I'll live with my love and pain
A weariful lifetime through;
And my Hope: will I see him again, again?
Ah, God! If I only knew!

"You may rely upon my bringing him if I get a ghost of a chance," he said.

EBB *and* FLOW

A Story of Men, Women and Mines

By C. W. STEPHENS

Who Wrote "Man and Wife"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

SYNOPSIS:—*Ewan Christie displaces John Barnsley as manager of the Dearnside Mining Co., and offers the latter a subordinate position at a much reduced salary. The latter accepts. His daughter, Edith, who is supposed to be engaged to Richard Chipperfield, a slow and cautious young man, also in the employ of the company, decides to help out the family finances, and applies for a position as secretary to Christie. Not knowing who she is, he engages her at the handsome salary she asks.*

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

"PLACE in there for your hat and coat," he said. She went into the other office, removed her hat and coat and returned equipped for business.

"By the way what's your name?" he asked.

"Edith Barnsley," she answered. A frown furrowed his forehead.

"Any relation of Mr. Barnsley of the Company?" he inquired.

"His daughter," she replied.

"I didn't know that." And he did not look over-pleased. "Does he know you were seeking this position?"

"No, I told no one. I called at this hour knowing he would be away," he said.

"This is no picnic, amateur, or pull job," he told her.

"No, I wasn't expecting it would be," she answered. "I want the place, the money, and the work. If I can't make good all you have to do is to—fire me." She thought it a very unladylike expression, but when you are in Rome you do as the Romans do.

"Your father will not object?" he asked.

"No," she replied with confidence.

Then he proceeded to rattle away with his dictation. It was a relief to have a stenographer who didn't want him to repeat things, or ask his opinion as to the correct spelling of an unusual word. He got through his mail in record time for the office.

"Your hours will be nine to five, with an hour off for luncheon," he said. "We don't like the watches of the staff to have disputes with the office clock. Good evening, Miss Barnsley." And he went out to his car that was waiting to take him to his rooms in town, a dozen miles away. Ste. Brunhilde saw little of him except at his work.

EDITH was a little late for supper that evening. It was so unusual for her to be unpunctual that the members of the family were inquisitive when she appeared.

"Where on earth have you been, Edie?" demanded Nancy, who had been impressed into extra kitchen work because of her sister's absence. Edith did not reply at once.

"Yes, a slice, a nice big one, of the beef, father," she said to the head of the house. "I'm hungry as a bear."

"But, where have you been?" he repeated Nancy's question, smilingly.

"Working. I've got a situation, dad. Please pass the mustard, Jack." She fired with both barrels.

"A what?" demanded Nancy.

"Situation—job, in the vulgar tongue," Edith replied. "The Company advertised for typist and stenographer and got it—I'm the 'it'."

"Stenographer!" exclaimed Nancy, rather stupefied. "Eighty a month. Nearly a thousand a year," said Edith. "Now, will you laugh at my pothooks and senatas on the typewriter?"

"You should have spoken to me about it first, Edie," said John Barnsley. The thought of his daughter taking up an office situation did not please him over well. His pride was more touchy where the family was concerned, than when it was only a case of himself.

"No, dad, I really don't think I should," she smiled. "I wanted to go out on my own hook, so to speak, and it was just as well I did. Mr. Christie asked me if you knew and I was able to tell him no. That showed that I was not looking for a pull job."

"What's he like, Edie?" asked Nancy. "They say he is a most awful bear, and not much of a gentleman. Did he snap much?"

"He was very businesslike," said Edith. "Asked all kinds of funny questions, was I deaf, did I chew gum, could I spell, could I keep my tongue still? Twice I answered yes and twice no. He didn't know I was a Barnsley then. Now, you mustn't scold me, dad, for I'm most tremendously proud of myself. I'm really Mr. Christie's private secretary—that sounds rather swell, doesn't it? I didn't think I was going to land the place just at first; that was when he practically called me a noodle."

"How horribly rude and vulgar," said Nancy, indignantly.

"Well, it wasn't exactly meant for me. He was speaking of some others he had known; 'certificated noodles,' he called them. I was really awfully scared when he asked me what salary I wanted. However, it came out alright at the finish, and I'm a real daughter of industry. Some of the strawberry shortcake, mother, please. Business makes one fearfully hungry."

"I wonder what Richard will think," speculated Nancy.

"He can think ——" Then Edith stopped and began to smile. She had nearly allowed herself to be drawn. "You've a very inquisitive tongue, Nan."

CHAPTER V

THERE had been much speculation in Ste. Brunhilde as to the fate of John Barnsley under the new regime. He had been a popular man, and a very easy boss, but, when adversity comes, even those who have profited by his slackness, are among the first to point out the deficiencies of the fallen man. The allegiance of the crowd follows the throne and not the man. A new king had come and the old one receded into the shadows.

When it was known that he had accepted an understrapper's position, it was regarded as the plainest indication that he had lost his grip, and was on the downgrade. He who before had been master was now man; the giver of orders had to take them, punch the clock, keep regular hours. Instead of driving up to the office in his car at nine in the morning, he walked, and got there at eight. The Barnsley of the old time would have starved before he would have submitted. That he had meekly taken a three thousand cut in salary—for that was what it amounted to—showed that either he had lost all his former rugged pride, or realized that he was a back number. Everybody knew that he had not a dollar.

The Barnsleys, people said, would have hard times, for they were extravagant. It was a lesson on the evils of unthrift. But it was a shock to public opinion when it became known that Edith Barnsley had taken an office position with the Company.

Richard Chipperfield met her one evening, shortly after she had entered on her new duties. He was coming from the mill after the day's work so they walked down to the town together. She looked, as usual, he thought, very agreeable and attractive in her own way. He had not courted her entirely from unworthy motives; she had a charm for him that no other

woman had or perhaps ever would have. It had not been easy for him to abandon his purpose regarding her. The hardest battle between selfishness and unselfishness that ever had been fought within him had been about Edith. Prudence, as he called it, had been forced to fight hard against affection. It had summed up all its forces, warning him that she wouldn't have a penny, that her family had fallen off the ladder, and that it might be, if luck did not favor Barnsley, who was getting on in years, a son-in-law might be called upon to aid the fallen. Sometimes he told himself that, if Edith had been alone in the world, he would, perhaps, have taken the risk; but to ally himself with the defeated was against all his ideas and sound policy. Christie would give Barnsley his chance, but the ex-manager had worn himself too deeply into the rut to make good, and he would presently drop out. Chipperfield knew too much of Barnsley's business reputation to believe he would ever get into his former rank again. He was a man who had missed his opportunity, a dead star.

"I've been coming round to ask you out to the links quite often, Edith," said Chipperfield when he had greeted the girl. "But with the new man, Mr. Christie, on the spot, and wanting a good deal of attention, I've been unable to do so."

"And I've had little opportunity to play either," she replied. "I've so little time at home during the week that my Saturday afternoons are fully occupied in the house."

"I suppose so," he said gravely. "Believe me, Edith, no one has been more sorry than I on account of the recent events. Your father must have felt it very keenly; I should—anybody would—under the same circumstances. It's very brave of you to put your shoulder to the wheel. After the life you've lived you must have found the change a very great one."

"Yes, it's quite a change," she replied, quietly. He was really affected by her gravity. "So far as I'm concerned it's not been an unpleasant one. There is nothing more wearisome than idleness."

He thought it wonderfully brave of her. His sympathy was so great that he walked past his own home, and went on with her by the lake road leading to the Barnsley house. There were moments when his feelings well-nigh carried him away, and he needed all his self-restraint to hold himself back from a decisive step.

"You are very brave, Edith," he said again. "You've been much in my thoughts during recent days. The old world seems to have passed away, and much that was pleasant with it. Nothing seems certain in the new one. What do you think of Mr. Christie?"

"I've not seen a great deal of him yet," she replied. "My time at the office has been short."

"A very self-contained man," he said. "Distant as the North Pole. All business and drive. It's a great change and one hardly realizes it yet. There can be no longer the old certainty as to one's permanence in the place. Sometimes one longs for the old conditions. I'm sorry for your father, but he appears to endure the alteration wonderfully well. One of these days you'll spare me an afternoon or the links, I hope."

She did not make him any promise. and he did not seem to expect one from her. He lingered a little when they came to the gate of the tree-shaded drive, the temptation to say what was uppermost in his heart very strong. He thought she expected him to speak, and they stood in what seemed to him to be a most embarrassing silence.

Then she opened the gate, bade him good-night and walked up the path. He watched her till she entered the house, then turned and walked away despising himself a little, but cherishing the reflection of his prudent mind that he had taken the wiser course. The Barnsleys were on the downward course, he could see no chance of their recovery, and he feared to connect himself with a family that was the most conspicuous failure in Ste. Brunhilde.

HIS mother was looking out for him when he reached home. She was a dignified, keen-faced woman, and it was easy to see where Richard had obtained his calculating disposition.

"You are late, Richard," she said sharply. She had seen him go by with Edith.

"Yes, a little," he replied. "Edith and I came down together, and I walked on a short distance with her."

"As far as you could go without entering the house," his sister Eleanor observed. She was a few years older than he, a tall, floridly handsome woman. "I thought all that was over and done with long ago."

Richard made no reply but went and made ready for dinner. There were just the three of them, their father having been dead some years; and Richard was much woman-ridden. They were comfortably off, and had a well-ordered home. Eleanor might have married any one of half a dozen men holding subordinate positions in the camp, but she had ambitions of her own that reached beyond such possibilities.

"Be careful you don't make a fool of yourself," admonished his mother, when Richard came to the table. It was abruptly said, but he knew what she was referring to. "I've nothing against Edith Barnsley, but you have a right to look higher than a stenographer whose family are more likely to be burdens than aids to your advancement."

"I might do a great deal worse," said Richard, curtly. "There's more to admire than despise in a girl who throws herself into the fight when things are not going well. Then she is not office stenographer, she is private secretary really to Christie."

"We'll not quarrel about fancy names," his mother answered. "There are plenty of suitable girls in the world who would be a help rather than a hindrance to a young man who has ambitions. The Barnsleys are friends, but there's no need on that account for you to take a step that you might regret to the end of your life. If you plan to stand well in Mr. Christie's eyes, it would be no step in that direction to ally yourself with those whom he has superseded, and who must represent to some extent the opposed camp to his."

"There's no opposition," he observed. "If there had been, would he have found positions for either Mr. Barnsley or Edith?"

"It pays a man sometimes to appear to be generous to his foes," remarked Mrs. Chipperfield. "To keep them following his chariot is a tribute to his power. I never thought a proud man like John Barnsley would ever be so poor-spirited as to accept so great a humiliation."

"For goodness sake let me eat my supper in peace," begged the exasperated man. "I've not made a fool of myself, as you call it. May I not walk a few hundred yards along the road with Edith, without you imagining it means all sorts of things?"

"I know you, Richard," said his mother darkly. "And Edith, in that quiet, undemonstrative way of hers makes a greater appeal to the foolishness in a young man than if she appeared to fret and fuss over the change in their circumstances."

"Oh, let him alone, mother," laughed Eleanor. "He's a Chipperfield, after all, and while he may go very near the precipice now and again, he'll not fall over. We're not the dizzy kind. How are you getting on with Mr. Christie?"

"Finely," he replied, cheering up. "There's little that concerns the mills he doesn't consult me about."

"You should bring him in sometimes," said Eleanor.

"He goes nowhere," he answered. "Makes no friends, and keeps everybody about the mines at arm's length. Then he isn't a society man in the least. He comes of humble people and has never been accustomed to society. In the accepted sense he's not a gentleman. All he thinks about is business. I can't imagine him mingling in any of our Ste. Brunhilde affairs."

"Still, I suppose he's human," Eleanor laughed. "Perhaps he's just reserved and shy. Many of these bluff men are diamonds in the rough, so to speak. He's got to know people if he lives here long."

"You may rely on my bringing him if I get the ghost of a chance," he replied. "I guess I know which side my bread's buttered, and to get on the inside with the big boss is the main plank in my platform."

This seemed to be so clear proof of Richard's soundness that even his mother was mollified. The sentiment was true Chipperfield, and the clouds vanished.

CHAPTER VI

THERE were times when Edith Barnsley disliked Ewan Christie more than any person she had ever met or heard about. He jarred on every fine sensibility. He was ruthless on occasions and hard as flint. He practically never praised, and, when he censured, did so mercilessly. There was a self-sufficiency, an egotism, about him that often grated upon her. Later she came to understand that it was more of manner than of spirit. He was self-made, but associated little with the more refined people, and had been forced to make his way through much opposition. He owed his position to his own ability and strength, and there was a raw roughness still upon him. And if she disliked so many things in the natural man, there was a great deal that evoked her admiration. He was master unquestioned of his work. He knew every twist and turn of the mines, every wheel and cog of their vast machinery, their production and resources. Nobody could put anything over him in any department of their busy life.

Sometimes she heard one or other of his subordinates, carpeted for slackness, try to get away with it; but the attempt never succeeded. He ruled with strictness, and yet there was a redeeming fairness about him that took the edge off much of the severity. He would listen to reason, as long as it remained reason, but when it became sloppy or maudlin excuse, he swept it aside relentlessly.

There were weeks when he seemed scarcely to notice her. When she went into his office at the bell summons he would plunge into work, and, when it was finished, dismiss her with a nod. It was a gratifying tribute to the efficiency of her work.

Sometimes his brusqueness almost amounted to rudeness, and would have been in almost any other man, but she grew accustomed to it, realizing that he was not intentionally offensive, but was simply absorbed in business. Once when he was put out by something that had occurred in the office routine, and, carpeting the culprit, gave him a vitriolic scourging in about a dozen words, he employing an expletive or two to which she was not accustomed. When the man had gone he turned to Edith.

"I suppose you're shocked by what I said just now," he snapped. "Sorry, but if you come to work in a man's office you have to put up with that kind of thing. We can't handpick language in dealing with an idiot like Fotherington."

It was his way of apologizing. Gradually, as the months went by, he became a little more communicative. After he had been severe in his dealings with men, he would speak of it in a way that seemed to be an attempt to justify himself in her sight. She put it down to the credit of a man who was hard as the head of a system, but felt, now and again, that there was something within him that would have wished to be kindlier.

"If I took notice of sloppy tales," he said once, when an appeal had been made to him for the reinstatement of a man who had been discharged for gross carelessness, that might have resulted in injury to his fellow workmen, "I'd be drowned in them. You must have rules, system, standards and they're of value only as you keep and live up to them. Most men in trouble could put up a pitiful plea, either a wife or children or folks depending on them for support, but you have to eliminate all that stuff. A man on a job is a soldier on the field. If he sleeps at the post of duty you prop him against a wall and shoot him, even though he has friends who will be heartbroken by it. That is part of the disciplining of an army or a business staff. Shoot one man and it keeps a hundred wakeful, and perhaps saves a thousand lives in some pinch. Fire a man guilty of slackness, and the rest, fearing the same fate, will keep on their toes all the time. You don't think so?" And he looked quizzically at her.

"Not quite," she said. "After all, a man is not a machine, and it seems to me there are times when the strict enforcing of the law might be ensured, and still some broader consideration given to the man in fault. It means so much more to scrap a man than it does to throw a faulty machine aside."

"Woman's reasoning," he answered, smilelessly. "You've got to regard men as machines, useful only as they operate properly. It's good for the man as well as for the system that the law is strict. Now, if I'd been bottle-fed, I'd have landed nowhere. If I'd listened to other folks, and taken advice, I'd have been slugging rock on a pit bottom to-day. If I'd pampered myself, or been pampered, I'd have been a ten dollar a week man. It was hard sledging for a long time. Many a time I'd like to have taken things easily, but I couldn't. I saw this, that in this world a man has to understand that there are certain hard fixed laws he has to obey. Let yourself be switched to right or left by sentimental considerations, and failure's close ahead. Laws are not to be dodged or set aside, but to be kept."

SHE had opportunities for measuring him by the side of other men, Richard Chipperfield, for instance. Of course the difference in the positions they held might make the comparison unfair, but there was something about Richard that she knew she wouldn't have seen in Christie if the positions of the two men had been reversed. Richard, as she had known him, and Richard as she saw him about the office, were different men. He was anxious, evidently, to stand in the manager's good graces, and it jarred upon her to see something of subserviency in him that was almost fawning at times. Whatever Christie said was right; he never made an observation but Richard agreed with it. All the younger man's individuality seemed to disappear when he came in contact with Christie. Perhaps, Edith thought, this was in keeping with the ideas of discipline held by both men, but it was not at all pleasant. She could not imagine the stronger man dotting the i's and crossing the t's of a superior so punctiliously.

One thing gratified Edith, and that was a certain distinction in treatment that Christie accorded to her father. The two men, in a rather distant way, got on well together. Edith had been more than a little fearful at first that there might be clashings, and that she might be called upon to witness the humiliation of her father. But such never occurred. During these months she learned to admire her father more than she had ever done. He had accepted the great change without in any degree abating his dignity. He was still a man apart, receiving respect because he was worthy of it. He was punctilious in his work as Edith had never supposed he could be. The manager often consulted him, and her father had views of his own that sometimes did not accord with those of his chief.

There were times when he seemed scarcely to notice her.

John Barnsley seemed to have buried the old life and to have a new start. He was proving a success. A young man, filled with ambition, and eager to make the best of a great opportunity set before him, could not have buckled down to his work with more zeal than did this ex-chief reduced so tremendously in standing. What gave his daughter the greatest pleasure was the fact that he, almost alone of Christie's subordinates, had an opinion of his own, and was not afraid to express it. Instead of this giving offence to the chief, the latter appeared to set Barnsley on an eminence apart from the rest. John Barnsley never gave an opinion unless it was asked for, since that was not within his province, but when it was sought, he expressed it, and Edith knew that many times the superior followed the path his assistant thought the wiser.

All this change in Barnsley did not take place without the general notice. He gained rather than lost respect. Those who had regarded the step down as involving a swallowing of pride saw that the man had not suffered in this respect. He was a bigger man in the popular esteem than he had been in the days of his greatest prosperity, for he had done what nobody thought he could do, what few men could have done—taken a big step down, made a new beginning, and was bringing success out of apparently certain failure. Edith never liked Christie so much as when she once heard him, when she was in her own room, say in a moment of irritation over some defect in another of his under-bosses:

"The only man round the place with business intelligence is Barnsley. He talks little but gets there, while you talk like a soap-box orater and never land anywhere."

There was never an occasion during the first year that Edith worked with Christie when he gave her a word of commendation. His praise was the absence of blame, his biggest compliment the lack of fault-finding. At first she thought it a defect in him, the weakness of a grudging mind, but later she altered her opinion. He put his praise into deeds rather than words, into realities rather than cheap artificialities. When she had been in his employ exactly a year she found in her fortnightly pay envelope fifty dollars instead of forty.

"No mistake," he replied to her inquiry. "You've been here a year—services quite satisfactory—not deaf, don't chew gum, can spell. If you didn't earn the money you wouldn't get it."

Little by little he got into the way of leaving much of the routine work of the office to her, and indicating his views on minor matters in such a way that she could handle them herself without taking detailed instructions. She would not have been the girl she was, had this broadening of her position not given her pleasure. It meant much more than a few pleasant phrases thrown to her when he might happen to be in an amiable mood. More than once he consulted her on affairs. Instead of rushing through his business, grabbing his hat when the last word of dictation was done and leaving the office, he would often linger a little, talking sometimes of the bigger policies he had in mind. He seemed to think aloud in her presence, and find some help in her judgments, even when they did not coincide with his own. She gathered that he was a much isolated man, and had always been such, and that, reticent as he was, there were times when he found satisfaction in speaking his thoughts to some one whom he regarded as intelligent enough to understand them, and trustworthy enough to respect his confidence. In these talks she got occasional peeps of the inner man, the two-sidedness of him, one the ruling official who had been given the task of bringing a large, ill-disciplined mob into army efficiency, the other, a broad, even generous nature that did not always find it easy to do what business sense said ought to be done.

Nothing impressed her more than his action in respect of a claim for damages on account of injuries, brought against the Company by one of its own men. The man had been hurt clearly owing to his own wilful disobedience. An ambulance-chasing lawyer had egged on the hurt man to present a preposterous claim and sue for heavy damages. Christie was the last man in the world to stand for anything like blackmail, and he fought the case through the courts, and got the decision. The man had a wife and family, and he had been hurt so badly that it would be months before he could earn again. The general opinion in the town was that Christie had been terribly hard, and that it would not have hurt him had he spent some of the big company's money to make things smoother for the distressed family. Edith had thought something along the same lines too, though she recognized the strict justice of the case. The labor paper had not failed to dwell on the sentimental side of the affair—the crippled man, the distressed over-burdened wife, the little children.

"Well, you see we trimmed that fellow, Prideaux and his shark lawyer," said Christie to Edith, a day or so after the final decision of the Court had been handed down.

"Yes, I saw the report," she answered. She was standing facing him. His strong, grave face showed his satisfaction.

"Clean case of blackmail," he said. "If the fellow had been left alone we would have done what was right out of charity, but when he started in to make it a legal claim and force us to say that his wrong-doing was ours, he had to be shown. He gets nothing and it will cost us quite a bit for legal expenses, since he's beggar-poor, but it will make future claimants of his kind think twice before they listen to the blandishments of hold-up lawyers."

She did not make any reply. He was right, absolutely right, but —— well, there was the illogical woman in her, and he seemed to guess it, for the trace of a smile came over his face.

"You don't think with me?" he asked. "Where am I wrong?"

"No, I think you are right, legally, but — " she hesitated.

"But what?" he inquired. "I guess it's the sympathetic red-herring being drawn across the trail again. Wife and children and crippled bread-winner racket, I suppose?"

"Yes, one can't forget them," she answered. "The sun rises on the just as well as the unjust, and those who are guilty alone need mercy. He was a foolish man, led away by plausible talk."

"This company isn't that kind of sun," he grinned. "You believe in the new-old doctrine that while it is an atrocious sin to rob the poor, it's no sort of crime to steal from a big corporation? It has neither soul to be saved, body to be kicked, or feelings to be healed or hurt. That your notion?"

"No," she answered smilingly. "I suppose you are right from the standpoint you take, but it seems to me there is a kind of high equity—perhaps you'll laugh at my ideas but I would call it a sort of spiritual equity, beyond all law, that has or should have place in such affairs."

"It might have in pretty books or a parson's nice little sermons, but spiritual equity has no place in mining, especially when the equity pleader is a claim-hunting law-shark. Prideaux dragged us into the ring, and that's a place where two start in on their feet, and only one is to be standing thus at the finish. You can't blame us for his knock-out? He invited it."

"No, I suppose not," she conceded.

"I'm glad you admit so much. I like to appease my conscience, whether the inner one or the one who acts as secretary." His glance that fell on her was very whimsical.

"I am sure I don't wish to be that," she laughed. "You asked me and I gave you an honest answer. I suppose I shall have to cultivate the dual personality, the official one to keep the personal, sentimental one within bonds."

"I wouldn't like you to do that," he answered, quickly. "I don't want official views, since I have a full supply of them; I like the viewpoint of Edith Barnsley sometimes."

He was standing very near to her and spoke with a deep-voiced impulsiveness that was new to him. For a moment his hand rested on her arm. It was laid on her so simply and naturally that she could not be offended by it.

"Stay just as you are," he said. "I can pay for echoes of my own choice and thought, but there is something else a man can't buy—he has to be worthy of it, to earn it by trust and confidence and liking. I wouldn't have you change in any one respect. Good-night." And he went out to his car.

After he had gone she stood a few minutes in deep thought. His words and manner had deeply impressed her. She knew that he liked her after his own rather brusque fashion. Sometimes she had fancied he had treated her more considerately because of her father's former position that was just at first. Then when he began to talk to her of the more important office affairs she knew that he regarded her as intellectually capable, and no woman dislikes a compliment of that kind, especially from a man whose abilities she respects and admires. To-day was a new revelation, but she was a very sensible, wide-minded girl. In some respects Christie was very inexperienced. He knew nothing of women and had no women friends. Something this day had moved him—she told herself it was the appeal to his sympathy in the Prideaux case, and the fact that what she had said coincided with the real Ewan Christie. Deep-souled men sometimes betrayed their emotions, and this afternoon the wells of

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Canada's Great National Asset

By D. B. HANNA

President of Canadian National Railways.

D. B. Hanna.

I DON'T suppose many people in Canada are inclined yet to regard the National Railways as a great national asset. The general opinion—even, I am sorry to say, among those who make our laws and among newspaper men who mould public opinion—the general opinion seems to be that the railways are a liability that the country has had foisted upon it.

The importance of impressing upon the people of Canada the true value from a national standpoint and the almost unlimited potentialities of the national roads cannot be overestimated. Canada must acquire a new angle of vision; the measure of our future depends upon it.

I want first to point out one way in which our ownership of a transcontinental railroad can be turned to account at the present moment. We all know and all deplore, that there is not enough of the national spirit in Canada. The man in the Maritimes does not understand and, in fact, does not know very much about the people in the other provinces. In Ontario there is not much community of spirit with the people we call "Blue-noses" and even less with the hustling, wideawake citizens of the West. In the West there is a growing impatience with everything Eastern. In fact, the Westerner thinks in terms of the West; the Ontario man thinks in terms of Ontario; the Maritimer thinks in terms of the Maritimes. There are too few men broad-visioned enough to think in terms of the Dominion of Canada.

East Versus West

THIS is bad business. Let's consider it purely and simply from a business standpoint and see what it means to us. We find the Western grain grower demanding the sweeping away of tariffs, deaf to the argument that by doing so the industrial life of the Eastern provinces would be jeopardized. We find the Easterner on the other hand ready and eager to tack on the ultimate fraction of protective duty, quite indifferent to the West, which he regards much as a market for his goods.

I have found the same sharp conflict between East and West in the matter of freight rates. The grain-grower comes to me and complains bitterly about the way the freight rates hit him.

"I get the worst of it coming and going," he declares. "When I ship my wheat to the East the charge for moving it comes off what I realize. But when I buy goods from the East, the wily manufacturer has it fixed so that the cost of the long haul is tacked on to the price I pay. I get soaked both ways."

When the manufacturer in the East comes to me he has almost the identical tale of woe.

"I'm paying the cost of the long haul to the West," he asserts. "When you put up your rates, you take it out of me, every last cent. The Westerner gets his price for his wheat and then you bring it on down to us and assess us for the haulage—" etc., etc.

The truth, as always, is somewhere in the middle ground. Truth is seldom found at either extreme of an argument but there are so few men unfortunately who can find the middle ground. If we had more men who thought in terms of the Dominion of Canada instead of in terms of Saskatchewan or Ontario, it would be much easier to shape the destinies of our broad Dominion along the lines that would give the broadest future.

And right there is where the value of a national transcontinental enters. It can be used as a means of teaching Canadians to think in terms of Canada. At any rate it can be made the means of instilling the national viewpoint into the men who go to Ottawa to make laws for the Dominion.

To Educate Our Legislature

I DO not suppose that anyone will contradict me when I say that the sectional or provincial viewpoint is found at Ottawa quite as openly as anywhere. The average Western member goes to Ottawa filled with the spirit of the West and convinced of the hundred per cent. justice of Western contentions. The Ontario member goes to Ottawa to represent Ontario and he takes with him the viewpoint with regard to the West that prevails in the section he has been elected from.

I would like to see the members of Parliament take the time to travel all over Canada. I know plenty of members from the East who have never been beyond the Great Lakes and there are Western M.P.'s to whom Montreal and Quebec and Halifax are geographical terms only. It would be in the interests of the country if all members took time between sessions to get around and see the whole of this man-sized country of ours. Let it be understood that it is part of their duty to find out what people are saving out beyond the Rockies and what they are thinking on the banks of the Bay of Fundy. Our legislators would become better fitted to legislate for a country that bristles with sectional interests and problems.

There would be plenty of the time between sessions. In fact I am inclined to think that the sessions would be shorter if this plan were adopted. The broad plan that spells prosperity for the country as a whole can be more easily arrived at when the body of the House thinks in terms of Canada as a whole.

Canada has a splendid transcontinental system of railroads all her own, so that the facilities for travel are provided. Would it not be a wise plan to see that the men we put in charge of this huge business of Canada Incorporated get a working knowledge of the whole plant?

I am suggesting a course in travel as a *duty* for the member of Parliament. Really there should be nothing optional about it as far as he is concerned. Let me suggest the same course for the private business man as well. Everyone should get acquainted with Canada.

Progress Will Result

THIS seems to be the only way that we can slough our provincialism. No amount of talk or reading will enable the man who sticks within a radius of his Ontario home to see with the eyes of the West; and *vice versa*.

As a result, I believe that soon the West would begin to take an interest in the welfare of the industrial East; and the East would see the problems of the West, even to the extent of boosting the cause of industrialism there. The time has come when the West must proceed, with the co-operation of the East, to develop its industrial possibilities. I am heartily in accord with the movement begun in Alberta to determine the resources of that province and to push for the establishment of industries.

"But," remarked a man to me the other day, "if you favor the establishing of factories out West, you'll hurt your own business. You'll lose your long hauls from the East."

"Long hauls are what railroads are supposed to want," I told him, "but we also need to have vision. Look at a future with an enormously developed West as a result of industrial growth—and the importance of the freightage on the long hauls of to-day assumes lesser importance. Build the West—and you build up the future of the railways."

Opening Up a New Land

SO much for that point. Before proceeding with what is a still more important factor of the relationship of the national railways to the future of Canada, I want to draw a moral from the history of railroading in Canada.

When Mackenzie and Mann decided to build the first link of what became later the Canadian Northern System, their enterprise was considered a mad one. They decided to build a short line north-west from Gladstone, Man., to a point where Dauphin now stands. This part of Manitoba was settled sparsely. There were some hardy pioneers who had gone in despite the lack of transportation and a few settlers of the type known as "sheriff-proof," that is, men who had sought a retreat from debt. The wiseacres shook their heads when the doughty contractors, who later became so well known, decided to build through this country.

"It's no good," they said. "It will never fill up. That section's off to a bad start. Anyway it's too far north and too cold."

It took nearly a year to build the hundred and twenty-three miles of road that had been projected. I was engaged to operate the road when it was completed and on January 3rd, 1897, we started the first train north. The wiseacres were so far wrong that the first year we had a revenue of $60,000 and our operating expenses were $30,000, which was pretty good for a road doomed to failure!

Of course, it was not an easy task to make the road pay despite the fact that settlers poured into the country rapidly. We had to watch every item and every man on the staff worked morning, noon and night. We lived on the line.

Making the Cow Pay

I REMERBER one occasion when I had boarded an accommodation to get north. It consisted of a long string of freight cars with a couple of passenger coaches in the rear and we carried, as I remember it, a large number of settlers going north. A heifer strayed on to the track and our engine lifted it neatly into the ditch. The accident worried me a little because I knew the owner would promptly put in a claim for damages; and claims were a serious matter in those days. Then it occurred to me that the butcher for a construction camp at the end of the line was on board. So, while the train slowed up to a stop, I picked him out.

"See here, Jim," I said, "this is a chance for fresh beef for the camp."

The butcher dug up a cleaver from his belongings and, while we held the train, he skinned and quartered the victim of the accident and hung the meat in an empty box car. The beef was turned over to the camp commissariat and the hide was sold. After the irate owner's perfectly just claim had been met, we were four dollars to the good on the transaction.

That is a sample of the way we had to handle things to make both ends meet in the pioneering stages of the road.

Construction never ceased for a moment. We were pushing out more and more into territory that had been accepted as doubtful or impossible. This

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Why KING *Won* LAURIER'S MANTLE

By J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KEENE

LAURIER is dead: long live the King! His Majesty in this case having his name prefixed with the historic "William Lyon Mackenzie." Yes, the new Liberal Leader is the grandson of *one* famous Canadian and the successor of another. He may be a third even if he does appear to lack the magnetism of a Laurier and the fighting qualities of a Mackenzie. He's a young man yet—he's only 45—and he may develop.

Anyway he was the choice of the greatest political convention ever got together under one roof in this Canada of ours. That convention comprised practically all the Government talent running loose in this troubled land. It numbered among its elect eight provincial premiers and one opposition leader, provincial cabinet ministers by the dozen and, enough of the raw material of which statesmen are made to make one apprehensive of a drop in the high cost of Government.

Taken by and large, the convention call sounded in the ears of 1,111 duly qualified delegates — the qualification in the great majority of cases consisting of a faith in Laurier that even trembling civilization had failed to shake.

"It's a fine body of men," was the boast of one and all of them. And the transparency of the Plumed Knight that beamed down on the assemblage seemed to smile its silent assent.

Yes, it was a Laurier gathering. The old chief is dead but his spirit still lives and rules. The question "What would Laurier do?" swayed the convention. The question "Which was the more faithful?" determined the choice of leader. That historic gathering not only chose a new chieftain; it canonized a new saint.

The spirit of the late Chief hovered over the convention.

THAT great gathering of Governments moved in on Ottawa in cozy stages. The candidates for the leadership were first on the ground. They appeared to realize that while the big job must hunt the man, their part was to see that said man was standing around where he could be found. D. D. McKenzie was probably there first, his duties as temporary leader requiring his residence at the capital. But Hon. Geo. P. Graham saw to it that his political wanderings came to their proper period. Hon. Mackenzie King curtailed his visit to the battle-fields of Europe so that he might not be late. Hon. W. S. Fielding probably left the office devil to get out his financial paper in Montreal lest the eye-sight of the man-hunter should grow vainly tired. Anyway they were all there when the "war-horses" began to blow in from the provinces. The word blow is used advisedly for there was a breeziness about their persons that also found expression in their voices. Lastly came the representatives of the great voting public—those representatives of the plain people who were to preserve that democracy for which millions have fought and died.

And as each division of the army of occupation arrived the atmosphere appeared to change. First it was filled with lofty ambitions and high ideals. Then practical politics held sway and you got a breath of the spirit of the buccaneers of other and perhaps better days.

And lastly came that strange mixture of faith, idolatry, patriotism, prejudice and partisanship out of which great political parties are built.

And as the would-be leaders came first a passing glance at them may be in order. The McKenzie of course has been under public inspection for some time but he's a changed and chastened Cape Breton Highlandman. You who have pictured the kilted chief dancing the Highland Fling to the music of scriptural quotations and snatches of shorter catechism would hardly have recognized the correctly attired statesman who smiled so genially on friend and foe alike, made his fight like a soldier and took his beating like a gentleman. Office has spoiled many a politician. It brought out all that was best in D. D. McKenzie. He was never so great as in the moment he withdrew from the race. He did it like a man. Nor did he fail to show in his final speech a trace of that fighting spirit that all the world loves. He would be loyal to his new leader but—not for a moment longer would he, in the House or out of it, continue to lead the forces that had declined his leadership. The McKenzie showed in that speech just why Cape Breton Highlanders stood at his back as one man and were prepared to shed their coats if anyone even hinted that in all the serried ranks of Liberalism here was another who could even compare with Cape Breton's own "D.D."

HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM was as usual. The smile was ever on his face, the merry grin on his lips and he had a hand-shake for all in sight. Hon. Geo. has been a bit of a wobbler in his time but at Ottawa he knew what he wanted and knew it all the time. The noisier element of the cohorts were at his back and at times their tumult sounded like victory. But in the oratorical contest he finished a bad last. Some well-meaning friend had probably told him to cut out the jokes, that levity sat ill on the lips of a leader. So he was strained and unnatural. Moreover, he was bidding for the Quebec vote which earlier in the day had sworn undying hostility to Fielding and his protestations of love for Laurier simply served to remind the "die-hards" that Mr. Graham had voted for conscription and had been a candidate for a Union nomination—had in fact committed the two unforgivable sins. Anyway Hon. Geo. must have felt after the oratory was all over that it was also all over with his chances. For just before daybreak on the morning of the great day he could be found sitting in the lobby of the Chateau, the ever-faithful "Red" Macdonald by his side, while Hon. Charlie Cross paced the floor hard by. And the sad expression that veiled the faces of all three told of hearts from which all hope had fled.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, the little grey man from Nova Scotia, ran the race true to form. Every night he wanted to draw out and every morning found him back in the running. It has been said of him that he would never do for a leader because his party would never know whether they were being led. He proved it in every part of the leadership competition. He had eight provincial premiers as trainers and it took the entire eight to keep him from refusing every jump he came to.

It may have been the strong support he received from Premier Gouin of Quebec that started rumor that the Big Interests were behind him. This was counteracted by the appearance of Sir Clifford Sifton on the scene and the carefully circulated report that he was there to help the cause of Hon. Geo. P. Graham. That report may have killed Mr. Graham's chances, but it did not elect Mr. Fielding. Intellectually he is immeasurably the superior of his rivals. From Lady Laurier came a report that Sir Wilfrid had chosen him as the man to reunite the party. He was given every advantage in the convention. The other three were put on to speak on the night preceding the election so that the effects of their oratory had a chance to die out. Mr. Fielding was given the floor just before noon on the day the vote was taken. All the organization that the best organizing brains of the party could provide was used in his behalf. It all counted for naught. He had voted for conscription, he had once borne the tainted name of Unionist.

And as the last shall be first, take a look at William Lyon Mackenzie King, the youthful statesman from

Kitchener, Ont. He's one of those chaps who smacks of college halls and who would look only half-dressed without his cane. He has long been looked upon as the grandson of his grandfather, who had added theoretical labor to his Liberalism, and disposed of his entire equipment to the Rockefeller Foundation. In the early days of the race he was looked upon as a joke. In fact, Hon. Geo. P. Graham and Mr. King have been referred to as "the joker and the joke," of the Liberal party. But he was a protege of the Old Chief who had plucked him from political obscurity and made him Minister of Labor. There was even a rumor that Laurier loved him and had named him as the heir apparent. But rude laughter greeted his claims to the vacant leadership. People who "made book" on the big handicap put "write your own ticket" after his name.

It was known all along that he was a favorite with the younger element in Quebec, and it was understood that he would get a complimentary vote from that province, but even unprejudiced spectators smiled at his optimism and the industry with which he pushed his campaign. There can be doubt that he believed he was the man Providence had provided for the job. The fact that his speech of acceptance was carefully prepared indicates that he is a Presbyterian and a firm believer in the doctrine of predestination.

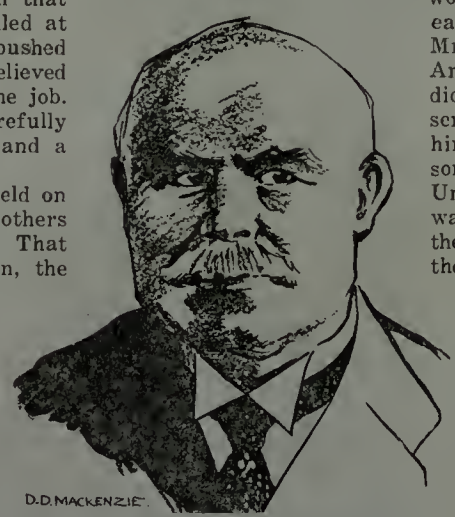
But it was not till the Quebec caucus was held on Wednesday afternoon that it began to dawn on others besides himself that he was a serious contender. That caucus had been called because Premier Gouin, the little Czar of old Quebec, had issued the order "Vote Fielding and keep on voting Fielding." The younger element in Quebec, composed of such men as Lucien Cannon and "Chubby" Powers, and others rather prone to follow Ernest Lapointe of Kamouraska and Hon. Jacques Bureau, couldn't see it that way. Their cry was "Anybody but Fielding." Of course "Anybody" did not include anyone who had ever trifled with Unionism or voted for Conscription. That was not mentioned. It was simply understood. And they named William Lyon Mackenzie King as their rallying point—they fixed on a man to whom the "die-hards" could gather. In short, they made young Mr. King the spearhead of the counter-offensive that was to stop the Fielding drive. And the Laurier transparency beaming down on the convention seemed to bless their superloyalty and wish them well.

EVEN then the serious-minded failed to realize the significance of the Quebec revolt. Gouin could still muster about seventy of Quebec's two hundred and ninety-seven delegates for Fielding. He had at his back eight provincial premiers. It was believed that Graham could be eliminated and that his none-too-friendly attitude toward King would throw his following to Fielding. As for McKenzie he, too, came from the Province down by the sea and rather than see "Scotia Nova" humiliated he would drop out and ask his Highlanders to throw better weight behind the little grey man he had conscientiously followed so long and really loved so well.

Premier Gouin was the commander-in-chief of the Fielding Drive. His general in charge of the Western Wing was Premier Martin of Saskatchewan, whom many delegates asked to allow his name to go before the convention. Premier Murray of Nova Scotia, who shared with Little Chief Gouin the chairmanship of the convention, commanded his army of the East. He had the tactical advantage of controlling the floor of the convention. It has already been shown how he used it. Sir Lomer was perhaps justified in believing his position impregnable. It was its very strength that caused his undoing and made William Lyon Mackenzie the man to whom all Liberals must bow the knee.

With Graham the machine would probably have fared as they did with Fielding. But with D. D. McKenzie they could have won hands down. That is something that every unbiassed observer admits. For the young leader can boast neither a personal following nor the magnetism that makes one He was the rallying point for those who had been branded as "traitors" by Unionist opponents in the last election, whose election had been made harder or their defeat surer by the actions of just such men as W. S. Fielding. Like their great Laurier, they were bad forgetters.

There was not the same objection to McKenzie that there was to Fielding. He, at least, had never faltered in his allegiance to Laurier. To be sure his "mild protection" speech in Parliament might have scared away some Westerners but they would have found it easier to explain than Mr. King's war record. And if the McKenzie did vote against conscription it did not keep him from sending his son to help keep the Union Jack afloat. Anyway the tariff was not the whole issue with the Western Liberals. Nobody knows where the new leader stands in regard to it. Some critics go as far as to doubt that he knows there is such a thing as the tariff. And yet he polled nearly a third of the vote from that home of free trade, Saskatchewan. To put the whole thing in a nutshell, the net result of the leadership race was a positive defeat for the Unionist Fielding and a negative victory for the modest, but aspiring, young Mr. King.



BUT if the "leaders" were first on the scene of battle the war horses were close on their heels. The survivors of every political battle of the last twenty years were among them, as well as many a casualty fully recovered and hungry, if not for another fight, at least for a share of the spoils that might follow what, to them, looks like certain victory. The only one missing—and missed—was Hon. William Pugsley. He is said to have got as far as Montreal. But the handicap of a Lieut.-Governorship tacked on to him by a careful Union Government detained him and he did not reach the actual scene of conflict. How the suave and wily William must have sniffed the battle from afar and longed to throw his harness into the discord and jump into the midst of it all!

But Hon. Frank Oliver was there looking strong, still wearing his chronic grouch and giving free rein to his matchless vocabulary. He was for D. D. McKenzie. Ned Macdonald of Pictou, N. S., dropped in quietly and proceeded to dilate on the pleasures of private life. But the old glint soon come back to his eye and he fought yet another losing fight as a champion of Geo. P. Graham. Then A. G. McKay and Duncan Marshall came down from Alberta and made considerable noise without cutting much ice one way or the other. And there was many another beside.

But it was the long list of Premiers who attracted most of the attention. Most of them are purely provincial in size and did not look quite at home in the going. Take Premier Bell, P. E. I., for example. He has just flashed to the head of the Province that is about as big as an Ontario County and that has as much population as one of the wards of a fair-sized city. He looked what he really is, a pretty fair sort of a country warden. And yet he tacks "Hon." in front of his name and was greeted as a statesman of the conquering hero variety. But from the other end of the Dominion came one of another kind, viz., and to wit, Honest John Oliver. John is a plain man and plays his plainness for all it is worth. He uses just as many aspirates as any other orator but he uses them more carelessly. Also he waves his arms and uses his robust voice in a manner that indicates much force and energy. He looks crude, acts crude and sounds crude. But he gets there. He demonstrated this when the chairman had got into a tangle on the third ballot. Graham had withdrawn after some ballots had been marked. That had been partially straightened out when McKenzie threw up the sponge. Then a lot of people wanted to talk at once and it looked as if all the statesmanship of Gouin and Murray would never get things going right again. Suddenly Honest John jumped down from the platform.

"Hi'll explain it," he shouted. So down one aisle and up the other he went, his arms and voice working overtime. Laughter followed in his wake, but in less than five minutes he was back on the platform, not another question was asked, and the ballot was taken as easily

Continued on page 39

The crowning of the King.

and precisely as if it had been the first instead of a jumble of the third and fourth and fifth.

BUT the two Premiers who were most in the convention's eye were Gouin of Quebec and Martin of Saskatchewan. The former was undoubtedly the "big man" of the convention, even if he did fail when he attempted the impossible—when he tried to make an anti-conscription convention elect a conscription leader. He's that peculiar mixture—a business man and a politician as well. He holds his native Province securely in one hand and does business with the other. He is said to be the only French-Canadian who ever was made a director of the Royal Trust Company. His administration is frankly pro-corporation and is heralded as the most able in Canada by a press as frankly pro-corporation as himself. He did not reach the capital till late on Monday night, but when he walked into the Chateau he got the first cheer of the convention. And as English and French voices mingled in the welcoming roar, an observer remarked:

"No matter who is elected there is the real leader of the Liberal party."

Nor is the little French-Canadian, whose word is law in Quebec Provincial politics, an imposing figure. He's short and dark and might almost be called pudgy. He has the capitalistic rather than the political face and in a crowd would pass for a man who ruled a board of directors rather than a Province—and ruled them with a rod of iron. He got a bad jolt when his Province ran out on him in the leadership race. But he'll recover quickly. And he'll come back stronger than ever. For Quebec will ere long realize that what he wanted was for her best interests—that no action that will further isolate the home of the habitant from the rest of Canada can really benefit anyone—that politics that have prejudice in place of principles can only lead to disaster. So don't forget Sir Lomer Gouin. If it had not been the turn of an English-speaking Liberal he would even now be leader of the Grit hosts. If the latter succeed in the next election, just watch and see if he is not the power behind the throne at Ottawa.

Of an entirely different type is the stalwart young Premier of Saskatchewan.

"There's a man who would have won if he'd got into the race," was the remark often heard as William Melville Martin slipped around urging the claims of Hon. W. S. Fielding. But while Martin may not be either a statesman or a political genius, he has inherited from his Scotch Presbyterian forbears a fair allowance of hard common sense. He knew that just as long as he stayed on the outside he would be looked on as a strong man but that the minute he stuck his head in he'd get swatted with an axe. He had been very mildly Union but he also represented a Province where even the babies cry for free trade. In a convention that was anti-Union and anti-free trade he would have the same chance as that paper cat that tried to chase an asbestos rat through the place that never bothers about the coal famine. Willie Martin showed a certain class when he refused to be cajoled into looking foolish and decided it was no place for a Minister's son.

PREMIER NORRIS of Manitoba probably owes his position more to his popularity than to any marked ability. And just at present he's having some trouble hanging on to that popularity. The Manitoba Grits got after him in caucus and made him swallow a brand new code of Grit principles. Then they loaded him up with Mackenzie King and sent him back home to placate the Liberal Unionists who are somewhat numerous among his followers. If he does it he's some little persuader. And there's an election hovering on the horizon too. Somehow you can't help feeling sorry for Norris. For even the Tories whisper that he's a good fellow.

Stewart, of Alberta, is another big, good-looking Westerner who has some-

Continued on page 39

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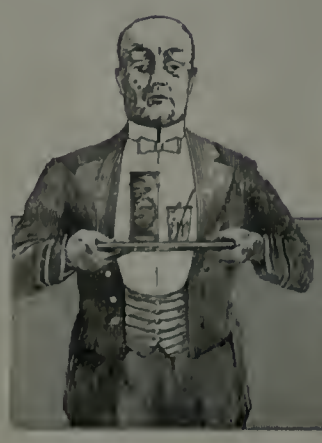

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Nuorteva's Insidious Propaganda

By C. H. CAHAN, K.C.

Recently Director of Public Safety.

IN MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE for August, under the title of "Planning Soviet Rule in Canada," Colonel Maclean places almost the entire blame upon the Department of Justice, and particularly upon the Minister of that department, for the ineffective methods employed to restrict the activities of radical and revolutionary Socialists in Canada and to punish those who are leaders in the revolutionary movement. In fact, he alleges that those who were found guilty by the courts were promptly released by the Minister of Justice.

So far as I have personal knowledge of the facts, I am confident that in so far as these criticisms refer to the Honourable C. J. Doherty, the present Minister of Justice, they are quite undeserved, as I am entirely convinced that he recognized the nature and extent of the propaganda that was being carried on in Canada, and that he supported all reasonable efforts which were suggested for its extirpation.

The members of the Government who are really responsible represent constituencies lying west of the Ottawa River, and they formed a controlling majority in the Cabinet after the Premier and three of his colleagues had departed from Canada to represent this country in the peace negotiations at Paris. In any case Col. Maclean rightfully excludes the Minister of Militia and Defense and his department from any share of the blame. He should also exclude the Department of Justice, whose representations were treated by the then acting Premier with contemptuous indifference.

The present conditions of unrest in Canada are due to several causes, each of which requires different treatment. These causes are both foreign and domestic in their origin.

Fortunes to Propagate Sedition

DURING the past four years German, and more recently, Russian agencies have been expending hundreds of thousands of dollars in Canada, disseminating pacifist, socialistic, revolutionary and seditious literature from one end of the country to the other, and in organizing in various industrial centres of the country, societies for the insidious propagation of doctrines destructive of our existing political, social and industrial institutions.

In was, at the outset, a war propaganda, and, from the point of view of those with whom we were at war, entirely justifiable as a means for curtailing the duration of the war, by destroying the patriotic spirit and moral stamina of the Canadian people.

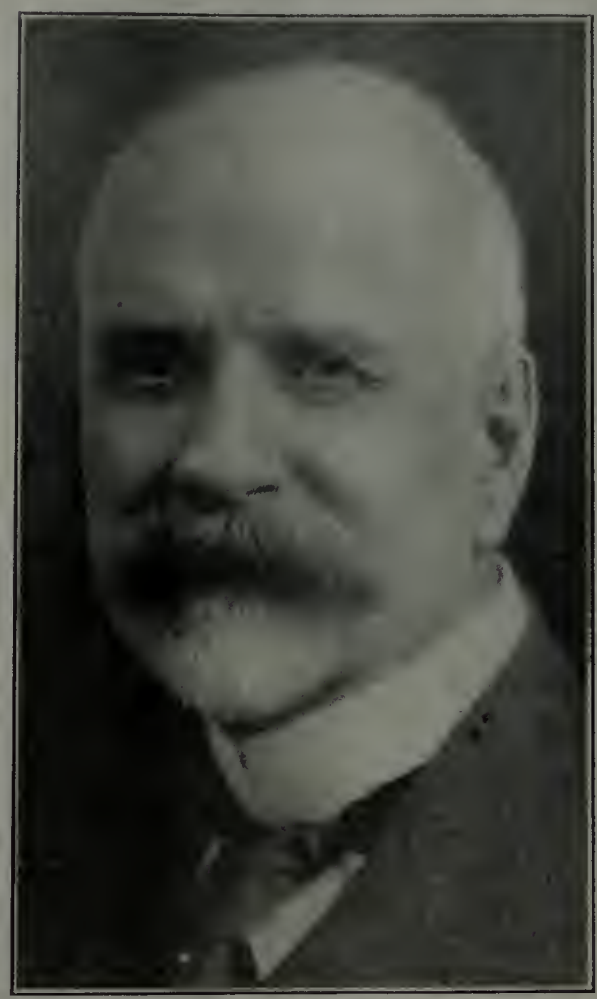
Until the summer of 1918, no effective measures were taken by the Federal Government to restrict or to controvert this propaganda, which has influenced the minds, not only of our alien population, but of very considerable numbers of our British population, including a number of the Protestant clergy and several of the leaders, as well as many of the rank and file of the labor organizations of the country.

During the past year official representatives of the Bolshevik Government of Russia have also been particularly active in Canada; and they have been singularly competent, adroit and effective in carrying on their propaganda.

The agents of the Industrial Workers of the World, commonly called the I.W.W., and the revolutionary or so-called "red" socialistic societies of the United States have also distributed hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, leaflets and periodicals throughout the country, seeking to engender a spirit of class hatred, and to persuade all members of the working class to unite in a revolutionary movement which would overthrow our existing political and social systems and result in the establishment of a new social order, in which all the agencies of industry, trade and commerce would be administered by the workers for the sole benefit of the workers. Hundreds of local organizations have been established in Canada for the purpose of spreading these doctrines far and wide throughout the country.

These three foreign movements have had many aims in common. They sought to paralyze the efforts of the Canadian Government and people to carry on the war; and they secured many adherents, not only among the workers in unorganized trades, but also among the more radical members of the recognized trades unions.

THE Socialist party of Canada, with headquarters at Vancouver, B.C., and with many branches throughout Canada, of which C. Stephenson was the active secretary, and the Social Democratic party, with headquarters at Toronto, of which Isaac Bainbridge was chief executive, with scores of branches in the several provinces, were engaged throughout the war, and doubtless are now engaged, in a propaganda in favor of social, industrial and political revolution.



C. H. CAHAN, K.C.,

It was through the sixty-three Finnish branches in Canada of the Social Democratic party that Santeri Nuorteva, and his friends and agents, De H. Koljonen of Sudbury, and J. W. Alquist of Toronto, were chiefly active; though the activities of Nuorteva, who professed to represent the Bolsheviki leaders at Petrograd, as well as the Red Guard movement in Finland, were very far-reaching.

Among the Russian propagandists, Charitonoff and Wolczuk of Winnipeg, Michmevitch of Sudbury, Connosewitch of Brantford, ano others, whose names I do not now recall, were also very active.

The press of Canada was conspicuously quiescent. Leading newspapers throughout the country failed to recognize the existence of these movements, and even refused to inform the public by publishing the available facts. There appeared to be a conspiracy of silence.

It was the duty of the Government, in so far as these movements were inspired by foreign agencies or resulted in revolutionary and seditious activities, to restore the reign of law in Canada, to provide adequate means for the enforcement of existing laws, and to devise new laws to deal effectively with such criminal acts as were entirely novel in our political experience.

Government Inexcusably Ignorant

THE Government, however, during the necessary absence from the country of the Prime Minister and of several of his colleagues, seemed not only inexcusably ignorant of existing conditions, but utterly lacking in unity of purpose and in courageous action. Certain municipal authorities endeavored to deal as best they could with these criminal activities, but their efforts were from time to time either partially restrained or completely thwarted by the Federal authorities. In case after case, after the municipal authorities had secured the conviction of offenders, the Government, not the Department of Justice, intervened and effected their release.

The agitators soon discovered that with entire impunity they could treat the existing laws with contemptuous indifference; and they finally persuaded themselves that by solidifying their scattered forces, they could, as one of them said to me, "kick the existing Government off of Parliament Hill," and assume complete control of the Federal administration.

Their immunity has led to the organization of the One Big Union, or O.B.U., as it is commonly called, a name which is only a new cover for I.W.W. propaganda, which is now gathering within its organization all the "red" or revolutionary elements, and considerable numbers of present and former members of the International Trades Unions of this country.

Just prior to the strike at Winnipeg, I travelled through Canada from end to end, and I found that the leaders of these movements were active in organizing in this One Big Union all the radical elements of the country, with a view to calling a general strike in all industrial centres, and thereby paralyzing the agencies of constitutional government throughout Canada. These leaders were persuaded that they would so far control the municipal, police and several branches of the Federal services that they could impose their will on the entire community. They believed that the members of the Federal Government, in the absence of the Prime Minister, as they said, "had not even a kick left in them"; or, in other words, that all the civil and military forces, under the control of the Federal administration, would remain inactive and indifferent.

No one, who carefully watched the trend of affairs, could doubt that they had reasonable grounds for reaching such conclusions; and even sane and moderate elements of our population, seeing first the utter apathy and then the extreme timidity of many members of the Government, began openly to express complete indifference to its fate.

Is Danger of Revolution Past?

THE events at Winnipeg have shown, however, that the Canadian people still preserve a civic spirit and a capacity for effective local organization and administration, which other Canadian cities may yet have opportunities to emulate.

The remedy for such conditions is obvious. It is the duty of the Federal Government to enforce Federal laws; and it is rank cowardice for that Government to attempt to avoid its responsibility for such enforcement by placing the burden of the enforcement of Federal laws solely upon the provincial and municipal authorities. Any Government, which discloses that it is afraid to do its duty in the face of revolutionary activities, thereby destroys its own authority, and practically becomes the agent of those who are actively promoting revolution.

We must revert to the reign of law in Canada. The criminal laws of Canada are within the legislative jurisdiction of the Parliament of Canada; and the Parliament which enacts such laws is in duty bound to provide effective means for their enforcement; or else it should obliterate them from the statute books, and no longer permit them to remain objects of contempt and derision.

Fortunately, the Prime Minister has now returned home, and the former acting Prime Minister no longer directs the administration of Federal affairs. Sir Robert Borden, in every courageous effort which he may take to restore and to maintain law and order throughout Canada, has solidly behind him all the sane and sound elements of our population, including, at the least, a large minority of all the trades unions of the country, and also a considerable number of their members, who have been intimidated and coerced by "red" or revolutionary leaders.

The conservative members of the trades unions, who have not been affected by this foreign propaganda, are more concerned in regard to their right of association, recognition of their unions, and the right of collective bargaining. They uphold constitutional government, and seek reforms by methods which are evolutionary. Their minds are chiefly occupied with questions relating to hours of work, conditions of employment, proper remuneration for labor and the like; and their demands must receive careful and attentive consideration.

Personally, I am persuaded that their grievances may be alleviated by the establishment of impartial

tribunals, to which all complaints may be submitted for hearing and investigation, and by which the principles of a new jurisprudence may be developed and established for the just determination of all labor disputes. The administration of justice must be extended to cover all labor disputes and difficulties.

The Causes and the Remedies

BUT, apart from all this, there is a great deal of unrest, which is more or less due to the war and to the financial and economic conditions resulting directly or indirectly from the war, which now prevail in this country, and with respect to which the Government has the remedies largely in its own control. This unrest finds constant expression in complaints against "the high cost of living"; but the real evils are due to:

(1) The inflation both of currency and of credit in Canada, which has resulted in a severe depreciation in the value of our Canadian dollar.

(2) The dilatory and inefficient methods by which the income taxes have been collected by the Department of Finance, which have now become a public scandal.

(3) The unequal distribution of the burden of the recently created war debt; and

(4) The prevailing ignorance of elementary economic laws, which impose on all classes and conditions of our people the absolute necessity of producing more and wasting less, if we are to successfully shoulder the heavy financial burdens which the war has created for this generation, and obtain a surplus sufficient to provide and distribute a satisfactory living wage for and among all classes of our workers.

The remedy for these evils will be found not so much in tariff adjustments, but in radical reforms in respect of our currency and in the financial administration of the Government, in the control of profiteering within the country, in restricting imports of articles of luxury from abroad, in regulating the exports of articles of absolute necessity to foreign countries, and in persuading the Canadian people to adopt sane and wholesome methods of living and saving.

Why King Won Laurier's Mantle

Continued from page 37

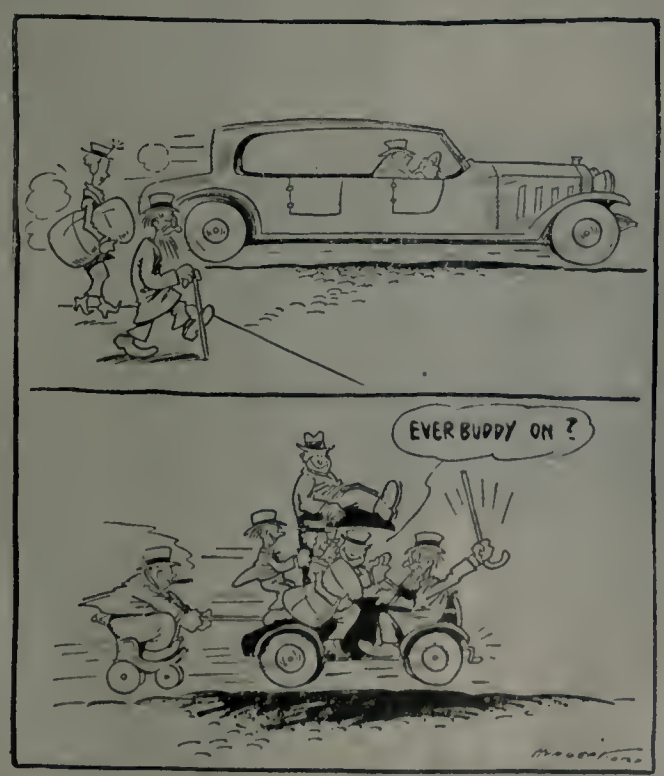
thing to think about. Hon. Frank Oliver and Hon. Charlie Cross rather put it over him in caucus and anyone who knows either Hon Frank or Hon. Charlie will freely admit they are bad people to have cracking a whip around your ears.

Foster, of New Brunswick, looks like a young lawyer hunting a brief than a Premier. He is said to be honest and that is a qualification few New Brunswick politicians ever claim. Murray, of Nova Scotia, is just a nice, big Scotchman who has become a habit in his native Province.

Oh, about the tariff! I almost forgot to mention that—it cut so little figure at the convention. Those crafty Westerners thought they were stealing a march on the capitalistic East. Hon. Duncan Marshall of Alberta and Hon. George Langley of Saskatchewan rushed a few of their followers into the first session of the resolutions committee and elected Andrew McMaster, of Brome, chairman before the sleepy East knew what had happened. Andrew is a rabid free-trader and his face just beamed while the Westerners plastered item after item on the free list resolution. The big fellows let them have it all their own way. With the right kind of a leader no resolution is at all dangerous. Why, the Laurier platform of '93 might just as well have been varnished over and adopted. It is just as good as new—never having been used. So, as nothing threatening showed in the leadership race, tariff-tinkering in committee was rather encouraged. It helped to distract some of the troublesome ones while the real business was being attended to. And how those free-traders did enjoy themselves! Sam Jacobs, of Montreal, dropped in and ventured a remark or two and was scorned as a specimen of a Liberalism fast becoming obsolete. As he escaped, he smilingly remarked:

"They've abolished the tariff and given the British a preference fifty per cent. lower than that."

Thus it was that the same convention that gave the Liberal Party Mackenzie King let the West have just about all it cared to ask for in the way of free trade.



Hungerford, in Pittsburgh "Sun"
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THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

WHAT THEY THINK *of* KING

MACKENZIE KING is welcomed to the leadership of the Liberal party in Canada with fairly generous tributes, from both Liberal and Conservative papers. The Toronto *World* (Indep. Cons.) greets Mr. King enthusiastically, saying: "Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., C.M.G., is one of the best educated men in Canada, and one of the most experienced in practical politics, in sociological matters and in the problems of modern life and economics. He has been jeered at for his youth for a number of years, and now it is the greatest virtue he possesses."

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, as he looked at Ottawa during the recent convention, when he was "snapped" for MACLEAN'S.

The Toronto *Globe* calls attention to Mr. King's specialization in "the consideration of labor problems and in questions of social reform. Few men have studied such problems so closely at first hand." The Toronto *Star*—than which no paper in the Dominion has been more friendly during his whole career—says that the Liberal convention "did itself credit in electing Mackenzie King as leader. . . . Personality counts. If there is in Canada to-day a great deal of original and independent thinking, there is also a craving for leadership. . . . Mackenzie King is a rising hope, not only of the Liberal Party, but to a large extent of the country."

Quebec newspapers are almost universally cordial and enthusiastic. Montreal *Le Devoir* says that "of all the candidates for the leadership. . . King is the least of a politician." Montreal *Le Canada* characterizes him as "without doubt the most brilliant man of his generation." The Quebec *Telegraph* says "no leader could have been more welcome," and Quebec *Soleil* congratulates the party on the choice of a man so well posted on political and economic problems." The Montreal *Gazette* remarks that while in Parliament Mackenzie King made "some mistakes which opponents will not permit him, or the public, to forget," and says when he takes his seat in the next Parliament he will have "his position and his future to make good." The Montreal *Star* attributes King's election over Hon. W. S. Fielding entirely to his attitude on the 1917 conscription issue, and the consequent support which he received from the Quebec delegates, but concludes its "day-after" editorial by saying:

"Mackenzie King has a harder task to weld his ranks into an effective fighting force than ever Laurier had. His efforts will be watched with interest. He has unquestionable ability and some useful political experience, but he has not hitherto displayed qualities that excite enthusiasm, like Laurier, or that compel confidence, like Borden. He needs both to succeed."

The Montreal *Herald* remarks that "Laurier's sceptre passed to one of his own favorites."

Western papers agree, in the main, that the choice of the convention was a wise one, but several display a distinct "I'm-from-Missouri" attitude. The Vancouver *Province* feels that the convention, in choosing Mackenzie King instead of Fielding, has "made a bolder and more interesting venture." King is the "wisest selection," says the Calgary *Albertan*. The Vancouver *Sun* calls attention to the new leader's study of labor problems as his most valuable asset. The Vancouver *World* and Victoria *Times* also specify this as just reason for selection. The Lethbridge *Herald* says: "We would much rather trust the tariff to King than to McKenzie or Graham."

The Maritime Provinces papers also take a "show-me" attitude, most of the Liberal papers in these parts having supported Fielding for the Laurier mantle. The Halifax *Herald* says: "It remains to be seen to what extent Mackenzie King can guide the destinies of his party. It is a long descent from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Mackenzie King." The choice of King, the Halifax *Acadian Recorder* feels, is another evidence of the foresight and character reading power of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for it is understood that from the first he frequently spoke of the brilliant young man as the future leader of the party."

The Winnipeg *Free Press* is cordially disposed toward King, but intimates that his "war record may prove a serious handicap." The Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* refers to this fact, and says this is "something not likely to be forgotten." The London *Free Press* feels that "the choice of Hon. W. L. M. King as federal leader of the Liberal party comes as a surprise and to many as a disappointment." The Hamilton *Times* believes the new leader "lacks personal magnetism. He is a temperament rather cold and self-centred—not a 'good mixer'. . . We have heard him described by his friends as 'wooden'." The Brantford *Expositor* greeted the news of the convention's selection with:

"It certainly is something of a shock, but one from which it is easily possible to recover, to find the grandson of that 'arch rebel,' William Lyon Mackenzie, placed at the head of one of the great political parties in Canada."

The Kingston *Standard* says:

"Mackenzie King, despite his ability, energy, faith and political aptitude, is fearfully handicapped by the millstone of anti-Imperialism which, with his own hands, he slung about his neck in the political campaign of 1917, when he followed the anti-conscriptionist lead of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in that memorable fight, and when going even farther he actually truckled to the German element in his own riding."

Three of the Toronto papers—the *Globe*, *Star* and *World*—have been quoted as receiving Mackenzie King's selection with enthusiasm. The other three dailies take a different view:

Mail and *Empire*—"Hon. Mackenzie King was a tooth-and-nail opponent of the Military Service Act. . . . . Though a bachelor, and only in his fortieth year, when the war broke out, he himself did not join the army, but that may have been owing to physical unfitness. Mr. King ought to be acceptable to the Quebec Liberals and their adjuncts in other parts of Canada."

Toronto *Times*—"The so-called 'Liberal' convention could scarcely have selected a more vulnerable leader than Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. To begin with, the was primarily the choice of the Quebec delegation. . . . . Mr. King may rally the slacker vote, and the alien vote and the anti-British vote. We do not see how he can ever make headway with Liberal Unionists, with returned soldiers. . . . . He spent a great part of the war as an absentee from his own country."

Toronto *Telegram*—"A sham Liberal convention put in three days' good work on behalf of Union Government. . . . A new lease of life was written in the proceedings of the so-called Liberal convention. That lease was confirmed by the climax of the whole proceedings—the choice of a leader who learned Liberalism in the pro-clerical, pro-corporation school of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and took a post-graduate course in the school of John D. Rockefeller.

"If Sir Robert Borden cannot win against such a leader as Hon. W. L. M. King, and Sir William Hearst cannot win against such a leader as Hartley Dewart, K.C., M.P.P., neither the Premier of Canada nor the Premier of Ontario deserve to win."

Many newspapers took the view that the convention held in August at Ottawa was not a *real Liberal* convention. The Toronto *Times* and *Telegram* made this assertion. Each called it a "so-called Liberal convention." The London *Free Press* contended that "except for the presence of provincial premiers who gave more or less hearty support to Union Government, there were no Liberal-Unionists at the convention. . . . except Mr. Fielding and Mr. Pardee." The Toronto *Times* says that "the Liberal party has been permanently wrecked," and characterizes the Ottawa Convention as a "rump affair." The *Times* takes occasion to agree with the Toronto *Globe's* accidental terminology: "the Monstrous Party Convention."

Eight Liberal Premiers and one Leader of Opposition—Left to right: Hon. J. H. Bell, Premier of Prince Edward Island; Hon. T. C. Morris, Premier of Manitoba; Hon. W. M. Martin, Premier af Saskatchewan; Hon. Charles Steward, Premier of Alberta; Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec; Hon. Walter E. Foster, Premier of New Brunswick; Hon. G. H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia; Hon. John Oliver, Premier of British Columbia; and Hartley H. Dewart, M.P.P., leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Ontario Legislature.

The future course of the Liberal party, and the problem of re-uniting Liberal-Unionists and anti-conscription Liberals, is widely discussed. The Montreal *Star* says:

"The light in the Liberal window no longer holds out to burn. Quebec has blown out the beacon set up to welcome the prodigals home.

Continued on page 66

For the Table
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REVIEW of REVIEWS

Lenine Says The Allies Are "Too Late"

A Few Months Ago They Could Have Crushed Russia—Moscow To-day

SOME interesting light is thrown on Lenine, Peters the Killer, and life as it exists now in Moscow in a splendidly-written article by Frazier Hunt, in the *National Weekly*. Petrograd, in a previous article, Mr. Hunt described as Red—very Red. Moscow he finds milder, and characterizes it, and his sensations there, as "Pink."

Some of the humors of traveling in Russia to-day are described in his introduction, where Mr. Hunt tells how he got quick permission to travel from Petrograd to Moscow by liberal use of bribes. He says:

Our compartment was meant for two people, but there were three of us tucked in there—and one of us a rather beautiful young Russian woman; the third was a Russian naval officer. A friend who talked English had taken me to the station and we had remarked freely and fully in our most confidential English about both of my traveling companions. Later I discovered that the young lady talked perfect English, and so in great embarrassment I carried on a rather strained conversation with her. Of course we talked about what a funny-looking goofer our naval officer, who sat in the corner reading, was.

An hour later I found that this future Bolshevik admiral talked just about as good English as I did. But it was all right because the two of them spent most of the time after that talking in Russian about me.

On his arrival in Moscow Mr. Hunt finds that a conveyance taking him from the station to the hotel costs him about $18. He finds the lot of the bourgeoisie a little better, and writes:

More Food, Less Discontent

PEOPLE were less hungry and less desperate here than in Petrograd. Food was more plentiful and just about half the price and there wasn't that tense, drawn look on the faces of the passers-by. The revolution was more settled here; there was more bread and consequently less discontent. Petrograd has always been the outpost of revolutions and the frontier of protests within the Government itself against its own workings. She is the foreign city of Russia and the fires of revolution have always been kindled here. She has endless labor troubles and strikes and revolts. After all, Petrograd is only Petrograd, while Moscow is Russia—the heart and soul of this great hulking giant. Pink Moscow I've called her because she is no longer the flaming scarlet red she was in those first dramatic days of the revolution.

Pink is the color, too, of most of the biggest men of the Bolshevik or Communist party at this moment. They'd like to be red revolutionists, but they've suddenly discovered they're living in a very white settled world and their color doesn't match. So they're changing; slowly but surely they're compromising. They want to hold on to their power and save as much of their revolution as possible, and to do this they're taking and giving. And much of it is going on right under their own vests; I mean they are learning that dreams have to be squared with the world and the day in order to become even half true. Trotzky's army is a good example of what I'm getting at.

From a howling, undisciplined, wild band, following any leader or cause they wished, Trotzky has built up an efficient fighting organization of a million men. And he's done it simply by putting back into practice the very things that had helped cause the army to revolt—strict military discipline, capital punishment, and respect for authority. To-day there is no foolishness in this Red army; a soldier is shot for the slightest disobedience. Only by this method could an army be built up, so Trotzky, the wild advocate of imperialism of the workingman, put into force this cruel iron discipline.

Songs of Work

TO-DAY, in some of the factories, men are working by piecework, which is absolutely at opposite poles to the real ideals of the Socialists. Why? Simply because the Government had to have the work done, and could get it done best by permitting the men or groups to labor on a piecework schedule. Compromise, compromise, compromise in every branch and phase of the Government and revolution. Take the Foreign Office as an example:

"We'll pay our foreign loans; we'll let foreign capital and investors come in; we'll guarantee to stop all our propaganda; we'll satisfy the world as to our sincerity and honesty."

This was Tchicherine, Commissaire for Foreign Affairs, talking to me in his private office in Moscow; the same Tchicherine who a year before had repudiated Russia's foreign debt and promised to set the world on fire with revolution. Now he wanted recognition and foreign capital and brains to help put Russia to work and save a dying nation. And he wanted the Allies simply to state their terms so that his Government could meet them.

A few days later I met Lenine for the first time. Kolchak was galloping eastward over the plains toward the precious Volga. He hadn't been stopped as yet, and all Moscow was quivering with excitement and fear. The Bolshevik dailies—the only anti-Bolshevik paper, the "Dielo Narodnoye," had just been closed after its eighth issue—were carrying great streamers across their first pages calling Russia to arms to save the revolution. Everywhere big factory meetings were being held to shoot the workmen full of anti-Kolchak propaganda. On this particular morning I attended one of these meetings.

My guide was a small, fiery-eyed, smiling, gentle revolutionist named Tomski, one of the most picturesque figures of the whole country. They call him the Sam Gompers of Russia, for he heads the All-Russian

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Union of Industrial Workers, boasting three million and a half members. He had spent years of his life in prison and the ravages of his close confinement still showed.

This day he took me to the blackest, most reactionary factory in Moscow, where there was deep hatred and fighting opposition to the Government.

"What Can Kolchak Bring?"

TOMSKI spoke first, and he had hardly begun when several women began crying: "Where's the bread? Bread! That's what we want—bread. We don't want any more talk; we want bread!" It was the desperate cry of hungry women who had to look into the eyes of hungry children. It was the hardest cry in the world to answer.

Tomski started again, and there were more cries: "Give us bread! Our children are starving! We want bread! Bread! Bread!"

He was patient, as only a man who has spent half his life in prison for an ideal can be patient, and soon he had his crowd listening. But it was a superior crowd, who were tired to death of promises and wanted food and clothing and the comforts of life. They had lost faith in their revolution that was going to bring them everything and had actually brought them so little. A thousand times silver-tongued apologists had explained why it had been impossible to give them these promised comforts, and that soon they would have them. And yet they never came: and they wanted things to eat and wear now and not more promises.

So it was that when Tomski finished there was only scattered applause. Then came a tall, gentle man named Novomirsky, an anarchist who for four years had been Tomski's cell mate at Peter and Paul Prison in Petrograd.

Russia's millions want a change, but if they get it, and a new Government is set up, it will have to give them just the kind of rule they want or it will fall.

And it will have to be a radical government, for these people still want to adventure and are still suffering with the fever of unrest. The peasant wants the land, and all of it, and he's going to keep revolting until he gets it; the city workmen want to have a deal to say about the way their shops shall be run and the way they must work, and they're going to keep on revolutionizing until they get that. And the whole great mass want real liberties and a real voice in their state and business affairs, and no government, whether it be Lenine's or Kolchak's, that fails to give that will last long.

Pink Lenine

THAT was the afternoon I met Lenine. Coming from the factory meeting we drove to a great hall where the workmen's committees from all the Moscow factories were in special session to stir up enthusiasm for the anti-Kolchak mobilization.

There was about an hour of this canned oratory that no one took seriously, and then a door directly to the rear of the rostrum opened and Lenine walked quickly to the front of the platform and began speaking. There was probably a half minute of hand-clapping, and then every one of the several hundred present threw down his papers and listened attentively to what this first man of the Soviet Republic had to say.

He shot his words right into the teeth of his hearers, speaking directly and without any attempt at oratory. He wore a very ordinary poorly fitting blue coat and odd unpressed trousers, and had on a soft white collar. It was his eyes and a very wise and friendly humorous smile that got you.

"If the Allies had put a half million soldiers against us six months ago, they'd have crushed us, but it's too late now," he was saying. "They can't make them fight us. Look what has just happened at Odessa; the some thing is happening elsewhere. Kolchak is gaining this minute, but it won't be for long. We are not going to lose our heads and draw a single soldier from our southern or western fronts. When we have cleaned up the Crimea and the south we will turn on Kolchak and drive him back."

That was the last of April when Lenine said that, and Kolchak was advancing toward the Volga at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. The world, hungry to pick any white hope against Red Russia, was betting big on Kolchak. The newspapers printed columns and pages about how this former admiral would reach the Volga and press on to Moscow and pull down the Bolsheviki. Then there came a period of two or three weeks when there were no accounts of new Kolchak victories, and then suddenly the Paris statesmen were dumbfounded at authentic news that Kolchak was being driven back to his Urals.

The World's Toughest Citizen

Then there's Peters, who is head of the Revolutionary Tribunal and used to be Chief Death Warrant Signer of the Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of Counter-revolution, Sabotage, and Speculation. This fellow Peters interested me tremendously, because he was supposed to be the real bad man of the revolution. The first time I saw him was at his very busy office when he was surrounded by a pack of his secret-service henchmen. Having spent seven years in exile in London, he could talk just as good English as I could.

"Well, I guess the world thinks you are the toughest citizen it's got," I ventured when I was introduced to him. "They call you Peters the Killer."

I looked for him to swell out his chest and offer me a Bolshevik cigarette, but instead he smiled rather a sad smile and answered me in a very low, gentle voice: "Well, I guess it don't make much difference what they think of me. People don't understand the Russian Revolution at all. We've been fighting with our backs to the wall. Each of us has had to do the job he's been placed in. The French Revolution was made by individuals—the Russian Revolution by the Communist party. Here we've had strong party discipline. We do what our party orders us to do. I'm placed at the head of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and I have to do my work."

It seemed to me he had unconsciously placed his finger on their greatest weakness. This had been a party-led revolution. Party orders were above humanity, democracy, everything. Fanatic party loyalty, the fetish of doctrines and theories, the cold science of their political philosophy, had unhumanized many of them. Peters went on: "To-day counter-revolutionists can be sentenced only after an open trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Now the revolution is sufficiently settled down for us to be more tolerant and open."

I asked Peters about the thousands that it was reported he had ordered shot. He dug around in his desk for a minute or two, and finally dragged out a sheaf of papers.

"Up to the 1st January of this year the total number of executions was 4,500," he said when he had found the one he wanted. "Of this total 533 were executed in Moscow and 659 in Petrograd. Most of these were killed in the two tragic Red Terror days in September, after the attempted assassination of Lenine and the killing of Uriksky. Many of those executed were government people caught stealing and speculating. We didn't want to kill those 4,500, but, after all, what's 4,500 when you think of the hundreds of thousands who have been sacrificed on Russian scaffolds and Siberian prisons that this spirit of revolution might be bred in our hearts? The first year after the 1905 revolution Stolypin, the Czar's minister, killed 32,733—yet the world paints us as the real murderers."

These are his own figures, of course, and they take no account of the depredations and killing of Red soldier bands in the early days.

After all, it isn't the number of executions that count; it is the cool, calculating philosophy of putting down all counter-revolutions by carefully picked executions. That was the philosophy of the terror and of the party, and it was a philosophy of results and not one that considered the fairness or justice or humanity of the moment. But the terror, as an overshadowing brutal thing, is about ended now.

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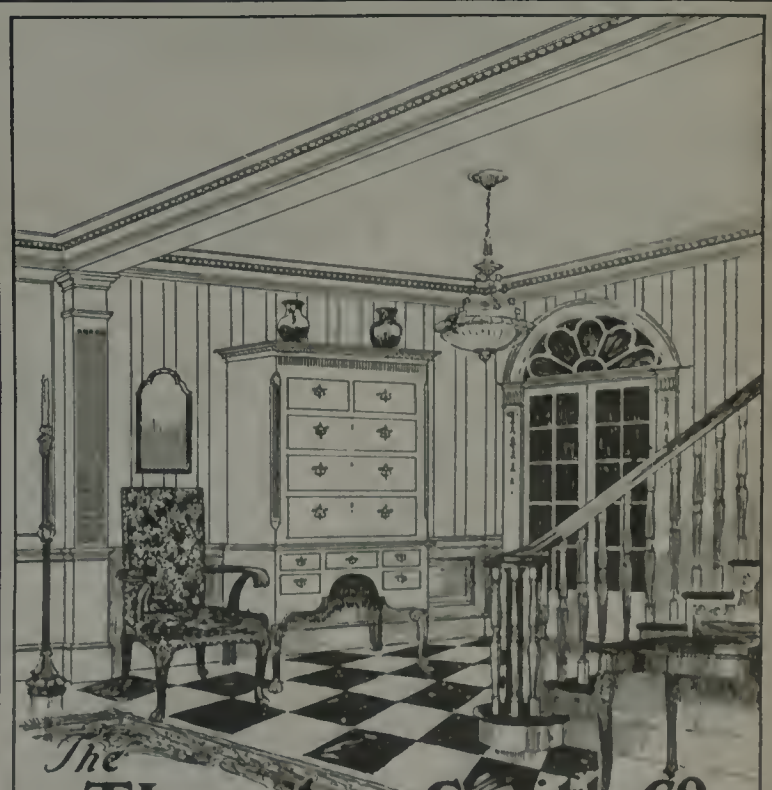

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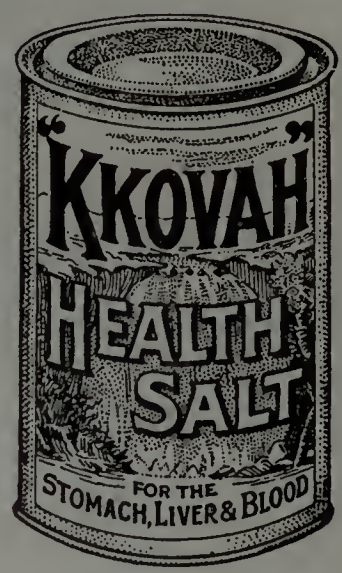

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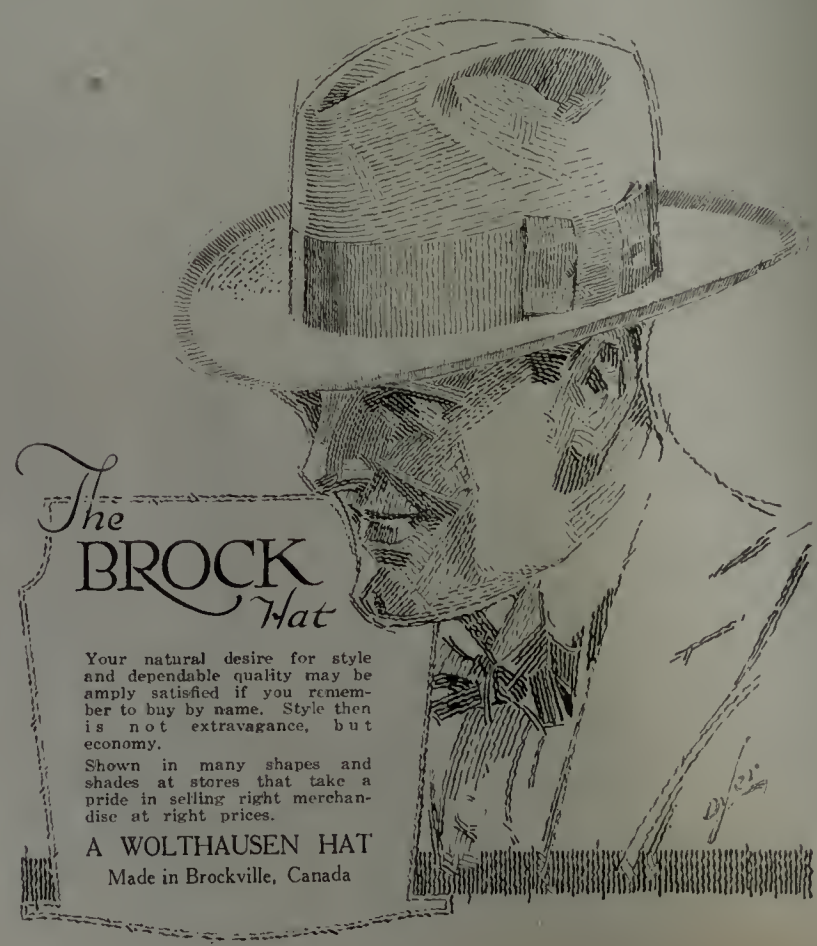

How Long Will You Live?

Insurance Statistics Disclose Some Interesting Information

F. F. DRYDEN, President of the Prudential Insurance Co., of America, in the *American Magazine*, writes entertainingly of man's chances to foil the Grim Reaper. Which will live longer, a rich man or a poor man? What are the chances of a distiller enjoying a long life? A farmer? A clergyman? These, and other features are discussed:

A few years ago some figures were compiled for the American Bankers' Association which read about like this:

Out of 100 average healthy men 25 years of age 64 reach the age of 65. Of these:

1 will be rich.
4 will be well-to-do.
5 will be earning their own living.
54 will be dependent upon friends or charity.

Similar statistics have been gathered to show that of the men who have saved money between thirty-five and forty years of age, a majority will have lost it, and have nothing but their insurance by the time they are sixty-five.

General statements of this sort are difficult to establish, and our friends are not competent either to prove or disprove them. But every day brings evidence that the only certain thing in life is that life itself is uncertain. The men who say to themselves in their thirties, "At fifty I will have so much, and I will then retire," are generally to be found still hard at work at fifty. And if they do retire their existence is often far from pleasant. They have nothing then to occupy their minds but the worry less they should lose their money—and very frequently, indeed, they *do* lose it.

When one starts through human statistics he is impressed at once with the fact that all the truths in the world are old truths; and that modern statistical methods do little more than prove to us scientifically the things that the instinct of the race has made pretty clear from the begining.

Several thousand years ago, for instance, men came to the conclusion that six days of work a week are better than seven; and Moses wrote a commandment to that effect in the Book of Exodusdus. In each generation there are some ambitious men who seek to disprove that ancient truth. They think that if they can crowd an extra day's work into each week they will make that much more progress than their fellows. Our records imply unquestionably that they are wrong. The man who devotes his Sundays to rest and wholesome recreation, and a complete change from the duties of the week, not only lives longer and enjoys better health, but in the long run he will accomplish more and better work.

A number of authorities have undertaken to adduce scientific evidence on this point. A year or two ago Dr. E. G. Martin, of the Harvard Medical School, selected a group of medical students, and by testing their reaction time by means of electric currents gathered some very interesting facts. The tests were continued for a period of eight weeks, and they showed that the sensitiveness of the men was, in every instance, most acute on Monday, and that it sunk steadily from day to day, reaching its lowest point on Saturday.

'The results show," said Doctor Martin, "that the repose of a single night following a day of toil does not afford complete restoration of the impaired nervous tissues; and, furthermore, that the longer period furnished by the Sunday recess gives, under ordinary conditions, the longer time needed for the expulsion of the accumulated fatigue products and the recovery of efficiency. . . . *The man who carries his work home with him and dwells on it in the time devoted ostensibly to rest is defeating the very purpose he seeks—increased efficiency.*"

When the war broke out, England was faced by the necessity of increasing her factory output. Her very existence depended upon it, and it was assumed that the emergency could only be met by longer hours and by Sunday work. After a time, the Ministry of Munitions appointed a commission to inquire into the matter, and it was proved again, beyond a doubt, that Sunday work does not pay. The work done on the seventh day was the poorest work of all; and as week after week went by without the usual period of rest the men complained of being "fed up," and the production fell steadily. Sunday work was discontinued as scientifically unsound.

The same English commission discovered clearly that night work and work before breakfast are also inefficient. The commission did not undertake to determine what is the ideal length of a working day; but its investigations did bring out that ten hours are better than twelve and eight, on the whole, than ten. The records of the life insurance companies are apparently all in favor of the man who works *hard* for a few hours, and allows nothing to interfere with the important business of enjoying himself, with his family, in the evenings and on Sundays and holidays.

The popular notion, of course, is that modern men work themselves into early graves, leaving their wives to enjoy the fortunes that their overwork has accumulated. The statistician would want more facts before expressing himself on this point, however. Whether modern life is harder on men than women, whether the well-to-do woman is peculiarly protected and spared, and so comes into old age with a greater fund of resistance, or whether a man who has been active finds it harder to adapt himself to the semi-leisure of old age, all these are points on which the statistics of the future will doubtless shed more light. The whole science of vital statistics is very new; only in the last few years have our tables given us a fairly solid basis for generalization. And we are safer now to state the facts, and to allow each reader to test them by his own observation and draw his own conclusion.

Clergymen and farmers are popularly supposed to lead as moral and as wholesome lives as any two classes in the population; and the records of insurance companies—as might be expected—show that *they* represent apparently the best risks. About the worst risks, of course, are makers of high explosives, aviators, submarine workers, and those who are exposed to the constant irritation and infection of injurious dust.

But, side by side with those whose occupations involve physical danger come saloon-keepers, who have an extra mortality of seventy per cent., as shown by extensive investigation conducted jointly by the Actuarial Society of America and the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors. The investigation further showed that hotel proprietors, who tend bar only occasionally, but who take frequent drinks, shorten their lives on an average six years by that fact. Even the proprietors of wholesale liquor houses die before their time; and, indeed, among all the fourteen classes of individuals connected in any way with the liquor business, the only class which was found not to have an excessive mortality was that of *proprietors of distilleries.*

The same searching investigation—which was based upon an examination of the life records of more than two million policy holders in forty-three companies—dealt a hard blow to the popular notion that the sowing of wild oats is innocuous, provided a man repents and reforms in his youth. The wages of sin is always death; and even though a sin be long since forgotten, it is likely to have its wage finally, in a shortened period of activity, and an earlier end. The records proved clearly that decency and temperance pay; that the total abstainer outlives the occasional drinker; and that the man who has been a steady drinker in his earlier days, even though he reforms, has almost certainly shortened his life.

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Mohammedanism To-Day

What Effect Will Prophet's Followers Have on World's Peace

The King of England is the greatest Moslem ruler on earth, as the British Empire contains more than 100,000,000 Mohammedans. Lothrop Stoddard, in *World's Work*, points to this fact as a reason why the British may not wish to dismember the Turkish Empire as completely as is generally expected. Protests from India, particularly, may be anticipated—in fact, have been made—says Mr. Stoddard. He adds:

A hundred years ago, to be sure, the state of Islam seemed a pretty hopeless one. Yet, at that very moment, a voice was crying from out the vast Arabian desert, the cradle of Islam, calling the Faithful to better things. This puritan reformer was the celebrated Abdel-Wahab, and his followers, known as "Wahabies," spread over the length and breadth of the Mohammedan world. Thus began the movement known as the Mohammedan Revival. With many vicissitudes, it has persisted ever since, and was never more active than at the present day. It has assumed a multitude of forms and is as much political as religious in character. Its political aims are summed up in the term "Pan-Islamism"—the re-union of all the Faithful in a restored Caliphate under the leadership of a true "Khalifa" or "Successor" of Mahomet, the "Shadow of God on Earth." Since Islam was in its inception an aggressive, proselytizing religion, spreading its gospel by the sword, Pan-Islamism has always struck a warlike note, and this warlike tendency has been inflamed by an external factor — Christendom's aggression against the realm of Islam. For during the very century that Islam was gathering itself together and renewing its vitality, the Christian Powers were pressing upon Islam with a violence unknown since the Crusades. One by one the Moslem States fell under Christian rule, till in 1914 only the Turkish Empire and remote, mountain-girt Afghanistan retained genuine independence. The rest of the Moslem world had been partitioned between Europe's far-flung colonial empires.

Thanks to Europe's superiority in arms, the partitioning of the Moslem world was effected with comparatively little fighting. The Moslems, however, realized their plight, and their hearts were full of bitterness. Everywhere the hope of vengeance and freedom played, mirage-like, before their imagination, when, on some great day, Islam should rise in the legendary "Jihadd" or "Holy War" and should sweep the arrogant Infidels from the face of the earth.

Well, the Great War broke out in 1914, just as many keen-sighted Moslems had long foreseen, it having been a common prophecy in Islam that the Infidel robbers would one day quarrel over their booty and start cutting each other's throats. At first blush it might have seemed that the moment for the Jihadd had come. And the opportunity was soon offered. Toward the close of 1914, Turkey entered the European conflict and solemnly declared the "Holy War" upon Russia, France, and Britain, the three chief partitioners of Islamic lands. And yet—the Holy War did not "come off." A certain tremor, to be sure, was everywhere felt, and a few benighted mountaineers or desert tribesmen rose here and there at the Khalifa's call. But, outside the Turkish frontiers, there was no general response, and even here real enthusiasm was confined to the true Turks or "Osmanli," the Arabs showing a tepid zeal, later transformed into hostility and open insurrection in alliance with Turkey's Infidel enemies.

Why this fiasco? In part, no doubt, it was due to the fact that this particular "Holy War" was declared by a governing group of free-thinking "Young Turks" for the benefit of German Infidels—scarcely a call to inflame the fanaticism of pious True Believers. In part, also, it was due to the strong military hold maintained by Britain, France and Russia, making rebellion an almost hopeless undertaking. Even Moslem zealots want a "run for their money" before gaining Paradise through death in battle for the Faith.

But there was another reason for the Holy War fiasco which, though seldom mentioned, probably had a more fundamental influence than any of the others. This was the dissolving effect of the growing spirit of Asiatic nationalism upon Islamic unity. Within the last few decades the nationalistic philosophy which transformed Europe has passed over into Asia. The "Young Turk" and "Young Egyptian" movements, the Nationalist" stirrings in Persia and India, and the Chinese Revolution, are all unmistakable signs that Asia is in the throes of national self-consciousness. This means a radical shift in political values. Hitherto Asiatics have united or divided mainly along lines of religion. So it was with Europeans many centuries ago. But just as the gospel of nationality which came to Europe with the Renaissance and Reformation disrupted the Catholic unity of the Middle Ages and made Crusades impossible, so that same gospel has been relaxing the bonds of Islamic solidarity, transforming the True Believers into patriots first and Moslems afterward, and rendering a real Jihadd improbable if no nationalistic issues are involved.

Beginning with the Ottoman Empire the two-fold reaction of the Islamic world can be strikingly seen. I have already explained the interest felt for Turkey throughout Islam, both as the one independent Mohammedan Power of importance and as the seat of the Caliphate. Now the Ottoman Empire contains two Mohammedan peoples—Turks and Arabs; the Turks occupying the western part, including Constantinople, Asia Minor, and the Armenian Highlands; the Arabs the eastern part beyond the dividing wall of the Taurus Mountains, including Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Arabian Peninsula itself. The Turks and Arabs have never gotten on well together. Their racial temperaments are too incompatible. In former times their common Islamic

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faith and their common hatred and contempt of the Infidel kept them united against Christian aggression, whatever the state of their domestic relations. But, for the last generation, the new nationalist leaven has been disrupting the religious tie. Long before the late war the Arab half of the Empire was seething with an Arab nationalist movement looking to emancipation from Turkish rule and the founding of a great Arab Empire. This explains the revolt of Arabia in 1916 under that venerated religious leader the Shereef of Mecca, who did not hesitate to ally himself with the Christian enemy. On the other hand, the Turks have been developing a nationalism of their own. This is the famous "Pan-Turanian" movement of which so much was heard during the war, and which had as its goal the political amalgamation of all the scattered branches of the Turco-Tartar race in Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Persia, South Russia, and Central Asia. Thus, when the Ottoman Empire entered the Great War in 1914, its Moslem element were thinking in terms of nationalism even more than of religion, and since these nationalisms conflicted, they cause first disunion and then disruption, to the Empire's undoing.

Now all this is perfectly well known to Moslems everywhere. Therefore the Islamic world would offer no religious objections to a division of the Ottoman Empire into a Turkish and an Arab state. It would also probably not object to a transference of the Caliphate or spiritual headship of Islam from the Turkish Sultans to Arabia, provided this were done by Islam itself and not as the result of a European intrigue, which would vitiate the transfer in the eyes of devout Mohammedans. But the plans broached at the Versailles Peace Conference for the liquidation of the Ottoman Empire certainly do raise bitter Moslem protests on both religious and nationalistic grounds. These protests are so numerous they they must be analyzed in detail.

The proposed erection of Constantinople into a neutralized state under the authority of the Christian Great Powers is most distasteful to Islam. While Constantinople is not a Moslem "Holy City" in the sense of Mecca and Jerusalem, it is yet held in deep veneration by all True Believers. Under Moslem rule since its capture by the Turks in 1453, Constantinople, or "Stamboul," to give it its Moslem name, has been both the capital of the Ottoman Empire and the temporal centre of the Mohammedan world, the seat of the Caliphate, thus occupying in Islam a position analogous to that held by Rome in Western Christendom. It is easy to see how Moslems will regard the passing of their Rome under Christian sway. Besides these religious objections, there is also the nationalistic dislike felt by Ottoman Turks and the other members of the "Pan-Turanian" *bloc* at the loss of the historic seat of Turkish power and glory. The Turks' definite expulsion from Europe will be a blow not easily borne. The effect of Islamic protests is already seen in English proposals to leave the Turkish Sultans some show of authority in Constantinople.

European proposals for the settlement of Asia Minor have likewise roused loud protests in Islam. Asia Minor is a huge peninsula jutting out from the continental mass of Asia toward Europe, from which it is separated only by the narrow straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. Its interior is a high plateau ringed about by mountains which slope sharply down into the seas which wash it on three sides and rise on the east into the Taurus mountain-wall. Asia Minor is the true homeland of the Turks. Of its 11,000,000 inhabitants more than 8,000,000 are Turks, who constitute virtually the whole population of the interior. Along the seacoasts, however, especially along the western or Ægean sea-front, runs a ribbon of Greek Christian population, totalling about 2,000,000. Again, in the Taurus regions of the extreme east are a certain number of Armenians, prob-

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ably numbering more than 500,000 before the massacres of the late war.

The plans elaborated at Versailles for the settlement of Asia Minor contemplate a practically complete partition of the peninsula between various European nations. Greece receiving most of the Ægean region, Italy the southern coast districts, the projected protected state of Armenia being assigned some of the Taurus region. The utmost that would remain to the Turks would therefore be the semi-desert interior plateau, and even here European control and "spheres of influence" would render the Turkish state a mere shadow. Thus Islam is faced with the prospect of seeing a great, independent Moslem region pass under Christian control, while the Turks are threatened with nothing short of national death.

The Versailles Conference plans to erect an Armenian state under the protection of the Great Powers. This is the fulfilment of the Armenians' age-long dream of freedom and has the enthusiastic assent of Christendom. It does not, however, please Islam. To Moslems, this is a Moslem land. For many centuries it has been under Moslem rule, and more than half the population is Mohammedan. To Moslems, the creation of an Armenian state will be yet another slice cut from the living body of Islam, the subjecting of yet another Moslem population to Infidel sway.

Fascinating Queen Marie

Roumanian Queen Did Wonderful Work During the War

FOR many reasons, but particularly because she is a wonderful woman, this sketch of Queen Marie of Rumania is of interest. The Queen is also mentioned in this issue in the article on page 13, about "Klondyke" Boyle.

Should Queen Marie of Rumania decide to leave her three daughters at home when she pays her promised visit to the United States, the Americans, predicts the Paris *Gaulois*, will lose much of the spectacular quality of the whole international affair, says *Current Opinion*. The Queen herself, despite the fact that she has passed the fourth decade of her life, is deemed an extraordinary instance of autmnal loveliness. An effort to convey an accurate impression of the beauty of Queen Marie of Rumania was made recently by that expert on such subjects, M. Louis Barthou, who was Premier at Paris not so long ago and is a high authority on esthetics. He dwelt, in the *Revue hebdomadaire*, upon the grace of her smile, the caress of her voice, the seduction of her wit and the steady luminosity of her intelligence, all gleaming through features to which no photograph can do justice. Her beauty is a combination of spirituality of expression, dignity without coldness, an absence from the face of the classical regularity which results in that coldness known as "statuesque." The net impression is one of softness.

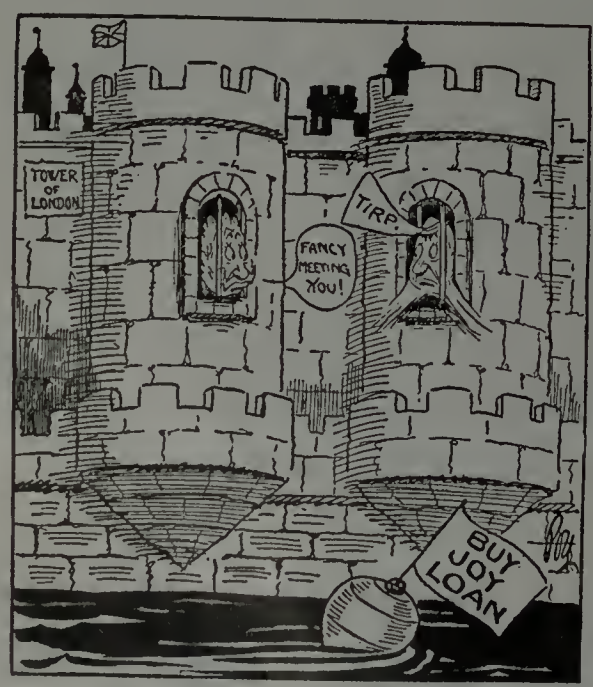
When, still a slender sapling of a girl, she left her native isles as the bride of the heir to the Rumanian throne, her heart was won and her spirit Latinized by the dances, the songs and the costumes of a peasantry still leading in Moldavia the bucolic existence described by Virgil. It soon became a delight to the princess from Great Britain, a favorite recreation, to don the peasant costume of the Rumanians and to lead the dance and the song in the leafy bower, to row out over the waters of a placid stream under the moon in celebration with a whole village of the anniversary of a rustic saint. In no long time this royal lady had established her fame as the most graceful dancer in the kingdom, the most finished leader of the rolling choruses that accompany these festivals. She became just such a poetical character as the French public associates with its ideas of a heroine in opera, smiling, caroling, dancing in the vivid colors of a costume more Oriental than European, playing a musical instrument compounded of the kettle-drum, the chimes and the violin, carrying wreaths woven of brilliant flowers, heading processions to shrines, stimulating with her own bright and frolic spirit the national mood of joy and life.

Lest it be suspected that life is one long laugh to the lady, the Paris *Gaulois* dwells upon her pious pilgrimages to those beautiful regions of Rumania wherein, on lofty crags or amid the recesses of deep forests, are established great monasteries that link our day with the medieval period. Marie delighted in long sojourns at these convents, steeping her spirit in the brooding silences of corridor and cell, wearing only the drab garb of the penitent, reciting her prayers in the black midnight before an altar on which gleamed a solitary taper, while bats wheeled and a bell tolled slowly.

When the war had cast the gloom of its tragedy over the idyllic life she had led hitherto the royal lady told her intimates, as quoted in the French daily: "You have seen only my smile of happiness as yet. You will henceforth see me serene and firm in misfortune." The wonderful Byzantine palaces decorated by great artists under her supervision became hospitals filled with the beds of the wounded whom she nursed. She wore the garb of the nuns, spent long hours beside the operating table, revealed a physical endurance which surprised only those who do not know what wonderful physical health she has always enjoyed. When to the horrors of war were added the peril of typhoid, of small-pox and the plague, Queen Marie did not leave her post. She did not shrink from rendering assistance at amputations. She made beds, held bottles, poured broth down the throats of helpless men and rubbed the chilled feet of common soldiers threatened with loss of circulation at a critical moment.

In the crisis of the war, when the Rumanians seemed to have lost all, her youngest son perished. He had to be buried in haste, for the enemy was marching on the capital, but the Queen walked with the mobs of ragged men and women on their way to Jassy, sometimes carrying a babe, which an exhausted mother could no longer bear on her shoulders. To make matters worse, the Russian regiments guarding the royal progress were suspected of disaffection. They soon got out of hand, owing to the ineptitude of a French staff which had never studied the peculiarities of peasant character in the south of Europe. The Queen undertook to make them a speech in their own dialect, which she understands perfectly. Before she had said a dozen words a young Transylvanian peasant explained to the crowd that she was the nurse to whom he owed his life at the hospital. The poetical touch caught the fancy of the soldiers, who broke out into cheers and offered to act as her bodyguard the rest of the way to Jassy. She was so shocked by the accounts she received from the men regarding the lack of the most primitive provisions for their comfort that she loudly declared her perfect sympathy. "I am with you!" she cried. "We are all mutinous together." General Berthelot, the French commander on the spot, was dumbfounded, and the insubordination had to be overlooked unless the lady herself were to be disciplined or shot with the rest for a serious technical offense.

Closely as she had identified herself with the manners, the habits and the garb of her peasant people, Queen Marie of Rumania is in western Europe a woman of fashion, a patroness of the arts and intensely modern. She is fond of smart private parties to which she can go incognito in a beautiful afternoon frock. She is to the *Figaro* by all odds the most elegant royalty who has emerged anywhere in European society since the great Victorian triumphs of Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales.



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A League of Churches Next

Competitive Effort a Waste, Says Greek Patriarch

GREGORY Mason, a distinguished New York journalist, recently interviewed on behalf of his paper, the New York *Outlook*, the Patriarch of the Greek Church. He writes:

"There is just as much need of applying the principles underlying the Fourteen Points of President Wilson to the affairs of the churches of the world as there is of applying them to the affairs of the states of the world. In particular, the principle of the self-determination of peoples in church matters is vital. With regard to missionary effort this means that one Christian church ought not to be wasting its energies trying to take converts from another Christian Church. All Christian Churches ought to unite to lead the world out of darkness. We need a League of Churches as well as a League of Nations."

These words are the words of His Eminence Dorotheos, the Patriarch of the Greek Church, or the Locum-Tenens of the Œcumenical Throne, to give him his full ecclesiastical title. His Holiness came to Paris recently. It was the first time since the Council of Florence, in 1339, that a Patriarch of the Greek Church has left the Œcumenical Throne. On Easter Sunday all the Greeks in Paris, from the Premier down, went to the beautiful Greek Church in the French capital for the service which was led by the venerable Patriarch.

It was a memorable service. Imagine a service in a Roman Catholic Church in which the Pope should take the leading part. What the Pope is to the Church of Rome the Patriarch is to the Church of Greece, whose members number one hundred and thirty millions. One hundred million of them are in Russia alone, where the Greek Church was the official Church until the Revolution.

Mr. Mason asks the Patriarch of conditions in Russia, and for his prophecies:

"I am not a politician," he answered, simply, "but my opinion is that the Bolsheviki Government of Russia cannot last unless it changes its present attitude. Between Christianity and the present Bolshevism there can be no compromise. They are as different as white and black, as good and evil. There are millions of Russians who can never forgive the Bolsheviki for their persecution of the Church. This persecution included the confiscation of millions of rubles' worth of church property. The Russians are naturally a deeply religious people, and I have no fear that Lenine, Trotsky, or any other man will ever lead them long away from their religion. Perhaps the Bolsheviki are beginning to have new light on this, for there are some signs that Lenine is inclining to be more conciliatory, although Trotsky remains as obdurate as ever."

"There are people, your Holiness, who have been predicting that the war would be the inspiration for the formation of a new religion. Do you see any evidence of this?"

"I am aware," answered Dorotheos, "that since the outbreak of the war certain self-styled prophets have been predicting the coming of some vague new religion. But the war lasted four years and a half, and has now been ended for five months. And still this long-heralded religion has not been heard of. I believe it will never appear. On the other hand, the war has tried the quality of Christianity. The world has seen that Christianity is immeasurably the finest religion conceivable to-day.

"However, all speculation about the effect of the war on religion interests me very much. The war has undoubtedly strengthened religion. There is a new intensity of feeling everywhere. Men have seen that moral values count, that God always fights for the right, and that the most important consideration for a military commander is to be sure that his cause is just. Germany lost the war because she aroused the moral indignation of the whole world. The agitation everywhere for a new world constructed on a closer recognition of the oneness of humanity shows that religious feeling is deep in the hearts of men. The world-wide demand for a new social and political order, for some kind of a league among nations, is an unmistakable evidence that the spirit of Christ is strong everywhere.

"This brings me to something on which I feel very strongly. *I believe there is just as much need of applying the principles underlying the Fourteen Points of President Wilson to the af-*

Continued on page 56

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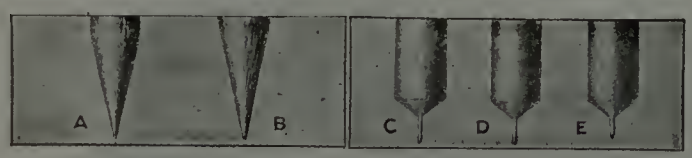

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Continued from page 52

fairs of the churches of the world as there is of applying them to the affairs of the states of the world. In particular, the principle of the self-determination of peoples in church matters is vital. With regard to missionary effort this means that one Christian Church ought not to be wasting its energies trying to take converts from another Christian Church. All Christian churches ought to unite to lead the world out of darkness. We need a League of Churches as well as a League of Nations."

"Are you speaking mainly in terms of general principles, your Holiness," I asked, "or have you in mind as compact and definite an organization as is proposed for the League of Nations?"

"I have in mind just as compact and definite an organization as that proposed for the League of Nations," he answered, decisively, "and I believe it is entirely practicable. On all sides already you can see signs which indicate that churchmen everywhere recognize the vital need of co-operation among all Christian churches. I have been already in communication with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has always championed the *entente* of all the Christian churches. In fact, our relations with the Anglican and Episcopalian Churches have always been cordial, and to-day they are the very best."

"What will be the attitude of missionaries from English and American Protestant churches in the Balkans and in Asia Minor?"

"Perhaps it is too soon to say, but I think it ought to be sympathetic. In the past the relations between our Church and the Protestant churches have been cordial. There have been some exceptions, there have been some individual Protestant missionaries of a bitter temper, but on the whole the relations have been cordial.

"I regret to say that it is with the great Roman Catholic Church that the rub comes. Thus far indications are that the Catholics are not so inclined to welcome the plan for a League of Churches as one would hope. In many respects there has always been more sympathy and understanding between the Greek Church and the Protestant churches than between the Orthodox Church and the Church of Rome."

I asked the Patriarch to expand his idea of how a League of Churches would affect missionary work in foreign fields.

"The idea is," he answered, "that each Christian Church would be allotted particular fields, just as particular nations are made mandatories for certain territory under the League of Nations. Asia Minor would naturally be the field for the Greek Church. Friendly churches would no more send missionaries to invade one another's fields than America, for instance, would send

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political agents into Ireland to wean the Irish away from the British Empire. It is necessary to face the fact that in some respects foreign missionary work runs the risk of clothing itself in some of the very features which make disliked the work of such foreign political propaganda as you came to disapprove of so heartily in America during the recent war. But it should be understood that the free exercise of religion is to form the basis of our understanding. Non-Christian peoples will not be simply relegated to this or the other Church, but will be allowed to choose for themselves the Church they wish to join. We will have simply brought them the message of the Bible."

"But, your Holiness, as I understand it, your League of Churches would embrace only Christian organizations. Now, if there is a League of Nations it will contain some non-Christian nations. What would be your attitude toward the invasion of a modern and civilized but non-Christian nation like Japan by Christian missionaries?"

The Patriarch reflected a moment, while he twined and untwined his slender fingers. Then he replied:

"I should say that any missionary effort is proper so long as it is not brutal or coercive, so long as the missionary confines himself to offering people a chance to have the light which he believes he carries. No one could object to Japan sending Buddhist missionaries to Europe in that spirit. Christianity fears no rival, because Christianity is confident of the moral foundation on which it rests.

Trotzky in Halifax

Tells American Journalist He Had No Fear of Detention

FRANK HARRIS, American journalist, had a talk with Trotzky before the latter went to Russia in 1916, and describes how the notorious Bolshevist had no fear of detention in Halifax—the story of which was told in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE in June:

When after a couple of hours he rose to go I asked him how he was going to Russia.

"By way of Halifax," he said.

"Good God!" I cried, "don't trust yourself in an English port."

"Why not?" he asked. "The English are our allies."

"If you think," I cried, "that the English Government regards itself as an ally of any revolutionary Socialist and firebrand such as you, you are mistaken. Lansdowne and Curzon and Asquith, and I am inclined to think, Lloyd George, as well, regard you as more dangerous than the Kaiser or Bethmann-Hollweg, or Hindenburg."

"Curious," he said, looking at me with his great bright eyes; "this is the first time I have seen anti-British bias in you; why man, however they dislike me personally they can do nothing; they are our allies, allies of all Russians."

I laughed. "I assure you that they are accustomed 'to wrest the law to their authority,' as Shakespeare put it; you are safer anywhere than in English hands."

But Trotzky only laughed again at what seemed to him palpably absurd.

A few days afterwards I heard that he had arrived in Halifax. A day or two later still a friend called on me and asked me whether I had heard anything of Trotzky. I said I had not, and he told me that nothing had been heard of him since he arrived at Halifax.

"Oh my prophetic soul!" I exclaimed, "Write at once to Washington: there you'll hear of him. I only hope he's not in prison."

He wrote and it transpired that Trotzky had been taken off the ship and imprisoned by order of the British Government and was only released after emphatic protests had been made by the American Government; then he went forward to St. Petersburg with the world-shaking results we all know.

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The Ku Klux Are Riding Again

Race Troubles in the South Are Becoming Acute and Clansmen Are Out

THE war has intensified the race question in the Southern States to such a degree that the Ku Klux clansmen are actually riding again! This startling piece of information is contained in an article in the New York *Nation*, dealing with the negro problem. Since "The Birth of a Nation" was shown, the whole English-speaking world is familiar with that strange phenomena that followed the civil war—the riding by night of bands of white men with hoods and long cloaks and the war they waged to protect themselves from the emancipated blacks. In the end the Ku Klux developed evil tendencies through criminals covering up their depredations in that way. No one thought it possible that this picturesque and hair-raising phase of racial conflict in the South could ever be revived. But it has; the Ku Klux are riding again.

Editorially the *Nation* says:

Everywhere there is evidence of friction and discontent. There has been a widespread epidemic of lynching, as Mr. Seligmann testifies. More than that, the Ku Klux have begun to ride again. On a single morning recently they burned in Putnam County, Georgia, five Negro churches, two schools, and a lodge hall. They have appeared in public in other places. These are but a few manifestations of the spirit of bitterness and resentment which, among the colored people, is a direct outgrowth of the war. The white people say that it is due to the negro soldiers being treated as equals by French men and women. The Negroes are incensed because, almost everywhere in the South, the black soldiers have returned unnoticed, while the streets have been beflagged and whole cities turned upside down to greet their white brothers-in-arms. False stories of the lack of prowess of some of the Ninety-second (colored) Division have evoked bitterness. Negroes were drafted into the war and were called upon to be heroes to fight for democracy. They were confident that after democracy was rendered safe abroad they would receive some few crumbs of democracy at home—that at least they would be allowed to vote for Governors and President, to have some representation as well as taxation. They return to find their hopes dashed again They receive no thanks, even for the memorable services of the black pioneer regiments, which admittedly rendered notable aid in winning the war by doing a large share of the laboring, stevedore, and construction work without which Pershing's army could not have done what it did. They return to find—the Ku Klux riding again.

What is their spirit? A bitter one. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois in a most dangerous and mistaken article in the *Crisis* declares that they come back *fighting* for their rights and that they will continue to battle for them. He and others exult that there are now 100,000 black Americans trained to arms. The new Ku Klux, they say, will not find the Negroes cowed as were the freedmen of 1865-70; they will find men ready to die for their liberties and to protect their families. This is the counsel of madness. It leads nowhere but to bloodshed without result. It threatens to make a shambles of the South. It is creating the most ominous situation since the carpet-bagger days—and every one of the lynchings reported from the South but adds fuel to the flames. The voices of the moderates on both sides are no longer heeded; the roar of the mob rises higher and higher.

In the same issue, Herbert J. Seligmann contributes an article in which he shows that the colored people are kept

in a condition of fear through ruthless lynchings and civil oppression. He says, in part:

A revealing chapter of American history is yet to be written on the methods employed to "protect Southern womanhood" Those methods have included in the past two months an orgy of men and women about a dying human being whose legs slowly burned as a rope strangled him and fifty bullets entered his body; they have included the murder of innocent men without trial; they have included the invasion of a hospital by a mob, resulting in the death of a patient just operated upon; they have included the forcible removal from a railway car and the murder of an innocent man whose leg had just been amputated in the hospital from which he was being transported. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the increasingly popular sport of "protecting Southern womanhood" it should be noted that the objects of this sport are usually United States citizens of dark skin—Negroes.

We learn from the editorial page of the Vicksburg *Weekly Herald* of May 16 that the sport in Vicksburg, where it claimed an innocent victim, nineteen years old, was stimulated by a country-wide campaign for equal rights for United States citizens (Negro). We learn that published reports of that campaign acted "like oil on fire" in Vicksburg, where a human being (Negro) was roasted amid "the fiendish gloating" of a mob, to quote a local newspaper, of 1,500 persons, some of the spectators being women (white). We learn from the columns of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* of May 12, that the sport received a special impetus in the case of a Negro artisan who was so skilled in his occupation that he competed successfully with white men who resented his success. From a study of authenticated cases, it would seem that where there is a white man to be shielded from the consequences of wrong-doing, where a Negro is a rival to trade or business of white men, where a Negro attempts to change his status from that of laborer to property owner and farmer, or where a Negro falls under suspicion of attempting to exercise the functions of a citizen guaranteed him by the Federal Constitution, there stares him in the face the danger that he will be done to death in any one of a number of hideous ways by a mob of white men intent upon "protecting Southern womanhood."

Unfortunately, racial animosity is exhibited not only in lynchings. Race riots are constantly threatened. Not one Negro to whom I spoke in the Delta region but wished to get away. Daily life for them is almost intolerable. Negroes are subject to every insult and abuse, not to mention Jim-Crowism, and they have had too much experience of the courts to rely on them. It is not surprising that they have purchased arms in a number of Southern cities with the intention of defending the lives of their families if conflict is provoked. A disastrous race riot was narrowly averted in Memphis, Tennessee, on the nights of Friday and Saturday, May 23 and 24. Says the *Commercial Appeal* of May 27: "There was a powder train all over Memphis Saturday. That there was no explosion was due to sheer luck. . . . Somehow we have drifted into a tense racial relation. It is nobody's fault and yet it is everyone's fault." Open threats of attack had been made by white men, to avenge the death of a street-car conductor. The mayor and city officials in conference were informed that the Negroes of Memphis had arms and ammunition, and proposed to use them in self-defence. Police and sheriff's deputies were posted, and what might have become a bloody race conflict was averted. With every lynching, the danger of such a conflict increases. Convince men that they have no stake in society and the courts, and no refuge in an enlightened public sentiment: insult, injure, and degrade them without redress and you create the desperation out of which springs violence.

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Asia's Lost Hoard

Vast Millions Said to Lie in Oblivion; Waiting Discovery

THE tradition of an immense cache or hoard of the kings of an empire of long ago still inflames the imagination of listeners in the towns of Asia. Every famous explorer in these regions has left his record of some effort to come upon these riches. That there is some truth in this tradition of the last six hundred years has recently been established by facts, declares *Chambers's Journal*:

"When we take into consideration the gold, silver and jewels lying in the graves of kings and emperors long dead, the valuables concealed in the ruins of the cities of central Asia buried under the white desert sand, where but five hundred years ago all was green and life went on busily, and the treasure left in forgotten mountain temples, central and southern Asia may be said to be the tomb of lost millions.

"The greatest and most famous of these reputed treasure-hoards is that buried in the tombs of the great khans or emperors of the Mongols—that formidable military race which poured out of middle Asia early in the thirteenth century, and ravaged eastern and central Europe from Danzig, on the Baltic, to the Adriatic. Now, during the past few years many large precious stones, including turquoises from the Syr Daria—one of central Asia's great rivers, where turquoises were obtained for the court of the khans—together with thirteenth and fourteenth century Asiatic ornaments, rare jewelry, and pieces of Tartar-worked gold, have been coming out of the state of Nepaul into Indian bazars, without any adequate explanation as to their source.

"Some years ago a few similar articles of ancient Asiatic workmanship and a quantity of rubies and other precious stones were sold in Bokhara by two men of Yarkand, and passed ultimately into the collection of the Czar of Russia. In each instance the gold-work and the precious stones came from the long-lost tombs of the once mighty khans of the Mongols, for the two men of Yarkand had chanced on the place of sepulchre and treasure."

The two men belonged to a caravan trading between Yarkand and the towns that fringe the great desert or salt and sand that forms part of eastern Turkestan. They soon quarreled with the headsman, however, and set out on their return to their native place—Yarkand:

"On the fourth morning they lost the track among the defiles of the mountains, and after wandering for two days they happened on a trail that was hewn out of the solid rock, and was only wide enough for two men to pass abreast. After travelling for some time along this deep and gloomy defile, they found it led them into a little, rocky, arid valley. Here they saw a number of huge images in a row before a heavily sculptured doorway. Beyond the square open portal lay a cavern, in which was a series of tombs, each filled with many objects of immense value. They averred that they saw of precious stones alone more than sixty camels could carry. It is interesting to note here that medieval Chinese historians and travelers, when touching on the burial of the great khans, mention the enormous wealth of gold and silver and jewels utilized to adorn the tombs.

"The two traders brought off as much treasure as they could carry, but had to throw practically all of it away in the effort to save their lives before they found succour and regained the caravan route to Yarkand. They made careful observation of the trail, however, and left heap of stones to mark it. On reaching their native town, they resolved to sell the few remaining articles in Bokhara, where a higher price was obtainable than in their native town, and after a few days proceeded to that city by way of Kashgar and Khodjend, taking advantage, for safety's sake, of a caravan going thither."

Here, in Bokhara, that most picturesque town of central Asia, they came in contact, when in the bazar, with an adventurous Englishman, H. Spaulding, who for some years had been engaged in exploration in Ferghana and Turkestan. Spaulding, who at once recognized that the gold-work they were selling was of ancient Tartar origin, won their confidence and to him the two men related their tale. It appealed to him with invincible force and he had little trouble in organizing an expedition, although the two men were with difficulty persuaded to return with him:

"By this time the rumor had run through Bokhara and the treasures of the Mongols, about which all central Asia had been dreaming for centuries, had been discovered, and Spaulding fully realized that his expedition was in danger of being attacked on its way back. Despite this knowledge, however, he determined to proceed.

"It is known that the route he took was one of the old and now wholly unused caravan trails between China and western Asia. The tombs of the great khans, five in number, are said by the Russian authorities who interviewed the two traders to lie northeast of the Kashmir border, on the way to Khotan from Yarkand. Whether Spaulding reached them we do not yet know. It is believed that he and his men died in or hard by the desert. In the bazars of Samarcand and Kashgar it was whispered that he had penetrated to the tombs, secured part of the treasure, and had been murdered with his men on the verge of the desert, the murderers making for refuge in Nepaul.

"Certain it is that since Spaulding's disappearance the jewels and the gold-work of the Mongols have found their way into India out of Nepaul.

"And so this quest for the Mongols' treasures ended."

Six Billions Sunk in the Sea

That Number of Dollars Represents Valuation of Torpedoed Treasure

EIGHT thousand ships lie on the bed of the ocean, torpedoed by the Germans. Their own value and the value of the cargoes amount to the dazzling sum of twelve hundred millions of pounds. Here are prizes to tempt the most adventuresome. And now the ships are to be raised; 500 of them have already been brought to the surface of the sea. Waldemar Kaempffert, in the *Quiver*, writes:

One-quarter of the word's shipping lies at the bottom of the ocean—15,053,786 gross tons. Before the war, when a day's labor was more cheaply bought than it will ever be bought again, and when steel was cheaper than it is now, it cost at least £15 a ton to build a vessel; from which it follows that the money value of the ships torpedoed, shelled, bombed and scuttled by German submarines is at least £200,000,000. The new merchant fleet that we launched to keep pace with the submarine cost us nearly £40 a gross ton. We could not hope to rebuild what was ruthlessly sunk for less than the still more staggering total of £600,000,000.

And the cargoes—what of them? No one knows exactly how much they were worth. Let us hazard the usual £40 gross ton—not too much when we recall the insurance rates that prevailed when submarines were sinking as much as seven hundred thousand tons a month. We arrive at a bewildering £1,200,000,000 as the value of the ships and cargoes that lie on the bed of the sea.

Sunken treasure has been a lure to

men ever since oars dipped into water and wind bellied a sail. But what shall be said of a treasure that is measured, not by paltry hundreds of thousands, but by magnificent, intoxicating hundreds of millions? Is it to lie in mud and sand and to dissolve in the lapse of time? Or will the covetous, venturesome, romantic spirits of two hemispheres strive to raise it with all the wonderful technical resources of our engineering age?

Apart from the cupidity and the mystery that inevitably cling to the raising of wealth from the sea, is there not an actual necessity for salving these ships and their cargoes? Remember that despite the feverish haste of both Great Britain and the United States to rebuild what has been mercilessly sent to the bottom, the shipyards of the world never caught up with the submarine. Only 9,849,527 tons were constructed in America to take the place of the 15,053,786 that were sunk; and 2,392,675 tons were captured from the enemy or commandeered. At the end of 1918 there was still a net loss of 2,811,584 tons for which there is still a crying need.

If this sunken wealth is to be recovered it will be mainly with the help of the salvage engineer—an extraordinary ingenious and resourceful technician, who combines the knowledge of naval architect, shipbuilder, mariner, hydraulic expert, electrician, mechanic and physicist. That Admirable Crichton communes with himself thus:

"What is the exact position of the foundered ship? It makes all the difference in the world if she is in a sheltered bay or in the open, where storms may rage. Can she be lifted bodily, with all the hundreds of tons of water in her, or must she be pumped out and floated? How big is the hole through which the sea poured? In what part of the hull is that hole?

The engineer must know the answers to these and to many other questions. He must have exact information. To obtain it there is but one way, and that is actually to inspect the ship as she lies at the bottom of the sea. Divers must be sent down. Without them the engineer is helpless.

Whenever it is possible the engineer prefers to salve a ship by "pontooning" her, a simple method, but one applicable only to craft of not more than two thousand tons— in other words, to craft about as large as the ordinary tramp steamer. Most of the steamers that ply the ocean—the unadvertised, dingy vessels in which much of the world's freight is carried—are of that size. Lusitanias, Titanics and Leviathans may be the talk of the world; but they are few in number. Hence "pontooning" will be reported to in lifting many a hull that lies in the waters off the British Isles and in the North Sea.

Eight thousand, perhaps ten thousand ships of all sizes must lie at the bottom of the ocean. Sir Eric Geddes recently stated that 2,465 British ships went down with their crews and that 3,147 were sunk and their crews left adrift. Nearly six thousand British ships alone, varying in size from the small fishing smack to the great transatlantic liner! How many of them will be restored by pontoon, pump and compressed air? Since 1915 about five hundred have been salved. The number seems encouraging; but most of these ships had been beached.

With hundreds of millions to be recovered, the daring financial adventurers of Europe and America will not be daunted by obstacles too formidable for the conservative salvage master. They will swarm to the sea has they have swarmed in times past to the gold fields. But they will be adventurers of a higher type than the pick-wielders and panners who braved starvation and death for gold in Calfornia, Australia, South Africa and Alaska. They will even sink their money in aiding inventors whose schemes leave one almost breathless with amazement. They will stake hundreds of thousands on startlingly original ship-raising and cargo-recovering inventions. Avarice and inventive imagination are quickened by the thought of untold wealth to be recovered.

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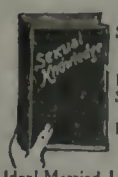

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Bug-Bear of Flying

Problem of Landing is Biggest to be Solved, to Make Flying Safe

HOW "automatic" can flying become? How safely can landings be made? These questions are discussed authoritatively by "Engineer Officer" in *Aeronautics*, in the course of an article in which he makes a novel—to the layman—suggestion, viz., landing in a wind tunnel. He says:

As time goes on we must come to the step when the mere mechanical act of manoeuvring a machine will be as matter-of-fact as the eating of a cherry. The two operations are really comparable. There is—there must be—for many, many years something of the marvellous in the pilotage of the flying machine. After all, it does what nothing has ever done before (one talks of say, 20 years past as the present period) and it will take many generations to realize fully something that is out of their own knowledge. Adam walked—he couldn't do anything else. Somebody later on invented wheels—no—I'm forgetting—somebody later on was dragged along the ground. It became fashionable—the thing—and humanity sledged. Then came the only great invention there's ever been until flying; the discovery of the wheel. And, till flying started, we've wheeled ever since. I wonder if that fact, a real fact, is understood as completely as it should be? Talk as one likes, no real great change has been brought about in public thought and life comparable to the discovery of the wheel. The first wheel was probably a log of a tree, and objects were rolled by it. Then some genius, by slow thought, discovered the wheel-barrow. The chariot took its place in time, and the Great Western Railway Company's "Great Bear" is the modern chariot.

The public thought between the time of the first chariot and the "Great Bear" has gradually quickened; persons have got quicker in the up-take. The conversion might be likened to a business deal in Selfridges, or a Devonshire village post office. The deal is the same, but the time taken over it is different. Flying brought a new deal. It brought with itself the romance of the undiscovered; the poetry of the new. All surrounding the new discovery was unknown, mysterious, and therefore the pilot, as a chief of the mysteries, as the high priest of the temple, came into a troublous life of some 15 to 20 years He, like Noah, was a plucky fellow, and he managed to keep his head, and do a very simple job, all at the same time. And that's all there is to it. Piloting has been a question of keeping cool, as doing movements such as those used by a ploughman. The expert horse-rider has forgotten more than the ordinary steady pilot ever knew. At best, the pilot may be compared to a jockey. Jockeys go cheap nowadays, even the best. And that is in comparison with the older class of pilots.

The modern machine is gradually getting more and more to the automatic stage, and therefore is asking less, day by day, from any pilot's hands. In the old days, "hands" were essential; you couldn't be a pilot without possession of "hands." There were different varieties—"ham hands," etc., and the best quality "hands," just "hands." Nowadays such things are unwanted for service even though they may always be required for the very best and finest accomplishmnt. Any ass can steer a row-boat on the Serpentine, but a good steersman can still make his £120 a year at steering a *Lusitania*.

As speed goes up, so risks go up, and no doubt the future function of an air-pilot will be retained by a wage larger than that given to a *Lusitania* steersman; but only in proportion to the extra risk involved. Automatic control is in its infancy, but the writer has seen a large flying-boat flown on an ordinary bumpy day, and entirely controlled, as regards involuntary deviations from its flight path, by a stabilizing device. The machine in question flew for three-

quarters of an hour, and the occupants, when once at 1,000 feet, operated the rudder only, the entire control as regards a level path on straight flights (longitudinally and laterally) and the correct bank on turns, being left to the machine. That is only a beginning. The whole device depended on a mercury level tube, and will, no doubt, in time be developed to a working commercial proposition.

Surely, for the near future large machines, some such device will be part of the equipment, and become as matter-of-fact a concern as the steam steering gear in a ship. The steersman (the present pilot) will be given a definite course at a certain level, by the captain of the craft and his attention will be given to two small controls, each giving the human touch to the machine. Warping will be done for him, and bumps controlled for both rubber and elevator. The steersman will simply have to keep his course, and that, although in two dimensions, should be an easier job than the steering of a motorboat. The risk, however, will be always there, and for that the wage will have to be increased as necessary. The pay drawn can be assessed as "risk pay," and the increase of pay required by the risk will apply equally to all in the machine. As "Medway" (who wrote on this subject in *Aeronautics* of June 19th last) says, the captain will be the well-paid member of the aircraft's crew, and the pilot will get wages *pro rata* as ruling between present captains of ship and their steersmen.

There remains the landing, the bugbear of present flying, and the one item where personal skill makes for all. But unless the writer is completely mistaken, landing, on either land or sea, will not be necessary in a very few years from now. If flying is ever to be of commercial value, speed must increase, and speed cannot increase if landing speeds of not more than 50 miles per hour are essential. The future must find other methods of landing its loads.

The obvious solution lies in a wind tunnel wherein the machine can fly at its maximum speed without touching any solid surface while not moving relative to earth. The business of landing is then reduced to the task of flying into a tunnel and remaining there, at a stand-still relative to the earth, but yet at top-speed. Machinery could then be devised to take the weight of the machine, and the power could be cut off. The expense of such a method is great, needing as it does enormous power for a short time. But if flying is conducted as a State concern for mail, the initial expense of putting up a wind tunnel can be met. All the present indications go to prove that the pilot of the future will be no more than the ship's steersman of to-day, excepting that he will be paid in accordance with the much greater risk attached to flight.

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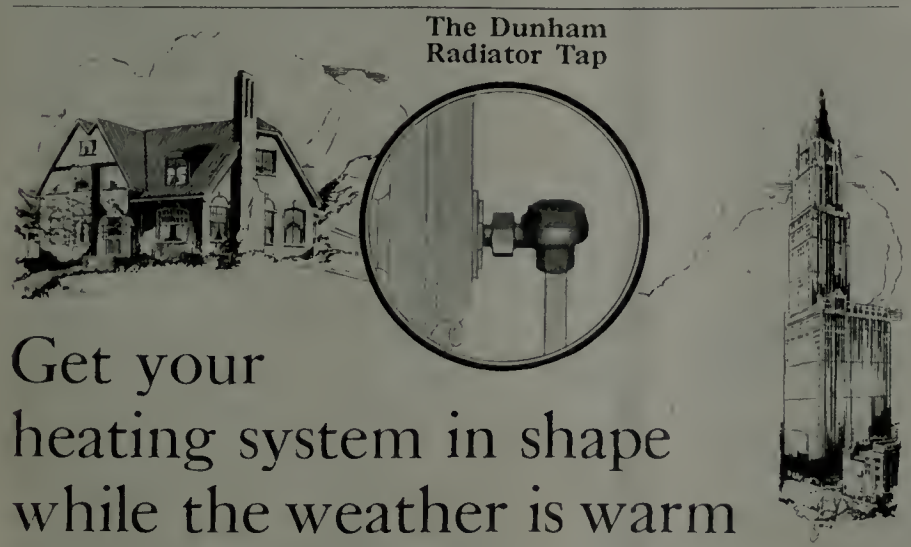

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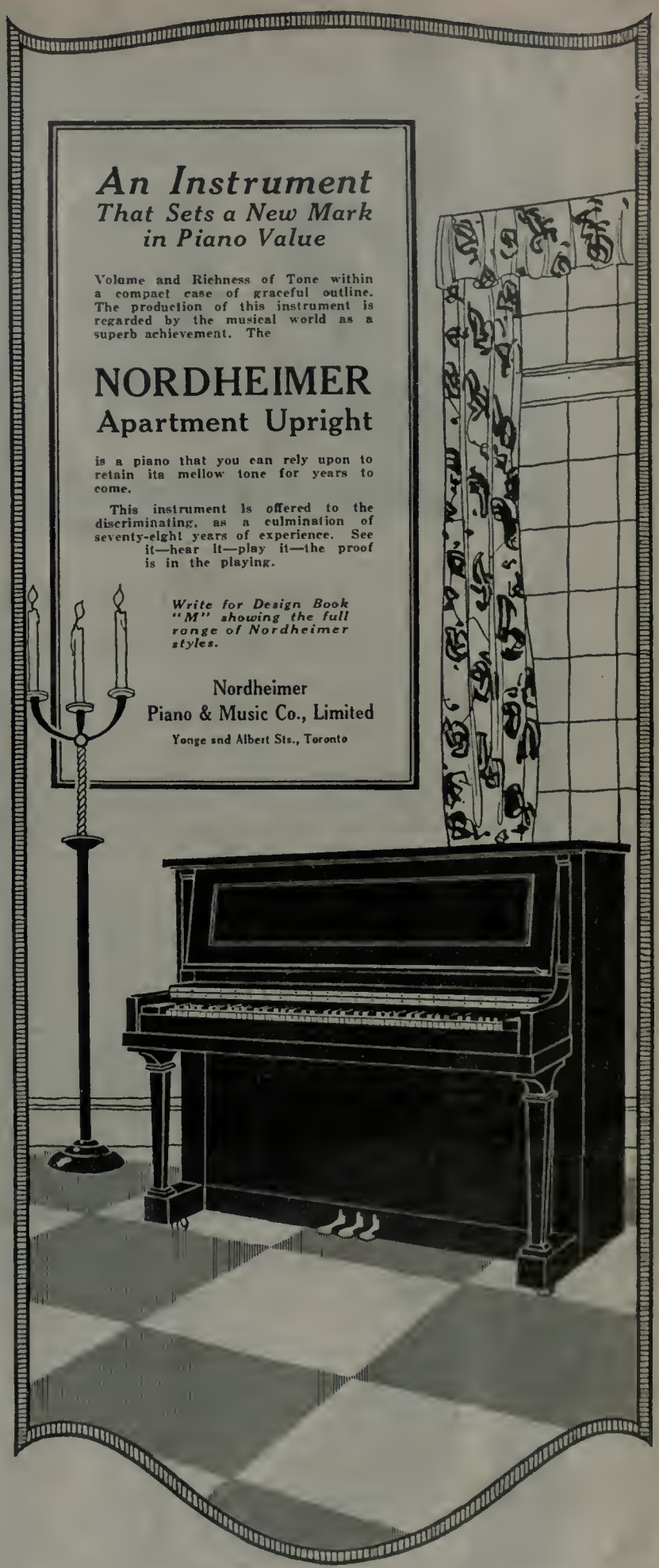

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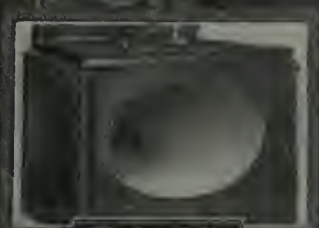

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World Turns to Oil

Huge Boom Within Past Few Months in Oil—The New Financial and Industrial Giant

CANADA has not had an industrial oil boom since the Alberta episode five years ago, but during the past few months there has been an immense stock-selling campaign conducted in the Canadian newspapers generally. Albert W. Atwood, a well-known writer on American financial and industrial topics, contributes to the *American Review of Reviews* an informative article on the present oil situation. In part, it reads:

It is doubtful if there has ever been such a great movement of investors and speculators into any class of stocks as that which is now pouring into the petroleum industry. This is especially true of the shares of new companies formed for the purpose of producing oil.

Within the last six months Wall Street and the public throughout the country generally have turned to oil stocks with a simply amazing fervor. The "oils" have become the favorites not only of speculators, but of many who consider themselves conservative investors, and of brokers and apparently of the most solid bankers. The name of oil has become magic, and the financial community which a few years ago. knew nothing and cared less about the oil industry is now working overtime gathering information and compiling statistics regarding the position and wonderful possibilities of the new industrial and financial giant—Oil.

The completeness of the change is well illustrated by a brief conversation which the writer had a short time ago with the vice-president of one of the richest and most conservative banks in New York City. This bank is synonymous with all that is supposed to typify the best and most solid traditions of Wall Street. I had just told the vice-president that I had recently visited the new oil fields of Texas, Ranger and Burkburnett.

"I am going down there in a few days myself," he replied. "We expect to invest down there. It's absurd that we should have waited so long to get into the oil game. Think of all the years' handicap those people at 26 Broadway (Standard Oil) have had over us," and he looked out of the window regretfully as if he could not forgive the older men in the powerful group of capitalists to which he belongs for not having sooner followed in the paths of John D. Rockefeller.

What are the reasons for this almost tidal movement of investment money into the oil industry? A very moderate estimate places the capitalization of new oil companies in this country from the beginning of the year down to the end of April at $300,000,000. Another estimate places the total number of new companies down to July 1 at 5,000 and their capitalization at $1,500,000. It is impossible to obtain exact figures, but the organization and "flotation" of $100,000,000 companies does not at present cause a ripple of surprise in Wall Street. Yet the combined capitalization of all the Standard Oil group of companies is only $550,000,000.

The attitude of Wall Street and the public toward oil stocks in recent years would certainly furnish an interesting subject for a study in psychology. A few years ago both Wall Street and the public had no interest in oil. They were well aware that the Standard Oil companies had been remarkably successful and that their stockholders had received handsome profits, especially in the years subsequent to the dissolution of 1911. But this success of Standard Oil was linked up in large measure with John D. Rockefeller's wonderful business ability and foresight, and prior to 1911 with the monopoly which he and his associates were supposed to have.

Furthermore it was felt that the Standard Oil group so completely con-

trolled the oil industry that there was little room for outside participation. Mr. Rockefeller did not need or want either Wall Street or the general public in the work of oil development. The Standard Oil Company never had to call upon outsiders for financial aid, being almost a bank or "money trust" in itself. Then too it was felt that all the really worthwhile things in the industry would be taken by the Standard, that anything else was risky in the extreme. The little fellows who went into the game for the most part did not receive much encouragement financially, and eventually many of them were taken over by the Standard. People were almost afraid to invest with competitors of the Standard.

But the situation has been radically changed by three developments; dissolution of the old Standard Oil combination, the almost startling increase in the consumption of oil, and, finally, by the war. All these events have combined, so to speak, to take the lid off the industry and open it up wide for public participation.

It is true that the Standard companies have been even more profitable since the dissolution of the old combine than before, and in certain important respects their power is almost if not fully as great. But nevertheless the old absoluteness of control and dominance was removed, perhaps as much by the natural expansion of the industry as by the courts. At any rate enough time has now elapsed since the days of Rockefeller dominance for various ambitious and energetic men to get well started on extensive independent projects.

Now these independents, not having the resources of the Standard companies, were obliged to obtain funds from Wall Street, and they set about to acquaint the big bankers and capitalists with the possibilities of the industry. Experts say that this acquaintanceship of the last few years is among the most important factors in making for the present activity in oil. Harry F. Sinclair and J. S. Cosden were among the rst to induce Wall Street to take an interest in independent oils, and they have more recently been followed by many others. There had been one or two very large independent companies, such as the Texas Company and the Gulf Refining, but they didn't buy money "down east" the way Sinclair and Cosden did.

But the mere persuasiveness of even the spectacular Sinclair was not enough in itself to win the interest and support of the leaders of finance and the army of investors and speculators. The new uses for petroleum, and for several years past the steadily threatened shortage of the product, have drawn everyone's attention to the industry. At first petroleum was used largely for lighting purposes, and much of John D. Rockefeller's fame will rest upon his achievements in lighting the world. Then it became apparent that the development of machine production depended upon lubrication, and petroleum loomed up as of tremendous importance as a lubricant. Nothing has yet appeared to take its place, and the use of lubricants continually increases. The whole mechanical world depends upon grease and lubricating oil.

But perhaps the most rapidly developing use of petroleum has been for fuel purposes. Here the possibilities are so dizzying that it is no wonder investors should lose their heads. First of all came the automobile, passenger and truck, then the tractor and now the aeroplane. The internal-combustion engine, using gasoline, has already revolutionized the world and threatens to turn it over again by means of traffic through the air. Gasoline, once thrown away in connection with the manufacture of kerosene, is the motive power in this country alone for automobiles, motor-boats, tractors, motorcycles, and aeroplanes whose aggregate number begins to run up not far below ten millions.

These uses, however, are only for the lighter or refined parts of petroleum. The greatest possibilities of all, perhaps, lie in the employment of a heavy fuel oil for bunker purposes, that is, for steamships. Its use for locomotives may extend, and possibly stationary engines may depend on it. The immediate consideration is the increasing use of bunker oil. Most of this heavy oil comes from Mexico, and recently the National Coal Association appointed a committee to consider the danger to the coal industry. So grave does it appear that the committee reported in favor of asking Congress to put a duty upon Mexican oil.

The navies of the world seem headed for oil as a fuel, several of them already using it. The British Navy was a vast consumer of oil during the war and Earl Curzon said that the Allies had "floated to victory upon a sea of oil." But a more important consideration is the merchant marine of the world. The advantages of oil are obvious. It takes up less room on the ship, it reduces labor expenses and is more quickly and easily loaded. One of the many factors which probably led to the present boom in oil stocks was an article by Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, in which he estimated the amount of oil which might be used by the new merchant marine now building in this country. If our shipping plans are entirely carried out and all the ships should burn oil, more than one-third the world's entire production would be required.

Indeed, if all the shipping of the world should go on an oil basis the world's production of petroleum at present would fall short by nearly a half, without even considering other uses of the product. Of course, all the shipping of the world is still far from being entirely on an oil basis, and the figures given are merely for the purpose of getting a perspective on the subject. But the eagerness with which such a great commercial nation as England is trying to provide for its future oil requirements is a clear indication of what the future has in store. This country produces the lion's share of the world's oil, but England is searching its various dominions for the product, and drilling has even been going on in England itself where oil had never been found before.

Golf as a Test of Character

American Champion Talks of How Game Develops Points in Men

GOLF is becoming an important part of modern day life. It is more than a game; it is a form of insurance against ill health and, even a developer of character. This latter point is interestingly made by "Chick" Evans, the American champion golfer, in the course of an article in the *American Magazine*. He writes:—

The man who gives way to his temper is a common figure on the golf course—but you don't often find him in the finals. He may play brilliantly at times; but if he wastes his energy and nerve force throwing his clubs around and kicking up the turf, he won't have many championship cups to carry home with him.

Temper is just a form of self-indulgence, anyway, and a good many men have learned to deny themselves that particular luxury when they are at business. But if they let themselves go when they get out on the links you may be sure that their self-control is only superficial. They haven't really mastered the little devil inside of them.

Character shows itself on the putting green! A man may be a good driver, He may like the big swing and the feeling of starting something. But it is on the green that he shows his power to negotiate a delicate and difficult transaction, to keep himself well in hand until a thing is *finished*. In a match game, he has to do this under the most difficult conditions. Several hundred spectators stand around, watching him with breath-

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less interest. He knows that probably a good many of them have money up on the game. And there is a psychological effect from all this to which it is very hard to be insensible. He must shut out even the consciousness of the spectators being there. If he cannot do that, the mere sound of a chance remark, of a woman's laugh, or the half-seen movement of a parasol, may cause him to miss his putt.

I should say that a man who is good on the putting green is one who would be good on a business emergency requiring a cool head, control of nerves, and absolute concentration. It doesn't require quick thinking, or initiative. But it is the supreme test of steadiness. It shows you the man who doesn't go to pieces under a strain.

Here is an interesting idea: I believe that in playing in a tournament men show themselves more as they are in business; and that, in playing what you might call a social game, just for the exercise and the relaxation, they show their real personality.

You see, a tournament *is* business, for the time being. It is played for compensation—a title, a silver cup. And involuntarily a man puts his business self into it. He is conscious that he is under observation, that he is being judged by outsiders, and he shows more self-control and is more careful, both in his game and in his self-expression, than he is when just playing for amusement.

You will not often find a man with a "yellow streak" playing golf. In the first place. I don't think the game appeals to that type of man. And in the second place, the traditions and ideals of the game are so high that the "yellow" player would not last long in a club.

I have kept one important point for the last. It is this: Never quit until the game is irretrievably lost! The man who does is a fool as well as a coward. Every golfer with much experience can tell you of games that have been won by the player who, at some stage, seemed hopelessly beaten. It doesn't pay to give up, and it shows a fault in character as well. A game is not lost until the last hole is played; or at least not until the shot which actually finishes it is made. Yet I know men who feel beaten when the game is just begun.

A man told me not long ago that he and two other young players were being sized up once by an experienced golfer as championship possibilities. The wise old fellow looked them over keenly—he hadn't even seen them play—and delivered his ultimatum:

"There's only one of you that has the making of a real champion," he said. "For there's only one that has the necessary iron in his soul."

In a way, he was right. A man must have iron "in his soul" to stay and win in almost any contest. As a rule, the cool, self-poised, silent type makes the best golfer. The assured, easy-talking, dashing type is likely to be erratic. But the iron may be in a man even though he is not hard and cold. Gardner is the proof of that, to name only one example. And there is Francis Ouimet, who is boyishly cheerful when not playing, and is always pleasant and friendly during the game.

A man has got to show one trait in golf, perhaps more than in other games, and that is self-reliance. For nobody can help him, except with advice. There is no team work. You can't score on anybody else's hit. You haven't any guard, or protection, or assistance. Nobody "sacrifices" that you may gain.

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This Month's Vital Question

Continued from page 40

"Of course, the practical politicians who want to win elections were all for harmony; forgive and forget; Laurier was great, but the liberal party is greater—and all that. That was the keynote of Chairman Murray's opening speech; that was the reason most of the provincial premiers supported Fielding; that was the real significance of the pressure behind Fielding's nomination.

"But though the machine could handle things pretty well when delegates were out in the open under the whip, the under-current of rank and file sentiment was too strong for them when the curtain of a secret ballot hid the herd from their dominant eyes. The under-current was party loyalty to past traditions, a stubborn determination to reward only the faithful and to cast into outer darkness those who fell away."

To this, the Toronto *Star* replies:

"The Montreal *Star* says "the light in the Liberal window no longer holds out to burn." By this it means that the selection of Mr. King as leader of the party shows that the late division is to be converted into a vendetta. We are sure that nothing could be farther from Mr. King's mind than such a declaration of hostility; that taking his own course in the last election from sincere conviction he respects the convictions of others, and has no sympathy with any talk either of revenge or of regarding those with whom he differed as called upon to explain or justify their course.

"Mr. King, however, is not a partizan of the ordinary type, and has found little favor with machine politicians. They have distrusted him as an idealist, as a man who placed ideas above expediency. His aims and ambitions are for the furtherance of ideas. There should be a natural affinity between him and those upon whom party ties sit somewhat lightly, with those Liberals who in the last election felt it to be their duty to support Unionist Government for a certain purpose, as well as with all who are interested in the problems of the hour and seeking for light."

The Vancouver *Sun* feels that the time for enmity between Liberals of various shades of opinion and conviction has passed, and remarks:

Those wild-eyed Liberals who are going around swearing that as long as life lasts they will neither forget nor forgive should be told to go away back and sit down. The fact should be impressed on them that they are a weariness to reasonable men and a decided weakness to their party.

Canada's Great National Asset

Continued from Page 34

northern section was too cold or too remote or too wild to be suitable for settlement; so everyone said. But settlement kept pace with the steel or ran far ahead. People were frantic for land and they followed in droves in the wake of our construction gangs. Towns sprang up at suitable points and business generally became quickly established. It was our invariable experience that, as soon as a new link was completed and in operation, it carried enough business from the start to pay operating charges.

Mackenzie and Mann always had the Big Plan at the back of their minds, the grand idea of a new transcontinental. Each new bit of road built was but a link in the Big Plan. Gradually, as the system extended, the Big Plan began to show signs of coherency. They kept driving ahead toward the magnificent goal and in time every man on the system acquired a belief in the Big Plan and a zest for its accomplishment. If at any time the company had seen fit to forego the main objective and be content with the system as then completed, a commercial success would have been theirs. They persisted, however, until the fixed charges became too heavy to sustain through the war slump.

The point I desire to make is that this line, which was persistently built out through territory that had been regarded as inaccessible and in the teeth of public indifference, opened up a tremendous new country and laid the foundations for what might be termed the greater North-West.

The Daring of Col. Davidson

NO man deserves more credit for the opening up of Western Canada than the late Colonel A. D. Davidson, He became convinced that a tremendous future was ahead of the country of the Qu'Appelle Valley and in 1902, he staked everything by buying from the Government part of the Qu'Appelle-Long Lake Railway land grant to the extent of 800,000 acres at a price in the neighborhood of $2.50 an acre. Then he entered upon a campaign to attract American settlers.

The Qu'Appelle at that time was considered to be next door to the pole. Davidson was regarded as a dreamer and men freely predicted that he would be ruined. More than that, he was regarded as almost a menace. "If he takes Americans up to that frozen land, he'll give Canada a bad name," men said openly. Senator Perley from Saskatchewan made a speech at Ottawa in which he asserted that wheat could not be successfully grown north of Qu'Appelle.

There was no stopping Davidson, however. He went across the line and organized a trainload of American bankers. This party he took in a special train over the Prince Albert branch as far as what is now the town of Davidson. They went in the middle of the growing season and the visitors were thunderstruck. They saw rich, rolling country well watered and open for cultivation as far as the eye could see. They got down and scooped up the soil and found it rich. The sun beat down upon them as warmly as it did in the more settled sections they had come from and with as much promise of refining quality. In fact they saw lying before them an ideal wheat country. So this trainload of Joshuas went back and reported that it was indeed a promised land—that Colonel Davidson was right and nearly all the rest of Canada was wrong.

In 1902 the Western Canada Immigration Association was formed to launch a publicity campaign in the United States and, as a result, the huge wave of immigration from across the line started.

I am telling of these incidents to demonstrate that the opening up of new country is invariably contingent on the taking of huge risks and that the public is always skeptical. More important still the opening up has depended upon the building of a line of steel. Transportation is needed to effect permanent settlement on a large scale.

Consider this in relation to the fact that Canada now owns a system of railways that stretch from Halifax and the Sydneys to Vancouver. If this system is considered as the means of opening up new territory, of developing new stretches of Empire, then it becomes of tremendous importance indeed. No longer will we need to depend upon the daring and initiative of private individuals to blaze the trail to new fields; the country as a whole, which has always reaped the benefit of the pioneer efforts of our railroad builders, can assume the risk and plan its own campaigns of extension.

There are already fields open for exploitation. The Peace River country has been established as a suitable field for agricultural settlement. To build a road through that Northern Section would be the prelude to a settlement as prosperous and successful as the Qu'Appelle. The value of the Government roads from the middle prairie points to the Pacific as feeders for the Panama route can be developed. I am merely noting a few outstanding and obvious directions in which the aggrandizement of Canadian interests can be accomplished by the development of the national railways.

Great things can be accomplished if the Dominion of Canada is disposed to regard railroading in the same light as the private railroad builders have done in the past—as a risk that must be taken to assure a big future.

On Leave

Continued from Page 16

have been untold misery in my countenance, for hers paled.

"She cares," I whispered and my heart leaped; then became as lead when memory returned.

The meal ended. They toasted me and I made some kind of footling reply.

"Dear Dorothea has an announcement to make," said the Mater.

Dorothea rose. I shut my eyes and gripped the chair tightly.

"I'm going to do a very unusual thing," she said; "but as we are all old friends and I promised Reggie"—I groaned to myself—"that I would announce my engagement myself"—

I heard a rustle as the folk sat up in expectation.

"He's been such a dear," she continued—I groaned again. "He brought me 'Dick'."

I sat up with a jerk but before I could speak, Heyward had risen, glass in hand: "To Reggie Conway," he cried, "a damned good pal!"

We toasted them and congratulations were hurled about like snowballs. I was almost mad with joy. In fact I overdid it for I caught Dorothea glancing at me curiously; but I didn't care. I was free, free!

"Dorothea," I said later, "you've treated me rottenly."

"You don't mind, Reggie, I'm sure, and—and I love Dick."

"I'll forgive you," I said, magnanimously; "but now you've chucked me, Dorothea, I'll have to start again. There's a girl in the corner seat under the palm that strikes my idle fancy. Will you introduce me?"

"You're incorrigible, Reggie," she said; but she led me to where Barbara was seated.

"Captain Conway—Lady Barbara Elfort," she said and I bowed deeply. After a few minutes' desultory conversation Dorothea departed and I turned to Barbara, pain in my eyes, a knife through my heart.

"You didn't tell me you were married," I protested dully.

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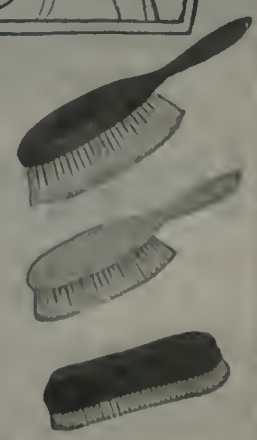

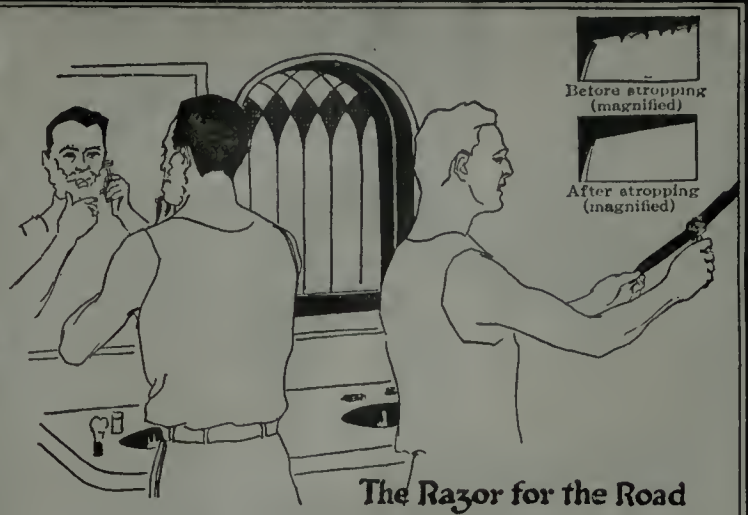

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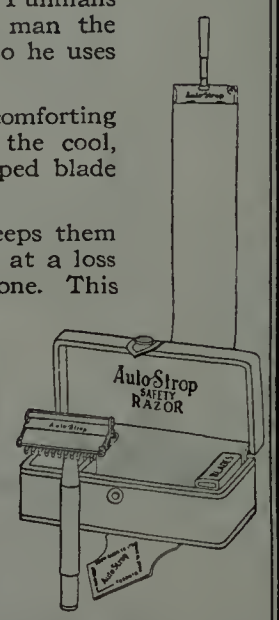

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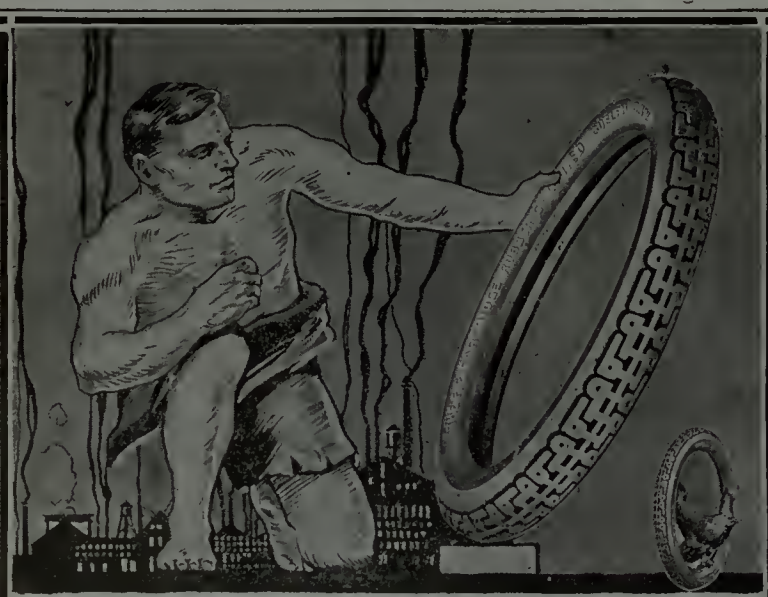

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74.

She laughed rather shrilly: "Why should I?" she said. "Are married people to have no fun?"

I turned on her savagely. "Barbara," I cried. "I wish to Heaven I'd been killed out there. I should have been saved this torment."

Her face paled but she made no answer.

And then the dear old Mater bustled up. "I'm glad you two know each other. How's the Earl, Barbara?"

"In a beast of a temper. He's got gout."

What a fool I'd been What a fool! Barbara wasn't married at all. I sat glumly there until we were again alone.

"Forgive me, Barbara," I begged. "If you care even a little give me your answer now."

"What do the German prisoners say to you, Reggie?"

"Kamerad!" I answered, wonderingly.

"Kamerad!" she pleaded and held up both hands in mock submission.

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from Page 28

the Lady's fitful smiles, and while responding to her advances with the Ardour born of Cupidity or of a desire for self-advancement rather than of true love, they had for the most part lost some shreds of their Reputation and almost all of their Self-respect.

But at the moment I paid no heed to Lord Douglas' taunt levelled at his Friend, nor at the latter's somewhat careless way of Retort. In fact, the whole Episode did not then impress itself upon my mind, and it was only in face of later events that I was presently to be reminded of it all.

VIII

FOR the moment I was made happy by renewed kindly glances from Mr. Betterton. It seemed as if his eyes had actually beckoned to me, so I made bold to advance nearer to the dazzling group of Ladies and Gentlemen that stood about, talking—jabbering, I might say, like a number of gay-plumaged birds, for they seemed to me irresponsible and unintellectual in their talk.

Of course I could not hear everything, and I had to try and make my unfashionably attired Person as inconspicuous as possible. So I drew a book from my pocket, one that looked something like a Greek Lexicon, though in truth it was a collection of Plays writ by the late Mr. William Shakespeare, in one or two of which—notably in one called Hamlett—Mr. Betterton had scored some of his most conspicuous Triumphs.

The book, and my seeming absorption in it, gave me the countenance of an earnest young Student on the perusal of Classics, even whilst it enabled me to draw quite near to the brilliant Throng of distinguished People, who, if they paid any heed to me at all, would find excuses for my Presumption in my obvious earnest Studiousness. I was also able to keep some of my attention fixed upon Mr. Betterton, who was surrounded by admiring Friends; whilst at some little distance close by, I could see Mr. Harris—also of the Duke's Theatre—who was holding forth in a didactic manner before a group of Ladies and gay young Sparks, even though they were inclined to mock him because of his Conceit in pitting his talent against that of Mr. Betterton.

There was no doubt that a couple of years ago Mr. Harris could be and was considered the greatest Actor of his time; but since Mr. Betterton had consolidated his own triumphs by playing the parts of Pericles, of Hamlett and of Prince Alvaro, the older Actor's reputation had undoubtedly suffered by comparison with the Genius of his younger Rival, at which of course he was greatly incensed. I caught sight now and then of his florid face, so different in expression to Mr. Betterton's more spiritual-looking countenance, and from time to time his pompous, raucous voice reached my ears, as did the more

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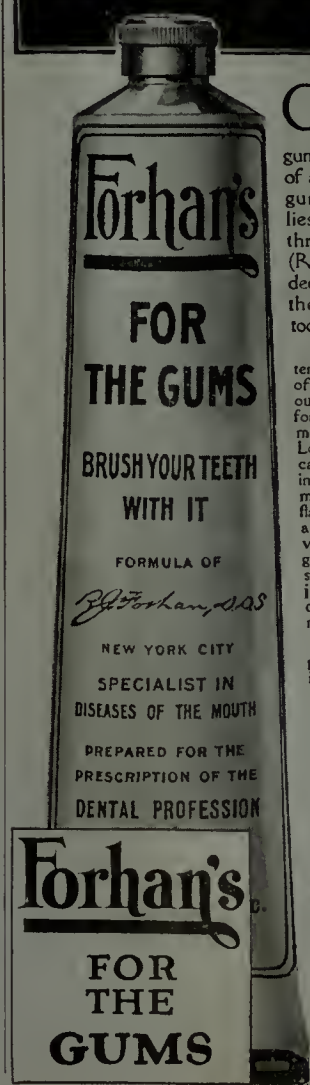

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strident, high-pitched voices of the Ladies. I heard one young Lady say, to the accompaniment of some pretty, mincing gestures:

"Mr. Betterton was positively rapturous last night. . . . enchanting! You, Mr. Harris, will in truth have to look to your laurels."

And an elderly Lady, a Dowager of obvious consideration and dignity, added in tones which brooked of no contradiction:

"My opinion is that there never has been or ever will be a Player equal to Mr. Betterton in purity of Diction and Elegance of Gesture. He hath indeed raised our English Drama to the level of High Art."

I could have bowed low before her and kissed her hand for this; aye! and have paid homage too to all these gaily dressed Butterflies who, in truth, had more Intellectuality in them than I had given them credit for. Every word of Eulogy of my beloved Friend was a delight to my soul. I felt mine eyes glowing with enthusiasm and had grave difficulty in keeping them fixed upon my book.

I had never liked Mr. Harris personally, and I was indeed pleased to see that both the Dowager Lady—who I understand was the Marchioness of Badlesmere—and the younger Ladies and Gentlemen, felt mischievously inclined to torment him.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Harris?" my Lady Badlesmere was saying to the discomfited Actor. "It would be interesting to know one Player's opinion of another."

She had a spy-glass through which she regarded him quizzically, whilst a mocking smile played around her thin lips. This no doubt caused poor Mr. Harris to lose countenance, for as a rule he is very glib of tongue. But just now he mouthed and stammered, appeared unable to find his words.

"It cannot be denied, your Ladyship," he began sententiously enough, "that Mr. Betterton's gestures are smooth and pleasant, though they perhaps lack the rhythmic grandeur. . . the dignified sweep. . . of . . . of . . the. . . "

He was obviously floundering, and the old Lady broke in with a rasping laugh and a tone of somewhat acid sarcasm:

"Of the gestures of Mr. Harris, you mean, eh?"

"No, Madam," he retorted testily, and distinctly nettled. "I was about to say 'of the gestures of our greatest Actors.' "

"Surely the same thing, dear Mr. Harris," a young Lady rejoined with well-assumed demureness, and dropped him a pert little curtsey.

I might have been sorry for the Man—for of a truth these small pin-pricks must have been very irritating to his Vanity, already sorely wounded by a younger Rival's triumph—but for the fact that he then waxed malicious, angered no doubt by hearing a veritable Chorus of Eulogy proceeding from that other group of Ladies and Gentlemen of which Mr. Betterton was the centre.

I do not know, as a matter of fact, who it was who first gave a spiteful turning to the bantering, mocking Conversation of awhile ago; but in my mind I attributed this malice to Lord Douglas Wychwoode, who came up with his clerical friend just about this time, in order to pay his respects to the Marchioness of Badlesmere, who I believe is a near Relative of his. Certain it is that very soon after his arrival upon the Scene, I found that every one around him was talking about that abominable Episode, the very thought of which sent my blood into a Fever and my thoughts running a veritable riot of Revenge and of Hate. Of course Mr. Harris was to the fore with pointed Allusions to the grave insult done to an eminent Artist, and which, to my thinking, should have been condemned by every right-minded Man or Woman who had a spark of lofty feeling in his or her heart.

"Ah, yes!" one of the Ladies was saying; "I heard about it at the time. . . . a vastly diverting story. . . ."

"Which went the round of the Court," added another.

"Mr. Betterton's shoulders," a gay young Spark went on airily, "are said to be still very sore."

"And his unusually equable Temper the sorer of the two."

Lord Douglas did not say much, but I felt his spiteful Influence running as an undercurrent through all that flippant talk.

"Faith!" concluded one of the young Gallants, "were I my Lord Stour, I would not care to have Mr. Betterton for an enemy."

"An Actor can hit with great accuracy and harshness from the Stage," Mr. Harris went on pompously. "He speaks words which a vast Public hears and goes on to repeat *ad infinitum*. Thus a man's—aye! or a Lady's—reputation can be made or marred by an Epilogue spoken by a popular Player at the end of a Drama. We all remember the case of Sir William Liscard, after he had quarrelled with Mr. Kynaston."

WHEREUPON that old story was raked up, how Mr Kynaston had revenged himself for an insult put upon him by Sir William Liscard by making pointed Allusions from the Stage to the latter's secret Intrigue with some low-class wench, and to the Punishment which was administered to him by the wench's vulgar lover. The Allusions were unmistakable, because that punishment had taken the form of a slit nose, and old Sir William had appeared in Society one day with a piece of sticking plaster across the middle of his face.

Well, we all know what happened after that. Sir William, covered with Ridicule, had to leave London for awhile and bury himself in the depths of the Country, for in Town he could not show his face in the streets but he was greeted with some vulgar lampoon or ribald song, hurled at him by passing roisterers. It all ended in a Tragedy, for Lady Liscard got to hear of it and there was talk of Divorce proceedings, which would have put Sir William wholly out of Court—His Majesty being entirely averse to the dissolution of any legal Marriage.

But all this hath naught to do with my story, and I only recount the matter to You to show You how, in an instant, the temper of all these great Ladies and Gentlemen can be swayed by the judicious handling of an evil-minded Person.

All these Ladies and young Rakes, who awhile ago were loud in their praises of a truly great Man, now found pleasure in throwing mud at him, ridiculing and mocking him shamefully, seeing that, had he been amongst them, he would soon have confounded them with his Wit and brought them back to Allegiance by his magic Personality.

Once again I heard a distinct Allusion to the Countess of Castlemaine's avowed predilection for Lord Stour. It came from one of the Cavaliers, who said to Lord Douglas with an affected little laugh:

"Perhaps my Lord Stour would do well to place himself unreservedly under the protection of Lady Castlemaine! 'Tis said that she i more [illegible] willing to extend her Favours to him."

"Nay! Stour hath nothing to fear," Lord Douglas replied curtly. "He stands far above a mere Mountebank's spiteful pin-pricks."

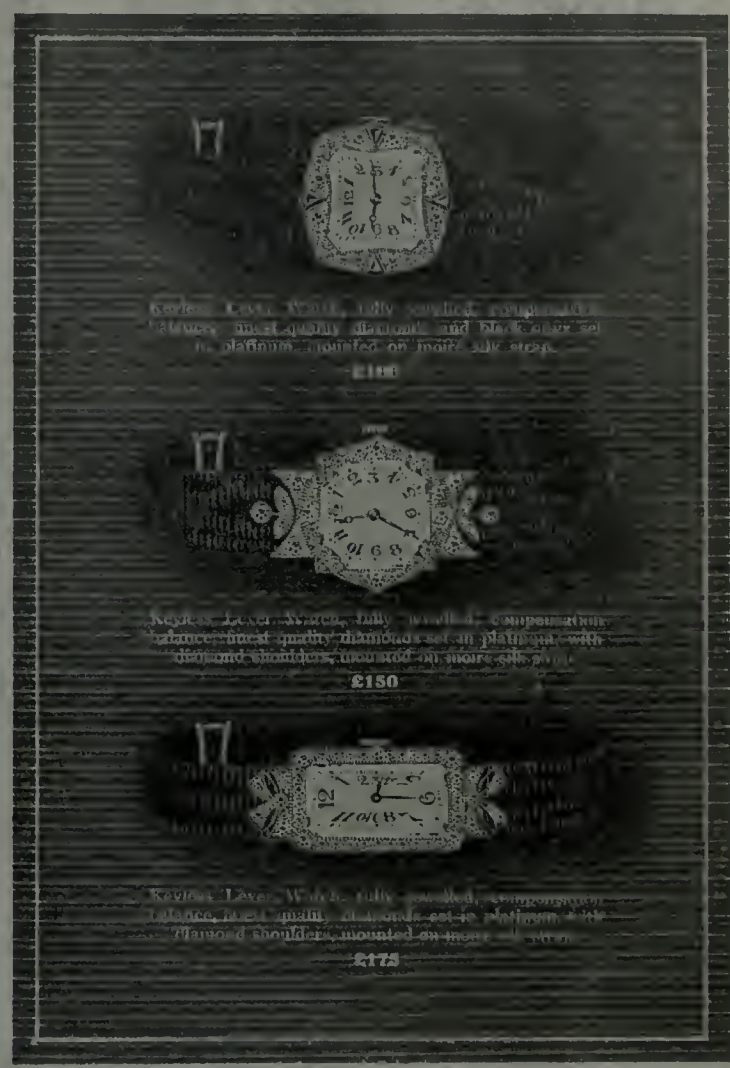
Oh! had but God given me the power to strike such a Malapert dumb! I looked around me, marvelling if there was not one sane Person here who would stand up in the defence of a great and talented Artist against this jabbering of irresponsible Monkeys.

IX

I MUST admit, however, that directly Mr. Betterton appeared upon the scene the tables were quickly turned once more on Mr. Harris and even on Lord Douglas, for Mr. Betterton is past Master in the Art of wordy Warfare, and moreover has this great Advantage that he never loses control over his Temper. No malicious shaft aimed at him will ever ruffle his Equanimity, and whilst his Wit is most caustic he invariably retains every semblance of perfect courtesy.

He now had the Duchess of York on his arm, and His Grace of Buckingham had not left his side. His Friends were unanimously chaffing him about that

BY APPOINTMENT



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Epilogue which he had spoken last night and which had so delighted the Countess of Castlemaine. My Lord Buckhurst and Sir William Davenant were quoting pieces out of it, whilst I could only feel sorry that so great a Man had lent himself to such unworthy Flattery.

"'Divinity, radiant as the stars!'" Lord Buckhurst quoted with a laugh. "By gad, you Rogue, you did not spare your words."

Mr. Betterton frowned almost imperceptibly, and I, his devoted Admirer, guessed that he was not a little ashamed of the fulsome Adulation which he had bestowed on so unworthy an Object, and I was left to marvel whether some hidden purpose as yet unknown to me had actuated so high-minded an Artist thus to debase the Art which he held so dear. It was evident, however, that the whole Company thought that great things would come from that apparently trivial incident.

"My Lady Castlemaine," said Sir William Davenant, "hath been wreathed in smiles ever since you spoke that Epilogue. She vows that there is nothing she would not do for You. And, as already You are such a favourite with His Majesty, why, Man! there is no end to your good fortune."

And I, who watched Mr. Betterton's face again, thought to detect a strange, mysterious look in his eyes—something hidden and brooding was going on behind that noble brow, something that was altogether strange to the usually simple, unaffected and sunny temperament of the great Artist, and which I, his intimate Confidant and Friend, had not yet been able to fathom.

Whenever I looked at him these days, I was conscious as of a sultry Summer's day, when nature is outwardly calm and every leaf on every tree is still. It is only to those are initiated in the mysteries of the Skies that the distant oncoming Storm is revealed by a mere speck of cloud or a tiny haze upon the Bosom of the Firmament, which hath no meaning to the unseeing eye, but which foretells that the great forces of Nature are gathering up their strength for the striking of a prodigious blow.

CHAPTER SEVEN

An Assembly of Traitors

I

I, IN the meantime, had relegated the remembrance of Lord Douglas Wychwoode and his treasonable Undertakings to a distant cell of my mind. I had not altogether forgotten them, but had merely ceased to think upon the Subject.

I was still nominally in the employ of Mr. Baggs, but he had engaged a new Clerk—a wretched, puny creature, whom Mistress Euphrosine already held in bondage—and I was to leave his service definitely at the end of the month.

In the meanwhile, my chief task consisted in initiating the aforesaid wretched and puny Clerk into the intricacies of Mr. Theophilus Baggs' business. The boy was slow-witted and slow to learn, and Mr. Baggs, who would have liked to prove to me mine own Worthlessness, was nevertheless driven into putting some of his more important work still in my charge.

Thus it came to pass that all his Correspondence with Lord Douglas Wychwoode went through my Hands, whereby I was made aware that the Traitors—for such in truth they were—were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to accomplish their damnable Purpose.

They meant to kidnap His Majesty's sacred Person, to force him to sign an Abdication in favour of the son of Mistress Barlow—now styled the Duke of Monmouth—with the Prince of Orange as Regent during the Duke's minority.

A more abominable and treasonable Project it were impossible to conceive, and many a wrestling match did I have with mine own Conscience, whilst debating whether it were my Duty or no to betray the confidence which had been reposed in me and to divulge the terrible Secret of that execrable plot which threatened the very life of His Majesty the King.

I understood that the Manifesto which it had been my task to multipli-

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cate had met with some success. Several Gentlemen, who held rigidly Protestant views, had promised their support to a project which ostensibly aimed at the overthrow of the last vestiges of Popery in the Country. My Lord Stour, who had also become a firm Adherent of the nefarious scheme, in deference, I presume, to the Lady Barbara's wishes in the matter, had, it seems, rendered valuable service to the cause by travelling all over the Country, seeing these proposed Adherents in person and distributing the fiery Manifestos which were to rally the Waverers to the cause.

I imagined, however, that the whole project was in abeyance for the moment, for I had heard but little of it of late; until one day I happened to be present when the Conspirators met in the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs.

How it came to pass that all these Gentlemen—who were literally playing with their lives in their nefarious undertaking—talked thus openly of their Plans and Projects in my hearing, I do not pretend to say. It is certain that they did not suspect me, thought me one of themselves, no doubt, since I had written out the Manifestos and was Clerk to Mr. Baggs, who was with them Body and Soul. No doubt, had Mr. Baggs been on the spot on that day, he would have warned the Traitors of my presence and much of what happened subsequently would never have occurred.

Thus doth Fate at times use simple tools to gain her own ends, and it was given to an insignificant Attorney's Clerk to rule for this one day the future Destinies of England.

II

MY Lord Stour was present on that memorable afternoon. I am betraying no Secret or doing an injury by saying that, because his connection with the Affair is of public knowledge, as is that of Lord Douglas Wychwoode. The names of the other Gentlemen whom I saw in Mr. Baggs' room that day I will, by your leave, keep hidden behind the veil of Anonymity, contenting myself by calling the most important among them My Lord S. and another Sir J., whilst there was also present on that occasion the gentleman in clerical Attire whom I had seen of late in Lord Douglas' Company and who was none other than the Lord Bishop of D.

My Lord Stour was in great favour amongst them all. Every one was praising him and shaking him by the hand. His Lordship the Bishop took it upon himself to say, as he did most incisively:

"Gentlemen! I am proud and happy to affirm that it is to the Earl of Stour that we shall owe to-night the Success of our Cause. It is he who has distributed our Appeal and helped to rally round us some of our most loyal Friends!"

Lord Stour demurred, deprecated his own efforts. His Attitude was both modest and firm: I had not thought him capable of so much Nobility of Manner.

But, believe me, dear Mistress, that I felt literally confounded by what I heard. Mr. Baggs, who had pressing business in town that day, had commanded me to remain at home in order to receive certain Gentlemen who were coming to visit him. I had introduced some half-dozen of them, and they had all gone into the inner office, but left the communicating door between that room and the parlour wide open, apparently quite acquiescing in my presence there. In fact, they had all nodded very familiarly to me as they entered: evidently they felt absolutely certain of my Discretion. This, as you will readily understand, placed me in a terrible Predicament. Where lay my duty, I did not know; for, in truth, to betray the Confidence of those who trust in you is a mean and low trick, unworthy of a right-minded Christian. At the same time, there was His Majesty the King's own sacred person in peril, and that, as far as I could gather, on this very night; and surely it became equally the duty of every loyal Subject in the land to try and protect his Sovereign from the nefarious attacks of Traitors.

Be that as it may, however, I do verily believe that if my Lord Stour, whom I hated with so deadly a hatred and who had done my dear, dear Friend such an irreparable injury, if he, I say, had not been mixed up in the affair, I should have done my duty as a Christian rather than as a subject of the State.

But You, dear Mistress, shall be judge of mine actions, for they have a direct bearing upon those subsequent events which have brought Mr. Betterton once again to your feet.

I have said that my Lord Stour received his Friends' congratulations and gratitude with becoming Modesty; but his Lordship the Bishop and also Lord S. insisted.

"It is thanks to your efforts, my dear Stour," Lord S. said, "that at last success is assured."

"But for you," added the Bishop, "our plan to-night might have miscarried."

My God! I thought, then it *is* for to-night! And I felt physically sick whilst wondering what I should do. Even then, Lord Douglas Wychwoode's harsh Voice came quite clearly to mine ear.

"The day is ours!" he said, with a note of triumph in his tone. "Ere the sun rise again over our downtrodden Country, her dissolute King and his Minions will be in our hands!"

"Pray God it may be so!" assented one of the others piously.

"It shall and will be so," protested Lord Douglas with firm emphasis. "I know for a fact that the King sups with the Castlemaine to-night. Well! we are quite ready. By ten o'clock we shall have taken up our Positions. These have all been most carefully thought out. Some of us will be in hiding in the Long Avenue in the Privy Garden: others under the shadow of the Wall of the Bowling Green, whilst others again have secured excellent points of vantage in King Street. I am in command of the Party, and I give you my word that my Company is made up of young Enthusiasts who, like ourselves, have had enough of this corrupt and dissolute Monarch, who ought never to have been allowed to ascend the Throne which his Father had already debased."

"You will have to be careful of the Night Watchmen about the Gardens, and of the Body Guard at the Gate," one of the Gentlemen broke in.

"Of course we'll be careful," Lord Douglas riposted impatiently. "We have minimized our risks as far as we were able. But the King, when he sups with the Castlemaine, usually goes across to her House unattended. Sometimes he takes a Man with him across the Privy Gardens, but dismisses him at the back door of Her Ladyship's House. As for the City Watchmen over in King Street, they will give us no trouble. If they do, we can easily overpower them. The whole thing is really perfectly simple," he added finally; "and the only reason why we have delayed execution is because we wanted as many Sympathizers here in London as possible."

"Now," here interposed His Lordship the Bishop, "thanks to my Lord Stour's efforts, a number of our Adherents have come up from the country and have obtained lodgings in various quarters of the town, so that to-morrow morning, when we proclaim the Duke of Monmouth King and the Prince of Orange Regent of the Realm, we shall be in sufficient numbers to give to our successful Coup the appearance of a national movement."

"Personally," rejoined Lord Douglas with something of a sneer, "I think that the Populace will be very easily swayed. The Castlemaine is not popular. The King is; but it is a fictitious Popularity and one easily blown upon, once we have his Person safely out of the way. And we must remember that the 'No Popery' cry is still a very safe card to play with the mob," he added with a dry laugh.

THEN they all fell to and discussed their abominable Plans all over again; whilst I, bewildered, wretched, indignant, fell on my knees and marvelled, pondered what I should do. My pulses were throbbing, my head was on fire: I had not the faculty for clear thinking. And there, in the next room, not ten paces away from where I knelt

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in mute and agonized Prayer, six Men were planning an outrage against their King: amidst sneers and mirthless laughter and protestations of loyalty to their Country, they planned the work of Traitors. They drew their Swords and there was talk of invoking God's blessing upon their nefarious Work.

God's blessing!! Methought 'twas Blasphemy, and I put my hands up to mine ears lest I should hear those solemn words spoken by a consecrated Bishop of our Church, and which called for the Almighty's help to accomplish a second Regicide.

Aye! a Regicide! What else was it? as all those fine Gentlemen knew well enough in their hearts. Would not the King resist? He was young and vigorous Would he not call for help? Had not my Lady Castlemaine Servants who would rush to His Majesty's assistance? What then? Was there to be murder once more, and bloodshed and rioting—fighting such as we poor Citizens of this tortured land had hoped was behind us for ever?

And if it came to a hand to hand scuffle with the King's Most Sacred Majesty! My God! I shuddered to think what would happen then!

There was a mighty humming in my ears, like the swarm of myriads of bees; a red veil gradually spread before my eyes, which obscured the familiar Surroundings about me. Through the haze which gradually o'er-clouded my brain, I heard the voices of those Traitors droning out their blasphemous Oaths.

"Swear only to draw your swords in this just cause, and not to shed unnecessary blood!"

And then a chorus which to my ears sounded like the howling of Evil Spirits let loose from hell:

"We swear!"

"Then may God's blessing rest upon You. May His Angels guard and protect You and give You the strength to accomplish what You purpose to do!"

There was a loud and prolonged "Amen!" But I waited no longer. I rose from my knees, suddenly calm and resolved. Do not laugh at me, dear Mistress, for my conceit and my presumption when I say that I felt that the destinies of England rested in my hands.

I was now perfectly calm. From my desk I took a copy of the Manifesto which had remained in my possession all this while. I read the contents through very carefully, so as to refresh my memory. Then I took up my pen and, at the foot of the treasonable document, I wrote the word: "To-night." Having done that, I took a sheet of note paper, carefully wrote down the names of all the Gentlemen who were even now in the next room, and of several others Whom I had heard mentioned by the Traitors in the course of their Conversation. The two papers I folded carefully and closed them down with sealing wax.

My hand did not shake whilst I did all this. I was perfectly deliberate, for my mind was irrevocably made up. When I had completed these preparations, I slipped the precious Documents into my pocket, took up my hat and cloak and went out to accomplish the Errand which I had set myself to do.

To be Continued.

Ebb and Flow

Continued from Page 33

the soul of this man, in whom she saw so much to like amid much she had disliked, had been oddly troubled. It was an intimate appeal for candor, and for a friendship that even the most self-reliant crave at times. Beyond that she would not suffer her thought to go.

He brought the Prideaux affair up on the following Saturday, as she was about to leave the office for the day.

"There is something I wish you would do," he said. "It's about the Prideaux people. Here's ten dollars. Would you mind calling and slipping it to the woman as you go by. Tell her not to be afraid of lack of bread till her man gets round again. She'll get as much every Saturday, and the rent will be paid for her. She's not to talk about it.

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It would give a bad impression if it were generally known, and we'd be accused of weakening. The office knows nothing of it. Remember, this is in strict confidence—you understand?"

She looked up at him in her gravely frank way.

"Yes, I think I understand," she said.

Her glance brought a flush of color to his face, the first sign of emotion of the kind she had ever seen in him, and she left the office feeling strangely happy. She felt now that she knew the real man, the man whose official guise led to so much misconception regarding his real self.

A day or so later she saw the little news sheet that circulated through the camp, and in it was an article commenting on the Prideaux case, and anathematizing the Company and its local head.

Christie came into the office as she was reading it, and glanced over her shoulder.

"Fine sob-sister stuff," he commented with a laugh.

"The truth ought to be known," she answered indignantly.

"Why?" he asked. "Who cares? They don't want to know the truth, and if they did would explain it away. Words break no bones."

"But ——" she began.

"One of the first lessons in wisdom is to obey the old Bible behest, to 'suffer fools gladly'," he interrupted.

Every Saturday there was the envelope with the ten dollar bill laid on her desk for the Prideaux family. Few knew whence it came, the general opinion being that his fellow workmen were doing something for the injured man's family.

During these weeks Edith came to understand more and more of Ewan Christie, and it was often hard to obey his command and keep silence regarding the man who did good by stealth.

CHAPTER VII

TOWARD winter of his second year at Ste. Brunhilde, Christie took up residence in the town. He had found winter travelling to his former quarters too expensive in time besides being uncertain in the severer weather. So he rented rooms at the hotel and became, nominally, at least, one of the community. Naturally his arrival was an event in the social life of the camp, and the fact that he was unmarried did not make it the less interesting. He turned out to be a disappointment, for he had no social inclinations and did not accept invitations. Whether it was because of natural reserve or the aloofness of one in a superior position who did not wish to mingle with those who were his employees, lest familiarity might lessen his business influence, was a much debated matter. His plea was that he was much too busy, but those who saw most of him told of long solitary evenings spent by him in a lonely hotel sitting room, smoking dourly over a newspaper or book. Everybody agreed that he was a phenomenon of unsociability.

There was only one home of any social prominence in the town to which he had not been invited before he had lived there half a dozen weeks, and that was the home of his predecessor: John Barnsley had heard him say often and apparently sincerely that he did not care to accept social invitations, and Barnsley was not the man to thrust his hospitality on an unwilling person who might be inclined to misconstrue its purpose. A little later on, there was one house to which Christie did go occasionally, and that was to the Chipperfields, but not even there when there was the likelihood of meeting outsiders. Sometimes he had business with Richard, who was very useful to him in more ways than that of his direct duty. Chipperfield was his source of private information regarding the inner life of the Camp. Christie had no more scruples about using him than has a general who employs a secret service aide. The hotel was too public a place for private conversation, so Chipperfield suggested that his chief might prefer to drop into his house, where there would be no possibility of their talks being overheard. At first the mother and daughter would discreetly vanish at the stranger's appearance, but, as the calls became more numerous, it seemed to Christie that it was discourteous to turn the ladies out of Richard's snuggery whenever he called, so they often remained when there was nothing of special importance for the two men to discuss.

Eleanor was a woman near Christie's own age, ambitious, fastidious in her way, and indisputably clever. She had her brother's calculating powers, with much more of his finesse.

Eleanor seemed to understand Christie instinctively, and met him as if she were unconscious that he was the big man of the Camp, while permitting the fact to be fully realized though left in the background. She had a brusquely pleasant manner, that matched to some degree his less agreeable one. It had the effect of setting him at his ease. The feminine in her was not obtrusive, and thereby she displayed the very refinement of feminine art. Ewan Christie found that with her he could say pretty much what he liked without choosing words. She understood the liking his type of man has for a woman who will let him, figuratively, sit in his shirt sleeves and smoke his pipe without fuss or formality. There was an attractive frankness about her, and a young maturity that to a man of his cast of mind has greater charm often than that of a young girl. Richard, one evening, had been speaking to Christie of some little trouble there had been in one of the mills.

"It's the penalty we're paying for former slack administration," he said. "With Barnsley they could do pretty much as they liked. If things didn't go just to suit them, there would be a deputation in the office, a talk over things as if the men had been directors, and some concession would be made."

"It's part of the game," laughed Christie. "Masters and men sitting at opposite sides of the table, each wanting what there is in the game. If you and I were in their position we'd probably act as they do; as it is we have our own game to play. It comes, sooner or later, to a show-down, and, after that, things get into the normal state. Both want to be master, and it has to be settled who is entitled to the job. Business is in a way like war. Every private would like to be a general, and thinks he could run things a good deal better than those who are set over him. It's just plain human nature. You can't find much fault with it, for it's one of the fundamental conditions of life; what you have to do is to meet and beat it."

"Barnsley was all for conciliation and compromise," said Chipperfield.

"And it was hard work to pay bondholders interest," Christie replied. "The stockholders had to take an odd bone now and again, but more often had to go without. We're paying interest and dividends and, after all, the masters are not in the game solely for their health. Perhaps Barnsley would ride with a tighter rein if he were in the saddle now."

At this moment Richard was called out of the room to take a telephone call, and Christie was left alone with Eleanor.

"Of course you know," she smiled, "that Richard has a very essential attachment for the Barnsleys. Nothing whatever to do with business, of course, but it is amusing to notice how it crops out occasionally. Edith—you perhaps know?"

"No, I hadn't heard of it," he replied, a little grimly, she thought.

"A rather pretty little affair in its way," she continued. "Though it's not formal or fixed. It's what the storybooks call an 'understanding', going back to boy and girlhood. You know the kind of a thing in a little world like this. It has always been said they were sent into the world for each other, and neither of them has ever appeared to entertain even a wandering thought in the direction of anyone else. You know how reserved Edith is—quiet and very capable. She'll make him a most suitable wife, and he'll be the most devoted and domesticated of husbands. They both shun publicity, and perhaps one day soon we'll be suddenly told that everything is settled and a wedding due to come off as soon as the banns can be

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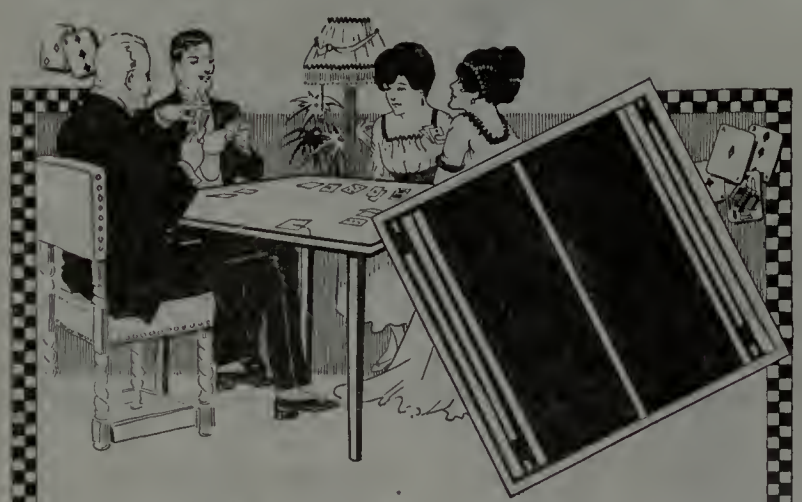

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published. That's the pretty, humdrum, Darby and Joan way each of them has. And she really is the dearest, the most charming of girls. It always has seemed to me to be so brave of her to take up money-earning when matters were not as prosperous with her family as they had been. I'm sure you find her most reliable and painstaking."

Christie did not say whether he did or he didn't. He was not given to discussing matters with either friends or strangers, and least of all was he inclined to discuss Edith Barnsley. What he thought about her was his own affair. It was only recently that he had made an attempt to gather together his various impressions of her, and bind them up together into one—a personality that had come to be of much attractiveness to him.

A FEW minutes later he left the house and set out to walk to his rooms. As he went he reflected much on the little item of news that Eleanor had given him. It had come to him as an absolute surprise though he couldn't explain to himself why it should be so. He did not know why he should give to the tale a second thought, and yet it filled his mind.

He had never regarded Edith as a marrying kind of girl. There were girls who obviously were marrying girls; they had the advertisements out in a dozen pretty ways; they had their campaigns all planned and laid out pretty much in the public eye, and no undue reticence about them. Edith had seemed different.

She was an astonishingly competent business woman, and it would be the worst kind of a nuisance if she did get married in this preposterously annoying fashion, for she was a veritable pearl among secretaries. He had never had one really serious worry since she joined the staff. Where to match her for all-round efficiency he did not know. Women of her stamp could be pretty near priceless, quiet, swift yet noiseless, with the gift of anticipation, reliable in matters big or little. The idea of such a woman getting married! It was nothing less than tragedy of the meanest type.

But that was the frightful drawback of her sex. A woman was unreliable in the one catastrophic matter. She did not know when she was well off. Why, a girl like Edith Barnsley might climb almost anywhere, she was potentially a ten thousand dollar woman, and cheap at the price. But there was the Achilles' heel in her, the one vulnerable spot. She would do the nonsensically tragic thing that marks her essential sex inferiority. Some fellow, more often than not an incapable nonentity whose sole gifts were an oily tongue, the ability to wear a suit of clothes like the dummy in the tailor's window and talk slushy sentiment, would drift along, and she would let everything else go and thrust herself into a halter that would last in such a case till they put up the inscription on the memorial stone,

"Also—wife of the above."
"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

or something tragic of that kind.

Of course, this inexperienced cynic mused as he strode moodily along, if women had sense there would be little matrimony, and so heaven had put blinkers on them in the interest of the maintenance of the human race. Still, there ought to be exceptions, and Edith Barnsley should most certainly be on the exempted list. He had thought, latterly especially, that she was really a bright, shrewd, practical girl, a very pleasant girl because she was so capable, the kind of girl a man hates to see get away from him. What on earth could she see in a fellow like Richard Chipperfield? Then again came the answer from within: "What does the average woman see in the man whose halter she assumes?"

He could find no answer either to the particular or general question. Chipperfield was a useful fellow in his way, did what he was told, stood hitched, never balked—real good old Dobbin kind. What kind of a man was that for a girl of Edith Barnsley's type? If she must get married she deserved a real kind of a man.

"And I guess you think the real kind of a man is something like Ewan Christie?" gibed the inner cynic.

The gibe went straight to the heart of Christie as if it had been a needle-pointed barb.

It threw his thoughts into confusion for a time, but as he went along the road, head bent, hands shoved deep in his pockets, he took up the suggestion in real earnest.

"And what if I do?" he challenged the dour inner companion.

"Nothing at all," the latter came back. "Only, you lunatic, you are in love with her yourself."

It was a quite unanswerable accusation, and wanted a lot of thinking about. He had very firm views about men in offices falling in love with women in the same offices. Only fools did that kind of thing. It was a negation of all the cardinal principles he believed in, deadly to proper efficiency. There was this he could urge in his own behalf, that he had not tried to fall in love with Edith. He was victim rather than culprit. Of course there was some amount of risk to be assumed when a man employed a girl as his secretary, but he had thought he was immune. She was not the first secretary he had employed by a good many. With any of the others he would have been as much inclined to sentimentality as with a telephone post out there in the road. This time everything was different. Edith was so thunderingly efficient, so clear-brained, so free from fussiness and chatter, and so tremendously pretty. He had got so accustomed to see her trim, quick-moving little figure about the office that it would be a dull hole when she went off to Chipperfield's. She never giggled, and in fact rarely laughed, but there was sweet, clean sunshine about her. And this Chipperfield man! Chipperfield was alright in his way, but there were lots of girls good enough for him in the world. What was his confounded business in meddling with matters too great and high for him? He would always be somebody's man, taking orders, doing as he was bid.

He pictured Edith as married to him and settling down in a little camp house to domestic work, getting her amusements and recreations in the tea-drinking and parties, with their small gossip, that furnished the lighter side of Ste. Brunhilde life. Then the picture made him angry, and he walked on past the hotel gloomy and pitiful. Some girls married for a home, he had heard, fools that they were. Perhaps if Edith's position was bettered she might give this matrimonial fad a second and wiser thought. She was inadequately paid for the work she did. There were men in the office pulling down a couple of thousands a year who were infinitely less valuable. Sometimes salary-pinching was poor economy.

"It isn't the loss of the secretary that's worrying you, Ewan Christie, it's the loss of the woman," said the inner irritant.

"And what if it is?" demanded Christie irritably.

"Nothing at all," came the grinning reply. "Only—she isn't Mrs. Chipperfield yet, and while there's life and the wedding ceremony's still ahead, there is hope of a kind. If you think Chipperfield's not the proper sort of man, well—what's the next best thing?"

Ewan Christie was still revolving the problem when sleep came to him.

To be Continued

Speed Record Claimed

Flying a Fiat BR biplane, Mr. Brack-Papa established what is claimed to be a world's record, on June 27th, by attaining a speed of 255 kilometres an hour (158½ miles), with two passengers aboard. The flight was officially controlled and the speed certified by a commission of the Aero Club of Italy. This is the highest speed ever attained in any element; the previous record was 143 miles an hour, established by the French pilot, Sadi-Lecoint, on a two-seater Spad biplane.

The Problem of Our New Canadians

Continued from Page 30

and followed with the query: "But how about boarding with one of these families?"

"It would be all right if they were clean," was the reply.

"Well, there is a good frame house about a mile and a half from the school," said the Official Trustee, laying stress on the distance.

"I walk 1¾ miles to my present school," bravely replied the teacher.

Then came the climax. Mr. Stratton said: "By the way, there is another house about half a mile from the school, which is said to be a good one. I never saw it. It is Tynko's house. It ought to be all right. He has been a long time in the country. In fact his father was the first Galician murderer hanged in the West."

But the teacher was equal to the occasion, and responded: "You can't scare me that way. That's a lesson to Tynko; besides, I have talked with the relatives of a murderer before now, and they did not seem different from other people. They were very much like you—and me—and besides, I've lived in a community with persons who should have been hanged."

Mr. Stratton looked at her and said, "I'll not send you down there, and I'll not say you shall not go. I need your sort, all right. Go home for a week and talk with your friends, and I will send a neighboring teacher to look into this question of accommodations. I have an idea that you would make it go—but it is a tough one."

She did make it go—and taught in two schools before leaving to take her second class normal.

School No. 1863 required a teacher. It was built early in the fall of 1917 and a three-roomed "teacherage" was mentioned in the advertisement as the home of the teacher. It was 18 miles from the railway station.

A qualified teacher came several hundred miles to accept if satisfactory. Her husband was then, and for nearly a year and a half had been, a prisoner of war in Germany, but she wanted to make a contribution towards building citizenship. She wished to go out alone until such time as an elderly friend could arrange to follow. Mr. Stratton asked her: "Will your nerves permit you to rest when out there all alone?" He was informed that they had done so when she was alone on their homestead for six weeks at a time. "Besides, I have a husky dog."

"Supposing you found yourself sick some morning and had to await the arrival of the children?" she was asked.

She replied, "I have thought about that possibility."

"How would it affect my plan of houses for teachers, if the daily papers announced some morning that you had been found dead by some of your non-English neighbors?" asked Mr. Stratton.

"I have thought the matter all over. I am not better than our soldiers are. I would like to die working. Some of them fall at their posts, you know, but recruiting goes on!"

She could not be persuaded to take a school less isolated, but went out and did a great year's work.

These two cases illustrate the spirit which wins, but do not exhaust the list of those who have faced the situation bravely. There are scores of heroic examples of what these "Light Bearers in Darkness" have done.

IN some of the older schools, the garden has been a great feature, and given endless opportunity to interest the older people. These schools are fitted with a coal-oil stove and kitchen utensils, and the surplus vegetables are picked and canned and stored in a locker for winter use. This work is all done by the pupils, under the direction of the teachers, and in many cases the mothers come to see how it was done. "The children see the whole process and take

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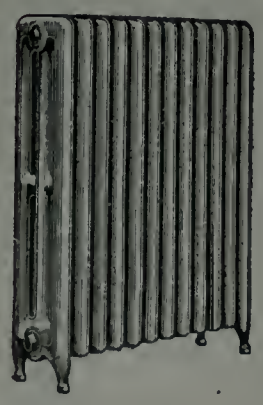

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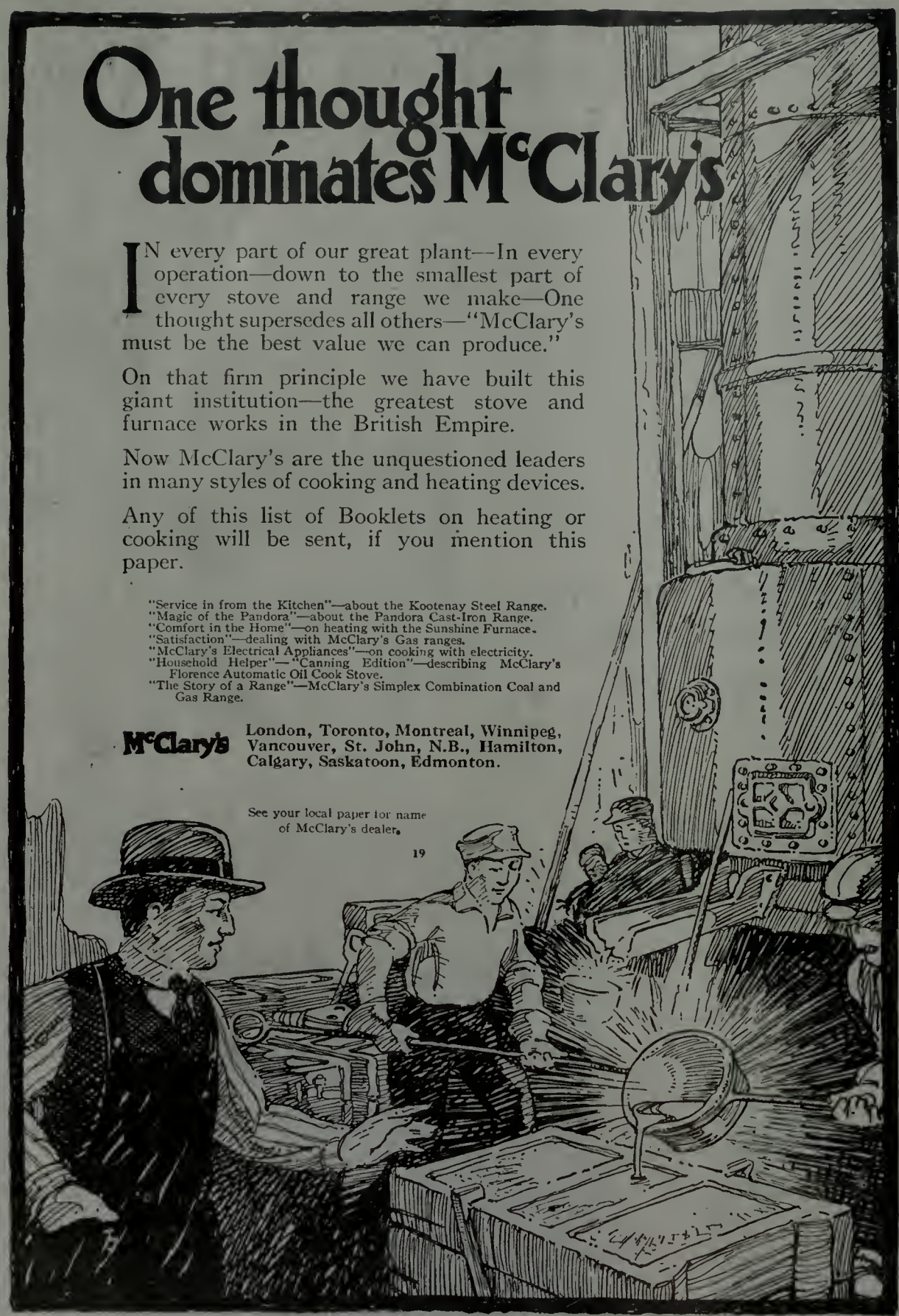

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part in it," one of the teachers explained to a party of visitors. "They took the seeds out of the package and planted them; then they watered them, hoed them, weeded them, watered them some more, watched them until they were ripe, then picked them, and either ate them or pickled them; and if they were pickled, they helped to eat them, and washed the dishes afterwards." The articles canned and preserved are used during the winter for helping out the hot lunch.

When the girls and boys get this instruction, it is easy to see that the knowledge of these new arts will be carried home. There are also wonderful displays of sewing in each of the schools, where towels, pillow covers and quilts are made under the direction of the teacher. All these useful arts have impressed the older people, and deepened the conviction that "English school—good thing." They might have been able to resist the appeal of English literature, but when Polly comes home with a nice new dress made "Canadian," and is able to make one for her mother, her whole family see that education has some advantages.

That the orthodox purpose of the school is not lost sight of, can be seen in the success of the pupils at the midsummer departmental examinations. In 1918, from four schools where additional accommodation had been provided in 1917, and qualified teachers installed, 26 candidates offered themselves for the entrance to the High School. 25 of them passed, and passed well.

The majority of the people are very appreciative of their schools and the advantages which come from them, and sometimes it has happened that the Anglo-Saxon—Canadian—"Huron and Bruce people" have been the indifferent ones.

The Opinion of the Syrian

IN one district not very far from Winnipeg, the Municipal Council had refused to form a district, when petitioned to do so. One farmer from Ontario had resided there for about 30 years and had three boys, seventeen, nineteen and twenty-two, who could not read or write. He held the foreigners in contempt. A foreign couple with nine children were clamoring for a school. They were planning to move to Winnipeg, rent a room or two and let the mother go out scrubbing while the children went to school. It was at this time that Mr. Stratton visited the district. The sons of the Ontario man expressed themselves very frankly as to their father not securing them a school, and declared that they would go to evening classes if a teacher would conduct same.

The Syrian father—who was quite intelligent and fine-looking—had just met with an injury which cost him a great deal for medical attention and unfitted him for most lines of work. Mr. Stratton had called to see him, and was an interested listener, as the father of nine explained his views on education.

While frying a rabbit for his caller's dinner, he turned to Mr. Stratton and said: "You Canadian a damn queer people—damn queer people—you raise money, you pay missionary for go China—you pay missionary for go India—you not give us any school."

Mr. Stratton acknowledged the justice of the criticism. He advised the Syrian to put off going to Winnipeg, assuring him that a school would be established, and without delay. Before he left, he rented a cottage, and a teacher was sent. The Syrian children attended the day school, and the young men of Canadian descent took advantage of the evening classes.

THERE may be people who have better ideas on the subject of educating new Canadians than Mr. Stratton. There may be. But there is no one putting any better ideas into practice. If they have them—they are still holding them. Mr. Stratton does not hold any ideas. He lets go of them at once, and puts them to work! He's so busy working them, he has but little time to talk of them, and he has never written any-

thing about his work. When urged to write a series of articles for one of the magazines, he declared he could not do it, for while he was writing he would be neglecting something. This is the story he told to illustrate the point:

A tenderfoot one time went out to hunt bear. His great desire was to get a grizzly, and he engaged the services of a real old seasoned hunter, who one day found "tracks." There they were—in the snow—real grizzly bear tracks!

"Where do you suppose he is now?" cried the tenderfoot in his excitement, to his guide.

His guide was cool, and very deliberate. Grizzly tracks were an old story to him.

"I reckon—he's right at the front end of them tracks—makin' more!"

"That's where I am," said Mr. Stratton—"and I can't stop!"

Germany Declares War Again

Writer Declares That Commercial Aggression Has Been Begun

UNDER the heading "The New War," Porter Emerson Browne sounds a warning note in *McClure's* on the score of the plans of Germany for the future. Mr. Browne is a writer who handles very serious subjects in a light vein but succeeds with his badinage in achieving a strong impression. For instance, before the United States went into this war, he wrote a series of articles that preached participation in no uncertain way—"Uncle Sham," "Scars and Stripes," and "We'll dally round the flag." It was a wonderfully effective series.

In the present instance he is telling of what he believes is a new form of war that Germany has declared on the rest of the world. In fact, he substantiates what was said in Colonel MacLean's article in the last issue of MacLean's. He writes in part:

The Germans of to-day have been bred to a belief of perfect egotism in an environment of vainglorious cupidity and remorseless cruelty. They have been trained to murder and rapine in war and to unscrupulousness and theachery in peace. From childhood they have been taught that they were the greatest little fellows on earth, that whatever they wanted was theirs for the getting, that other countries and other peoples had no rights that a German should respect, that might was right, and life was only the survival of the fattest, which was themselves.

Their lives laid down for them under a broadcast scheme of autocratic paternalism, they have had no chance to learn anything except what their government taught 'em and consequently developed into the greatest collection of Butterick pattern individuals the world has ever seen and the greatest collection of toy soldiers that anybody ever had to play with.

It used to puzzle me as to how the Germans, who would be tender toward their own children, could be so inhuman to Belgian babies. It is now obvious. To the German mind, a German baby was a baby; but a Belgian baby was a vermin.

Born in this way, they have been burbanked into a new type of person. Luther himself, by a similar process, has perfected a cactus free from spines. The reverse English would be equally possible and the Kaiser seems to have perfected a cactus that is nothing but spines. And though the Kaiser himself has departed, yet the cactus remains behind. Though the maker is gone, the carbon copy citizenry is still with us. Though the child is in Dutch, his toy soldiers remain. Their uniforms can be washed off; but they remain toy soldiers still.

And now, just because a paper has or has not been signed, we are going to believe that these people, so born, so raised, so trained, are suddenly going to become regular honest-to-goodness folk, with ideas and ideals and morals and ethics and social standards like the rest of us, and all in a minute?

The new German is ambitious. He lusts for power. He is greedy, jealous and unscrupulous. He has been so long told that Germany must rule, that he has become to believe it. He has been made restive, restless, energetic, untiring. His vision is broad; his money sense vast; he is defiant and undaunted. He thinks in terms of countries where most of us think in terms of counties. He knows no creed but Germany and himself.

In no sense does he feel himself to be defeated. He considers the war to have been an experiment that failed. For that he is sorry. It was the quick, the easy way, to success. But since it has failed, he will do the next best thing.

The peace terms have not subdued him. They have merely made him hot under the collar. He will live up to them if he has to. Otherwise, he won't. Meanwhile, he will try in every way he knows how, moral, immoral or unmoral, to gain by trickery that which he failed to gain by force.

His means will be many.

THERE are millions of Germans all over the world. Vast numbers of them, like him, are new Germans. During the war there were loyal to the country of their adoption only because they were afraid to be disloyal. They bought Liberty bonds, because Liberty bonds were a pretty good investment and a very good camouflage. They did lip service for the Allies because they felt they could be of more use to Germany outside an internment camp than in it. They went as far as they dared in their aid to Germany. Forced to be passive soldiers in the old war, they will be shock troops in the new. Their entrenched positions, their money, their commercial fox holes and their economic dugouts will all be at the disposal of the new General Staff of the new German army of conquest by peaceful (God save us!) penetration.

And already the war is on. Already the German language-press (which should have been stamped out like the scorpion it is) is beginning to sneer at America, to belittle England. Already German commercial agencies are getting ready to operate throughout the world. Already the propaganda machines are set up and operating.

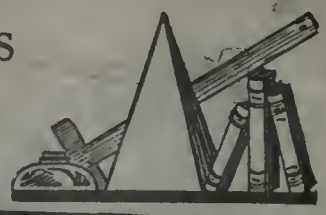
The first move will be to try to diffuse distrust. The English-speaking peoples, with their present allies, are the natural basis of an enduring peace. This Germany will strive to break down. She will endeavor to cause us to do things to antagonize our friends; and our friends to do things to antagonize us.

By her international banking scheme, which provides that German banks throughout the world can be subsidized by the German Government, she can gain control of many smaller countries of vast wealth, and vast potentialities for trouble.

And as soon as they really get started, they'll have commercial liquid fire, and a new kind of economic submarine that will be a pippin. Their poison gas of propaganda is already drenching us. They'll overcharge in countries where they can effect a monopoly and undersell in other countries until they can get a monopoly. Commercial *schrecklichkeit* will be their specialty in this new war, as physical frightfulness was in the old.

Secret agreements will be made with nations that don't like us, and there are plenty of 'em and more since we tried to Simon Legree the Peace Conference the way we did. Rebating will become a fine art. Dumping will be reduced to a science. German goods, camouflaged by other names and other trademarks, will flood the world, and for these goods preference over allied manufactures will be gained by bribery and corruption. No one knows better than Germany that almost every man has his price, if not in money, in ambition, love of

MacLEAN'S School Directory



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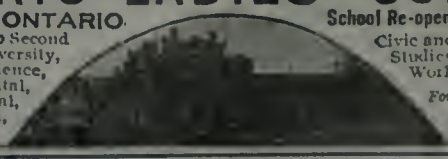

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Undercurrents Among the Four

How the Leading Peace Makers Agreed and Disagreed Among Themselves

NOW that the main work of the Peace Conference is over, many stories are getting into print with reference to what happened. Some of the matter thus printed must be accepted with liberal pinches of salt, but all of it is more or less interesting. For instance, there is a correspondent of *Town Topics* (London) who never signs his name, but who writes of happenings behind the closed doors of Versailles. In a recent issue he tells a number of things, some of which are reprinted for what they may be worth.

He (Wilson) was a very difficult man to get at, and lived, I should imagine, in the everlasting fear of assassination. That is the impression I received from seeing the extraordinary precautions that were taken by his young army of secret police to prevent anybody getting near him. The correspondents have only hinted at the horror of the police after the signing of the Treaty when the crowd broke in and got close enough to pat him on the back.

* * *

By the way, the French, with an eye to business, sold the moving-picture rights of the signing of the Treaty for a million francs. They are *some* business people, and a friend of mine said they have made as much out of the Peace Conference as they lost in the war.

* * *

I can truly say that Wilson has gone back to America hated by the French as no American has ever been. Clemenceau loathes him, and I should like to know the acid thing that he said to Lloyd George after Wilson had left them one day. It must have been pretty bad, because the P. M. looked shocked, and said "Sh!" in a loud voice, and it takes something to shock the P. M., I can tell you.

* * *

Nobody ever says very much about what the British did, partly because the British say nothing themselves, and the Americans genuinely admired us for this. but I think the French take us at our own valuation.

Whatever the British did in the war, and we know jolly well that they did the real work of defeating the German, the British certainly have done all the work of the peace, and Lloyd George has certainly done splendidly. Though I dislike the man and distrust him, I must "hand it to him," as they say at the Astoria.

Before I say anything about this, let me tell you what one of the German delegates said to a French officer who was rude to him. He said: "You can thank God and the British that your political chiefs are not in the same position as us. If we hadn't been mad enough to attack the British first and had only smashed at the French in March we would have been in Paris by July. And I can tell you something else, the British would have been still fighting when you were touching your hats to German officers. We took on the hardest job first and that is why we failed."

As a matter of fact the Peace Treaty is the creation of an Englishman. Hirst, of the Foreign Office, drafted the whole of it, and a pretty good job he made of it. Wilson, of course, came as keen as mustard on securing the Free-

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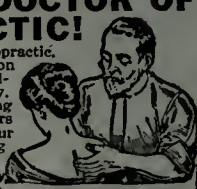

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dom of the Seas. That was really the big plank on his platform and was quite as important as the fourteen points.

He put it up to L. G. the first day they met in Paris, and L. G. said, *"If you are going to mess about with the British Navy you can have your peace conference by yourself."* Clemenceau wasn't as keen on supporting the British point of view until L. G. made that statement, but he saw the fat was in the fire and he supported the P. M., and Wilson had to buckle under. The truth about Wilson's return visit to the U. S. in the midst of the conference is that he had to go back and explain to his bosses that they would have to cut out all that stuff about the Freedom of the Seas.

The Woman who Swayed Russia

Marie Spirodonova Ruled Russian Peasants For One Year

THE story of a frail girl, who killed a cruel Russian governor eleven years ago, spent eleven years incarcerated in Siberia in expiation of her "crime," and returned to Petrograd early in 1918 to find herself a legendary heroine with the Russian peasants, and able to sway them so that even Lenine feared her influence, is told in the "Forum" by H. de Wissen, writing a brief sketch of Marie Spirodonova's extraordinary career.

Twelve years ago, in the city of Tambov, in Russia, there lived a frail girl with gray eyes as round as saucers, and whose thick tresses of black hair set off her delicate face like a cameo. Marie Spirodonova was nineteen. She came of a moderately well-to-do family of Tambov, the father a comfortable merchant. Nor was there any record of violent Nihilism or Socialism behind the family. The girl Marie grew up like any middle-class European girl. She went to church, read the novels that were permitted her by her father, and anticipated the day when she would be married. But that was before Marie became a "student." It was traditionally true of the Russia of her girlhood that were a girl not of the aristocracy, to receive a good education, she forthwith became a "student." Now the connotation of the word "student," when applied to a Russian, is one who secretly meets persons of "liberal views" and feverishly talks of overthrowing "despotism." Marie read much philosophy that was good and much that was bad. There dawned in her the idea that womenkind were intolerably suppressed; there flowered in her a desire "to do something." She fell into the company of arch anarchists and plotters of assassination—while in his store her father blissfully went on selling the staples of trade. It was in the days of the White Czar and the Black Tyranny. Marie at her "student" meetings had early been taught to hate the Governor of Tambov, a fat, brutish man, to whom the suffering of human beings seemed to be a sensual gratification. The man with the brown face and the slitty black eyes was Lupjenovsky. To Marie's feverish imagination he became the Beast. Did you ever think that because dolts permit Lupjenovskys sometimes to sit in the high places of power that Maries are launched into the world?

At the secret meetings of the "students" Marie heard glowering men and feverish women say that Lupjenovsky ought to be killed. Perhaps if the hated Czar and enough of the men around him could be slain, the people would rise. Who could tell? And like most "students" Marie became imbued with a feeling of savage vengeance about Lupjenovsky and the thing for which he stood. Ever did she hear stories from the villages; how the Beast lined up the peasants on winter days, if they had not paid their taxes, and ordered their backs bared and flogged. She believed a story told of him from which a Grand Guignol play was later written. Lupjenovsky had brought before him a beautiful Jewish girl. Her brother he had just sent to Siberia. He told the girl how he had demanded that the brother inform upon his comrades; but that the youth refused to do so. "So I held the lighted end of my cigar," remarked Lupjenovsky, "against your brother's cheek and kept it there. . . . He was very foolish not to tell." Deeds like that with which the Governor was credited haunted Marie's mind. One day she heard a horrible tale; that Lupjenovsky had invited his Cossacks to help themselves to the women in the peasant village and had laughed at their screams. That day Marie quite calmly decided to kill Lupjenovsky. She simply could not bear to think of him as being alive, and, in her elemental Slavish way, she thought of no law, merely that Lupjenovsky must die.

THE day Marie Spirodonova met him in the railroad station at Tambov, she was nineteen. She had just left her studies. Had she been born in America, instead of in mad, inchoate Russia, she would probably have been graduated from a normal college—such was her station in life. When she saw Lupjenovsky's escort, her slim hand felt in her coat pocket. What her fingers touched felt pleasantly cool, even caressing. For weeks she had carried the revolver for just such a meeting. Her mood was as cold as ice. She looked about her. There were people in the station, crowds at the gate waiting to see the Governor. She must be careful. These people were innocent of any wrong. Drawing the revolver from her coat she fired over the heads of the crowd. This frightened them; bystanders scattered like sheep. From many directions, gendarmes and police spies bore down upon the girl, bellowing threats. Quite calmly then she raised the revolver a second time. She aimed at Lupjenovsky's heart. His cruel mouth sagged: his brownish face paled. Her hand did not tremble. Her finger squeezed the trigger, Lupjenovsky lay dead.

Hands seized her. The revolver was wrenched from her grasp, while she was coolly returning it to her pocket. Lupjenovsky's escort of Cossacks tore her from the police. They smashed her with their fists and kicked her with their boots. Then they flung her over a saddle and galloped with her to the jail. There they ripped her clothes from her and pushed her into a cell. They demanded that she tell the names of her accomplices, fellow "students." She regarded them coldly with her great gray eyes and would not speak. The Cossacks thought of the dead Lupjenovsky's favorite torture and they burned her body with the glowing tips of their cigarettes. Marie Spirodonova would not speak.

There was about her an air of refinement for she had been carefully brought up. There was that and a look of chaste severity upon her face which maddened the Cossacks. So for two nights they dealt with her coarsely, drinking heavily the while and washing out their scruples, if they had any, in a flood of vodka. Somehow Marie Spirodonova lived

Perhaps the gods were keeping her alive so that they might later laugh. Perhaps her frailness was misleading; perhaps she possessed that tremendous wiry strength which is so deceptive. But Marie lived. She did not know anything. With that first harrowing night everything became for her blessedly blank. For the assassination of Lupjenovsky they sentenced her to Siberia. Why it was not the death penalty no one knows—no one but the gods who wanted her to live so they might laugh. As you shall see.

For eleven years Marie Spirodonova was in Siberia. Eleven winters claimed their victims on the Siberian steppes; men perished; and women perished,

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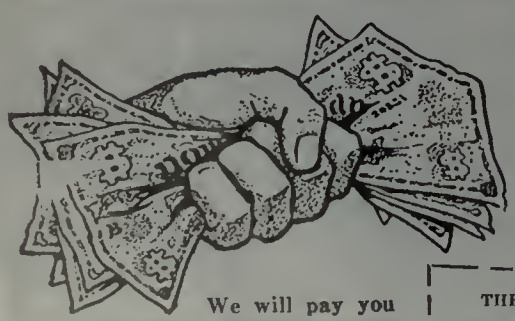

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and by the hundreds. But this frail girl who weighs no more than a hundred pounds, she lived. There was much she wanted to forget so she tried to occupy her mind with the study of languages. She taught herself to speak English, French, German and Italian. She was about to study Chinese when the February Revolution of 1917 burst over Russia.

On the general delivery of political prisoners from Siberia, Marie Spirodonova came home. In her absence she had become a legend. Lupjenovsky, the man she had slain, was the persecutor of the peasants. Marie had delivered the peasants out his hands, wherefore the muzhiks loved her—loved her during the eleven years she was in Siberia. In their eyes she was a martyr, not a murderess. About her had grown up exaggeration and superstition. In their credulous minds they had thought of her as they would think of a saint. She was to the ignorant muzhiks what Charlotte Corday was to France. And when into the seething Revolution there came this frail woman, now thirty, with the same great gray eyes now ringed with black, with the strange unearthly look about her, there were loutish peasants who fell on their knees and caught up the hem of her skirt to kiss it. "Our deliverer has come!" they cried.

Incredibly soon, as word of her sped from one village to another, Marie Spirodonova became the leader of the millions of peasants of Russia. The girl who at nineteen had shot down a man, who had been outraged by Cossacks and flung into Siberia, had by 1918 climbed to a height upon which, in her slender hands, she held extended the political leadership of the peasants of Russia. The balance of power of the Revolution was hers.

When Kerenskiy ruled Russia, Marie Spirodonova was a thorn in his side. She came to Petrograd with the peasants behind her. Soviets of peasants had sprung up with mushroom growth from out of the Russian soil. Little villages banded together, formed their Soviets, elected their delegates and sent them to the first All-Russian Peasants' Congress in Petrograd. And the legend of Marie Spirodonova, having spread for years from village to village, peasants throughout all Russia having lovingly mentioned her name during these years of exile in Siberia, what subsequently happened in Petrograd was not a surprise to those who really understood the Russian Muzhik with his love for the superstitious.

To the peasants it was a miracle that she was alive. There were some indeed who said that she had died but that she had come to life with the Revolution, just to save theirs, the peasants', cause. These things are truth and unless one considers that a muzhik attributes all things to miracles and to "signs" they are difficult of credence. Of such elements was the hold of Marie Spirodonova upon the Russian peasants. That which happened at the All-Peasants' Congress in Petrograd was inevitable. Acclaiming her as their leader the peasants elected her President of the Congress. In that moment there was bestowed upon Marie Spirodonova the greatest political power held by any woman in the world. Indeed her power was potentially greater than Kerensky's, for whoever controlled the peasants controlled the balance of power in upheaving Russia.

Marie Spirodonova went from village to village addressing her peasants. She roused them to fury. The girl who delivered them out of the hands of the hated oppressor Lupjenovsky eleven years before, would now deliver them from the "greedy Bourgeoise Government." A second Congress of all the Peasant Soviets of Russia was held in Petrograd. The peasants in attendance from the uttermost parts of Russia made her President of the Congress, too, and her thin voice dominated it. The Social Revolutionists, the group more radical than Kerensky's, granted her demands for the peasants and incorporated it in their party platform. They called it the "Land Program of the Radicals."

Then came the overthrow of Kerensky, the rise of Lenine and Trotzky to the dictatorship of the Bolsheviki. Their position was uncertain. The less Radical elements of the Socialists were bitterly opposed to them. Outside of Petrograd the Bolsheviki had small support. In the background was Marie Spirodonova and her millions of peasants. Both the Bolsheviki and the Right Socialists were bidding for the support of the peasants. Whichever way that support was cast would decide the group in power in Russia. Lenine seized upon the "Land Program of the Radicals," and labeled it Bolsheviki. The Radicals were furious. Marie Spirodonova looked on amused. She did not care whose program it was. All she wanted was that the party in power would permit the looting of Russia's land for her peasants.

There came the Democratic Congress in Petrograd. The leaders of the less Radical Socialists, the adherents of Kerensky, were endeavoring to induce the delegates of all the Soviets to sanction a coalition, an absorption rather of the Bolsheviki by the Socialists. Marie Spirodonova and her peasants were there in the great hall. She knew that the Bolsheviki needed the support of the peasants if they would stay in power and that therefore Lenine could be trusted to give the peasants the land. She knew that the moderate Socialists would sanction no such colossal looting as this land-grab was. If Marie cast her support with the Socialists' coalition plan, the Bolsheviki were doomed; for no party could rule without the peasants' support. Conversely, if she supported the Bolsheviki w her peasants it would entrench Lenine in power.

After the Socialists' delegates had urged a policy of coalition upon the Congress, an absorbing of the Bolsheviki by them, Marie Spirodonova made a speech. It was a very brief speech, but its effect upon the Congress was magical.

"DEAR comrades—peasants," she said, "if you vote for coalition, you give up all hope of your land," and she faced them, a wisp of a woman, dressed in austere black with plain white collar, which blended with the whiteness of her delicate face. "What difference does it make who gives the peasants their land—Bolsheviki or who—so long as they get it?"

And the peasants roared their approval. Coalition, which would have meant the downfall of the Bolsheviki, was defeated. Lenine survived on his promise to seize the land of Russia from its rightful owners and give it to the peasants. To them Marie Spirodonova became a saint.

She established herself in Petrograd and opened an office to look after the interests of the peasants.

IN Petrograd, Marie Spirodonova slowly got the idea that the Bolsheviki leaders were not to be trusted. She feared foul play for her peasants at Lenine's hands. She anticipated that she and her peasants would be "double crossed." This was not half a year ago, when the Bolsheviki seemed quite firmly entrenched, when the signs of the disintegration of their regime were not apparent. So from her little office in Petrograd, Marie Spirodonova sent word throughout Russia for another meeting of all the peasant delegates in Petrograd. They came. The leaders of the Bolsheviki came, too, and in the great convention hall of Smolny—which used to be a finishing school for young ladies of the Russian court—there gathered the heavy-booted peasants from all parts of Russia, come to answer the call of their "inspired" leader.

Marie made one of the most hysterical speeches of her wild career. Thirsting in her was the desire to attack something or someone. Things had been too calm. The club must be swung; and it was quite proper that she swing it, on this occasion, for Lenine had "double crossed" her. The promised organized distribution of the land to the peasants had not been fulfilled. In those localities where the peasants were strong they had grabbed the land and kept it; in other parts of Russia where they were not strong they had been unable to grab it. Where was the long-awaited organized parcelling out of the land by the Bolsheviki? Of course the truth was that the Bolsheviki enjoyed no such control over Russia that would enable them to execute any such highly organized piece of land thievery. Marie, in her speech, boldly defied Lenine to defend himself and the Bolsheviki against her charge that they had broken their pledges to the peasantry.

THE crafty Lenine pledged the peasants' quick action and made adroit excuses which sent them back to their homes. As soon as they shuffled out of Petrograd, Lenine ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Marie. He would take no more chances of her arousing these peasants against him. And so Marie Spirodonova faced a second incarceration. Into the fortress of Peter and Paul she was cast—that grim pile of stone where to-day noble women of Russia await deliverance. But her arrest did not relieve Lenine of his problem with the peasants. News of their leader's plight spread through the rural communities of Russia. One by one the Soviets of Russian peasants turned against the Bolsheviki. Here and there revolts flamed up.

In desperation Lenine ordered Marie Spirodonova released and had her brought before him. He told her that she could be free if she would promise to whip the peasants in line to support again the Bolsheviki. Marie agreed, provided that Lenine carry out the promises he had made. Lenine would promise anything—and erase the promise from his memory the next moment.

But lo! when Marie sought again to gather the horde of Russian peasants under her banner, they would not be gathered. She was a fading legend. Her hold upon them was gone. She had promised them the land and she had been unable to keep her promise. So the peasants turned away from her. And to-day Marie Spirodonova still sits in her little office in Petrograd, telling herself with that amazing optimism of the fanatic, that "Everything is all right." But her power is empty and the Bolsheviki only tolerate her in the possible chance that she may be able to win some few peasant Soviets to their side. Like a wild horse the Russian peasants have suddenly run away, and no longer can the sugared words or spurs' red speech of Marie send them into the arena to do tricks at her behest. For a year she was the Empress of millions of peasants, but her throne was built upon hysteria and harebrained dreams. Yet for a year she ruled.

Klondyke Boyle

Continued from Page 13

"You pay us two rubles a day?" he said.
"Yes," said the Colonel.
"Very well, we fight."

WITH this substantial backing, Boyle refused to give up his prisoners, and, after some heated controversy, the fleet agreed to let him continue his journey, providing he could get a safe conduct from General Mackensen. To secure this he telephoned the Prime Minister of Roumania, who was successful in getting it from Von Mackensen. Armed with the document, Boyle set sail and landed his prisoners at Sulina (at the mouth of the Danube), where the Russians from the Roumanian prisons were waiting under guard by two officers.

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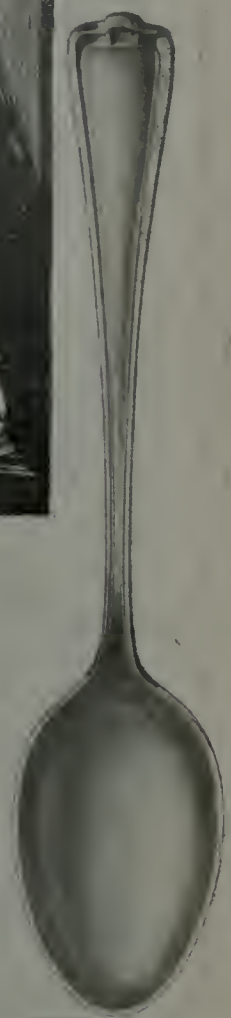

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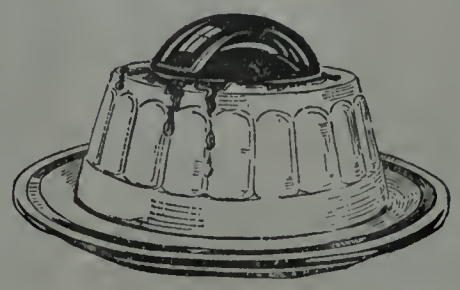

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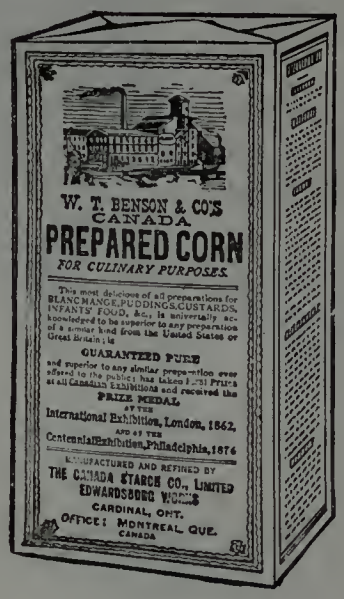
Mix corn starch, sugar, lemon juice, grated rind and beaten egg yolks. Add boiling water slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and boiling. Cool, fill a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg whites, and powdered sugar. Brown meringue in a slow oven.

Pie Crust

2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2-3 cup shortening, ¼ cup iced water.

Write for booklet of recipes



The Canada Starch Co., Limited

MONTREAL

day morning, it being then Tuesday, when a new and formidable situation presented itself.

The port was in the hands of the Austrians, who had four monitors and two large seaplanes there. One small Roumanian cruiser was also anchored in the harbour, and on Tuesday evening the commander of the latter ship notified Boyle that the Austrian commander had ordered him to inform the Canadian that he could not sail. The reasons given were: that it was a Bolshevik ship; that Austria was at war with the Bolsheviks; and that a British officer was on board.

Boyle protested that he had Mackensen's safe conduct; the Austrian was not only adamant, but arrogant. Boyle demanded that the Austrian's case be put in writing; the Commander did so amidst a verbal duel, which was marked by lack of politeness on both sides. The Austrian claimed he was under orders from the Austrian High Command and not Von Mackensen.

Nothing daunted, Boyle refused to change his sailing and sent the following historic message to his enemy.

"I am an Englishman and therefore I keep my word. I say I am going to sail at ten o'clock to-morrow morning and I shall sail at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. You are an Austrian and therefore you will not keep your word. You say you will prevent me. You will not prevent me."

Early Thurdsay morning Boyle got steam up and the four monitors cleared for action. One dropped down stream, one took position on the opposite side of the canal, and the remaining two took position directly in front of his little ship. In addition to these manoeuvres, the two seaplanes were manned and their machine guns trained on the adventurer.

"I sized the situation up," Boyle said to a friend of his in London, some months afterwards, "and figured that from a fighting standpoint I hadn't much chance. My boat was only a poor little freighter with one 2-inch gun in the stern, but I thought if they sank me it would be excellent propaganda in stirring up trouble between the Germans and the Austrians. So I put my prisoners on shore, cleared all the lines but one at the bow and one at the stern—and waited for ten o'clock."

At nine thirty a message arrived asking the Colonel to meet the Austrian Commander on board the Roumanian Cruiser, and as the Canadian had suggested that ship as a suitable meeting ground, he went aboard. The Austrian was extremely nervous and in jerky sentences informed Boyle that he had received confirmation of Von Mackensen's telegram and he would be allowed to proceed.

"Very well," said the Colonel, "but I want you to understand that I would have sailed with or without your permission."

And having thus had the last word, he boarded *The Chernamore* with his prisoners and steamed from the harbour. Throughout the affair Commander Lazu, of the Roumanian Cruiser, proved a staunch and fearless friend.

Words are strange things . . . . . the most carefully planned phrases frequently fail to convince. Occasionally a man writes a sentence almost without thought of construction and it lives for centuries.

"I am an Englishman and therefore I keep my word."

We shall not soon forget that.

He Is Now Duke of Jassy

BOYLE'S subsequent activities were confined to Roumania and South Russia, but in the latter case his work was of a political nature and the War Office will not authorize its publication. In Roumania he took charge of the food situation and performed such a number of offices for our ally that he has been called "The Saviour of Roumania" and news reached Fleet Street (the London Press) a few months ago that Joe Boyle of Dawson City had been created the Duke of Jassy.

There is no time to deal with his last great exploit when he organized an expedition to save the Russian Royal Family. As usual, he broke down all obstacles and nothing but the unwillingness of the ill-fated Royalists to venture from their palace prison in the Crimea, stood in the way of their freedom. The King of Roumania had asked him to undertake the task and intended placing the Palace of Sinaia at their disposal.

And that is the story of Klondyke Boyle. It is doubtful if Canadian History can show a man more fearless and audacious, nor one whose adventures have been more debonair and chivalrous than this grandson of Ireland and son of our own Dominion.

As I finish this little sketch, word comes that the Canadian Government is to give Roumania an open credit for $25,000,000 for trade with Canada. On more than one occasion I saw Lt.-Col. Boyle making his way to the Canadian Trade Commission's Office in London, so it is not difficult to trace the hand of the Klondyke King in this matter. This is but one little result of the work of the man who so honorably wore "CANADA" on his shoulders and made that name stand for absolute integrity. . . . Let our manufacturers remember that. I believe Boyle is to become a permanent resident in Roumania where he will act as guardian to Roumanian-Canadian interests.

I had almost forgotten this. The French Government bestowed the Croix de Guerre on Klondyke Boyle for invaluable services in connection with the French.

But that exploit is something that will have to remain a mystery until the Klondyke King talks. . . . . And from my knowledge of him, I think that will be a long, long time.

Meet Mr. Habitant!

Continued from Page 18

have in Quebec is "a few kisses." In 800 municipalities, there are more than six hundred which had not a single police officer, and do not need one. The Canadien is a man who minds his own business. There are more laughs in this Province in one day than in Ontario in a year. A good laugh and a drink goes a long way in Quebec. We are the happiest people in Canada.

"We have no trouble between the two races here in Quebec. All educated French people here know English and many of the English know French; but outside of this Province, how many English people can speak French? Take the children in St. Ursula street here. You may hear them—of both races—talking back and forth to each other in both languages. I heard a little boy of five—it was a son of "Chubby" Power, M.P., by the way—speaking French and English the other day.

"Well, what happens in Ontario? Let me tell you. Two young men of Quebec met on the streets of Toronto one day, not so very long ago, and greeted each other in French. A policeman heard them and came up, *tout de suite.*

" 'None of that,' he commanded sternly. 'There is only one language spoken in this burg.' That is true."

But Quebec is ready to meet and welcome any sign of rapprochement. Witness W. H. Moore's "The Clash." When Macaulay's New Zealander has finished brooding o'er the ruins of London, he may, perhaps make a trip to Canada, which will then have long become the centre of the Empire; and, travelling through Quebec, he will hear the aerial brakesmen call: "St. Billimoore!" Even now he is beginning to be looked on as a fit subject for canonization. Let us trust the investigation into the claims preferred will not be so long and searching as that into saints in general! "The Clash" is being translated into French by an able Canadian journalist, Mr. Billodeau.

Life and Character of Habitant

THE habitant is the real "handy man." Give him an axe, and he can fend for himself anywhere. Wood notes the readiness with which he makes his phrases and their suitability: "Nor could people whose axes are worth a half a chest of tools describe a penniless but capable man better than by calling him *un homme ala hache.*" "Give a French-Canadian an axe," said Sir Douglas Haig, "and he can build a telegraph line, shoe a horse, and fix your watch." The product of three centuries of woodsmen, he is the finest pioneer

we have; and the most useful type of settler in a new country.

The habitant is open-minded. Counties composed almost altogether of Canadiens have repeatedly elected English representatives. When Baldwin was rejected in his old Upper Canadian constituency, Rimouski took him in. He is happy and light-hearted. He is a born raconteur; and practically all the store Canada has of folk-lore and folk-songs is to be found in Quebec, some of which were brought from France in the very long ago, and others of which are due to his brilliant fancy. At birthdays and other celebrations, the old country dances are enjoyed to the music of the concertina or fiddle—sometimes, now, to the organ or piano. In Quebec, the habitant makes a real celebration of a wedding, when the festivities sometimes last for days. In fact, whenever he sets out to enjoy himself—and he sets pretty often—he does it with all his might.

Some readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will recall an address once delivered in Ontario by Sir Lomer Gouin, in which he depicted the life and character of the habitant very skillfully and sympathetically. He described the festivities on New Year's Day, when la Benediction Paternelle was given to his children. Sometimes this is done after Mass. Many French historians give interesting examples of this custom. Some of the old customs have passed away, but family affection and respect for authority fortunately survive still.

There is no reason why we should be ignorant regarding Quebec; and a study of its history on the spot where those stirring scenes of our national infancy were enacted would be a good vacation school for every Canadian. But too many people know it only from the catch-phrases of religious bigotry. Take, for example, the words "Jesuit," and "Jesuitical." They are common expressions among certain classes of Protestants. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec a few years ago, and he had this to say about the Jesuits in Canada:

"They set the whole world an example of missionary enthusiasm and a steadfastness of persevering faith in the face of persecution and suffering which, while the world stands, will encircle with a halo of glory the memory of the Jesuit missionaries of 250 years ago."

FOR long years even Quebec seems to have forgotten those brave and devoted souls. Then, when they began to tear down the old Jesuits' College, erected in 1635, to build the present city hall, the remains of some of these Knights of the Holy Sacrament were discovered. The heroic stories of their sufferings and services were recalled; and, as a sort of belated recompense, a bill was introduced in the legislature to compensate the Jesuit order for the loss of property, including this post-office site, taken from them at different times. Readers will remember the commotion caused by the incident in Canadian politics at the time. The Dominion authorities and the Governor-General both refused to lend a hand in perpetuating a wrong; and the measure went through, as every principle of British justice and equity demanded it should.

Yes, a vacation school in early Canadian history, established at Quebec, would be an effective way of combatting bigotry. One night this summer, I read Wood's "An Ursuline Epic," which tells the heroic story of "La Mere Marie de l'Incarnation"; and Frechette's "Christmas in French Canada"—the old and the new; the heroic and the prosaic ages. When I had finished, the Angelus, which Champlain caused to be rung three times a day—a custom that is still kept up—was sounding; and I thought to myself: "The best way for a Presbyterian bigot to finish this 'debauch' is to attend early Mass at the Basilica."

There were a good many worshippers, beginning the day aright before going to work; or, from the other point of view, "heathen, in their blindness, bowing down to wood and stone"; but it seemed to me that the former conception was the more Christ-like. The hard seats, the bare walls, the plain pulpit, the Calvinism of my youth, is a far cry from this; but perhaps each form of worship is best adapted for the race which practises it. Anyway, "We'll all gae hame taegither."

And see how I was rewarded for my morning's devotion! As I was leaving the church a kindly French-Canadian member of Parliament came out behind me, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Come to breakfast with me?"

Growing Under Gouin

Continued from Page 26

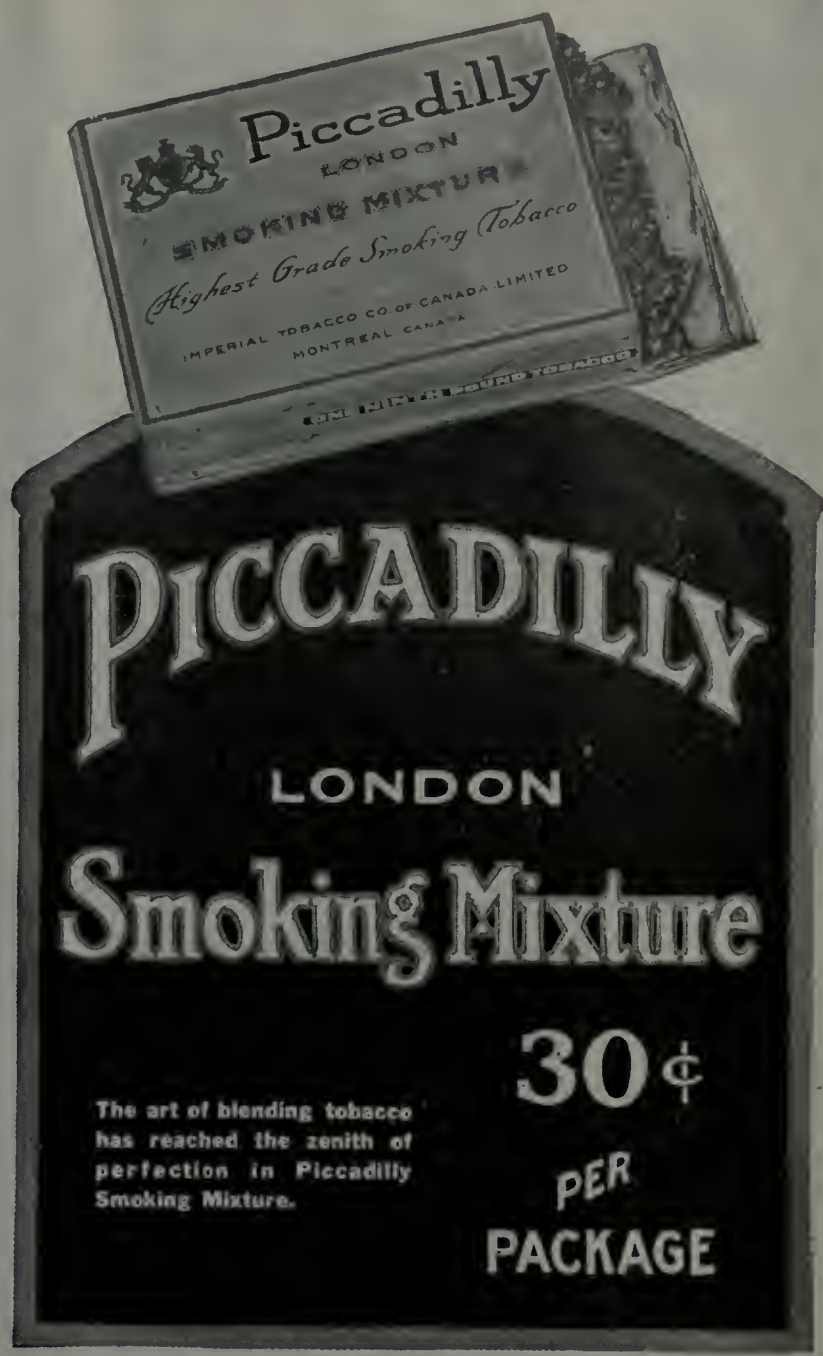
lamentable spectacle was presented of a Tory member from Nova Scotia fighting the proposal to grant the provinces money to spend on roads—lest it should be used for political purposes! The Quebec members on the Opposition side supported it; they seemed to have more faith in the honesty of Nova Scotians than the member for Annapolis himself had; and, then, they knew what good roads meant to a province. The genial Jacques Bureau, of Three Rivers, told what Quebec had done; and in his wholehearted manner invited every one down to see it.

The Quebec roads, at least, were paved with something more than good intentions; and every habitant who runs a vehicle over them feels that he is getting a good run for his money. The province has had no trouble in borrowing. It carried on through the war without a moratorium, and without deficits. It gets its funds in New York for the road-making work, and, for the present (1916) loan, paid 5%, loaning to the municipalities at 3%. They do not repay the principal, but pay interest for forty-one years, giving the Government a chance to create a sinking fund to repay the capital.

THE habitant is enthusiastic for this policy. The only trouble is in holding him back. He would like to see about ten or twelve million dollars a year expended, judging from the plans outlined and demands made. But Sir Lomer is cautious. He had to conduct a campaign of education to elevate the people of Quebec to this state, and realizes that one can have too much of even a good thing. The matter was explained to the habitant by means of lectures and demonstrations; and, notwithstanding what some critics may think, the French-Canadian is essentially open-minded.

Quebec, as I have mentioned, had no moratorium. Its financial position, and that of its people, was so good that, in the years '14, '15, '16, when the banks in other parts of Canada were closing, new branches were being opened up there. Although the Government gave or subscribed nearly two million dollars for war purposes, there was no special tax required. How did they do it? Oh, just the *"Bas de laine"*—the woollen sock, into which the French *paysan*, in whatever environment you find him, is always able to dip. There is a great fellow-feeling between the French and the Scotch everywhere. Whether they call it the centime or the bawbee, both realize the virtue of economy. There are Frasers, and Macdonalds, and Macleans scattered through Quebec, descendants of Wolfe's Highlanders, who cannot speak a word of English; but Scotch or French, they know that money talks —for them.

The third outstanding plank in the Gouin platform is that of education. The most common criticism formerly made of the French-Canadian was that he was "ignorant"; and it is a fact that, before the Gouin Government took hold of the problem in the same thorough fashion in which it handled other questions, primary education was neglected —comparatively, at least. The total amount spent on education when the present Government came into power was less than half a million; last year, it was more than a million and a half.



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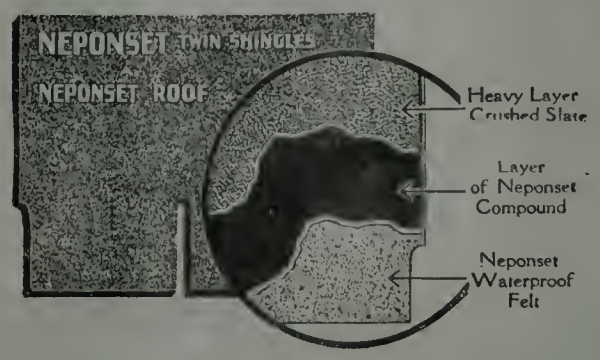

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The amount voted for education yearly has averaged more than a million dollars, and is constantly increasing. In addition, the grants for the current year to agriculture, forestry, and other vocational schools has been more than one hundred thousand dollars. The salaries paid to primary teachers in Quebec—as in other Eastern provinces—have been lamentably small. But this is a matter, not for the Provincial Government, but for the municipalities; and in Quebec the Provincial administration has set a good example to some other provinces by making special grants by way of bonus to those municipalities which agree to pay their teachers minimum salaries. It must be admitted that the minimum is small, but the general tendency is good, and has bettered the position of the teachers.

There is no Mininster of Education in the Quebec Government; which, is, perhaps, a weakness in the system. Instead, there is a Council of Public Instruction, consisting of two committees; a Roman Catholic one of thirty-six members, and a Protestant one of twenty-two members. The members are appointed for life, and include many of the leading men of the Province, in both the clergy and the laity. There is a popular supposition that Quebec is illiterate; but modern statistics show this is not the case, particularly with regard to the younger generation. The attendance at school is voluntary; but the percentage of attendance is almost exactly the same in Quebec and in Ontario. The percentage of illiterates in Quebec is only slightly higher than in Ontario, notwithstanding the fact that the real spread of education in Quebec began less than two decades ago.

That the habitant appreciates the value of education for his children, even if he missed it himself, is shown by the way in which he supports his schools. In 1891 the ratepayers contributed a little more than one million dollars a year to education; in 1917 they contributed nearly twelve millions. Neither Catholics nor Protestants are required to send their children to a school where the religious instruction is not agreeable to them, nor to contribute to the support of such school. The subsidies voted by the Legislature for schools, and the proceeds of taxes from joint stock companies, are distributed proportionately to the pupils of each denomination.

Lessons in Real Frugality

THE agricultural and industrial progress of Quebec in recent years have been its most interesting features to the world, as they have been the most noted because of their magnitude. There is no doubt that a good deal of the improved position of the farmer in Quebec is due to those 2.500 miles of first-class roads with which the Government has provided him to get his goods to market.

"God put the Canadien in Quebec," said a Quebec man of that race to me, "because the Scotchman or the Englishman would starve there." Even the Scotch do not really know what thrift means. Did you ever see the Canadien sowing oats, and compare it with the way seeding is done in the West? It is the difference between frugality and prodigality; and perhaps both peoples are extreme. My countryman will walk along sowing his oats by hand; and he lets the grains drop out as carefully as though they were gold. But that is not real frugality. That is represented by

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, *in December, 1916, said: "The net result is that Quebec is far in the van of other Canadian provinces, having, as a matter of fact, more permanently improved highways than all the other provinces put together."*

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the little boy who walks along behind, and carefully picks up any grains that may seem to be going to waste!"

"It was the dairying industry which was the basis of the prosperity of Quebec," said Armand Lavergne, "and do not forget that Premier Mercier gave it its first encouragement."

However that may be, agriculture certainly lacks no reasonable encouragement to-day. The prices received by the Quebec farmer, and his big markets close at hand, have made him exceedingly prosperous in recent years. One-half the population of the Province is rural. In 1917 there were five and three-quarter million acres of land seeded in the province, and, of course, there was in addition a large amount of pasture land. The total value of the farm production was nearly four hundred million dollars. It was the farmer who peopled the colony in the first place, and the first of the race was Louis Hebert, who began operations just a little more than three hundred years ago. To-day, out of an area of about twenty-four million acres of occupied land, more than twenty-three million are divided into farm lots. Quebec is the best example of intensive cultivation in Canada; it is the true exemplification of "the little farm, well tilled." And do not forget the remainder of the couplet: "A little wife, well willed." The Quebec farm-wife is a true help-meet to her husband.

Outside of Quebec, on the road to Lorette, I stopped to look at a typical habitant's place. Although it was after six o'clock, "Bateeste" was not yet in from the fields; so I talked with his better half. She had a bright French wit of her own. She milked twenty-four cows—to "keep her out of mischief." All the children of the family had gone to places of their own or to the States; and she could not persuade the good man that he should give up the farm and move to the city. He did not speak any English, she said—"and very little French." Their comfortable house was rented to a city family for the summer, and they were living in an outhouse, which was comfortably fixed up. Delicacy forbade inquiring too intimately into her origin; but her coloring, "douceness," and general appearance gave one the idea that she might claim kinship somewhere in the past with some of Simon Fraser's Highlanders.

The Quebec farmer to-day is a prosperous, contented, and happy man. He works hard, but not so hard as to neglect the lighter things of life. Above all, he has the jewel of contentment.

The colonization policy which Sir Lomer Gouin promised in his 1905 platform has been energetically carried out. The progress in the new districts such as Abitibi, Lake St. John, Gaspe and Temiskaming in the past few years has been amazing. Roads and bridges are built there generously to make the work of the pioneer easier. The foundation of a great new empire is being laid.

6,000,000 H.P. to Spend

In the limited space of a magazine article only the high spots can be touched on; but the vast industrial progress of Quebec cannot be neglected. It is one of the many striking features of the recent development of the province. The development of the great water power of the province is responsible for much of its present industrial advancement. The Dominion Government estimated, after investigation, that the available water-power of Quebec amounted to more than six million h.p. Of this, nearly nine hundred thousand h.p. has already been developed, the Provincial Government having spent several million dollars in making this great and eternal source of wealth available for industrial purposes.

As a result of this enlightened policy, which will not only enhance the industrial development of the Province, but be a source of revenue to the Government for all time, a truly remarkable manufacturing development has taken place in the St. Maurice Valley. The La Loutre dam, which the Government has built at the head of the St. Maurice at a cost of $2,000,000, is the largest artificial reservoir in the world. The plants of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company alone generate more than three hundred thousand h.p., and when full development of its plans is completed will have nearly 650,000 h.p. The town of Shawinigan Falls is a modern industrial centre with twelve thousand people, although it has not yet reached its majority. The Shawinigan Company controls five great manufacturing companies and seven public service companies through which it supplies light and power, as well as supplying power under contract to nine independent companies; and its development is only beginning.

The manufacturing output of the province, at the last census, represented a value of more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. The product of the pulp industry of the province in 1917 was in excess of forty-three million dollars; her minerals, more than sixteen million dollars. Nearly half of the latter wealth came from asbestos, for which Quebec is the main source of the world's supply. And these are only some of the high spots.

A long course of reading of campaign and other political literature as a rule leaves me cold to that sort of argument; but I must confess that I have read few more striking and illuminating "works" on Canadian development than a little gray-covered pamphlet entitled: "The Gouin Government and Its Works." As partisan propaganda it is naturally of no particular interest to the outsider; but if the Gouin Government had done only half of what it claims to have effected for the Province of Quebec in fifteen years, and if it could continue to keep itself honest, it would seem as through in this berated and belittled province of Quebec Canada had produced about as striking an example of progressive government as the world could show. All Governments, as we know, are apt to be to their own "virtues ever kind, and to their faults a little blind"; but when we read what strong Conservative papers like the Montreal *Star*, the Toronto *Mail and Empire* and the Quebec *Chronicle* have to say about Sir Lomer Gouin and his work in Quebec—when "even the ranks of Tuscany can scarce forbear to cheer"—it seems to me that we must admit that the French-Canadian has proved to the hilt that he is not only able to govern himself, but to do it honestly and well.

Evil Spirits

Continued from Page 22

"It's rotten to go alone, Bulldog. I'll get a dozen of the fellows, and we'll play rugby with those devilish *nichies* if they don't act like gentlemen."

Carney laughed. "If you'd been at Duck Lake or Cut Knife you'd know all about that. Your bally Remittance Men wouldn't have a chance, Fitz—not a chance. It would be a fight—your hot heads would start it—and after the first shot you wouldn't see anything to shoot at; you'd see the red spit of their rifles, and hear the singing note of their bullets. These Stonies are hunters; they can outwit a big-horn in the mountains; first thing he knows of their approach is when he's bowled over."

"How are you going to do it then, Mister Man? Go in and get shot up just because you feel that it's your fault?"

"No, I'm going to try and make good. If I can hook up with Jerry Platt we'll put before them the strongest kind of an argument, the only kind they'll listen to. They'll obey the police generally, because they know the 'Redcoat' is an agent of the Queen, the White Mother who feeds them; but, being drunk, the young bucks will be hostile—some of them will feel like pulling the White Mother's nose. But Standing Bear has got sense and he promised me when we were made blood brothers that his whole

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tribe was pledged to me. I'm going down to collect—do you see, Fitz?"

They were riding into town now, and FitzHerbert made another plea: "Let me go with you, Bulldog. I'm petrified with fanning the air with my eyes, and nothing doing. I sit here in this damned village watching the west wind blow the boulders up the street, and the east wind blow them back again till they're worn to the size of golf balls. I'm atrophied; my insides are like an enamelled pot from the damned alkaline dust."

"Sorry, my dear boy, but I know what would happen if you went with me. While I'd be holding a pow-wow with Standing Bear one of those boozed Stonies would spit in your eye, and you'd knock him down; then hell would break loose."

"You're generally right, Bulldog, Mister Some-man; none of us have got the cool courage you've got. I guess it's rather moral cowardice. I've seen you stand more abuse than a mule-skinner gives his mule and not lose caste over it, because we all knew." He held out his big hand saying: "Good luck, old boy! I rather fancy Standing Bear will be back on his reserve or this will be good-bye to Bulldog."

IT was dark when Carney rode out of Fort Calbert heading for the heavy gloomed line of the Vermillions. The little buckskin pricked his ears, threw up his head with a playful clamp at the bit, and broke into a long graceful lope; beneath them the chocolate trail swam by like shadow chasing shadow over a mirror. A red-faced moon that had come peeping over Fort Calbert, chased the rider, traversing the blue upturned prairie above, as if it were too hurried to rebuke with its silent serenity the turbulent ones in the foothills. It cast a mystic, sleepy haze over the plain that lay in restful lethargy, bathed in an atmosphere so peaceful that Carney's mission seemed but the promptings of a phantasmagoria. There was a pungent, acrid taint of burning grass in the sleepy air, and off to the south glinted against the horizon the peeping red eyes of a prairie fire. They were like the rimmed lights of a shore-held city.

The way was always up hill, the low unperceived grade of the prairie uplifting so gradually to the foothills, and the buckskin, as if his instinct told him that their way was long, broke his lope into the easy shuffling pace of a cayuse.

Carney, roused from the reverie into which the somnolence of the gentle night had cast him, patted the slim neck approvingly. Then his mind slipped back into the fairy boat that ferried it across leagues of ocean to the land of green hills and oak-hidden castles.

Something of the squalid endeavor ahead bred in his mind a distaste for his life of adventure. Was it good enough? Danger, the pitting of his wits against other wits, carried a savor of excitement that was better than remembering. The foolish past could only be kept in oblivion by action, by strain, by danger, by adventure, by winning out against odds; but the thing ahead, drunken, brawling lumberjacks and Indians thrust back into primitive savagery because of him, put in his soul the taste of the ashes of regret.

Even the test he was going to put himself to was not enough to deaden this suddenly awakened remorse. To the blond giant he had minimized the danger, the prospect of conflict, but he knew that he was playing a game with Fate that the roll of the dice would decide. He was going to pit himself against the young bucks of the Stonies. They were an offshoot of the Sioux; in their veins ran fighting blood, the blood of killers; and inflamed by liquor the blood would be the blood of ghazis. It would all depend upon Standing Bear, for Carney could not quit, could not weaken; he must turn them back from the valley of the Vermillion, or remain there with his face upturned to the sky, and his soul seeking the Ferryman at the crossing of the Styx.

HE had ridden three hours, scarce conscious of anything but the mental traverse, when the palpitating beat of hoofs pounding the drum-like turf fell upon his ears. From far down the trail to the West came the sound that

was like the drum of a mating pheasant's wings.

The trail he rode dipped into a little hollow. Here he slipped from the saddle, led the buckskin to one side, and dropped the bridle rein over his head. Then he took a newspaper from his pocket, canopied it into a little gray mound on the trail, and, drawing his gun, stepped five paces to one side and waited.

All this precaution was that he might hold converse with the galloping horseman without the startling semblance of a hold-up; sometimes the too abrupt command to halt meant a pistol shot.

As the pound of the hoofs neared, the rhythmic cadence separated into staccato beats of, "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat," and Carney muttered: "Rather like a drunken nichie; he's riding hell-bent-for-leather."

Now the racing horseman was close; now he loomed against the sky as he topped the farther bank. Half way down the dipping trail the cayuse saw the paper mound, and with his prairie-bred instinct took it for a crouching wolf. With a squealing snort he swerved, propped, and his rider, in search of equilibrium, shot over his head. As he staggered to his feet a strong hand was on his arm, and a disagreeably cold circle of steel was touching his cheek.

"By gar!" the frightened traveler cried aghast, "don't s'oot me."

Carney laughed, and lowering his gun said: "Certainly not, boy—just a precaution, that's all. Where are you going?"

"I'm goin' to de Fort, me," the French half-breed replied. "De Stoney nichies an' de lumber jacks is raise hell; by gar! Dere's fine row; dey s'oot de Sergeant, Jerry Platt."

"Where?"

"Jus' by Yellowstone Creek, De Stonies pitch dere tepees dere."

"Where's the Sergeant?"

"I don' know, me. He get de bullet in de shoulder, but he swear by *le bon Dieu* dat he'll get hes man, an' mak' de Injun go back to hes reserve. He's hell of brave mans, dat Jerry."

"All right, boy," Carney said; "you ride on to the Fort, and tell the Superintendent that Bulldog Carney—"

"Sacre! Bulldog Carney?" the poor breed gasped the words much as if the devil had clapped him on the shoulder.

"Yes; tell him that Bulldog Carney has gone to help Jerry Platt put the fear of God into those drunken bums. Now pull out."

The breed, who had hung to the bridle rein, mounted his cayuse, crying, as he clattered away: "May de Holy Mudder give you de help, Bulldog. Dat's me, Ba'tiste, wish dat."

Then Carney swung to the back of the little buckskin, and pushed on to the help of Jerry Platt.

DOZING in the saddle he rode while the gallant horse ate up mile after mile in that steady shuffling trot that he had learned from his cold-blooded brothers of the plains.

The grade was now steeper; they were approaching the foothills that rose first in undulating mounds like a heavy ground swell; then commenced to take shape against the sky line, looking like the escarpments of a fort.

The trail Carney followed wound, as he knew, into the Vermillion Valley, at the upper end of which, near the gap, the Indians were encamped on Yellowstone Creek.

The Indians' clock, the long-handled dipper, had swung around the North star off to Carney's right, and he had tabulated the hours by its sweep. It was near morning he knew, for the handle was climbing up in the East.

Then, faintly at first, there carried to his ears the droning tump-tump, tump-tump, tump-tump, tump-tump! of tom-toms, punctuated at intervals by a shrill, high-pitched sing-song of "Hi-yi, hi-yi, hi-yi, hi-yi!"

Carney pulled his buckskin to a halt, his trained ear interpreted the well-known time that was beaten from the tom-tom; it was the gambling note. That was the Indians all over; when drunk to squat on the ground in a circle, a blanket between them to hide the guessing bean, and one of their number beating an exciting tattoo from the skin-covered hoop, ceasing his flagellation at times to tighten the sagging skin by the heat of a fire.

Carney slipped from the buckskin's back, stripped the saddle off, picketed the horse, and stretched himself on the turf, muttering as he drifted into quick slumber: "The cold gray light of morning is the birth time of the yellow streak—I'll tackle them then."

The sun was flicking the upper benches of the Vermillion Range when Carney opened his eyes. He sat up and watched the golden light leap down the mountain side from crag to crag as the fount of all this liquid gold climbed majestically the eastern sky.

As Carney stood up the buckskin canted to his feet. Bulldog laid his cheek against the soft mouse-colored nose, and said: "Patsy, old boy, it's business first this morning—we'll eat afterwards; though you've had a fair snack of this jolly buffalo grass, I see from your tummy."

The tom-tom was still troubling the morning air, and the crackle of two or three gunshots came down the valley.

As Carney saddled the buckskin he tried to formulate a plan. There was nothing to plan about; he had no clue to where he might find Platt—that part of it was all chance. Failing to locate the Sergeant he must go on and play his hand alone against the Stonies.

AS he rode, the trail wound along the flat bank of a little lake that was like an oval turquoise set in platinum and dull gold. Beyond it skirted the lake's feeder, a rippling stream that threw cascades of pearl tints and sapphire as it splashed over and against the stubborn rocks. From beyond, on the far side, floated down from green fir-clad the haunting melody of a French-Canadian song. It was like riding into a valley of peace; and just around the bend were the droning tom-toms. As Carney rounded the bend in the trail he could see the smoke-stained tepees of the Stonies.

At that instant the valley was filled with the vocal turmoil of yelping, snarling dogs, the pack dogs of the Indians.

At first Carney thought that he was the incentive to this demonstration; but a quick searching look discovered a khaki-clad figure on a bay police horse, taking a ford of the shallow stream. It was Sergeant Jerry Platt, all alone save for a half-breed scout that trailed behind.

Pandemonium broke loose in the Indian encampment. Half-naked bucks swarmed in and out among the tepees like rabbits in a muskeg; some of them still groggy, pitched headlong over a root, or a stone. Many of them raced for their hobbled ponies, and clambered to their backs. Two or three had rushed from their tepees, Winchester in hand, and when they saw the policeman banged at the unoffending sky in the way of bravado.

Carney shook up his mount, and at a smart canter reached the Sergeant just as his horse came up to the level of the trail fifty yards short of the camp.

Platt's shoulder had been roughly bandaged by the guide, and his left arm was bound across his chest in the way of a sling. The Sergeant's face, that yesterday had been the genial, merry face of Jerry, was drawn and haggard; grim determination had buried the boyishness that many had said would never leave him. His blue eyes warmed out of their dreadful cold tired fixity, and his voice essayed some of the old-time recklessness as he called: "Hello, Bulldog. What in the name of lost mavericks are you doing here—collecting?"

"Came to give you a hand, Jerry."

"A hand, Bulldog?"

"That's the palaver, Jerry. Somebody ran me in the news of this"—he swept an arm toward the tepees—"and I've ridden all night to help bust this hellery. Heard on the trail you'd got pinked."

"Not much—just through the flesh. A couple of drunken lumberjacks potted me from cover. I've been over at the Company's shacks, but I'm pretty sure they've taken cover with the Indians. I'll get them if they're here. But I've

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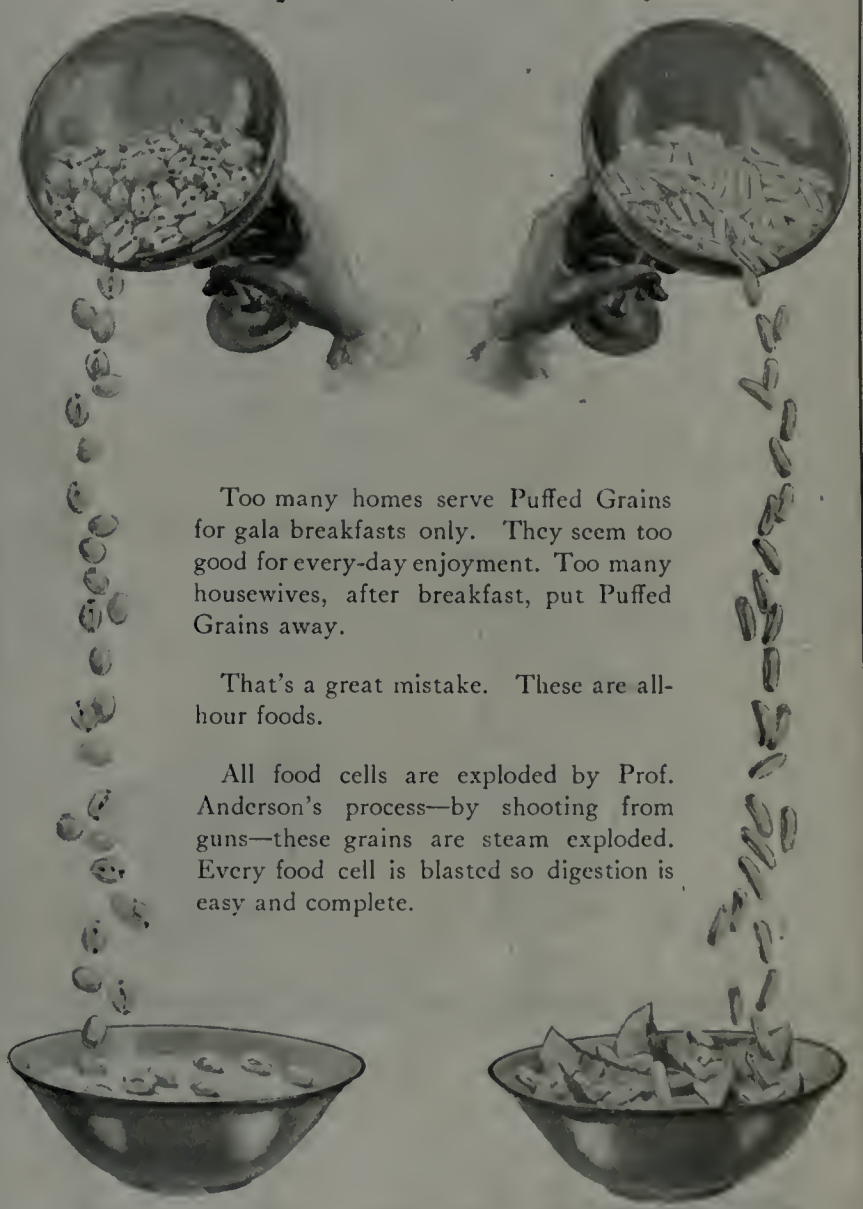

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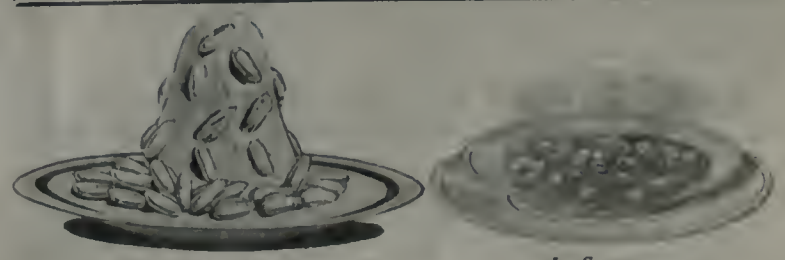

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got to herd these bronc-headed bucks back to the reserve."

"They'll put up an argument, Sergeant."

"I expect it; but it's got to be done. They'll go back, or Corporal McBane will get a promotion—he's next in line to Jerry Platt."

"Good stuff, Jerry, I'll—"

"Pss-s-ing!"

BULLDOG'S statement of what he would do was cut short by the whining moan of a bullet cutting the air above their heads. A little cloud of white smoke was spiraling up from the door of a tepee.

"That's bluff," Jerry grunted.

"We've got to move in, Jerry—if we hesitate after that they'll buzz like flies. If you start kicking an Indian off the lot, keep him moving. I'm under your command; I've sworn myself in, a special; but I know Standing Bear well, and if you'll allow it, I'll make a powwow. But I'm in it to the finish, boy."

"Thanks, Bulldog"—they were moving along at a steady walk of the horses toward the tepees—; "but you know our way—you've got to stand a hell of a lot of dirt; if you don't, Bulldog, and start anything, you'll make me wish you hadn't come. It's better to get wiped out than be known as having lost our heads. D'you get it?"

"I'm on, Jerry."

Carney knew Standing Bear's tepee; it was larger than the others; on its moose-skin cover was painted his caste mark, something meant to represent a huge-toothed grizzley.

But everything animate in the camp was now focused on their advent. The old men of wisdom, the half-naked bucks, squaws, dogs, ponies, it was a shifting, interminably twisting kaleidoscope of gaudy, draggled, vociferous creatures.

A little dry laugh issued from Jerry's lips, and he grunted: "Some circus, Bulldog. Keep an eye skinned that those two, skulking Frenchmen don't slip from a tepee."

Standing Bear stood in front of his tepee. He was a big, fine-looking Indian. Over his strong Sioux-like features hovered a half-drunken gravity. In one hand he held an eagle's wing, token of chieftainship, and the other hand rested suggestively upon the butt of a .45 revolver.

Carney knew enough Stoney to make himself understood, for he had hunted much with the tribe.

"Ho, Chief of the mighty hunters," he greeted.

"Why does the Redcoat come?" And Standing Bear indicated the Sergeant with a sweep of the eagle wing.

"We come as friends to Chief Standing Bear," Carney answered.

"Huh, that is good. The trail is open; now you may pass."

"Not so, Chief," Carney answered softly. "Harm has been done. Two white men, with evil in their hearts against the police of the Great White Mother, whose children the Stonies are, have wounded one of her Redcoat soldiers; and also the White Mother has sent a message by her Redcoat that Standing Bear is to take his braves back to the reserve."

At this the bucks, who had been listening impatiently, broke into a clamor of defiance; the high-pitched battle cry of "hi-yi, yi-yi, yi-hi!" rose from fifty throats. The mounted braves swirled their ponies, driving them with quirt and heel in a mad pony war dance. Half-a-dozen times the lean racing cayuse bumped into the mounts of the two white men.

Running Antelope, a Stoney whose always evil face had been made horrible by the sweep of a bear's claws, raced his pony, chest on, against the buckskin, thrust his ugly visage almost into Carney's face, and spat.

Bulldog wiped it off with the barrel of his gun, then dropped the gun back into its holster, saying quietly: "Some day, Running Antelope, I'll cover that stain with your blood."

The Sergeant sat as stolid as a bronze statue.

The squaws stood in groups either side the Chief's tepee, and hurled foul epithets at the two white men. Little copper-skinned imps threw handfuls of sand, and gravel, and bits of turf.

The dogs howled and snapped as they skulked amongst their red masters.

"We will not go back to the reserve, Bulldog," the Chief said with solemn dignity, and held the eagle wing above his head; "it is the time of our hunt, and a new treaty has been made that we go to the hunt when the payment is made. Of the two pale faces that have done evil I know not."

"They are here in the tepees," Bulldog declared.

"The tepees are the homes of my tribe, and what is there is there. Go back while the trail is open, Bulldog, you and the Redcoat; my braves may do harm if you remain."

"Chief, we are blood brothers—was it not so spoken?"

"Standing Bear has said that it is so, Bulldog."

"And Standing Bear said that when his white brother asked a gift Standing Bear would hear the words of his brother."

"Standing Bear said that, Bulldog."

"Then, Chief, Bulldog askes the favor, not for himself, but for the good of Standing Bear and his braves."

"What asks the Bulldog of Standing Bear?"

"That he give into the hand of the White Mother's Redcoat the two *moneas*, the Frenchmen; and that he strike the tepees and command the squaws to load them on the travois, and lead the braves back to the reserve."

Running Antelope pushed himself between Carney and the Chief, and in rapid, fierce language denounced this request to Standing Bear.

A ringing whoop of approval from the bucks greeted Antelope's harangue.

"My braves will not go back to the reserve, Bulldog," the Chief declared.

"Is Standing Bear Chief of the Stonies?" Carney asked; "or is he an old outcast buffalo bull—and does the herd follow Running Antelope?"

The Chief's face twisted with the shock of this thrust, and Running Antelope scowled and flashed a hunting knife from his belt.

"If Standing Bear is Chief of the Stonies, the White Mother's Redcoat asks him to deliver the two evil *moneas?*" Carney added.

Standing Bear seemed to waver; his yellow-streaked, black pointed eyes swept back and forth from the faces of the white men to the faces of the braves.

In a few rapid words Carney explained to Sergeant Platt the situation, saying: "Now is the test, Jerry. We've got to act. I've a hunch the two men you want are in that old blackguard's tepee. Shall I carry out something I mean to do?"

"Don't strike an Indian, Bulldog; don't wound one; anything else goes. If they start shooting, go to it—then we'll fight to the finish."

The Sergeant pulled out his watch, saying: "Give them five minutes to strike the tepee, that may cow them. We've got to keep going."

Standing Bear saw the watch, and asked: "What medicine does the Redcoat make?"

Carney explained that the Sergeant gave him five minutes to strike his tepee as a sign to the others.

"And if Standing Bear says that talk is not good talk, that a Chief of the Stonies is not a dog to be driven from his hunting, what will the Redcoat do?" the Chief asked haughtily.

But Carney simply answered: "Bulldog is the friend of Standing Bear, his blood brother, but at the end of five minutes Bulldog and the White Mother's soldier will lead the Stonies back to the reserve."

A silence followed this; the dreadful heaviness of a sudden stilling of the tumult, for the Chief, raising his eagle wing had commanded silence.

"Standing Bear will wait to see the medicine making of the Redcoat," he said to Carney.

ONE minute, two minutes, three minutes, four minutes; the two men sat their horses facing the sullen redskins. A thrilling exhilaration was tingling the nerves of Carney; a test such as this lifted him. And Jerry, as

brave as Bulldog, sat throned on his duty, waiting, patient—but it *must* be.

"The five minutes are up," he said quietly.

Carney seemed toying with his lariat idly as he answered: "Put your watch back in your pocket, Jerry, and command, in the Queen's name, Standing Bear to strike his tepee. The authority game, old boy. I'll interpret, and if he doesn't obey I'm going to pull his shack down. Does that go?"

"It does, and the Lord be with us."

Jerry dropped the watch dramatically into his pocket, raised his voice in solemn declamation, and Carney interpreted the command.

The Chief seemed to waver; his eyes were shifty, like the eyes of a wolf that hesitates between a charge and a skulk away.

"Speak," Carney commanded: "tell your braves to strike their tepees."

"Go back on the trail, Bulldog."

STANDING BEAR'S words were cut short by the zipp of a rope; from Carney's right hand the lariat floated up like the loosening coils of a snake, the noose settled down over the keypole, at a pull of the rein the little buckskin raced backward, and the tepee collapsed to earth like a pricked balloon.

The extraordinary, unlooked-for event had the effect of a sudden, vivid shaft of lightning from out a troubled sky. Half paralyzed the Indians stood in gasping suspense, and into the Chief's clever brain flashed the knowledge that all his bluff had failed, that he must yield or take the awful consequence of thrusting his little tribe into a war with the great nation of the palefaces; he must yield or kill, and to kill a Redcoat on duty, or even Bulldog, a paleface who had not struck a tribesman, meant the dreaded punishment of hanging.

The god of chance took the matter out of his hands.

From the entangling folds of the skin tepee two swarthy, flannel-shirt white men wriggled like badgers escaping from a hole, and stood up gazing about in bewilderment. One of them had drawn a gun, and in the hand of the other was a vicious knife.

Sergeant Jerry drew a pair of handcuffs from a pocket, and pushed his way forward to cut off the retreat of the Frenchmen, commanding: "You are under arrest—hands up!"

As he spoke, with an ugly oath the man with the gun fired. The report was echoed by the crack of Carney's gun and the Frenchman's hand dropped to his side, his pistol clattering to earth.

Sergeant Jerry threw the handcuffs to the man with the knife, saying sharply: "Shackle yourself by the right wrist to the left wrist of your companion."

The man hesitated, sweeping with his vicious eyes the band of the cowed Indians.

One look at the gun in Carney's hands and muttering, "Sacre! dem damn Injuns is coward dogs!" he picked up the chained rings and snapped them on his mate's wrists and his own.

Carney turned to Standing Bear who stood pertified by the rapidity of events.

"Chief," he said, "with these white outcasts the way is different, they are evil; the Indians are children of the White Mother."

The wily old Chief quickly repudiated the two Frenchmen; he could see that the policeman and Bulldog were not to be bluffed.

"If the two *moneas* have broken the law, take them," he said magnanimously; "but tell the Redcoat that Standing Bear and his tribe will go from here up into the hills for the hunt, for to return to the reserve would bring hunger to the Stonies when the white rain lies on the ground. Ask the Redcoat to say that this is good, that we may go quickly, and the evil be at an end."

Carney conveyed this to Jerry. It was perhaps the better way, he advised, for the breaking up of the hunt, during which they laid in a stock of meat for the winter, and skins and furs, would be a distinct hardship.

"You can take the prisoners in, Sergeant," Carney said, "and I'll stay with Standing Bear till they're up in the mountains away from the lumberjacks."

"They must destroy any whisky they have," Jerry declared.

This the Chief agreed to do.

In half an hour the tepees were all down, packed on the poled travois, blankets and bundles were strapped to the backs of the dogs, and in a struggling line the Stonies were heading for the hills.

Toward the east the two Frenchmen, linked together, plodded sullenly over the trail, and behind them rode Sergeant Jerry and his half-breed scout.

The White Eagle at Niagara Camp

Continued from Page 25

IT must be said frankly that the good people of Niagara had misgivings when they learned that an army of Poles was to be mobilized in their midst. They had heard of affrays in the streets, of shooting, of blood-lettings at midnight, of many terrible things amongst foreigners. Perhaps such might come to pass in their peaceful town. But such did not. There was not in the entire history of the camp a case of real fighting or violence. At the termination of the Polish occupation the local newspaper could say, with the whole-hearted approval of the townspeople, that in the history of Niagara there had never been a more orderly camp, or a more courteous or well-conducted body of men.

There were many good people who in the early days of the camp manifested great concern at the massing of great numbers of so-called alien enemies on Canadian soil. Were we not bringing in thousands of German and Austrian citizens under a thin Polish disguise? No! Once a Pole, always a Pole. The men who chanced to be born in that part of Poland that was filched by Germany or by Austria could never be Germans or Austrians; they are always and forever Poles. Besides, most of the recruits came from the territory of a fallen ally. Approximately sixty-two per cent. were born in Russian Poland, thirty-two per cent. in Austrian Poland, and but three per cent. in German Poland. The practical absence of suspected disloyalty is seen in the fact that of the 22,400 recruits received, only five were discharged as undesirable.

One does not need to write of Polish patriotism. There is not in all history a more stirring example of devotion to an ideal than that of the people of Poland who have kept the national soul alive and glowing for a hundred and twenty-three years without the support of a bodily existence. It is in this spirit that men gave up good jobs in their adopted country, and for less than half the daily pay that they might have received in the United States army, with no separation allowance for their families and no guaranteed pension, pledged themselves to fight on foreign fields for a country that existed only in the mind and heart.

THE test of service on the French front has shown the Polish army to possess the fighting spirit that lent lustre to the names of Kosciuszko, Dombrowski and Jozef Poniatowski. For several months the first division was actively engaged in the army of General Gouraud in the sector immediately east of Rheims, and the list of decorations awarded members of this force for distinguished service is a warranty that much may be expected of it when it reaches its longed-for objective.

The impression of those who witnessed the event of the Polish occupation will inevitably be dimmed with the passage of time, but there is at least one lasting physical memento. Beneath a cross in the cemetery of St. Vincent de Paul at Niagara, there rest twenty-five young men, who, as wrote the good Father Rydiewski in the inscription, "Gave their lives for Poland."

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Ernest J. Scott & Co., 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Can.
The Acme Staple Co., Limited, Camden, N.J., U.S.A.
Process Typewriter Supply Co., Limited, London, Eng.

CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

700 Rooms
450 with bath

"The Windsor"

European plan exclusively

Dominion Square - Montreal

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from $2 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station, and five minutes from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station. Headquarters for Motor Tourists.

Further particulars and information on application.

JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager.

Travel at the Lowest Cost per Mile

FEW car-owners nowadays are tempted by low prices for tires. They have learned the fallacy of judging by first costs.

Most miles per dollar is the return you get from Firestone Gray Sidewall Tires. It means they are cheaper in the end, regardless of the original cost. Their buoyancy assures comfort from first to last. Their endurance under gruelling wear lends confidence to every mile on the road.

The fact that Firestone prices have been reduced while the mileage adjustment basis has been increased is only an additional reason why so many people prefer Firestones to all others.

For sale by leading dealers throughout Canada.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Export Department: 1871 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.
Factory: Akron, Ohio, U.S.A.

Firestone

Tires

Most Miles per Dollar

Really a Delightful Confection

DAINTY Chiclets, tingling with delightful peppermint---a confection delicious *and* beneficial.

You'll find Chiclets welcome everywhere. Why? The dainty size and shape; the delightful candy-coating of peppermint; the wholesome goodness of the gum inside.

Chiclets are sold everywhere---ten for 5c.---and in the 25 cents Week-End Box, which is the right packet to take home to the family.

MADE IN CANADA

---an Adams product, particularly prepared

Canadian Chewing Gum Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

"How soft and warm, Mother!"

"Clydella" Flannel (REG'D)

is a fabric that will appeal to the woman who makes clothing for herself and the family.

"Clydella" is a soft flannel of fine texture that *will not* shrink in washing. The company guarantees this. Made by the manufacturers of "Viyella."

"Clydella" has a multitude of uses. For women's blouses, underclothes, waists, pajamas, nightgowns and children's wear. Also smartly fashioned into men's shirts by custom shirt manufacturers.

"Clydella" is imported from England for those who want a superior dependable fabric of beautiful appearance and that will give long service.

"Clydella" keeps the skin dry by readily absorbing and radiating moisture. You, of course, realize how desirable this is.

"Clydella" is now being stocked by leading dealers. If you have any difficulty in obtaining *"Clydella"* write us for name of nearest dealer. The genuine material has a detachable selvage label every few yards.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY, LTD.
(OF LONDON, ENGLAND)
28 Wellington Street West, TORONTO, Canada

45 East 17th Street DAY & NIGHT WEAR Trade Mark Regd New York City

Where Women Have No Names

Formerly, Women Had No Moral Existence in Korea—Now They Go to School Until Thirty

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Frodsham, writing in the "Fortnightly" on Korean life, and Japanese colonizing influence there, forecasts a bright future for "The Land of Morning Calm" under Nipponese stimulus. In vivid contrast with the present, he recalls that it is not so long since women in Korea were exceedingly down-trodden and ignored. He writes:

The French missionaries, who knew most of the social life of old Cho-sen, constantly maintained that according to Korean philosophy a woman had no moral existence. She was an instrument of work or a bauble of pleasure, but never a comrade, still less an equal. She had not even a name. In childhood she had a surname by which she was known in her own family. To all other she was 'the sister' of such a one, or 'the daughter' of so-and-so. After marriage she became entirely nameless. Her own parents spoke of her by the district into which she was married, her parents-in-law by the village from which she came. When she bore male children she became 'the mother' of her son. If she was luckless enough to be haled before the magistrate, in order to save time and trouble, she received a court name under which she was tried and acquitted or condemned. Could anything be more illuminative of the great gulf between East and West than this statement, which must be accepted as accurate? None the less, women have many ways of making their authority felt besides through the franchise. Bishop Corfe used to maintain to me stoutly that many a Korean male who lorded it in the open streets was compelled to sink his crest at home. The grim faces of the old ladies and their sturdy frames—united to what I had heard of the murdered Empress' methods with her political opponents—made me inclined to accept this witness without reserve. Besides, was it not a Far Western observer of human nature who said that the sauciest man in the world was the henpecked husband away from home?

Very early in the day Japanese efforts at reform began to benefit Korean women. In annulling the traditional custom of the men being clad only in white robes, the women were delivered from a life of continuous laundry work. In stopping the picturesque custom of the woman's hour in Seoul—when at the clanging of the great bell the ladies walked abroad and the men, under penalty of being smacked with paddles, stayed at home—a blow was struck at the mischievous conventions which hid beneath a cloak of protection a deep contempt of women. To the Japanese also women must credit the repeal of the unjust law that the wife and children of a criminal must share his fate. The honor of beginning the work of education must be given to the Christian missionaries. When the Sisters of St. Peter, an Anglican community, first began their work, not only was no woman allowed to be seen in public, but only a few of the highest rank were considered capable of learning letters. Under Japanese rule education for women is far more than playing at school, and what will English educationists think of a system which includes the extension of women's education to the age of thirty? And yet this is literally the case. What will happen to the products of this system when they leave school simply staggers the imagination of those who have seen the Korean houses and have wondered at the strange conventionalities of Korean life. One thing is certain. Old Korea, if it has not already vanished, is fast fading away.

PURE AND DELICIOUS

is a most satisfactory beverage. Fine flavor and aroma and it is healthful.

Well made cocoa contains nothing that is harmful and much that is beneficial.

It is practically all nutrition.

Choice Recipe book free.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass. Montreal, Can.
Canada Food Board Licence 11-690

Neave's Food

Thousands of Mothers, in all parts of the world, have borne testimony to the value of this Infants' food; the standard in England for 90 years.

It is the oldest, best, and still the cheapest. It has always obtained the highest award when tested in competition with other Infants' Foods.

It obtained the **GOLD MEDAL** in London in 1900 and 1906; in Liverpool in 1914, and in Paris.

At the CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION in London in 1914, it was awarded the **GOLD MEDAL for THE HEALTHIEST FOOD FOR BABIES.**

On 9th Dec., 1915, Mrs. Wolstenholme, of 277 Lappin Avenue, Toronto, writes: "I am pleased to say that Neave's Food has done wonders for our little boy. We tried many others, but none did so well."

Neave's Food is sold in 1-lb. tins by all druggists.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book, "Hints About Baby," to the Canadian Agent,

EDWIN UTLEY
382 E Spadina Ave., Toronto.
Mfrs., J. R. NEAVE & CO., Eng.
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Canada's First Woman Alderman

By Mrs. W. J. GALE

The city of Calgary has the first woman alderman in the Dominion, the first woman acting mayor in the Empire. At our special request, Mrs. Gale tells her own story. It's an inspiration.

I HAVE been an Alderman of this City for the past eighteen months, and at the time of writing I am also Acting Mayor.

I am an Englishwoman, born in Worcestershire, and was educated at the Proprietary School for Girls, Dudley. I married, in 1901, William John Gale, civil engineer, and came with him to Calgary direct from England, in 1912, bringing my two sons. I was then a very conservative woman, was not particularly interested in woman's suffrage, but the wrong conditions prevailing here forced me to take action.

I was struck with what to me appeared the absurdly high price of land in what seemed to me the small town of Calgary. We arrived at the height of the boom, there were no houses to be rented and we had to buy a house to get a roof over our heads. I looked with suspicion on the fever, the gambling spirit, of the real estate dealers. I looked around for industries, mills, something stable behind the city and could find very few. I could not understand the poor quality and the fearfully high price of vegetables—with millions of acres of unsurveyed land in the Province we poor emigrants were compelled to pay a quarter for two or three mouldy carrots, a quarter for a miserable, frost-bitten cabbage, which would be only fed to cows in the Old Country. Then I watched a friend of mine grow English vegetables, white turnips, etc., on her husband's ranch, and looked on while she vainly visited all the stores in Calgary to find a purchaser, but all the merchants had contracts with British Columbia growers which they could not break to encourage the settlers of their own Province. This short-sightedness surprised me greatly —also the want of control of the real estate boom exhibited by the Government of the city; so that when the first Consumers' League was organized here you can readily understand that I took the work of establishing a Municipal Market where small producers could find purchasers for their products.

A fighting spirit, which was engendered absolutely, by the necessities of this undertaking remains with me to this day, and gives me courage to dare to oppose a full Council of men when occasion arises.

In getting legislation for the market I was more than ever impressed with the fact that the Province must depend for its development on its agriculture. So I used to meet the members of our City Board of Health to get regulations eliminated from the Health Act to encourage the small producers, and meet the Aldermen of the Legislative Committee to get by-laws made and amended. On several of these occasions, when pleading with reactionary business men, I remarked: "Why do we not elect women with vision? We could get there so much quicker." But I never imagined in those days that we ever should dream of doing such an audacious thing. Together with the Consumers' League work I worked as a member of the Board of the Vacant Lots Garden Club trying to dispel the prevailing wrong impression, that Alberta could not grow vegetables to equal her sister Province, British Columbia. That absurd fallacy now is finally dispelled, and I look back with feelings of great pleasure to a potato lunch, which the Consumers' League had as an inauguration to a Potato Exhibition at the City Market, and to which we invited Senator Lougheed, Dr. Rutherford, the Mayor and Commissioners and members of the City Council. I also look back with pleasure to a flower sale inaugurated in September, 1917. The flowers were grown on

Mrs. Gale, a woman with a far-seeing mind, practical executive ability and gracious personality—the kind of woman we need in public affairs.

the vacant lots, were auctioned by R. B. Bennett, Esq., and netted almost $800.00 for the Patriotic Fund of the Province, proving also the artistic value of the vacant lot.

MANY were the tales of misery and unhappiness told me by Old Country women, when I came out, of the hardships endured on lonely homesteads; and the injustice and criminal short-sightedness on the part of the various Governments rankles in me still. Old Country women, in many cases delicately nurtured, had been induced to move and settle with no doctor for thirty miles, in some cases more—no provision whatever, for the coming of the first baby. Compare that with the Government's care for the raising of stock, the providing of the Veterinary Surgeon free of cost to the farmer to attend at the delivery of the foal, regardless of the distance from town. I heard of the death of many mothers for want of a doctor or the lack of skill of the attending doctor. Can anyone wonder that I am an ardent suffragette to-day?

I took to my next work as Secretary of the Free Public Hospitals League, with an enthusiasm and a sympathetic knowledge engendered by what seemed to me such wrong conditions. I worked for Hospitals as free as the Public School System and preached that the health of the community should be the first duty of the State. To-day, Alberta leads in progressive health legislation.

My next activity was the organizing of the first and only Women's Ratepayers' Association in the Dominion. At this time I was president of St. Mark's Guild. I am an Anglican, and I found that I could deal with more progressive matters in my Ratepayers' Association than in the Church Guild. For instance, I could call a meeting to hear the candidates for the Dominion Parliament as a president of Ratepayers' Association, but hardly as president of a Church Guild. I could take a much more active interest in elections. *I belong to no Party and feel that women should be independent of all Party ties and Party Politics.* We should be free lances, steering our course by the righteousness and justice of the questions before us. We should be perfectly disinterested, and we could then be of untold benefit in raising the tone of public service, which is generally conceded to be badly in need of such elevation. And here I want to urge, to plead, with women who have the leisure and qualifications, to offer themselves for election on all the governing bodies throughout the Dominion. I was very pleased to see that Frederic Wright, the Editor of the *Canadian Municipal Journal*, points out the great opportunities that await women in municipal offices. He wrote, "In the many schemes for reconstruction that have been and are being discussed, very little has been said about the women, only so far as they may, or may not, be helpful to schemes in which men are the guiding spirits. The war, however, has brought out the fact that in executive and organizing ability, women have proved themselves the equal of men, so that when the question is asked: 'Are women fitted to do their full part during the reconstruction period,' there can be only an answer in the affirmative. One could say that our women folk must take a prominent and definite part in the social welfare of Canada to-day, if their children are to become citizens of no mean country."

AND it is in municipal work that the women who have done such splendid war work can show what the country can do in peace work. To me, municipal work has always meant, not just levying and collecting taxes, policing the streets, constructing sewers—but to give service—to fulfil my duty to my neighbors, to discharge my share of responsibility towards the social welfare of the citizens, the health of the community, the full protection, and safe-

Perfect Foot Comfort for Growing Boys and Girls

See that your children wear these shoes regularly. They are made to protect the growing feet of children 3 to 14 years of age.

They keep the foot bones straight. They protect tender muscles — prevent fallen arches, weak ankles, enlarged joints and other serious foot ills.

Chums REGISTERED

SHOES

Are broad-toed. They give perfect freedom to all five toes. There are no nails to bruise the foot. The stitching is placed so it cannot touch the foot.

The sole yields to the foot-muscles and it is extremely durable. The heel is low and wide.

The dealer who sells Chums shoes for growing children is a good man to know. Write to-day for the name of the nearest dealer and for other information regarding the perfect shoe.

Charles A. AHRENS Limited
KITCHENER, ONT.

Her Mouth Is Growing Old

STILL young—but her mouth is growing old. The pretty lips are losing their youthful contour. They are taking on the look of withered age.

"Pyorrhea," says her dentist. A long neglected case. The gums are shrunken and receding—the teeth loosening, and decaying fast.

Pyorrhea is a preventable disease. Take proper care of your gums and teeth and you will not have it.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary tooth pastes and powders cannot do this.

If you have tender, bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) start to use Forhan's immediately. Then watch that bleeding stop, and the tenderness disappear.

But better still, don't wait for symptoms. End the trouble before it begins. Keep Pyorrhea, its disfigurements and train of dangerous ills away by using Forhan's for the Gums. It makes the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and United States. At all druggists.

Forhan's, Ltd., 307 St. James St., Montreal

guarding of the public morals. The welfare of my neighbors' sons and daughters is part of my duty; to see justice dealt to everyone, the erring ones as well as the others, and encouragement given to the making of good citizens of these erring ones, and a woman can do so much if she only will, to see that the school system does its full share in making and moulding Canadians that we shall be proud of.

When I come to the closing years of my life I want to feel that I have helped to establish in this nation a standard of public service which will go down through the ages as equalling or surpassing the traditions of the older countries. This is work for woman and I am sorry to say, there is great need of it.

I maintain that no man or woman should stand for election who has not some knowledge of the Labor situation of Canada. For two years I was treasurer of Calgary Forum, attending Sunday after Sunday to listen to the many speakers and so developed great sympathy with and understanding of the so-called labor movement in dealing with our civic employees, wage schedules, and working conditions, I gained understanding and sympathy, which I maintain should be the part and parcel of the make-up of every person on every governing body, if we are to come through this present crisis in the labor movement without more bloodshed and misery and injustice.

The Free Hospital movement here and the opposition placed in the way of it by the conservative members of the Medical Association, taught me a great deal. I regard in much the same way the opposing forces in the labor movement, independent women can do a great deal to help forward the obtaining of justice and a square deal to labor. We women in our Women's Council are already pledged to protect women in industry, to prevent child labor, to obtain equal pay for equal work irrespective of sex. We can accomplish work along these lines so much more speedily by being on the legislative bodies of our country and if, in this long ramble which I have written at the request of the Editor, I have been able to convince women of the need and the desirability of women preparing themselves to shoulder their full responsibilities side by side with the men, I shall have accomplished my object.

NOW I come to my work as an Alderman. The work I found arduous at first and it necessitated as many as four days a week continuously. There was much to learn and understand, but I love the work. Now problems arise each week on which one concentrates, keeping up a never failing interest.

I have, in all the eighteen months, missed only one regular Council meeting and that was last summer when I was away with my family on our yearly vacation. During the first six months of this year we had twenty-six regular and special meetings of the Council and I have attended about thirty Committee meetings in addition. I have served on the Special Hospital Committee, the regular Reception Committee and the Fair Price Enquiry Committee. We have held long examinations inquiring into the price of boots and shoes, clothing, and meat, and have requested a full public examination into the price of meat before a Judge and two Commissioners, one representing the particular article under enquiry and one representing labor or the consumer. I am the only member of the Advisory Committee of the Market, which work has demanded a great deal of time. I am strongly in favor of municipalization of the retailing and wholesaling of all food commodities.

Mrs. Gale's sons.

We carry on a commission business, selling produce consigned to the market from all parts of the Province, but there is room for a much greater development of business, and until we have more women in the Council, I do not expect that much more will be done along that line.

My duties as Acting Mayor consist of taking the place of the Mayor if he should be ill or away from the city. I have a full sense of the responsibility of an Alderman and have conscientiously tried to do my duty to all the citizens—to all classes. If I am in doubt, I always decide on what I consider is the greatest good to the greatest number. So far all my work has been honorary.

Calgary does not pay any salary or grant any remuneration to its Aldermen.

Who Killed the Children?

By Dr. HELEN MacMURCHY

THIRTY lives, mostly children's lives, were lost in Toronto through automobile accidents, from January 1st to August 8th, 1919, according to one of Toronto evening papers of August 9, 1919.

Thirty homes desolate—thirty graves opened—thirty Canadian careers untimely closed—the hopes of Canada for thirty of her citizens—in that one Canadian city—buried in these graves.

Motors we must have. They are a necessity in modern life. This is not an attack upon motors. But who killed the children?

Of these thirty Canadians twenty-four were children under thirteen.

Twenty-four Children Killed By Automobiles in Toronto This Year

From August to December, 1919, at that rate, there will probably be sixteen more children killed. Forty children killed by motors in Toronto in one year!

"It would appear that in the majority of cases, the children were themselves to blame, as only in a few instances have the police found sufficient evidence to lay a charge against the motorists and it is rare for these charges to be upheld in court.

It is estimated that nearly a hundred youngsters have been more or less injured by automobiles, as rarely a day passes but what a child is run down by a car. In many cases the child is with his or her parents when the accident occurs. In quite a few instances, the victim has suddenly broken away fram the mother and tried to cross the road, only to run directly in front of a car.

Playing on streets much frequented by traffic is also responsible for a large number of these accidents, while stealing a ride on vehicles has caused numerous accidents. Police officials say that the only way to prevent these unfortunate occurrences is to educate the children, impress upon them the dangers they incur on city streets unless they exercise caution."—*Press Report.*

Another Picture

There is another picture in the Book of the Prophet Zachariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

We are almost educated up to the point where the rails of the Street Railway Track spell "Danger." We do not linger over the two steps, or three steps at most, which carry us over these rails.

Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder

ARE you missing the delightful charm of Pussywillow?

The finest complexion powder produced by the house of Henry Tetlow in fifty years.

Sifted through silk, transparent, adherent, charming odor. Made in white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette.

Free Ssmple on Request
(State Shade Wanted)

Pussywillow Talc de Luxe, delightfully different.

Pussywillow Powder Tablets. White and Flesh.

Pussywillow Rouge, Dark, Medium and Rose.

Pussywillow Toilet Cream.

The nome of Henry Tetlow is on each box—look for it.

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Est. 1849

Makers of Pussywillow Dry Shampoo

200 Henry Tetlow Bldg.
Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

Conadion Distributors
Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto
Lyman's, Limited, Montreal

VOL-PEEK MENDS

Graniteware
Aluminum
Tinware

Should be in every home. Costs only ½c each mend. Sanitary and satisfactory. At grocers or hardware stores, or 15c package postpaid.

VOL-PEEK Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 2024, Montreal, Can.

BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
AND
How to Feed

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
118 West 31st Street
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

No one disregards the gong on which the motorman stamps his foot. To the double ring of the conductor's bell our ears are well attuned. But it would seem that our education is not complete. We must teach ourselves and our children that the only safe place for us is the foot-passenger's portion of the highway—the sidewalk. Crossing a thoroughfare in safety from one such sidewalk to another is something of a feat. There are few days when, if we are honest, we should not say to ourselves, "I was not quite careful enough." "I should have been more careful." "I must be more careful."

Teaching the Children

For those in charge of children—and this means you—there is something more to remember, and something more to learn. It would be well for our friends the Psychologists and Psychiatrists and Intelligence Testers to see if they could not make one more Revision of the Binet-Simon Tests and inform us as to the Mental Age of the child who can be safely trusted to cross a city street alone. All these twenty-four children that Toronto mourns were under thirteen years of age. It is an imperative duty for those in charge of children to teach them the tremendous danger of the open roadway. When you walk with them on the street, they should be placed on that side of you which is farthest from the roadway, and from their earliest years, with the same care and assiduity that we teach them not to touch dangerous or hurtful things, we should teach them not to stray on to the roadway but to keep their feet on the sidewalk.

There are children on the streets today who make a play of daring motorists, as it were. Everyone knows how ill-behaved children will dart out in front of a motor—pretend to be frightened—and laugh at the inconvenience and alarm they cause to the motorists, thinking it a great joke. How would it do to give this child, thus escaping uninjured, a free ride to its home in the motor, get the name and address of the parents and give this information to the Juvenile Court or the Children's Aid Society, so that the parents might be summoned for the neglect of their children? If this is not neglect, what is? It is contributory negligence which may cause the death of the child. Some of these twenty-four children lost their lives through the neglect of their parents.

Any city or town might pass a by-law in regard to the parents of children who thus mis-conduct themselves. By-laws have been passed before now for which there was less need than there is for this one. And when this by-law is being considered, perhaps it would be a good plan to prohibit "stealing rides" and riding on a bicycle with one hand on the mudguard of a motor or on the hand rail of a street car. Lives are lost just in these ways.

What We Can Do

Mary's mother is sick in bed, and ten-year-old Mary had to go to the grocer's to get some milk for her mother and baby. The milkman forgot to call and there is no one but Mary to go for the milk. When she "stands on the roadway or on the pavement gray," with palpitating heart, trying to cross carefully, do you have a care for her and go and cross beside her, so as to shield her from harm? All day you will feel better for such a little good deed "in the deep heart's core."

Could we not have a few back streets in Toronto closed to motors for certain hours so that the children could play there? More playgrounds would be better still.

If you are driving your motor, and see curly-headed five-year-old John playing joyously on the pavement before his father's door, with his back to the road, running hither and thither with shouts of glee, please remember that little John's joy in play has rendered him deaf and blind to all else. He does not know yet what danger is. Do you protect him? You are the only

Travel with a GABLE-END TRUNK

Clothes packed in it will arrive without Creases or Wrinkles

The worries of packing, unpacking or calling a tailor when your destination is reached are eliminated.

All compartments in Gable-End Wardrobe Trunks are made under proper measurements. Everything that is needed upon a trip has been considered and a place made for it. The most inexperienced can pack a Gable-End Trunk in fifteen minutes.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet with complete information - a card will bring it.

These trunks made subject to railway specifications. Sold by all good dealers.

Lamontagne Limited

Sole Manufacturers in Canada of Wilt's Patent Gable-End Trunks
338 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal
Branches: Winnipeg, 85 Princess St.; Quebec, 52 Crown St.
Manufacturers of Quality Harness, Trunks, Bags, etc.

Look Young!! A Fresh, Lovely Skin

A woman's attractivness lies in her complexion. Skin defects of all non-infectious kinds are successfully treated by our methods, proved by twenty-five years' experience. If you cannot call at the Institute for consultation or treatment, write us and we will send you the proper preparations, with full instructions for use at home. Consultation FREE. Communications confidential.

Princess Complexion Purifier $1.50
Princess Skin Food 1.50
Princess Face Powder, all shades ..... .50
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Princess Cinderella Cold Cream ..... .50
Send for Free Sample of this delightful Cold Cream.

Consultation Free. Booklet "D" Sent on Request.

THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED
Established 1892.
59F COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

Turned Out

Turned In

Returned Men!

This is NEW. Invented While You Were Overseas

Clever, isn't it?

No one thought it possible to design a cuff that would fold as neat and flat when turned in as when turned out.

But it has been done.

Now when the cuff of your W. G. & R. shirt gets soiled, you turn the other side of the Double Wear Cuff. This enables a man to wear his shirt twice as long before sending it to the laundry. It cuts your laundry bills on shirts clean in two.

It adds months to the life of your shirt, because everyone knows that laundering a shirt is harder on it than wearing it.

And remember:—

These shirts cost no more than good shirts should.

Ask your dealer to show you the new

W.G.&R.

Shirts with
DOUBLE WEAR CUFFS

Trade Mark *Patented 1918*

"the cuff that doubles the life of the shirt"

212

PROTECTED
WHERE THE WEAR COMES

ORDINARY silver-plated spoons and forks soon show signs of wear at the back of the handle and bowl, and, in lesser degree, at the tip of the bowl.

But in the HOLMES & EDWARDS "Silver Inlaid" and "Super Plate" Flatware all three wear points receive extra protection.

In the "Silver Inlaid" line the wear points on back of handle and bowl have a piece of Sterling Silver welded right in, while the tip of the bowl is Super plated.

In the "Super Plate" line, which is somewhat lower in price, all three wear points receive a heavy extra coating of pure silver.

When buying new silver plated flatware ask your jeweler for HOLMES & EDWARDS Silver Inlaid or Super Plate and you will get maximum durability at minimum price.

Set of Six Teaspoons:—
Silver Inlaid, $4.25; Super Plate, $3.25
Other Pieces in Proportion

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by
The Standard Silver Company of Toronto, Limited

The Jamestown

one who can. Cut off your gasoline—it is only for three seconds. Throttle her down just for three seconds till you are safely past. Your wheels are only five feet from his precious little curly head. If he, in the rigor of the game, runs backwards only five feet, and trips ever so little, then that little golden head! O Horrors! God forbid your good motor should ever be dabbled in blood. You can prevent it! Listen. Learn to regard the first sight of a child on a street as a Danger Signal. Train yourself automatically to cut off speed when you see that Danger Signal. Then you will never put yourself in the awful position of one who sees that in another instant he is going to kill a child *and is unable to stop himself from causing that tragedy!* Always give yourself a chance. You won't really lose any time. To kill anybody is to lose a lifetime! Look for a clear road. No dashing past a motor on your right and risking some child's jumping out from its shelter right under your wheels. Give yourself a chance. You will make up time in the rest of your life. You will often get a clear road.

Who killed the children? Not You! Do your bit in taking charge of all Canada's children, and the mark of blood will never brand your wheels nor grieve your heart.

Fitting Boys for Service

Sane Military Training for Public Schools

By Dr. WOODS HUTCHINSON

THE terrible events of the last four years have driven into our minds with a logic as inescapable as brutal, that, however confident we may be of peace for the future, it is no longer safe to continue without preparing to defend ourselves against the dangers that undeniably may threaten us as a nation.

Profoundly as we may regret and even bitterly as we may loathe the necessity, it has plainly become the part of common prudence to include in the training of our boys some small measure, at least, of such information and acquirement as will fit them for the defence of their country should the need arise, even though we fervently hope that it never will. The most philosophic course appears to be to admit the necessity and to see how much we can save from the wreck. That is to say, how much war training can be given which will, at the same time, be of value in peace and industry if war should ever come. Looked at from this point of view, the problem becomes a more cheerful one. Indeed, we have some ground for hoping that, especially under the radically changed conditions of modern warfare, we may be able to introduce into the curricula of our schools many subjects and branches which will balance some of its defects and be of fundamental and lasting value to the rising generation.

One obvious and indisputable advantage of the inclusion of military subjects and training in our school curricula would be the correction of the dreadful tendency toward "indoorness" and desk- and book-work of our present system. To keep children in a state of muscular suspended animation and mental catalepsy is termed discipline, and the preservation of an appearance of order is rated as one of the highest and most important functions of a teacher. To this desk-paralysis tendency, military training would furnish a valuable antidote. It has its discipline, but it is active instead of passive—harmony in doing something instead of unanimity in doing nothing, an outdoor instead of an indoor drill. If military training were to take the form, say, of half an hour's marching, countermarching, group skirmishing; half an hour's shelter-making, trenching, and "digging in"; and half an hour of group calisthenics, either outdoors or in the gymnasium, so as to take the youngsters out of the deadly schoolroom for an hour and a half out of the sacred five or six, it would be a benefit in every way. It would give them no more exercise than they need to keep them in health, it would quicken and sharpen their minds so markedly that they would do even more book-work in the school-day than they did before, and thus, instead of time lost, it would be time gained. Perfectly good military drill and training could be given in marches, hikes, plays, scouting; fortification-building and attacking, scaling and besieging games, which would neither overstrain nor make undue demands upon the immature muscles and minds of young boys, nor be anything more than vigorous, wholesome, enjoyable exercises in the open air, physically beneficial from every point of view.

ANOTHER part of the training for modern warfare which would have a valuable corrective effect upon our house-bound system of education is the field and camp side of it. Much as it has changed in some respects, war upon one side is still emphatically woodcraft, hunting, and scouting. The modern soldier must know how to estimate and make a mental map, a naked-eye survey of his country, so as to find his way about in it and take advantage of its natural features for attack or defence. He must know the capacities and difficulties and advantages of different kinds of country. He must know just where the bad spots in a particular sweep of country will come; just where an enemy could lie in wait; just where a valley could be crossed readily, or would be almost impassable, and what kind of going would probably be found under each particular type of timber. This means that he must come to know the open country for miles all about his home town and as much farther off as is necessary to give every different variety of lie possible.

This can be acquired only by constant and habitual tramping and hiking and exploring in all sorts of weather, at all seasons of the year, at every hour of the day and night. And if a day or even a day and a half each week of the regular school routine were to be devoted to scouting and camping and sham-battle explorations of this description, it would be time well spent. As a practical basis for the study of geography, agriculture, pioneer history, zoology, botany—indeed, of nearly everything that goes into school-books—these exploring and scouting excursions and surveys would be invaluable.

Another point at which intelligent modern military training would greatly strengthen and enrich the present curricula is on the side of hygiene, physiology, and sanitation. The modern army, when in camp, is one of the greatest schools of health in the world. Every man who enters it must not only be physically fit, but must know how to keep himself so, how to balance his diet, what dangers to avoid in his drinking-water, how to protect himself from the weather, how to steer clear of risks of infection. It is no longer sufficient for the army doctor and commissariat officer to be informed upon these subjects. They lay down the rules and provide the raw material, so to speak, but the real work of health protection is done by the non-commissioned officers, by the squads detailed for service under them, and by the soldier in the ranks.

THE deadliest enemies of armies in the field are not bullets, but bugs; not battle-wounds, but camp-diseases—typhoid, pneumonia, dysentery, rheumatism, cholera. Granted a fair amount of courage and intelligence (and the

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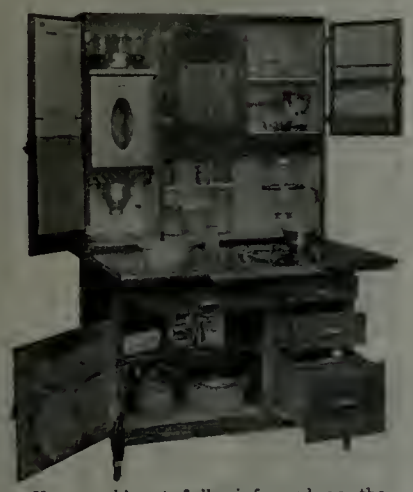

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average in both these basic qualities runs pretty much the same in all nations), the man who can take care of and depend on his health under all circumstances, so as to be fit at all times and capable of prolonged endurance in forced marches, long sieges, and week-long battles, will make the best soldier. There is no human activity which so vividly illustrates and enforces the value of personal hygiene, preventive medicine, and community sanitation as does modern war. When a half-civilized, or tropical, or even easy-going average civilized town is taken over and occupied by a modern army, it gets such a cleaning up, sanitation, model health service, and suppression of nuisances generally as it never had before.

The military motive for the care of the health and community hygiene is of particular value in getting boys interested in these subjects. They are apt to think, with perhaps some shade of excuse, that to be particular about one's health and the tidiness of one's surroundings is unmanly and old-maidish, if not a trifle cowardly. But when it comes to keep themselves, their company and regiment and camp fit and ready to defend their country, then they will fairly turn themselves inside out in their efforts for spotlessness and wholesomeness.

Last, but by no means least, comes the enormous and dominant, or at least overwhelmingly preponderating part played by mechanics and engineering in modern warfare. While a soldier must be taught to march and to shoot and to take care of himself in the open, man for man, the heaviest, the most important, most deciding part in modern campaigning is coming to be played by the intelligent skilled mechanic, the scientific craftsman.

ALMOST everything that we do to train our children for modern industrial life trains them also for modern war, with its field telephones and telegraphs, its helio signal-stations, its wireless plants, its aeroplanes, its underground galleries and mines with their scores of miles of electric lighting and communications, its huge cannon, which look like a combination of a machine shop and an observatory on wheels, its troop trains, its ammunition trains, its hospital trains, its bath trains, its thousands of motors in every conceivable form—motor ambulances, fleets of motor lorries for the swift transportation of reserve battalions to the weak spot in the line of battle, auto-trucks, motor-driven kitchens on wheels. The man behind the gun is no longer a picturesque hero in a gaudy uniform, with a flashing sword or shinng gun—even the firing-line has got down to khaki now—but a hard-working, prosaic, master mechanic in blue overalls with grease-marks on them.

We send our sons out not to fight muzzle to muzzle, or struggle breast to breast with the bayonet and the butt, but to be chewed up by machinery and crushed by pile-drivers and trip-hammers. The pile-drivers and trip-hammers don't kill any larger percentage of them than the bullets and the bayonets and the swords and the pikes did, but it makes the naked horribleness of the thing called war a little more sickeningly obvious.

But war for us is fortunately not an immediate probability. Glorious as it is to die for one's country, comparatively few people will ever enjoy that privilege. On the other hand, it is even greater to live for one's country, and that is possible for every citizen, although we seem to have forgotten—or almost so—that the latter is almost as patriotic as the former. So while some such system of military training as has been sketched would provide very valuable instruction for embryonic soldiers in the event of war, its greatest value, to which the military aspect is but incidental, would consist of turning out to face the battle of life more efficient men and more useful citizens.

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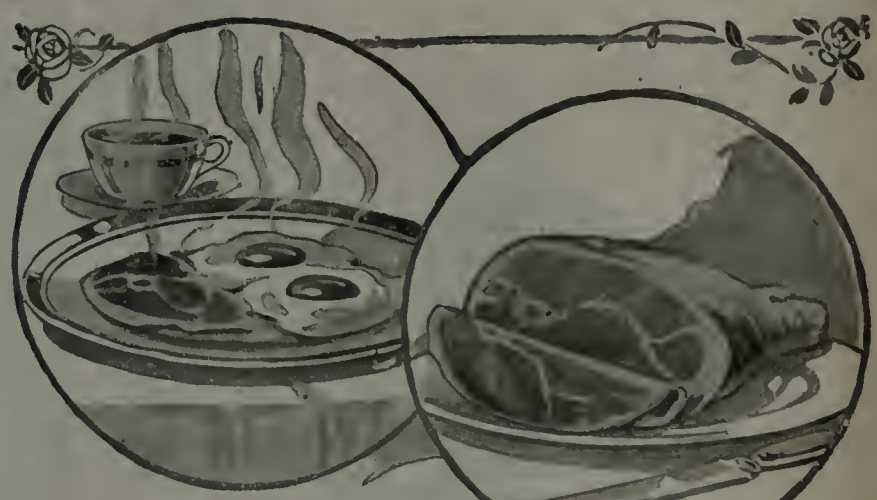

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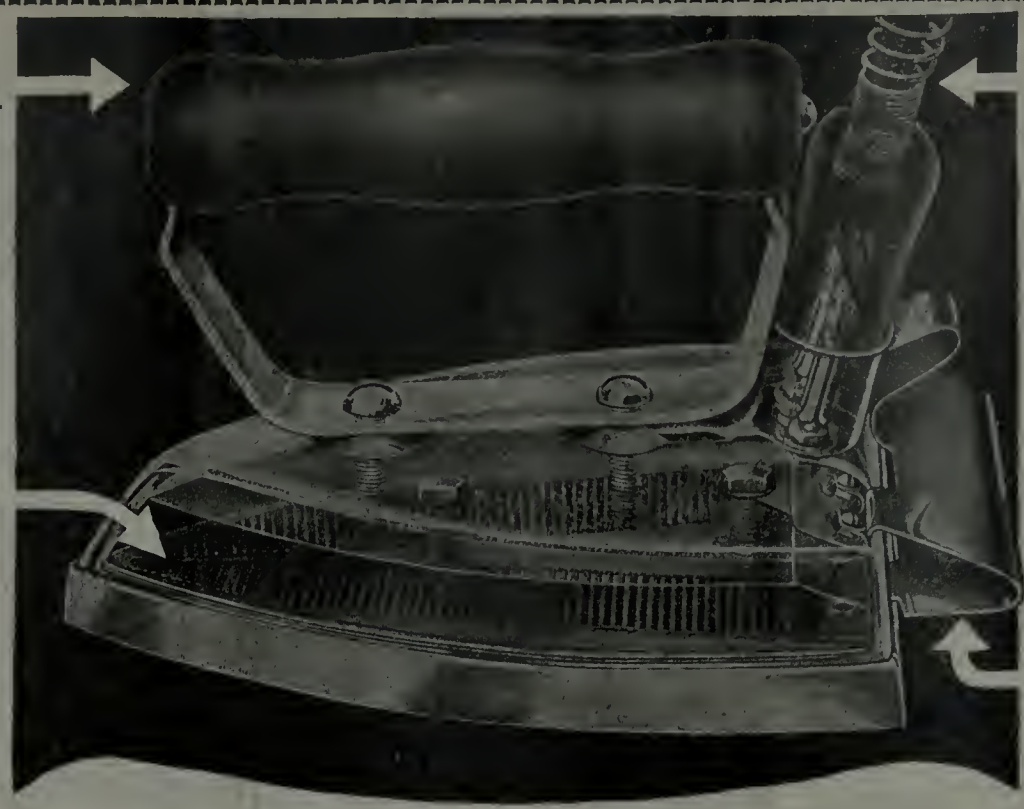

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The girl on the cover is Miss Alice Joyce.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

Volume XXXII. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1919 Number 10

THE TURMOIL *At* OTTAWA

New Parties, New Factions, But Old Faces

By J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

CANADIAN politics are in the melting pot. New parties are being born, old ones are remodeling their creeds to meet new and changed conditions. It is moving day all round and the common or peanut variety of politicians is holding his breath till he discovers whether the coming order of things has a place for him and, if so, at how much.

Yes it is a muchly muddled mess that meets your eye no matter which way you look. Let it rest for a moment on the Union Government and what do you find? Of course Sir Robert Borden is still there and still working industriously at his old job of doing nothing. Time was, not so many months ago either, when there were hopes that Sir Robert might follow his favorite occupation in another if not higher sphere. You'll remember when Sir Thomas White was cultivating popularity with the common herd of statesmen, when with a handshake like unto that of the Prince of Wales he was worming his way into the heart of Parliament, and the while the members went to bed softly humming "His Bright Smile Haunts Me Still"? Well in those sunny spring days Sir Robert really could see his household furniture being moved from the Washington of the North to that other city that spends much time trying to make amends for the lies the man it was named after could not tell. Yes, Sir Robert dreamed he was going to be British Ambassador to Washington. And others believed that dream. Even as astute a statesman as Lord Beaverbrook whispered to friends that Sir Robert was on his way and that another would soon hold the reins at Ottawa. But alas and likewise alack, something slipped. Whether it was that training as a constitutional lawyer does not fit a man for a diplomatic career, or that too many Englishmen whose incomes had been eaten up by war taxes had to be supplied with jobs; or that somebody in England had dined with Sir Robert and discovered that solemnity and stolidity, even when surmounted with the nicest hair in all the political world, does not everywhere pass for international intelligence, matters not. It is enough to know that Sir Robert did not go to Washington, that he did come back to us and that there is no immediate prospect of a change.

The Passing of Sir Thomas

BUT it has also been noted that the return of Sir Robert Borden marked the going of Sir Thomas White and the question that most frequently bumps you in the face is, why did Sir Thomas go? Now if you are on talking terms with Sir Thomas he will put his arm through yours, or around your shoulder as the case may be, and, in tones that are friendly almost to the point of being patronizing, he'll tell you all about it. He'll tell you, his free hand passing gently over his furrowed brow the while, of how he has labored to the great profit of his country while his private fortunes have suffered. He'll tell you how he has yearned for rest, how the doctor has advised him that complete relaxation is essential to longevity and he'll heave a great sigh as he turns you to a past covered with great deeds and a carping country's debts. And when his arm drops from your shoulder and he turns sadly away you'll be thankful that titles were not abolished till one deserving man got his.

And almost before your depression wears off you'll wander into some rude man of the hard-boiled political variety who will grunt:

"Huh! if Borden had gone to Washington I guess Tom White would still be carrying both the cares of office and his sunny smile. Tom had enough of being batman to a leader who couldn't even look as intelligent as he does. Anyway, floating domestic loans isn't as easy as it once was. And it's rather fatiguing borrowing money for other fellows to spend. Yes, I guess Tom wants a rest—but in about a month or two he'll realize what a small potato a cabinet minister out of a job really is. Then he'll wish he had taken a holiday instead of jumping his job."

Sir Robert was fishing for some Frenchmen who would accept portfolios.

And there may be something in those rude remarks. For you know that a cabinet minister gets accustomed to his daily diet of flattery. And if he happens to fancy himself a bit anyway he finds it mighty hard to get along without that diet.

The New Pilot of Loans

BUT Sir Thomas has gone and in his place has come another Toronto knight, Sir Harry Drayton. The appointment made a lot of people gasp. People with ordinary every-day ideals couldn't understand why any man of ordinary intelligence should throw up a $12,500 a year job as Chairman of the Railway Commission to serve his country at $9,500 per. And all the more so that he has to gather himself a seat in Parliament before he can make his job even temporarily secure and get a check for the last $2,500 of his modest stipend. These people admit that there were a lot of patriots who served for $1.10 per diem during the late war. But the war is over and patriotism has been laid away in moth balls till another Hun threatens the liberty of the world. So why the sacrifice?

They forget that a man may have other ambitions besides the accumulation of dollars. Also that a man may have enough of the latter to follow his own inclinations without worrying about the rent or the hired girl's wages. Now there is private and apparently authoritative information to the effect that Sir Harry has both means and ambitions. Moreover his friends maintain that he has ability. Some of them will tell you that, if the pursuit of wealth were the path he cared to tread, he would quit the public service entirely and practise law and that he could make twice as much that way as he could doing the work of his King and country.

Anyway Sir Harry is the new Finance Minister. He's the pilot who is steering the ship of state through the first Victory loan without the fuel of war to help keep the steam up. It is a pretty severe test and should furnish some kind of an answer to that other query: "What does Drayton know about finance?"

Personally the new Minister is a rather good-looking chap who wears a bland smile and smokes a pipe. As one of the joint authors of the Drayton-Ackworth report on the railway situation he has probably become immune to criticism. On the whole he's entitled to his chance. The "political orphans" will doubtless insist on Union Government staying with us for another couple of years at least and any of its enemies will tell you that any changes in its personnel cannot hurt it much.

BUT another man who fits into the chain of events is Hon. F. B. Carvell, the man who walked the floor nights before he could tear himself from his leader and his party to join the Union Government. Yes, "Fighting Fearless Frank" has gone to his reward. That reward is the chairmanship Sir Harry Drayton vacated. Of course the salary goes with the chairmanship. But why mention such trifles as $12,500 per except perhaps to remark that it looks like a lot of money in New Brunswick? Anyway, of Mr. Carvell it may be truly said that if his coming into Union ranks didn't help much his going to the Railway Commission didn't help any. He has figured in Parliament as the uncompromising foe of public ownership, with particular reference to the Hydro enterprise and Sir Adam Beck.

The Result of Angling in Quebec

NOW you may think as you will of Sir Adam and his work but if you know anything about Old Ontario you have to admit that they are a strong political influence in the majority of the constituencies of the banner province. Starting with this you have to turn to consider where the Union Government must look for support if it holds hopes of being more than a temporary outfit. It assuredly can't hope for much from the Maritime Provinces, which weren't at all unanimous when the war was the Union's chief excuse for figuring in our simple life. It can't look for it in Quebec, which has recently reiterated its prejudice against Sir Robert, Union Government, and other things more or less connected with conscription by

A leader with a straight protectionist policy could split Quebec up the back.

electing Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King leader of the Liberal Party. Nor is this the only evidence that Quebec is still as anti-Union as ever. Along in August you'll remember that Sir Robert Borden went away on a brief holiday—went fishing, the newspapers said. And for once they were right. Sir Robert was here and there throughout Quebec fishing for some Frenchmen who would accept portfolios and help make his Union Cabinet more representative in its make-up. On his fishing trip he visited Three Rivers, where the merry and hospitable Hon. Jacques Bureau holds court. Hon. Jacques, as in duty bound, received Sir Robert and his party and showed them the beauties of his native city. But the proletariat refused to enthuse, neither did they take off their hats and cheer. Moreover, there was a municipal election a day or two later and, when the votes were counted, it was found that every last one of Hon. Jacques' candidates had been literally snowed under. Now the merry little Frenchman was and is popular in his own home town. But the people just served notice on him that he must keep out of bad company.

These two incidents will help to convince you that Sir Robert need look for no support from Quebec for his Union Government. He holds but three of the sixty-five seats at present and he will be lucky if he holds what he has.

Nor does the West look like fertile soil from which to reap a crop of Unionist members. From the Lakes to the Mountains the farmers are organized and in open rebellion. To their hatred of all tariffs has been added a new grievance. The Government action in regard to wheat is held to have robbed them of many iron dollars. So they won't vote Union. Of course British Columbia, unless she changes her rather fickle mind meantime, will contribute a dozen or so good men and true to the great Union cause. But the great bulk of Unionist support, if it is to come at all, must come from Ontario. And Ontario has just been slapped in the face by the appointment of her pet enemy to a place they claim he can use to their utmost disadvantage. Great politics, isn't it?

Fitting Ministers to Their Jobs

HOWEVER, these are the changes to date in the Union Cabinet, some of their causes and a few of their effects. But hold on, there is another. S. F. Tolmie of Victoria, B.C., has moved into the vacant chair once occupied by Crerar, the Grain Grower. What of him? Well to be honest, his appointment hasn't a world of political significance. He is one of that eminently respectable family of farmers who earn their bread by the sweat of the hired man's brow. He's a dweller in cities and represents Victoria in Parliament, but he owns broad acres and many cattle in the outlying parts of the sunny slope province. He is said to be a good stockman and even some grain growers from the Prairies admit that he will fill his job acceptably. But doesn't it sometimes strike you as funny that British Columbia, which gives the least attention to agriculture of any of the provinces worth mentioning, should of recent years furnish us with most of our Ministers of Agriculture? Two of the last three have been Hon. Martin Burrell and Hon. S. F. Tolmie. But after all that is very much in keeping with a parliamentary practice that gives us a college professor for Minister of Trade and Commerce and the representative of a paint factory as Minister of Marine. And the rule that the Union Government observes most rigidly is that to be a good minister a man must be as far removed as possible from the affairs that most affect his department. Other rules are that he must be fairly immune to public sentiment and be a pure amateur in politics. Not all these rules have been observed in the Tolmie appointment, but most of them are still intact.

That Fifty-fifty Split Again

BUT another point about these recent changes in the Cabinet is that whereas Sir Robert started to infuse more Liberalism into its makeup, to get things on a fifty-fifty basis in fact, the trend of the tide appears to be in the opposite direction. To be sure Sir Thomas White, a Tory of rather recent vintage, has been replaced by Sir Harry Drayton who must have been more or less of a Grit when he was appointed crown attorney of York County by the Ross Government. But was he a Grit or Tory when he became Corporation Counsel of Tory Toronto? And if he, as expected, picks North Toronto as his easiest route to Parliament will he appeal to the constituency that gave Sir Geo. Foster 15,000 majority as a life-long Liberal?

Sizing it all up Sir Harry appears pretty well astride of the fence and his coming does not do much towards establishing that long looked for "fifty-fifty." Mr. Tolmie, too, appears to be in very much the same boat. Both parties lay claim to his allegiance. Chances are he too could fit in on either side that needed a little extra weight. Hon. F. B. Carvell's successor has not yet been appointed but Sir Douglas Hazen visits the capital for frequent consultations and appears to have the vacancy at his disposal. Of course Stanley Elkin, Liberal Unionist of St. John, is also on the job. But he's young, inexperienced and might find his foot slipping if he had to be re-elected in his native city.

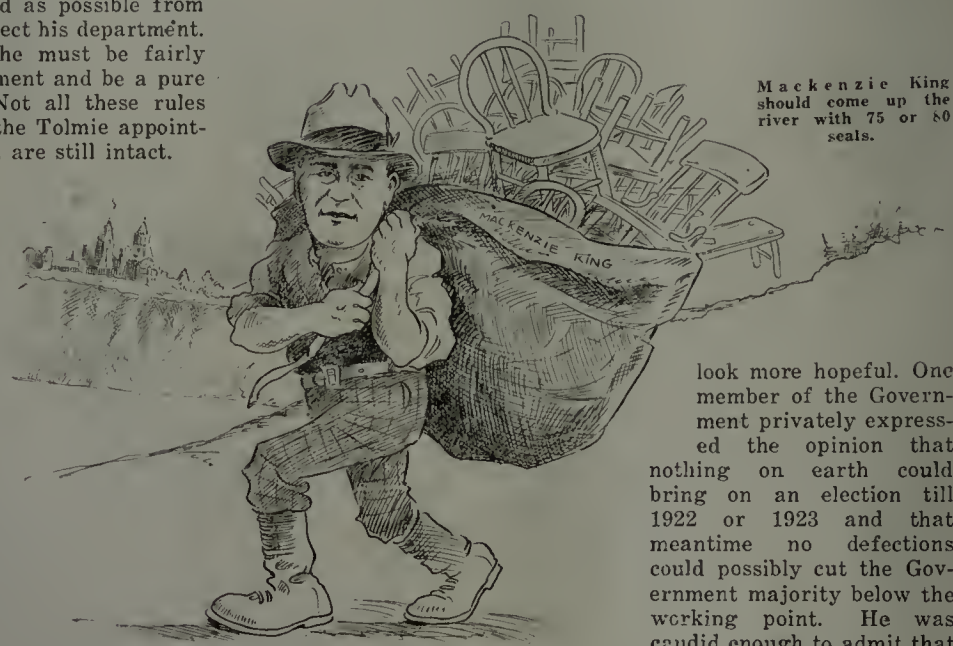
. . . Blowing into a flame the smouldering sparks of Toryism.

Unionism Slipping Torywards

ON the whole the tendency of Union Government is distinctly Torywards. Its chief organ recently carried in Ottawa a despatch to the effect that during the present session a caucus would decide whether Unionists would continue to unite or slip back into the lines that fought so merrily before the war cast its shadow o'er the portals of Parliament. This of course was looked on as a "feeler." And all the more so that a caucus last session had decided to throw the old banners in the ashbarrel, and live and die—under the united blessings of Borden, Rowell *et al.* It was felt in fact that members from outlying constituencies had been dropping in and whispering that Unionism was being cursed rather than blessed all the way from Halifax to the Rocky Mountains.

Still further concern was shown when Mr. Rowell's Toronto organ charged that the Provincial Premiers and Press who had returned to their old faith at the August convention had left the Liberals in the Union Cabinet "high and dry." Coupled to this was a report that Mr. Rowell had been in conference with Mr. J. E. Atkinson prior to the appearance of the editorial. It looked like the swan song of Hon. Wesley and the wise ones began to wonder where he would light when the ship went out from under him and just what form Hon. Jim Calder's life raft was likely to take.

However, all this was during the recess. With the lower grades of statesmen back in Ottawa, things look more hopeful. One member of the Government privately expressed the opinion that nothing on earth could bring on an election till 1922 or 1923 and that meantime no defections could possibly cut the Government majority below the working point. He was candid enough to admit that if the Unionists went to the country at the present time they would get the hide whaled off them.



Mackenzie King should come up the river with 75 or 80 seals.

Anything may happen in three or four years. Meantime members who have little or no hope of re-election, who are drawing two indemnities this year and who could be given three or four next if it was really necessary are not hard to handle. Still the caucuses of the party, or mixture, or union or whatever it is, are being watched with considerable interest. If anybody really wanted an election he might at any moment drop a match that would cause an explosion. But nobody does. Even the young Frenchmen, cocky as they are as a result of their victory over Sir Lomer Gouin at the Grit convention and trying to look proud of the leader they elected, are not anxious to go to the country. They know that elections are expensive and a bit uncertain and freely admit that it might be well to wait for another session or two before making a serious assault on the Government works.

MEANWHILE Hon. Bob Rogers has not been idle. From Winnipeg his cry for a revival of the old Conservative party has gone echoing over the prairies. He was in Ottawa, too, the other day and it was a bit curious to notice the warmth of the welcome certain of the ministers extended to him. It seemed to say: "You've helped us in other days and who knows how soon we may need your help again." For it is said of Hon. Bob that he is a wizard when it comes to raising campaign funds and placing them where they will do the most good.

But the former "minister of elections" is practical, if anything, and he evidently does not intend to devote his energies to bolstering up what every day looks more like the lost cause of Unionism. For the last year he has been flitting hither and yon, blowing into a flame the smoldering sparks of Toryism. Now it is said the organization has taken definite form and that before the frost starts dropping the beechnuts from the trees, a central committee of Conservatives will meet to draft the call for a Conservative convention.

Four Factions at Ottawa

THAT makes the factions in the political snarl number four at the smallest. There's the Unionists under Borden and Rowell, hanging on and hoping; the Conservatives gathering their forces to raise the standard of Sir John Macdonald and the cry that Canada must be protected or it will become the dumping ground for Yankee surplus stocks shut out of Europe by the decreasing value on the New York exchange of the pound sterling and other varieties of European currency; the Liberals who have rallied to Hon. Mackenzie King and a free trade platform that, like the new leader, will be decorative rather than useful; and the farmers, whose chief aim in life is to get the highest price for their wheat and buy everything else as cheaply as possible. And you must not blame the farmers too much either. They're a bit selfish, but not more so than the others. Only trouble is they're new to the game and haven't learned that the way to get what you really want is to impress on the country that you are laboring for the general welfare of Canada and then grab off what you want in the general scramble.

Now with an election three years away you would expect the public to be asking: "What is the Government going to do?" And they're not. Instead they're asking: "What will the country do to the Government?"

A Glance at the Next Parliament

BUT not content with letting the future look after itself political seers are also trying to figure what the next Parliament will look like. So we may as well stand off to one side and take a look at that too, providing Sir Robert Borden still lives and his Unionist baby is able to sit up and take a little pap when the test comes. You'll admit that he won't make any inroads in Quebec. You will also hazard a prediction that the Maritimes won't lean any stronger towards Unionism. Consequently Hon. Mackenzie King should come up to the Ottawa River with 75 to 80 seats. But west of that he'll dwindle away to dribs and drabs and will probably appear at the barrier with about ninety

He will put his arm around your shoulder.

odd followers all told. And at that he'll probably have the largest and most compact following in the New House. Hon. J. A. Crerar and his farmers should sweep the West from the Lakes to the Mountains with the exception of a few ridings in Southern Manitoba. They will also cut some figure in Ontario where, according to unbiassed students, they will carry about twenty-five seats. There are 235 seats in the House. Giving the Liberals 90 seats and the Farmers 60 seats there would be left 85 seats to be divided among Unionists, straight Conservatives, Labor men and returned soldiers. All of which would indicate that Sir Robert Borden is justified in hanging on to his job till he can at least find places of honor and emolument for Hon. Rowell, Calder, Meighen—and possibly himself. So if you have nothing else to do, you can just sit pat and watch him do it.

Of course, however, the program is subject to changes without previous notice. If the Conservatives get together and happen on a leader who is a leader there may be an entire change of scenery. Quebec is protectionist when not prejudiced. It hates Borden, but on the other hand its love for Mackenzie King is purely academic. Some of the young French members who worked so enthusiastically for him and cheered so heartily when his election was announced are even now asking: "What sort of man is our new leader?" And truth to tell, he does not appeal very strongly to these hero-worshipping natives. He lacks magnetism and, as one of the visiting English journalists suggested, he's almost as dull as his book. So, given a Conservative leader with ability and personality, it would not be hard to wean the old province away from her present alleged love of Liberalism. In fact, even French-Liberal politicians of the first rank admit that a good Conservative leader with a straight protection policy could split Quebec up the back. Such a man and party could also probably hold the Maritimes even, sweep such parts of Ontario as the farmers did not pre-empt, get a piece of Manitoba, pick an occasional seat on the Prairies further west and just about carry the whole of British Columbia.

That is the prospect that cheers the old Tories to action. It may all be a beautiful dream. But with the present muddled almost beyond hope, anything is likely to happen with only disaster to be gathered by hanging on to the coat tails of Unionism.

And whatever happens Crerar and his farmers will cut a big figure in the next House. They may yet realize that some sort of tariff is essential to a country that has to give part of its attention to a two billion dollar debt. They may learn that to get anywhere they must co-operate with other parts of the national structure. They may in fact do a great work in giving Canada government by the people instead of government by the lawyers. Some other dreamers can also see a people's party led by Hon. T. A. Crerar and Sir Adam Beck.

But all dreamers wake up in time. You are entitled to at least one guess as to which of them will wake to smile and which to weep.

STEPHEN: *By* MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

The Stranger Sees the Island Apparition

Say now, good nurse, what face went by
Blown 'round with ruddy hair?
Her hooded cheek was white as frost:
"Doctor," quoth she, " 'twas Stephen's ghost,
Stephen that slew the paramour
Of the lady he long since loved and lost—
The loveliest maid on Pilley's shore,
Though false as she was fair.

"Blithe fisherman, brown as a weathered sail,
In a flutter of red-gold locks,
He ranged the sea like his cabin floor
To the whinnying wind, or the thickening roar
Of slob on the Banks, and the iceberg's track
From the north-most stream to the Cove's front door
He crossed with laughter, faring back
With spoil to his homestead rocks.

"He saw and loved white Alice O'Flynn,
And won her for an hour,
Ere the dark philanderer, Ormand Brent,
Drank up the goblet of sacrament
At a single quaff and, satisfied,
Bestowed light kisses, laughed and went
From the lady who wept and waned and died,
As passes the bee-spoiled flower.

"So, Stephen, spreading his toils to sun,
Heard whispered, 'She is dead,'
And a dull-red fire kindling slow
Blood-shot his eye, vein-fraught his brow,
Inflamed his cheek beneath its tan—
By the seething shore one saw him go
Like Doom on the track of Guilty Man,
In an aureole of red.

"The nets of Stephen rotted and blew
To tags on the storm-flung rain.
His quest fulfilled, in a darkling cove,
The Avenger and Guilt for a moment strove,
And one was done to quivering death:
But the Fury who struck in the name of Love,
Though he quelled his foe like a furnace breath,
Himself came not again.

"Or he comes as you saw," said the Island nurse,
"Blown round with tawny hair."
Sidelong I glanced at the window-pane:
The blank night, eyeless, stared amain,
The hospital shrank more close in space,
But the step outside was a rush of rain.
My grog was real and worth a grace,
And I sat in a firm arm-chair.

So, Pilley's Island hugs a haunt
And peopled is its dark:
For all of the cross on the village church,
Where the buccaneering sea-birds perch
In sudden, shuddering piety,
When Stephen walks and the billows lurch,
And the one dare-devil boat at sea
Rides lone as Noah's Ark.

Spanish Doubloons

A New Serial Story by a Brilliant Writer

CHAPTER I

NEVER had life seemed more fair and smiling than at the moment when Aunt Jane's letter descended upon me like a bolt from the blue. The fact is, I was taking a vacation from Aunt Jane. Being an orphan, I was supposed to be under Aunt Jane's wing, but this was the merest polite fiction. and I am sure that no hen with one chicken worries about it more than I did about Aunt Jane. I had spent the last three years, since Aunt Susan died and left Aunt Jane with all that money and no one to look after her but me, in snatching her from the brink of disaster. Her most recent and narrow escape was from a velvet-tongued person of half her years who turned out to be a convict on parole. She had her hand-bag packed for the elopement when I confronted her with this unpleasant fact. When she came to she was bitter instead of grateful, and went about for weeks presenting a spectacle of blighted affections which was too much for the most self-approving conscience. So it ended with my packing her off to New York, where I wrote to her frequently and kindly, urging her to stay as long as she liked.

Meanwhile I came up to the ranch for a long holiday with Bess and the baby, a holiday which had already stretched itself out to Thanksgiving, and threatened to last until Christmas. People wrote alluringly from town, but what had town to offer compared with a saddle-horse to yourself, and a litter of collie pups to play with, and a baby just learning to walk? I even began to consider ranching as a career, and to picture myself striding over my broad acres in top-boots and corduroys.

As to Aunt Jane, my state of mind was fatuously calm. She was staying with cousins, who live in a suburb and are frightfully respectable. I was sure they numbered no convicts among their acquaintance, or indeed anyone from whom Aunt Jane was likely to require rescuing. And if it came to a retired missionary I was perfectly willing.

But the cousins and their respectability are of the passive order, whereas to manage Aunt Jane demands aggressive and continuous action. Hence the bolt from the blue above alluded to.

I was swinging tranquilly in the hammock, I remember, when Bess brought my letters and then hurried away because the baby had fallen downstairs. Unwarned by the slightest premonitory thrill, I kept Aunt Jane's letter till the last and skimmed through all the others. I should be thankful, I suppose, that the peace soon to be so rudely shattered was prolonged for those few monments. I recalled afterwards, but dimly, as though a gulf of ages yawned between, that I had been quite interested in six pages of prattle about the Patterson dance.

At last I came to Aunt Jane. I ripped open the envelope and drew out the letter—a fat one, but then Aunt Jane's letters are always fat. She says herself that she is of those whose souls flow freely forth in ink but are frozen by the cold eye of an unsympathetic listener. Nevertheless, as I spread out the close-filled pages I felt a mild wonder. Writing so large, so black, so staggering, so madly underlined, must indicate something above even Aunt Jane's usual emotional level. Perhaps in sober truth there *was* a missionary—

Twenty minutes later I staggered into Bess's room.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't wake the baby!"

"Baby or no baby," I whispered savagely, "I've got to have a time-table. I leave for the city to-night to catch the first steamer for Panama!"

Later, while the baby slumbered and I packed, I explained. This was difficult; not that Bess is as a general thing obtuse, but because the picture of Aunt Jane embarking for some wild, lone isle of the Pacific as the head of a treasure-seeking expedition was enough to shake the strongest intellect. And yet, amid the welter of ink and eloquence which filled those fateful pages, there was the cold hard fact confronting you. Aunt Jane was going to look for buried treasure, in company with one Violet Higglesby-Browne, whom she sprung on you without the slightest explanation, as though alluding to the Queen of Sheba or the Siamese twins. By beginning at the end and reading backward—Aunt Jane's letters are usually most intelligible that way—you manage to piece together some explanation of this Miss Higglesby-Browne and her place in the scheme of things. It was through Miss Browne, whom she had met at a lecture upon Soul-Development, that Aunt Jane had come to realize her claims as an Individual upon the Cosmos, also to discover that she was by nature a woman of affairs with a talent for directing large enterprise, although *adverse influences* had hitherto kept her from recognizing her powers. There was a dark significance in these italics, though whether they meant me or the family lawyer I was not sure.

Miss Higglesby-Browne, however, had assisted Aunt Jane to find herself, and as a consequence Aunt Jane, for the comparatively trifling outlay needful to finance the Harding-Browne expedition, would shortly be the richer by one-fourth of a vast treasure of Spanish doubloons. The knowledge of this hoard was Miss Higglesby-Browne's alone. It has been revealed to her by a dying sailor in a London hospital, whither she had gone on a mission of kindness — you gathered that Miss Browne was precisely the sort to take advantage when people were helpless and unable to fly from her. Why the dying sailor chose to make Miss Browne the repository of his secret, I don't know — this still remains for me the unsolved mystery. But when the sailor closed his eyes the secret and the map — of course there was a map—had become Miss Higglesby-Browne's.

Miss Browne now had clear before her the road to fortune, but unfortunately it led across the sea and quite out of the route of steamer travel. Capital in excess of Miss Browne's resources was required. London proving cold before its great opportunity, Miss Browne had shaken off its dust and come to New York, where a mysteriously potent influence had guided her to Aunt Jane. Through Miss Browne's great organizing abilities, not to speak of those newly brought to light in Aunt Jane, a party of staunch comrades had been assembled, a steamer engaged to meet them at Panama, and it was ho for the island in the blue Pacific main!

"Right where she stood, Aunt Jane petrified. Her poor little chin dropped until it disappeared altogether in the folds of her plump neck. . . . 'Aunt Jane,' I said, 'you must come right back to shore with me.' . . . She replied only by a slight gobbling in her throat"

With this lyrical outburst Aunt Jane concluded the body of her letter. A small, cramped postscript informed me that it was against Miss H.-B.'s wishes that she revealed their plans to anyone, but that she did want to hear from me before they sailed from Panama, where a letter might reach her if I was prompt. However, if it did not she would try not to worry, for Miss Browne was very psychic, and she felt sure that any strong vibration from me would reach her via Miss B., and she was my always loving Jane Harding.

"And of course," I explained to Bess as I hurled things into my bags, "if a letter can reach her so can I. At least I must take the chance of it. What those people are up to I don't know—probably they mean to hold her for ransom and murder her outright if it is not forthcoming. Or perhaps some of them will marry her and share the spoils with Miss Higglesby-Browne. Anyway, I must get to Panama in time to save her."

"Or you might go along to the island," suggested Bess.

I paused to glare at her.

"Bess! And let them murder me too?"

"Or marry you—" cooed Bess.

One month later I was climbing out of a lumbering hack before the Tivoli hotel, which rises square and white and imposing on the low green height above the old Spanish city of Panama. In spite of the melting tropical heat there was a chill fear at my heart, the fear that Aunt Jane and her band of treasure seekers had already departed on their quest. In that case I foresaw that whatever narrow margin of faith my fellow-voyagers on the City of Quito had had in me would shrink to nothingness. I had been obliged to be so queer and clam-like about the whole extraordinary rendezvous—for how could I expose Aunt Jane's madness to the multitude?—that I felt it would take the actual bodily presence of my aunt to convince them that she was not a myth, or at least of the wrong sex for aunts. To have travelled so far in the desperate hope of heading off Aunt Jane, only to be frustrated and to lose my character besides! It would be a stroke too much from fate, I told myself rebelliously, as I crossed the broad gallery and plunged into the cool dimness of the lobby in the wake of the bellboys who, discerning a helpless prey, had swooped en masse upon my bags.

"Miss Jane Harding?" repeated the clerk, and at

By

CAMILLA KENYON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS ROGERS

the cool negation of his tone my heart gave a sickening downward swoop. "Miss Jane Harding and party have left the hotel!"

"For—for the island?" I gasped.

He raised his eyebrows. "Can't say, I'm sure."

He gave me an appraising stare. Perhaps the woe in my face touched him, for he descended from the eminence of the hotel clerk where he dwelt apart sufficiently to add, "Is it important for you to see her?"

"I am her niece. I have come all the way from San Francisco expecting to join her here."

The clerk meditated, his shrewd eyes piercing the very secrets of my soul.

"She knew nothing about it," I hastened to add. "I intended it for a surprise."

This candor helped my cause. "Well," he said, "that explains her not leaving any word. As you are her niece, I suppose it will do no h[illegible]m to tell you that Miss Harding and her party e[illegible]ked this morning on the freighter Rufus Smith, [illegible] think it very likely that the steamer has not lef[illegible] If you like I will send a man to the waterfro[illegible] you and you may be able to go on board and h[illegible] with your aunt."

Did I thank him? I ha[illegible] wondered when I waked up in the night. [illegible]vision of myself dashing out of the hot[illegible] the hack that brought me is bearing [illegible]llboys hurled my bags in after me, ar[illegible] largesse recklessly. Some arch-bellboy or other potentate had mounted to the seat beside the driver. Madly we clattered over cobbled ways. Out on the smooth waters of the roadstead lay ships great and small, ships with stripped masts and smokeless funnels, others with faint gray spirals wreathing upward from their stacks. Was one of these the Rufus Smith, and would I reach her—or him—before the thin grey feather became a thick black plume? I thought of my aunt at the mercy of these unknown adventurers with whom she had set forth, helpless as a little fat pigeon among hawks, and I felt, desperately, that I must reach her, must save her from them and bring her safe back to shore. How I was to do this at the eleventh hour plus about fifty-seven minutes as at present I hadn't considered. But experience had taught me that once in my clutches Aunt Jane would offer about as much resistance as a slightly melted wax doll. She gets so soft that you are almost afraid to touch her for fear of leaving dents.

So to get there, get there, get there, was the one prayer of my soul.

I got there, in a boat hastily commandeered by the hotel clerk's deputy. I suppose he thought me a belated passenger for the Rufus Smith, for my baggage followed me into the boat. "Pronto!" he shouted to the native boatman as we put off. "Pronto!" I urged at intervals, my eyes upon the funnels of the Rufus Smith, where the outpouring smoke was thickening alarmingly. We brought up under the side of the little steamer, and the wide surprised face of a Swedish deck-hand stared down at us.

"Let me aboard! I must come aboard!" I cried.

Other faces appeared, then a rope-ladder. Somehow I was mounting it—a dizzy feat to which only the tumult of my emotions made me indifferent. Bare, brawny arms of sailors clutched at me and drew me to the deck. There at once I was the centre of a circle of speechless and astonished persons, all men but one.

"Well?" demanded a large breezy voice. "Well, what's this mean? What do you want aboard my ship?"

I looked up at a red-faced man in a large straw hat.

"I want my aunt," I explained.

"Your aunt?" he roared. "Why the devil should you think I've got your aunt?"

"You have got her," I replied with firmness. "I don't see her, but she's here somewhere."

The captain of the Rufus Smith shook two large red fists above his head.

"Another lunatic!" he shouted. "I'd as soon have a white horse and a minister aboard as to go to sea in a floating bedlam!"

As the captain's angry thunder died away came the small anxious voice of Aunt Jane.

"What's the matter? Oh, please tell me what's the matter!" she was saying as she edged her way into the group. In her severely cut khaki suit she looked like a plump little dumpling which had got into a sausage wrapping by mistake. Her eyes, round, pale, blinking a little in the tropical glare, roved over the circle until they lit on me. Right where she stood Aunt Jane petrified. She endeavored to shriek, but achieved instead only a strangled wheeze. Her poor little chin dropped until it disappeared altogether in the folds of her plump neck, and she remained speechless, stricken, immobile as a wax figure in an exhibition.

"Aunt Jane," I said, "you must come right back to shore with me." I spoke calmly, for unless you are perfectly calm with Aunt Jane you fluster her.

She replied only by a slight gobbling in her throat, but the other woman spoke in a loud voice, addressed not to me but to the universe in general.

"The Young Person is mad!" It was an unmistakably British intonation.

This then was Miss Violet Higglesby-Browne. I saw a grim, bony, stocky shape, in a companion costume to my aunt's. Around the edges of her cork helmet her short iron-gray hair visibly bristled. She had a massive head, and a seamed and rugged countenance which did its best to live down the humiliation of a ridiculous little nose with no bridge. By what prophetic irony she had been named Violet is the secret of those powers which seem to love a laugh at mankind's expense.

But what riveted my eyes was the deadly glare with which hers were turned on me. I saw that not only was she as certain of my identity as though she had guided me from my first tottering steps, but that in a flash she had grasped my motives, aims and purposes, and meant once for all to face, out-general and defeat me with great slaughter.

So she announced to the company with deliberation, "The Young Person is mad!"

It nettled me extremely.

"Mad!" I flung back at her. "Because I wish to save my poor aunt from such a situation as this? It would be charitable to infer madness in those who have let her into it!" When I reviewed this speech afterwards I realized that it was not, under the circumstances, the best calculated to win me friends.

"Jane!" said Miss Higglesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "the time has come to prove your strength!"

Aunt Jane proved it by uttering a shrill yelp, and clutching her hair with a reckless disregard of its having originally been that of a total stranger. So severe were her shrieks and struggles that it was with difficulty that she was borne below in the arms of two strong men.

I had seen Aunt Jane in hysterics before—she had them that time about the convict. I was not frightened, but I hurried after her—neck and neck with Miss Browne. It was fifteen minutes before Aunt Jane came to, and then she would only moan. I bathed her head, and held her hand, and did all the regulation things, under the baleful eye of Miss Browne, who steadfastly refused to go away, but sat glaring like a gorgon who sees her prey about to be snatched from her.

In the midst of my ministration I awoke suddenly to a rhythmic heave and throb which pervaded the ship. Dropping Aunt Jane's hand I rushed on deck. There lay the various pieces of my baggage, and in the distance the boat with the two brown rowers was skipping shoreward over the ripples. As for the Rufus Smith, she was under weigh, and heading out of the roadstead to the open sea.

I dashed aft to the captain, who stood issuing orders in the voice of an aggrieved foghorn.

"Captain!" I cried, "wait; turn around! You must put my aunt and me ashore!"

He whirled on me, showing a crimson angry face. "Turn around, is it, turn around?" he shouted. "Do you suppose I can loaf about the harbor here a-waitin' on your aunt's fits? You come aboard without mo

Continued on page 99

The BANSHEE BELL

A Tale of the Tête Jaune Cache

By EDITH G. BAYNE

Author of "The Arch Strategist," etc.

"You gotta walk," said my driver.

IT ALL seemed to happen so very simply and naturally, each little part dove-tailing with the next like the sections of a child's puzzle, that in looking back I cannot help but conclude that the whole thing was a heaven-born scheme, a series of events that had been planned from the very beginning; and that I was but playing one of the leading parts in the drama, though scarcely of my own volition.

On that fateful Friday, then, I left Mother and Aunt Minerva quarreling about me in a perfectly well-bred manner in the motor and I hopped gaily up the steps of the day-coach and waved them a cheery good-bye just as the train, which we had all but missed, pulled out. Mother had prophesied a thunderstorm and a wash-out and thought the whole idea preposterous. To her a ranch was but one remove from an Indian encampment. Auntie took my part insofar as accepting the invitation went, for she and Mother are constitutionally opposed anyway, but she thought it the height of recklessness to travel without a maid and looked distinctly shocked. Coming as she does from the *effetest* possible section of the East, dear Auntie has never been a mixer and the very thought of my being thrown among the *hoi-polloi* unattended and unprotected, jarred all her well-grounded ethics and nearly brought on one of her "spells."

I, Lorraine Moore, aged twenty-one, high-spirited and a lover of life (but hitherto very carefully and consistently suppressed), only child of adoring parents, delicately-nurtured to the point of absurdity and utterly inexperienced in traveling alone, was off at last on my first Real Adventure. Of course I didn't know it then but I was thrilled just the same. Possibly it was premonition! To be sure it was merely to a house-party I was bound. Natalie's father's ranch is only a little over three hundred miles from the city, but I'd never been up in the Pass, having only lived in the West a few years. But I'd had as much difficulty in wringing permission out of Mother—Dad, my pal, was in the East on business—as though I wished to go to Baffin's Land. It was absurd.

I FELT almost aggressively self-reliant for possibly an hour. Then the country "got" me. I became enthralled, with a rapture that left no room for self. Beholding the grandeur about us I fairly forgot the party at times. With every mile the country grew more wonderful. Sheer rock-walls rose on the one hand, deep gorges yawned on the other; little lakes smiled up at us between stretches of virgin forest; lacy cascades billowed down over rough rock-ledges and the roar was like surf. The hills grew into mountains and when we entered the Tete Jaune Cache, snow-capped peak upon snow-capped peak rose in endless succession on every hand and dwarfed even the dome of heaven.

The car being crowded I was sitting with a Galician family, holding the baby while its mother slept. A brisk "drummer" had breezed up to Wasyl and was trying to sell him a new kind of safety-razor, bent apparently on making this part of the world shave for democracy. I unloaded the baby on him bye-and-bye and moved across the aisle to try and cheer up a wistful-eyed young girl of about my own age whom I had noticed surreptitiously weeping. She was a nice little thing, fair and with Madonna-like features, and dressed sensibly, though a trifle old-fashionedly.

"What's the matter?" I asked after a few tentative remarks about this and that. "Are you ill?"

She shook her head but summoned a fleeting smile.

"Have you come far?" I pursued.

At this she laughed, almost wildly.

"Well, if you call Nova Scotia far!" she said.

"Oh! I see. And it's plain homesickness?"

She nodded, gulping. Bye and bye she spoke again, in a thin, listless voice.

"I came out to take one of these teacherless schools. I wish I'd died first! I wish the train had turned a somersault into Lake Superior. I didn't know the country was like *this*—so rough and wild and lonely. I'd like to die. I would so . . . Oh I know it's grand and magnificent and all that, but if I stayed I'd go mad in three days. And I was sick all across Manitoba and Saskatchewan—I don't know if it was car-sick or prairie-sick! It's terrible. It's so different from home."

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I love it—not the plains but this mountainous part. You'll get used to it as soon as you settle down and make friends."

SHE looked out with tear-dimmed, unseeing eyes at the movie-like panorama of rocks and gorges and pine-clothed slopes, and she shook her head.

"You're awfully good, trying to comfort me like this, but you see I'm used to lots of company and living in a village where everybody knows everybody else and—and this loneliness *terrifies* me. It's not so much the hardships, though the nice trustee who wrote me such a kind letter said I'd have to live in a shack, but it's the lonesomeness. And I left home in such a keen spirit of *adventure* too!"

"But what are you going to do about it?" I put in, practically, checking a fresh outburst of tears on her part.

"I don't know, but I can't stay. I *won't* stay," she said stubbornly.

"You belong to the ——, the leisure class, don't you?" she added, after a moment.

That phrase always riles me, somehow.

"What makes you say that?" I demanded in swift resentment.

"Oh a dozen things about you."

"I suppose you think I can't do anything but tickle piano-keys!"

"Please don't be angry. I only—"

"I'm not. I'm just hurt. I guess I am a parasite," I said ruefully.

"You're awfully pretty, I think. I've always loved black hair and those very deep blue eyes. And your skin is exquisite!" she said, trying to atone.

"I'm just healthy," I broke in, deprecatingly. "And Irish!"

She began to pack up her belongings. We had passed Mount Robson some time before and were approaching the Divide. To our left the Fraser River boiled and churned and raced in its tumultuous course westward. All streams were flowing toward the Pacific now. The character of the country had grown rougher, wilder and lonelier-looking. One saw no white men at the few stops. Along the right-of-way we caught glimpses of Indian tepees through the interstices of the forest. None but moccasined feet trod these upper trails, the conductor told us.

"Is the next stop yours?" I asked the little Nova Scotian.

"Next but one. Cliff Crossing," she sighed.

"Why that's where I get off!" I exclaimed. "And I wish you were coming with me. I'm to visit an awfully jolly girl, Natalie Weeks of the Bar Cross Ranch. She lives about fifteen miles in and they're such nice hospitable people—typical Westerners, you know. I hope you'll soon meet that kind. They'll help you to like the country."

We exchanged names then. Hers was Margaret Smithson. For all her downheartedness there was something about her that made me envious. She made me feel like a piker, somehow. Her life stood for usefulness while mine was but a butterfly existence, benefiting no one.

WELL, we got off, the train scarcely stopping, it seemed to me, before it rushed away again. Miss Smithson said she was expected and that someone would be on hand to drive her to Blue Canyon, where her little school was. But the only humans in sight were a squaw in a red neckerchief with a papoose strapped to her back, waiting for the train east and a Polish person in chaps who sat smoking nonchalantly in a wagon attached to a piebald and rather restive team. His English seemed limited to "Yaw," and as I knew no Polish we had to get along by dint of gesturing and grimaces. Natalie had written that, if the trails were bad after the heavy rains they'd been having, they would send the team instead of the car, Miss Smithson, more dejected than ever, had seated herself upon a coil of rope. She said she'd wait alone and for me to go on and not to bother about her. I wanted to stay with her until her "nice trustee" came to claim her, for I hated to leave her in her present state of mind. She looked on the verge of fainting.

I think it wasn't until we had gotten about three or four miles on our way—the Pole and I—that I began to understand what had happened. I'd never, as I said, visited Natalie at the ranch—only at her town home—but from what I'd gathered the trail led almost due south and didn't climb at all. The route we were taking was most circuitous. It rose and dipped and made hairpin turns and sheered away, then climbed again; and each mile was like two. It came over me finally, that I had ridden off with poor little Miss Smithson's jaunt. I shook the Pole by the arm in a frantic endeavor to get something definite out of him. I shrieked of the turn back—that I'd made a mistake. At last I was to lose port. He merely grinned and nodded vaguely with much vigor "Yaw, yaw."

Shame a talked the poor Aunt Minerva! And the poor ve often ness of Oh, I have a left sitting on the coil of rope! el, and then discerning me away. Be sophically—the folks from d I threw them my bags. Harding?" n shortly. As for my own night if necessary, if the

Bar Cross people hadn't come in after all. Blue Canyon must have a few houses! And then I remembered that Miss Smithson had said it was just a scattered settlement and mostly foreigners!

If only my old-time glee in the adventurous would come to my aid now! Why at a pinch I could act as substitute teacher! But I wasn't exactly thrilled at such a prospect, perhaps because I was travel-weary, chilly and almost famished. And I felt exceedingly qualmy when the intervening hills had blotted out the last rosy glow of sunset. Dusk was upon us. Faintly and from far away echoed and re-echoed a train-whistle. I shivered. My driver was as silent as a wooden Indian. An assortment of pails, boxes and milk-cans rattled and jangled behind us. At every least pebble on the trail the wagon, none too springy, jolted my aching bones till I longed to scream out.

Several hours must have passed and we seemed to have traveled fifteen or twenty miles. In reality, as I learned later, it was only ten. I was just beginning to feel seriously disturbed about the whole absurd business and I'm afraid the tears were not far off either, when the Pole suddenly pulled up short and pointed with his whip to some spot in the upper ether.

"Blue Canyon," he said, nodding and grinning at me.

WE had stopped at the base of a mighty slope, pine-clothed and rising almost sheer. On our other side the hillside dipped down to where a tiny freshet, scarcely free of its ice-bondage yet, marked a zig-zag course between huge boulders.

"Blue Canyon," reiterated my companion two or three times, seeing I was somewhat dazed.

He seized my bag which lay at our feet.

"No can do," he observed, apologetically, nodding up at the mountain-top again. "No can do. You gotta walk!"

I gazed upward and the immediate result was a "crick" in the neck. How *did* the man expect me to achieve the crest of that formidable hill? Was I to swarm up hand-over-hand?

"You gotta walk now," repeated my jehu, patiently.

"*Walk!*" I cried with an hysterical laugh.

Slowly and fearfully and very stiffly, for my limbs were cramped, I descended.

I was chilly and hungry and dispirited. I was learning that early June in the mountains, especially after sunset, calls for warmer clothes than those I was wearing. I felt very small and lonely and yet, frightened—lost out here among the "everlasting hills," and I had to admit that three years lived in the West scarcely constitutes one a *bona fide* Westerner. Why, I was as big a coward as Miss Smithson afted all! Would she have fainted at this stage or would sheer necessity have filled her with spunk and forced her on and up—*especially up?* And, having come thus far was I going to back down *now?*

Just then looking upward again what did I catch but a glimmer of light near the crest of the hill! At first I thought it a very yellow star, a friendly star that had stepped down to hobnob with us for a space. But shortly I discovered that its form was rectangular—and whoever heard of a square star! A window? And a window meant a habitation of some sort! Joy! *Oh*, Joy!

I pointed at this phenomenon. We had passed the last cabin about eight miles back.

"Yaw," said my driver nodding at the light and then at me. "Yaw. You gotta walk."

He set my bag down and backed away in unaccountable haste. I followed and paid him a dollar. The sound of his receding wagon echoed and re-echoed among the close-pressed hills about me. Then I began that climb. It was a still evening but not dark. A misty dusk filled the lower strata but above I saw a few cold stars. I puffed and panted and paused to rest and started again (changing my grip from one hand to the other) and climbed on and up so eagerly that I had no breath to spare, though I wanted to shout at whoever was up there to come and meet me. The steep and rocky trail which my driver had indicated was fairly straight and though I stubbed my toes innumerable times I made progress and gradually arrived at the shoulder of rock beyond which the sturdy little cabin stood.

The light was an ordinary coal-oil lamp set in the window. I cheered with what breath I had left. But nobody came to the door. Here at this altitude I seemed to have entered another world, a neighborly section, for from my rock-ledge I beheld now many little twinkling points of light denoting the scattered cabins of the valley and hill dwellers. And presently, as I panted there, striving for sufficient energy for the last lap, a faint far-off roaring sound re-echoed strangely among the canyons and away off down there below me a long, glistening, golden snake cut through the velvet darkness and wound away again out of sight. After a moment came a whistle, muted by distance, and a dozen laughing echoes. The railroad couldn't be so very far away after all! Considerably cheered by this manifestation I reached the cabin and here my town-bred instinct prompted me to rap on the door. There was no response. I knocked half-a-dozen times and could distinctly hear a slow, shuffling sound which, however, did not seem to be approaching the door. Thinking the occupant deaf I made bold to enter.

"Hello, hello," said a voice whose owner wasn't visible.

"Hello," I responded weakly and, dropping my grip, I leaned against the door-jamb, peering about curiously.

"Shut the door!" squawked the voice, imperiously. I obeyed.

"Hello," I heard again. Then: "Skin a rabbit!"

Followed a raucous, inhuman cackle which chilled my blood. Had I stumbled on a madman? Horrors! I stood, rooted to the spot, my knees quaking and my heart beating so thickly it nearly smothered me. Blindly I reached behind me for the latch of the door.

"Hell's bells!" hissed the voice; and I thrilled in terror at the piratical laugh that ensued.

But the next instant my eyes, roaming wildly about, had discerned a cage hanging in a window recess.

"A parrot!" I cried and sank, giggling hysterically, into a chair.

Embers were glowing in the Homesteader's joy stove. As soon as I'd come in I'd noticed the grateful warmth. I began to investigate, tentatively at first for fear the person, who had lighted the lamp and made the fire, should come suddenly in. There was an iron cot with clean bedding in one corner and a home-made bookshelf partly filled with dog-cared, miscellaneous volumes in another. A pantry made of deal boxes graced the corner by the stove and there was a wash-bench of similar origin. The windows had clean curtains and there was even a phonograph and records! I was most agreeably surprised with the atmosphere of the room and for the second time envied Miss Smithson whole-heartedly. On the walls hung fishing-rods, a small gun, a pair of snowshoes crossed and a few tasteful pictures, unframed.

A note on the rude mantel caught my eye next. It was unsealed and addressed to The Teacher. I opened it, boldly.

"You will find sufficient grubstake for a week in the pantry, and the coal-oil is in the leanto. Bread is in the tin wash-boiler behind the table; a lantern ready to use, in beneath the bed. Keep the venison in a cool place and do not hang up outside on account of the bears. There is some wood cut for you and you will find the axe beside it. The school is just a hundred yards or so further east along the upper trail. Don't mind the parrot. It is only her little way and she means no harm. She had an unabridged vocabulary when I got her and is a versatile bird. Her first owner, a sailor at Victoria, must have been a painstaking teacher, for she can recite passages of Scripture or swear with equal ease and with undiminished ardor. Throw a cover over her when she becomes too loquncious.

"Am called away suddenly, but have lighted you a lamp and left a small fire burning. If you shou'd hear a bell ringing at any time, night or day, on no account say anything about it till I see you.

"The Retiring Schulemarm."

WELL, I foraged about and within half an hour had made myself a meal of sorts. I found the wood and replenished the fire, noting that the retiring teacher had filled a pail of water from some nearby spring. It was the best drink of water I'd ever had, and I blest her for her forethought. I warmed a can of baked beans and ate bread-and-oleo with them, finishing off with some biscuits with jam between them, and then I re-read the other teacher's note and fell to wondering about her. Some husky young woman from the country no doubt, a veritable hewer of wood and

I felt very small and lonely and frightened.

drawer of water and—judging from the parrot—of spinsterish age. She had likely become fed up on the life and, good soul that she was, had tried to make my debut as pleasant as the circumstances permitted. Bears! And an axe for me to wield when the supply of wood ran out! (Had she provided me with a tub to stand in, I wondered!) Oh yes, and a strange bell which I must pretend I don't hear! Some of the children playing tricks with the school-bell, of course.

I didn't undress and go to bed. I hadn't courage enough. But I took off my boots and loosened my clothes and lay down.—And—the next thing I knew the glorious morning sunshine was pouring like a golden flood into the cabin and I was lying in a pool of it and the parrot was whistling for her breakfast.

This, then, was Saturday. I spent the morning unpacking my suitcase, reconnoitring and playing the phonograph. It was lonely and I wished some of the neighbors would drop in. In the afternoon I walked warily up the trail and located "my" school—a tiny building without a belfry. Still I saw no human being. The noises of the woods were full about me, chipmunks chattering, the gurgle of a mountain torrent somewhere near but invisible, a loon calling to its mate and the faint yapping of a coyote.

There was, too, an occasional droning, metallic sound, weird, indefinite; and this made a sort of overtone to the rest. It sounded something like a great bluebottle that has been shut in a tin pail, and it rose and fell on the brisk breeze with what became oppressive insistency. It rather got on my nerves, finally. But in the quiet of evening it stopped. I was unable to account for it. The parrot seemed uneasy too and sat hunched up on her perch, crooning and squawking plaintively.

In the night sometime it re-commenced. It must have wakened me for, though it wasn't loud, it had an oddly penetrating quality and in this mountain-top silence it was almost uncanny in its insistency. It droned and clanked and wavered away to silence and then began once more. Now I thought it an Indian drum, then something in the Nature of a steam-riveter, only that I knew the last to be impossible up here in the wilderness. It kept rousing me at intervals till nearly dawn; so at last I got up and dressed.

"Hell's bells!" screamed Polly when I threw off her cage cover.

And I giggled. The tension was relieved. Perhaps it *was* the mysterious bell of the teacher's note.

Dawn was breaking in rosy streaks over the eastern ridge. I had breakfast and tidied up the place. It was too early to look for visitors but it was Sunday, and I had dropped a fork, and optimism was born anew. Surely, oh surely, I wouldn't have to spend another whole day alone!

As the sun rose, a dazzling ball of fire, over the highest peak of the range, I stood at my humble door, drinking in the beauty about me. A tiny path bordered by dew-drenched ferns led away to a little spring just beyond some dwarf cedars. All around the pines rose or dropped, tier on tier. Feathery wolf-willow scented the chill pure air of morning. The balsamic sweetness was like a rich wine. From the canyon rose wisps of blue mist like ephemeral smoke from altar-fires. To the west one lone white star burned faintly.

I don't suppose I'll ever look upon a more beautiful scene. It made me jubilant and solemn by turns and a full quarter hour must have gone by while I stood entranced, and the sun's red shafts pricked out the shimmering dew beads on the ferns.

Then—oh, unfailing augury of the fallen fork!—I caught the faint click-click of approaching hoof-beats. I was to see a human at last. Someone from the Bar Cross!

I don't know how it happened but we were clinging together like long-lost orphans.

Rounding a bend in the trail, riding down upon me from the direction opposite to that of the school, came a lone horseman. As he drew nearer I saw that he held a bundle of some sort, not on the saddle-horn but in one arm. He was a young man, probably twenty-five, and he wore his rough ranchman's attire with almost a superb grace.

Silently he pulled up his horse. As I went toward him he jerked off his hat and the morning sun glinted a moment on thick reddish-brown hair.

"Are you Miss Smithson?" he asked, directly.

"I'm taking her place. I'm Miss Moore," I said, boldly.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I want to ask—to ask you—do you know anything about—about—"

As he stammered thus his eyes travelled from me to the bundle he carried.

"It's rather an unusual request," he commenced again, and grew a trifle ruddy above his tan.

"It isn't anything about continuation-class work is it?" I asked in some alarm. "You see I only matriculated."

I'd been rather dreading *that*.

"I meant something quite different," he said, looking down strangely at what he held, and smiling.

THEN he leaned over the saddle and offered me the bundle. It was a tiny baby and it was wrapped only in cotton wadding and then in a man's coat!

"Oh, *isn't* he small!" I cried, taking the mite. "Is—is he ill or anything?"

"On the contrary he's one of the healthiest little beggars I ever saw—for his age."

"Where did you—"

"He was born at midnight twenty miles up the canyon. His mother died. There was nobody else so I brought him away."

The rider as he spoke was looking at me with a pair of intent dark eyes. It was clear he was worried about the infant.

"Do you know anything about babies?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Not very much I'm afraid. But I'll do what I can. Will you come inside and tell me what to do?"

I spoke with more assurance than I really felt. As it seemed to be a case of 'any port in a storm' the rider jumped down at once and, throwing the bridle over a rampike followed me indoors.

"He's Russian so I'm taking him down to the valley where a family I know will take charge of him," said the young man. "In the hut where he was born there weren't even the simplest necessities. I got the call hurriedly and fortunately had a few things in my bag—yes, that sweet oil is just what I need. Any fine powder? Thanks. Draw that blind a bit for his eyes mustn't get the full sun."

"You seem to know just what to do," I remarked. "Are you by any chance a doctor?"

"Oh, pardon. Doc. Rupe North at your service!" he said. "I am a chump all right. I'm rather dull in the upper storey owing to the loss of two nights' sleep. I'll take a fresh towel, please."

We both worked rapidly. The baby cried lustily at intervals—a splendid omen, Doctor North said. The latter, by the way, wasn't a bit good-looking (I dislike handsome men!)

I caught him in a full-blown yawn, presently.

"You'd better go home and go to bed," I suggested, bluntly.

"A good idea." he agreed. "Only—"

"Yes?" I prompted as he broke off, flushing.

"Well, I haven't got any home to go to in order to pound my ear."

"No home!"

"None but a tent halfway between here and the base of Old Baldy. You see, until the other day I occupied this snug abode. Haven't you stumbled on some of my things:

"You lived *here?* How do you mean? The teacher—"

"Yea, verily. *I* was the schulemarm! You got my note?"

So *that* accounted for the shaving-mug I'd found in the pantry! And for the numerous phials and pill-boxes!

WELL of course I thanked him for the kindly welcome—beginning with the lamp and ending with the newly-starched curtains—which had warmed my heart that night (*was* it only Friday!) but he pooh-poohed my gratitude. He said he'd had to learn to turn his hand to anything. Lung trouble a year ago had brought him up here. He was cured but would remain throughout the summer to make assurance doubly sure. He was glad to have been of some help to the Blue Canyon families in their occasional sicknesses but the isolation was wearing in the extreme. There wasn't an English-speaking soul within twenty or thirty miles.

"And that dashed bell!" he exclaimed. "It's driven six or seven teachers away and scared off as many prospective ones. By the way, have *you* heard it?"

His deft hands had finished their task. We were sittting opposite each other, both of us palpably glad of company. His eyes—glowing, penetrating eyes with just a hint of melancholy in them—watched me anxiously. I felt that I was being gauged, that my courage was undergoing a sharp testing, and instinctively I braced myself.

Continued on page 71

FIFTY YEARS IN THE WEST

How James H. Ashdown Won Out on the Prairies

By PROFESSOR W. T. ALLISON

ONE afternoon in the year 1861 a young man of about eighteen years —the age when ambition so frequently stirs in the male heart a desire to strike out and conquer the world—was riding briskly along a railroad track. In the near distance was a settlement which in after years was to become known as the town of Hespeler. At this time, however,--it was a mere clearing in the dense forest. Despite the fact that he had come all the way on shank's mare from Guelph, a distance of twelve miles, and despite the further fact that he had previously walked all the way from his father's farm in Brant County to Guelph in search of employment and had failed to find it, he was still cheerful. So cheerful, in fact, that when he saw a sixpenny bit sticking in the sand between two railway ties, he accepted it as an omen of good fortune. He dug it out with his knife and held it up exultantly. A sixpenny bit was a small fortune to a boy of eighteen in the early sixties. For one thing it meant one more meal; and a meal is an important item when one has gone out into the world on his own.

"Anyway," said the young seeker after fortune, whose name was James Ashdown, "I believe I ought to stop at this place and try my luck here. This means something."

He stopped in Hespeler and the omen of the sixpenny bit, if omen it were, proved to have had some policy. He found not only employment, but a chance to learn a trade, and it might perhaps be said that this incident proved the first stepping-stone to a successful career. One of the first men he applied to was a tinsmith named John Zryd who needed an apprentice and, after the latter had looked the lad over carefully, he decided that he would do. So a three-year contract was duly drawn up and signed. James Ashdown was to work for that period of time with the tinsmith and was to learn the trade. In the meantime he was to be entitled to the following:

Board, lodging and laundry free.
Twenty-five dollars the first year.
Thirty dollars the second year.
Forty-five dollars the last year.

Of course, that was a long, long time ago, and it was a fair bargain as such matters went. Certainly it looked good to young Ashdown who started to work immediately with the enthusiasm that is, after all, the main element that enters into the success of any beginner. The remuneration did not entirely satisfy him, however. Before long he had made the acquaintance of the village blacksmith and had entered into an agreement with that man of girth and brawn to leave the posting of his books to one of nimbler mind. Young Ashdown looked after the books of the local Joe Gargery at nights. The remuneration again was slight—$6 a year for the first two years and $8 for the third—but there was more than money to be gained. There was experience, for one thing. And James Ashdown was intensely ambitious and realized the value of any kind of business training.

He Turns to the West

AS soon as the young tinsmith had learned his trade he decided to seek his fortune in the Western States, for the general idea had spread in Canada that a great boom would follow the close of the War of Secession. But this prosperity was not so pronounced as anticipated, and, after spending some time in Chicago and St. Louis, he finally found his way to the limits of civilization, at what was to be known as Fort Zarah on the plains of Kansas. A block house was being erected to protect settlers from the Indians and the young mechanic from Ontario secured work on this building for some ten months. There he saw the herds of buffalo which were still numerous in the West; he saw the Indian tribesmen when they came to barter at the trading post; above all he saw and liked the boundless prairie country.

In 1868 there was no city on the map named Winnipeg, nor was there a province known as Manitoba. There was a straggling Red River Settlement and two stone forts (one, Fort Garry, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers; the other, known as Lower Fort Garry, some twenty miles down the Red) on the river bank that were trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Ashdown knew nothing of the commercial possibilities of the settlement, and from what he had seen of the frontier life in Kansas, he knew that he would have to put up with many hardships; would, in fact, have a difficult time getting to the vicinity of Fort Garry; but the West had called him, and once more he set his face towards the land of the boundless prairie and the buffalo.

JAMES H. ASHDOWN
From a recent photograph.

In those days the only entrance to Western Canada was by way of St. Paul and St. Cloud. There was a new line of railway northward from St. Paul to St. Cloud, but beyond that little settlement there was nothing but the prairie trail totally unknown to any but the hardy Red River voyageurs. Several years later a line of steamboats was to carry passengers and freight down the Red River, but in June, 1868, when Mr. Ashdown arrived at St. Cloud, he had to make a bargain with the driver of a Red River ox-cart for the carriage of his luggage and provisions. He, himself, had to walk beside the train of ox-carts, stopping when they stopped and starting when they started. At meal time he had to prepare his own food, boiling tea, frying bacon, etc., and was incessantly assailed by clouds of mosquitoes. At night he slept beneath the carts or elsewhere as circumstances allowed. At last, after what was considered a very favorable journey of nineteen days, on the 30th of June, 1868, he reached Fort Garry.

Arrived With the Grasshoppers

HIS arrival did not prove to have been auspiciously timed. The year before there had been a visitation of grasshoppers all through that part of the country but, owing to the fact that they had come in the autumn, the crops had been saved. They had left myriads of eggs behind them, however, which in due course hatched out, literally by the million. They had devoured every green thing in the settlement by the time the young tinsmith arrived. In fact, one of the first views he had of the future Western Metropolis was of a body of Hudson's Bay employees shovelling heaps of dead grasshoppers into carts and wheelbarrows. They were piled against the south walls of the fort in deep drifts. The carts were emptied into the Assiniboine River.

Altogether the impression he first gained was not a pleasing one. It was a scattered village, its log buildings sprawling over the prairie and its inhabitants numbering one hundred souls. He soon discovered that the advent of the plague of grasshoppers had rendered food supplies very scarce and prices had gone away up out of sight. The H. C. of L. was operating with a vengeance. Flour was selling for thirty shillings per hundred pounds and oats for horse feed were two dollars a bushel.

There was no reserve of food in the district owing to the fact that the settlers had little or no incentive to raise large crops. The Hudson's Bay Company was the only purchaser of agricultural products, and it frequently restricted its purchases to ten bushels of wheat and half an ox from each settler annually. It was not the policy of the company to encourage agriculture. Its chief interest was in furs and the wilder and more unsettled the country the better for the fur trader. Living under such conditions, therefore, the settlers depended upon freighting, hunting, fishing and the cultivation of the small amount of grain and garden stuff necessary for their own use. When the grasshopper plague came, all they could do was to appeal to the outside world for assistance to save them from famine.

Cause of the Riel Rebellion

IT is one of the ironies of history that the effort of the Dominion Government to help the settlers of the Red River country in their necessity was at least the excuse, if not the cause, of the Riel Rebellion of 1869 and 1870. The Ottawa authorities considered that it would be better to provide the starving settlers with work at good wages than to feed them gratuitously. Accordingly work was provided on the Dawson road under the direction of John Snow, and a survey of the district was instituted by Colonel J. Stoughton-Dennis. Soon Snow was employing many men in opening a road to the Red River settlement from the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, and Dennis, accompanied by a large party, was busy surveying the whole district on a rectangular plan. Now in the early days French, half-breed and British settlers had squatted along the river banks. Their little farms had a narrow frontage but extended back from the river for two miles. According to an old custom they also enjoyed hay rights on the wild land for two miles behind their own property. When the Dominion surveyor, therefore, came along and cut across their narrow, ribbon-like farms with his rectangular scheme there was much uneasiness, not to say hostility. The English-speaking settlers were the first to take offence, and their suspicion of the Government was passed on to the French and half-breeds. When the latter commenced taking violent measures, the Scotch and English settlers withdrew from the agitation. But the fat was by this time in the fire, and the Red River Rebellion was the result.

In spite of the grasshoppers' visitation with its train of misery and rebellion, in spite of the fact that in the fall of the year pemmican was selling at sixty cents a pound and flour at eighty cents, young Ashdown decided to stick it out. His people in the East wrote urging him to return home, but he was not the kind that turns back having once set his hand to the plough. He had already gained self-reliance and resolution in the school of hardship, and he was going to give the new country a chance to right itself. For the first summer and the following winter and summer he undertook any honest work that presented itself. For instance some of his jobs were the painting of Deer Lodge, Knox Church and Holy Trinity.

His Chance Arrives

THE local tinsmith was a German named George Moser. Characteristically enough Moser interested himself in every movement of discontent in the country and helped in no small degree to foment trouble among the settlers. He was outspokenly anti-British and quite a bit of a firebrand; so much so in fact that sentiment became aroused against him. Realizing this, he concluded that it might be the best policy for him to get out of the country before the storm broke. It became hinted around that Moser was willing to sell out and James Ashdown saw his opportunity.

The shop of Moser was at the rear of a store at the corner of Main and Portage where the C.P.R. ticket office now stands. He had a fairly good stock, as things were in those days, and Ashdown knew that he could not swing the deal with his own slim resources. But he had made a friend in Colonel Dennis and to the Colonel he carried his proposition.

"I want to buy out Moser," he said.

"Can you find the funds?" asked the Colonel.

"That," said the young tinsmith, "is what I want to see you about. I want a loan." He explained exactly what he had and what he needed. It was going to take over one thousand dollars to buy out the business—a large sum at the time—but only a part of that would require to be in cash. He believed he could persuade Moser to accept the balance in notes.

The upshot of it was that Colonel Dennis advanced the loan and Moser accepted notes for the balance. Accordingly the business changed hands and so was laid the foundation for what has become one of the largest hardware concerns in the country. Just here it may be said that some months later, Moser rued his bargain and told some of his acquaintances that he hoped Ashdown would not be able to meet his notes when they came due. Once more the young Canadian who had bought out the German was cheered by the loyalty of a friend, a Mr. McBride, who went to him and told him he had heard that Moser wanted to get hold of the business again, but he would stand by Ashdown and would be glad to give him financial assistance if he needed any when the notes matured. While this kind offer was appreciated, there were sufficient funds on hand for the lifting of the notes at maturity without any assistance.

Trouble With the Half Breeds Begins

THE young merchant soon removed from the undesirable premises which had satisfied Moser. He rented a shop on Lombard street but had hardly become established there before the rebellion fomented by Louis Riel came to a head. Had Hon. Joseph Howe, who visited Fort Garry in the early days of October, 1869, taken the advice of Mr. Ashdown, it is probable that the threatened rebellion would have been averted. Mr. Ashdown earnestly advised the famous Nova Scotian to call a public meeting and, by making a clear statement of the Government's intentions, disarm suspicion and meet all the objections of malcontents in open discussion. But for some reason or other, which Mr. Ashdown says he could never fathom, Howe refused to adopt this sensible plan. After a very short stay he started on his return trip. Somewhere south of the American boundary he met the Hon. William MacDougall, who was on his wa yto Fort Garry as Lieutenant-Governor elect to take over "The Hudson Bay Territory," including Assiniboia, which was governed by an elective council, presided over by the Governor of the Hudson Bay Territory, and to replace it with a popularly constituted provincial regime. Instead of stopping to hold a conference with MacDougall, Howe passed him with the curt greeting:

"It's a cold day!"

MacDougall and his party of officials deemed it imprudent to press on to Fort Garry, for they had already received word that the French would oppose them by force. The new Governor remained at Pembina, and appointed Colonel Dennis as his military representative to organize the loyalists against the rebels. It is significant that the overt act in the Riel Rebellion occurred on October 21, 1869, a few days after Mr. Howe's mysterious visit had terminated. A detachment of Riel's men erected a large cross at a narrow pass near Stinking River, barricaded the highway, and proceeded to hold up all travellers and all trains of freighting carts, allowing none to pass on their way to the settlement without permits from Riel's officers. Among other things that the rebels confiscated were arms and ammunition being sent into the country for the use of the new Lieutenant-Governor and his party. On November 3, Riel took a still bolder step by seizing Upper Fort Garry. This he accomplished without any resistance, marching through the gate of the fort at the head of 125 armed half-breeds, who forthwith took possession.

Guarding Provisions

THE events created great indignation among the English-speaking people in the little village near the Upper Fort. The men of the place, Mr. Ashdown among them, talked matters over, and Dr. Schultz and others advocated resistance. He urged the others to help him protect the Government pork and provisions stored in his warehouse. As the English settlers were without arms or in fact provisions, Mr. Ashdown said it would be folly to resist Riel in this way. "Let the Government guard its own provisions!" was his advice, and he went back to his store. Schultz's counsels prevailed, however, and he and his followers, some fifty volunteers, mounted guard over the Government stores. Mr. Ashdown relates that he went to bed that night, but not to sleep. Although the Schultz move was contrary to his better judgment, he did not feel that he could stand aloof, so, after an anxious night, he walked over to Schultz's store and lined up with the little band of unarmed citizen guards.

Three days after the English patriots went on guard, they were marched as prisoners through the gate of Fort Garry. As Schultz's store was under the guns of the Fort and as the English volunteers were quickly cut off by the half-breeds from all supplies of food and water, they were obliged to negotiate terms of surrender. When they marched out of the store they supposed by the message received from Riel through a negotiator that they would be given their liberty and allowed to go where they pleased, but they soon found that Riel's promise was worthless and that they were in his power.

In the Hands of Riel

THE prisoners were locked up in the upper flat of a two-storey building, ordinarily occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company's staff of accountants and clerks. The five or six rooms in this upper storey were crowded. The ventilation was so bad the prisoners were compelled to break several of the windows to save themselves from being suffocated. They were imprisoned on December 7 and were doomed to stay in durance vile for sixty-nine days. Mr. Ashdown was confined with twenty-one others in a room twelve feet broad by sixteen feet long. And the French half-breeds were no tender jailers. The bill of fare consisted of pemmican and tea. Had it not been for the kindness of women in the village and the good offices of Mr. Joseph Crowson, Mr. Ashdown's father-in-law, who on account of lameness was suffered to go at large by Riel, and who carried provisions to the fort, the prisoners would almost have starved. As it was many of the good things intended for them were snatched out of Crowson's baskets by the half-breed bandits.

Mr. Ashdown has very vivid memories of that weary imprisonment and many are the interesting stories that he has to tell concerning the attempts of his companions to escape and the general conduct of the guards. He formed a very unfavorable impression of Louis Riel. He says that Riel fancied himself a little Napoleon, but he was more like a strutting peacock. Nor was he really brave. When he heard that a party of English settlers were coming down from the Portage plains to attack him and his force and liberate the prisoners, he came and stood outside the door of the room where Mr. Ashdown was confined and in a shaky voice said:

"Bad men are coming. You must be quiet. You must not make any disturbance."

Riel, however, had a wonderful influence over the French half-breeds and if he had not made the mistake of putting Thomas Scott to death it is probable that he would have been pardoned by the Government for his share in the rebellion and would have been an important figure in the Western country.

Speaking of Riel's reason for singling out Scott for the supreme penalty, Mr. Ashdown has expressed the opinion that it was not because the genial young Irishman had been obstreperous or objectionable during his imprisonment, but because he was a fine figure of a man. The Indian always picks out a big man as the natural leader of any group, hence the half-breed Riel obeyed the redskin instinct in selecting Scott as his victim. Scott was well liked by Mr. Ashdown and the other prisoners.

His Business Shows Growth

IT is not surprising, with all this trouble going on, that the first year that Mr. Ashdown ran his business was not very prosperous. The coming of soldiers to the settlement at the close of the rebellion gave quite a fillip to trade, however. In spite of the Riel regime, he had been able to import in the preceding June an order of goods from wholesale houses in St. Paul. The goods had come through by ex train. Encouraged by the increasing volume of business, it was in this same eventful month that Mr. Ashdown decided it would not be long until he would need much larger premises. So on November 4, 1870, he purchased the lot on which the Main street retail establishment of the J. H. Ashdown Hardware Company now stands, for the sum of forty pounds sterling.

The following year was an important one in the history of this enterprising merchant, for his business had already yielded him such good returns that he was able to pay for the erection of a wooden building, twenty by sixty, two storeys high, on the lot which he had bought the previous year. Mr. Ashdown did some of the work on this building himself and a most interesting memory that he has in connection with his first permanent place of business is that the lumber was brought down the Red River on the steamboat "Selkirk" by no less a person than J. J. Hill, who was afterwards to achieve fame as the railroad king of the North-Western States. This was the first trip of the steamboat down the Red River. Perhaps this helps to account for the high price of the lumber. At any rate Mr. Ashdown had to pay seventy dollars per thousand for the siding used in the building and one hundred dollars per thousand for the flooring.

The Growth of Winnipeg

TIME passed; and the business of James H. Ashdown grew; and a city was forming around what had been the scattered settlement of Fort Garry. It became a brisk business centre. In due course it became necessary to find a new name for the new metropolis and quite a fight developed. A party of the most influential citizens wanted the name "Winnipeg." Others wanted "Selkirk," "Garry" or "Assiniboine." A fight arose also on the question of incorporation as a city. There was distinct opposition on this score. When the Legislature assembled, the "Winnipeg" party collected its forces, once more resolved to push the question to the limit. It is significant of the confidence that his fellow-citizens had already come to repose in Mr. Ashdown that they selected him as chairman of the committee to fight out the question with the law-makers. They knew that they could depend upon him as a moderate but determined and resourceful spokesman. Mr. Ashdown relates that one of the strongest forces in opposition to the bill was the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company. When the chairman of the citizens' committee got down to actual work at the Legislature, the Hudson's Bay Manager argued the question stubbornly. First he wanted the committee to consent to have the municipality incorporated as a village. When he saw that they were obdurate, he said he would consent to have Winnipeg named in the bill as a town. But Mr. Ashdown would not give way an inch. He had big ideas about Winnipeg. "It is going to be a city, a metropolis, and we might as well start out right in the first place, and have it incorporated as a city!" No opposition could break down the resolution of Mr. Ashdown and his committee, and as their powers of persuasion were effective, and strong public feeling supported them, the bill was passed and the royal assent given. On November 3, 1873, the busy little village on the banks of the Red River, with a population of only 1,664, became at a bound the city of Winnipeg.

Ashdown Fights the Boss

WINNIPEG immediately clinched its claim to being a city by evolving a system of boss rule. One of the leaders of the crowd which had opposed the incorporation decided to organize a slate that would carry the first municipal election and so leave control in reactionary hands. His supporters made the boast openly that they would control the half-breed vote and so sweep the nominees of the citizens' party out of sight.

Mr. Ashdown was one of those representing the people's interests, and he put up an active campaign. On election day, however, the big chief of the reactionary ring went from poll to poll with sleighs full of half-breeds. Mr. Ashdown relates that the sleighs were so crowded that the men did not have room to sit down. And these unsavory electors voted at every poll without regard to residence or anything else. The political boss who was directing their unscrupulous activities met Mr. Ashdown at the poll where the Union Bank building now stands at the corner of William Avenue and Main street.

"I'm sorry I can't support you!" he said with a broad smile.

"All right," replied the indomitable hardware merchant, "I'll get there in spite of you!"

And he did. But he was the only representative of the citizens' party that was elected. He continued to sit on the Council for several years and had much to do with the framing of early by-laws and the organization of the public utilities of the city.

The Growth of a Business

THIS is the story of the very remarkable personal career of James H. Ashdown, and so nothing can be said in detail as to the growth of his business. During all the years that he was devoting himself so zealously to the welfare of the community, he was never for one moment losing sight of the business he had established. The years 1875 to 1885 were years of remarkable development. A handsome brick building replaced the original frame headquarters and at various times additions had to be made and the volume of business was always growing. In 1889 came the most radical advance in the establishment of a branch at Calgary. Other branches were established as the West grew and the prairies became dotted with live, growing towns.

Space does not permit of any detailed account of Mr. Ashdown's public career, for his record is a long one

Continued on page 99

Lenix Gets His Reward

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

LENIX BALLISTER had spent a fevered, restless night. Sleep had, to express it in that fagged-out negro's own words, owl-eyed him sore plenty; sweet rest, instead of wrapping him in peaceful slumber, had perched on a branch of his conscience and grimaced at his sick soul. It's a bad thing to be unable to sleep, and it was the first time in Lenix's life that such a thing had happened. Why, it seemed only yesterday when he was on such good terms with sleep that he simply had to fight her away from him. She had a way of swooping down at unexpected moments when she had, in fact, been almost his undoing on two occasions, at least once when he had fallen off the end of the pier into the channel, and lost, thereby, a good fishing rod and a hard hat belonging to Homer Hudson, and once when shooting a crap-game with Ben Smith and others of his kind, when alert wakefulness was the price of safety—to his week's wages.

All the faces were smiling, hands were outstretched to him

AND now as Lenix wiped his face and hands on the roller-towel and surveyed his wretched face in the cracked glass above the kitchen sink, he actually shuddered. "Lordy," he murmured, "I sure look as dough I'd been playin' brake on a runaway motor cycle, I does. Look at dem eyes, all bludshet an' heavy as me'cury in a Manitoba winter. An' my han's done shake sumfin hopeless, too. Oh my, fer why I strew myself wif all dis trouble?"

Trouble indeed was Len's portion, and all because he had trusted his fellow-man too greatly. Now he knew that to be promised $1,000 reward for helping to arrest two noted burglars and crooks was *one thing*, to get it—*another*. That reward was long, long overdue, as was also the first payment on the five-acre garden plot which he had purchased on the strength of the promise; also sundry five and ten dollar loans advanced him by trusting colored brethren on the strength of his coming good fortune. The loaners were becoming insistent that their money be returned. Some of them even went so far as to hint darkly at being fleeced. Len expected, momentarily, to be arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. For more than a week now he had suffered the apprehensions of a driven, hunted thing. Abe White had refused him credit at the pool-room. Even Homer Hudson, whose human shortcomings were as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore, crossed the street when he saw Len approaching. "An' I done haul dat no-count nigger outer more scrapes than he's got wrinkles in his fat neck, too," Len thought bitterly.

Well, when a man's down and out, he's dead and buried as far as his fellow beings are concerned. Nothing cares for a man in trouble, not even his dog. Even Orinoco, the hound pup, snooped away from Len now. Jane Ann had not spoken to him for days, except at night, to admonish him on pain of sudden and painful extermination to lie still and not keep a tired body awake all night by tossing about like a crow in a gale. It was pretty hard, just when he needed help and sympathy most, to be denied it; it was so.

LEN prepared his breakfast, pausing now and again to note if Jane Ann's snores still proclaimed her asleep—and safe. But he couldn't eat. That's another awful thing which had happened to him. He had lost his appetite. "Right on de aidge ob misery, peerin' ober de brink," he soliloquized sorrowfully, as he pushed the plate of bacon and eggs from him. "I'se slated ter snuff out, I guess. Come time when a man cayn't eat nor sleep, it means a shroud and coffin. I won'er what Jane Ann'll do den? I won'er what Homer an' Abe White an' others I'se keep outer jail, 'll t'ink when dey gazes down on me cold an' silent?"

Tears of self-pity welled up and drowned further distressing thought. Len sighed and with a glance of reproach at Orinoco, cringing behind the stove, rose and tip-toed to the window. He gazed carefully out in search of uniformed officer or bailiff and sighed with relief. He glanced at the old clock on the wall. Five minutes to seven. He must get down to the mill. A man must work even although death stalks close behind waiting to grip him and carry him off. Gently he opened the door, softly he made his exit. Imagination had gripped him so forcibly that it was as though his struggling spirit was already loosed from its body and moving down the path between green-growing smelly things. Len even fanned the air with his hands, as an angel might fan it with its wings. It would have been no surprise to him had he been able to float over the gate, straight over Chatville East, on past Drayder's cooperage and beyond to everlasting banks of peace. But he didn't. Instead he came back to the substance with a jolt that made his tired eyes ache and half turned as though to "beat it" back to the house.

A slim man, undoubtedly an officer of some kind, judging from his uniform, had come up to the gate and was leaning on it, waiting for Len. He held a long envelope in his hand. Len shuddered and groaned inwardly. "It's a summons, er a writ! Now I'se sure in fer ter be bedevilled right. Cayn't get away. Gotter take my med'cine!"

"Howdey," he accosted, as he came up.

"Your name Ballister?" spoke the man in uniform, ignoring the other's greeting.

"Yes sah, dat's me," Len bent and tied his shoe-lace, taking advantage of being on his knees to offer up a silent petition that things might not be as bad as they looked.

"Well here, sign this!" said the man.

"Why fer?" Len took the envelope thrust upon him, his soul grovelling and turning somersaults all the way from his parched throat to his heels.

"Bury and Weston, Barristers, etc.," he read the name on the corner of the envelope. "Lor' mighty," he sighed, "dis means my execution."

"Come on, sign here," the special messenger gave Len a pencil and pointed to the line on the little yellow slip.

Len hesitated. "Why, I see dis here is fer *Lenix* Ballister, my brudder," he said. "He aint here just now."

"Then you are not he?"

"No sah, he aint here jes' now."

The messenger frowned. "Well, he'll be here later, I suppose? You sign for him anyway, and when he comes give him this."

"Yes sah, I'll be glad to oblige yo' all. Der yo' is. I sign here an' gib my brudder Len dis letter. Yes, sir."

The other man pocketed his slip and moved swiftly off towards town. Len stood turning the long envelope over and over. Then he took a stubby pencil from his pocket and wrote the word: "Dead" across the envelope. He surveyed the word with frowning eyes. Then he stroked it out, and wrote: "Removed to Chicago, Mich."

"Now den, I'll just drop dis here dunner in a letter box, an' it'll sure go straight back to dem shyster lawyers," he mused, as he opened the gate, and stepped out on the road. "Why fer dey keep pesterin' me dis here way? Dat's 'bout twenty bills dey send me in a week, an' dey all say de same t'ing: 'Pay up er go ter jail.' Dat's what dey say. Now dem lawyers'll sing a new song, dey shore will. Dey'll all get dis letter back an' dey'll sure be 'sprised. 'Why fer lan' sakes.' Mister Bury'll say ter Mister Weston: "Dat Len's done moved ter Chicago, Mich. Ain't no use tryin' ter collect no debts from dat nigger now. An' Mister Weston'll say back: 'None 'tall. Cross his name offin de books.'"

Len shuffled along the path towards the red letter box on the corner. "I do declare," he muttered, "I'se pert night fed up on policemen and detectives an' such. I'se got that scarey ob de sight of a uniform dat my heart turn a han'-spring eben when I meet a Salvation Army soldier. Whyfer, dye 'spose, dem devilin' officers wanter make my life miserable anyway?"

As he dropped the letter in the box the seven o'clock mill whistle blew. "An' dat means a call-down from Boss Holdaway," groaned Len, as he started down the hill at a dog trot.

HOLDAWAY was waiting for him just outside the mill door. The negro's black face was stern and forbidding.

"Well," he accosted the breathless Lenix, "I don't s'pose you know dat fifteen men an' four boys am waitin' on your movements. What's de matter? Your wife fall offin ladder ag'in an' break her leg in free places, like she did las' time?"

The way Lenix had, on a previous occasion, fooled him and worked upon his sympathy by telling him that Jane Ann had met with an accident and that it was mighty necessary that he have money at once, still rankled. It had cost Boss real cash and had proven again that Lenix was the astuter mind of the pair. He would liked to have fired Len, but where could he find another stave-cutter near his equal?

This morning he made his voice even more insulting than usual and he eyed his cutter as though he was the smallest, most no-count thing in the world.

Len took the drubbing humbly. "Dat darn clock o' ourn," he said as he removed his coat and put on his apron, "it won't behave itself 'tall, Boss; it sure won't. Ebery night I sot it on an hour, an' afor morin' it goes right back ter old time. It aint a daylight savin' supporter, nohow."

Holdaway twisted about and squared himself in front of Lenix. "Don't yo' get fresh with me, nigger, er I bounce yo' all right quick!" he growled.

"Yo'll do which?"

Len paused in the act of pulling the lever to start the cutter to ask the question, gently, his melancholy eyes on Boss.

The other workmen had gathered close and were listening. Holdaway brought his fist down in the palm of his hand. "Yo' all heard what I said. Now get ter work while yo' all got a chance." There was just a hint of uncertainty in Boss' bluster. He sensed that he had gone a trifle too far, but he had to bluff it out. The men were watching. Lenix backed away from the cutter and began to untie his apron.

"What yo' all goin' ter do?" asked Boss.

"I'se quittin', dat's all." Len threw the apron on a pile of bolts and reached for his coat. "I'se fru wif dis hayr outfit, fru fer good!"

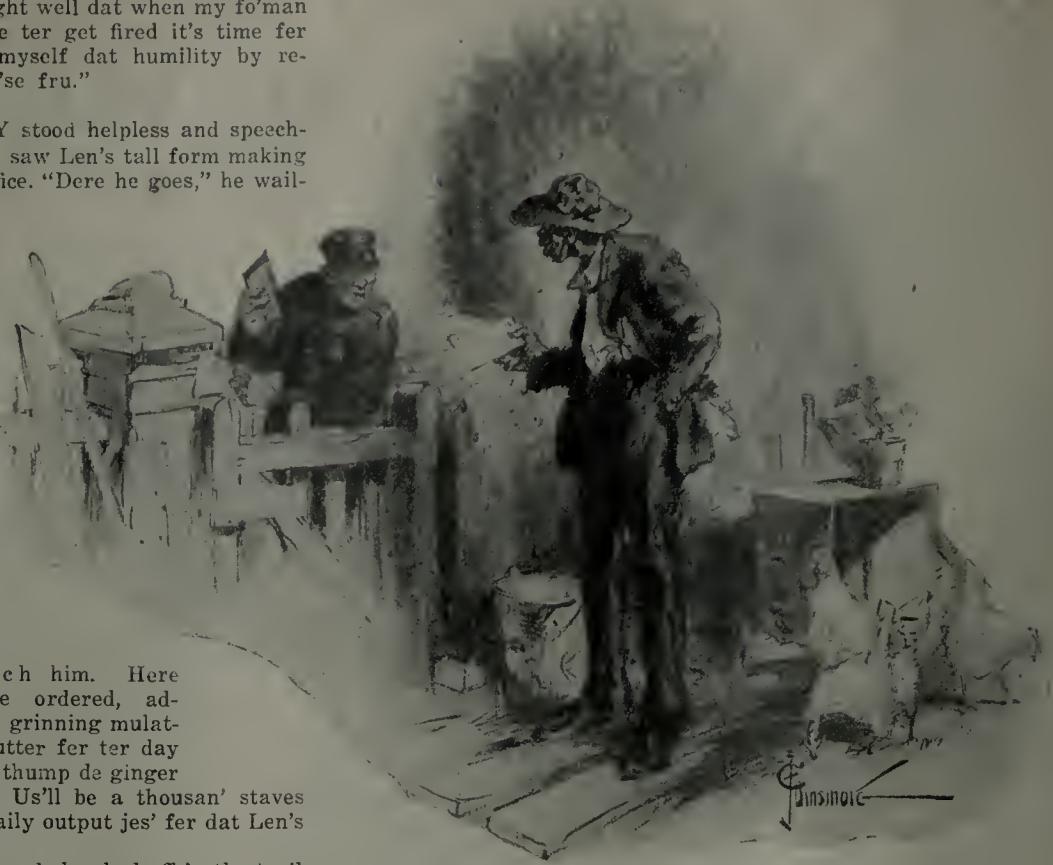
Holdaway's face went yellow with rage and depair. "Yo'all's gettin' mighty thin-skinned, Len, when yo' can't take no joke," he said, with a poor attempt at a laugh.

"Well, s'posin' I ain't feelin' in no humor fer jokes —specially the kind ob lil' jokes yo' all frow my way, what den?"

"Yo' knows right well I was only foolin', Len."

"I knows right well dat when my fo'man says I'se liable ter get fired it's time fer me ter save myself dat humility by resigning'; so I'se fru."

HOLDAWAY stood helpless and speechless by and saw Len's tall form making towards the office. "Dere he goes," he wailed. "He'll tell de cashier he's quit and he'll draw five days' pay. I 'spose I'll hab ter trail 'long an' back his play. Tomorrow he'll turn up here again jes' as dough nuffin' happened, an' I'll hab ter eat crow like I allars do cause dere aint no cutter kin tech him. Here yo', Bill," he ordered, addressing a tall, grinning mulatto, "take de cutter fer ter day an' don't let it thump de ginger all outer yo'. Us'll be a thousan' staves short ob our daily output jes' fer dat Len's stubberness."



Len took the envelope thrust upon him. "Why for?" he asked.

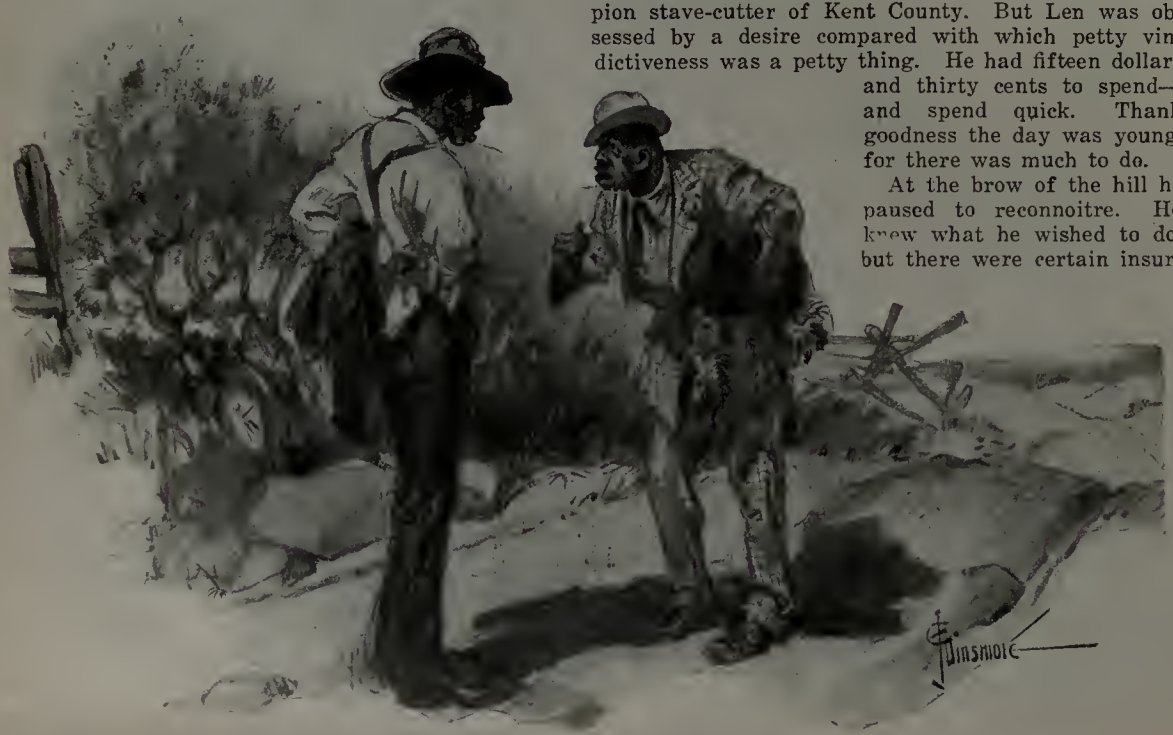
Boss sighed, and slouched off in the trail of Len. He met him coming from the office, the cashier at his heels. Len was solemnly counting some bills in his hand. "It's all right, Boss, I suppose," said the cashier, as Holdaway's close-cropped head showed up around the corner. "Len says he's off the works for life. I paid him up till last night."

"It's all right," growled Boss. "I guess we kin get 'long wifout him."

All born diplomats know when they are master of a situation. Invariably Len knew when he was master of one, and he passed slowly on his way without so much as a quiver of an eyelash at Boss' scathing remark.

In his heart Boss knew better than that. They could get along—sure; but not so well without him as *with* him. But he knew, also, that he could, in a pinch, get along without Drayder Cooperage. In fact it was his ambition to get along, some day, without it, some day soon, please God, when that thousand dollars reward came—if come it ever did. Well, anyhow, he was a free nigger in more than one sense. If it wasn't for the fact that he had fifteen dollars and thirty cents burning his pocket, he would like to have set on the fence and watch the cutter pommel the starch out of that conceited young mulatto, Jim Hall, and gloat on Boss Holdaway's discomfiture at losing the champion stave-cutter of Kent County. But Len was obsessed by a desire compared with which petty vindictiveness was a petty thing. He had fifteen dollars and thirty cents to spend—and spend quick. Thank goodness the day was young, for there was much to do.

At the brow of the hill he paused to reconnoitre. He knew what he wished to do, but there were certain insurmountable barriers to his desire. He wanted to get across over to Bridgetown without any loss of time and he wanted to go in a manner befitting one who possessed the power to flaunt Boss Holdaway and all the Drayder works to-day, and be begged to come back and keep the mill running to-morrow. A devilishly reckless and stubborn individual when crossed; that's what he was, and that's what he always would be just so long as he remained champion stave-cutter of Kent County.



"Is yo' prepared ter die a sudden an' violent deff?"

"Treat me white an' I eat outin yore han'. Prod me an' I buck, dat's me." Len gazed across to his cottage and stroked his chin reflectively. A fresh volume of smoke pouring from the chimney proclaimed the fact that Jane Ann was up and astir. How in the name of goodness was he going to sneak out his Sunday clothes under the vigilant eyes of that most watchful and suspicious of women? More serious still how was he going to hitch the sorrel driving mare to the buckboard and drive off to beckoning fields without giving that woman a good and watertight reason for so doing?

The idea occurred to him to tell Jane Ann that Boss Holdaway had been caught in the saw and killed, and that the mill had shut down for the day. But on reflection he remembered that he had used that excuse before. The fact was Len had quit his job so many times, each time creating a good and reasonable excuse for Jane Ann, that he had reached the end of his tether so far as excuses were concerned.

It looked as though he would have to begin his sojourn dressed just as he was—and afoot. Why couldn't he ever remember to quit his job the night before so as to have a little time in which to formulate his plans for the day after?

ALL his worry, fear of writs and summons, had evaporated—all his weariness through having spent a sleepless night was gone—swallowed up in the momentous affair of the present. A free nigger with money to spend—and the golden moments passing. He nodded his decision and turned abruptly to the path on the left, the white-tree hedged path leading to the river and the broad highway reaching towards Bridgetown. Above the morning songs of wild birds and sigh of the breeze in the tree tops twanged sharply the sibilant gnash of the saw of the Cooperage. Len paused in his shuffling step to listen, and his teeth flashed in a smile. "Dat ole saw," he said aloud, "she talk to me now jes like she do when I'se crammin' her an' makin' her do her limit. Her's sayin': "Len-he's-gone-but-he'll-be-back-tomorrie, Len-he's-gone-but-he'll-be-back-tomorrie."

It did not occur to Len that there might come a day when he might quit his job once too often and that, when he turned up next day at the mill just as though

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Louis scratched his ear with a hind paw. . . "Now then, my friend, attention! This is all about a little girl—like me, Louis, only she was pretty." . . . The feline culprit stretched his paws and sat up rigidly.

The AIRY PRINCE

A Novelette Complete in This Issue

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

Author of "The Blower of Bubbles"; Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

I

ON a hillock that overlooked a mill-stream in Picardy, a girl of sixteen was lying, face downwards, readin · a book. The noise of the water tumbling over the chute was a song to which her ears had grown accustomed, but more than once she looked up as the October wind rose and fell in a chromatic whine. A dark, thickening cloud crept sullenly towards the earth, throwing its shadow on her book.

She gazed up at it and sighed.

A black cat, his green eyes glowing suspiciously in the fading light, stalked from the mill-house and furtively watched a wanton leaf that was flirting hilariously with the autumn breeze, until, still coquetting, it was caught by the stream and carried to destruction.

The cat's teeth showed for a moment in a sinister grin. Cautiously measuring each step, he climbed to the top of the hillock, crouched suspiciously as a blade of grass moved in the wind, then scampered boldly up to the girl and settled ostentatiously upon the open pages of the book, for a siesta.

"*Tiens!*" The girl started, laughingly caught the offender by the ear, and pulled him to one side. "Louis, you have very bad manners," she said, speaking in French. "You come so, without asking permission, and you go to sleep on *The Fairy Prince*. Wake up, Louis! To you I am speaking."

The cat opened his eyes, bent them on her with a reproving look, and slowly closed them once more.

"Louis! Wake up—listen! I will read to you *The Fairy Prince*, and if you go to sleep I'll have you gr-r-r-r-ound into black flour. See there now!"

Louis scratched his ear with a hind paw, rubbed his nose with a fore one, sneezed, opened his eyes to their widest, and generally indicated that he was thoroughly awake—in fact, was not likely ever to sleep again in this world. His little mistress gathered her shawl more tightly about her shoulders, and, crossing one foot over the other, shifted her position to secure the acme of comfort.

"Now then, my friend, attention! This is all about a little girl—like me, Louis, only she was pretty. Tell me, Louis, am I pretty, eh? Stop yawning when I ask you a question. You sleep almost all day and all night, and when you do wake up—you yawn. Pouf! Such laziness! So—this is the story. This little girl she lived like me in a house away, ever so far away from everything, and she was very unhappy. You understand, Louis, she was *so* lonesome. And every night she would cry herself to sleep—as I do sometimes, because—because—— Wake up, you wicked cat!"

The feline culprit stretched his paws and sat up rigidly like a slumbering worshipper in church who has been detected in the act, but tries to indicate that he has merely been lost in contemplation of the preacher's theme. The girl frowned at Louis, and, laughing gaily, rubbed her cheek against his head.

HER laugh had hardly ended when, as her ear caught the note of melancholy in the wind, she looked up, and her face, which had hovered a moment before between a frown and a smile, was shadowed by a musing expression that left her eyes dreamy and her lips drooping in the slightest and most sensitive of curves. Her dark hair, rippling into curls, fell back from a forehead whose fullness and whiteness added to the spiritual innocence of her countenance. Without being faultless, her face had an elusive mobility of expression that altered with each mood as swiftly as the surface of a pool lying exposed to the caprices of an April morning.

"Is it not a pretty story, Louis?" Of a sudden the filmy dreaminess of her eyes had lifted, and their dark-brown depths sparkled with life. "I am so glad at the convent they made me learn to read. But it is dreadfully difficult, my friend—there are such big words, you see. Well, Louis, this little girl went one day for a walk to the top of the hill—but you shall hear exactly how it is."

She carefully found the place in the book, and, with a finger following each line in case she should miss any of it, proceeded to read in that ecstatic and unreal style of voice inevitable to young people when uttering other thoughts than their own.

"'. . . . Reaching the top of the hill, the most beautiful little girl in the world, whose eyes were brighter than stars, and whose lips were redder than the heart of a rose' (like me, Louis—yes?) 'sat down on a fallen tree and started to sing a song which she had learned from a solitary shepherd near her home.'—It does not say, Louis, but I think, perhaps, the music goes like this:

"'Maman, dites moi ce qu'on sent quand on aime.
Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?
Je suis tout le jour dans une peine extrême,
Et la nuit, je ne sais comment.
Si quelqu'un près. . . . . '

"'And just then she saw a handsome cavalier approaching on foot.' (Is it not exciting, Louis?) 'He was tall and young, and was the bravest soldier in all France. He was so brave and handsome that every one called him "The Fairy Prince."'—Listen, Louis, to the wind."

THE lowering clouds threw black shadows over the fields; the hurrying water of the mill-stream turned the color of ink as it made, shudderingly, for the fall of the chute. Through the ominous rise and fall of the October wind came the sound of an aeroplane in the clouds, to be lost a moment later in a boisterous rush of wind that swept the girl's tresses.

"Come, Louis, under my shawl—so! It is cold, is it not? As soon as we finish this part of the story, we shall go in by the stove and work until bed-time, then . . . . Do you ever dream, Louis?"

The black cat opened one green eye and closed it with the solemnity of an all-understanding wink.

"I often dream, my cat,"—again the wistfulness lingered aout her face—"and always it is of the world that is past the village. . . . Is it that I must stay here and never, never, see that world but when I dream? *Voyons*—what has all this to do with the Fairy Prince? I continue, Louis: 'As soon as the handsome cavalier saw the loveliest little girl in all the country, he came towards her. . . . '"

The droning sound grew louder. She looked up and watched the dark billows of clouds hovering over the fields, when, suddenly, through the heavy, underhanging mist, an aeroplane appeared, descended swiftly towards the earth, straightened out its course, and soared into the clouds again.

SHE could hear the whirring of the machine as it circled round and round, like an angry hornet outside its nest that has been entered by an invader. The sound of the engine grew increasingly loud; again the mists parted as foam from the prow of a ship, and again the aeroplane swooped towards the earth. She could almost make out the features of the helmeted occupant, when, with a deafening roar, the machine checked its downward flight, and rose once more until the clouds took it to their bosom and hid it from sight.

"Louis!" Her voice shook. "I am frightened. Louis, we will go in and pray to the Virgin, you and I. It may be an *Allemand*, and, so 'tis said, they eat little girls—and black cats too."

The whirr of the engines grew angry with intensity, then fainter as the machine rose to a greater height. Suddenly the droning ceased. The tumbling waters of the chute seemed instantly loud, as though jealous of the brawling monster that had dared to challenge its incessant song. The girl had just stooped to resume her book when, above the whining breeze, there was a sound like that of a saw-mill she had once heard in Etrun—but it came from the air—far over by the village road.

With a catch of her breath, she saw the aeroplane pierce the mists once more, and realized that it was pointing towards her as it descended. Rising to her feet, she pressed her hand against her mouth to keep from screaming, while ominously, noiselessly (but for an occasional hum such as wires give on a frosty night), the giant bird sped lower and nearer.

"Louis!" she cried. "Louis!"

Weak with terror, she grasped for the cat, to find that that ungallant protector had bolted ingloriously to the mill-house. Unable to move, she watched the monster as it touched the earth, bounded lightly, felt the ground a second time, and staggered unevenly over a rise in the ground. There was a final Wagnerian crescendo of the engines, and the aeroplane stopped, motionless, less than fifty yards from her.

THE aviator climbed from the pilot's seat and looked about with a puzzled air. He was dressed in a leather coat which reached to the top of his riding-boots, and his head was encased in a leather helmet. Raising his goggles, he looked toward the mill-house, and, for the first time, caught sight of the girl.

For a moment he hesitated, then made towards her, taking an extraordinarily length of pace for one of his medium build, and raising his knees, as a bather will do when wading through surf. He paused, irresolute, about five yards from her, saluted, unbuckled a strap, and removed his helmet with a carelessness that left his generous supply of light-brown hair standing straight up like the quills of a porcupine. His face was rather long, and, except for his eyes, which twinkled humorously, bore a look of exaggerated solemnity. Constant exposure to the sun had tanned his face a vigorous brown, but his moustache and eyebrows, which were of a size, appeared to have completely faded, and stood out, glow-worm like, against the background of tan.

For a full minute they gazed at each other, the girl with parted lips and heightened color, the new-comer's gravity slowly giving way to the good-humored persistence of the light-blue eyes, until with a smile he ran his fingers through his rumpled hair.

"Phew!" he said.

With something between a sob and an exclamation of delight, she clapped her hands together twice. "*Ciel!*" she cried, "but I am so happy!"

The mill-stream had ceased to shudder and had resumed its song. . . . With an air of furtive preoccupation, Louis emerged from concealment and proceeded towards them after the manner of an unpopular Mexican President walking down the main street of an unfriendly city. . . . The darkening shadows blended with the early approach of night. . . . And her heart was beating wildly, joyously.

Adventure had come to the lonely mill-house in Picardy—and, after all, one is not always sixteen.

II

"WILL you please tell me where I am?" The young man spoke in French with ease, but more than a trace of an English accent.

"This is my uncle's mill."

"Of course. And that road?"——

"But the village road, monsieur—what else?"

"And, Mademoiselle Elusive, what village may it be?"

"'Tis where the church is, monsieur; and every Sunday I go there to mass."

The pilot produced a pipe and, extracting a pouch, proceeded to fill it with tobacco.

"I am lost," he said complacently. "My compass was shot away, and the clouds are hanging too low for me to follow any landmarks."

He looked about at the steadily thickening twilight. "How far is it to the village?" he asked.

"Five kilometres—and a litttle better."

"The Devil!" He made a screen from the wind with the flap of his coat, and lighting his pipe, puffed it with evident satisfaction. "I shall have to leave the old "bus" here. As a matter of fact, she's so nearly "napoo" that I rather expected to come riding home on one plane, like the old woman with the broom. But mademoiselle"——

"Monsieur?"

"I am very tired and distinctly hungry, and I know of a mill-house with a cosy fire in the kitchen, where a pretty little fairy that"——

"There is no fairy—only Louis."

"And who the deuce may he be?"

"The cat—*Le voici!*"

HE surveyed the feline with an air of tolerant gravity. "Do you think Louis may object if I remain for supper?"

"Ah, but no!" She laughed gaily, then a look of doubt changed the expression of her features in a moment. "But my uncle—he never has anyone in the house. For many years I have lived alone with him. Only when the curé comes, perhaps once a month, does any one visit the mill. My uncle is very surly, a perfect bear, and often he gets drunk as well."

The young man raised his absurdly light eyebrows. "A pleasant relative, mademoiselle. And, pray, what is his grievance against his fellow-men?"

"I know not, monsieur. All week he works alone, except when he takes the flour to sell, but on Sundays he always goes to church and leads the chanting. He was taught Latin by his father, who was a grave-digger in Paris and learned it from the tombstones. So on Sundays my uncle, from his seat in the chancel, performs the chants in such a terrible voice that almost always some children scream with terror, and once Madame La Comtesse fainted."

The aviator relit his pipe, which had gone out, but did not remove his eyes from hers.

"Once," went on the girl, plucking a blade of grass and making a knot with it about her finger, "two villagers, Simon Barit and Armand Cartier, were requested by the curé, who is very small and weak, to tell my uncle to sing no more. Ah monsieur, it was terrible!"

"Yes?"

"My uncle he is a very strong man; he threw Simon Barit into the stream, and the other he chased almost to the village."

"And so, like the mill-stream, he goes on for ever?"

"Ah yes, monsieur, like the war—for ever. Listen!"

A great voice, sonorous as that of the fabled giant calling for his evening meal of an Englishman, rent the air. The October wind seemed to quiver to its lowest note, and the water racing over the chute was quieter than it had been for hours.

"I must go, monsieur. It is his supper he wants."

"And may I not come too?"

"Ah—but no! I am frightened."

"Of me?"

She raised her wide brown eyes to his, and her eyelashes, which so jealously guarded those guileless depths, parted grudgingly, revealing to him their full beauty. . . Another roar shattered the air, and she laid her hand upon his wrist. "You must not come," she said earnestly. "He would throw you into the stream."

His melancholy face gave way to a boyish grin. "If he did, mademoiselle, my ghost would haunt him for ever. All night it would sing outside his window—and, in truth, my singing is no less terrible than his."

There was another roar, followed by a reference to the untimely decease of ten thousand devils.

WITHOUT a word, she reached for her book, and, throwing her shawl over her left shoulder, hurried away. The aviator watched her girlish figure with its unconscious grace, then, turning about, he strolled to the machine, and, sitting on the side of the fuselage, surveyed its bullet-punctured carcass.

"Five kilometres and a little better," he soliloquized in English, "and a doubtful prospect of a meal. . . . Contrast that with what the gods offer here—a cosy fire, coffee, eggs and chips, I warrant, and the daintiest of little maids—to say nothing of a musical uncle with an amiable propensity for throwing visitors into the stream. By Jove, it is chilly. . . . . Over in dear old England they'll be roasting nuts and telling ghost-stories to-night."

The fast-thickening shadows deepened into the blackness of an October night; the wind grew quieter, but there was a bite in the air that made him draw his fur collar about his ears.

"What excellent French the little lady uses," he went on. "I wonder who her parents were, and why the deuce she has to live with this ogre. And what eyes! Enough to make one invent new songs of Araby just to see them sparkle and soften. . . . One moment sad, another tender—and always lovely. Steady, the Air Force—you're becoming sentimental."

He looked at the battered machine and shook his head; a solitary raindrop lit on his face and slid down its surface like a tear.

A belated gust of wind smote his face and left it moist. He rose in a determined manner and adjusted his helmet.

"*Adieu*, my Camel!" He took a last survey of the machine. "The kitchen is calling to my appetite; a storm is brewing in the heavens; a pair of dark eyes is urging all the romance within me; so—mill-stream or no mill-stream—*mon oncle*, I come."

He squared his shoulders and, with the rather absurd long stride and the odd raising of the knee, made for the cottage door, from underneath which a faint glow of light was timidly emerging.

III

IN response to his knock there was a roar from within, and the door opened enough to show the young lady in the doorway.

"Good-evening," he said gravely. "I saw the light in here and decided to accept its kindly invitation."

She glanced over her shoulder; but the airman, gently putting her to one side, entered and looked

Seated at the table . . . the girl and the airman sat. . . . To her romance had come.

serenely about the room, which appeared to be kitchen, dining-room, and parlor in one. Beside the stove he noticed the stooped figure of a man, whose huge black beard straggled over a suit of overalls that had once been dark blue, but had become a dirty white from constant association with flour.

"Good-evening, monsieur." The airman handed his helmet to the girl and proceeded to unbutton his coat. The miller's blotched eyes rose sulkily to the visitor's face.

"What do you want here?" His voice was nasal and slovenly, and there was a hoarse growl in the words, as though his throat was parched and rusted.

"I am doing myself the honor of taking supper with you, monsieur." The airman's face was full of melancholy dignity as he divested himself of his coat.

The miller's mouth opened, and a rasping, deep snarl resonated disagreeably. "There is the village, five kilometres that way."

"Ah—but that is five kilometres too far."

"You cannot stay here"—the miller's voice rose angrily—"there is but food for two."

The Englishman tapped his pipe against his heel, and blew through it to ensure its being empty. "Then, monsieur," he said, "you must go hungry."

The Frenchman rose to his feet and brandished both arms above his head. "Go!" he bellowed, and swore an oath that comprised a reference to the sacred name of one dog and the sudden demise of the aforementioned ten thousand devils, who, it appeared, rested heavily on his conscience.

"Mademoiselle"—the young man turned politely to the girl—"I apologize for this gentleman. Shall I throw him into the stream, or would a cleansing spoil his particular style of mottled beauty?"

THE miller became eloquent. His language was threatening, blasphemous, and deafening. His whole ungainly body vibrated with a fury which, at certain moments, grew to such a pitch that he would raise his chin upwards until all that could be seen was a forest of beard, the while he emitted an unearthly roar that could have been clearly heard on the village road. The girl, who had been making preparations for supper, glanced timidly at him, but continued her work. The cat, slumbering by the stove, opened his eyes dreamily as if some sweet strain had come to his ears, then settled to slumber once more.

And the whole room resounded and quivered to the hurricane of sound.

With an air of complete imperturbability, the intruding guest slowly backed towards the table and became engrossed in the task of refilling his pipe, though beneath the glow-worm eyebrows his eyes (which were very clear and blue, as though his excursions into the last free element of nature had blown all the dust and grime away) held the orator in a steady look.

"Fill your pipe?" he said cryptically, choosing a moment when his host was filling up with a breath that promised to burst his ribs.

The response was startling.

Exhausting the air from his lungs with the noise of steam escaping from an overcharged boiler, the miller rushed blindly forward, crouching so low that his beard against his discolored clothes suggested an ugly bush against a background of slushy snow.

With the precision of a guardsman forming fours, the airman took one pace to the rear with his left foot and one to the right with his right foot. This manoeuvre, successfully completed, placed the table between himself and his assailant, and, tilting it dexterously, he swiftly thrust that article of furniture forward, where it came into violent contact with the irate miller's knees and shins. With an indescribable howl the worthy man fell back in a paroxysm of agony, grasping his knees with both hands, and rocking to and fro like a demented dervish.

The airman bowed gravely to the girl. "I learned that," he said, "from a gentleman by name Charlie Chaplin. If you can oblige me with a custard pie, I shall hurl it at your uncle and thus complete the Chaplinesque method of discounting violence."

THE young woman's brows puckered. The spectacle of her uncle's discomfiture had not disturbed her so much as this new kind of a person who could bow so courteously, whose eyes twinkled humorously, and whose words were full of gravity on the subject of custard pies. She came of a race that co-ordinated gestures and the play of features with speech; but this stranger of the air—*Sapristi!*

The moaning of the uncle grew less and his figure stopped its rocking; but his red, blotchy eyes looked furtively at the young man, biding their owner's time for a renewal of hostilities.

Then, picking her up in his arms, he carried her over to the machine and deposited her in the observer's seat.

With an air of deep dejection the airman gazed at the unlovely spectacle, then, very slowly, unfastened his holster and drew a revolver.

"Monsieur," he said, "I offer peace. The alternative is—that I fill you full of holes—which would interfere with your singing. I intend to have supper here, because I saw hens outside. If they have given no eggs, we shall eat the hens themselves as a punishment. We are allies, you and I; let us be friends as well. Monsieur"—he struck a Napoleonic attitude—*"Vive l' Entente!"*

The swarthy face of the miller, who had retained his posture on the floor throughout, wrinkled hideously into a grin, which developed into a roaring laugh that set a solitary vase jingling.

With a doubtful air of appreciation, the airman surveyed him, his head inclining dubiously to one side. "Come, monsieur," he said, after the miller's unpleasant mirth had subsided, "you sit there—at the far end of the table; mademoiselle—when you have given us the supper things—here; and I, at this end. Just to show how completely I trust you, my host, I will keep my revolver beside my plate; and should it be necessary for me to blow your brains out during the meal, it will be with the very keenest regret that I lose a friend for whom I have acquired such an instantaneous and profound affection."

Thus the young lady with the guileless eyes, the youth who had descended from the clouds, and the stentorian miller with the painful knees, sat down together for their evening repast.

And the mill-stream, chuckling as it sportively tumbled over the chute, made a pleasant serenade.

IV

THE airman glanced at his wrist-watch; it was half-past nine. The miller slept by the side of the stove, his chin crushing his beard against his chest. Louis also slept, having curled himself in a black, furry ball, apparently possessed of neither head nor tail. A clock, brazenly stating the time to be five-thirty, ticked lazily as though, finding itself four hours behind the correct hour, there was no chance of its ever catching up, and it only kept going because it was the sporting thing to do. Just over the clock a picture of Marshal Joffre gazed paternally on the quiet scene.

Seated at the table, which was covered by a geranium-shaded cloth, the girl and the airman sat silent, while a shaded lamp lent a crimson glow through which her deep eyes gleamed, like the first stars of a summer evening.

To her romance had come.

She was no longer the miller's niece, but the girl who had seen the Fairy Prince. All the sighs, all the questionings, all the longings of her girlhood had culminated in this amazing adventure of a fair-haired knight who, descending from the clouds, had proceeded to terrorize her uncle, who was feared for miles around. It was wonderful. And he was so droll, this young man; and his voice had a little soothing drop in it, at times, that left a fluttering echo in her heart.

She had left the convent when ten years of age, on the death of her mother. Her father—but then gossip was never kind. He was an officer who had deserted his pretty little wife for another woman—or so rumor had it; and her mother had died, a flower stricken by a frost. The daughter had been taken by a relative, the owner of a lonely mill, and for six years had lived in solitude, her horizon of life limited to the adjacent village, her knowledge of women gained from the memory of a sad, yearning face, paler than the pillow on which it rested, and an occasional visit to the curé's sister. Of men she knew only her uncle and the few villagers that had not gone to fight for La Belle France.

From unquestioning childhood she had passed to that stage in a girl's life when the emotions leap past the brain, fretful of the latter's plodding pace. Her mind untutored, unsharpened by contact with other minds, left her the language and the reasonings of a child; but her imagination, feeding on the strange longings and dreams which permeated her life, pictured its own world where romance held sway over all the creatures that inhabited its realm.

IT is the instinct of a little child to picture unreal things—the unconscious protest of immaturity against the commonplaceness of life. But with the education of to-day and the labyrinth of artificialty which characterizes modern living, the imaginativeness of childhood disappears, except in a few great minds who, retaining it, are hailed by the world as possessors of genius.

Unhampered (or unhelped, as the case may be) by association with the patchwork pattern of society, the miller's niece had retained her gift of imagination, without which the solitude and the monotony of her days would have been unendurable; until, blending it with the budding flower of womanhood, she found mystery in the moaning of the wind. When the sun danced upon the grass her spirit mingled with the sunlight; and when the moon exercised her suzerainty of the heavens the poetry in her soul thrilled to sweet dreams of lovers' wooings (though her unreasoned rapture often ended in unreasoned tears upon the pillow). . . . She found melancholy in the coloring of an autumn leaf, and laughter in the music of the mill-stream. . . . There were smugglers' tales in a north-east gale, and fairy stories in a summer's shower.

The doctrine of pleasure so feverishly followed by her sisters to-day was unknown to her—as was its insidious reaction which comes to so many women, with the dulling of the perceptions, the blinding of eyes to the colors of life, the deadening of ears to the music of nature, until they cannot hear the subtle melody of happiness itself, so closely allied to the sombre beauty of sorrow.

"Little one"—the aviator's voice was very soft, so that the ticking of the clock sounded clearly above it—"in a few minutes I must go. It is a dark night, and of a necessity I must get to the village to-night, and be on my way before dawn."

Her eyes were hidden by her drooping eyelashes. "You will return—yes?" she asked, without looking up.

He smiled rather wistfully. "When the red-breasted robins are nesting," he quoted slowly, "I shall come."

The clock ticked wearily on. . . . A few drops of rain fell upon the roof.

"Monsieur"—the crimson in her cheeks deepened—"you must not smile; but it is in my book, here."

SHE took from the table *The Fairy Prince*, and handed it to him. He gazed at it with a seriousness he might have shown towards a book of Scottish theology.

"You know, monsieur"—she appeared deeply concerned in the design of the geranium table-cover—"I never leave the mill-house unless to attend mass, and

sometimes—perhaps you would think so too—it is very lonesome; no brother, no sister, just Louis and my uncle."

He nodded, and, with an air of abstraction, his brow wrinkled sympathetically, and his fingers strummed five-finger exercises on the table.

"It must be very dull," he said.

"But no, monsieur"—her eyes looked up in protest—"not dull—just lonesome."

He sustained an imaginary note with his little finger, frowned thoughtfully until his eyebrows almost obscured his eyes, then came down the scale with a slow and measured pace.

"Well, little lady who is never dull, and what has all this to do with *The Fairy Prince?*"

"It is because I have no sisters, no friends, that—that I pretend. But you do not understand."

He played some chord with both hands.

"Very young people and very old ones pretend," he said, with dreamy sententiousness; "pretending is what makes them happy. But the Prince?"——

She smiled deprecatingly. "When I read, monsieur, then I think that the girl—there is always a girl, is there not?" He nodded gravely. "I do not think it is she," she went on, "but myself; and when the book is finished, and she marries her lover, then I am happy . . . . and dream . . . ."

"'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,'" he murmured, and trilled with his first and second fingers.

"So, monsieur," she continued, glancing shyly at him, "in that book"——

"There is a girl."

"Yes. And a Fairy Prince who was very handsome."

"Like me?"

"It does not say, monsieur."

"Ah!"

"But I think so," she said earnestly, "for he was the handsomest man in all France."

"It said nothing of England?"

"No, monsieur, only France."

He nodded with great dignity, and motioned her to proceed. She leaned forward with her elbows on the table, and rested her chin on her interlocked fingers.

"To-day I was reading it to Louis," she said, "when, just at that moment that they met—*vous voilá!*—you came. Monsieur," she said naively, "are you a fairy prince?"

He considered, with his head characteristically on one side.

"N-no," he said, "I cannot claim that, but"——

"Ah yes?" Her face lit up with delighted anticipation.

"I am a prince of the air." He struck an attitude and held it.

"Oh!" her lips parted in ecstasy and her cheeks, which had been crimson, became scarlet. "You—are really a prince?"

"OF the air, mademoiselle." He folded his arms and tilted his chair back. His face was still grave, but his voice had a sense of distance in it, and his light eyes widened as though they saw the world his words were picturing. "My kingdom is greater than all the kingdoms of the earth, and when I ride, my steed with wings takes me towards the stars. For sport I play with clouds and race the wind; at night the moon gives me light; and when I travel there are no mountains to climb, no lakes to cross. I go faster than the swiftest horse, and ride from villages to cities, out into the country, and over the sea with a steed that never tires."

"But, monsieur," she cried, "this is wonderful!"

He looked frankly into her eyes. "It *is* wonderful," he said.

For a few minutes neither spoke, and the soft symphony of raindrops played through the quietness of the night.

"Your Majesty," she said timorously, "are you very brave? You understand," she hurried on as a slight blush darkened the tan of his cheeks, "in fairy books the prince always fights a dragon or a wicked giant."

"Don't uncles count?"

She made a pretty *moue*.

"As a matter of fact," he said slowly, "there was a wicked Emperor—a blustering popinjay with a madman's vanity—who decreed that all the world should be his slaves, and sent his armies into France and Belgium to enforce his will. My brothers heard of this, and came from countries and dominions thousands of miles away. Across great continents of water they sailed, and, with their brothers from the little Islands of the North Sea, came to France . . . ."

"Your voice is very sad," she said tenderly. Her nature, that knew every mood of a summer breeze, had caught the inflection of his words, understanding by their tone what the vagueness of his words hid from her mind.

"So many have died," he said, looking away from her. "Almost every day someone rides out into the sunlight to his death, young, brave, and smiling. . . . Mademoiselle, it is wonderful how they smile."

Tick—tick—tick.

FOR more than a minute neither spoke, then, with a smile that was strangely boyish, he squared his shoulders and ran his fingers through his rumpled hair.

"Ha!" he laughed; "what fancies get into a scatter-brain like mine when the rain's a-pattering on the roof. If you will allow me, little Pippa, I shall smoke."

"Little Peepa?" she laughed delightedly.

"Pippa," he assented, puffing smoke as he lighted his pipe. "I think I shall call you that. You see, according to her biographer, Mr. Browning, she worked in the silk-mills all the year, but one day she had to herself, from dawn to midnight, and so as to enjoy it to the full she—well, she pretended, like you."

"But that is droll," she said eagerly, "for every Easter after Sunday, my uncle, who is fatigued from so much chanting in the church, always goes to Boulogne and becomes drunk for one whole day. On Wednesday he returns. These six years he has done it always the same; and on the Tuesday it is wonderful. I am alone with Louis, and we ask all the people in our books to visit us."

A sudden gleam of excitement lit his eyes.

"The Tuesday after Easter?"

"Always it is so."

"Pippa," he said—then checked the remainder of his words. He placed the pipe in his mouth and ran five-finger exercises at a terrific speed.

"Pippa," he said again, then, ceasing his display of virtuosity, leaned back and gazed at her from beneath his eyebrows. "Next spring, on the Tuesday after Easter, I will come for you."

She caught her breath deliriously.

"Beyond the village road," he went on, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I saw a big pasture-field at the top of the hill. Be there as the sun is just above the horizon, and I will come in an aeroplane."

"And, your Majesty, you will take me to your kingdom?"

"For one day, Pippa, to the great city of London—the city that is open to all who possess a golden key. We shall return by the stars at night."

"Then"—her voice shook, and the brilliancy of her eyes were softened by sudden tears, as the rays of an August sun are sometimes tempered by a shower, "then—at last—I am to see the world?—boys and girls and palaces and"——

"To say nothing of prunes and potentates."

"Oh but, your Majesty, it is too wonderful. I am certain it will not come true."

He rose and quietly placed his chair against the wall. "Pippa," he said, "there are only two things that could prevent it. One, if there is a storm and—the other"—— he shook his head impatiently.

The girl took down a work-basket, and after searching its contents extracted a tiny trinket.

"You mean," she said, stepping lightly over to him, "that you might go to join your brothers—those who smiled so bravely?"

"We never know, Pippa," he answered.

SHE reached for the lapel of his coat and pinned the little keepsake on it. "'Tis a black cat," she said. "I saw it in the village store, so small and funny, like Louis. It is a gift from little Pippa, and who will pray to the Virgin every night that her Prince may not be killed—unless"——

He looked at the little mascot, which dangled above a couple of ribbons.

"Unless?" he said.

For a moment there was a flash in her eyes and a sudden crimson flush in her cheeks that startled him. For the first time in her life she had felt the instinct of a tigress; that strange fusion of passion and timidity that comes to women of her kind when it seems they may lose the object of their love.

"Unless he—forgets." The words were spoken between lips that hardly moved.

"By the sacred bones of my ancestors," he said, with a sort of sincere grandiloquence, "I promise to come. So that I shall always think of you, my Pippa, I will paint a black cat upon the machine, and woe to the Hun who dares to singe its whiskers!"

A few minutes later the heavily coated figure of an aviator was ploughing its way, through a drizzling rain, along a dark and solitary road. His pace was extraordinarily long for his height, and he appeared to be stepping over a perpetual array of obstacles at least one foot high.

By a casement window a girl, with hair like the dusk, stood gazing towards the road that was hidden in darkness. Silently and motionless she watched the melancholy drops of rain as they fell upon the glass, until, unconsciously, her lips parted and she sang, very softly, the little song taught to the maiden in the story by the lonely shepherd:

"Maman, dites moi se qu'on sent quand on aime.
Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?"

She paused in the improvised melody, and repeated the words slowly.

Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?"

And then the little mistress of the mill laid herself upon her bed and wept profusely; but whether it was because she was happy or because she was sorrowful, let those explain who understand the psychology of a woman's tears.

Downstairs, Louis and the miller slept profoundly.

V

IT was several months later that an airman emerged from his hut into the chilly air of an April night that was lingering grudgingly over its last hour of darkness. There was a sullen rumble of guns borne on a restless breeze that stirred the long grass of the fields and set the leaves in the trees whispering and quivering. The drone could be heard of a lonely aeroplane returning from its night-ride over the enemy lines. . . . Above the distant roll of the artillery, one gun stood out like a pizzicato note on a giant bass violin.

The airman passed the silent aerodrome, and, with difficulty accustoming himself to the darkness, made out the shadow of a machine in the adjoining field. He heard the sigh of cylinders sucking in the petrol as the mechanics warmed the machine, and walked over to it. For a moment he spoke to the men before climbing into the pilot's seat. There followed the incisive monotone of the flier's incantation between himself and the non-commissioned officer:

"Petrol on: switch off, sir."

"Petrol on: switch off."

"Contact, sir."

"Contact."

The propellers were swung into action, hesitated for a moment, then wheezily subsided.

The incantation was repeated; the propeller blades coughed, and leaped into a deafening roar. The mechanics sprang aside, and the machine, stumbling forward for a few yards, turned into the wind. There was a sudden acceleration of the propeller, crescendo from the engines, and the machine made swiftly across the field, rising as it attained flying speed, and disappearing into the night.

A few moments later its light was mixing with the dulling stars, and the drone of its engine could be heard only at the whim of the breeze.

"I wonder what the Black Cat's up to now," said mechanic No. 1, rubbing his hands together for warmth. "Rum beggar, isn't he?"

His companion slapped his breast with his arms and blew on his fingers. "Mad as a March hare," he growled; "takes a two-seater out at this time of night."

"And did you notice the extra outfit?"

"He's mad," repeated the before-dawn psychologist, "mad as a rabbit."

"But he's a mighty stout boy," interposed the N.C.O., who was torn between his duty of keeping discipline and his love of character study; "and he sure puts the wind up Fritz when he takes off with his Black Cat Bristol fighter."

The blackness of night was beginning to give way to a dull and sullen gray as the solitary pilot made a detour over the lines. In the gloom beneath he could see a long crescent of orange-colored flashes where the British guns were maintaining their endless pounding of the enemy. Farther east was a large patch of winking, yellow lights, giving to his eye the same effect as flakes of gunpowder dropped upon a heated stove: it was the bursting of the British shells. Beyond that field of death he could see other and larger flashes, and knew the Hun was replying in kind.

Everywhere the darkness was being penetrated by long, rocketlike lights with a white starry burst at the end, and, as though to give variety to the scene, a few red and green bursts mingled garishly with them.

To the airman, from his refuge of height, it all combined in an uncanny pageant of fireworks—a weird spectacle of death, as though hell had opened and the passions of men were feeding the flames to make a devil's holiday.

A searchlight woke him from his reverie. A couple of anti-aircraft guns barked at him. With a smile he

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THE MENACE *of the* ALIEN

By WILLIAM BYRON

THE West has made up its mind very definitely about two or three things; and one of them is that no more alien population is required or wanted. The fever for growth even at the expense of bringing in people who could neither speak English nor think the way we do, has passed. The West wants now to consolidate its gains. The melting pot must be given a chance to work before more material is poured in.

It is not intended to imply that the West alone has a foreign problem. The Eastern Provinces have an overplus of alien population as well. But in this article it is proposed to deal only with the Western phase of the question, particularly as the West, quite characteristically, has made up its mind first on the subject.

The discomfort of having too large a proportion of alien population has manifested itself in four ways. First, during the war, there was deep unrest among the Germans and Austrians who had settled on the prairies; which meant still deeper unrest for the British-born part of the population who feared uprisings and lived amid rumors of conspiracies and constant threats of trouble. Second, comes the Labor disturbances which are augmented by the "red" tendencies among foreign laborers. It has been found that many of our importations from Europe are thorough-paced Bolsheviks, disciples of the torch and the bomb. Third, it is realized that the prairies contain too many people who are not becoming Canadianized in any sense of the word. There are indigestible lumps in the form of foreign settlements on one kind and another in all parts of the West. These people not only do not speak English but manifest no desire whatever to learn. They have no conception of Canadian ideals. Nevertheless they are becoming opulent and powerful. Finally, there is the Asiatic problem which British Columbia faces. Just at present it does not press but it is liable to come to the fore again soon. It contains all the elements of very serious trouble indeed.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the West has made up its mind very positively that no more foreigners are to be allowed in. The "Welcome" sign has been taken down and packed away in the coal bin and "No Admittance" has been nailed up in its place.

These foreigners, working in a Western mine, made huge wages during many months of the war.

The Advent of the Hutterites

THE temper of the people was shown very clearly a few weeks ago when a horde of Hutterites came pouring over the Dakota border into Manitoba. Hutterites are a rather sourly religious set who live on the land and maintain queer little communities with common kitchens and dining halls and a common purse. They are Anabaptists, they speak a Moravian brand of German and they do not vote or fight. They have adhered to their present way of living and believing ever since the Anabaptist faith came into existence—say, roughly, four hundred years. Nothing that has happened since that time has meant anything in the lives of the happy Hutterites. In other words, they are exactly the kind of people that the West does not want at this stage.

Nevertheless they decided a short time ago to migrate for the fourth time—Moravia to Russia to the United States was their previous itinerary—and almost before the West knew what was happening, sober-faced men with broad-brimmed felt hats and patient-eyed women in the plainest of home-made clothes were flocking over the border.

Manitoba promptly demanded their exclusion. The country that had put up with the Doukhobors and wrestled with the problems of the Ruthenians, the Poles, the Austrians and the Slavs, shuddered at the thought of Hutterites. The Government of Manitoba paid heed to the outcry to the extent of promising to let no more in; but, even after the promise had been made, the Hutterite ingress continued. Whether they will be sent back remains to be seen; but there can be no doubt as to the feeling of the people of Manitoba on the matter.

A newspaper reporter and a prominent grain man from Winnipeg were together in a town along the border when a party of the Hutterites arrived. The former had gone down especially to have a look at the unwelcome arrivals.

"They're not such a bad-looking lot after all," he exclaimed, after watching a steady stream of them pass. "They're honest and industrious. You can bank on that. Perhaps they won't make such bad settlers after all."

But the grain man, who knew all about settlers, shook his head.

"I've had a lot to do with every kind of people we've got on the prairies—and we've got every kind, even down to gypsies—and I want to tell you we'll have to put a stop to this sort of thing," he said, emphatically. "I watched these people closely. They won't do. They're as different from us as if they came from Mars. They think differently. Remember, they've lived in half a dozen places during the last three hundred years and nothing has ever made a dent on them. They stick to their religion and their language and their own antiquated ideas and they'll continue to stick until perdition freezes them over. Let them settle down here and fifty years hence they'll still be Hutterites. Perhaps five hundred years the same."

"But surely influences will change them, if we go about it the right way," began the newspaper man.

"No chance," said the other. "These people just naturally couldn't be anything else. I had a good square look at some of them. They're not like us and they never could be. That big fellow with the reddish beard, now. He looks like a kind of leader. Think anything we could do would change him? That man is the product of centuries of seclusion, of belief in one set of narrow ideas. His ancestors have believed that all the world was wrong and the Hutterites were right—and the heritage they've handed down to him is a state of mind that couldn't be changed with a club."

In justice to the Hutterites it must be explained that they are sober, industrious, hard-working people. They are good farmers and are not, as far as can be learned, troublesome in any direct way. And yet the opinion of the grain man is the proper one in assessing the worth of such people to Canada. The West wants none of them.

What An Alien Thinks

IT would be a comparatively easy matter to assimilate foreign settlers if, behind the differences in speech and dress and education, all men were alike. But they are not alike. One race has entirely different viewpoints from others and vastly different ideals. The differences go deeper than the color of the skin and the cut of the jib. They go right into the cells of the brain where thought originates, into the roots of being where instincts are evolved and nursed. Centuries of differences in living make the human race a strangely assorted mixture.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) of Edmonton who had the distinction of being Canada's first woman magistrate, and who has come as closely in touch with as many kinds of aliens as any one in the West, says that her greatest difficulty is in reading what goes on behind the sombre eyes of the people who face her in the court room. It is comparatively easy to plumb what is transpiring in the mind of the average Anglo-Saxon. Certain questions will react on our minds in a certain way. But these same questions bring strange results sometimes when fired at a dusky-skinned fellow whose father, and all his ancestors before that, herded goats on the Carpathians. He gropes back along mental trails that are unknown to us and evolves answers that may be a curious tissue of lies or actually the truth as he sees it. One never knows which to expect.

Mrs. Murphy tells of a case that came before her recently. A Galician woman had left her husband and two small children on the farm they owned west of Edmonton, and had come into the city. She was arrested for vagrancy in due course and came before the woman's court.

"I'll give you a chance," said Mrs. Murphy. "You can go back and live with your husband and family again if you'll promise to stay there and be a good wife and mother."

The husband, a big, good-natured fellow, was in court. He voiced his complete willingness to take her back.

"Me not go back," said the woman. "Me not live with Mike no more."

"Then," said Mrs. Murphy, sternly, "I'll have to send you to jail."

"Me not go back," repeated the woman, sullenly.

The upshot of it was that she was left to think it over until the court sat again in the afternoon. In the meantime, the magistrate got in touch with the priest of the established Greek Church and asked his advice.

"I don't know just what to make of her," she explained. "If she had the common streak of dishonesty in her, she'd promise to do better and escape jail that way—and then she would just slip away again."

"Madame Magistrate," said the priest, "there is only one way to make this woman go back home and stay there. You get a big cane and take her back into your office and beat her till she's black and blue. I know this kind of woman."

But Mrs. Murphy thought she knew a better way than that. She took the absconding wife into her office and talked to her to such good effect that in half an hour the delinquent had dissolved into tears and was ready to go back home with Mike and start life afresh. They started back home together and it looked as though the policy of kind words had done more than the Big Stick could have effected.

But inside of two weeks Mike's home was empty again. The bird had flown—for good this time. Perhaps after all the priest was right. These people are different from us.

Canadianizing the Foreigner

IT is not intended to imply that the stranger in our midst cannot be Canadianized. This would be to discount most unfairly the splendid work that is being done in that direction by the governments, the churches, the women's institutes, the various farmers' organizations, the schools and the press. Magnificent progress is being made on which something will be said later in this article. In order to get a grasp of the alien problem as it faces the West, it must be understood, however, that the proper Canadianizing of the alien is more than a mere unfolding of our own ideals before him. It is more than teaching him the English language. It practically amounts to changing his whole nature and giving him a new viewpoint in life. Inasmuch as the mental make-up of the alien comes down to him through the centuries, it can be taken for granted that it is going to take time to alter it.

That is the crux of the whole problem. The West has a tremendously large alien population in all stages of development and the work of Canadianizing them is a task that will stretch ahead for a generation at least.

Labor and the Alien

THE most acute phase of the agitation against the foreigner is found among the returned soldiers. The veterans do not split hairs on the question at all. They would not only prevent any more foreigners from coming in but they would bundle out bag and baggage a good many of those who are already here. They did not fight to save the country that aliens might reap the benefit.

And the voice of the returned man is a power in the land. When the veteran organization throughout the country has been perfected and cohesion of purpose established, as it doubtless will be—the Great War Veterans will wield tremendous influence.

"And," said one of the Western leaders in the organization recently, "one of our main planks is going to be a 'White West'!"

In the days of earlier development in the West, there was undoubted need for a larger supply of foreign labor. The foreigner was in reality a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He took on the heavier work that the native born could not, or would not, do. He made up the railroad construction gangs, labored in the mines and manned the canneries on the coast. But there is not the same need now. The heaviest pioneering work has been done.

The West is left, however, with a large supply of foreign labor. These people are for the most part just as raw as when they came in. They have labored and lived apart. Canada has meant little more to them than a liberal meal ticket. Beyond picking up a few words of English they have not done anything to make Canadians of themselves.

It is among these foreigners that the "red" agitators have worked with greatest success. Many of the immigrants brought in ideas of a dangerously socialistic and revolutionary character, particularly those from Russia and the German countries. They were Bolsheviks in the making.

Lacking initiative they might never have become seriously dangerous but, as soon as the right kind of leadership offered, they became a distinct menace.

In justice to the alien it must be stated that the leadership in sedition has been almost exclusively supplied by us. The agitators who have worked among the foreigners have been occasionally Canadian but for the most part English and Scotch. The latent discontent with the social order that existed in the inarticulate mass of the foreign-born has been fanned into a blaze by firebrands who got their training on the Tyne and the Clyde and even right here in Canada.

One of the Government officials who made a close study of conditions during the Winnipeg strike reported: "I find that the foreign element can be divided roughly into three classes. Ten per cent. of them are actively and outspokenly revolutionary. Ten per cent. approve of the more conservative methods of trade unionism. Eighty per cent. are absolutely inarticulate and can be swayed in any direction, though their natural tendency is to follow the leader who talks violence and destruction."

J. F. Moodie, of the Rosedale mine, where returned soldiers are taking the place of aliens.

Canadians Forced to Strike

BUT the fact remains that the eighty per cent. have been swayed to a belief in the One Big Union, to adherence to the principles of the I. W. W., even to a willingness to support a Bolshevistic uprising.

The labor situation has become hopelessly entangled since the Winnipeg strike and it is difficult to see what the outcome will be. The native Canadian element has to some extent, at least, been dragged into the O.B.U. movement by the dominant voting power of the foreigner. For instance. Some weeks ago the writer met a man in Winnipeg who, being a metal worker, had been on strike for many months.

"I'm both a striker and a strike-breaker," said this man.

On being asked for an explanation of his anomalous position, he said:

"In the first place I didn't want to strike. There were eighty-five union men employed in the shop where I worked and only seventeen of us were English speaking. The other sixty-eight were foreigners and few of them knew more than a few words of English. There was no particular kick on wages but the question of striking came up and when we put it to a vote—there were just seventeen votes against going out! It was a secret ballot, of course, but you can draw your own conclusions."

"Well," he continued, "we had to go out—seventeen Canadians forced to give up work because we were outvoted by a bunch of roughneck foreigners. We've been out ever since. I'm so nearly cleaned out of the savings I'd laid by that I've had to work on the side whenever I've had the chance. Yes, sir, I'm as good a union man as ever lived and as loyal but I've had to pick up jobs here and there to keep my family from starving."

"Don't misunderstand me," almost fiercely. "I'm heart and soul with the cause of labor and I'd fight to the last breath to get labor its just deserts. But I want to see things fixed so that honest, thinking Canadians can't be ruled about by the vote of ignorant foreigners. I'm fed up with foreigners!"

The Veterans Take a Hand

THE veterans have found one solution and have very effectively put it into effect. The whole of Canada has heard how an organized party of returned men took matters into their own hands at Drumheller, Alberta, and settled the strike there by ejecting the agitators. The real inside story of what happened has not yet been told, however, and, as it has a very close bearing on all phases of the foreigner problem, the writer proposes to set it down. The facts were secured by a visit to the mines a few days following the disturbances.

The Drumheller district is studded with curious hills that look as though they had been formed in giant jelly-moulds; and they are literally full of coal. For a number of years the mines there have been manned almost exclusively by foreign labor, largely Austrian.

The outstanding figure of the Drumheller field is Frank Moodie of the Rosedale Mine—a big man with the frame of a prize-fighter and the brow and eyes of a poet. Frank Moodie is a curious combination of the man of action and the dreamer; and his dream has been to establish at his mine conditions that would make life comfortable and worth while for his men. The quarters of the men have been constructed with that end in view. There are comfortable wash rooms with baths and showers and a unique method for the rapid cleaning and drying of clothes; a large dining-room (where the best of meals are served) and over that a meeting hall with piano; a football and base-ball field. Ten years ago a night school was started and a qualified teacher was imported entirely at the expense of the company.

It is not on record that the men appreciated these efforts for their own uplift. A few of the more ambitious attended the night school and benefited hugely. They picked up English with rapidity and were genuinely grateful. The majority held aloof, however. It was a case again of the foreign mind failing to understand. They had come from a land where they had always been treated as inferior beings. That the big boss should voluntarily give them these privileges filled them with suspicion, a suspicion that the agitators carefully fostered. Perhaps they even thought he was afraid of them and was pandering for their favor.

When the special shower baths and other equipment were put in—luxuries that they had never known before—a deputation waited on Mr. Moodie. To thank him? Hardly.

"We come to say we're not satisfied," announced the spokesman. "We want that you should have a bath for each man."

Just what Mr. Moodie answered is not known, but as he is a man of the two-fisted variety, his reply was probably vigorous and to the point.

These foreigners were earning astonishingly large wages. While the native-born sons of Canada

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The Drumheller section is studded with curious hills that look as though they had been formed in giant jelly moulds.

EBB *and* FLOW

By C. W. STEPHENS

Who wrote "Man and Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

CHAPTER VII—
Continued

AS the end of the year was drawing near there came a bad slump in business. Sales had been poor for some time and much of the product of the mines was being stocked in warehouses. Buyers were holding off contracts on the fear that there had been over-production and that prices would be sure to be cut in order to clear off the large stock accumulations. On the other hand the Company was not disposed to lower its figures, knowing that sooner or later their customers would have to buy. And so, in the meantime, purchasers were taking just enough to keep them going.

So serious was the situation that the mines were put on short time and the men began to feel the pinch as they had rarely felt it before. The next step was the all-round cut in wages, and that precipitated trouble. Orators drifted into the place, the stormy petrels of trade. On street corners speeches were delivered on the usual themes, the tyranny of masters and capital, and the serfdom of the wage-earner. The twenty-five cents a day drop in the laborer's wages, they declared, was the thin edge of the wedge that would be driven further and further in as time went by. The new company was an inhuman, soulless, conscienceless monster, using the power of its purse, and its grip on the necessaries of life to crush life out of the toilers. It was because of this that it could afford to pay its chief slave-driver the big salary he got. There was only one way to meet the tyranny—to organize, stand shoulder to shoulder, and resist.

The throngs that gathered round the speakers were sullenly non-commital at first. They did not understand much of the figurative language used by the orators, but they did know that when the pay envelopes were distributed, the sums they received had shrunk noticeably. That argument had more force than all the fiery language used. A few days later a deputation of the men waited on Christie at his office. Edith, from her own room, could hear all that was said.

The men, it seemed to her, put their case reasonably enough, and Christie listened to them patiently. He pointed out to them that trade was bad, the sheds crammed with stock, and that the depression might conceivably last till Spring.

ON the other hand the men dwelt on the fact that there had been good times recently during which the mines had paid well, and that wages had not been raised on that account. Now that a temporary slump had come it did not seem fair that the earner's money should be cut. They dwelt on the fact that winter was an especially expensive time, that the prices of food and fuel were high, and that they had been hardly hit by the new arrangement for renting the houses. In course of the discussion some of the men began to threaten a strike.

"And what good will that do?" asked Christie. "It would pay us better to close up the place till things right themselves and the stock gets worked down."

They did not believe him and hammered away at their points. When they left they were disappointed and irritable. The situation had been hurt rather than helped by the coming together. The strike threat had stiffened Christie.

"A pack of fools," he said to Edith. "Strike! I would be as well satisfied if they did. We could then close up for the bad weather season, and open up when the men showed some signs of returning to their senses."

In her own mind Edith thought he might have been a little more sympathetic and diplomatic.

"They are good, simple-minded people," she replied. "They can often be led a long way where they won't be driven an inch."

"You think I am wrong then?" he asked sharply.

"Well, I suppose from the strict standpoint, you have reason on your side," she said. "But if the trade depression is likely to last only a few months, it would seem the wiser way to lighten the burden as much as possible for the men during the time of stress, especially the married ones. The depression is an unavoidable calamity and its weight should be shared by both parties, masters and men. Certainly the latter, being the weaker, should not have to bear it all."

They had come to the gate of the Barnsley home. . . . Reluctantly he bade Edith farewell.

"What authority would I have in future if now, at the first serious clash, I should back down? One has either to ride or be ridden. The men listen to street-corner claptrap and get crazy notions about their power. If they were encouraged there would be no living with them. Democracy's all right, but it can be as unreasoning a tyranny as the most absolute autocracy. This struggle has come to be a trial of strength, and, since it had to come, it couldn't have come at a better time for us."

"I don't see that it need have come, but having come, I cannot see any necessity for its continuance," she replied.

"No, I don't think you do," he smiled. "Because you forget what the fight implies, the great principle back of it, in the incidental features of the fight. I come from the people myself, I worked in the pits all the way up from a water-bucket boy. I hate this fighting, but there are times when you have to do what you hate to do. Don't you suppose I understand what it means to go cold and hungry, to see the bare necessaries of life just out of reach? I've gone through it, when supper time has meant a tightening of the belt, and the cold has seemed to freeze the very soul of you. When I go down into the town and see the diminishing piles of firewood in the yards, the smokeless chimneys, I know what it means, but if you will go to war you must learn what war is."

SHE said no more and they turned to other work they had on hand. From the window could be seen the men who had just left the office. They were talking matters over in the road. John Barnsley came along and they stopped him and they spoke to him with much gesticulation. He was well liked by them, and no doubt they were laying before him their grievances. Edith saw the lines of Christie's mouth harden as he glanced at them. Presently Barnsley left them and came into the office, being followed by the boss of the pits and Chipperfield.

"I'll see you again in a few minutes," Christie said to Edith, and she withdrew to her room. She could hear the four of them talking over the situation.

"They say they won't go back into the pits," said the pit man. "I guess the others will be coming out. What am I to do, Mr. Christie?"

"What can you do? Just let them go. If they go when they want to, they'll stay out till I bid them come back," replied Christie. "If they're putting up a wage-boosting bluff it is going to be called. What's your notion, Barnsley?"

"I think they mean it," Edith heard her father speak. "They're obstinate as mules when they set themselves. They want handling."

"They'll get handling all right," said Christie.

"There's one matter to consider," went on the ex-chief. "It's easy to scatter the help of a camp like this and hard to collect it again."

"You'd advise eating humble pie, then—back down before a threat?" asked Christie.

"No, I wouldn't look at it that way," replied Barnsley. "There might be some concession made on each side, you reserving the strict justice of your position, but conceding something to the men as a kind of evening of the burden of the trouble caused by the hard times. I think the men could be reasoned with in this way, and what the concession cost for a few weeks would be much less than the loss entailed by lack of help when the good time comes again with the spring. I think by this means the ground could be cut from under the feet of the outside trouble-makers, and men and masters be brought into closer union. In the time of the independent companies, attempts from outside to make mischief were started now and again, but they never came to anything."

"Thanks to the astute management of those in charge of affairs, I suppose," said Christie sharply. Edith could have boxed his ears for his rudeness to her father.

"I wouldn't put it just that way," said Mr. Barnsley evenly. "We all belonged to one place, and were, in a sense, one crowd. Friendship with the men paid in the long run."

"Probably paid the men better than it did the masters," snapped the chief. "What had those fellows out there to say to you, if it wasn't private?"

"They told me what they had asked, and what you had answered. When they spoke of quitting, I told them they were a pack of fools to think about such a thing, and advised them to take the loaf with the slice cut off rather than be without bread," said Barnsley.

"I am inclined to hold with you, Mr. Christie," interposed Chipperfield. "You have to be either master or man. If you give way now, you may make up your mind this isn't going to be the end of the trouble. They'll blaze it all over the place as a victory of the workers over the company and its chief, and next thing will be a new lot of demands."

Christie looked at him and nodded his agreement.

"I would say, if it is not taking too much on myself," continued Richard, encouraged by the apparent approval of his chief, "that if they want to strike and think they can get anything out of it, now's the time, let them go ahead and strike. They don't know what a strike means. They think the company's rolling in money, making it hand over fist, and too greedy of gain to want to shut down for a day. I'd let them go just as far as they want. They're in no position to fight. They have only an infant organization at back of them, and it couldn't pay two weeks' strike money. The men, generally, have nothing put by. As long as they are in steady work their credit at the stores is good from one pay-day to another, but let them be out for a few weeks and the shopkeepers will be shy about their trade. Then again they live in the company's houses, and winter is a bad time to strike if you've nothing laid by."

"Pretty sound reasoning," rejoined Christie. Edith thought she could detect something of sarcasm in the words. Chipperfield put the matter very baldly, for he was a consistent disciple of the school believed to be Christie's. Then the chief summed up the situation.

"The pits will open as usual to-morrow. The men can go down if they want, and they can stay above ground if that's their fancy. The decision is theirs, not ours. There's work for them if they wish to have it, there is idleness if they prefer that. If they don't come to work to-morrow, we shut down everything and wait for the clouds to roll by. We couldn't have a better time for a stand-up fight. I tell you I hate it, for I've seen what it means. Those at the root of the trouble will not suffer. The out-of-town mischief makers will have their three meals a day in a comfortable, warmed hotel, and sufficient left over from their board and lodging bills to buy drinks and cigars. I'm sorry for the women and the children—yes, and for the men too. As for concession on our side, we are making it in offering any kind of employment when it would be money in the directors' pockets to close everything down for a few months. I hope it won't come to a shut-down, but that's in the hands of the men, not in ours."

WHEN Edith came back again, Christie was standing near the window alone, looking out into the gathering darkness. He turned as she entered.

"You heard the discussion?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, seating herself by the side of the desk, and facing him.

"Your father's views seem to coincide with yours," he said. "Sympathetic slant. The commonsense view is that of Chipperfield. He has a straightforward, logical way of regarding a situation."

"I think his views are brutal," she said sharply.

A smile flickered over his mouth.

"All business has its brutal side," he answered. "It's a fight, and chivalry went out of fighting long since. The main thing is to pound the other fellow into subjection and win. You haven't time to sit down and mope over what his knocking-out may mean to his family. If he has a wife and children, so much the worse for him and them. He's given hostages to fortune, and if he forgets or ignores the fact, that is his lookout. Why should a man expect sympathy from others when he hasn't any for his own dependents? Chipperfield's got the right notion in his mind."

He thought that she did not seem overpleased by his commendation of the man to whom, according to Eleanor's talk, she was practically engaged to be married. Some mischievous impulse made him greatly daring.

"You should be gratified by praise of him," he said.

Though the room was darkening, he fancied he could see the deepening of the pretty color in her face, and a spark of belligerency in her eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," she replied. "I don't know why I should be pleased by praise of opinions that are exactly contrary to my own."

He did not speak for a few moments, but turned to the window again. Presently he switched on the light and faced her.

"Nor do I understand," he answered. "I referred to what I happened to hear the other day. The tale ran that it was very probable that I might lose my secretary before long. It was further suggested that my loss—the office's loss—would be Mr. Chipperfield's gain."

He thought he could catch the glint of amusement in her eyes, but she was very grave of feature. As she made no response, he went on with his explanation.

"My great objection against employing women, especially in confidential important positions, is their habit of getting married just when they're becoming of some real use and value. I ought to have asked that important question about a matrimonial engagement when I engaged you. It really was of much more importance than the deafness, the gum, or the spelling. It's less curable, they say. I should have asked for a bond to cover the risk. When you've positively decided to leave, I wish you would give me as long notice as possible, as I hate to have my work thrown into confusion by lapses of the kind."

"I don't know where you obtained your information," she replied. "When you have been longer in Ste. Brunhilde, you'll probably pay less attention to gossip."

"You mean that you're not engaged to Richard Chipperfield, and that there is no immediate danger of my —I mean, of our losing you?" he asked.

"I certainly am not engaged to anyone, and I've no intention of giving up my position," she replied.

He heaved a mighty sigh as he dropped into his chair, and there came a look of relief to his face, that was a compliment to her office value in itself.

"That's one mighty consolation," he said. "I hate to have the routine of the office interfered with by domestic affairs. You're getting so accustomed to my way of doing things, my temper, and my other defects. There's a great deal more you can take off my shoulders, for the less I have to do in the offices the more I can do in the pits and mills. We'll be able to make it worth your while to hold on here. However, we can talk about that later. I take it you like the work?"

"Yes, very much," she said.

"I doubted whether you could make good when I hired you that day," he smiled. "But you dropped into the run of things wonderfully. Any woman can get married, but it takes a special kind of woman to do the work you're doing; and they are only created once in a long while."

She laughed and got busy with her note book. Where could he have heard the chatter about Richard Chipperfield and herself? It was like an old sealed memory suddenly released from prison and returned to the world of real things. In almost daily contact with Chipperfield, he was as remote from her now as if he stood at one Pole and she at the other. He belonged to the neutral-tinted world she had once lived in. To-day she despised him not only for his shrinking from herself in her time of sorrow and need—though she regarded this absolutely impersonally and without reference to herself in particular—but also for his readiness to be the moon to the big sun of the corporation that employed him.

"Good-night, Edith," he said. It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name.

They finished their work quickly. He waited to sign the letters, and they left the office together. The snow was falling heavily, and she had no heavy wraps with her. His car was at the door.

"Jump in," he said. "I'm going to take you dow home. Here let me wrap this coat about you. You be frozen, child. Now that I've escaped losing you the disease of matrimony, you don't think I'm tak chances on pneumonia?"

She sat at his side as they sped over the white c try. He did not speak a half-dozen words betv the office door and the gate of her home. He op the snow-blocked gate for her, and held her hand an instant.

"Good-night, Edith," he said. It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, and as if he had made a most apalling advance, he turned, got into his car and whisked himself away. Her face was bright with smiles as she walked up the drive to the front door. He was a never-failing source of astonishment that did not lack pleasure to her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE days of December dragged wearily away in Ste. Brunhilde. Heavy snow fell earlier than usual, and on the heels of it came a spell of bitter weather. There are few places more dismal than a mine town in the throes of a winter strike.

The wreaths of smoke and steam that ordinarily crowned the hilltops were no longer to be seen. The whistles by which the more important hours of day and night were announced were silent. The long, hurrying processions of men and boys going up and down the hill slopes to and from work travelled the upland road no more. The snow upon the ascent was sca broken. No longer the houses of the camp at the blasts in the workings. Men gat stores and at the street corners, s hungering for work. Complaining wo children drove them out of their homes. All the cheerful light and gaiety appeared to have vanished from the town, yielding place to gloom and grim dulness.

There was no strike pay, for the labor organization was too young and feeble to afford it. As the men saw the situation, they were opposed by two enemies—the Company, passive, powerful, able to wait without inconvenience until the other foe, the wolf of poverty, baying at the door of the poor, should have done his work.

It was not now a question of twenty-five cents a day, but of principle. The loser would be the under-dog permanently. So the men held on, dour and resentful, each pang of suffering in themselves or those dear to them intensifying the bitterness against those whom they regarded as responsible for the situation. They felt that the big chief up in the mine offices could, with a word, end all the misery. They could see only one side of the question; there must be no reduction in wages. To accept this until times bettered would be to encourage employers to lessen the toiler's money whenever they felt inclined to do so.

The men long since had singled out Ewan Christie as the incarnation of the tyranny under which they suffered. It was not the Corporation, not the Directors, but Christie who was their foe, and he waited there in his office on the hill, looking down on the stricken town until the time should come when, wearied out, spent and hungry, the men would crawl back to his feet clamoring humbly for bread.

All this distress meant nothing to him. What he had said to the deputation was right to a certain extent. The sheds were full and any contracts that might come in for the next three months or so could easily be filled from stock. To close down the plant meant a check on production that would relieve the congestion and stiffen prices. Reasonable men admitted that, so far, the Manager was right.

Christie had shown the books of the Company to some of the more intelligent of the local leaders of the men, and none disputed his contention. The whole case, whittled down to its skeleton, was that a time of stress had come, that someone must lose, and neither master nor man wished to be martyred by circumstances. Christie said that the wage reduction would still leave the Company saddled with a certain loss for some time to come; the men held that the

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SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

Part VI.—Further Discoveries of New Land

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

WE spent December, 1915, in crossing the south end of Banks Island by approximately the same route that we had used in 1914. Again the sun was obscured and we had to do most of our traveling in darkness, but we now had the advantage of knowing the topography thoroughly and there was little difficulty and practically no danger. We were lucky also in having clear moonlit weather, and, although this gave us frost which went well below [illegible] 50°, the ease with which we [illegible] able to find the road more [illegible] made up for the handicap of low temperature. Dressed as we were, we did not feel uncomfortable. The trouble with extreme cold in traveling is that it gives the grains of snow a consistency resembling sand, so that the sledges drag over it with friction comparable to that of sledding on a sandy beach. When steel is used for the shoeing of the sledge, as was the case with ours at this time, a drop of 15° or 20° in temperature often more than doubles the hauling weight of the sledges, which results in a lowering of speed.

An outcrop of coal along the coast-line.

The period just before and after New Year's we spent at our base at Cape Kellett on the southern corner of Banks Island. This base was being maintained by Captain Bernard, Mr. Thomsen, and half a dozen Eskimos, with the idea that if ever any of our other parties came to grief farther north, we could retreat upon this base, where we had not only stores of food and equipment, but also a seaworthy vessel which could take the party out when summer came.

About the middle of January we left Kellett and proceeded north along the west coast, preparatory to the exploration of the coming spring. At the northwest corner of Banks Island we had another base camp under command of Mr. Wilkins, and here our smallest vessel, the *North Star*, with her Captain, Castel, and crew of four, was wintering.

It is natural that in ten years of living by hunting we have learned a good deal about the habits of northern game animals. Incidentally, we have had to unlearn a good deal that we knew either by hearsay or from books. One of these things is the "well-known fact" that caribou and musk-oxen migrate southward in the fall. Our experience shows that this is true only in certain localities for the caribou and, so far as we can learn, is never true for musk-oxen. Unless disturbed by man, musk-oxen do not move in any direction much faster than they eat up the feed in their vicinity, and the direction in which they move may be considered accidental, for it may depend upon the contours of the land or the direction of the wind. The rate of movement is probably not often more than five miles a month. But caribou are comparatively mobile animals and for one cause or another are likely to travel great distances in any given month. There are many things which may frighten them, such as the smell of a wolf, the hearing of a strange noise, or the appearance in the distance of an animal, be it a man, a bear, a wolf, or another caribou. They are in such continual fear of wolves that any distant moving object, even an animal of their own kind, is identified as a wolf and avoided accordingly.

Caribou Migration

THE deterioration of feed, due to one climatic reason or another, will also set a caribou herd moving. In some places this movement is southward, and men used to observing the migrations of birds and obsessed by the theory that the North is a cold and disagreeable place in winter and that animals by instinct know the advantages of the South, have combined theory with observation and concluded that there is a regular southern migration of caribou in autumn. We have special knowledge of many regions in Alaska, in the northern Canadian mainland, and in the islands north of Canada. Each is a law unto itself. In Banks Island caribou are at all seasons, so far as we could judge, more numerous in the north end of the island than anywhere else, but there seems to be an especial preponderance in the north end in the winter, in the very season when, according to popular theory, they ought to be, if not traveling south, at least crowded into the south end of the island. There seems to be no relation between caribou migrations and either wind velocity or temperature of the air. The remaining factor, therefore, is the feed, which in the north end of Banks Island is probably of a variety preferred by the caribou.

Accordingly, Wilkins's party had been far more successful in the caribou hunt than the party at Kellett. There was also good sealing on the northwestern corner of Banks Island where Natkusiak had a camp on one of the small Gore Islands. He had accumulated the fat of several dozen seals which we needed, especially along with the lean caribou meat, to make a suitable diet for men and dogs. But Natkusiak and all the rest of the *North Star* party were Christians, at least to the extent of celebrating Christmas. So he had left his hunting-camp to visit for the holidays the *North Star* twenty miles away, and during his absence several polar bears had a celebration of their own at his Gore Island camp. When he got back and found his stores of blubber depleted, he expected to be able to replenish them promptly, for seals had been numerous in the fall. But success in seal-hunting in a place like the Gore Islands depends upon the direction of the wind (although in many other localities the wind has nothing to do with it). It happened now that for several weeks the winds were northwesterly, and this is here the worst direction. Accordingly, we were short of fat, though we had plenty of lean meat. The hope of getting seals delayed us about two weeks because we did not think the hunting conditions nearly so good farther east along the north coast, and a change in wind might any day give us a dozen seals at the Gore Islands.

Ridges of rough sea ice.

Unfortunately, we were forced eventually to start with insufficient blubber, and, as we expected, we got none on the journey eastward. We had to make up for this by killing an increased number of caribou. There was a little fat on them, but not nearly enough for an adequate diet. Seeing that we had the upper hand of the dogs, we monopolized the fat and they, in spite of gorging themselves with ham and shoulder meat, lost in flesh and became weaker, compelling us to travel more slowly than would have been the case had their diet been more suitable.

One advantage of this slowness of travel was that we had more time for the exploration of the interior of northern Banks Island. Either Wilkins or myself used to take long walks inland while the sleds traveled along the coast. This led to the discovery by Wilkins of a large outcrop of bituminous coal in a deep ravine, and later both he and I discovered many other outcrops. It seems, therefore, that the north end of Banks Island is one of the many places in the Arctic that are richly supplied with coal.

End of McClure's Expedition

AT the Bay of God's Mercy in the northeast of Banks Island we camped for several days near Sir Robert McClure's winter quarters of 1852-54. As the name of the place implies, he considered it fortunate that he got his ship into the bay in 1852; but she was held there all too safe by the ice, which for two years refused to let her go, and eventually the party abandoned her and walked sixty miles across McClure Strait to Melville Island, where they knew of the presence of a vessel of the British navy that could take them home.

Both now and on previous visits to Mercy Bay we examined carefully the locality where the ship *Investigator* was abandoned. Though some of the crew died there, we found no trace of graves, and the chief thing that marks the place is an incredible number of scattered barrel-staves and a pile of six or eight tons of coal. It seems that when the Eskimos found the depot left behind by McClure, they were not familiar with either the food or the liquids contained in the various casks and barrels or of the wood of the barrels themselves, but only of the hoop-iron, which they accordingly removed. The weather, with possibly the assistance of some animals, has destroyed most of the traces of food, although in two or three places we found little yellow heaps which were so thoroughly decayed that they may have been cheese or peas or flour or almost anything else. The coal and the wood to some extent were used by our parties for fuel, although we valued them less than we otherwise might have because we knew of native coal in the vicinity, and knew also of various other articles of fuel which, by Eskimo methods and other sensible ways of our own devising, we were in the habit of using, both in Banks Island and on the other islands. In fact, the islands of "Second Land" and "Third Land," which we had not as yet discovered, are the only islands we have seen

in the North where we had any difficulty in securing fuel. I believe "Second Land" really has no fuel. But on "Third Land," after spending three weeks there with nothing to burn, we found a coal-mine the day before leaving. But of course "Third Land" is devoid of fuel only in the sense that the plants do not seem suitable for burning. The vegetation is satisfactory food for the caribou, which were fat enough to supply us with tallow for fuel. There always is a way.

In March we crossed from Banks Island to Melville Island and then crossed Melville Island near its middle. In April we traversed Hecla and Griper Bay and reached the land discovered in 1915. The month of May was devoted to the mapping of the west coast. This was difficult because of the weather, for at this season six days out of seven are thick either with fog or with falling snow. The land in places is so low and slopes so imperceptibly to the sea ice that even under the best of light conditions it is necessary to dig through the snow with a shovel to make sure whether you are on land or ice. In thick fog we commonly cannot see beyond fifty or one hundred yards, and as, moreover, all relief is lacking, land seen through the fog cannot be told from ice which in the sunlight could easily be distinguished.

Camping on sea ice near "First Land."

At first, with an ambition to do especially accurate survey work, we used to remain in camp for days at a time waiting for clear weather. Later, I concluded that by this method practically nothing would be accomplished. And so we began to travel and work, no matter what the weather. Though our maps of this coast will undoubtedly prove to be bad, we have the consolation of knowing that most of the explorers who have worked in the Parry Archipelago have for the same reason made equally poor maps.

Explorer Sprains Ankle

AT this time our method of living on the country had one of its severest tests. It had for years been my custom to do practically all the hunting in those parties where I myself was present. But now one day as I was running along beside the sled I stepped into a low place and sprained my ankle. I foolishly failed to realize at first the seriousness of the situation and ran for about two miles after the injury was received. It is probable that the sprain was not originally serious, but this made it so, and for twenty-seven days after that I did no walking. At first we remained in camp, but evidently that would not do. The dogs were well fed and in high spirits and, although the load was already fairly heavy, we resumed travel, I riding on top of the load. On this journey we had a support party with us, but they were ready to return at the time I suffered the sprain. I kept some of them with me a little longer than I should otherwise have done, but eventually all went back except two—Karsten Andersen, a Dane, and Harold Noice, a young high-school boy from Seattle. I found these two boys about the best traveling companions I ever had. This was largely because they were still willing to learn. The tricks of the exploring trade are few and simple and easily acquired by any one who tries. They had learned a good deal during the winter, but they still had something to learn as we journeyed along and learned it very quickly.

In shooting the chief factor is eyesight, and Andersen's eyes were exceptionally good. He killed the first seal he went after and practically every seal that he tried later. His doing this would be difficult to reconcile with the common theory that the ability to hunt seals is a sort of instinct with the Eskimo which white men lack. But as this theory does not happen to coincide with facts as I have seen them, I do not bother about any reconciliation.

My riding on the sled cut down our speed considerably and we averaged less than ten miles a day. When we finally came to the north coast of "First Land" my ankle was nearly well and so we struck off to the north. The season was too late for us to go out on the moving ice, the edge of which we found a few miles off-shore bearing northeasterly. We therefore kept on the land-fast ice and followed the edge of the land floe till it brought us to Cape Isachsen on the northwest corner of Ellef Ringnes Island. On the way we made no discovery of new land. We had, however, run a line of soundings (which geographers value as much as the survey of a coast-line), and at Cape Isachsen we took tidal observations every ten minutes for thirty hours. We took these with special reference to the theory of Dr. R. A. Harris, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. He had published an argument for the existence of an undiscovered land to the northwest. In his argument he placed his main reliance on tidal observations, and as we were now not far from his hypothetical land, our observations here ought to be of value in proving or disproving his argument. The conclusions from such observations cannot, however, be instantly drawn; for not only must the observations themselves be calculated, but they must be compared with tidal data from all other portions of the Polar Sea before results of value can be announced. This is a work which has not as yet been done in the case either of our Cape Isachsen observations or similar ones which we took in half a dozen other places. And so we do not know as yet what light, if any, they may shed on Doctor Harris's theory.

From Cape Isachsen we again proceeded northeasterly. It was now June and I was able to walk, although only with care. On the first day of my walking it happened that we were a little short of food, so the time seemed to have come for me to lend a helping hand in the providing. After traveling all night we camped in the morning, and while the others were making camp I walked off about half a mile to the top of an ice hummock of about fifty-foot elevation. With my field-glasses I saw a seal a mile or so to the westward.

Frozen earth heaped into ridge by pressure of sea ice.

Falling Into a Crevasse

AT this season of the year, because of the glare of the sun, it is necessary to wear some protection for the eyes. The best are amber-colored glasses. This we knew when we outfitted the expedition, but the loss of the *Karluk* had made us short of these as of almost every other kind of equipment, and my party had only two pairs. As I had been riding on the sled, the other men who needed them most were using the good glasses and I was using an Eskimo pair of eye-protectors. These consist essentially of a block of wood with narrow slits to look through. I like the Eskimo arrangement in every way except that in walking you cannot see where you are stepping, for the restricted field of view prevents that unless you look directly down at your toes. This was the cause of one of the few adventures of our expedition.

I had just put my field-glasses in their proper place and was starting to walk down the ice hummock when all of a sudden I began falling. Like every one else, I have heard of sinners and others reviewing a whole lifetime while they are falling to their deaths from a precipice. Curiously enough, this saying about sinners was the first thing that occurred to me as I fell. The next thing to occur to me was that evidently I was falling into a crevasse, and that it did not seem right that an Arctic explorer should fall into a crevasse. That is the special prerogative of Antarctic travelers and mountain-climbers. But here I was falling exactly as if I were a Shackleton or a Mawson. The next thing I thought of was that my fall was not exactly like one of theirs, because they were sure that they were going to land on something hard (either a ledge or the bottom of the crevasse), but I had two possibilities. My crevasse was evidently the result of the ice cracking under stress. This would probably have occurred in a gale, and we had had one about two days before. There had been, of course, other gales previously. Now if this crevasse was a week old I should fall on hard, or possibly glare, ice. If it were two days old I might fall into water for this was springtime, when freezing is slow. I had my rifle strapped on my back, my fieldglasses under my arm, a pouch of ammunition also tied to me, and several other things which, when added to my momentum, would make me go down rapidly should I strike water.

I have the word for it of my diary, which I wrote up a few hours later, that all these things and others still passed through my mind while I was falling. I have, therefore, the pleasure of verifying at least one popular old belief, although I have often been distressed at my inability to verify other better attested ones. Later observations showed that all this cogitating was done while I was dropping fifteen feet, at the end of which I landed on glare ice. On striking bottom I remained motionless for some time for fear I might break through the ice on which I had landed, which was not very thick.

I think it was thirty seconds or so until I decided that if my impact after the fall had not broken the ice, then doubtless I could move without danger of breaking it now. I made the first movement very slowly and carefully, for noticing that both my snowshoes were broken, I assumed that some at least of my bones must be broken, too. But this did not prove to be the case, and after getting on all-fours and disengaging the broken snowshoes from my feet, I stood up to find that, while I was sore in several places, nothing seemed to be broken and my sprained ankle had not suffered particularly.

Land Sighted

LOOKING up, I could see the hole through which I had dropped. The crevasse was about four feet wide and had been completely roofed over with snow. It was hopeless to climb up, but I remembered that the hummock which I had climbed was oval, and therefore it was obvious that a short walk along the bottom of my crevasse would bring me out. It turned out to be about forty-five yards to where the crevasse was about nine feet deep, and here I found a broken frag-

ment of ice which enabled me to climb out. Seeing that my ankle was all right, I went for the seal and got him in about an hour. He was a mile and a half or two miles from camp. I knew that dragging him would be hard work and dangerous for my ankle, so I climbed on a hummock and after some signaling was able to attract the attention of one of my companions, who came to my assistance. As he dragged the seal homeward I walked behind slowly and carefully, remembering that it was possible to sprain my weak ankle again, and halfway home I made a misstep and so, after having escaped unhurt from my spectacular fall and other adventures, I suffered a serious injury through the most prosaic of stumbles. For a week after that I had to ride on the sled.

The evening of June 12th Karsten Andersen reported that he thought he could see land to the northeast. The conditions of visibility were rapidly changing, and a little earlier I had thought I saw land, but later concluded that it was a fog-bank. Between us Noice and I convinced Andersen that it was only fog he had seen. But the next morning after a few miles of travel the land was plain in front of us. It was only about ten miles to the northeast, and the cliffs of Ellef Ringnes Island, which we had left a few days before, were still visible to the south. Captain Isachsen could therefore have discovered our island years before us had his weather conditions been fortunate and had he climbed to the top of one of the high hills when he was exploring Queen Louise Fjord.

Without denying that the discovery of this my "Second Land" was exhilarating to me, I know that it meant a good deal more to either of my companions, to whom it was their "First Land." They half apologized for their excitement by saying that putting a new land on the map did not happen to them every day.

When we got to "Second Land" the sun was shining brightly, so after camping I stayed at home to get observations for latitude and longitude while the boys went ashore. Andersen followed the coast-line for some distance and picked up a handful of most marvelously colored pebbles which, in spite of the rule of the expedition that all specimens found belong to the Government, I allowed him to keep and carry home to his friends, who are doubtless now using some of them as jewelry.

Noice went seven or eight miles inland, but as he found the topography undiversified and as a farther walk promised him no conspicuous view, since there were no hills anywhere near, he came home sooner than he had expected with the report that the land was remarkably uniform, although it rose gradually toward the interior.

My observations showed the southwest corner of "Second Land" to be 102.25° west longitude, 79.84° north latitude.

A Land That is Entirely Barren

THE work of the next two or three weeks showed that this is a roughly triangular island about thirty-five or forty miles in its greatest diameter, and we judged it to be about eight hundred feet high. It is the only land I have seen in the North which in its entirety appears to deserve the name of barren.. We found some signs to show that caribou have visited it, but there were none when we were there and the visitors must have been but transient, for we saw practically no lichens or grass. There must have been some somewhere, for there were a few lemmings. We saw none of these, only the egurgitations of owls which had been feeding on lemmings. Neither did we see the owls, and the remains appeared to be several years old. But we did find a large number of Hutchins geese.

There is a multitude of water-fowl on most parts of the north coast of the North American mainland. The first tier of islands to the north, such as Banks and Victoria Islands, have two kinds of ducks, the King Eider and the Old Squaw, and also the Canada goose, the black brant, and the Hutchins goose. On the second tier of islands going north, such as Melville or Prince Patrick, we found all these, but in much smaller numbers. But in the third tier of islands, such as our own "First Land" and Ringnes Islands, there are no white geese or black brant, and the ducks are found only on the south coast, or at least were so the years we were there. The Hutchins goose alone goes north into what we may call the fourth tier of islands. At least we saw no other, but they were more numerous than we have ever found them anywhere else. As this island is never visited by human beings and apparently rarely by wolves or foxes, it is evident that the Hutchins goose has found it as safe a home as possible for her young.

Monument built by Sir Robert McClure in 1855 at the Bay of God's of Mercy to mark where he abandoned his ship "Investigator."

Most geese prefer to have their nests near a lake or a river, probably partly because of their food habits, but mostly because the water is for them a safe retreat from predatory animals other than man. But the Hutchins goose has her nest in the high hills, commonly at great distances from any water in which she can swim, and not necessarily close to even a trickling rivulet. Although they were more numerous in "Second Land" than we have ever seen them elsewhere, we would only see forty or fifty in a ten-mile walk, so, in our experience, these geese are not numerous in any land.

"Second Land" was an excellent illustration of how something to eat can be found in the most unpromising places. As I have said, it was exceedingly barren, so there was no ordinary game on the land. The ice outside of it was half a dozen years old and we should have had to go ten or fifteen miles from shore to get to the edge of the moving pack where seals are to be expected. But we wanted to follow the land to map the coast-line, and so, as I walked along, taking compass bearings from point to point, and making notes in my pocket memorandum-book, I also kept an eye for the nests of the Hutchins goose and was able to pick up twenty or thirty eggs between camps. Those alone would not have been enough for both men and dogs, but we had some seal blubber with us, which for a few days served as an emergency ration for the dogs, and the eggs were enough for us. This is the only time on the last expedition that we robbed bird's nests. We don't make a special virtue of this, for, contrary to what the theorist would expect, none of us was hungry for a change of food. Perhaps the robbing of nests is no more cruel than the killing of caribou, but to the caribou-killing we were hardened enough so that we always felt a reluctance to robbing nests when a caribou or seal was to be had. On "Second Land" we should have had to kill some of the geese as well had our stay on the island been longer, and as a matter of fact we did kill one. This was, however, to get the skin for a sure identification of egg specimens which we gathered and took home to show this northern habitat of the Hutchins goose

Making snug for the night.

Comments on Dr. Cook's Book

THE discovery of "Second Land" brings up certain interesting literary and scientific considerations. I have often wondered how a magazine article should be written and often wished I knew how to make a book. I read some popular narratives with an idea of finding out how it is done, and have avoided others for fear reading them might make mine seem to lack originally through unconscious copying. I have been told that Peary's style is too bald. I have heard from the readers of books many expressions of delight over the antics of puppies and dogs and practical jokes of sailors which are an outstanding feature of the narratives of the great northern explorers Nansen, Sverdrup, and Amundsen. An appreciation of canine and sailor humor seems a family trait with these writers. It is a good thing to be able to enliven one's narratives in this fashion, no doubt, but what I have always wanted is a convincing style. People have told me that the things I write about seem so simple and easy that one not only loses interest, but gets a feeling of unreality. Commonly these people have also mentioned the fact that in spite of how thoroughly discredited Doctor Cook is, they personally have been convinced by his realistic style. A man could not tell things with such fidelity of detail if they had not really happened.

There, evidently, was the model of the convincing style I wanted but did not have, and there, accordingly, was a book I must read. But, somehow, I had never read it until one day in Seattle, more than two years after the discovery of "Second Land," I happened to see in a bookstore a book that cost only a dollar and was labeled *My Attainment of the Pole*, by Dr. F. O. Cook.

Had I not been prejudiced by ten years of Arctic experience, I should, no doubt, have found the book as convincing as it was interesting. It goes into minute details of events and of psycho-analysis. It tells with utmost verisimilitude how meals were cooked, how camps were pitched, how astronomical observations were taken with frost-bitten fingers, and is vague only in such uninteresting details as the latitude and longitude that resulted from the computations. The journey northward from Cape Thomas Hubbard toward the Pole was undertaken with high courage. The prize that had eluded so many courageous and determined men lay there, far away beyond the icy horizon. Others had followed the gleam to failure always, and to tragic death in some cases. And now the question was, "Would this become another failure, another tragedy, or the final triumph of the ages?" The literary suspense created is so successful that one almost forgets having read in the preface that the Pole is actually attained and the writer is still alive. Your admiration and your sympathy are equally enlisted as he struggles bravely northward and faithful Eskimos and faithful dogs and his own brave heart to carry him on. But all the forces of hunger and cold, adverse wind and stubborn ice barrier are against him and make the outcome increasingly doubt-

Continued on page 75

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Lion's Wrath

I

HIS Majesty the King was, of course, inaccessible to such as I. And the time was short.

Did I say that the hour was even then after six? The streets were very dark, for overhead the sky was overcast, and as I walked rapidly down the Lane to the Temple Stairs, a thin, penetrating drizzle began to fall.

My first thought had been to take boat to Westminster and to go to the house of Mr. Betterton in Tothill Street, there to consult with him as to what would be my best course to pursue. But I feel sure that You, dear Mistress, will understand me when I say, that I felt a certain pride in keeping my present Project to myself.

I was not egotistical enough to persuade myself that love of Country and loyalty to my King were the sole motive powers of my Resolve. My innermost Heart, my Conscience perhaps, told me that an ugly Desire for Revenge had helped to stimulate my patriotic Ardour. I had realized that it lay in my power to avenge upon an impious Malapert the hideous Outrage which he had penetrated against the Man whom I loved best in all the world.

I had realized, in fact, that I could become the instrument of Mr. Betterton's Revenge.

That my Denunciation of the abominable Conspiracy would involve the Disgrace—probably the Death—of others who were nothing to me, I did not pause to consider. They were all Traitors, anyhow! and all of them deserving of punishment.

So on the whole, I decided to act for myself. When I had seen the Countess of Castlemaine and had put her on her guard, I would go to Mr. Betterton and tell him what I had done.

I beg you to believe, however, dear Mistress, that no thought of any reward had entered my mind, other than a word of Appreciation from my Friend.

II

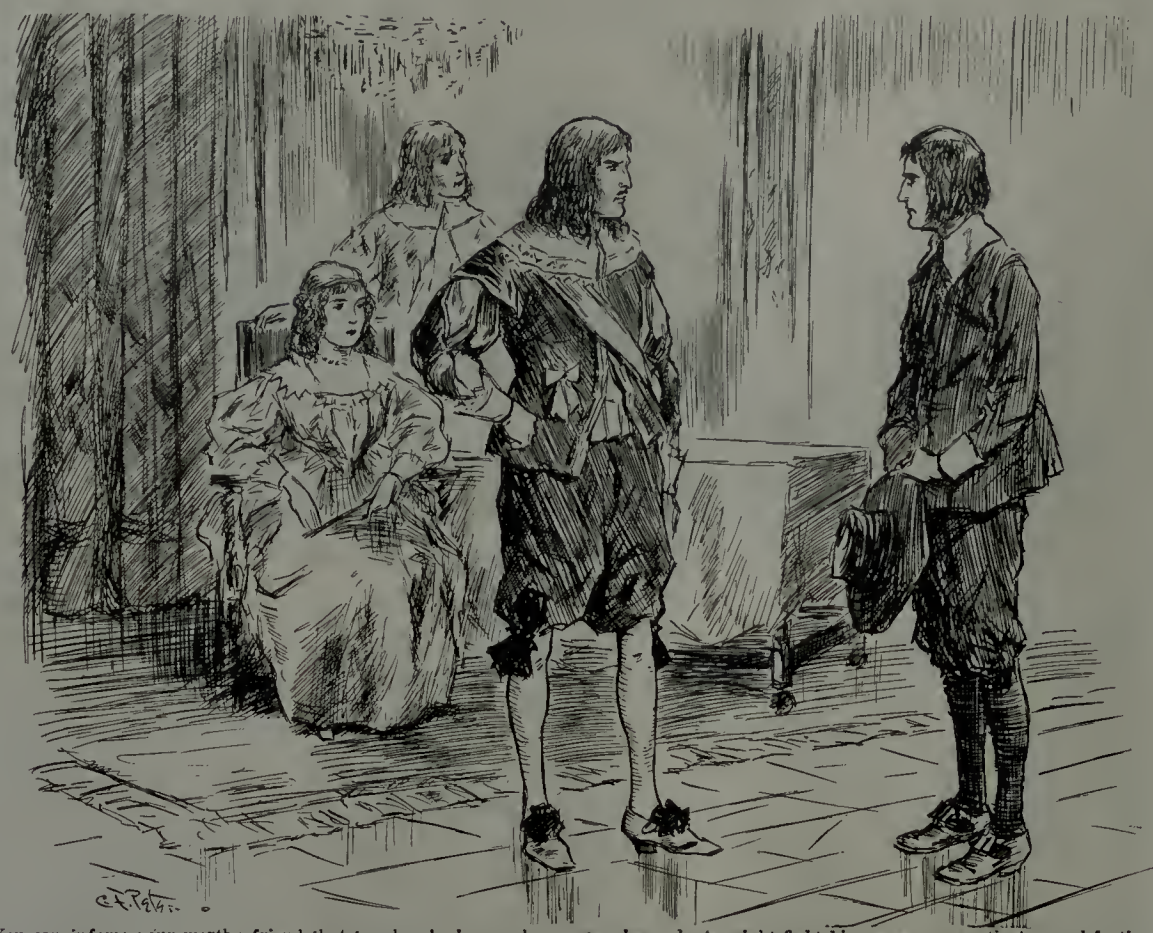
I HAD, as perhaps you know, a slight acquaintance with Mistress Floid, who is one of my Lady Castlemaine's tirewomen. Through her, I obtained speech with her Ladyship.

It was not very difficult. I sent in the two Documents through Mistress Floid's hands. Five minutes later I was told that my Lady desired speech with me.

Of my interview with her Ladyship I have only a confused memory. I know that she asked many questions and listened to my stammering Replies with obvious impatience; but I have only a very vague recollection of her flashing Eyes, of her Face, flaming with anger, of her jewelled Hand clutching the documents which I had brought, and of the torrent of vituperative abuse which she poured upon the Traitors, who she vowed would pay with their lives for their Infamy. I know that, in the end, I was allowed to kiss her hand and that she thanked me in her own Name and that of His Majesty for my Loyalty and my Discretion.

I went out of the room and out of the house like a Man in a dream. A whirl of conflicting Emotions was rending my heart and my brain, until sheer physical nausea caused me nigh to swoon.

Truly it was a terrible Experience for a simple-minded Clerk to go through, and it is a marvel to me that my brain did not give way under the Strain.



"You can inform your worthy friend that two hundred years hence my descendants might fight him on a comparatively equal footing."

But my instinct—like that of a faithful dog seeking shelter—led me to the lodgings of Mr. Betterton in Tothill Street, the very house in which his father had lived before him.

He had not yet returned from the Theatre, where he was at Rehearsal; but his Servant knew me well and allowed me to go up into the parlour and to lie down upon the sofa for a moment's rest.

It was then nearing seven, and I knew that Mr. Betterton would soon be coming home. I now felt infinitely weary: numbness of body and brain had followed the conflicting Emotions of the past hours, and I was only conscious of an overwhelming desire to rest.

I closed my eyes. The place was warm and still; a veritable Haven of Quietude. And it was the place where dwelt the Man for whose sake I had just done so much. For awhile I watched the play of the firelight upon the various articles of furniture in the room; but soon a pleasing Torpor invaded my tired Brain, and I fell asleep.

III

THE sound of Voices upon the landing outside, the opening and closing of one door and then another, recalled me to myself. The familiar sound of my Friend's footsteps gave me an infinity of Pleasure.

The next moment Mr. Betterton came into the room. He was preceded by his Servant, who brought in a couple of Candles which he placed upon the table. Apparently he had said nothing to his Master about my presence here, for Mr. Betterton seemed vastly surprised when he saw me. I had just jumped to my feet when I heard him entering the room, and I suppose that I must have looked somewhat wild and dishevelled, for he expressed great astonishment at my Appearance.

Astonishment, and also Pleasure.

"Why, friend Honeywood!" he exclaimed, and came to greet me with both hands outstretched. "What favourable Wind hath blown you to this port?"

He looked tired and very much aged, methought. He, a young Man, then in the prime of Life, looked harassed and weary; all the Elasticity seemed to have gone out of his Movements, all the Springiness from his Footstep. He sat down and rested his elbows on his knees, clasped his slender hands together and stared moodily into the fire.

I watched him for awhile. His clear-cut Profile was outlined like an Italian Cameo against the dark angle of the room; the firelight gave a strange glow to his expressive Eyes and to the sensitive Mouth with the firm lips pressed closely together, as if they would hold some Secret which was even then threatening to escape.

That look of dark and introspective Brooding sat more apparent now than ever upon his mobile face, and I marvelled if the News which I was about to impart would tend to dissipate that reckless, searching glance, which seemed for ever to be probing into the future decrees of Fate.

"I have come to tell you news, Sir," I said after awhile.

He started as from a Reverie, and said half-absently:

"News? What news, friend? Good, I hope."

"Yes," I replied very quietly, even though I felt that my heart was beating fast within my breast with excitement. "Good news of the Man You Hate."

He made no reply for the moment, and even by the dim, uncertain light of the fire I could see the quick change in his face. I cannot explain it exactly, but it seemed as if something Evil had swept over it, changing every noble line into something that was almost repellent.

My heart beat faster still. I was beginning to feel afraid and a queer, choking Sensation gripped me by the throat and silenced the Words which were struggling to come to my lips.

"Well?" queried Mr. Betterton a second or two later, in a calm, dull, unemotional Voice. "What is thy news, friend Honeywood?"

"There is a plot," I replied, still speaking with an effort, "against His Majesty and the Countess of Castlemaine."

"I knew that," he rejoined. "'Tis no news. There is more than one plot, in fact, against the King and the Castlemaine. You surely haven't come out on this wet night," he added with a mirthless laugh, "in order to tell me that!"

AFTER all that I had gone through, after my tussle with my conscience and my fight against myself, I felt nettled by his flippant tone.

"I know not," I said firmly, "if there is more than one plot against His Majesty the King. But I do know that here is one which aims at striking at his sacred Person to-night."

"That also is possible," he retorted, with still that same air of flippant Carelessness. "But even so, I do not see, my dear Friend, what You can do in the matter."

SYNOPSIS.—This is the story of Thomas Betterton, a famous actor, and Joyce Saunderson, as told by John Honeywood, clerk to Theophilus Baggs, a lawyer. Betterton is infatuated with Lady Barbara Wychwoode. His attentions to her are resented by her brother, and by Lord Stour, her lover, and they hire some ruffians to make a dastardly attack on him. They refuse to accept Betterton's challenge to a duel, considering him as beneath their notice. Baggs, Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode are engaged in a plot to seize and dethrone King Charles II., and Honeywood is ordered to make copies of a treasonable document in connection with the plot. To avenge Betterton Honeywood decides to disclose the plot to Lady Castlemaine.

"I can denounce the Plot," I riposted warmly, "and help to save the life of His Majesty the King."

"So you can, my dear Honeywood," he said with a smile, amused at my vehemence. "So you can! And upon the King's gratitude you may lay the foundations of your future Fortune."

"I was not thinking of a Fortune," I retorted gruffly; "only of Revenge."

At this he looked up suddenly, leaned forward and in the firelight tried to read my face.

"Revenge?" he queried curtly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I replied earnestly, "that the Plot of which I speak is real, tangible and damnable. That a set of young Gallants have arranged between themselves to waylay His Majesty the King this night in the house of the Countess of Castlemaine, to kidnap his sacred Person, force him to abdicate, then proclaim the Duke of Monmouth King and the Prince of Orange Regent of the Realm."

"How do you know all this, Honeywood?" Mr. Betterton rejoined quietly, dragged, meseemed, out of his former Cynicism by the earnestness of my manner.

"I was one of the first to know of it," I replied, "because on a certain day in September I was employed in copying the Manifesto wherewith that pack of Traitors hoped to rally distant Friends around their Standard. For awhile I heard nothing more of the Affair, thought the whole thing had sizzled out like a fire devoid of fuel; until to-day, when the Conspirators once more met in the House of Mr. Theophilus Baggs and arranged to carry their execrable Project through to-night. Careless of my presence, they planned and discussed their Affairs in my hearing. They thought, I suppose, that I, like Mr. Baggs, was one of their Gang."

Gradually, while I spoke, I could see the dawn of Comprehension illumining Mr. Betterton's face. He still was silent, and let me speak on to the end. He was once more gazing into the fire; his arms were resting on his knees, but his hands were beating one against the other, fist to palm, with a violent, intermittent Gesture, which proclaimed his growing Impatience.

Then suddenly he raised his head, looked me once more straight in the eyes, and said slowly, reiterating some of my words:

"The Conspirators met in the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs—then—he—"

I nodded.

"My Lord Stour," I said, deliberately measuring my words, "is up to his neck in the damnable Conspiracy."

Still his searching gaze was fixed upon me; and now he put out his hand and clutched my forearm. But he did not speak.

"I was burning with rage," I said, "at the insult put upon you by my Lord Stour . . . . I longed to be revenged . . . ."

His clutch upon my arm tightened till it felt like a Vice of Steel, and his Voice came to my ear hoarse and almost unrecognizable.

"Honeywood," he murmured, "what do You mean? What have You done?"

I tried to return his gaze, but it seemed to sear my very Soul. Terror held me now. I scarce could speak. My Voice came out in a husky whisper.

"I had a copy of the Manifesto," I said, "and I knew the names of the Conspirators. I wrote these out and placed them with the Manifesto in the hands of my Lady Castlemaine."

DEAR Mistress, you know the beautiful picture by the great Italian artist Michael Angelo which represents Jove hurling his thunderbolt at some puny human Creature who hath dared to defy him. The flash of Anger expressed by the Artist in the mighty god's eyes is truly terrifying. Well! that same expression of unbounded and prodigious Wrath flashed out in one instant from the great Actor's eyes. He jumped to his feet, towered above me like some Giant whom I, in my presumption, had dared to defy. The flickering candle light warring with the fireglow and its play of ruddy Lights and deep phantasmagoric Shadows, lent size and weirdness to Mr. Betterton's figure and enhanced the dignity of magnitude of his Presence. His lips were working, and I could see that he had the greatest difficulty in forcing himself to speak coherently.

"You have done that?" he stammered. "You . . . . ?"

"To avenge the deadly insult—" I murmured, frightened to death now by his violence.

"Silence, you fool!" he riposted hoarsely. "Is it given to the Mouse to avenge the hurt done to the Lion?"

I guessed how deeply he was moved by these Words which he spoke, more even than by his Attitude. Never, had he been in his normal frame of mind, would he have said them, knowing how their cruel intent would hurt and wound me.

He was angry with me. Very angry. And I, as yet, was too ignorant, too unsophisticated, to know in what way I had injured him. God knows it had been done unwittingly. And I could not understand what went on in that noble and obviously tortured Brain. I could only sit there and gaze upon him in helpless Bewilderment, as he now started to pace up and down the narrow room in very truth like a caged Lion that hath been teased till it can endure the irritation no longer.

"You are angry with me?" I contrived to stammer at last; and indeed I found much difficulty in keeping the tears which were welling up to mine eyes.

But my timid query only appeared to have the effect of bringing his Exasperation to its highest pitch. He did in truth turn on me as if he were ready to strike me, and I slid down on my Knees, for I felt now really frightened, as his fine voice smote mine ears in thunderous Accents of unbridled Wrath.

"Angry?" he exclaimed. "Angry . . . . ? I . . . ."

Then he paused abruptly, for he had caught sight of me, kneeling there, an humble and, I doubt not, a pathetic Figure; and, as you know, Mr. Betterton's heart is ever full of pity for the Lowly and the Weak. By the flickering candle light I could distinguish his noble Features, a moment ago almost distorted with Passion, but now, all of a sudden, illumined by tender Sympathy.

He pulled himself together. I almost could see the Effort of Will wrehewith he curbed that turbulent Passion which had threatened to overmaster him. He passed his hand once or twice across his brow, as if he strode to chase away, by sheer physical Force, the last vestige of his own Anger.

"No—no—" he murmured gently, bent down to me and helped me to my feet. "No, my dear Friend; I am not angry with You . . . . I—I forgot myself just now . . . . something seemed to snap in my Brain when you told me that . . . . When you told me that—" he reiterated slowly; then threw back his head and broke into a laugh. Oh! such a laugh as I never wish to hear again. It was not only mirthless, but the Sound of it did rend my heart until the tears came back to mine eyes; but this time through an overwhelming feeling of Pity.

And yet I did not understand. Neither his Anger nor his obvious Despair were clear to my Comprehension. I hoped he would soon explain, feeling that if he spoke of it, it would ease his heartache. Mine was almost unendurable. I felt that I could cry like a child, Remorse warring with Anxiety in my heart.

Then suddenly Mr. Betterton came close to me, sat down on the sofa beside me and said, with a Recrudescence of his former Vehemence:

"Friend Honeywood, you must go straightway back to my Lady Castlemaine."

"Yes," I replied meekly, for I was ready to do anything that he desired.

"Either to my Lady Castlemaine," he went on, his voice trembling with agitation, "or to her menial first, but ultimately to my Lady Castlemaine. Go on your hands and knees, Honeywood; crawl, supplicate, lick the dust, swear that the Conspiracy had no existence save in your own disordered brain . . . . that the Manifesto is a forgery . . . . the list of Conspirators a facititious one . . . . swear above all that my Lord Stour had no part in the murderous Plot—"

I would, dear lady, that mine was the pen of a ready Writer, so that I might give you a clear idea of Mr. Betterton's strange aspect at that moment. His face was close to mine, yet he did not seem like himself. You know how serene and calm is the Glance of his Eyes as a rule. Well! just then they were strangely luminous and restless; there was a glitter in them, a weird, pale Light that I cannot describe, but which struck me as coming from a Brain that, for the moment, was almost bereft of Reason.

That he was not thinking coherently was obvious to me from what he said. I, who was ready and prepared to do anything that might atone for the Injury, as yet inexplicable, which I had so unwittingly done to him, felt, nevertheless, the entire Futility of his Suggestion. Indeed, was it likely that my Lady Castlemaine's Suspicions, once aroused, could so easily be allayed? Whatever I told her now, she would of a surety warn the King—had done so, no doubt, already. Measures would be taken—had already been taken—to trap the infamous Plotters, to catch them red-handed in the Act; if indeed they were guilty. Nay! I could not very well imagine how such great Personages would act under the Circumstances that had come about. But this much I did know; that not one of them would be swayed by the Vagaries of a puny Clerk, who had taken it upon himself to denounce a number of noble Gentlemen for Treason one moment and endeavoured to exonerate them the next. So I could only shake my head and murmur:

"Alas, Sir! all that now would be too late."

He looked at me searchingly for a second or two. The strange glitter died out from his eyes, and he gave a deep sigh of weariness and of disappointment.

"He will not fight me?" he said simply.

"Aye!" he said. "True! true! It is all too late!"

Imagine, dear Mistress, how puzzled I was. What would You have thought of it all, yourself, had your sweet spirit been present then at that hour, when a truly good, yet deeply injured Man bared his Soul before his Friend?

Just for a second or two the Suspicion flashed through my mind that Mr. Betterton himself was in some secret and unaccountable manner mixed up with the abominable Conspiracy. But almost at once my saner Judgment rejected this villainous Suggestion; for of a truth it had no foundation save in Foolishness engendered by a bewildered brain. In truth, I had never seen Mr. Betterton in the Company of any of those Traitors whose names were indelibly graven upon the tablets of my Memory, save on that one occasion—that unforgettable afternoon in September, when he entered the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs at the hour when Lord Douglas Wychwoode had just entrusted his Manifesto to me. What was said then and what happened afterwards should, God help me! have convinced me that no sort of intimate Connection, political or otherwise, could ever exist between my Lord Stour, Lord Douglas Wychwoode or their Friends, and Mr. Betterton.

IV

EVEN while all these Thoughts and Conjectures were coursing through my brain, my innermost Consciousness kept my Attention fixed upon my friend.

He had once more resumed his restless pacing up and down the narrow room. His slender hands were closely linked together behind his back, and at times he strode quite close to me, so close that the skirts of his fashionably cut coat brushed against my knee. From time to time disconnected Phrases came to his lips. he was talking to himself, a thing which I had never known him do before.

"I, who wished to return Taunt for Taunt and Infamy for Infamy!" he said at one time. And at another: "To-day . . . in a few hours perhaps, that young Coxcomb will be in the Tower . . . . and then the Scaffold!"

I listened as attentively as I could, without seeming to do so, thinking that, if I only caught more of these confused Mutterings, the Puzzle, such as it was, would become more clear to me. Picture the two of us then, dear Mistress, in the semi-darkness, with only fitful candle light to bring into occasional bold relief the fine Figure of the great Actor pacing up and down like a restless and tortured Beast; and mine own meagre Form cowering in an angle of the sofa, straining mine ears to catch every syllable that came from my Friend's lips, and mine eyes to note every Change of his Countenance.

"She will think 'twas I who spied upon him," I heard him say quite distinctly through his clenched teeth. "I who betrayed him, her Friends, her Brother.

"He will die a martyr to the cause she loves," he murmured a few moments later. "A Hero to his Friends—to *her* a demi-god whose Memory she will worship."

Then he paused, and added in a loud and firm voice, apostrophizing, God knows what Spirits of Hate and of Vengeance whom he had summoned:

"And *that* is to be my Revenge for the deadliest Insult Man ever put upon Man! . . . . Ha! ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, with weird Incontinence. "God above us, save me from my Friends and let me deal alone with mine Enemies!"

HE fell back into the nearest chair and, resting his elbows on his knees, he pressed his forehead against his clenched fists. I stared at him, mute, dumbfounded. For now I understood. I knew what I had done, knew what he desired, what he had striven for and planned all these past weary weeks. His Hopes, his Desires, I had frustrated. I, his Friend, who would have given my Life for his welfare!

I had been heart-broken before. I was doubly so now. I slid from the sofa once more on my knees and, not daring to touch him, I just remained there, sobbing and moaning in helpless Dejection and Remorse:

"What can I do?—what can I do?"

He looked at me, obviously dazed. He had apparently become quite oblivious of my presence. Once more that look of tender Commiseration came into his eyes, and he said with a gently ironical smile:

"You? Poor little, feeble Mouse, who has gnawed at the Giant's prey—what can you do? . . . . Why, nothing. Go back to our mutual Friend, Mr. Theophilus Baggs, and tell him to make his way—and quickly too—to some obscure corner of the Country, for he also is up to the neck in that damnable Conspiracy."

This set my mind to a fresh train of thought.

"Shall I to my Lord Stour by the same token?" I asked eagerly.

"To my Lord Stour?" he queried, with a puzzled frown. "What for?"

"To warn him," I replied. "Give him a chance of escape. I could tell him you sent me," I added tentatively.

He laughed.

"No, no, my Friend," he said drily. "We'll not quite go to that length. Give him a chance of Escape?" he reiterated. "And tell him I sent You? No, No! He would only look upon my supposed Magnanimity as a sign of cringing Humility, Obsequiousness and Terror of further Reprisals. No, no, my Friend; I'll not give the gay young Spark another chance of insulting me . . . . But let me think . . . . let me think . . : : Oh, if only I had a few days before me, instead of a mere few hours! . . . . And if only my Lady Castlemaine . . ."

He paused, and I broke in on the impulse of the moment.

"Oh, Sir! hath not the Countess of Castlemaine vowed often of late that she would grant any Favour that the great Mr. Betterton would ask of her?"

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I regretted them. It must have been Instinct, for they seemed innocent enough at the time. My only thought in uttering them was to suggest that at Mr. Betterton's request the Traitors should be pardoned. My Lady Castlemaine in those days held the King wholly under her Domination. And I still believed that my Friend desired nothing so much at this moment than that my Lord Stour should not die a Hero's death—a Martyr to the cause which the beautiful Lady Barbara had at heart.

But since that hour, whenever I have looked back upon the Sequence of Events which followed on my impulsive Utterance, I could not help but think that Destiny had put the words into my mouth. She had need of me as her tool. What had to be, had to be. You, dear Mistress, can now judge whether Mr. Betterton is still worthy of your Love, whether he is still worthy to be taken back into your Heart. For verily my words did make the turning point in the workings of his Soul. But I should never have dared to tell You all that happened, face to face, and I desired to speak of the matter impartially. Therefore I chose the medium of a pen, so that I might make You understand and, understanding, be ready to forgive.

"Silence, you fool," he cried hoarsely.

CHAPTER NINE

A Last Chance

I

OF course what happened subsequently I can only tell for the most part from what Mr. Betterton told me himself, and also from one or two Facts revealed to me by Mistress Pyncheon.

At the moment, Mr. Betterton commended me for my Suggestion, rested his Hand with all his former affectionate manner upon my Shoulder, and said quite simply:

"I thank you, Friend, for reminding me of this. My Lady Castlemaine did indeed last night intimate to me that she felt ready to grant any Favour I might ask of her. Well! I will not put her Magnanimity to an over severe test. Come with me, friend Honeywood. We'll to her Ladyship. There will be plenty of time after that to go and warn that worthy Mr. Baggs and my equally worthy Sister. I should not like them to end their Days upon the Scaffold. So heroic an Ending doth not seem suitable to their drabby Existence, and would war with all pre-conceived dramatic Values."

He then called to his Man and ordered a couple of Linkmen to be in readiness to guide us through the Streets, as these were far from safe for peaceful Pedestrians after dark! Then he demanded his Hat and Cloak, and

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Those Pesky Farmers Out West

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

Author of "Deep Furrows," etc.

ONCE upon a time there was a row in the Winnipeg city council and at the height of the confusion a worthy alderman leaped to his feet and, hoarse with emotion, shouted:

"Get together fellows. Fer Gawd's sake, let's try to bring order out of ca-hoss!"

It is too bad that this level-headed citizen is not "with us to-day"; for in the political confusion of the hour he would be a man with a message. With the war over and the heralded "period of reconstruction" moving in, the first big vanload of difficulties has been gee-hawed to the national doorstep and dumped in a clutter. It is little wonder that political leaders who believe that a stitch in time saves embarrassment are nonplussed by the subtractions which the war has wrought in the old party machinery. Parts are missing, cogs bent; rust and moth have corrupted and thieves have broken through and stolen allegiance until it would seem that new machinery altogether might better be built.

The decision of the organized Grain Growers of Western Canada, supported strongly by the farmers of the East, to take definite political action by the formation of a Farmers' Party has broken the glass in the political barometer; so that soothsaying the result of the next election is about as satisfactory as filling the churn with buttercups or milking cowslips or frying pig-weed! It can't be done by holding a wet finger in the air or tossing straws aloft when the finger turns cold on all sides at once and the straws loop the loop. So, anxious eyes in the East have been scanning the Western political sky for the sundogs which presage disturbance and it is quite possible that a few of the uninformed have been listening for the critters to bark!

Why it is East vs. West

IT is a way of the East to only half understand things Western, to only half appreciate Western difficulties and the Western viewpoint. Away back in the days when the West was shod in moccasins and shoe-packs and hob-nailed boots, patent-leathers twinkled under the ballroom lights of Montreal and the West went East for everything. The Old have always looked upon the Young with tolerant smiles and the thing becomes a habit of thought that is not set aside easily. Halfcock opinion based on incomplete information and disseminated by editors who have never been farther West than the magazine illustrations—and a lot of them have not!—has not tended to better understanding. Every little while a party of American editors tours the West, piloted by the chauffeurs of the railway and the Department of Immigration. Just the other day the autos were buzzing in Winnipeg, carrying cards with the greeting: "Welcome, Editors." The Government might well afford to spend some money in giving every hard-working editor and sub-editor in Eastern Canada a whiff of Western air and a full ration of first-hand information. The West would treat them right. Meanwhile, school geographies notwithstanding, Canada is divided into two parts, East and West; it is bounded on the East by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and on the south by a Tariff Wall—on the north by that "glorious heritage of ours" and on the West by the Grain Growers and such popular institutions as Hon. Bob Rogers, R. B. Bennett, Hon. Frank Oliver and the Calgary *Eyeopener* of that fine old Indian, Bob Edwards!

A welt of Laurentian rock and an area of pulpwood lies between Eastern and Western Canada—a difference of distance that can be bridged by thirty-six hours on a train and a burnt tongue from too much smoking. Unfortunately this geological barrier has developed a segregation of interests, while the divergence of topography has created special channels of activity for the populations of each section. Thus, the Western prairies have foreordained the preponderance of agriculture in the West for all time to come. Both East and West, therefore, have individual problems which are traceable to environment and occupation and their harmonious solution calls for a better understanding of viewpoints on both sides.

Especially is this so now in a time of misconception and general suspicion. The catastrophe of the Great War has bred distrust of Governments the world over. The peoples of the world have been harried into corners with their backs to the wall. They are still dazed and scarcely know which way to turn for guidance. The one thing which obsesses is the belief that any system which permitted such a crime against civilization to occur must be wrong. But what is to take its place?

Are we going back to party Government in Canada or have the lashes been lost for good from the party whips? Blood is stirring in old veins these days while convention badges flutter from lapels once more and caucus doors are opening and shutting with all the secrecy of yore. Before this article will be in print a big Liberal Convention will have been held at Ottawa; perhaps a Conservative Convention will follow. Labor forces also are organizing as never before, and always there are the Returned Soldier and the Union Government which "raised particular hell" with the old party influences in the East just as the "independent movement" in the West has scattered the sandpile of the Liberal Party or bids fair to do so. Things are going to happen and one thing sure is that the West is going to be right in the middle of whatever does happen. Which means simply that "those pesky farmers out West" will be found seated firmly upon their National Political Platform whether the said platform is erected in the hall of one or other of the so-called national parties or in a special hall of its own. (Watch every party convention shape its planks to size!)

Why is the Farmers' Party

TO dig down and examine the character of the soil which has grown this new plant is quite in order. Why should there be a Farmers' Party at all? Who are these Grain Growers anyway? What have they accomplished? Where are they heading for and who's their Moses?

The Grain Growers' Movement began in 1901 in what is now the great Province of Saskatchewan when, at the call of W. R. Motherwell, of Abernethy, an indignation meeting of farmers was held and an association formed to protest against abuses in the grain trade. Since the early eighties the settlers on the prairies had been at the mercy of grain dealers and the railway. Conditions had become unbearable. In self-defence the farmers began to organize associations for mutual protection against the wholesale robberies of the combines in the grain trade by seeking legislative remedy. The movemnt was instantly popular and spread rapidly until it embraced nearly every farming community in the three prairie provinces, until there were over three thousand local associations. It took twelve years, this growth, and during that time many improvements in conditions were brought about as the direct result of the organized farmers' efforts. Their whole attitude was determined by their experience. The tariff and economic conditions of Canada became the topics of long winter-evening chats and in the mind of the Western farmer grew a passion for reform. This assumed the form of an attack upon the old national policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, established in 1879.

To understand the greater independence of political attitude on the prairies it is necessary to remember the period of Government under the Territorial Parliament at Regina before the provinces were formed. Locally there were no parties at all then. Haultain was opposed by R. B. Bennett, although both became Conservatives afterward. In the early days, between 1887 and 1892, the Territorial Government and the Dominion Government were fighting over the control of executive authority. The Territories had no control of their finances and the real issues of responsible Government were fought for sternly by Senator Jim Ross, of Moosejaw, and Hon. Frank Oliver, of Edmonton. The spirit of the West was a bratherhood bred by pioneer conditions which had taught each man to depend upon his own resources and his nearest neighbor. While the West stood solid for the interests of Western Canada and its development, therefore, people in Eastern Canada were being brought up under the personal influence of Sir John A. Macdonald, of George Brown and Laurier. Partizanship was inevitable. Liberalism and Conservatism in the East were known in terms of Laurierism and Macdonaldism, while the West looked at the issues rather than the men.

The independent attitude of the Grain Growers, therefore, is a natural attitude. Within the provincial areas they have exerted their influence and the great contrast between some of the Western provincial legislation and the Federal legislation is a result. It is true that the Grain Growers' organizations were brought into existence primarily to get a greater return for their labors, for the products they were marketing, and to this end they organized the great co-operative institutions which have become such a factor in the agricultural life of the West. But that very act of organizing co-operative institutions with

groups of from one score to ten score individuals dotting the prairies has had the effect of creating an interest in public affairs. Community organization creates a more intelligent appreciation of political forms and of citizenship. The Grain Growers' Movement, based upon co-operation, has created vast business interests, and concomitant thereto has developed a great school of political thought.

But what has so suddenly developed out of this school of thought the decision to enter into direct political action when the avowed declaration of the Grain Growers from the first has been: "We must keep out of politics?" Analogy is found in the action of the Labor Unions in the Old Country. They, too, were organized primarily to improve conditions for the workmen in the matter of wages and working hours; but the time came when it seemed desirable to bring their ideas to bear more closely upon the life of the Old Country and the Labor Party thereupon was created. The Farmers' Party is the political expression of the co-operative movement and the Farmers' Platform on which it stands is the new national policy which the farmers believe sincerely to be the only solution of national problems at this time. The legislation which it advocates is not class legislation but national in scope, and the new policy is the outcome of long and careful and intelligent thought by men who have reached their conclusions through the hard school of experience. A more democratic administration of public affairs is the demand of the farmers, speaking on behalf of social progress. They have tried waiting for others to do something. They have got tired waiting, that is all.

The Germ of the Idea

IT was at the annual convention of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association in February, 1914, at Moosejaw, that the idea of an independent political movement on the prairies first manifested itself. It took the form of a resolution, strongly supported, calling upon the Grain Growers' Association to undertake the promotion of a "third party." At the time it was prevented from crystallizing by the influence in the convention of the Hon. Charles A. Dunning, now Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan but then manager of the Saskatchewan Co-Operative Elevator Company. He was ably supported in his attitude by the late F. W. Green, one of the directors of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. The argument which they advanced was that the existing Government of Saskatchewan was in reality a farmers' Government and that the farmers had received everything they had asked for, including the co-operative institutions which Hon. Walter Scott had given them. No action was taken, therefore, by the convention.

That same year the war broke out and distracted attention. During 1916 the Non-Partizan League, a farmers' political organization which was flourishing south of the border, made a strong bid for organization and power in Saskatchewan, but it gained no headway, owing largely to mediocrity of leadership. In Alberta, however, the Non-Partizan League established a following and entrenched itself more successfully.

Now, Western Liberal members in the House of Commons were not blind to the trend of affairs on the prairies. They were trailing their fingers in the currents of public opinion at home and saw the inevitability of a new political party taking formation in the West unless one or other of the old line parties absorbed the demands of the organized farmers by including in the party platform the reforms and political policy which the farmers were advocating. The step necessary has not been taken—the bold step of declaring independence of the old line party machines which have Ottawa as the seat of office.

"The Thread of Flame" is a new novel by Basil King, which will shortly commence in MacLean's. *It's not generally known that this famous author is a Canadian: He writes* MacLean's *that he is very proud of this fact, and hopes his friends in this country will not forget the fact. Three of his biggest successes have been: "The Inner Shrine," "The Street Called Straight," and "The City of Comrades."*

In 1917 the Liberals held a convention in Winnipeg and the opportunity of gathering behind them to the fullest extent this rising flood of progressive agrarian opinion was presented to the Western Liberals in the House of Commons. But the old Liberal whip gave one last crack and the followers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were gathered into line. Once more the West had missed assertion of its independence at Ottawa.

Western Liberalism did not favor the Laurier war policy. Also it was felt that the Liberalism which attained power in 1896 had not fulfilled its economic obligation, a failure which made it all the easier to split into factions. Had the Liberals organized a separate Western group, determined to go to Ottawa to see the war through, to enforce the Military Service Act justly, at the same time reserving themselves for insistance upon economic reforms after the war was won—had they adopted this course their position to-day in Western Canada would have been undisputed. The Liberal Party would have had a brilliant rebirth, led by a strong Western group.

The Wreck of Old Line Parties

UNION Government came out of the loins of the old line parties for the purpose of carrying on the war. It was merely a formal union, because in no way did it merge the real principles of progressive Liberalism from the West with the more paternal elements of the older provinces. Well, the war is over and the Union Government has performed the work for which it was created. With the declaration of peace has come the era of reconstruction with its special economic problems. The mind of the West, therefore—especially that organized portion of it which is represented by the Grain Growers' Movement—has returned with greater vigor than ever to its demands for economic reform.

The Grain Growers looked over the wreck of the old line parties which the influence of the union had caused.

"The war is over," said they to themselves, "and the vital difference that occurred between Laurier Liberals and Conscriptionist Liberals in 1917 has released the influences which were formerly exerted upon the Western provinces by the united Liberal Party. The restrictions which the war placed upon the formation of an independent party are absent. The road is open."

The result has been that all the accumulated feeling of independence which has been growing during the past fifteen years has blossomed forth in the movement of the Grain Growers towards definite political action. It is an independence which is conveyed by political sophistication that will refuse to turn aside for a red herring on a string or give emotional response to fervent pleas on extraneous issues, backed by the waving of the flag. For Westerners have studied the history of the political parties in Canada and they feel that when it comes to political principles there is little to choose between them—that Liberalism and Conservatism, too often in the past, have had the common objective of gaining office and sharing in the spoils thereof. Selah!

Thus it is that the Farmers' Party is in the field. It is being organized as a separate arm of the Farmers' Movement; so that its fate is not interlocked with the existing organizations in any way. Nevertheless it has the full backing of the powerful farmers' business and educational institutions, both West and East. It has the same leadership that has piloted the Grain Growers' Movement to its present place of economic importance nationally. In Alberta the new political organization is being fathered by H. W. Wood, President of the United Farmers of Alberta and of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. In Saskatchewan the outstanding figures in the new political organization are J. A. Maharg, M.P., President of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, and Mr. J. B. Musselman, the Association's energetic Secretary. In Manitoba, where the political organization is just getting under way, the Hon. T. A. Crerar, formerly Minister of Agriculture, is to the fore. In Ontario, the fourth fighting unit in this independent political movement, there are such well-known men as Drury, Good, Halbert, Morrison and others.

The Farmers' Party movement has been confined so far to provincial boundaries in its organization activities. The final step will be taken when an inter-provincial convention is held to bring together these provincial units and unite them in a national organization. When that time comes it may be found that the Farmers' Platform, which is really a new national policy for Canada rather than a farmers' platform at all, has gathered supporters from so many different classes that the movement will broaden out under the new name, "National Party of Canada."

The organized farmers mean business in this political action of theirs and they do not propose to be sidetracked by offers from other political parties. Certain Eastern interests are recognizing that fact already and hints that the Grain Growers are Bolshevistic have been made. This may be dismissed by pointing out the difference between Bolshevism and radicalism. The whole instinct of the farmer is opposed to disorder and unsettled conditions. He needs stability in his business of farming.

It may be well to remember in this connection that without the solid, sensible farmers' organizations in Western Canada the Government would have had a fine time trying to reach a working basis in meeting the wheat market problems of the war. Without the Grain Growers' organizations they would have had to cope with a lot of howling creatures on the prairies. Without the conservative element and the business institutions of the organized farmers Western Canada would be rampantly revolutionary.

What with the Liberals, the Conservatives, the Farmers, Labor, the Returned Soldier and Union Government it would appear as if Canada was in for an interesting time of it politically in the near future. It is to be hoped that everybody will keep in mind the national viewpoint and try "to bring order out of ca-hoss."

This photograph contrasts the two methods—four horses pulling a binder, and a powerful tractor doing the same work, in the same field.

WHAT THEY WILL DO TO PRICES

An Interview With W. F. O'Connor, K.C.

Vice-Chairman of the Board of Commerce

"THE Cost of Living must not come down quickly. I don't want it to; you don't want it to. You may think you do, but you don't. Let me illustrate:

"Supposing there was in your neighborhood a tall brick chimney that had a slant on like the leaning tower of Pisa. Right in the spot where it was inevitable that the chimney would fall were some very expensive buildings. If you wanted to pull down that tower, where would you start? At the bottom? At the middle? Or at the top?

"At the top of course; you and your neighbors would get together, erect a scaffold, and take it down—brick by brick. That's the sane way—and the only safe way. Just so, the Cost of Living in Canada must be reduced gradually, brick by brick. One Toronto newspaper reports me as saying the Cost of Living will come down by inches; the expression used was 'notches.' That's the way it will be—notch by notch."

Never before has there been a Board in Canada with the amazing powers possessed by this Board of Commerce. It is totally independent of the Government, and not controlled in any way by the Government. The Board gets its powers from Parliament, under the Board of Commerce Act. It has the powers of the Dominion Railway Board— and then some!

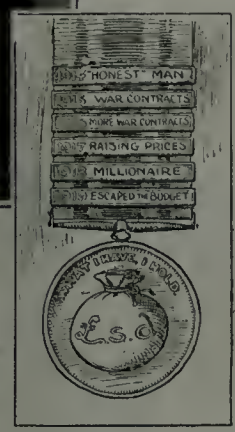
Commissions are weak, puny, effete affairs compared with this Board over which the Government has appointed Judge Robson to preside. It can issue injunctions for any purpose, and has all the powers of a Superior Court, even to commitment for contempt. Under the Combines and Fair Prices Act it can enlarge the scope of our inquiries to include any article of necessity to the public.

Every day the Board is asked whether it can send the profiteers to jail—and whether it *will* send them. This Board was not created for that purpose; it is on the job to reduce the costs of certain necessary articles. Of course, the profiteers will be sent to jail if they are caught with the goods,—but that will only be incidental.

The Strap-hanger?

Alley in Memphis "Commercial Appeal."

W. F. O'Connor, K.C., Vice-Chairman, Canadian Board of Commerce.



Why not a special War-medal for our war-profiteers?

London "Daily Express."

Canada Well Ahead of United States

THERE have been some remarks made, in the newspapers and by public men who should know better, to the effect that Canada is just tailing along behind the United States in this campaign to cut living costs. There's not an iota of truth in that!

The other day Mr. O'Connor visited Washington to make certain inquiries. While there he met the Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer, and gave him the outlines of the Act creating this Board.

"And you really have all those powers—powers which might conceivably give you more influence than any court in the land?" he asked Mr. O'Connor, incredulously.

"We certainly have," he was assured.

"Well, I must say that I am amazed, and that Canada is certainly showing the way," he said, perhaps somewhat envyingly.

At this writing, the Board is meeting with nothing but hearty co-operation from all classes in its work. Wholesalers, retailers, manufacturers and farmers, have shown no evidence of a desire to thwart action.

What the public wants is action—and quick action! They got it in the case of sugar, and before the readers of MacLean's Magazine receive this issue, there may be further action announced along similar lines. The Board has fixed a minimum profit for the retail dealer of one cent a pound on sugar. This does not mean that sugar will sell for the same price all over Canada, because the costs of transportation are being taken into careful consideration. But, no retailer can legally make more than a cent per pound profit.

What will happen if certain concerns decline to sell their sugar? This is a question which has been asked. Just this: The Board will examine into the stocks carried by any such concerns—and make them sell!

What will happen if retailers decline to sell sugar, except with a large or small order for other groceries? The Board has encountered this problem, too. Nothing will happen—except that the offenders will be heavily fined, or sent to jail—or both—as is provided by *already existing laws.*

Absurd Solutions Offered

"MANY absurd solutions of our problem are presented to us almost every day. One of the favorite suggested remedies is that of an embargo. A man came to see me this morning, and said:

"I'll tell you how to bring down prices; stop all food from being exported; stop everything needed in the country from being exported, if necessary."

"Well, suppose we do; what will happen?" I asked him.

"Why, prices will drop."

"Sure they will, and—so—will—your dollar!"

Precautions must be taken against prices coming down too fast, as is intimated at the beginning of this article. For, tumbling prices would have a psychological effect on the public, which might cause quicker drops and more vast disaster than any purely economic causes. Psychology plays a big part in this—and in any mass action. Look at what happened in the panics of 1893 and 1917. If merchandisers saw prices break a little, and then some more, they would get the idea that quick drops were coming, and they would unload as fast as possible. This would cause still more acute breaks, until panic would result. One has to be a student of psychology, as well as economics, finance, and business organization and administration, in order to cope with our problems.

Discussing the probable results of a sudden tumble in prices, and its effect on credit, with a prominent bank credit man recently, this question was put to him:

"Supposing your bank had loans of $1,000 each, to twenty small retailers, all of whom were operating on a narrow margin, both as to profit and working capital; supposing prices suddenly dropped 15 per cent.; what would you do? Would you call those loans?"

He answered in this fashion:

"We do not believe prices will always remain at their present level; when they'll drop, we don't pretend to know. But—we don't look upon them as normal, or stable, and in making our loans we have made allowances for these contingencies in most cases—and for even more than 15 per cent."

Many big businesses do not want to see their product sell for more. This may seem queer—but it isn't even altruistic. Here is an example:

One of the "coal barons" was sitting in his office discussing with his directors various details of his own business. A telegram was brought in, informing him that the price of a certain grade of coal, in which he dealt largely, was being raised quite a bit per ton.

"By G—, I don't want that to happen," he exclaimed to a visitor. "I hope we can stop that jump."

"I don't see why you should object—except as a philanthropist, and one who wishes his fellow-men well," said the other, who was a professional man.

"Don't you see the vicious circle? Our employees will see that we are getting more for our coal. They will demand more wages. Our troubles have begun anew. No, I don't want to see coal prices go any higher."

Boycotts Won't Be Needed

WHILE the Board of Commerce was sitting recently in Toronto, a well-known club-woman asked Mr. O'Connor what attitude would be taken by the Board if a coterie of women should start a boycott. In case prices were maintained at their present levels, or increased, in a certain neighborhood, or certain city, she suggested that "concerted action" might be used with effect to lower prices.

The vice-chairman informed her that boycotts in such cases would not likely be frowned upon by the legal authorities.

"But," stated Mr. O'Connor emphatically, "there will be no occasion for boycotts, as the Board of Commerce will see that prices are not allowed to remain at an unreasonable level."

It has been announced that prices on the necessaries of life will not—*must* not—go higher. A sum of $2,000 has been named as the fine which will be inflicted on any person, or persons, who endeavor to indulge in future profiteering. The milk producers' organization is the first to dispute the justness of this pronouncement, and at the time this number of MacLean's went to press were threatening—or promising, if you like it better—to place winter prices in several parts of Canada at a level higher than ever before attained. As Mr. O'Connor says:

"Prices have reached their peak. They should not go higher, and they will not be *allowed* to go higher. From now on this country should see a steady, gradual drop, though there should be no hesitation in asserting that we will never see pre-war prices again."

The question of the organization, administration and supervision of the cold storage plants in Canada is one which will be probed most thoroughly. Nationalization of all cold storage plants has been suggested on many sides as the panacea for a great many of our ills. Mr. O'Connor's famous report on the packers will make this subject, as well as the control to be exerted in future over the packing industry, of exceptional and vital importance.

The board will make use of the embargo—as a weapon. In fact it has already used it. A short time ago the whole Canadian West was crying out for sugar, wailing that $1,000,000 worth of fruit would be spoiled if they didn't get the sugar—and get it quick! Their wail was justified.

A Cabinet Committee met in Ottawa, debated the question, and decided that the only way out of the difficulty was to go into the open market, and *buy* sugar to ship westward. Then the Board of Commerce having been just created, grappled with the question. It learned that there were several ships in harbor, ready to sail with thousands of tons of sugar, for export from Canada to other countries.

The Board of Commerce proclaimed that no sugar could be exported, pending the appearance before it in Montreal of representatives of certain specified refineries, "in re certain facts which would be investigated." The Court sat. The refineries' representatives appeared.

"What's this all about?" they inquired, mystified.

(You must remember that demurrage charges at the rate of about $18,000 a day on these boats would soon be piling up.)

The situation was outlined to the refiners. To do them justice, they had already *tried* to sell this sugar, or much of it, in this country, and had failed because no persons could be found to buy it at the prevailing price, because a drop was being anticipated.

"We've got to have 2,000 tons of sugar—and at once," Judge Robson told them. "This Board will adjourn for half an hour, and perhaps you gentlemen would like to talk the matter over among yourselves."

The embargo proved a pretty good club, for when the Board resumed its session the refiners announced that they would be able to let the Board have some sugar—yes, just about 2,000 tons could be spared, and at a reasonable price.

"How about the embargo?" asked the refiners' spokesman.

"It's lifted," announced the Court.

"THE THREAD OF FLAME."

In the December issue of MACLEAN'S will appear the first instalment of Basil King's latest novel. Basil King is one of the greatest of Canadian novelists and the author of many best sellers, including "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine," and "The Street Called Straight."

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION—

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Will Board of Commerce Get Results?

"THE prayer of the public has at last been answered," says the Winnipeg *Tribune*, welcoming with open arms the Board of Commerce to the Manitoba metropolis. The newspapers throughout Canada greet the announcement that the new Board is actually on the job with more or less enthusiasm—occasionally with mild scepticism, based on past performances of similar bodies.

"Action of any kind, even if unfortunately not successful, will have the support of the people in preference to lethargic indifference" in the opinion of the Stratford *Beacon*. The people are tired "of camouflage and procrastination, and can no longer be humbugged with phrases," warns the Quebec *Telegraph*. The Vancouver *Sun* receives the announcement of the Board rather facetiously, and advises its readers to take it "cheerfully or sceptically, according to taste." The Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* suggests that "people generally should fortify themselves against disappointment over the actual results." The London *Advertiser* relates the history of O'Connor's first investigation, and the probes following conducted by Henderson, Nicholson and Dr. McFall, and then asks:

"Is it any wonder that the appointment of the Board of Commerce was received with more or less suspicion? . . . . the result (of the investigations so far) as far as the consumer was concerned was nil."

Several newspapers view the personnel with distinct approbation and look for good results on this account. The Winnipeg *Telegram* says that "the faith of the Canadian people in Mr. W. F. O'Connor has been amply justified." *Turner's Weekly*, speaking of Judge Robson and Mr. O'Connor, says "certainly a happier choice could not have been made." This same paper, by the way, favored the formation of a "Consumers' Commission," on the ground that a "'Board of Commerce' hardly suggests a prime interest in the cussumers' affairs as a consumer." The Winnipeg *Tribune* waxes enthusiastic over the appointment of "Judge Robson, possessing qualities of fearlessness and resourcefulness."

The amazing powers with which this Board has been endowed receives rather belated attention from the newspapers. Just after its formation the Toronto *Star* stated that "there is still some doubt as to the power of the Board of Commerce to do more than investigate." This was before the Board really got into action on the sugar question, and the Ottawa *Journal* answers the *Star's* doubts as follows:

"That doubt does not exist in the minds of anybody who has studied the act under which the Board derives its powers. True, criminal proceedings against profiteers must be taken by provincial officials, the Federal Government having no power to do so, but if the Board of Commerce prepares an indictment and asks the provincial officials to take the necessary action in the courts, those provincial officials will comply, or soon be deprived of their jobs by the people. Newspapers like the Toronto *Star* will see to this."

Other newspapers point out that the Board may even cancel patents, alter the tariff, and commit for contempt of court. The Ottawa *Journal* adds:

"The Board may, itself, try any person accused of profiteering or it may send him to the criminal courts for trial, or it may try him and pronounce prohibition against future continuance of the acts complained of and, as well, send him to the criminal courts for punishment for his past acts. . . . Non-compliance means a fine of $1,000 per day during his non-compliance or two years' imprisonment."

The Victoria, B.C., *Times* reports hundreds of appeals to Ottawa for investigations into the costs of necessary commodities, and points out that "There are already four pressing subjects for the Board's agenda—footwear, clothing, flour and sugar." The Toronto *Star* believes that the "New Board of Commerce should assign to one of its experts the task of preparing a report on the Canadian fortunes running into millions that have been made in the last twenty-five years, and how they were made in each case, and to what extent misgovernment has been responsible for the enrichment of a few at the expense of the many. It would be a highly useful report."

The Toronto *Times* takes its readers to task for "calling upon Cabinet Ministers to do everything for us," and advises everyone to "get out and assist the Board of Commerce to reduce the cost of living," and suggests the opening of new markets throughout the cities of Canada as one way to cut costs.

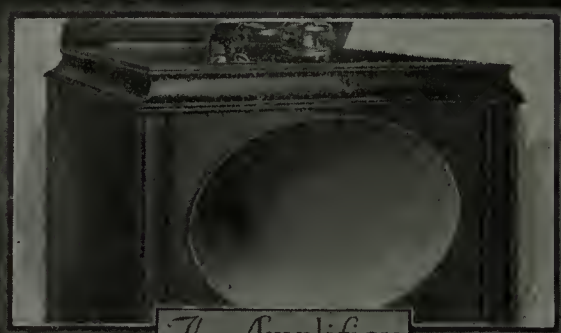
No single action taken by the Board of Commerce up to September 20 attracted one tithe of the attention that the orders on the sale of sugar did. The Winnipeg *Tribune* is gratified that the Board of Commerce is "effectively 'on' its big task," and adds:

"The Board's prompt intervention in the sugar situation, and its firm and intelligent ruling, will cure the acute situation that had developed. . . . . more power to the elbow of the Board."

The Board's order fixed the profit on sugar, as far as the refiner, wholesaler and retailer were concerned. The retailer may not make more than one cent per pound. The Toronto *Globe* calls attention to the fact that "fifteen cent sugar" is being sold in certain cities, and calls upon the Board for quick and drastic action. "Sugar selling at fifteen cents," adds the *Globe*, "should be traced through the wholesaler to the refinery, so as to locate the profiteering link or links in the chain."

The Kingston *Whig* complains because the Board has fixed the profit on sugar, and asks: "But what is the use if the price immediately takes a jump?" The Calgary *Albertan* believes the "Board would do an excellent stroke of business if it would strip sugar of mystery and show who are getting all the big money." The Sydney, C.B. *Record* protests against the fact that the Board has not excoriated any of the refineries,

The BRUNSWICK Method of Reproduction



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How We Banished Metallic Sounds

BEFORE The Brunswick Phonograph ever came to market, Brunswick executives were insistent upon a vital betterment: Reproduction.

We had been making phonograph cabinets for others for years. We had won top place during the past 74 years in the woodcrafting art. To stake our reputation on a Brunswick Phonograph was a momentous undertaking.

And so tone reproduction was studied for months. We tried every known method, the ones then accepted as supreme.

But every phonograph we ever heard in all our tests had good tones and bad tones, alternating in annoying frequence.

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Our task was to do away with the so-called metallic sounds. These, we found, came from metallic construction. Tone waves must vibrate to attain their volume. And so, as a superlative feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, we evolved the scientific Brunswick Amplifier under our own patents. It is built entirely of moulded wood.

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You owe it to yourself and to your family, as you decide upon *which* phonograph, to become acquainted with The Brunswick. In your own town there is a Brunswick Dealer who will be glad to play this super-phonograph for you.

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The Brunswick

and says that "publicity would put a stop to a great deal of the profiteering through which the people are being robbed." It—as well as other papers—asks for the suspension of the sugar duty.

The Nelson *News* believes that by the action of the Board "the possibility of exorbitant profits is eliminated." "This will drive home to anyone who is profiteering," adds the *News*, "that the Board has both the power and the will to take speedy action when it is necessary."

"There is no doubt," says the London *Advertiser*, "that the action of the Board of Commerce, if carried through consistently, will eliminate profiteering." This action must be supplemented, this paper also claims, by tariff legislation.

Mr. O'Connor's announcement that the Board would fix profits on everything does not meet with the approval of the Charlottetown *Guardian*, which says in P. E. I. "the result of the Board's order was an immediate increase in the price of sugar of 27 per cent."

The Prince Albert *Daily Herald*, to go toward the other end of the Dominion, is equally disgruntled, complains that the Board's order boosted prices, and concludes:

"It is evidently done on the theory that supplies at high prices are preferable to no supplies at all, yet it was in order to bring down the high prices that the Board of Commerce was appointed."

Next to sugar, bacon has received the greatest amount of attention at the hands of the Board—and the public and press. The Winnipeg *Telegram* says:

"When bacon brought from the United States, of similar quality to that manufactured here, can be sold in Winnipeg for four and a half cents less per pound after paying freight, duty, and the high rate of exchange, there is something wrong with the price of the local products. . . .

"The Board of Commerce is beginning to uncover things. Let the good work go on."

The Toronto *Mail and Empire* is authority for the statement, quoting Judge Robson as authority, that the "Board may recommend the abolition of the duty on bacon." The *Mail* believes this to be due not so much to the tariff as to Canadian "resistance to price-lowering after the hog passes out of the farmer's hands."

The Belleville *Ontario* looks askance at the Board's probe into bacon prices and profits, and prophesies that the result of this investigation "will be that we will have another excuse from the packers." The *Ontario* expects that "our education in economics may be slow, but it seems likely to be sure and costly."

The question of a general fixing of prices and profits attracts wide attention and involves the use of much ink and white paper. The Montreal *Gazette* points out that the "Board has its limitations," and adds:

"There is no intention, apparently, of cutting prices by reducing costs. Profit-fixing is the goal to be aimed at. Labor will not be touched. According to Mr. O'Connor, vice-chairman of the Board, the policy will be to ascertain actual cost, and then determine the rate of profit allowable thereon; which suggests that the business of middlemen, wholesalers and retailers will be the chief concern of the Board."

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is perfectly smooth, deliciously mellow and firm. Its quality is unmistakable.

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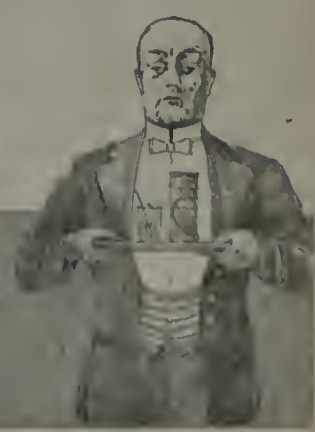

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The Man Who Plots to Overthrow the World

Powerful But Unknown Figure in Switzerland is at Centre of Bolshevistic Web

THE world stands aghast to-day at the spectacle of the spread of Bolshevism, but it is clear that there is no real conception of the tremendous organization that has been built up with the avowed purpose of putting the whole globe under this form of government. All over the world a powerful organization is at work. It is heavily financed and craftily directed. Lenine and Trotzky in Russia are merely instruments of this terrible secret order. The centre of the mob is in Switzerland where one Fritz Platten sits and directs his dark forces. Such at least, is the story that William G. Shepherd tells in *Everybody's*.

The facts that Mr. Shepherd gives are direct confirmation of the articles that have appeared in MACLEAN'S by Lt.-Colonel J. B. Maclean, T. M. Fraser and C. H. Cahan, K.C., bearing on the spread of the doctrine in Canada. He writes in part:

Trotzky screamed like a frightened witch, scratched like a cat, and kicked with all limbs, like a crab, when I saw eight British jackies carry him bodily off the *Kristianiafjord* in the bay of Halifax in March of 1917.

Trotzky enraged! We, standing on the deck of the ship, were not greatly moved. And as he stood below us, on the tiny tug which had come out to carry him to land, waving his arms at us, shouting out wild Russian curses, we were inclined to laugh.

Trotzky enraged! The time was to come when the rage of this wild-eyed man would mean life and death to thousands of human beings.

If one of us on the *Kristianiafjord* that day had drawn out a revolver and taken the life of that shouting individual, we might have helped to save the lives of perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand Allied soldiers on the Western front, who were slain in the great drives which the Germans were able to make after Trotzky had signed peace with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk.

Trotzky was going to Russia under orders. From a certain man in far-away Switzerland—a man greater than he, with wilder ideas than he, with eyes that had more steel in them than his, and with a heart that had even less pity, if that were possible—had come to Trotzky, in his Ghetto home in New York City, the message: "Go to Russia. The time has come."

And so, by word from the supreme command, Trotzky was on his way.

In the meantime, Lenine, whose name within a few months was to make Russia tremble, was in the care and keeping of this same mysterious man.

To Lenine, who was in Switzerland, came orders like those which had gone across the Atlantic to Trotzky.

"Go to Russia!" ordered this mysterious master.

Lenine tried to obey. But the Allies refused to permit him to pass through France and England.

Between Switzerland and Russia lay Germany. When Lenine failed, the master merely waved his wand; he conquered even the stubborn German Foreign Office; yes, more than that, even the German grand headquarters, with the Kaiser, von Hindenburg and Ludendorff rolled into one.

He proved to the Germans that if they would permit one Nikolai Lenine and his followers to go through Germany into Russia, they would upset Russia by a second revolution that would lay her, weak and white, at Germany's feet. Even the masters of Germany yielded to the arguments of that man who could give orders to such men as Lenine and Trotzky.

A car was prepared by the Germans at the Swiss frontier. Its windows were sealed, so that the passengers could not look out and discover the war-time secrets of Germany. Its doors were guarded so that no one could leave it.

That car, one day in March of 1917—while Trotzky was languishing in a cell in Halifax—was boarded by thirty men. One of them was Lenine, the rest were Lenine's followers, except one. That one was the man who had given Lenine and Trotzky their orders—the master Bolshevik of the world.

So Lenine got to Russia.

Trotzky, released some weeks later at the request of Kerensky, found his way to Russia by way of Japan.

And thus the two servants of the master Bolshevik of the world began their work.

This story is not fancy.

There is a super-Bolshevik behind Lenine and Trotzky; behind all the other Bolsheviks in all the other lands of earth.

His name is Fritz Platten.

He is so much a man of mystery, even in Switzerland, where he lives, and in his home town of Zurich, that his photographs are unobtainable. *Everybody's Magazine* is able to show the accompanying photograph of Platten only because it was taken in Bolshevik Russia, last spring, where Platten felt safe in making himself known.

Platten remained for some weeks in Petrograd after he arrived with Lenine. We used to hear the names "Lenine" and "Trotzky" bandied about the streets and see them in the press; never the name "Platten." The newspaper correspondents from America and other countries used to go to the dancer's palace in Petrograd, which had been seized by Lenine and Trotzky and their small forces, and obtain interviews from them, but none of us even knew that there was such a man on earth as Platten; much less that such a man was in Petrograd and that he was behind the scenes pulling the wires in the preparations for the great tragedy that was at hand.

While Lenine and Trotzky were talking, Platten was doing things. For instance, he saw that Lenine and Trotzky needed more speakers and assistants. Platten, with the greatest ease, again worked his miracle with the German high command. A "sealed train," instead of a "sealed car," was sent through Germany from Switzerland. It contained two hundred and fifty men who later all mounted to eminence in the Bolshevik régime. Many of them attended the Brest-Litovsk peace conference.

Platten's strength was not merely diplomatic or political. He had physical bravery. Riding with his henchman, Lenine, one day, in the streets of Petrograd, a man with a knife tried to kill Lenine. Platten jumped on to the man from the automobile just as he was about to drive the knife into Lenine.

When, finally, Platten saw that his two followers had their job—that of turning Russia completely crazy—well in hand, he went back to Zurich to begin on the rest of the world.

The centre of Bolshevism to-day is in the office of Fritz Platten in Zurich. He is every inch and ounce a Prussian. He is so attached to Germany, and the German tongue, that when recently the Socialists of Switzerland moved their headquarters from German Zurich to neutral Berne, Platten refused to be nominated for the secretaryship of the party. This, by the way, is said to be the only defeat that Platten has sustained in political life in many years.

Platten has a mind that works like a piece of steel machinery. He is pitiless in his plans; no mercy enters into them.

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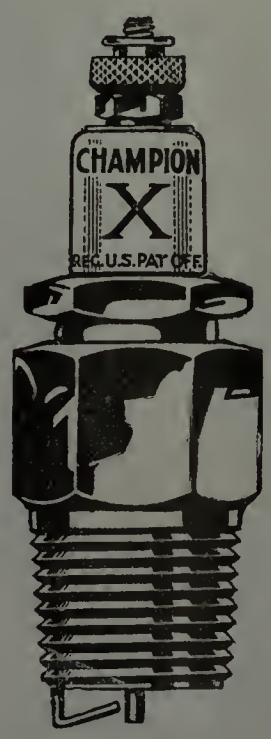

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When Germany Was Winning

The Submarines Nearly Beat Us In 1917

THAT in the early part of 1917, the Allies were actually anticipating defeat as a result of the submarine campaign is stated very emphatically by Rear Admiral W. S. Sims, the commander of the American Navy in European waters, in the course of a series of articles that he is writing in *World's Work*. He tells of the tremendous inroads that the undersea pirates were making on allied shipping and of the inability of the Admiralty to check, owing to the tremendous load that Britain was bearing almost unaided. It was feared at the time, he declares, that the fall of 1917 would see the end. Many of the British leaders feared it—practically all, in fact, with the exception of Lloyd George, who remained optimistic and cheerful.

The story that Admiral Sims tells, bears out the articles that were published at the time in MacLean's Magazine and the *Financial Post*. He writes in part:

Physically Admiral Jellicoe is a small man, but as powerful in frame as he is in mind, and there are few men in the navy who can stand up against him in tennis. His smooth-shaven face, when I met him that morning in April, 1917, was, as usual, calm, smiling, and imperturbable. One could never guess what was going on in his head by any outward display of emotion. At this time it is not too much to say that the responsibility for the safety of the British Empire rested upon Admiral Jellicoe's shoulders. I find the absurd notion prevalent in this country that his change from Commander of the Grand Fleet to First Sea Lord was something in the nature of a demotion; nothing could be farther from the truth. As First Sea Lord, Jellicoe controlled the operations, not only of the Grand Fleet, but also of the entire British navy; he had no superior officer, for the First Lord of the Admiralty, the position in England that corresponds to our Secretary of the Navy, has no power to give the slightest legal order to the fleet—a power which our Secretary possesses. Thus the defeat of the German submarines was Jellicoe's direct responsibility. Great as this duty was, and appalling as was the submarine situation at the time of this interview, there was nothing about the Admiral's bearing which betrayed any depression of spirits. He did manifest great seriousness, possibly apprehension, but British stoicism and the usual British refusal to say die, were keeping him tenaciously at his job.

After the usual greetings, Admiral Jellicoe took a paper out of his drawer and handed it to me. It was a record of tonnage losses for the last few months. This showed that the total sinkings, British and neutral, had reached 536,000 tons in February, 603,000 in March, and that sinkings were taking place in April which indicated the destruction of nearly 900,000 tons. These figures showed losses which were three and four times as large as those indicated by the intentionally inconclusive statements which were then being published in the press.

To say that I was surprised by this disclosure is expressing it mildly. I was fairly astounded; I had never imagined anything so terrible and I expressed my consternation to Admiral Jellicoe.

"Yes," he said, as quietly as though he were discussing the weather and not the future of the British Empire. "It is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue."

"What are you doing about it?" I asked.

"Everything that we can. We are increasing our anti-submarine forces in every possible way. We are using every possible craft we can find with which to fight submarines. We are building destroyers, trawlers, and other like craft as fast as we can. But the situation is very serious and we shall need all of the assistance we can get."

"It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," I remarked.

"They will win, unless we can stop these losses—and stop them soon," the Admiral replied.

"Is there no solution for the problem?" I asked.

"Absolutely none that we can see now," Jellicoe announced. He described the work of destroyers and other anti-submarine craft, but he showed no optimism over their ability to control the depredations of the U-boats. The stories that were being published concerning the numerous sinkings of German submarines I now found to be untrue. Since the beginning of the war, only fifty-four German submarines were positively known to have been sunk, and Admiral Jellicoe now told me that the German shipyards were turning out new submarines at the rate of three a week. Stories had recently found their way into print about the voluntary surrender of German U-boats; no such surrender had taken place; the stories had been circulated merely to depreciate enemy morale. I even found that members of the Government who should have been well informed, and also British naval officers, actually believed that many captured German submarines were carefully stowed away at the Portsmouth and Plymouth navy yards. The fact was that the supplies and communications of the forces on all fronts were threatened, that German submarines were constantly extending their operations farther and farther out into the Atlantic, that German raiders were escaping, that three years' constant operations had seriously threatened the strength of the British navy, and that Great Britain's control of the sea was actually at stake. Bad as the situation then was, Admiral Jellicoe had every expectation that it would get worse. The German submarines would soon have the long daylight of the British summer for their operations, and they believed that the submarine would force a decision in their favor in that period. So far as I could learn there was a general belief in British naval circles that this plan would succeed. With losses approaching a million tons a month it was a matter of very simple arithmetic to figure how long the Allies could stand the strain. The best authorities calculated that the limit of endurance would be reached about November 1, 1917; in other words, that, unless some method of successfully fighting submarines could be discovered almost immediately. Great Britain would have to lay down her arms before a victorious Germany.

"What we are facing is the defeat of Great Britain," said an American diplomat, then in London, after the situation had been explained to him.

In the next few weeks I had many interviews with Admiral Jellicoe and other members of the Admiralty. I sat in conference with them every morning, and, for all practical purposes, became a member of their organization. There were no secrets of the British navy to which, as an American, I did not have complete access. All members of the Government desired that the United States should understand the situation completely, so from the beginning they discussed matters with the utmost frankness. They deprecated the generally prevailing impression that any new invention could control the submarine in time to be effective. Those were the days when the American press was constantly calling upon Edison and other great American inventors to solve this problem. In fact, inventors in every part of two hemispheres were turning out devices by the thousands. A regular department of the Admiralty, headed by Admiral Fisher, had charge of investigating their product; in a few months it had received and examined not far from 40,000 inventions, none of which answered the purpose, though

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many of them were exceedingly ingenious. British naval officers were not hostile to such projects; they declared, however, that it would be absurd to depend upon new devices for defeating the German campaign. The time element was the important consideration; unless the U-boats were checked in two or three months, the Germans would have won the war; should Mr. Edison or any other great genius invent an anti-submarine device, it would not serve their purposes, because, long before it could be perfected and installed, the shipping situation would have forced an Allied surrender.

I discussed the situation with members of the Cabinet, such as Mr. Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, and Sir Edward Carson. Their attitude to me was very different from the attitude which they were taking publicly, for in their speeches these men naturally would say nothing that would improve the enemy morale; but in their talks with me they repeated practically everything that Jellicoe had said. It was the seriousness of this situation, of course, that sent Mr. Balfour and the British Commission to the United States. What a dark moment that was in the history of the Allied cause! Not only were the German submarines sweeping British commerce from the seas, but the Germans were also defeating the British and French armies in France. When we recall that the high peak of success with the U-boats was achieved at the very moment that General Nivelle's offensive failed on the Western front, we can get some idea of the real tragedy of the Allied situation in the spring of 1917.

"Things were dark when I took that trip to America," Mr. Balfour said to me afterward. "The submarines were constantly on my mind. I could think of nothing but the number of ships they were sinking. At that time it certainly looked as though we were going to lose the war."

Of all the influential men in the British Government there was only one who took an optimistic attitude. This was Mr. Lloyd George. I met the Prime Minister frequently at dinners, at his own country place, and elsewhere; and the most lasting impression which I retain of this wonderful man was his irrepressible gaiety of spirits. I think of the Prime Minister of Great Britain as a great, big, exuberant boy, always laughing and joking, constantly indulging in repartee and by-play, and even in this, perhaps the darkest crisis of British history, showing no signs of depression. His face, which was clear in its complexion as a girl's, never betrayed the slightest anxiety, and his eyes always sparkling, never disclosed the faintest shadow. It is a picture which I shall never forget—that of this man upon whose shoulders the destiny of the Empire chiefly rested, apparently refusing to admit, even to himself, the dangers that were seemingly crushing it to extinction, heroically devoting all his energies to uplifting the spirits of his countrymen, and in his private intercourse with his associates, even in the most fateful moments, finding time to tell funny stories, recall entertaining anecdotes of his own political career, poke fun at the mistakes of his opponents, and turn the general conversation a thousand miles away from the Western front and the German submarines. It was the most inspiring instance of self-control that I have ever known; only one other case in history can be compared with it, for Lloyd George's attitude at this period constantly reminded me of Lincoln in the darkest hours of the Civil War, when, on news of such calamities as Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, he would entertain his cabinet by reading selections from Artemus Ward, interlarded with humorous sayings and anecdotes of his own. Perhaps Lloyd George's cheerfulness is explained by another trait which he similarly had in common with Lincoln; there is a Welsh mysticism in his nature which, I am told, sometimes takes the form of religious exaltation. Lloyd George's faith in God and in a divine ordering of history is evidently so profound that the idea of German victory probably never seized his mind as a reality; we all know that

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Lincoln's absolute confidence in the triumph of the North rested upon a similar basis. Certainly only some such deep-set conviction as this could explain Lloyd George's serenity and optimism in the face of the most frightful calamities. I attended a small dinner at which the Premier was present four days after the Germans made their terrible attack in March, 1918. Even on this occasion he showed no evidence of strain; as usual his animated spirits held the upper hand; he was talking incessantly, but he never even mentioned the subject that was absorbing the thoughts of the rest of the world at that moment.

Like this I always saw the head of the British Government; never did I meet him when he was fagged or discouraged, or when he saw anything but a favorable end to the war.

On several occasions I attempted to impress Lloyd George with the gravity of the situation; he always refused to see it that way.

"Oh yes, things are bad," he would say with a smile and a sweep of his hand. "But we shall get the best of the submarines—never fear!"

But the cheerfulness of the Prime Minister was exceptional; all his associates hardly concealed their apprehension. On the other hand, a wave of enthusiasm was sweeping over Germany. Americans still have an idea that the German Government adopted the submarine campaign as the last despairing gambler's choice, only half believing in its success themselves. There is an impression here that the Germans never would have staked their Empire on this desperate final throw had they foreseen that the United States would have mobilized all its men and resources against them. This conviction is entirely wrong. The Germans did not think they were taking any chances at all; the ultimate result seemed to them a certainty. They calculated the available shipping of the Allies and the neutral nations; they knew just how much their submarines could sink each month; and from these statistics they mathematically deducted the time when the war would end. They did not like adding the United States to their enemies, but this was because they were thinking of conditions after the war; for they would have liked to have had American friendship in the period of readjustment. But they did not fear that we could do them much injury in the course of the war itself. This again was not because they really despised our fighting power; they knew that we would prove a formidable enemy on the battlefield; but the obvious fact, to their eyes, was that our armies could never get to the front in time. The submarine campaign, they said, would finish the thing in three or four months; certainly in that period the Unprepared United States could never summon any military power that could affect the result. Thus from a purely military standpoint the entrance of 100,000,000 Americans affected them about as much as would a declaration of war from the planet Mars.

We confirmed this point of view from the commanders of the occasionally captured submarines. These men would be brought to London and questioned; they showed the utmost confidence in the result.

"Yes, you've got *us*," they would say, "but what difference does that make? There are plenty more submarines coming out. You will get a few, but we can build a dozen for every one that you can capture or sink. Anyway, the war will all be over in two or three months and we shall be sent back home."

All these captives laughed at the suggestion of German defeat; their attitude was not that of prisoners, but of conquerors.

Admiral Sims then proceeded to show that the difficulty lay in the shortage of destroyers. The British navy had only 200 ships of this class and at least half of these had to be kept with the fleet for emergencies. The bulk of the remainder had to be kept in the channel for the convoying of troops and supplies to France. Not more than fifteen at any one time were on guard around the coast of Ireland where the undersea boats lurked!

A Diagram Picture

Note the Pointed Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. We apply no anesthetic. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a pad. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the centre of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Only rare corns need a second application.

That's the great reason for Blue-jay. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so that the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B&B wax is centred on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

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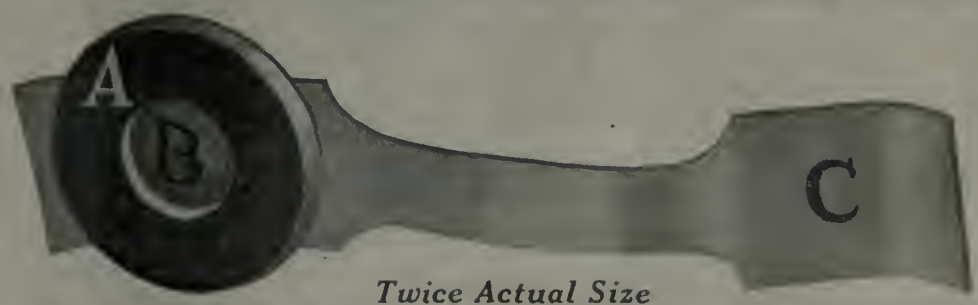
Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



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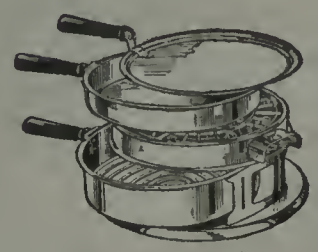

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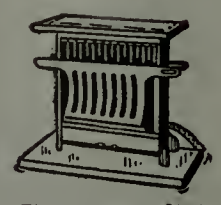

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Canada Is Ordained to Lead

Messages From Life Beyond Indicate This

A SERIES of articles on spiritualism and the life beyond the grave have been appearing in the *Cosmopolitan* from the pen of Basil King, the famous Canadian author. It is not necessary to have any belief in the possibility of communicating with those who have "passed over" in order to find a deep interest in Mr. King's articles. He applies what he believes to have been messages received from beyond to the problems of this world and extracts many beautiful thoughts therefrom.

For instance, he has attempted to get information as to how our institutions are regarded by those who have gone to spirit land.

Are there any distinctions made "over there" as to denominations? Do we retain our identities and our own particular interests? Some of the answers he receives from his particular medium —who goes by the name of Henry Talbot—are most interesting. There is, particularly, his question, as to how the various nationalities are regarded. In this connection, he writes:

Nationality forming so large a part of the interest of this phase of life, I ventured to ask my chief correspondent for a word as to the peoples with which the readers of this magazine have probably most to do. With regard to American people, he said he would rather ask the statesman whom I have quoted on the subject of Russia earlier in this paper.

"Torch-flashing is the mission of the American people," this statesman wrote when he came. "We have climbed higher on the mountain of civilization than have other peoples, and must plant our banner and flash our torch from each peak as we ascend. The foreign element in the nation is a golden thread in the woof of our weaving. We must live up to the standard of the past and outdistance its merit by our progress toward the standard of the future. We are the leaders of the clear-sighted virtue."

As to these claims to civilization and virtue, Henry Talbot explains that they are not assertions of attainment but only of a comprehension of principles that will lead to this attainment—"the truest grasp of God's idea, and the clearest sense of harmony." The words imply, therefore, no national boast, but only a recognition of that quickness to perceive the light and run up to a pinnacle and flash it, which, I think, anyone would concede as part of the national American equipment.

Of the British, Henry Talbot says:

"The British are the producers of civilization. They are the pioneers who bring enlightenment to dark places. They develop the backward, while we develop the advanced. They are the nurse, and we are the governess of mankind. We are all one people even in your sphere, and as such must cooperate lovingly."

The following is what he says of Canada:

"The Canadians have a mission for which they have been specially selected. They are to represent the Anglo-Saxon God-idea. Their task will be one of production. It is not yet clear to me just how, but they will represent God. They understand the mission of sex better than any people, and this will be the kernel of their greatness. They are greatly honored here, and much loved."

Asking what he meant by the understanding of the mission of sex better than any people, I get the following:

"The men are more intelligent toward the women, and have more intuitive tenderness. The women are more manly at heart. They clash more radiantly than other nations, and produce a harder and

clearer-visioned race. They are untrammeled."

Of Mexico, he gives me this:

"Mexico is of the second generation of nations. Her fecundity accumulates, but her riches are still stored away. When man can show his worthiness to use the heritage of God, then Mexico will be ready to offer her service and receive her reward. Mexico and Russia are blind children wailing in the streets—rich children, but blind. If your pity be not moved by their plight, you cannot profit by the wealth they own."

On my requesting a word that would serve as a guide to my own mental stand toward the Germans, he wrote:

"You cannot do better than to emulate the attitude which we take here—one of loving sympathy for their deformity of soul. If you could understand the tragedy of their condition, you could not harbor hatred. When they are blatant with brutality, treat them like patients suffering from delirium who must subject themselves to discipline. No one in your sphere has any conception of the nature of punishment."

The object of making these quotations is merely to show purpose. With the conception of a New Earth goes a truer vision than we have ever had before of the mission of men, religions, nations. Each has an end to serve. It is true of every race, religion, and individual that, in the eternal scheme, there is a place into which that one alone can fit.

Will Whites Die Out in America?

Claims Climate is Too Hot For Blonde Races

WILL the United States and part of Canada be populated ultimately by races of dark-skinned people? Such is the conclusion to be drawn from an article published in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, from the pen of Dr. Austin O'Malley. He points out that nature has designed men so that they fit their environment. The human being who lives in the tropic regions must have a brown skin to resist the heat rays. White men may live in those regions but they will always be visitors. A white race could not grow up in Africa. He proceeds to divide the globe into "color belts" and assigns the territory of the blonde races to land above the fiftieth parallel. Quite a slice of Canada is south of the fiftieth. Will all the United States and part of Canada, therefore, ultimately to depleted of blonde inhabitants and fill up with men of a swarthier skin?

Dr. O'Malley writes, in part:

Anthropology and tradition show us the earliest man was white, and that he lived at about the latitude of the Euphrates Basin. The colored and blonde races were such by development. As the white man migrated southward he slowly acquired protective skin pigment and became brown. Farther south, in the tropics, he grew black to defend himself from the ultra-violet rays of the sun and to radiate heat more readily. As he migrated northward he lost the protective pigment which was worthless to him, and became whiter, so that he could retain animal heat better.

Physicists that work with extra-spectral rays, Roentgen rays, Becquerel rays, rays from radium, and the like emissions must protect themselves by rubber, lead, glass, sheet lead, and similar means. The ultra-violet radiation changes the protaplasm of cells so as to let in salts which disintegrate and kill the cells. There were more than twenty physicians killed in the United States alone by the action of the x-ray before methods for protection were devised. Similar rays exist in the sunlight. Finsen, in Denmark, found that skin pigment can protect animal tissues from the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Therefore, the stronger and more direct the sunlight upon the earth and the less relative cloudiness of the sky the more darkly pigmented the people that live under it. The Eskimos, an apparent exception, are dark, as a protection against the sun-glare on the arctic snow during their day of six months.

Skin pigment has a relation also to somatic heat. The blacker an object is the quicker it radiates the heat it receives; the whiter it is the slower it radiates received or stered heat. Arctic animals have white hair or fur for this reason, and northern men are white; the farther north you go the whiter men are. Tropical animals have dark pelts and are nocturnal in habit; tropical men are black. A Sioux Indian in Dakota is white, an Apache Indian in Arizona is black.

Men are differentiated into races and thrive, develop, and reach physical perfection within well-defined climatic areas. As fauna and flora exist and persist as distinct species within certain zones bounded by isotherms, men so exist and persist as distinct races. Nature preserves the race that is best fitted to a given environment and kills off the unfit. The natural geographical position for the black man is, roughly, from the equator to the thirtieth parallel of north or south latitude. From the thirtieth to the thirty-fifth parallel is the zone of the brown man, like, say, the Malay. From the thirty-fifth to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude is the zone of the brunette Mediteranean type of white man. The zone of the European blonde is above the fiftieth parallel.

To indicate just what this would mean to Americans of the north-European types, Dr. O'Malley points out that the fiftieth parallel in America passes through British Columbia 480 miles north of the uppermost boundary of the United States. The forty-fifth parallel passes near Halifax, Bangor in Maine, Ogdensburg in New York, Ottawa in Canada, St. Paul, the lower border of Montana, and the uppermost third of Oregon. In Europe it runs near Bordeaux, Turin, through Bosnia, Roumania, and the Crimea. "Madrid, Naples, and Constantinople," says Dr. O'Malley, " are north of Philadelphia; New York is as far south as Naples; Boston and Chicago as Rome; St. Louis as Athens, and Washington city is at the level of French Africa.

Wilson May Run Again

Can Have Nomination For Presidency if He Wants It

IT seems to be an accepted point now that President Wilson can have the nomination for a third term if he wants it. In 1920 the parties will place their men in the field and Wilson has the Democrats so completely under his thumb that he can either take the nomination himself or name his successor. Such, at least, is the view of Samuel G. Blythe, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. What's more, Mr. Blythe seems to incline to the belief that Wilson will stand. He writes, in part;

Of course the most important candidate of the lot, who may not be a candidate at all, is President Wilson, and there is no vitality to any other Democratic endeavor until his decision is known. Hence the attitude of the President comes first for consideration. I am in receipt of a large amount of inside information as to the mind of the President on this matter, but the weak-

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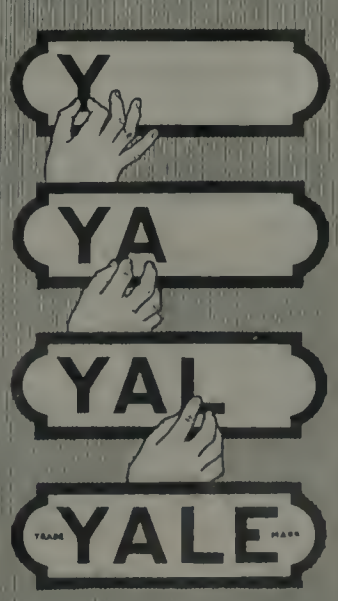

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ness of all that inside information is that none of it comes from the inside of the President himself. The President may have the most definite and detailed decision as to what his course will be in 1920, but I have not met any person who knows what that decision is, and I doubt if anybody else has. Indeed, the probabilities are that the President is as much in the dark about the matter as his intimates and his party fellows. It is more than likely that what he will do in the matter of seeking a renomination in 1920 depends on what happens between now and convention time far more than on what has happened since the latest convention. That is, the President's future, as to a renomination, depends on the future, and not upon the past.

There is no question that he can have the nomination if he wants it. His position is far different from that of his political adversaries. He is ninety-eight per cent. of his party, while their party is ninety-eight per cent. of the men who are seeking the Republican nomination. On the face of things the President's future as a candidate and as a possible President to succeed himself is in large part comprised within the success or failure of his League of Nations and his peace determinations and treaty necessities as he developed them in Paris. If he wins, either completely or passably, he need not run again unless he wants four years more of power for the working out of his plans; but if he loses he seems in duty bound, both as a matter of personal exemplification and as a matter of party expediency, to run again. What he will require in case of failure is a modicum of his own brand of self-determination.

Pending this we observe a considerable number of Democrats who are forehanded enough to set themselves forth as contestants for the nomination, always with the understanding that they are not in earnest in case the President comes out as a candidate. They are contingent candidates—contingent on the plans of the President. They seek to assure themselves that the President will not violate the precedent that no man shall aspire to be President three times running; but all the time, deep in their hearts, is the undeniable knowledge that precedents do not mean a tenth so much to the President as postulates, and that he'll run if he feels like it, and there is no precedent or unwritten law or tradition or political fetish that will stop him.

So far as the Democratic nomination in 1920 is concerned it would appear that President Wilson is himself personally and without outside delegation considered the Democratic Party in national convention assembled. If he wants the nomination he will get it. If he does not want it someone else will get it. Probably that someone else will be of his selection—probably but not positively. Though there is no dispute, and will be none, over the power of the President to get what he wants for himself there may be opposition to his getting what he wants for another.

That is the way the other Democrats talk at present. They are inclined to be independent of such domination—now. Probably they will shrivel if the President says to them to name such-and-such a man, but they protest vigorously at the moment that if he does not take the nomination himself he must keep hands off and let the others fight it out to a finish. They are whistling against the wind. Every last one of them will jump through the hoop at the Presidential demand. The fact of it is that the President will nominate himself or somebody else, unless he magnanimously decides to let the convention do the nominating, and that will be very difficult for him to do, because even if he does decide to allow free and untrammeled action by the delegates and the politicians there are certain others not disassociated entirely from his personal following who will undertake in his name to do a little trammeling themselves.

The Democratic leaders hope that he will not run, but fear that he will. They are convinced he will, in fact; not by what they know but by what they reason. It is an interesting exemplification of the mental sustenance to be derived from optimism to hear one of the avowed candidates talk—any one.

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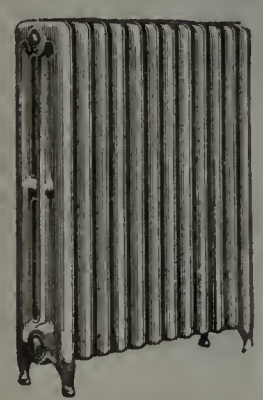

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Veteran Sportsmen in England

Prominent Men Remain Keen Athletes Until Old Age

THE fondness of the Englishman for sport has always been rather puzzling to people of less athletic tendencies. That this fondness remains with the Anglo-Saxon through all stages of his normally long life is a further fact that must be considered. Chalmers Roberts, writing in *Country Life*, refers to this fact and compares it with conditions as he finds them in America. He says:

It is now some years since the longevity of British sportsmen first dawned upon me.

I think it must have been in Cairo toward the end of the last century that I was astonished to see that great proconsul, Lord Cromer, in spite of an indubitable weight of flesh added to

weight of years, play tennis every afternoon with the secretaries of the British Agency. "The Lord," as he was called all over Egypt, used often to play in tournaments at the Ghezireh Sporting Club, and was reckoned a useful partner in doubles.

Gradually one came to realize, pursuing this same game of comparisons, that the Englishman of sixty is far more fit physically than the American of the same age. Of course, this is speaking generally; there are many exceptions to be found on either side of the water.

We Americans go in for strenuous exercise when young, perhaps too strenuous, and very strenuous work after that—a hard life and a comparatively short one. Englishmen have time to live through several careers from the time they leave the 'varsity until they drop out of public life at about eighty.

The question is how much of this is due to inherent stamina, to climatic and other conditions, and how much to the difference in early training enjoyed by Englishmen and Americans in similar walks of life. In other words, could we, by adopting a different mode of living, produce a similar race of hardy and vigorous old gentlemen?

It may be that our climate itself impels us nervously to excess, both in work and in play. The British climate undoubtedly encourages lethargy; and it may have as much to do as different manners and customs have in inducing the British people to live a little slower, and perhaps a little broader and a little longer, than we do in the United States. There is wide field for exploration in the effect of climate on character.

A slight experience of life in the United Kingdom makes one familiar with eminent Britons who carry their years lightly, even jauntily, and perform astonishing feats in some particular branch of sport. One of the most familiar and admirable examples is that of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who, besides being one of the ablest of living statesmen, the best type of country gentleman, an ornament and a frequenter of London society, still ranks among the best amateur lawn tennis players.

It is indeed a treat to see him play, either with a famous champion like the late A. J. Wilding, or with a well-known amateur like Felix Doubleday. One often sees Mr. Balfour play throughout a long summer afternoon, and appear as fresh and sparkling as ever at the dinner table, and ready to take his share in whatever entertainment is arranged for the evening. It is difficult to realize all this when we remember that he was born in 1848. All through the war, when the heavy duties pressing upon him, both at the Admiralty and at the Foreign Office, would have been enough to break down any ordinary man, Mr. Balfour was constantly seen in society, and seldom spent a week-end without engaging in golf or tennis. It may be that success in one field is the secret of success in the other; that without his exercise, he would not have been able to bear up so bravely under the strain of official work.

In point of versatility and fame in all branches of sport, perhaps the chief acclaim would go to Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who, probably best known for his association with boxing and for his position at the National Sporting Club in London, is still an all-'round sportsman, still rides in steeple-chases, swims, dives, and flies. Sir Claude has written his various experiences in a volume entitled "Forty Years of a Sportsman's life." He is still in the best of health, and has survived several severe operations, both for compound fractures and for mastoiditis.

Sir Claude still backs himself to walk twenty miles a day for a week; or offers always to walk from London to Brighton in two days. As it is, he is often out all day shooting, and usually takes a two- or three-mile walk daily; but he spends most of his time with the ax, mattock, saw, or bill hook, working on his estate at Champion Lodge in Essex. He is a constant attendant at race meetings; and is not only a judge but a participant in most swimming and cycling contests. He is a non-smoker, and eats and drinks lightly, but invariably has a pint of port after dinner. He does a slight amount of exercise at light dumb-bells and punching the ball. Sir Claude is the father of four sporting sons, who are all well known in various branches of British athletics.

The well-known actor, Sir Frank Benson, who was born in 1858, has also a distinguished reputation as an athlete. He played football for New College, Oxford; and on one occasion ran eight miles in forty-six minutes in his ordinary clothes—a performance that has never been beaten. Although he has in recent years been constantly occupied with the Benson Shakespearean Repertory Company (which is one of the most famous organizations in England), he is still a keen athlete, and plays hockey and golf constantly. Water polo, cricket, wrestling, boxing, fencing, and riding are sports which he followed for many years.

One of the most notable of British sportsmen was the late Earl of Harrington, who was born in 1844 and died in 1917. He was one of the pioneers of polo in England, and one of the best of English players. Probably no one ever played the game for so many years. In 1881 he took over the mastership of the South Notts Hounds, and after that hardly missed a day, hunting five or six days a week. He rode and hunted up to the last day of his life; and died only because an accident to his hand resulted in blood poisoning. He was exceedingly vigorous, and otherwise in excellent health.

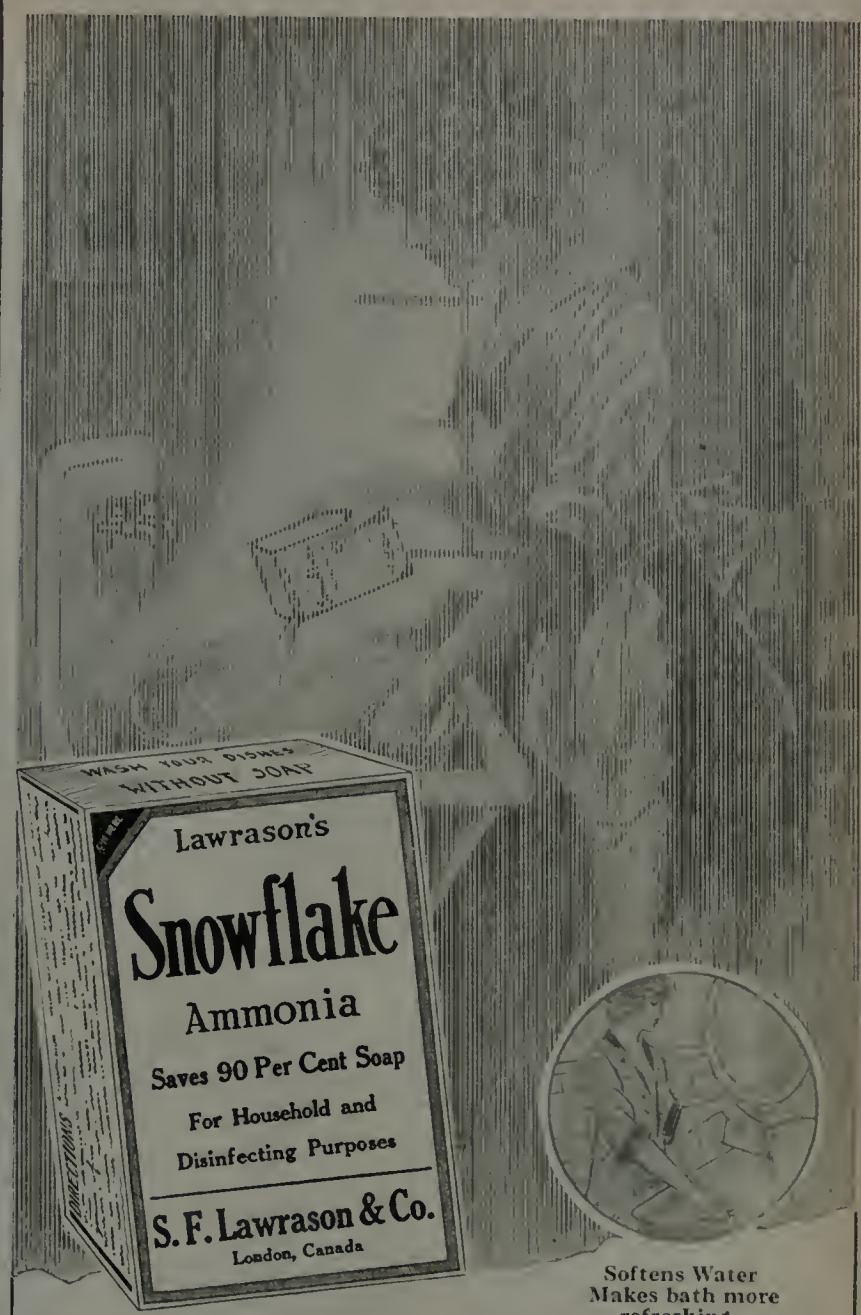
Another veteran who died in the same year was the famous Captain Frederick Selous, the great hunter and naturalist, who was born in 1851. He began ivory hunting in South Africa at the age of twenty, and spent most of his life there. He took part in the Matabele War, and guided the pioneer expedition to Mashonaland. He organized the African hunting expedition of his friend Colonel Roosevelt.

He was quick to respond to the call of his country in time of war, and in spite of his age joined the Legion of Frontiersmen in 1915. His unrivaled knowledge of Africa was of the greatest service to General Smuts. He received the Distinguished Service Order "For conspicuous gallantry, resource, and endurance. He has set a magnificent example to all ranks; and the value of his service with his battalion cannot be estimated." After forty-five years of fearless hunting and exploring, he was killed in 1917 by a German bullet in East Africa whilst leading his men to the charge.

Many other veteran sportsmen came forward to answer the call of war. Perhaps the distinguished King's Counsel, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, is the best known of these. Although born in 1841, he joined up with the volunteer forces organized for home defence during the war, performed extraordinary feats of endurance in route marches and training camps, and, like Sir Claude de Crespigny, had to be restrained almost by force from going to France to take part in active fighting there. Sir Claude even flew over, hoping thereby to avoid detection, but was unfortunately discovered, and, to his great indignation, sent home.

Any list of sporting Englishmen more than sixty years old would be incomplete without a mention of Lord Lonsdale. He has been for many years president of the National Sporting Club, and is noted for his hunting stables, his coaching tours, and his devotion to horse raising. Lord Lonsdale is one of the most picturesque figures in England, and greatly beloved by frequenters of boxing matches and race meetings.

Another famous sportsman of the same age is Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, noted for his defence of Mafeking and, above all, for his origination of the Boy Scout movement. General Baden-Powell still plays golf and polo, and indulges in big game shooting.



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The Head Hunters of Borneo

The Custom Still Exists—How It is Carried On

DESPITE all the efforts of the British and Dutch authorities and the humanizing influence of the missionaries, head hunting is still a persistent and popular feature of native life in Borneo. Peculiarly enough, the natives who are the most inveterate head hunters are, in every other respect, the most good-natured and orderly of people. Carl Lumboltz gives some interesting fact in *Scribner's* with reference to the head hunters and their ways:

After taking heads the men are on the run for two or three days, travelling at night with torches, and in the evening they make a big fire to dry them. The brains, because of the weight, may have been taken out the first evening; this is done through the foramen, and a hole is made with a spear point in the top of the skull. The hair has first been cut off and taken care of, to be tied as ornaments to shields or plaited round the handle of the sword. The Katingans, however, throw away the hair with the flesh. Apprehensive of pursuit, they may dry the head but a little while each night, grass being tied round it when carried. Sometimes damar (resin) is used to dry the flesh and the eyes.

The last night out the head-hunters always sleep near their kampong, and early next morning, while it is still dark, they come singing. The people of the kampong waken, array themselves in their best finery, and go to meet them, the women wearing their newest skirts and bringing pieces of nice cloth to present to the conquerors. The man who cuts the head carries it suspended from his neck until it is taken from him by a woman who gives him the cloth to wear instead, possibly as a badge of heroism. It makes no difference whether this service is performed by his wife, an unmarried woman, or another man's wife. The singing ceases and all proceed to the kampong, to the house of the kapala (chief), where the heads are hung from the beam at the head of the ladder, and the cloths which are bestowed upon the victors are returned to the women. The heads are left hanging, while for the festivities connected with their arrival a hut, called mangosáng, is constructed, consisting of an airy shelter made of two rows of bamboo stalks supported against each other and profusely adorned with the inevitable wood shavings.

The head-hunters, who must take their food apart from their associates and in the presence of the heads, now bring water from the river to boil rice, in bamboo, outside on the gallery. When the cooking is finished the heads are brought to take part in the meal, being hung near the place where the men are to eat and about half a metre above the floor, to be out of reach of dogs. A pinch of rice is put into the hole at the top of the skull and the head is addressed in the following words: "Eat this rice first. Don't be angry. Take care of me. Make this body of mine well." During the period of restrictions imposed on the hunters the heads remain at the same place, sharing the meals as described.

For twelve days the hunters do no work and refrain from eating meat, vegetables, fish, salt, and red pepper, rice being the only permissible food. They are obliged to take their food on the gallery, and those who have never been on such expeditions before must also sleep there during that time. A man who has taken part three or more times may join his wife, but he must take his meals on the gallery. When twelve days have passed no more food is given to the heads, which are hung on the beam again, three to five being placed together in a rattan basket, with leaves around them. At the triennial festival, tása, blood of pig or fowl mixed with uncooked rice, is offered to the heads.

Usually the head-hunting raids were, and are still to a limited extent, carried far away into distant regions and may occupy several months. The Saputans, who were devotees to the custom, would go as far as the river Malawi in the southwest, to Sarawak in the north, as well as to the Murung or Upper Barito River in the east. Sometimes only two to five men would go, but usually there were about ten—an equal number remaining behind in the kampong. Controleur W. J. Michielsen relates an instance of a Dayak from Serayan, whose daughter had been killed by a Katingan head-hunter, who pursued the marauders to their homes, and, on the occasion of the festivities incident to the return of the members of the raid, he cut the head from the murderer of his child while the celebration was in progress. His action was so sudden that they were totally unprepared, and no attempt was made to prevent his escape with the head.

In times gone by when a Saputan man, woman, or child died it was the custom for a member of the family to go forth to look for a head. In the case of an ordinary person one was deemed sufficient, but for a chief five to ten were necessary. When taking a head a cut was made in the slain man's chest with a parang; into the wound the raiders then put their forefingers and sucked the blood from them.

Each head-hunter carried rice in a rattan basket, but he depended for food mainly on sago-palms and wild animals that were killed. After such an expedition has been determined upon the preparations may occupy a year or even longer, but usually about three months. When all is ready for a start a delay of from one to four days may be caused by unfavorable interference of an omen bird. Should a bird chance to repeat the omen when another start is made, the party must return to the kampong and wait a long time. The Dayaks are very much guided in their actions by omens taken not only from birds but also from incidents, and merely to hear a certain bird is sufficient reason to change all plans.

When leaving their kampong to take part in an expedition to New Guinea the Penihings heard the cry of a bird called tarratjan, and requested the lieutenant in charge to wait four days. He replied, naturally, that the company (government) does not employ birds in making decisions, and while the Dayaks offered no further objections, they declared to him that one of them would surely die.

According to my informant it so happened that before arriving at the island one man died. If at such a time a large tree should be seen falling, he said, then they would like to give up the trip to New Guinea entirely, but being afraid of the company they go notwithstanding the warning.

In case a head-hunting party observes a large tree to fall, the expedition is relinquished, and if any young men took part they can never join another venture of the same kind. Old and experienced men, after the lapse of a year, may resume operations. In case of meeting a centipede a head-hunting expedition must return immediately to the kampong, and for four years no such enterprise can be undertaken.

The purposes of head-hunting are manifold. The slain man is believed to change into a servant and assistant in the next life. When a chief dies it becomes an essential duty to provide him with heads, which are deposited on his grave as sacrifices, and the souls of which serve him in the next life. Heads taken for the benefit of the kampong people are hung in the house of the kapala, to counteract misfortune and to confer all manner of benefits. An important point is that the presence of the heads from other tribes, or rather of the souls residing in them, compels evil antoes (spirits) to depart. A kampong thus becomes purified, free from disease. The killing of a fowl is not sufficient to accomplish this, that of a pig helps a little, a water-buffalo more; but to kill a man and bring the head makes the kampong completely clean.

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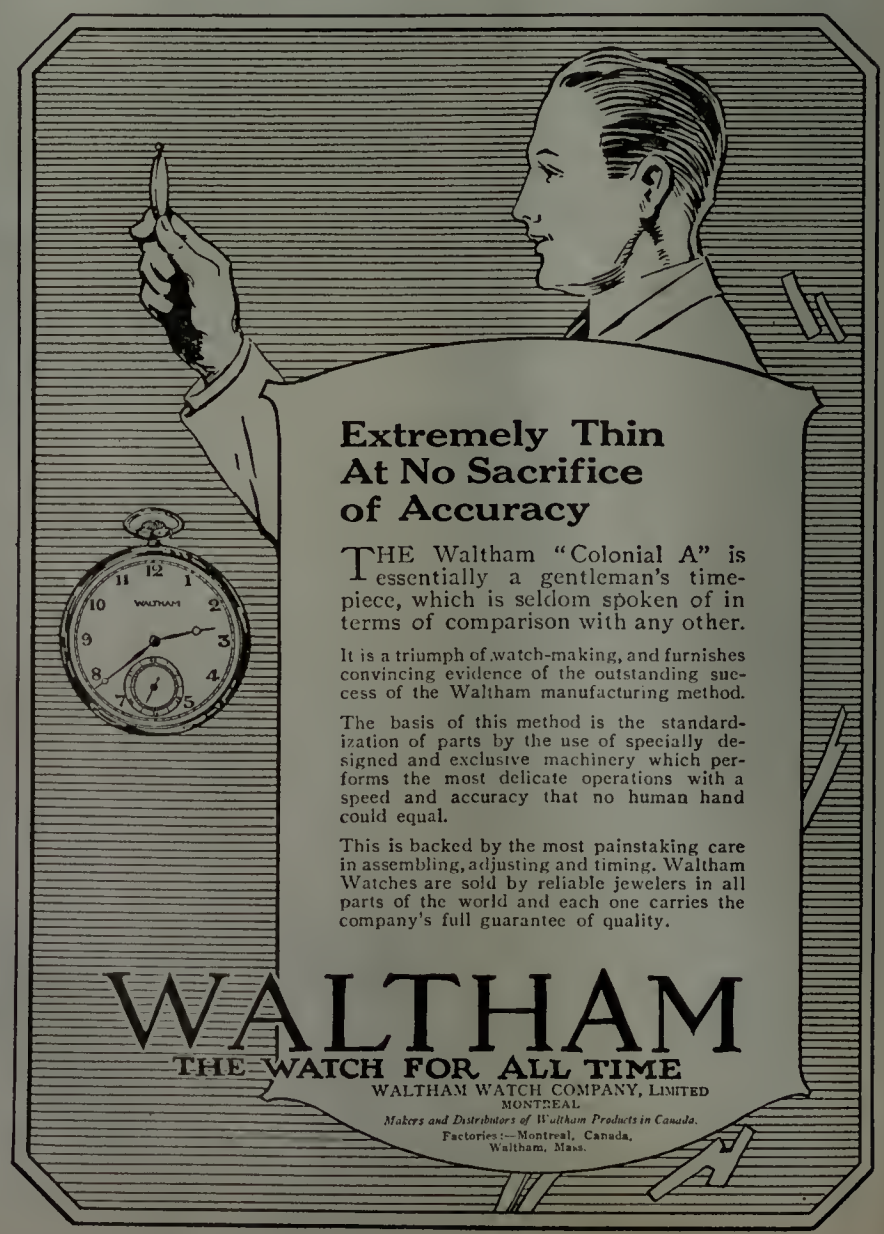

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The Horrors of Bathroom

Writer in "Vanity Fair" Picks Out Flaws in Modern Architecture

IT is well known to everyone who live in modern houses that the present variety of dwelling place has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. It has remained, however, for Robert C. Benchley, writer in *Vanity Fair*, to present the average home of the twentieth century family in all its horror. Mr. Benchley, characteristically, picks out some of the outstanding demerits of the modern house. On the subject, for instance, of bath-rooms he says:

Here, to my mind, is where our civilization has fallen down hardest. No house, unless it is the Hotel Pennsylvania, has enough bath-rooms for the congested early-morning bath-traffic. Houses in which there are two or three bath-rooms, always seem to have seven or eight people waiting, soap and towel in hand, to take a tub at the same hour in the morning. Houses with three or four bath-rooms increase, by some mysterious process of progressive hospitality, the number of possible bathers in the same ratio, so that there are always ten or twelve listening at their keyholes, waiting to hear the click of the catch on the bath-room door which indicates that the lucky porpoise who has been splashing about in there for fully three-quarters of an hour, is all bundled up and about to patter down the hall.

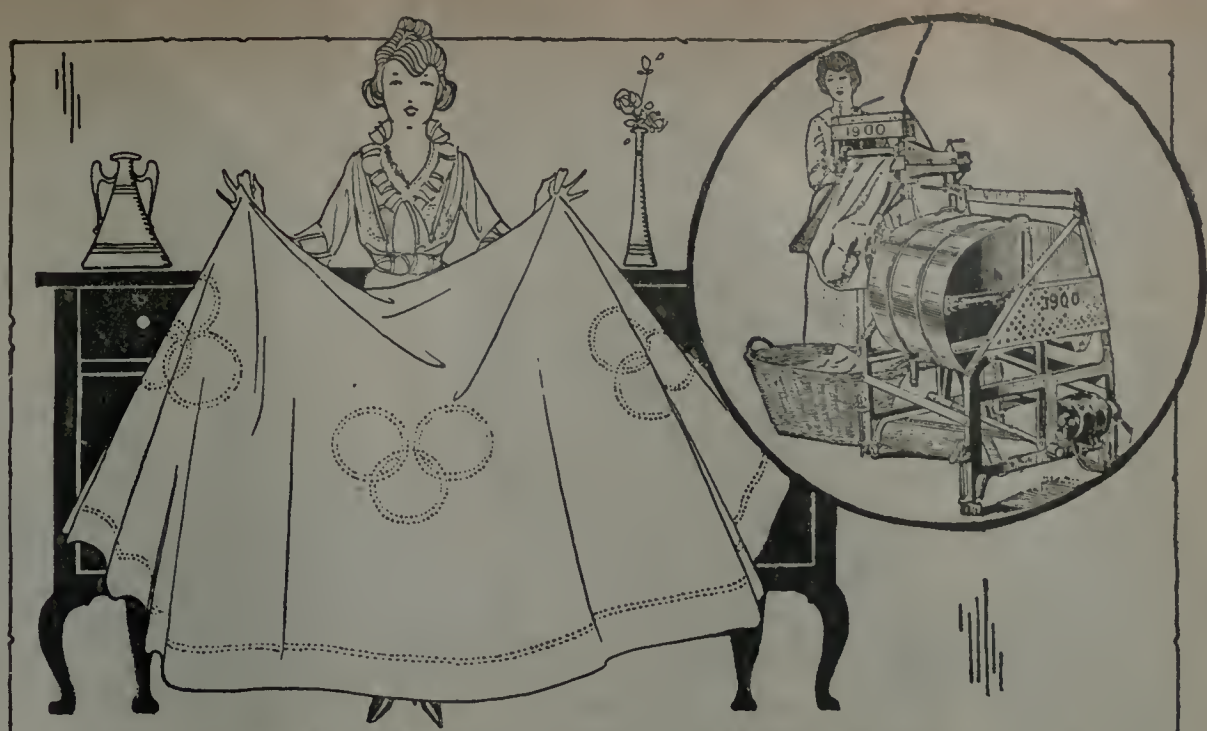
Then follows the cautious peering out through half a dozen apertures, with abortive starts by some of the more timid and a clear getaway by the younger, agile element, the best man winning by a shaving-stick.

It seems to be a principle among householders to invite just three more guests for over the week-end than there is simultaneous tubbing-space for. It does but little good for a bath-room to be provided adjoining each guest-room. Something always slips up even under these arrangements.

I went to visit Harry Legg once, and he had done all that was humanly possible to give his guests equal bathing privileges. Every room had a cozy little bath attached, so that you could lie in bed and wink at yourself in the nickel fittings across the room. But the water system wasn't equal to the strain.

Harry's place was out on the top of a hill and they had to get water up from a private stock well by means of an electric windmill or churn or something. When, at 7.30 p.m., eight people slid into eight bath-rooms and threw in the clutch on eight cold-water faucets, Nature just lay right down on the job and called it a day. My faucet made much-to-do over clearing its throat noisily, but came across with only a dessert-spoonful of sparkling water, and you can't do much with that amount in a tub if you're any kind of a man at all. And so I, along with seven others, gave it up, and took an extra skid over my face with the old McCormick reaper to try and make up for the lost bath.

It will be seen from this pitiful little incident that the problem is a hard one. Something radical must be done about the bath-room situation in all these new houses which are being built, but I, frankly, haven't any idea what it is to be. Perhaps a couple of swimming-pools, respectively. Perhaps a long line of showers, in which everyone could congregate and sing, as in a locker-room. I don't know. I am not an architect. But it seems to me that I have perhaps done enough in pointing out the situation in no uncertain terms.



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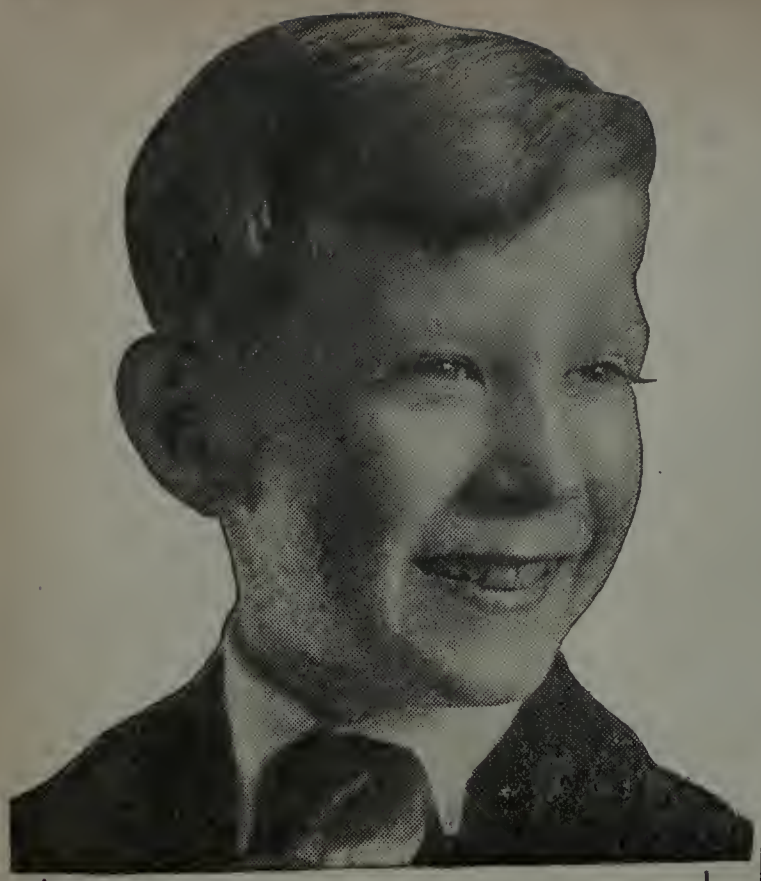

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Sad Life of German Crown Princess

Infidelity of Frederick William Caused Unhappiness to Wife

THE story of the unhappy life of the Crown Princess of Germany with her husband is told by Princess Radziwill in *Good Housekeeping*. The writer has become famous as the narrator of stories of the crowned heads of Europe and latterly by reason of a remarkable volume on the rise of Bolshevism. In the present narrative she presents the Crown Prince in a very unfavorable light. After telling of the courtship, during which Frederick William behaved very well, with only occasional lapses into his habitual brutality, she proceeds with her account of what followed the wedding:

Something pleasant and totally unforeseen, too, had happened. The Kaiser, who so hated the Grand Duchess, had been expected to hate her daughter also: to the surprise of those about him he was attracted by her. He found her lively and amusing; he liked to be with her and to talk with her. The Crown Prince jealously looked somewhat askance at this unexpected friendship of his father for his wife, perhaps threatening his own influence with the Kaiser, but he did not yet openly object to it.

Cecile had begun to hear stories contradictory to the character of the Crown Prince as he had made her see it. At twenty-one, when she had met him, he already had had many affairs with women. It was not merely, she learned, so that he might see something of the world that his father had sent him to Bordighera; it was to break off an amour which had angered and alarmed the Kaiser. Cecile had found a distressing animality in her husband from the night of her marriage. She also discovered that he was cruel to his dogs and horses and brutal with his servants. She learned that he was inordinately vain and extravagantly and ridiculously ambitious. She tried to forgive these things.

She had not fully realized yet that he was incapable of sustained affection, and that the only love which he could feel was a temporary physical infatuation. Her knowledge of that came at the end of her few months' happiness; she saw then that he had grown tired of her. He sneered at her display of affection for him. He refused, when she asked help of him in her inexperience of the Berlin court, to advise or help her, saying that, since she had been clever enough to ingratiate herself with his father, she ought to be clever enough to solve her problems for herself. He absented himself from her for days, except on formal occasions, and did not even make a pretense of explaining to her where he had been.

The time approached when the Crown Princess must undergo the travail of women. The change in her slender, graceful figure produced no consideration or tenderness toward her from her husband, but increased his indifference to her because she was no longer beautiful to him. She was surrounded by persons who were either critical of her or indifferent toward her. Her Hohenzollern relatives resented her affection for Russia and France; they criticized her way of dressing, her tastes, her manner. Their only interest in her was that a possible heir to the German throne was about to be born. Her own attendants took their tone from them.

As the time for the birth of her child approached, Cecile—she was only nineteen—longed inconsolably for her mother. She saw almost nothing of the Crown Prince. The Kaiser was absent on his annual journey to the fjords of Norway. The Kaiserin was busy with the household cares which absorb every German housewife from the highest to the lowest. She did not dare to beg them to send for her mother, because she knew it would be useless.

The Crown Princess went down into the valley of shadow in loneliness. The Berlin newspapers announced the birth of another Hohenzollern. Her husband paid no heed to the event.

As soon as Cecile grew strong enough, she prevailed upon her physician to order her to St. Moritz for her health. She wrote her mother, begging her to meet her there. The Grand Duchess responded, and they took rooms at the same hotel. The Kaiser, learning they were together, telegraphed the Crown Princess to return at once to Berlin. The Crown Prince's neglect of her had hardened Cecil's heart, and she threw the Kaiser's message into the wastebasket.

Soon the Crown Prince appeared at St. Moritz and ordered her to return with him. Princess Cecile, astonished as much at the manner of the command as at its substance, refused to go back until she had finished her visit with her mother. He repeated his command and struck her. She struggled with him. Her screams aroused the guests and attendants of the hotel. The Grand Duchess, hearing her daughter's cries, rushed to her room. She found Cecile in a paroxysm of tears and the Crown Prince standing over her. Anastasia Michaylowna seized her son-in-law by the shoulders and forced him out of the room.

She wrote at once to the Kaiser, demanding protection from him for her daughter against his son. The Kaiser

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recalled the Crown Prince and in attempted reparation permitted Cecile to finish her visit with her mother. Cecile had come to realize fully now the brutal character of her husband; she had begun to suspect as well his essential sneakiness, his viciousness, and his mean pleasure in revenge.

A bitter interview took place between them when she rejoined him in Berlin. He accused her of having deliberately falsified what had taken place at St. Moritz in order to undermine his influence with the Kaiser. Her indignant denials increased his rage. He was jealous of her popularity among the people of Berlin

Cecile's pride, which revolted against his misrepresentation of her, aided his meanness. Finding herself misjudged, she became defiant of what her critics might think of her. There had appeared in Paris the slit skirt. Cecile, whose gowns all came from Paris, wore among the formalities of a grand court ball a skirt which had an unmistakable slit. Her sisters-in-law exclaimed in horror, and Cecile was reprimanded by the Kaiserin. It had been planned, at another ball, that the royal family should appear in ancient German costumes imitated from the portraits of their ancestors. Cecile presented herself in an antique Russian dress. She replied, when they expostulated bitterly with her, that she had had Russian ancestors. The Crown Prince spoke of her loudly as "the Russian," and it became a derisive nickname for her, used continually by all the family.

To the distressing bickerings which went on continually between the Crown Princess and her husband, there began to be added money troubles. The Grand Duchess Anastasia, wildly extravagant herself, had taught her daughter nothing of the control of money. Cecile got inextricably into debt and was rescued by the Kaiser, who warned her, however, that the next time he might pay bills contracted in Berlin, but would pay none in Paris. She got in debt again in Paris, and this time her mother paid.

The Crown Prince, instead of aiding her in financial matters, added to her embarrassments. He was even more extravagant than herself. At times Frederick William's expenditures left them nothing with which to placate the tradesmen, and the superintendent of the household finally told him that if he met his demands, he would not have enough left to be able to obtain ordinary supplies.

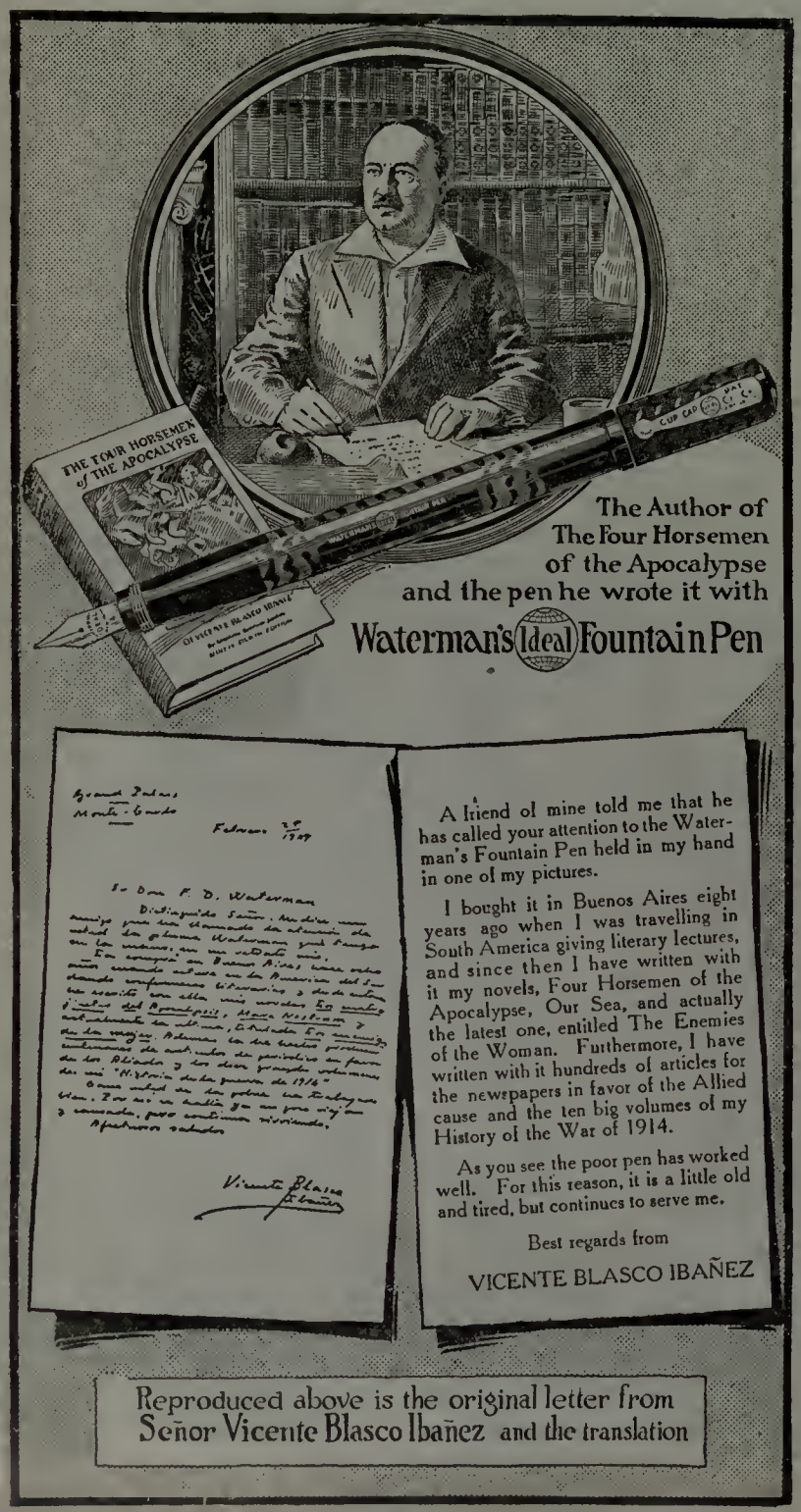
The Crown Prince, with this source cut off, borrowed money from a friend and gave a promissory note. The friend, doubtful of the security, discounted the note at a bank. When Frederick William asked him to renew it, he replied that the matter was now out of his control and the bank would present it for collection in three days. The Crown Prince, in panic for fear his father might find out, begged help from his wife. Cecile's love for him was dead, but she yielded to his pleadings. Under his urgings she let him take the ruby and diamond parure which had been the Kaiserin's wedding gift to her, and he arranged to pawn it in Vienna.

The time was approaching when Cecile would bear another child, and the Kaiser in recognition of the event planned to give her ruby bracelets to match the Kaiserin's parure. He instructed her head maid to obtain the jewels without letting the Crown Princess know; he would then give them to the jewelers to be matched. The maid found the case that had contained them empty. Horrified at the loss, she first summoned the police, then notified the Kaiser. William II, unwilling to distress Cecile, ordered the loss concealed until the police had made their search. The Prussian royal jewels, by the investigation which was made, were discovered in the establishment where they had been pawned by a friend of the Crown Prince.

The man was arrested and confessed his actions as a go-between. The Kaiser redeemed the jewels. He notified Cecile that they would remain thereafter in the possession of the Crown Treasurer; she would not be permitted to have possession of them, but would be allowed to take them when she wished to wear them. Cecile indignantly inquired of him why she should be punished in that way for having tried to help her husband by a transaction in which she herself had received no profit. The Kaiser replied that he had already talked with the Crown Prince, who had assured him frankly that he had nothing to do with the affair and that Cecile had pawned the jewels in order to pay dressmakers' bills, about which she had not wanted the Kaiser to know.

Cecile, furious at this cowardly deception, refused to defend herself. She secretly left Berlin that night for Schwerin. There she saw her brother, the Grand Duke, and begged him to arrange a separation for her from the Crown Prince. The Grand Duke argued with her without avail; he finally told her that he would do what she asked, but that she must of course understand that, in that case, she would never be allowed to see her children again. After giving her time for reflection upon this, he prevailed upon her to let him take her back to Berlin.

The Grand Duke obtained an interview with the Kaiser and explained to him what actually had occurred, and the Kaiser gave Cecile back the jewels, together with the bracelets he had intended for her as a gift. He advised her if the Crown Prince got into difficulties again, not to try to assist him but to come to him. But the breach between the Crown Princess and her husband had widened. For Cecile it was no longer a question of living with a man she did not love; she lived now with a man whom she had begun to hate.



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How many people seem to think that because an article is "imported" it must be better — yet such is not this case.

Since 1914 many Canadians who had been in the habit of wearing imported underwear were unable to procure it and in most cases their dealers recommended them to try "CEETEE." In all known cases they were more than pleased, admitting that "CEETEE" was better than anything they had ever worn.

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Look for the Sheep on Every Garment

How Your Efficiency May Be Increased

By Chas. Percival, M.D.

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Dominion is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; makes the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevents it burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect, nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy slight or severe headaches come on our sleep does not rest us—in short we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging by two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way" of the Internal Bath, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Suite 241, Tyrrell Building, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in MacLean's Magazine.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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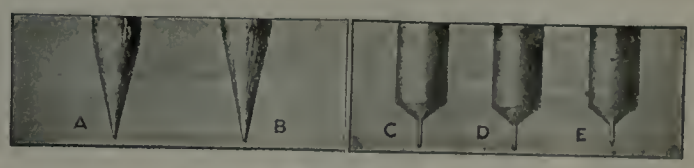

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Lenix Gets His Reward

Continued from page 26

nothing had happened, he might chance to find a new cutter in his place. He did know, however, that Holdaway would have no compunctions about hiring another cutter in his place if he could get one who could turn out the number of staves in a day that Len could. But such a cutter was not to be found. There was only one other and he was not in Kent County. Martin Ash was that other's name, and what he could do towards reducing a pile of basswood bolts to staves, in a given time—was history. Len had never met the gentleman, but towards him he possessed a wholesome and fearful respect. "If Boss Holdaway could get hold ob dat man Ash," he told himself, "dere wouldn't be no chance fer dis nigger, no-how." And he was quite right. The fact is, Holdaway had tried to get hold of that man Ash, on more than one occasion, and failed. Ash, being an A 1 cutter had an A 1 job, and being a wise negro, stayed satisfied.

Lenix hummed a song as he shuffled down the path to the highway.

"Oh take me on de steamboat,
Down on de ole Miss-iss-ippi.
Oh I'se a goin' ter leab yo',
But, honey, don' yo' cry."

As he neared the road the song dwindled to a murmur and the murmur to a whisper. Len wanted to make sure that the road was clear of embarrassing obstacles. Homer Hudson was one of these, and Homer's house had to be passed. No use to meet a prize-fighter with a warped disposition, if such a thing was to be avoided, particularly when one owed him money and had failed in a promise to pay up.

Len's eyes strayed to the white cabin in the grove of butternuts. There was no smoke rising from the chimney, no sign of life at all. The front room blinds were drawn down. Homer was most likely sleeping—and would sleep till noon, as was his custom. Ordinarily, Len would have put no dependence in such signs. He would have climbed the eight-rail fence and circumvented that cabin as a collie pup circumvents the yard of a scarred and vicious bull-dog whose teeth he has felt and remembers. He would have played safe. But this morning he was in a hurry; fifteen dollars and thirty cents to get rid of and four miles still stretching before him—to be walked. For once, he would trust to luck. He slid softly and swiftly forward, keeping well in the shadow of the fence. All was well. He passed the gate with the spring latch and spring hinges and ducked around the short curve of the road like a hunted buck seeking shelter. Once around the bend and he was safe from Homer's eyes, he thought. He gave a sigh of relief as he topped the rise of the hill. Now a straight, unobstructed road lay before him. He removed his coat and threw it over his arm. His form straightened and he swung out in a long stride which carried him easily and swiftly along. He resumed his singing, allowing his basso to rumble as deeply as it so minded. 'Twas a song suited to his stride, "Ma'ch time, an' mashall music"—he called it.

"I am leabin' yo', sweet Southern Gal ob mine,
Gal ob mine.
When his country calls yore soljer mus' obey,
An' clear de way.
But aldough de seas divide—an' de clouds ob battle hide—
Yo' eber in dis heart ob mine I'll stay,
An' cling alway.
Oh, tis bitter hard ter leab yo'; Gal ob mine—
Gal ob mine—
When in yore starry eyes de tear-drops shine—
Hush, don' repine—
Let me kiss dose tears away—shor' I'll return some day—
An' we'll——."

Abruptly the song ceased and Len's face grew troubled. Around the curve of the road had issued the squat, square figure of that sporting individual, Homer Hudson. "Loramighty," murmured Len. "Aint dat life ter a T, dough. Side-step trouble, an' run plum inter its mudder. Dat's me ebery time."

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HOMER advanced slowly, painfully, as one whose feet have grown tender through much contact with gravel roads. So do all great forces advance —armies, tanks, avalanches. There was something deadly and sinister in that movement, that slow, certain, not-to-be-swept-aside-or-obstructed advance of the negro pugilist and chicken-fighter. Len felt his soul groveling low and his brow running rivulets. "Dat nigger 'll bend me an' break me an' leab me shattered," he groaned, inwardly. Outwardly he smiled a cheerful smile and accosted the glowering Homer with:

"Well I do declar, Homer; is dat yo' all, yourself?"

Homer disdained to reply. He came forward in a mincing, dead-sure-of-himself manner and paused in front of Lenix.

"Nigger," he said, his eyes rolling. "Is yo' prepared ter die a sudden an' violent deff?"

"Is I which, Homer?"

"Is yo' prepared to go out sudden an' painful? Kase yo' am goin' now."

Lenix swallowed the lump in his throat and shuffled his feet uneasily. "Dat nigger's been drinkin' right heavy an' he's sore. He's been fightin' roosters wif Sam Hall ober ter Bridgetown. He's los' money; he's sure worked up ter a pitch ob gore an' murderation. It's quiet him er bid good-bye ter all I hol' dear."

Beneath one arm Homer carried a gunny-sack from two holes in which protruded the bloody and battered heads of a pair of red game-cocks. His checked suit was crumpled and creased. His collar lay limp on his fat neck. The white derby hat was dinted and awry. Homer had, evidently, been having a wild night of it.

Len came out of his abstraction with a start. Homer had placed the sack on the road and was fumbling in his stocking. Len knew what that meant —a razor! He recoiled a step and his teeth froze together. "Annuder minute 'll see me sliced, carved an' quartered, less I stop dat nigger," he thought.

"Homer," he managed to articulate, "Homer, hol' on a minute."

"Nigger, I'se beyond all holdin'," said Homer with deadly finality, and produced a huge razor. "I'se comin' inter yore home now, Len Ballister, liar and cheat—an' I'se not goin' ter knock on de do' needer."

"Homer," Len's voice was pleading, "Homer, dere aint no kinder use ter spile our good time dat dere way—none 'tall."

"Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' dis. Dat t'ousan' dollar reward, it done come along dis mornin'. It's at de lawyers, Bury an' Weston. Dey done write me so. I come on lookin' fer yo', kase I want yo' all ter go down to dat office an' get dat money fer me."

"Yo' mean ter say dat reward money come?" Some of the sinister chill had vanished from Homer's voice. "Yo' mean ter tell me dat t'ousan' dollars hab arribe, Len?"

"Jes' dat. It's here, Homer, an' I'se on my way ter Bridgetown now—what yo' s'pose ter do? Yo' can't guess, I'll bet."

HOMER closed the razor and slipped it back in his sock. "Well, yo' all might continue on yore way—an' agin, yo' *mightent*. It all de-pends. If yo're tellin' me true,—all right; if *not* dere's goin' ter be a red splash on dis here white road—an' soon! Now den, why am yo' goin' ter Bridgetown? An' remember—no more lyin'."

"Cross my heart, Homer, I speak gospel truff. I'se goin' ober dere ter get a tie pin I'se habin' engraved fer yo' all, dat's what I'se goin' fer."

"An how 'bout dat twelve dollars an' nine cents yo' borrow from me?"

"Aint I tellin' yo' I want yo' ter go down ter de lawyers an' get dat money? Aint dat ennuf? Yo' kin deduction it from the t'ousan', see?"

"An' how 'bout dat garden hose yo' borrowed?"

"I'll bring dat ober ter night when I fetch ober de beer an' roast chickuns."

"When yo' *which?*"

"When I bring ober de eats an' drinks fer de lil' celebration us'll hab, Homer."

"Yo' mean us am goin' ter celebrate dat dar way, Len?" Homer's gold tooth glittered in a smile.

"Why sure us am goin' ter celebrate, Homer; sure!"

Homer crammed his hands in his pockets and looked reflectively away. By and by his blood-shot eyes strayed back to Len's watching ones.

"Dere's jes' one lil' point dat I feels like habin' cleared up," he said suspiciously. "How come yo' ain't goin' af'er dat money yore own self, Len?"

"How come? Well I'll tole yo' how come I aint." Len drew closer and put his hand timidly on Homer's shoulder. "It's not good business fer me ter go down, dere myself, dat's all. Yo're my frien', Homer, an' I'se goin' ter confide a lil' pussonal matter wif yo' all. Dem lawyers, Bury an' Weston, dey am actin' fer two er free parties dat I owe small bills ter. Dey t'reaten ter sue an' jail me if I don' pay up. Now, I don' owe dat money, nohow, udderwise I'd a paid long since. Yo' know dat, Homer! Well yo' see, come I go down dar, dem lawyers dey'll say ter me: 'Now, Mr. Ballister, we got yore money here an' we'll pay yo' all except what yo' owe our clients.' An' dey'll deduction de money fer dem bills an' scoff in my face, see?"

"But dey'll do dat anyways, Len."

"No so. I gib yo' written order fer dat t'ousan'. Yo' present it an' dey'll hab ter pay yo' de whole t'ousan'. I know de law. Dat's it. Yo' all aint de one owes de debts, yo'se simply actin' power of attorney fer him, see? Yo' dasn't pay his bills kase yore jurisdiction don' run dat far. Dey'll hab ter pay yo' all of dat t'ousan'. So, Homer, I'se mighty glad I met up wiff yo' all. When I look in de chickun pen an' fin' yore game roosters gone, I knowed yo'd be in Bridgetown, so I kept on walkin'. Besides I wanted ter get dat beautiful pin wif enitials an' cres'."

Homer removed his battered Christy and smoothed the wrinkles of his closely cropped head.

"When'll I go, Len?"

LEN took a note book and pencil from his pocket and proceeded to write an order on Bury and Weston. "Yo'll go right off immediate, Homer. Dere's no time ter lose. Dem lawyers am liable ter ab-scondicate wif dat money if us don't act quick. Here yo' is. Yo' take dis order ter dem shysters. Lisn'. It reads:

Bury and Weston.

Please pay to bearer, Homer Hudson, the One T'ousan' Dollars Reward which has been placed to my credit, with you'.

(Signed) LENIX BALLISTER."

Homer took the slip of paper gingerly, folded it, and put it in his vest pocket.

"What time'll yo' all be back, Len, an' whar'll I meet yo'?" he wanted to know.

"I may be gone sometime, Homer," Len answered. "Bes' say meet me dis af'ernoon 'bout five, at yore place. How's dat suit?"

"Dat's all right, only I don' wanter be luggin' all dat money aroun' all day."

"Won't need ter," Len promised. "Well, so long, frien' Homer, an' here's ter a good ole night ob it ter night." Homer smiled and shook the hand Len offered to him.

IT was not until Lenix had put two more miles between him and the danger which had threatened that he felt like resuming the interrupted song. He had no more than got nicely started on it again when he espied coming towards him a tall negro dressed in a new suit of jaunty tweeds and wearing a shiny new Christy hat. The negro was about the size and build of Len. He walked with a sprightly step and swung his arms as though he owned them and believed in keeping them occupied. As the two neared each other, Len had the other's number accurately catalogued.

"Dat feller am a stave-cutter. Sure am. His arms an' han's show dat, an' de pucker 'tween his eyes. Won'er who he am?"

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See page 66

"Mornin', sah," Len greeted the stranger. "Nice mild mornin'."

"It am so, it am so," answered the other pleasantly. He returned Len's scrutiny easily, and taking a cigar from his vest pocket proceeded to give its wrapper greater adherence by lolling it about between his lips. Len stood by, watching. He was admiring the tailor-made tweed suit, and the glittering Christy with the tiny red and dappled feather in its band. He had always wanted a suit and a hat like those.

"I'se jes' on my way ober ter Chatville East," the other negro informed him. "I'se lookin' fer a job as stave-cutter. Do yo' all chance ter know a man named Holdaway; he's boss at de Drayder Cooperage, I believe?"

Len's heart turned a somersault. "Yes," he answered, "I know dat man all hunky."

"Well, he done offer me de job two er free times, but I had a good place in St. Thomas mill an' I didn't wanter leab. My name's Ash," he informed. "Martin Ash."

"Loramighty," breathed Len. "Dis means I'se froo at Drayder's less I play my kyards, an' play 'em both sides an' de middle."

"An' yo' all's on yore way down ter see 'bout de job ob cutter at Drayder's mill?" he asked.

"Dat's so. I is."

Len sighed and looked sympathetically at the stranger.

"Well it's too bad, it is so," he muttered, as though to himself.

"What's dat?" asked the other quickly, catching the words.

"I was jes' t'inkin' dat it's too bad yo' all hab had yore trip for nuffin, but of course yo' didn't hear what happened down dere at de mill? How could yo', seein' it jes happen las' night?"

"Why, what happen down dar?" the other asked excitedly.

"Why, it's smallpox. Nine cases done break out in de mill at same time. I had a nephew workin' dere He took sick las' night too, an' he died this mornin'. De place am quaranteened, dat's why I'se on my way ober ter Bridgetown ter look fer job."

The strange negro's cigar slipped from his twitching fingers.

"Hebens ob love!" he shivered. "Smallpox! Ugh!"

He shuddered and wiped his face on a red handkerchief.

"Ob course if yo' not seared ter run de risk——" commenced Len, but Ash threw up his hands.

"I wouldn' go down in dat town fer all de money in it," he declared. "No siree, I'll get just as far away from it as my shanksmares 'll carry me, I will. Am' yo' sure yo' aint been near any ob dem cases?" he asked fearfully, edging away."

"No, I aint been," Len assured him. "I'se mighty scared ob it too, dat's fer why I'se on my way ter Bridgetown ter look fer a job now."

THE two sat down under a tree and lapsed into silence. After a time Ash took two more cigars from his pocket, handed one to Lenix and lit the other.

"It puts me in a mighty bad fix," admitted the stranger. "De mill at St. Thomas burn down free days ago an' I done lose all my workin' clothes. I aint got no money ter get me outer dis place, eben if I knowed where I could get a job. No mill foreman is goin' ter hire me in dese togs."

"No," agreed Len. "He aint. He'd fink yo' was a imposter. Yo' best get a suit sumfin like I'se wearin' now."

"Yes, I'll hab ter do dat, but how? An' den how in Sam Hill am I goin' ter get to where dey's needin' a stave-cutter? Tell me dat."

"Yo' kin allars get a job stave-cuttin' in Windsor," said Len thoughtfully, "Dey's needin' good cutters dere, I un'-erstan'. But Mister Ash, fifty miles am a powerful long hike ter make; it am so."

"I couldn' walk fifty miles if my life depended on it," groaned Ash. "I'se got flat feet an' corns. It's been powerful painful comin' as far as I hab."

LEN essayed to wipe the corner of his one eye while he took a new survey of Ash with the other. "I feel I'd like ter help yo' if I could," he said at length, "but yo' see I'm a pore man outin' a job myself."

"Thanks jus' same," said the other heartily. "If I could only get ter Windsor, I'd be all hunky. I'm not spry enuff on my feet to bum a freight, so I'm down an' out."

"A ticket ter Windsor ud cos' yo' 'bout one fifty," said Len, "but yo'd need ter get some workin' clothes too."

"Yes, sure would. A five spot ud look like glory be ter dis here nigger; 'twould so."

Len fingered the three greasy five spots in his trousers pocket, his mind working, planning.

"Dat suit yose wearin', yo' might swap it for workin' clothes," he suggested—"and," he added, noting the look on the other's face, "get 'nuff boot-money ter carry yo' ter Windsor."

"I'd awful hate ter sacrifice dis here suit ob clothes," said Ash. "It done cost me twenty free bucks jes' a week ago. Tailor in St. Thomas made it fer me."

"Well," Len sighed and stood up. "Course dat was jes' a suggestion an' no harm done. Come ter fink on it, yo' might hab some trouble doin' it too. People are mighty 'spicious, an' dey'd fink yo' had some ulterior motive in tryin' ter swap. No, I reckon dat plan aint at all feasible—unless," he added, "you's all lucky 'nuff ter bump up against a chap like me dat aint giben ter astin' fool questions."

The other rose too, grimacing with pain as he put his sore feet down on the hard gravel.

"Here," he said, after considering quickly. "Have yo' got five dollars on yo'?"

"I'se got dat much an' no mo'," Len answered, "but dere's de rent an' de grocery bill ter pay."

"Dem kin wait," said the other. "Now den, 'sposin' I'se willin' ter swap clothes wif yo' all, do I get de five dollars boot-money?"

Len looked thoughtfully down at his feet, managing to take in the other's tan boots at the same time. "It all *depends*," he said slowly, "yes it all *depends*. If yo' all was a brudder Excelsior, in distress, now——"

"What's dat?"

"Why, it's a secret brudderhood society similar ter der Free Mason society. 'Help yer Brudder Celsior, dat's it motter. Now, if yo' was a brudder Celsior——"

"Oh, I'se a Celsior, all right," ad-

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PERFECTION SALAD

1 envelope KNOX Acidulated Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ Cup mild vinegar
1 pint boiling water
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
½ teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring, found in separate envelope
½ cup sugar
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces
¼ can sweet red peppers or fresh peppers finely cut

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, Lemon Flavoring boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain, and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentos. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Note—Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe, and you have a delicious Fruit Salad If the Sparkling package is used, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice should be used in place of the Lemon Flavoring.

BANANA SPONGE

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup banana pulp
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ cup scugar
Whites of two eggs beaten stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put banana pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, and stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, and sprinkle with chopped nuts if desired.

Note—If the Acidulated package is used 1/4 of the Lemon Flavoring contained therein may be used in place of the lemon juice in the above recipe

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mitted Ash. "I'se hab all de degrees. Now den, let's swap."

"By rights, I should try yo' all out de signs," said Len. "But I aint got time fer dat now. Ober yon'er, behind dem alders, is a good spot fer us ter change clothes. Come 'long."

IN exactly fifteen minutes the change had been effected and Ash issued from the alders a humble working man. Len came forth dressed in all the glory of a tweed suit, shiny Christy and tan boots. "Look yo', brudder," he said pointing across the field to a dim smoke line rising above the hills, "yo' make right 'cross dere an' yo'll fin' a lil' station wif a flag hangin' up inside. All yo' hab ter do is flag de train when she come along. Dey'll be a wes'boun' local in 'bout half an hour. An' now, brudder Ash, good-bye an' good luck."

"Good-bye." Ash made across the road and climbed the fence. As he put his hands in the pockets of the newly acquired trousers his fingers encountered a ten-cent piece. He had made a better bargain than he thought.

Len stood watching him limp across the green meadow to the next fence. "Gollies!" he chuckled, "dat nigger, he fin' dat ten cents an' fink I done ferget ter take it out ob dat pocket, but he's sure wrong dere. It's bad luck ter swap clothes 'less yo' leabes a coin in pocket ob de ones you'se tradin'.' He felt deep in the pockets of his tweed trousers and gave a grunt of disgust. "It'll serve dat nigger right if he don't get on job," he muttered, "he's shorley insulted luck by not leabin' a coin in dese pants pockets."

THE shadows of twilight were stretching across the white road when Lenix shook hands with several new cronies he had made that day and stepped jauntily out for Chatville East. He had had a most glorious holiday. In his hand he carried a yellow walking stick with a brass swan for a handle. On his hands were new tan gloves and on his feet new fawn-colored spats. The orange necktie about his high collar seemed to leap out to mock the less gorgeous sunset colors fading in the west.

How he was going to side-step trouble from Homer Hudson he did not know. Undoubtedly he would be able to look that fighting darkey down and make him cower—as he usually did. His powers had been reinforced by his new clothes. He felt equal to Homer, almost equal to Jane Ann.

At thought of that large, wrathful lady, Len's knees experienced weakness. He paused in the road as though to turn back. But he didn't. Trouble had to be faced sometime, might as well be tonight, as any time. However, he deemed it expedient to take the longer way home, thus avoiding collision with Homer Hudson, so he took a side road until he reached a thoroughfare running parallel with the river road.

It was dark when he rounded the last bend in the road and saw the electric lights of Chatville East blinking up as though to welcome him home. It portended well; but how about Jane Ann?

His steps grew slower and his heart grew heavy. Somehow home, to him, spelt trouble. Duns, sheriffs, bailiffs, policemen, wakeful nights. Man

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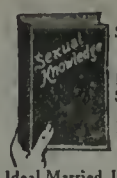

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can't always dress in new tweeds and smell like a newly crushed geranium, or gather about him admiring fellows to listen to him talk while they smoke his stogies. No, a man must have a home, a wife and worry.

LENIX was a long time covering the last mile of his journey. Everything seemed so peaceful, so calm along the road. It seemed foolish to hurry straight into trouble, so he took his time.

As he opened his garden gate and crept up the path to the window his very heart quaked with apprehension. Joyfully he noted that the lamp had not been lit. This meant that Jane Ann was out. Thank goodness for small mercies. He opened the door and stepped in. Orinoco bounded from behind the stove to meet him, then catching a sniff of the new scented clothes, bolted to his hiding place with a howl.

Len lit the lamp and almost collapsed with pleasurable surprise. The supper table was set. There was a clean cloth, and a bunch of yellow-rod beside his plate. There was all manner of good things on the table too; roast chicken, pickles, newly-made bread. The teapot was simmering on the stove. Len hung his Christy on a peg and squared away to that supper. As he ate he kept listening for the gate-latch to click. But he was through eating and was preparing to light his last remaining stogie, before he heard it. He braced himself to meet whatever was coming, his eyes turned to the door. Voices—high-pitched, excited, sounded outside—a number of feet were scraping the gravel walk.

"Policeman, likely," thought Len. Then the door opened and Jane Ann burst into the room, behind her Homer Hudson, Boss Holdaway and several others. Len rubbed his eyes. All the faces were smiling on him, hands were outstretched to him. What did it all mean? Homer came forward, his gold tooth aglitter in a smile.

"I done get it, Len, I sure did!" he exulted, taking a long envelope from his pocket. "Look yo', here 'tis: a check fer t'ousand dollars."

Len dropped back into his chair, his mouth open. He was speechless. Jane Ann ran forward and gave him a hug. "An' yo' all knowed dat money was dere and didn't tell me. Oh yo' bad Len! An' lan' sakes, look at de clothes dat nigger am wearin', too. Well dey's all comin' to him, dat's all."

Len roused himself. "I jest don' un-'erstan'," he said feebly. Jane Ann patted his hand. "Dat's all right, honey, Len. Yous' mighty secret, yo' is.

"Boss Holdaway, here, he done say he knowed sumfin' was on yore min', an' when yo' lef' dis mornin' ter look af'er yore reward he got de impression dat yo' all was sore."

"I guess I was wrong dere, Len," put in Holdaway, heartily.

"Sure was, Boss", said Len. He motioned Jane Ann to resume.

"Well den, yo' met up wif Homer an' got him to call fer de money, didn't yo'?"

Len nodded, "Dat's right."

"Well, when Homer go af'er it, dem lawyers won't gib it ter him. Dey says eider yo' er me mus' go along wif him, so Homer he don' come an' get me."

"And yo' bofe went an' got it?"

"Sure did." Jane Ann placed her hands on her hips and smiled about her, "Funny part ob it is, how did yo' all come ter sen' dat check back to dem lawyers when yo' got it from special messenger dis mornin?"

Len sat straight up. "Yo' all mean dat check was in dat envelope dat man gib me an' made me sign fer, Jane Ann?"

"Sure was. Whyfer yo' sen' it back? Dey say, yo' mark 'dead' an' 'moved ter Chicago, Mich.' on it. Whyfer yo' do all dat?"

Len glanced about him. All eyes were upon him. He stood up and smiled.

"Frien's," he said, "I reckon it's up ter me 'splain dis here fing. I *did* get de check dis mornin', leastwise I knowed de check fer de reward was in dat letter. But I wanted ter gib Jane Ann a s'prise, so I send de letter back

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to de lawyers, knowin' dat it would be all right. Den I went down ter der mill ter ask off fer day. Nex' I go lookin' fer Homer, kase I want him ter get a s'prise too. I knowed if I send Homer fer de money dem lawyers would want Jane Ann 'long. So, finks I, I'll jest mosey 'long ober ter Bridgetown an' gib fings a chance ter work out as I plan 'em. Now I come home an' fin' fings hab done jest dat. It's mighty satisfactory, an' I want ter t'ank yo' one an' all fer yore good wishes."

Everybody pressed about. Len shook hands with each in turn. When it came Holdaway's turn he looked anxiously into Len's face.

"Course yo'll be back tomorrow, Len?" he asked.

"Course, Boss, course. Money don' make no difference ter me."

Homer edged in close enough to whisper a question in Len's ear. Len shook his head. "It won't be finished till nex' week, Homer," he answered. "Aint dat provokin', af'er me walkin' all de way ter Bridgetown, too? But," he added, "it's sure some peach of a tie-pin, Homer."

"I'll bet it am," smiled Homer. "Well, it better be, nigger." He gave Len a good-natured slap on the back and picked up his hat.

"Here yo', Homer, where yo' all goin' at?" Jane Ann, who was donning a huge apron, flashed the question.

"Home, I guess, Jane Ann," answered Homer.

"No sah, yo' isn't neider. Yo' folks all am goin' ter sot right down, an' us am goin' ter hab a feed what is a real feed. Now den make youselfs comfortable. Aint dat right, Len?"

Len smiled about him. "Seems ter me dat a good feed am comin' ter my frien's dis night," he said. "I'd awful hate ter fink af'er all my udder plans workin' out so well dat de lil' supper I had counted on gibbin' 'em was lef' unet."

Hats came off and chairs rattled.

Homer edged forward again and managed to whisper in Len's ear.

"How 'bout our blow-out, Len?".

"Homer," Len answered, "de night am still young. Us'll start in here but there's plenty of time."

"Dat's so," agreed Homer.

The Banshee Bell

Continued from page 22

"I heard something," I admitted. "You rather made a mystery of the thing and I—"

"It *is* a mystery."

"I'm hard to convince. Why don't you make them stop?"

"Make who stop?" and he smiled.

"Whoever is ringing that bell."

"Ah!" he said soberly. "If only we knew *that*. You evidently think as I thought—that it is someone playing tricks. When I came here I laughed at the terror that filled the breasts of these superstitious foreigners. No one would live here in this cabin. It was too close to 'the bell.' Teachers came and stayed a week or so and left. It was all they could do to persuade the children to attend school. At last I volunteered to live in the cabin—I'd been using a tent up till that—and also to teach until a permanent teacher could be obtained. This I've been doing since last September. Sometimes in the middle of an arithmetic lesson I'd be called to attend a sick man. It was a very strenuous but not uninteresting life. But I'll have to admit that the bell tried my patience. Sometimes for a week on end it would be silent but suddenly it would peal forth again—no joyous wedding-bellish peal either but a monotonous dingle-dangle that was—well, *damnable*. No other word fits the case."

I nodded understandingly.

"I've ridden over all these trails, "he went on, "and forded every fordable stream. I've penetrated into the deepest fastnesses and that will-o-the-wisp bell always fell silent just as I thought I had a hot scent. Once I'd have sworn it was right over my head! The Indians are so scared they're cleared right out. There's black magic in it. they think."

"What do you think?"

"Well, I'm convinced of one thing: *no human hand is ringing that bell.*"

I must have turned a little white for he went on hurriedly: "I don't want to alarm you but now you're here I feel it's only fair to acquaint you with the facts. I wanted to be the first to tell you."

I nodded. And I thought how lucky for Margaret Smithson that she'd been sidetracked!

"Two years ago a man disappeared and he's believed to have been murdered. That was in March and the bell rings almost continuously in that month. His body is supposed to have been thrown into some deep crevasse in these canyons, but it's never been found. Now if, knowing all this, you want to pack up at once—"

"Someone's got to stay and teach those kids," I heard myself murmuring.

Oh, Miss Smithson would never stay here! And having pretended all along that I was the teacher I just had to stick it out. This was evidently the "nice trustee."

"I'll get a rig and drive you to the crossing anytime you say. You— pardon me—hardly look rigorous enough for mountain life to say nothing of this nerve-wracking spook business."

"Do you think I'm a quitter?" I demanded. "And why didn't you label yourselves 'haunted' and not bring an unsuspecting girl across a continent—"

"We don't want the kind of teacher that's likely to get cold feet," he broke in, quickly. "Besides, I've always understood that Bluenose people are hard to scare."

"I'm not a bluenose," I said, mournfully.

So I explained about the error I'd made at the crossing, and I told him he might as well consider Miss Smithson a total loss because she'd never stay *now*, that in all likelihood she'd already taken the first train east, and no one could blame her. I wasn't at all communicative about myself. I didn't tell him that this was my very first real adventure, or that I was practically an Easterner though losing no opportunity to refer to myself as a Westerner! I just told him what I thought he should know and no more.

"Then do you remain—or not?" he asked.

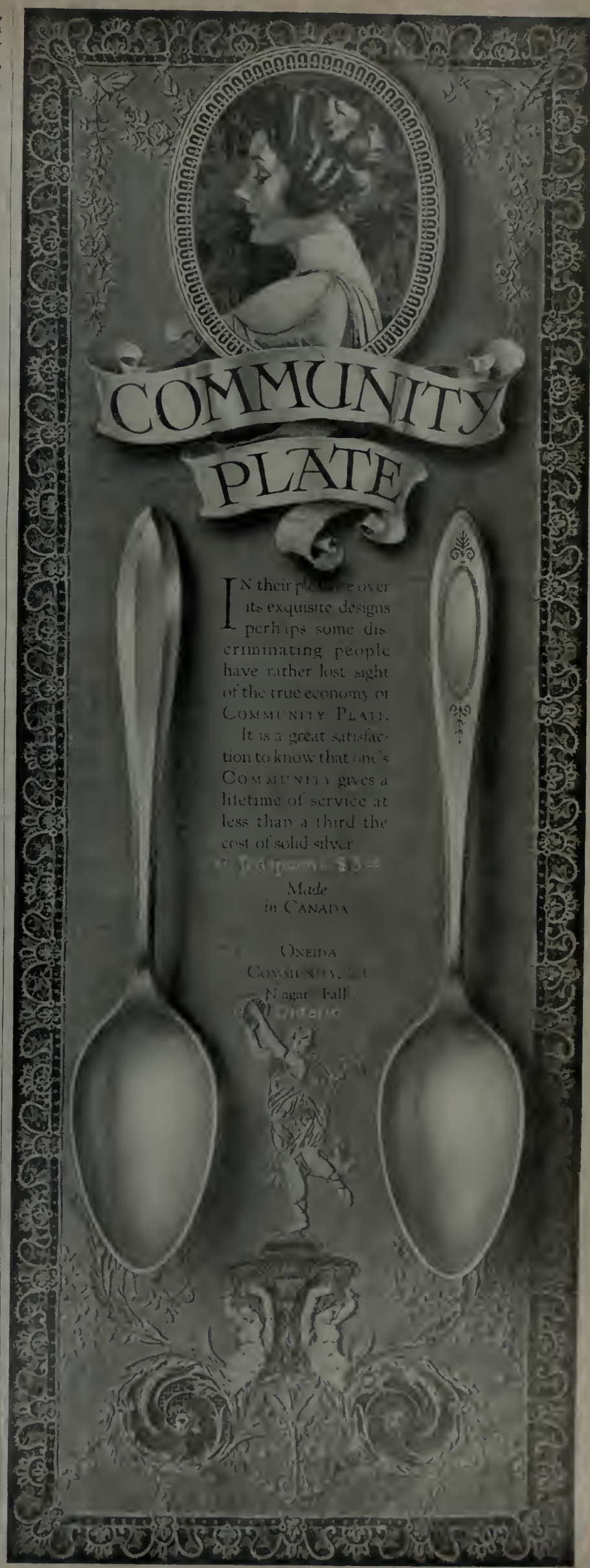
I straightened up and took a long breath. He had put the question in such a way that I felt as though I were before a stern tribunal. Old Irish folklore stories flooded my mind and my childish belief in fairies revived, all in an instant. My pulses beat madly. That danger-defying instinct which is the heritage of the Celtic races stiffened my spine. A kind of eager, terrified delight thrilled me. I'd see the spook hanged first!

"I'll stay," I said simply.

I read approval in the doctor's eyes. As trustee, sealing a bargin with an employee, he insisted upon shaking hands. Then I got him some breakfast and when he had eaten he took the baby and rode away again. I didn't see him for a week.

I THINK it was the longest week of my life! I fared forth valiantly and taught the school and I cooked my meals and attended to the parrot and worried a little about what Mother would say and then resolved not to tell her for a while but to write Natalie and enlist her aid in keeping up the bluff to the home folks. After all I might not be so courageous when I'd heard the bell again. I too might turn tail and flee homeward.

Doctor North arrived early on the following Sunday with a fine string of fish he'd caught the evening before. He stayed all day and was very entertaining. Accompanied only by the phonograph we sang many old songs and I found that he had a glorious barytone. The bell rang that night and the parrot scolded and muttered. I stuffed cotton



wool in my ears and slept the sleep of the pure in heart.

On Monday Doctor North brought me the supplies that had been ordered for the teacher. He took away my letter to Natalie to post at the train and on Thursday he called again to chop some wood for me. He said people were healthy and time hung heavily. On Saturday we took a lunch and went berrying down the trail. We heard the spook bell suddenly as we were returning by way of the cedars. Plainly the monotonous clangor came from a thick poplar bluff adjacent and not over five hundred yards away. We both stopped, and listened in a kind of fascinated awe.

"Couldn't we go through that bluff?" I suggested, eagerly.

"If we had rubber waders. It's surrounded by swamp."

"Oh dear! And there isn't an old church in there I suppose? Or an Indian grave with a bell on it?"

"Nary a one! We've thought of all those things. I've beaten all through those poplars often."

A brisk breeze was ruffling them so that an incessant shadow seemed to darken and lift again across the silvery-green mass. I watched them, puzzled, piqued, baffled quite. The same breeze ruffled my companion's brown hair so that a tuft of it like a burnished wing fell over his brow and kept him occupied in shaking it back. He reminded me at such times of pictures of Rupert Brooke. Sometimes I caught him watching me in an odd way as though he were wondering if my courage were genuine or only assumed in order to impress him. Little did he guess how often in my lonely shack in the dead of night—but then of course I never did pose as a heroine! Sometimes the look he gave me sent a warm thrill through all my being, it said so much more than lips ever did. I'd been made love to heaps of times but never before in this silent way.

That evening in the cool fragrance under the friendly stars he told me he'd been five weeks without coughing. And I went back to the cabin after calling out good-byes for ten minutes and (as was our habit) until the echoes confounded the real cries—and sent an order to the city (I had my chequebook with me) for some things. Topping the list were rubber waders.

A LETTER from Natalie at the end of another week. The little Nova Scotian was there! More, she had made a big hit with everybody and with Donald McCann in particular. Anything might happen, Natalie hinted. Don, who had been sweet on me, was hanging round, it seemed, like bad weather. Oh yes, Miss Smithson was getting enthusiastic about the West now. When the Bar Cross man had arrived at the railway he'd found her almost distracted. Would they send for me? Or was I serious about this school business.

Was I serious? Well, the chief trustee's praise perhaps had been a big factor in making me contented. I believe I've actually forgotten to say that both teacher and taught seemed highly satisfied. School carried on throughout the summer up here because of the irregularity and uncertainty of the teacher's tenure, and except for worrying about mother and her mid-Victorian prejudices, I was having a glorious time teaching those bright young towheads. They liked *me*, too. Going home I always had a knot of them with me as far as the dwarf cedars. Further than that they wouldn't go on account of the banshee bell. Their elders whenever I chanced to meet them regarded me with awe and admiration so that I began to feel almost Joan-of-Arc-ish living alone in my spook-defying eerie—only that of course I'm not made of the heroine stuff. A good deal of it was bravado, I'm afraid. Needless to say, I never told Doctor North of the times, in the dead of night, I trembled and shook in sheer terror of that bell.

Then came our quarrel, which I may as well admit now was mostly my fault. The Doctor had brought the mail from the Crossing—it was merely thrown off the train for the cliff crossing is just a platform and a dog-house—and my parcel had arrived. Gleefully I exhibited my rubber boots and before I'd had a a chance to ask him to come with me to investigate that poplar bluff beyond the swamp he cut in and ordered me to stay away. He said God knew I was fearless enough to attempt anything, but that alone to that bluff I must *not* go. No place for a delicate girl, etc. All my Irish flared up and I defied him to stop me. I declared that I hadn't, to my knowledge, asked for his professional advice. Well, the end of the absurd thing was that we parted in a huff. And of course as soon as my wrath simmered down I had a good, long, luxurious weep and felt deliciously miserable for a whole long day—for ten of them really for it wasn't until ten days had dragged by that we met again.

He came up to the cabin in a hot hurry and afoot one dewy evening in July and I could see he was all business. He scarcely noticed Polly even, although she called out her most cordial greeting of "Hello, old dear!" supplemented by a series of blood-curdling whistles and adjurations to "skin a rabbit."

"Mrs. Poldinsky is very sick," he said without preamble. "How soon can you be ready Ten minutes?"

"But I'm no nurse! And who is Mrs. Poldinsky?" I expostulated.

"She's that deaf old woman that lives back of the poplar bluff. That dashed bell you know—can't get a soul to pass the cedar swamp—she needs a woman's care—inflammatary rheumatism—getting near her heart I'm afraid—bring candles and a bag of salt to heat and a can of condensed milk, also any other little comforts you can think of."

He panted all this out while I got into

Lazzari stands beside the New Edison and sings "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"

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my sweater and began to gather up the articles he mentioned.

"Oh yes, and put on those rubber boots," he added. "Since the rain that swamp's a regular lake."

I can at least obey orders, I thought, and anyway it thrilled me rather to be called on like this even though I were a last resource!

THE old woman's shack was less than half a mile away and we walked rapidly, the doctor going ahead, for the trail was rough and narrow. Once he turned and gave me two letters he had forgotten about and which he'd brought from the crossing that morning. I crammed them into my pocket to read later. And once I so far forgot myself as to seize him by the elbow. It was when we were skirting the poplars. He stopped quickly and looked down at me, oddly, and as I didn't speak—we had spoken less than a dozen words between us—he went on again.

"Don't do that—*please*," he said in a labored way. "It makes me—it throws me off balance here on this narrow ledge."

"Very well," I said, calmly and began to hum a little tune under my breath, determined to show him I wasn't a bit afraid of the old spook and could do without his arm or even his coat-tail, if need be.

Well, I stayed with Mrs. Poldinsky that night and all the next day which was Saturday and all Sunday up till evening, sleeping a couple of hours at a time on two chairs with my sweater for a pillow. By Sunday she was much better and two women from the valley arrived via a roundabout route to look after her. The bell had commenced ringing on Sunday in the early afternoon. Doctor North came about dark, seemed highly satisfied with his patient's progress and asked me curtly if I were ready to start back.

We left the hut and set forth, by way of the swamp of course. There was a chill easterly wind and the moon was obscured from time to time by scudding clouds. From the poplars came the sinister dingle-dangle of the bell. The only other sound was the rhythmic slush-slush of our feet as we picked our precarious way across the marshland. Sometimes I would sink almost to my knees and then my companion, still aloof in manner, would be obliged to make of himself a human lift-lock.

His silence and abstraction hurt me—had been hurting me all these long days. I'd tried to be friendly but he simply didn't respond. We'd been such good pals that I felt some sort of explanation was owing me.

"Doctor North," I exclaimed at last. "I'm going to talk and you can go on sulking if you like! I can't stand this ghastly silence. It's too eerie to endure another minute!"

"I haven't any objection," he said in a restrained voice.

"And you're walking far too fast! What do you think I am—a self-starting, record-breaking 1920 model runabout?"

"I'm sorry," and he slowed up at once.

"Are you so bored with my company that you're trying to—to shorten the time?" I asked, still exasperated.

My throat felt tightish. I was going to say more but was afraid to trust my voice.

"I'm going east on the early morning train," he stated then, and his voice too sounded queer and trembly. "I'm in a hurry and forgot that a girl can't tramp as fast as a man."

"*Going east?*" I echoed, stopping in my tracks.

"Yep."

"For—for good?"

"For good—or bad," he replied, stopping also and looking away to the tips of the Ragged Range.

"But you were to stay in Blue Canyon till fall!" I wailed.

He was silent.

"And how about that claim of yours that's turning out so well? The one over at Rabbit Foot mine. Don't you have to stay and—and look after it?"

"Oh, *that*," he said, indifferently.

WHAT had happened? For that Rabbit Foot claim had been one of his pet enthusiasms! Slowly now we plodded on and in dazed wonderment and with a heavy heart I realized that I was to be left alone—alone at Blue Canyon with the bell!

"Here we are at the poplars," Doctor North remarked at length.

I'd never known his voice so listless.

"It's dark in there I suppose—even with the moon up," I observed, shudderingly.

"It may not be. Would you care to go through?"

"With the bell ringing?"

"Best time. We run a chance of laying the ghost then. And I've got my pocket flashlight."

"I'm game." I forced myself to say, though even with the sense of well-being his company always gave me, fear, deadly fear, clutched at my timid heart.

He started on ahead to pick out the best path, his straight figure looming larger than ever through the thin mist that rose from the swamp. He knew his way like an Indian and we groped steadily along through a tangle of underbrush and of spruce and cedar, wolf-willow and poplar. The torch sent out a long cone of light ahead and saved us many a stumble over a fallen tree-trunk. Bye-and-bye I sank on a boulder, exhausted. My companion considerately waited till I'd regained my breath. We hadn't heard the bell for at least ten minutes but we both felt we were headed in its direction—unless indeed it were a will-o'-the-wisp after all. It had had a sternly practical sound to-night. There had never been anything euphonious about it at any time but here in the grove, following it up, I'd sensed a familiar quality in that flat ding-dong. Somewhere, sometime I'd heard a bell like it! Childhood memories poured over me, saddened me a little too. I sighed. Doctor North moved restlessly. I rose, tripped on a root and caught at his arm. The torch that he held fell.

"Excuse me," I said humbly. "I know you don't like being seized suddenly but I—I nearly fell."

"Perhaps we'd better give up the chase. It must be late," he broke in hurriedly, moving away.

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I buttoned my sweater coat closer and as I did so my hand struck against the letters in the pocket.

"Oh, Miss Smithson's married," I said, to make conversation. "The news was in one of those letters you brought the other day. To Don McCann, an old friend of mine. It was a whirlwind affair and they've gone to Prince Rupert and up the coast to Alaska for a honeymoon."

"Poor little school," said the doctor, sadly.

"Oh I don't know!" I said with spirit. "It's still got *me*."

He turned quickly. I could hear him breathing thickly, rapidly.

"Has it?" he cried. "Are you going to stay?"

"What will it matter to you?" I returned, puzzled at his eagerness.

"Well I—I've been a sort of chief steward, have I not? Naturally I'm attached to the district. My stewardship has been—"

"And you're throwing it over to—to go East and m-marry some simpering little—"

"I am *not*," he said tensely as I broke off, gulping.

"Well anyway you're going away and l—leaving me here all alone! Not another soul to speak to in miles and miles."

"How about the man who writes from the city? Won't he be running up?"—this in savage tone.

"What man from the city?" I demanded, wonderingly.

"The man you're engaged to—who writes you all those letters. I know a man's handwriting when I see it. This one's had character—damn him! He's a millionaire I suppose. Someone who's a big success of some sort. I know the class that would take your eye!"

"Do you?" I asked, composedly, though in reality I was in a tumult of emotions, joy predominating. "Well, Daddy *is* a success though he's not quite a millionaire."

"What do you mean?" said he in a strained voice. "I'm not feeling in a mood for jokes—"

"Why I just mean those letters were from Dad."

"Why—your *father?*"

"And he's coming up as soon as he can to see if I'm well and happy. He's just home from the East. I told him I was ridiculously happy up here and he's coming to see if I really mean it."

"And—are you?"

"I—I *was*."

AND a tiny sob slipped out then. The doctor took a long breath—I could distinctly hear it—and then I don't know just how it happened but we were clinging together like two long separated orphans and I was so happy I was afraid to speak! But then *that* was almost impossible anyway.

"I'm not going away—now," said the doctor and held me very close.

"I'm not either," I whispered. "Though I believe I *would* have gone."

"You're the bravest little girl in all the world!"

"No—just the happiest," I said, softly.

And as our lips met again a third voice spoke:

Clang!

It was the bell! *Right behind us it rang forth!* We turned at the startling sound and the brassy reverberation beat against the eardrums almost painfully. Doctor North stooped and retrieved his torch and he shot its strong ray into the darkness ahead.

"There it is!" we cried in unison.

Less than a yard away, caught in a crotch of a sturdy poplar and hardly four feet from the ground was a large brazen cowbell! It was square-shaped and it hung there suspended by a bit of leather strap just as it had been wrenched from the animal's neck when she had essayed to reach some tender morsel of herbage that had been a little too far away. The tree had grown and clutched the strap closer so that even the wild winds of March had been unable to wrest the bell loose. It was so caught that it was visible only from the side where we stood.

We had laid the banshee!

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 37

ful. But finally the goal is reached, several astronomical observations are taken which show that the party are at the greatest distance possible from the Equator. The triumph is won, but the question of safe return still remains.

Those who have read the poems of Robert Service, the novels of Jack London and Rex Beach and the other real and imagined tales of the North, are prepared for just the kind of description which Doctor Cook gives us of his return journey. It has literary truth if it has no other. He suffers exactly what we expect him to suffer and he meets each difficulty and each danger as our hero would were we writing a novel of the Far North.

Provisions Run Low

IT is traditional that provisions give out in polar journeys, and accordingly our hero's provisions began to run low. When that happens the traveler always goes on short rations and pulls in his belt, and so we find it here. The dogs and the men lose spirit day by day; they grow weaker and weaker between the short rations and the terrible cold they become little better than living skeletons. You can imagine what thoughts would fill your mind and mine under such conditions, and these are accordingly the thoughts that fill Doctor Cook's mind at night when he has time to think. Daytimes he has little time for thought while he struggles bravely on with increasing weakness of body but an ever-sustaining courage. To add to the difficulties of an already distressing situation, the sunlight, which had befriended him so far, failed when he came back to 86° latitude, and the sky was continually overcast—never, for days on days, a glimpse of the sun to guide through the swirling snow and the fog. Worst of all, the wind was persistently from the east. It is well known that polar ice is always in motion before wind or tide. As the wind blew easterly, it was only reasonable that he would drift west—a condition which actually increased his weariness.

There was nothing to do except to travel south by compass. But south by compass is of course an uncertain direction when the heavenly bodies cannot be seen and when no check on the compass can be maintained by astronomical observations. The situation was getting desperate indeed when one day the sun of a sudden came out bright and clear. This was the long-hoped-for opportunity, and we have as convincing a description as usual as to exactly how the astronomical observation was taken; but, curiously (and, as it were, unfortunately), we have in this case not only an exact statement of the method used in taking the observation, but an actual statement of the result. The latitude observed showed that the party were at 79° 34′ north and 101° 22′ west. When this was plotted on the chart it showed that they were a little west of Axel Heiberg and a little north of Ellef and Amun Ringnes Islands. And, true enough, when the weather cleared a little more, they could see to the east the beautiful Axel Heiberg and to the south the lower and less picturesque Ringnes Islands, with the gap between which they knew must be Hassel Sound. The ice all about was in rapid motion. Not only had they been carried west, as they feared, by the persistently easterly winds; they were now far west of their intended course, but also they were in immediate difficulty on account of the rapid ice movement and the water lanes between the ice cracks. As every one knows, water lanes are the most serious obstacles that the polar traveler has to meet. Accordingly it was these which prevented Cook's party from making a landing, as it desired, to the east in Heiberg Island and forced it to proceed south and enter Hassel Sound, where it was at last on firm ice.

What makes this narrative remarkable is the fact that, contrary to Doctor Cook's observation, we found that the spot of latitude and longitude given by him did not show any moving sea ice nor any sea ice at all, and is instead near the centre of the island which we have named "Second Land" and seven hundred or eight hundred feet above sea-level. We have in this fact, which I trust will still remain a fact when the next explorer goes there, either a proof that obviously truthful narratives are not necessarily true; or else we have here the most remarkable instance on record of that well-known (although in non-volcanic regions seldom rapid) geographical phenomenon of land rising from the sea.

Light on the Cook-Perry Controversy

THE story of the island which Doctor Cook did not see, although his plotted route as published in his book lies right across it, would not be worth telling if people's knowledge of the Peary-Cook controversy were proportionate to their interest in it. Those of us who have taken the trouble to sift the facts from the chaff of assertions based merely on sentimental bias know that the evidence is satisfactory both that Peary reached the Pole and that Cook never tried to. There is nothing less admirable than kicking a man when he is down, but, thanks to his "convincing style," Cook is not yet down and, as a consequence, Peary is t yet up in the minds of a good many people who talk loudly on the subject. So this case is worth citing. There has been a good deal of cumulative evidence before. No single fact has been conclusive, but in the aggregate they have given a clear verdict. But here at last we have an incontrovertible proof. Cook shows us how he came nearly straight from the north into the mouth of Hassel Sound. And our "Second Land" lies right north of the mouth of that sound. Therefore even had Cook not cited the astronomical observation which places him near the middle of our island when he says he was on moving ice with open water all around him, he would have been equally convicted by the description in which he says that he could see Heiberg Island to the east of him and the Ringnes Islands to the south, with the gap between them which was Hassel Sound. Had he been in any such position, he must have been either on "Second Land" or must have been just south of it after crossing it, since he came from the north.

After leaving "Second Land" we passed through Hassel Sound. To the south we found the great island of King Christian Land to be non-existent in any such form as that given on the British Admiralty charts, where it shows a greatest diameter of eighty or ninety miles. The error arose when English explorers of Bathurst Island sighted to the north two islands of unknown extent which they named Paterson and Findlay Islands. This was in the '50's of the last century, and in the first decade of our century Captain Isachsen, in his exploration of the Ringnes Islands, looking southwestward, saw land which he named King Christian Island. The geographers did the rest. They assumed that, although these lands were sixty or seventy miles apart, as located by the discoveries, they were merely the north and south sides of the same island. This proved not to be the case.

King Christian Island is, as a matter of fact, about twelve miles in diameter, Paterson about three miles, and Findlay nine or ten miles. There is an expanse of sea between Findlay and King Christian Islands of an approximate width of sixty miles and a greatest depth of one hundred and seventy-two fathoms.

To the northwest of Findlay Island we discovered our "Third Land." This is an island about twelve miles wide and fifty miles in length. It was August by the time we came there and we had for some weeks been wading in deep water on top of the ice, as the summer thaws were well advanced. This was most unfavorable traveling, so we spent the remainder of the summer (twenty-seven days) on the south end of "Third

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Land." Here for once we found no fuel and had to restrict ourselves to one meal a day in cooking, for we had to burn the back fat of caribou, and we did not care to kill enough to supply ourselves with plenty of fuel, as that would have meant a great waste of meat and skins.

This ended the discovery of new lands of any considerable size on our expedition, although during the two following years we explored areas of ocean of even greater extent than in any other years of our trip.

Ebb and Flow

Continued from page 34

wealthy corporation was better able to stand that than they were.

CHRISTIE was the great foe. He lacked nothing whether the men worked or not. There was always a big pay envelope for him whether the pits worked or not. He ate well, slept warmly, wore good clothes, and, as the days went by, suffered from no discomforts. So forcefully were the contrasts between master and man emphasized that everything that touched the well-being of Christie became so much fuel for the fires of hate. He walked the streets, back and forth from hotel to office, as if unconscious of the knots of men whose eyes followed him with deep bitterness in them.

He was willing at all times to reason with them, try to induce them to see the situation in his light, but with the aliens he would have no intercourse whatever. For the men who were being led by some oily-tongued leader lately come out of Central Europe or Russia, he had the deepest sympathy; for those whom he regarded as the common enemy of white master and man he had the bitterest hatred and sharpest antagonism. The greatest offence the men were guilty of, in his eyes, was that they would suffer themselves to be led by a crafty cult, half educated, with just enough knowledge of the catch-words of social philosophy to make a showing before an ignorant crowd.

In the mine offices the staff worked as usual. The pit and mill chiefs had still plenty on their hands, keeping everything in shape for the resumption of work when the battle should be over. Edith Barnsley was kept busily occupied.

During these days she studied the problem of Christie with deep interest. Her sympathies were with the men, or rather with their dependents. As she regarded it the fight was not equal, for the handicap of women and children and poverty took from it any semblance of fairness. It seemed to her that it was like civil war, two sections of one big interest that should be undivided, taking each other by the throat and seeking to choke the other by brute force.

Christie mentioned the trouble to her very rarely now. He had been advised, she knew, to take measures for his own protection, but he ignored the advice and made no change in the routine of his life, rubbing shoulders on the street daily with men who would have cheered the tidings of his death. There was a harder set to his jaw, a straighter line on his lips, and yet, Edith saw real suffering in his eyes. He was not as heedless as his foes declared him to be of the miseries of the camp. Christmas was a little more than a week away and already it was a desperate struggle with many of the people to get bread and fuel.

"THEY can't last much longer," said Chipperfield to his chief one evening at the beginning of Christmas week. "Starvation will force them back. The women are growing more and more bitter every day about the holding-out. When those in a man's home who should be back of him are weakening, he can't make much more of a fight. The women don't figure much on the fine talk of the trouble-makers, it's the cry of the children that counts more with them. The

His First Dress Suit

Bill, Jr. is conscious of a newly acquired dignity; little Jim is envious; Mother sits in rapt admiration; Betty has an attack of the giggles, and Dad, in spite of his sense of humor, realizes that this is a great day in the history of his son and heir. Faithful to his Kodak habit, he has taken a picture of *the* boy in his first dress suit—and now he is about to jot down the date on the autographic film.

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And the autographic film will tell.

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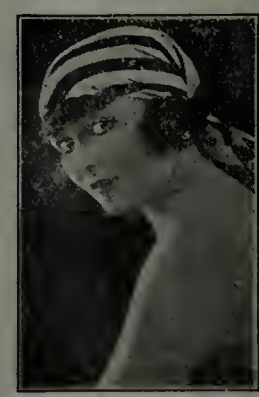

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hunger pinch will bring them in on our terms before long."

Christie said nothing for some moments. The two men were sitting in the cosy room of the Chipperfield house, Eleanor with them, listening and busy with her sewing. The Chief looked round the place. It was well furnished, with good pictures on the wall, well lighted and warmed. Outside the cold was keen, a sharp searching wind sweeping, snow-laden, through the streets. Never did the cheap philosophy that was Chipperfield's seem meaner and tawdrier than in this snug room on so bitter a night. Eleanor appeared to notice the visitor's silence and glanced up. His face was unchanged and from its cold severity she could gather nothing. Then he caught her glance and smiled across at her.

"This all must sound very brutal to you," he said.

"In a way, yes, I suppose it does," she replied. "Still, it is difficult to see any other way. Those who make war should understand what war means first. The greater the suffering the sooner it will be over."

He did not respond. What she said was an echo of one view he sometimes took of the situation, and yet it did not please him. He felt that womanhood should have something higher than man's logic. It would have pleased him better, if the well-dressed, well-fed woman sitting in her easy chair under the warm lamplight had said something that would have revealed womanly thought for those who had no comforts in their cold, dingy homes.

He did not stay long. As he walked along the streets he found a deep pathos in the sights, the empty though still lighted shop windows. Usually during Christmas week they were crowded. Though the night was so cold there were men lounging around, as if preferring the keen air of the open to the colder atmosphere of the home. Here and there a woman went by, huddled up in her shawl, out to make some small purchase. At a windy corner he saw two children, pinched, ill-clad little things of some ten or twelve years, boy and girl. They were taking alternate bites at a thick hunk of bread, eating it wolfishly. So busy were they that they bumped against Christie. He laughed down at them.

"Dry kind of a supper, isn't it? Go into the Greek's and get something hot to go with the bread," he said, thrusting half a dollar into the lad's hand. The boy clutched the coin eagerly, mumbling hearty thanks.

"It's Christie!" the girl whispered loudly to her brother. "Give me that money." The boy tried to keep it but she wrenched it from him.

"Take your damn money!" she spat at the big chief. "We want fair play not charity." He recognized the men's slogan. The coin struck him and fell to the snowy path. Christie did not mind the hatred of men, nor, so much, that of woman, but the bitterness of the child, the hatred flashing in the little spitfire's eyes, the color that blazed in her pinched cheeks struck home to him.

"Guess you're not very hungry," he said to her.

"Indeed and I am," she replied.

"Then don't be silly," he told her. "Come on and I'll stand treat. You don't think I like to see little folks hungry, do you? I was a kid like you once and know what it was to go short. Where's your coat?"

"Pop-shop," she answered. "And it's all on account of you. I'm not feared of you."

"I wouldn't like you to be," he said. "I like boys and girls. Now the money's there on the sidewalk. It doesn't belong to me, and it won't hurt you to find it. If you don't pick it up somebody else will."

He walked on, sad at heart. It was all absurdly sentimental, but there was a deep well of that kind of sentiment in his heart. To-night he felt that all war was hell, red war or grey war, the war of the battlefield or that on the fields of industry. Men say there will always be war, that it is part and parcel of the law of progress. Christie felt this night that to believe that would mean to doubt the existence of the divine in man and the human in God.

Near the hotel he met Edith Barnsley, walking home. She had stopped to do some shopping on her way from a meeting that had been held at the Church. He thought she looked particularly pretty as they paused under one of the street lamps. The frosty night had put color into her cheeks and her eyes had the sparkle of diamonds in them. She was burdened with several packages.

"Let me take the parcels," he said, seeking to remove them from her hands. "I'd like to walk down with you, if I may. I am company hungry to-night."

"There is no need of you to accompany me," she replied. "I often go up and down alone at later hours than this."

"I said I was company-hungry," he smiled.

"Very well," she laughed, letting him take the packages.

As they went along the snowy road he told her of the incident of the children to whom he had offered the money. She saw how deeply it had struck home to him.

"Poor little things!" she said. "I'm afraid there's a great deal of suffering in the place. No, I don't blame you. I believe you wish it ended as much as the neediest does. It's like a family quarrel, the nearer the disputants are to each other, the more bitter the quarrel is, and the harder to heal."

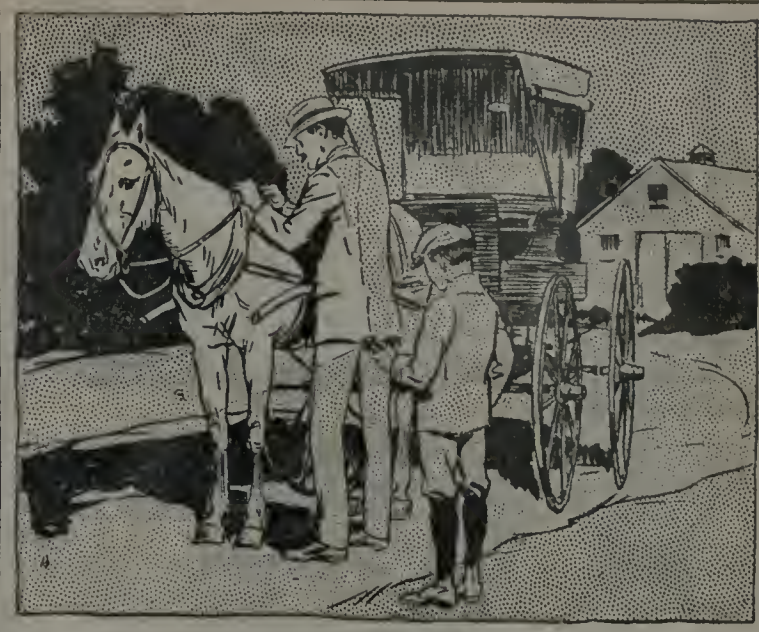
"It's not the people with whom one is kin who present the difficulty," he said. "I believe if they were let alone all the trouble could be settled in half an hour's talk, but I won't recognize the outsiders, the trouble-makers. With me that's really the only question involved. To me the foreign interlopers, who've been allowed to enter the country and who've profited vastly by their coming, are as dangerous to its interests as an alien foe in arms would be, even more so, because their warfare is more insidiously evil. Had they landed with arms the very men they are leading would stand in line against them. Equipped with their anarchistic principles they make the men believe they are their friends and saviours. If we were to yield now it would mean the triumph of everything that is equally opposed to masters and men. It's not now a fight between the company and the workers, but between the company and those whose aim is to exploit both for their own profit."

"Then is there no hope of a speedy settlement?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I hope there is. You may be sure I'll leave no stone unturned. It's possible there may be a solution that will lift the whole dispute on to firmer ground, and if there is any chance of that I'll bring the *bona-fide* leaders of the men into consultation, and trust to win them over. It's a fight now between the company and the aliens for the good of the men and the camp. But we won't talk any more about that now. It's very painful kind of shop. Been doing some extensive shopping, I see."

"Yes, Christmas shopping," she said. "That's one of my greatest pleasures of the year. We're very old-fashioned people at home. We have a Christmas tree, we believe firmly in Santa Claus, and there would be no real Christmas without turkey and plum pudding. From now till Christmas morning we'll all be as mysterious and secretive as conspirators, preparing our presents that have to be the most tremendous surprises. I think if there were no Christmas one would have to be invented. It seems to be a clearing-up time for everything disagreeable, and it gives a fresh, clean start for the coming year."

"If one could only have a kind of community Christmas," he replied. "If we could give the Camp a collective present, wipe out everything disagreeable and give the place a clean, fresh start, that would be wonderful. The joys of Christmas to me have always been confined to those one reads about in books. The day has always been a dull one to me, perhaps because I wasn't brought up to its traditions as most youngsters are. I never had a real home, and was reared by distant relatives who hadn't



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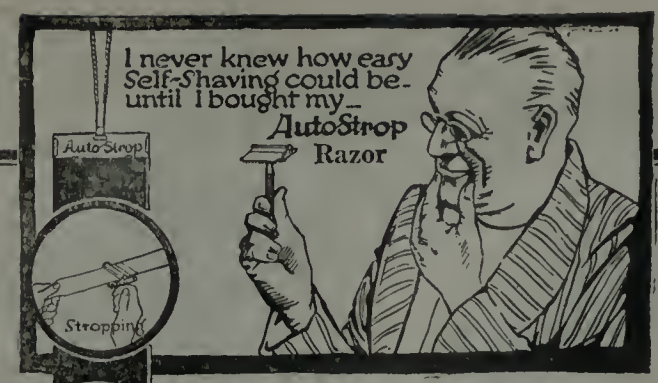

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much opinion of the pretty frills of life. I never hung up my stocking and I never saw Santa Claus."

"Then life cheated you badly," she said, sympathetically.

"I suppose it did," he agreed.

"Of course it did," she insisted. "Did you never notice that the bells ring differently at Christmas than at any other time, that there is something in the very atmosphere you don't find in it on any other day, and that the people you meet are quite different? Even those you had thought most disagreeable are much pleasanter. I suppose it all springs from the thought of peace and good-will that comes to one on that day."

"I never noticed it," he confessed smilingly. "I suppose it's pleasant for children with all its make-believe and play."

"Did you never play?" she asked him.

"I think I hardly ever did," he replied. "It was always hustling on the dollar hunt. An hour spent that did not bring in some money was regarded as wasted."

"You poor unfortunate creature," she laughed. "It must be like being born blind. There's so much of the pleasant side of life you've missed."

"I suppose so," he admitted. "I wonder if it is too late to sit down at the table now."

"It's never too late if the Christmas spirit is within you. You know it's the time of the return of the prodigal, the union or reunion of those who have been away from its gladness and pleasure."

THEY had come to the gate of the Barnsley home. The hour was still early—only half past eight. He had never been nearer the place than the gate. The blinds were not drawn, and through the windows Christie could see a snug, homey-looking room. Someone was playing rather well on the piano. A woman, whom he knew to be Mrs. Barnsley, was seated by the side of an open fire, busy with needlework. John Barnsley sat on the opposite side of the hearth with his newspaper.

At the table a boy was playing with a box of construction materials. The scene framed in the window was a very attractive one to Christie. He contrasted the place with his own dingy hotel quarters. Loneliness and bachelorhood might have their points, but there was another side to the question. He wished Edith would ask him in for a few minutes. He had an impulse to frame up an errand to her father, but it would look too artificial to spring it at this late moment.

The Barnsleys had never invited him to the house. That was his own fault, he knew, but it was the one house he would like to visit. They were not offering hospitality to one who had made it known that he did not care to receive it. He approved their independent pride, though it robbed him of a great pleasure. Reluctantly he bade Edith farewell.

"You are late, Edie," Mrs. Barnsley remarked as her daughter came into the room after secreting her parcel upstairs. "I don't like you to come home alone on the lake road now there are so many idlers about."

"I didn't come alone. Mr. Christie met me as I was passing the hotel and insisted that he be allowed to help me carry some packages I had," Edith replied.

"Why didn't you ask him in?" said Nancy. "I don't see why he can't come here as well as go to the Chipperfields. I wonder if there's anything in the tales about him and Eleanor."

"You inveterate little gossip!" interposed her father. "Just leave the Ste. Brunhilde chatterings outside this house. Anything particular going on in town, Edith?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary," she replied. "Everything at its dreariest. We had a meeting at the Church and decided to raise a fund, a Christmas fund, for the destitute people. We want to get up a Christmas dinner for the women and children, to provide a Christmas tree with presents, and send some fuel and food to the worst-off families. I'm Secretary and Treasurer."

"An excellent plan," said Mrs. Barnsley, much interested.

"Did you happen to say anything about it to Mr. Christie?" John Barnsley inquired.

"Why no," Edith answered. "I didn't think of it. But—you don't imagine he would object, surely?"

"I don't know. He has strong views about meddling. I heard him say something the other day about outsiders interfering in the struggle," he said. "He looks on aid that might extend the men's resistance as foolish interference that can only prolong the fight needlessly. Still I'm not finding fault with your taking part in the relief work. We're not chained fast to every bit of the policy of the Company's chief."

Presently the subject dropped. Nancy returned to the piano, Mrs. Barnsley and Edith busied themselves with sewing, Mr. Barnsley took up his paper again, and Jack, junior went off to bed. Before the pianist could decide what selection from her repertoire to play there came from over the lake the sound of a shot, followed by a second—clear, ominous.

"Gracious! who can be shooting tonight?" said Nancy, her book of music falling from her hands to the floor. Mr. Barnsley rose to his feet, listening, then went out to the veranda. The color fled from Edith's face. Mrs. Barnsley got up and went out to her husband. The night was still. There came no further sounds. The two came indoors again.

"Somebody amusing himself," said Barnsley, picking up his paper again. He did not read, though, and in a few minutes he went over to the telephone in the hall and called up the hotel, asking for Mr. Christie.

"He has just come in. Here he is," came the response from the clerk. Barnsley asked some unimportant question about business and got his reply.

"We heard shots just now. Nothing special happening?" he inquired further.

"No, nothing special. Some crazy idiot, likely enough, with more Christmas gin inside him than he could carry conveniently," came Christie's reply.

Edith remained in the room after her mother had gone to bed. She had noted something unusual in her father's manner when he returned from the telephone.

"What were those shots, father?" she asked, when they were alone.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "Somebody out skylarking, I guess."

"Mr. Christie is not hurt?" she pursued.

"No. I was talking to him a moment or two ago. He's all right," he answered.

But both of them guessed that there had been an attempt to carry out the threats that had been launched against the Company's chief.

CHAPTER IX

IT seemed to Edith that Ewan Christie was grimmer and more silent than ever when he appeared at the office in the morning. On her way through town Edith had heard the rumor that two shots had been fired at him in the neck of the woods by the lakeside the previous night, but he said nothing of them. In the middle of the morning a deputation came up from town to interview him. He received them, and they brought a compromise proposal. Instead of a twenty-five cent a day reduction they would consent to half that, the pits and mills to be opened at once, none of the strikers to be discriminated against, and the new organization back of the men to be recognized. The negotiations split on the last item. The old-time labor union he was willing to recognize, but against this the new trouble-makers were as bitter as they were against the Company. He was willing to split the reduction difference with the men, and to accede to their other requirements, which were in full accord with his intentions, but with the alien conspirators, as he regarded them, he would have no dealings whatever. They were the common enemy, in his sight, and to confirm their influence would be nothing short of disastrous. He laid down his views firmly and the men were just as insistent on recognition of their new

organization. The discussion became heated before it terminated.

"They'll be back again before New Year's Day," he said to Edith after the deputation had departed. "They're weakening and the quitting stage is not far off. If only maudlin people inside and outside the camp will keep their hands off the dispute, and let the combatants settle their differences, the thing is as good as over. We'll have the alien riff-raff discredited."

She gave no answer, as none was required, but went on with her work.

"I notice the local paper is moralizing a bit to-day," he went on presently. "Here's a kind of lay sermon on seasonable goodwill, which the writer seems to imagine must be exclusively displayed by one side. Labor the innocent lamb, capital the ravening lion. The whole thing smells of sauerkraut. I see there is a subscription opened for relief. The best relief is to let the thing alone, then the men will need no charity. Philanthropic meddlers are the very worst mischief-makers at a time like this."

"But even in war the civilized peoples pay some regard to innocent sufferers. They don't war on women and children," she said. Her back was turned to him as she sat before her typewriter. He faniced there was protest in the set of her slim shoulders. There was hardly a single article of general policy in this strike matter on which she agreed with him, and, oddly enough, he was content that it should be so. He knew very little of women, but she conformed to his idea, an old-fashioned idea, of what a woman should be.

"I think——" she began, swinging round her chair and rising. Then she hesitated.

"Yes, what do you think?" he asked.

"That if I had your power and influence and ability I would put them all to work to settle the trouble here and right-off. I wouldn't think of beating the men, for that will only make them the more bitter. I'd meet them and talk to them as if they were reasonable men, show them that I sympathized with them in their difficulties and their needs, and that I was willing to strain a point to help them, I believe I could make them my friends."

"I am sure you could, but, you see, I am not you," he laughed.

"They can't live on the short hours and low wages you offer them," she went on. "Just try to keep a wife and family on the sum they would get."

"No, I don't think I will. But I'd sooner make the experiment on that sum than on nothing."

HE remained in the office for some time after she had gone. He called up the head office over the long distance telephone and was in consultation with the President and some of the directors for a considerable period. When he had finished his talk, he left the place. On his way home he dropped in at the Chipperfield's. Supper was on the table and he accepted an invitation to join the family. Richard was full of the news of the weakening of the men. They all spoke indignantly of the shooting tale that all the town was talking about.

"They deserve to be beaten, thoroughly beaten," said Eleanor. "Any sympathy they have been entitled to before they have forfeited by their violence. I have no patience whatever with the movement to furnish relief, as it can only prolong the struggle. To-day the appeal was sent here as to all the other houses. Fuel and provisions to be bought for some of the families, A Christmas dinner, with Tree and presents to be provided. Of course you've seen the appeal?"

"No, they didn't send it to me. I'd like to have a look at it."

Eleanor fetched the printed appeal. The statement of the situation was unobjectionable. There were the names of some of the church leaders appended to the appeal, and at the foot that of Edith Barnsley as Secretary and Treasurer."

"I am surprised at Edith," said Richard. "But often the kindliness of her heart gets the better of her judgment."

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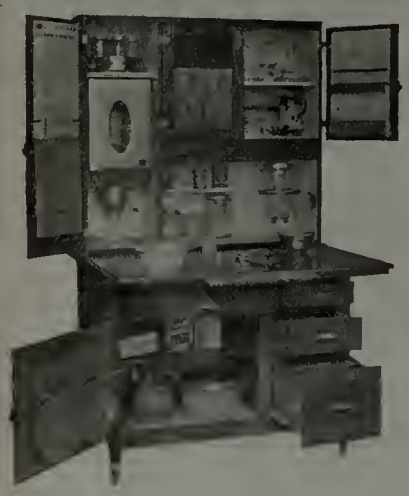

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"How much did they get out of you, Richard?" asked Christie, smilingly.

"Not a cent from this house, you may be sure," the other replied.

After supper Christie did not stay long. He had an out of town engagement and caught the night train. As he was leaving he called Edith up on the telephone to tell her of his absence for the next day or so.

"You needn't go up to the office while I'm away," he said. "I suppose you'll have your hands pretty full till Christmas is over. I saw your appeal for the strikers this evening."

She stood for some moments at the telephone after he had hung up. She was not in the least regretful for what she had done, but it occurred to her that she ought to have told him of it. He had been very curt in his reference to the matter on the 'phone. Possibly he was angry. Well, if he was. She dismissed the Company, and—as far as possible—Ewan Christie from her mind. Christmas day was less than forty-eight hours off and there was much to do. Money was coming in very slowly, and much hustling would have to be done inside a few hours. So far she had less than a hundred dollars.

She was going to put in a month's wages herself, and her father had promised her a liberal subscription. In the morning she was greatly cheered by a call from the Bank. Some anonymous contributor had instructed the Manager to pay two hundred dollars to her on account of the Fund. That would help mightily. She wondered who it could be. Somebody afraid of the wrath of the Company, and so concealing his name. She invoked large blessings on his unknown head as she bustled out on her money-quest.

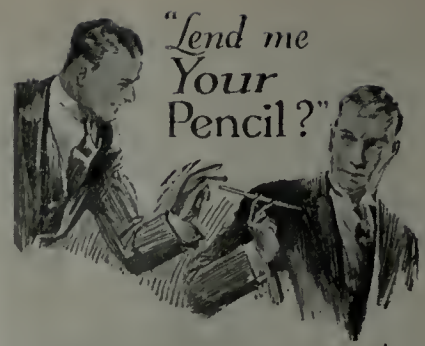
It was hard work. Most of the gifts were bestowed with earnest requests that the names of the givers be withheld, so great was the fear of rousing the wrath of the Company's big chief, Christie. He seemed to be a fearsome kind of ogre in the general esteem. Enough money finally was raised to give a big dinner to the women and children, to furnish a Christmas tree, or several of them, loaded with small presents for the youngsters, and to distribute fuel and food through the homes of the needy. The biggest hall in Ste. Brunhilde had been granted for the occasion, and an attempt was made to banish, for the time being, the gloom that had settled over the place.

EDITH was busy at work on the preparations in the afternoon, when, to her amazement, Christie entered the room. He had just come from the train and was on his way up to the office. He was very brusque with her.

No, he didn't want her at the office. Later on he'd like to have a talk with her. There was something ominous in his manner and tone. He walked round the room, as one of the women said, like the devil inspecting the preparations of a festival in Paradise. Edith courteously accompanied him, explaining just what was being done. It would do no harm to be independently diplomatic. He was told how many they expected to feed, and what they intended to give them; how the trees were to be decorated and the kinds of presents to be given, chiefly useful things; how much money had been raised and the kind of gifts that were being sent round to the houses.

He made little comment on what she told him, and presently went off. She had half hoped that he would be big enough to dip into his pocket and show that he had some kind of a heart about his person. But he didn't. As he was leaving she was bold enough to invite him to come down and see the distribution of presents at night, but he doubted if that would be possible. He was surly as a bear when he went out. Well, never mind, if he was utterly impossible she had independence enough to place her resignation in his hands. She went back to her work trying to put him out of her mind. It was impossible to understand a man who could be so grouchy over Christmas cheer for needy women and children.

An hour later she heard that another deputation was in session with Christie



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72

up at the mines. All kinds of rumors were flying round; the mines were going to be shut down till May; even the last offer made by the Company was withdrawn; Christie had come back from a meeting with his Directors with full power to do just what he thought should be done. So the tales flew round. Mrs. Barnsley with Nancy came up to help presently and her mother told Edith that Mr. Barnsley had been sent for and was in consultation with Christie and the men. Apparently it was a long conference.

The dinner was over before there were any signs of its breaking up. The children were forgetting their miseries in games and the expectation of the stripping of the trees. Women, for the time being, forgot the cares of the coming day. It was near the time for the presentation of the gifts, when a young man from the mines, one of the guards, entered with a note for Miss Barnsley.

"Not to be opened until the presents are distributed," was the endorsement upon it. The messenger vanished, leaving Edith in a state of agitation. Perhaps it was his way of emphasizing his displeasure. She should finish her work that had been done in defiance of the Company's interests, and then hear the sentence pronounced on herself. It was hardly believable of him, and yet she knew his strictness where the interests of the Company were affected. She thrust the letter into her pocket and went on with her work.

The hall was crowded, a great many of the men having come in to see the distribution. The services of half a dozen people had been enlisted to hand out the presents to the little ones. The last was being taken off the tree. Edith, unable to restrain her anxious curiosity any longer, tore open the envelope, eager to know the worst, she read the message in Christie's own handwriting. For a moment she leaned against the wall for support, for she felt very faint and overcome. Then she stepped upon the platform and there was silence.

"There is just one more present," she said. "It has been sent to me to give to you—to you all, this time, the men especially. Mr. Christie has sent it to me for you. He has been in consultation with the Directors of the Company, and is now in session with a deputation of the men. The offer of the men to return to work at the twenty-five cent a day reduction has been repeated, but it has not been accepted." There was an angry groan that swept over the eager throng. "Wait a minute," said Edith. "Mr. Christie has succeeded in closing up certain contracts that will clean out the accumulated stock, and he has advised the Company to open up immediately, pits and mills, at the old rate of payment. Listen!"

A hush fell upon the cheering mob that was half wild with delight and relief.

The piercing blast of the great steam siren that had been for weeks silent on the hill top seemed to split the skies, and when it at last ceased, the bells of church and convent took up the joyous theme. The clouds had lifted. There was no victor, no vanquished, but blessed work for all.

"Quite a triumph for you, Edith." And, turning round, Edith saw Eleanor Chipperfield with Richard standing near.

"I don't know," Edith replied. "It was sent to me, I suppose, because of my office position. But isn't it fine?"

"Great," agreed Richard. "I'd like to walk down home with you, Edith, if I may."

"Oh, never mind about that, Richard. I'll have lots to do, and we'll all be going down together when father comes along from the office," she replied. And he understood that this night she was not very anxious to see him.

SHE had a great deal to do, and it was late when she finished. Her father came, and drove her mother and Nancy down home. It was arranged that he should come back for her at eleven. Most of the work was done by half past ten, and by that time nearly all the workers had gone home, tired and happy. Edith resolved that she would walk home alone and save her father the trip. It was a clear, beautiful night, and she had no fear of the lonely two miles. It would give her time to think things over. So she dressed for the street, and went out. There was a man standing a little distance away. She did not need a second glance to recognize him.

"May I walk down with you?" said Ewan Christie.

"Yes, if you wish," she replied. "I want to thank you, Mr. Christie. It was the most beautiful gift ever given to me in all my life."

She was rarely enthusiastic in speech.

"Well, you were the secretary and treasurer," he said. "Who else could I send it to?"

"Why do you want to spoil it all?" she asked. "You know that wasn't the reason. You wanted to do something really nice for me, something I would appreciate, and— you did it."

"If a man must be candid, that's the truth—I did," he admitted. "I like people to get what they earn, and you earned all that, and a lot more."

"You know what I thought it was?" she asked with a laugh. "I thought it was an intimation that I was——fired."

"Well, I guess you ought to have been," he replied grimly. "It was a kind of disloyalty, in a way, and then you never told me about it. I had to find out from outsiders, who, I suppose, were glad enough to show it to me. I think I might fire you but for one reason."

"And what's that?" she laughed.

"Because I don't know that I ought to as things stand," he said. "You see, I've handed in my resignation. Practically I'm out of it now, but it doesn't take formal effect till the end of the year, one week off."

"You've resigned?" she whispered, stunned by the news.

"Guess you aren't sorry to get rid of the old grouch," he answered.

"Oh, why have they done it, why have you resigned?" she asked bewilderedly. "You've done much for the place, and could do so much more. I knew you would do the right thing by the men when the chance came, and make them your friends."

"That's about the nicest compliment ever paid to me," he replied.

"And what are you going to do? Where are you going?" she wanted to know, rather eagerly.

"Oh, I'll get another job of some kind, I guess, but I don't think I'll ever get another stenographer, typewriter, and secretary, like you, Ed— I mean Miss Barnsley. You're not deaf, don't chew gum, can spell, and—what was the other?—oh, you're not engaged to be married. Got it right, have I?" he asked.

"Yes, quite right," she laughed. And by this time they were getting near the gate. The two miles appeared to have shrunk at least two-thirds.

"I wish I could take you away with me," he said, and it was said so impetuously that she could not make out whether it was just a joke, a compliment on her ability, or—well, she couldn't make out what he meant, so she didn't say anything, waiting for him to elucidate himself. In order to do this he laid his hand on her arm, and they stopped in a sheltered little copse that kept out the wind, and let in silver arrows of moonlight.

"Edith—I mean it—terribly," he said, putting his hands on her shoulders. "I just want to take you away with me, for always and everywhere, and—everlastingly. I know I'm a bear, a grouch, a crank, but— don't you think I'm improving, and that, under proper training I might go quite a way?"

"I think you might," she answered. "There are possibilities."

"Then, will you come, Edith? I'm a clumsy kind of a lover, I guess, but I'm new at the position. This I do know, that I love you and every bit of you, everything that goes to make up the sweet woman I know you to be. I want to have you with me, I can't bear to be away from you. My wonderful little girl, my love, will you come with me?"

"Anywhere, everywhere," she answered, and his arms closed about her, and he held her tightly to him, his

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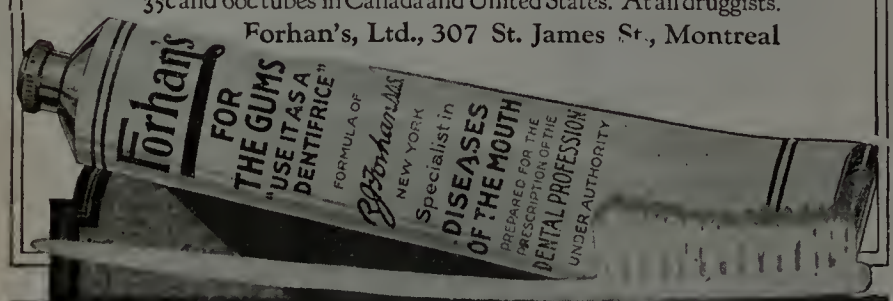

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FOR THE GUMS
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kisses raining on her face. How long they would have remained there is purely conjectural, had not Edith heard her father come out of the house, on his way to the stable. He was en route to fetch her home. She called to him, and he stood on the walk before the house waiting for her to emerge from the shadows. The two, however, did not hurry, for it was not a hurrying occasion.

"About that new position of mine, honey girl," Christie observed. "Perhaps I did not explain quite fully. I am leaving here but not getting away from the Company. In fact they've given me something of a lift. They've made me President. It's a good sort of position, with quite a respectable salary, though we won't be able to live here in Ste. Brunhilde except perhaps for the summers."

"And you are sure, Ewan, in a big position like that, you'll really want me?" she inquired.

"Want you? More than ever before. You're the indispensable. Oh, Edith, it's a wonderful time, this Christmastide. Got the presidency, and got my girl."

MR. BARNSLEY, now on the steps before the house, wondered what was keeping the girl. However, she appeared presently, and not alone. He walked indoors.

"You will come in, Ewan?" Edith asked, when they came to the gate, and, of course he went in. The family was very cordial in their quiet, hospitable way. Something was in the wind, everybody seemed to know, for Edith's cheeks were redder than usual and there was a prettier light in her eyes. Then the truth came out, and the hours sped very happily. Christie did not say anything about his departure.

"You can tell them about my leaving," he said to Edith when she walked down with him to the gate. "And there's just a little bit more you can hand to your dad as a Christmas present. He's the new general manager of the company here. He was the only man thought of, and the appointment came from men who have been watching him since the day he stepped down and took a two-thirds reduction of salary. Some said a man couldn't swallow that medicine at past fifty and get over it, but he's done it. Got all the cash you wanted for tonight's feast?"

"Yes," she replied. "It was you, Ewan, who sent that two hundred anonymously? she asked, when she recovered from the shock of the good tidings for her father.

"A man's got to back his own girl, hasn't he?" he replied. "Well, I suppose I must go. It's a terribly long time till nine in the morning. If you have a few minutes to spare just try to fix the wedding day. I might be able to wait a month, but think of me away from here, without you, just the loneliest man in the wide world."

So Ste. Brunhilde got more shocks—pleasant ones, with the coming of light. Eleanor Chipperfield observed that she wasn't very much surprised, for these little, quiet, homey girls were terribly dangerous to rough diamond men. Richard was silent. He thought, privately, that there were times when a man might overdo prudence.

THE END

His Majesty's Well Beloved

Continued from page 40

a minute or so later he bade me follow him, and together we went out of the House.

II

IT was now raining heavily, and we wrapped our Cloaks tightly round our Shoulders, speeding along as fast as we could. The Streets were almost deserted and as dreary as London Streets alone can be on a November evening. Only from the closed Windows of an occasional Tavern or Coffee-House did a few rays of bright light fall across the Street, throwing a vivid bar of Brilliance across our way and turning the hundreds of Puddles into shining Reflections like so many glimmering Stars.

For the rest, we were dependent on the Linkmen, who walked ahead of us, swinging their Lanterns for guidance on our path. Being somewhat timid by nature, I had noted with satisfaction that they both carried stout Cudgels, for of a truth there were many Marauders about on dark nights such as this, Footpads and Highway Robbers, not to mention those bands of young Rakes, who found pleasure in "scouring" the Streets o' nights and molesting the belated Wayfarer.

Mr. Betterton, too, carried a weighted Stick, and he was a Man whom clean, sturdy living had rendered both athletic and powerful. We were soon, both of us, wet to the skin, but Mr. Betterton appeared quite oblivious of discomfort. He walked with a quick step, and I perforce had to keep up with him as best I could.

He had told me before we started o it that he was bent for my Lady Castlemaine's House, the rear of which looks down upon the gardens of White Hall. I knew the way thither just as well as he did. Great was my astonishment, therefore, when having reached the bottom of King street, when we should have turned our Steps northwards, Mr. Betterton suddenly ordered the Linkmen to proceed through Palace Yard in the direction of Westminster Stairs.

I thought that he was suffering from a fit of absentmindedness, which was easily understandable on account of his agitated Frame of Mind; and presently I called his Attention to his Mistake. He paid no heed to me, however, and continued to walk on until we were some way up Canon's Row.

Here he called to his Linkmen to halt, and himself paused; then caught hold of my cloak and dragged me under the shelter of a great Gateway belonging to one of those noble mansions which front the river. And he said to me, in a strange and peremptory Voice, hardly raised above a whisper:

"Do you know where we are, Honeywood?"

"Yes," I said, not a little surprised at the question. "We are at the South End of Canon's Row. I know this part very well, having often——"

"Very well, then," he broke in, still in the same imperious manner. "You know that we are under the gateway belonging to the town Mansion of the Earl of Stour, and that the house is some twenty yards up the fore-court."

"I know the House," I replied, "now you mention it."

"Then you will go to my Lord Stour now, Honeywood," my Friend went on.

"To warn him?" I queried eagerly, for of a truth I was struck with Admiration at this excess of magnanimity on the part of an injured man.

"No," Mr. Betterton replied curtly. "You will go to my Lord Stour as my Friend and Intermediary. You will tell him that I sent you, because I desire to know if he hath changed his mind and if he is ready to give me Satisfaction for the Insult which he put upon me nigh on two months ago."

I could not restrain a gasp of surprise.

"But——" I stammered.

"You are not going to play me false, Honeywood," he said simply.

That I swore I would not do. Indeed, he knew well enough that if he commanded me to go to the outermost Ends of the Earth on his errand, or to hold parley with the Devil on his behalf, I would have been eager and ready to do it.

But I must confess that at this moment. I would sooner have parleyed with the Devil than with the Earl of Stour. The Man whom I had denounced, you understand. I felt that the shadow of Death—conjured by me, menacing and

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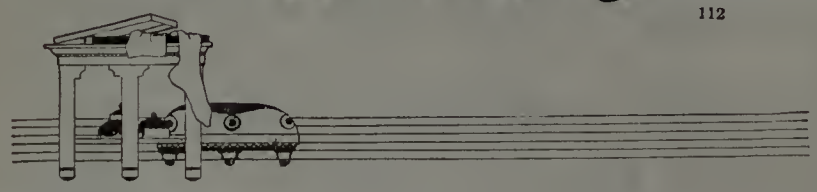

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unevasive—would perhaps lie twixt him and me whilst I spoke with him. Yet how could I demur when my Friend besought me?—my Friend, who was gravely troubled because of me.

I promised that I would do as he wished. Whereupon he gave me full instructions. Never had so strange a task been put upon a simple-minded Proletary: for these were matters pertaining to Gentlemen. I knew less than nothing of Duels, affairs of honour, or such like; yet here was I—John Honeywood, an humble Attorney's Clerk—sent to convey a Challenge for a Duel to a high and noble Lord, in the manner most approved by Tradition.

I was ready to swoon with fright; for, in truth, I am naught but a timid Rustic. In spite of the cold and the rain I felt a rush of hot Blood coursing up and down my Spine. But I learned my Lesson from end to end, and having mastered it, I did not waver.

LEAVING Mr. Betterton under the shelter of the Gateway, I boldly crossed the Fore-court and mounted the couple of Steps which led up to the front Door of the Mansion. The fore-court and the front of the House were very dark, and I was not a little afraid of night Prowlers, who they do say haunt the immediate purlieus of these stately Abodes of the Nobility, ready to fall upon any belated Visitor who might be foolish enough to venture out alone.

Indeed, everything around me was so still and seemed so desolate that an access of Fear seized me, whilst I vainly tried to grope for the Bell-handle in the darkness. I very nearly gave way to my Cowardice then and there, and would have run back to my Friend or called out to the Linkmen for their company, only that at the very moment my Hand came in contact with the iron Bell pull and fastened itself instinctively upon it.

Whereupon the clang of the Bell broke the solemn Silence which reigned around.

III

I HAD grave difficulty in obtaining access to my Lord Stour, his Servant telling me in the first instance that his Lordship was not at home, and in the second that he was in any event too busy to receive Visitors at this hour. But I have oft been told that I possess the Obstinacy of the Weak, and I was determined that, having come so far, I would not return to Mr. Betterton without having accomplished mine Errand. So, seeing that the Servant with the Officiousness and Insolence of his kind was about to slam the Door in my Face, an inspiration seized me, and taking on a haughty air, I stepped boldly across the Threshold and then commanded the Menial to go to his Lordship at once and announce the visit of Mr. Theophilus Baggs' Clerk on a matter of the utmost urgency.

I suppose that now I looked both determined and fierce, and after a good deal of hem-ming and haw-ing, the Varlet apparently felt that non-compliance with my Desire might bring contumely upon himself; so he went, leaving me most unceremoniously to cool my Heels in the Hall, and returned but a very few minutes later looking distinctly crestfallen and not a little astonished.

His Lordship would see me at once, he announced. Then bade me follow him up the Stairs.

To say that my Heart was beating furiously within my breast would be but a bald statement of my frame of mind. I fully expected that his Lordship, directly he knew that it was not Mr. Baggs who had sent me, would have me ignominiously turned out of the House. However, I was not given much time to indulge in my Conjectures and my Fears, for presently I was ushered into a large room, dimly lighted by a couple of wax candles and the walls of which, I noticed, were entirely lined with books.

After the menial had closed the door behind me, a voice bade me curtly to come forward and state my errand.

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Then I saw that my Lord Stour was not alone. He was sitting in a Chair in front of the fire, and opposite to him sat the beautiful Lady Barbara, whilst standing in front of the Hearth, with legs apart and hands thrust in the pockets of his breeches, was Lord Douglas Wychwoode.

What courage was left in me now went down into my shoes. I felt like a Man faced with three Enemies where he had only expected to meet one. My throat felt very dry and my tongue seemed to cleave to my palate. Nevertheless, in response to a reiterated curt Command to state mine Errand, I did so unfalteringly.

"Mr. Thomas Betterton, one of His Majesty's Well Beloved Servants," I said, "hath sent me to his Lordship the Earl of Stour."

My words were greeted with an angry Oath from Lord Douglas, an ironical laugh from my Lord Stour and a strange little gasp, half of terror, wholly of surprise, from Lady Barbara.

"Methought you came from Mr. Baggs," my Lord Stour remarked haughtily. "So at least you gave my Servant to understand, else you would not have been admitted."

"Your Lordship's Servant misunderstood me," rejoined quite quietly. "I gave my name as Clerk to Mr. Baggs; but my errand concerns Mr. Thomas Betterton, and he honours me with his friendship."

"And as Mr. Betterton's affairs do not concern me in any way——" his Lordship began coldly, and would no doubt have dismissed me then and there, but that the Lady Barbara interposed gently yet with great firmness.

"I pray you, my Lord," she said, "do not be over-hasty. We might at least listen to what Mr. Betterton's messenger has to say."

"Yes," added Lord Douglas in his habitual brusque manner. "Let us hear what the follow wants."

THIS was not encouraging, you will admit; but, like many over-timid People, there are times when I am conscious of unwonted Calm and Determination. So even now I confronted these two supercilious Gentlemen with as much dignity as I could command, and said, addressing myself directly to the Earl of Stour:

"Mr. Betterton hath sent me to You, my Lord, to demand satisfaction for the abominable outrage which You perpetrated upon his person nigh on two months ago."

Lord Stour shrugged his shoulders and riposted coldly:

"That tune is stale, my man. Mr. — er——Betterton has had mine answer."

"Since then, my Lord," I insisted firmly, "time hath no doubt brought saner reflection. Mr. Betterton's Fame and his genius have raised him to a level far above that conferred by mere Birth."

"Have made a Gentleman of him, you mean?" Lord Stour rejoined with a sarcastic curl of the lip.

"More noble far than any Gentleman in the land," I retorted proudly.

He gave a harsh laugh.

"In that case, my man," he said tartly, "you can inform your worthy Friend that two hundred years hence my Descendants might fight him on a comparatively equal footing. But until then," he added firmly and conclusively, "I must repeat for the last time what I have already told Mr. — er—— Betterton: the Earl of Stour cannot cross Swords with a Mountebank."

"Take care, my Lord, take care——!"

The Exclamation had burst quite involuntarily from my lips. The next moment I felt ashamed to have uttered it, for my Lord Stour looked me up and down as he would an importunate Menial, and Lord Douglas Wychwoode strode towards me and pointed to the Door.

"Get out!" he commanded curtly.

There was nothing more to be done—nothing more to be said, if I desired to retain one last shred of Dignity both for myself and for the great Artist who—in my person this time—had once again been so profoundly humiliated.

My wet cloak I had left down in the Hall, but I still held my hat in my Hands. I now bowed with as much grace as I could muster. Lord Douglass still pointed a peremptory finger towards the Door, making it clear that I was not going of mine own accord, like the Intermediary of any Gentleman might be, but that I was being kicked out like some insolent Varlet.

Oh! the Shame of it! The Shame!

My ears were tingling, my temples throbbing. A crimson veil, thrust before mine eyes by invisible Hands, caused my footsteps to falter. Oh; if only I had had the strength, I should even then have turned upon those aristocratic Miscreants and with my hands upon their throats have forced them to eat their impious Words.

But even as I crossed the Threshold of that Room where I had suffered such bitter humiliation, I heard loud and mocking laughter behind me, and words such as: "Insolence!" "Mountebank!" "Rogue and Vagabond!" still reached mine Ears.

I suppose that the door did not close quite fully behind me, for even as I crossed the landing meseemed that I heard Lady Barbara's voice raised in a kind of terrified Appeal.

"Would to God, my dear Lord," she appeared to plead with passionate earnestness, "you had not incurred the enmity of that Man. Ever since that awful day I have felt as if you were encompassed by spirits of Hate and of Vengeance which threaten our Happiness."

Her Voice broke in a sob. And, indeed, I found it in my heart to pity her, for she seemed deeply grieved. I still could hear him—her Lover and mine Enemy, since he was the Enemy of my Friend—trying to laugh away her fears.

'Nay, sweetheart," he was saying tenderly. "A Man like that can do us no harm. Mine own Conscience is clear—my Life honourable—and to-night will see the triumph of your cause, to which I have given willing help. That Man's malice cannot touch me, any more than the snarling of a toothless cur. So do not waste these precious moments, my Beloved, by thinking of him."

After which the Door behind me was closed to, and I heard nothing more. I hurried down the Stairs, snatched up my cloak and hurried out of the House.

Never should I have believed that a human Heart could contain so much hatred as mine held for my Lord Stour at that moment.

IV

I FOUND Mr. Betterton waiting for me under the Gateway where I had left him a quarter of an hour ago.

As soon as he heard my Footsteps upon the uneven pavement of the Forecourt, he came forward to meet me, took hold of my cloak and dragged me back into shelter.

He only said the one word: "Well?" but it is not in my power, dear Mistress, to render adequately all that there was of Anxiety, Impatience and of Passion in that one brief query.

I suppose that I hesitated. Of a truth the Message which I was bringing was choking me. And he who is so sensitive, so understanding, learned everything, and at once, from my Silence.

"He hath refused?" he said simply.

I nodded.

"He will not fight me?"

And my Silence gave reply. A curious, hoarse Cry, like that of a wounded Animal, escaped his throat and for a moment we were both silent—so silent that the patter of the Rain appeared like some thunderous noise and the divers sounds of the great City wrapped in the cloak of Evening came to us with sharp and eerie distinctness. Far away, a dog barked; some belated Chairman called "Make room there!"; a couple of Watchmen passed close by, clinking their Halberts against the ground, and from one of the noble Mansions nigh to us there came the sound of revelry and of laughter.

I felt like in a dream, conscious only

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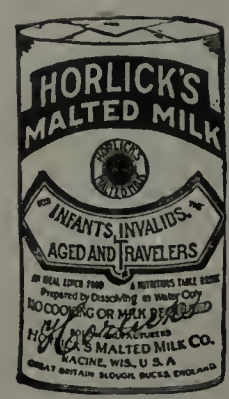

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that the Finger of Destiny was pointing to the Dial of a Clock, and that I was set here to count the seconds and the minutes until that ghostly finger had completed its task and registered the final Hour when the decrees of Fate would inevitably be fulfilled.

To be Continued

The Menace of the Alien

Continued from page 32

risked their lives on the fields of Flanders for a dollar ten a day, one Mike Stabr averaged during the month of October, 1918, at the Rosedale mine the sum of $17.45 a day; and there were others not far behind. And yet the Mike Stabrs, who had probably never made more than that in a month in the country where they came from, were not content with the miraculous good fortune that thus came their way. For five months in the spring of 1918 they had been out on strike. They were all pledged to a conspiracy to rise and seize the West as a part of Germany's last grand offensive in the early summer of 1918. The date set for this effort was July 15, and very extensive preparations were made. The story of this abortive conspiracy may be told in an early issue of MACLEAN'S. Finally, the miners went on strike at the Rosedale in March of the present year; and that ended their connection with the Rosedale mine.

Veterans Employed in Mine

FRANK MOODIE immediately began to employ returned men to take their places. He soon had a squad of about one hundred and fifty working for him, sturdy, well-trained lads, who took naturally to the work and were highly enthusiastic over the wages paid. The Rosedale mine ran along full-tilt while all about it were mines that had been forced to suspend because the foreigners had gone out.

Naturally the strikers did not take kindly to the importation of veterans and they began to picket Rosedale. The picketing was largely under the direction of a native striker whose name has escaped the writer and who therefore will be designated as Smith. This Smith had been the union check weighman at various mines and had proven himself a master troublemaker. At one place he became so obnoxious that to get rid of him—a union check man can't be fired although he goes on the pay roll—they organized a subsidiary company and offered him a job as manager. Smith resigned from the Union and took the position. When the company petered out, as it was bound to do, Smith got back into the Union by some means and became a check weighman again. In the course of time and to the intense dismay of the management, Smith had come to the Rosedale in that capacity and had been unquestionably a prime instrument in bringing about the strike.

One night a few returned men got off the train at Rosedale and walked down the track to the mine. Smith and his picket squad took after them with cries of "Scabs!" and other epithets. The returned men were mad as hornets when they reached their quarters.

"Look here, are we going to stand for this?" they demanded of the rest of the men. The answer was an emphatic, "Not on your life!"

In a few minutes Smith and his men saw a party of veterans emerge from the camp and, not being of the fighting breed themselves, they decided that it would be best to suspend the picket for the night. But they didn't get away, that is none but Smith. The latter being a good runner escaped up into the hills and spent the night in the brush. The rest were taken in hand and warned that if they did not leave the district, they would be thrown into the river on sight. They protested vigorously that they were through and got away just as soon as they could. Most of them kept their word. They were thoroughly

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frightened. There was no more picketing after that.

In the meantime a few veterans had obtained work in the mines right at Drumheller which are some miles from the Rosedale. One night they were hustled about by a crowd of foreign strikers and a telephone message was sent to Rosedale for help. It so happened that Mr. Moodie was away that night, so the boys got together and talked the situation over among themselves.

"They'll not bother us any more," said one man, "but they're holding up these other mines. Let's settle this thing once for all. These wops can't run this country to suit themselves."

There was a chorus of assent and the boys rapidly organized themselves for action. They gathered up clubs, pieces of pipe, in fact any kind of weapon that offered, and piled into rigs and automobiles. They were the most gleeful lot imaginable. A fight was right in their line, especially when they believed it to be in a mighty good cause.

Trained Men Clean Out Strikers

THERE were probably four hundred foreign strikers around the streets of Drumheller and some of them were armed. They were in an ugly mood. There had been loud talk of raids on the stores and residences of the place and of a seizure of the mines. But the situation changed as soon as the first load of veterans arrived.

"We've come to settle this little business," cried the returned men, as they piled out of the car. And they started right in. At first the foreigners showed a tendency to fight but, as more car loads of determined veterans arrived, they melted away. It was almost a bloodless victory.

Then the ex-soldiers made the rounds of the camp and routed out the leaders of the strike, all of whom were openly and aggressively I.W.W. Some of them were in bed. They were ordered to dress. Then they were taken out on the trail and turned loose.

"Start going and keep going!" they were instructed. "If any of you ever come back to this part of the country, we'll kill you. We mean business."

In the meantime, the veterans had rounded up groups of the strikers and were talking to them straight from the shoulder. They demanded the nationality of each man.

"I'm a Scotchman, me," quavered an old Austrian, his hands in the proper kamerad attitude." I work again, you let me."

Another man, the swift intake of his pipe denoting that he was mentally perturbed, acknowledged that he was English. "You're the worst of the lot because you ought to know better," they told him. "You better cut out this Bolsheviki stuff and go back to work or we'll know how to deal with you."

The raid continued well into the night. Some of the veterans remained in Drumheller until the morning but the biggest number returned to Rosedale to get some sleep.

"What have you fellows been up to?" demanded Mr. Moodie, when he arrived next morning.

"Well," they told him, "we decided the only way to get this revolutionary crowd settled was to take things into our own hands. We're going to see it through now."

"We'd have settled it last night for good and all if the other fellows hadn't held me back," said a six foot five youth of twenty-three years or so.

"Big Alex wanted to clean them up trench style," said one of the others. "Beating these bohunks wasn't half the job we had keeping him from mopping them up."

Next night the work was satisfactorily completed. The strikers reorganized and proceeded to hustle the few soldiers who were still in Drumheller out of town. Rosedale went over promptly in a body and again the superior numbers of the strikers failed to withstand the onslaught of the young Canadians. There were a few shots fired but no one was hurt and the foreigners submitted to being rounded up more or less peacefully. A large body of them were taken to a public hall and there several of the veterans addressed them on the folly of letting the professional agitators stir them up by wild dreams of labor seizing control of the country. It was most significant that at the finish, when all who were willing to go back to work were asked to stand up, only three remained sitting. Two of these were commercial travelers who had wandered in as spectators and the third was a cross-grained old Welshman.

The foreigners had been effectually awed into compliance. Next day, they actually returned to work. At time of writing, they are still working and the One Big Union leaders, who had been so unceremoniously ejected, had not returned to Drumheller.

Frank Moodie's Solution

BUT the most significant phase of the whole situation is this. The Rosedale mine is now manned almost exclusively by native Canadians, the bulk of whom are young men just back from the front. They are an intelligent lot and are for the most part boys who were employed in other kinds of work before they responded to the call of duty and went overseas. One was a lawyer, several were bankers, and a score or more were office hands. Their experience at the front, however, fitted them physically for the work of the mine and they all say that they like it. Also they like the high wages they are earning. The pay roll runs all the way from a minimum of $5.00 a day to $12.00 and $15.00. They are making more money than they ever did before and they intend to stick. What's more, their daily average of coal mined is only a fraction below the average of the more experienced foreigners who had been years on the job and knew every turn. The claim so often heard that a native-born Canadian could not do such work as well as a foreigner is dispelled by the Rosedale figures.

In what has occurred at Rosedale there is a deep significance. It demonstrates that, after all, the foreign born can be handled. Out of many years' experience in handling the bitter problems of foreign help, Frank Moodie expresses it as his opinion that the solution of the trouble can be summed up in two words—counter propaganda.

"We've got to supply them with leadership," he says. "The O. B. U. men got them into line by putting ideas into their heads. We've got to prevent this by making it our business to put the right kind of ideas into their heads. They can be taught anything—either good or evil. It's our duty to-day to begin teaching them the good things."

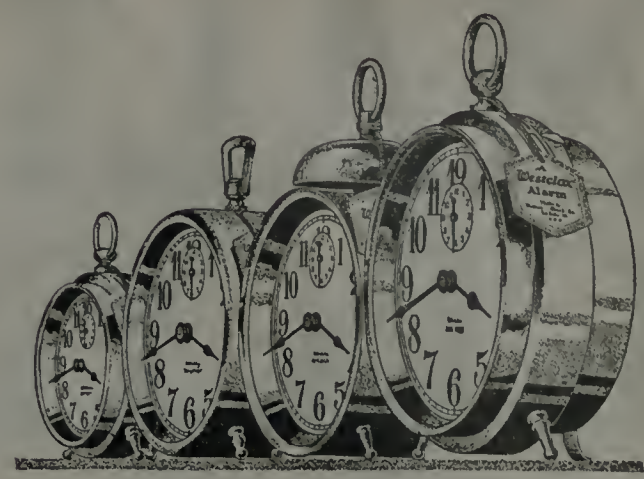
The Foreign Born Settler

THE problem of the foreigner on the land is a different one. For the most part the alien people who have homesteaded on the prairies are a substantial lot, fully capable of developing the country. They are good farmers—thrifty, industrious, ambitious. In time they will become good citizens although it may take a couple of generations. In the meantime, however, their presence is in many ways a serious inconvenience to the English-speaking settlers.

The writer rode from Saskatoon to Edmonton with a farmer who had taken up land in the Peace River country after doing well for a number of years in Central Saskatchewan. He was a raw-boned man of about forty-five with very decided opinions on almost every subject and a willingness to expound them. Naturally, in the course of the conversation he got around to what was apparently a sore subject with him, his reason for leaving Saskatchewan.

"I had a nice place down there, good rolling land with plenty of water," he said. "I never had a real failure the whole eight years I was there and most years I cleaned up nice. I'd built a comfortable house and the best barns for fifty miles any direction. My idea was to stay there right to the end of the piece; nothing would ever suit me better. But I had to move just the same."

"It was the neighbors," he went on. "The people around us were all Ruthenians, after my nearest neighbor left. He'd gone in about the time I did and he aimed to stick it out but it got too



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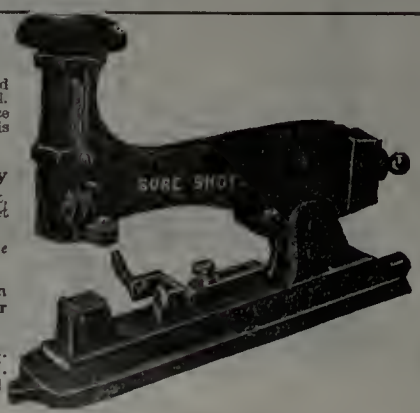

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much for him so he sold out—to a Ruthenian—for $19,000. Got it in cash too. After that we had no one to be sociable with at all. They were all right in their way. These Ruthenians never bothered me and they tried to be friendly too. But when I meet a neighbor I like to hear him say 'Good day' or 'How are ye,' not *Szczo bilshe* or *Yaka riznytzia.* My wife and I both have a liking for the social side of life—tea meetings and parties and such. But these people think a shine means eating for a whole day and dancing with shawls over their heads and wearing outlandish crazy quilt clothes. And then our children had to go to a school where all the others were Ruthenians and we didn't reckon that was good. So we sold out and left. I haven't a word to say against these Ruthenians except that they're not my kind of folks."

And then in an outburst almost of fury, he added:

"I was the first to break land up in the part where I am now. Who do you suppose came along next? A fellow from some European country I'd never heard of and I can't even get his name right!"

Time will bring the solution to this problem. The children of alien parents rapidly assimilate the new ideas, even where the old folks stick to their own customs and tongues. The grandchildren, especially if there is a certain amount of intermarrying—as there is bound to be—will be hard to tell from the native stock.

The Assimilation of the Alien

THERE is encouraging evidence of assimilation to be found on every hand. Premier Martin of Saskatchewan told the writer of a visit that he paid to a point in the north-western section of that province where the population was almost exclusively foreign. A picnic was held while he was there and there were fully seven hundred children present. He did not hear a single child of all that large number speak anything but English. Most of the men, who stood around in groups and discussed the crops, as men always do on such occasions, talked English also. Some of the women still wore the gala dress of their home lands.

Most significant are the statistics with reference to the education of the Mennonites in the province of Saskatchewan. The Mennonites do not believe in education other than their own particular brand and they invariably vote down bylaws for the building of public schools. The Government of Saskatchewan, determined to overcome this opposition, created the necessary machinery a few years ago, to build schools in districts where the bylaws had been defeated and to charge the cost against the taxpayers willy nilly. There was one district, a very stronghold of the Mennonite faith, where the school bylaw was turned down hard. The Government proceeded to build a proper school there and a teacher was installed, all at the expense of the land owners of the district. On the first day the school was opened, there were four pupils in attendance out of a possible forty-five. Later the number was increased to six. This occurred, however, in a section where the old faith was still closely adhered to.

In another section a school was built after the bylaw had been rejected and out of a possible forty the attendance the first day ran twenty-five. This district was almost exclusively Mennonite but it had been showing signs of a gradual break from the rigid tenets of the faith, in other words of assimilation. There is proof in these figures that even the most difficult of the aliens can be brought around.

Whole volumes could be written on the progress that is being made toward the assimilation of the alien. The writer visited a town where a grain growers' conference was in progress—a town of one hundred and twenty souls, two elevators, two stores and one hotel—and saw thirty-four automobiles parked along the main, in fact the only, street of the town. Pretty nearly every popular make of car was represented there. Thirty-one of them belonged to Ruthenians who had driven in for the

meeting. They were, for the most part, pretty good-looking business men too, talking English and smoking cigars of an expensive variety.

Such instances could be told by the score. The lesson to be drawn is that the alien on the land can be assimilated, that time only is needed to effect this much-to-be-desired consummation. But, sure as he is of this, the average Westerner devoutly feels that he wants to accomplish the Canadianization of those he now has on his hands before he lets the bars down for more.

At the recent industrial congress in Calgary it was shown that there were still 225,000,000 acres of good land available for settlers in the prairie provinces. But when one of the speakers asserted with the fervor of deep conviction that the West desired none but English-speaking settlers in future, there was a loud chorus of whole-hearted acclaim.

The Airy Prince

Continued from page 30

noticed the rapid approach of morning's light, and, turning to the west, he set his course by the compass and made for the lonely mill-house of Picardy.

VI

FROM a meadow at the top of a hill a girl watched the horizon of the east as the first glow of daylight heralded the arrival of Aurora's chariot. The hurried walk from the mill-house and the climbing of the hill had set her pulses throbing with vitality, and as she watched the dull gray give way with the promise of dawn, a wild, unthinking spirit of exaltation seized her. Like the Pippa of Browning's song, she felt her spirit rise with the triumph of nature.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

But he had not come—her Prince with the solemn face and the laughing eyes. Day after day, through the long winter, she had lived for this hour, thrilling over it, picturing it, dreaming of it—both awake and asleep.... And he had not come.

Supposing—supposing——

Her heart leaped painfully. She had heard a sound, like the humming of an insect—faint—then more clear. The hum became a drone, and in sheer intoxication she reached her hands towards the east as the sun, well above the horizon, illumined the sky with gold-red flames. Blinded by its brilliancy, she turned away; but her ear heard the cessation of the engine as the pilot brought his machine towards the earth. She knew that he must be approaching her; yet she kept her face averted, on some caprice of sixteen years, until she heard his voice calling, a few yards off.

He bowed very low as, with lowered eyes, she gave him her hand; then, indicating a coat on his arm, he leant towards her, with some effort making his voice heard above the impatient throbbing of the aeroplane's engine.

"Take off your hat," he cried, noticing with quick approval the pretty costume she wore (for however poor she may be, no French girl is without one becoming frock), "and slip your curls into this helmet. It's the largest I could find."

She did as she was bidden, laughing delightedly.

"Now then, youngster, climb into this."

HE wrapped her in a fur-lined leather coat, and after buttoning it securely lingered for a moment over the amusing and dainty picture she presented. Then, picking her up in his arms, he carried her over to the machine and deposited her in the observer's seat, fastening the belt. He was just about to climb into his place in front, when, changing his mind, he leaned over to her and placed both hands on her shoulders.

"Frightened?" he smiled, speaking so close to her ear that a truant curl brushed against his cheek.

She shook her head decisively—for a considerable period she had been beyond the power of speech.

He looked into her eyes, which seemed to have borrowed something of the sunlight, and patted her reassuringly on the shoulder.... And Mademoiselle Pippa, niece of the absent miller, would have gone straight to the moon with him had it been his wish and in his power.

She watched him wonderingly as he lifted a heavy sand-bag, used as ballast, and dropped it on the ground. The next moment he was in the pilot's seat, there was the crescendo of the engine, a waddling sensation as the aeroplane went forward, the sudden development of the crescendo, the burst of speed, and

The earth was receding!

She caught her breath, and hid her face in her hands to stifle a cry and keep the sight from her eyes. She had been afraid that she would faint with dizziness, and for a full minute sat, terror-stricken, until, gaining courage, she tremblingly parted two fingers and cast a timorous glance below. A cry escaped from her—but it was not one of fear.

Beneath her, though she was not conscious of height, the countryside spread, a great masterpiece of color, the light brown of ploughed fields standing out vividly against the green of meadows where sheep (she laughed out at the thought) were huddled in little groups like peanuts; roads had become paths, and cottages were dwarfed to miniature dwellings for the tiniest dolls.

But—she felt no height.

Only, the landscape, refreshed after its long winter repose, kept closing in—closing in, displaying new beauties every minute, as though she were in real truth a Fairy Princess summoning villages and rivers and farms into one vast tapestry of nature.

And this was France! As far as the eye could see, it was France, the mother of greatness. For the first time she pictured the wide, charred plains where the Hun had been, and scalding tears hid everything from her sight.

Several times her cavalier of the clouds had turned around to see that she was not frightened, and, as often as he did so, she nodded excitedly, and waved both hands after the manner of an orchestral conductor calling for a fortissimo. Once he shut off the engines, and they seemed to lie in the wind, a becalmed ship of the air.

"All right?" he queried inelegantly.

She tried to think of some word to summarize her emotions, but, failing utterly, raised her goggles and thanked him with her eyes. A woman's methods are not affected by altitude.

IT seemed to her that they had flown for an hour, when, in her tapestry of landscape, she found the gradual inclusion of the steeples and the roof-tops of a city, the streets of which gave the impression of having been drawn with a brown crayon with the aid of a ruler. The aeroplane appeared to be turning with the wind, and she grasped the side of the fuselage, when the whole scene was obliterated by a sea of billowy foam that left her cheek wet. She laughed with delight, and reached out with her hands, as though she would grasp the foam and compress it like snow in her fingers. She sang and clapped her hands in sheer joyousness. She

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was alone with the Prince in a world of dreams. The billows of foam grew less dense, became a mist through which light gleamed, and they emerged once more. Beneath them lay the Channel, shimmering in the April sun. The magic wand drew the Straits to her gaze as it had done the fields of France. . . . Suddenly there was no throbbing of the engine, and they seemed to float, motionless, in space.

He turned around and pointed to a border of white that lay against the blue of the water.

"*Enfin!*" he cried. "England!"

VII

THERE was a knock at the door of "The Plough and Crown," which, in spite of its similarity to the title of a treatise, is the name of an exceedingly cosy little inn less than twenty miles from the outskirts of London. The landlady answered in person, presenting just the stout, apple-cheeked, buxom appearance that any one would expect from the owner of so cheery a hostelry.

"Good-morning to you, sir—and to you, miss," said the estimable woman, as the unlocked door revealed an airman of solemn mien, and a blushing young lady whose hair had been blown into utter and captivating disorder.

A very small dog appeared, irritably, from some subterranean passage, and, taking in the sight of strangers, proceeded to bark with such energy that, with each effort, he was shunted several inches to the rear, like a gun recoiling after discharge, until from very ill-temper he barked himself completely off the scene and out of this history.

"Good-morning, madam," said the aviator. "This young lady and myself would like to have breakfast at your house."

The girl glanced furtively at him. It was the first time she had heard him speak in English.

"Bless your baby faces!" cried the good woman. "Come in out of the chilly morning, though what you be doing at this hour is beyond the likes o' me to fathomate" (a word which performed its function by being thoroughly understood).

She led them into the coffee-room, where he removed his coat and helmet, and threw them, together with the girl's flying costume, over a chair. A sleepy-eyed and slovenly young woman-of-all-work appeared on the scene and proceeded to build a wood fire in the grate, while the landlady, after the manner of her kind, bustled about, shifting chairs, colliding with the fire-making girl, removing glasses from the bar to the table, from the table to the shelf, and back to the bar again, all the while talking incessantly, or making comfortable noises when words failed her (which was very seldom), and, in short, giving that feeling of hospitable activity handed down from the good old days when passengers used to arrive by coach at "The Plough and Crown."

"Madam," said the flying-man, seizing a moment when a more than usually severe jolt against her assistant had deprived the good woman of breath, "I must telephone the aerodrome at Hounslow to send for my machine, so I shall stroll to the post-office down the road. In the meantime—this young lady speaks no English"——

"Bless her heart! What heathen country"——

"—— speaks no English," he persisted, "and has traveled a long distance in the air"——

"Well, I've often said that"——

"In the air," he repeated, stifling her philosophy in its birth, "and I shall be grateful if you will give her any attentions that your kind heart may suggest. She is cold, and I suppose she wants to make herself look pretty."

"Leave her to me, the sweet innocent. If she were my own daughter, me not having any, but"——

"When I return, may we have breakfast?"

"A simple breakfast 'twill have to be," said the hostess, emitting the words with a forcefulness reminiscent of a geyser that has been supporting on its chest a mountain which has obligingly shifted its position. "Things is awful

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bad, and the Government don't trust no one these days. But I'll see what I can get for you two children, for you're an officer gentleman, and my own good man's in the army—London Scottish he is, though he aint any more Scottish than the Pope of Rome; but he always had a fine figure, had my man—Jacob Wilson is his name, for thirty year owner of 'The Plough and Crown,' which always is welcome to them as wants a pint o' bitter or a bed for the night, and always will be as long as Jacob Wilson or me is to be found in the taproom when opening-time arrives."

AFTER this announcement of the past and future policy of "The Plough and Crown," the worthy woman seized a chair that was innocently gazing out of the window, and placed it directly opposite a highly colored picture of a young lady in pink, talking to a blue young gentleman, while a yellow horse, in proportion a little larger than the horse of Troy, looked soulfully at them over a hedge.

Having done this, she rested her hands on her hips and sighed like a woman who knows she is overworked but is resigned to her fate.

"Excuse me," said the airman politely, then turned to his companion, who had been staring in wide-eyed bewilderment at the activities of Mrs. Jacob Wilson. . . . Frowning heavily at his young passenger, he inserted his pipe into his mouth, and left the inn without another word, sauntering along the roadway, where hedges and meadow-larks and cosy thatched cottages were combining in the merriest of madrigals on the beauty of Old England.

Upstairs, in "The Plough and Crown," Pippa's toilet was being superintended by the estimable proprietress, whose hospitality, surmounting the difficulty of language, poured out in a stream of garrulity.

She described to her little guest how Mr. Jacob Wilson first appeared in kilts, causing her (Mrs. Jacob Wilson) to throw her apron over her face and bid her lord and master go upstairs and clothe himself in propriety. She further confessed that he was a poor correspondent (though a man of deep intellect, for he was given to long spasms of silence); but every time he wrote from the trenches, which was once a month (though one month he had written twice, but in September—or was it October?—he had not written at all)—at any rate he always said that he had a cold in his head and would she send his medicine, which he had used for eight-and-twenty years, and which had never failed to cure him.

After this testimony to Mr. Jacob Wilson's recuperative powers, despite his susceptibility to colds, his wife became confidential, and told the girl of the adoration showered on her during her honeymoon by the aforesaid absent gentleman, together with other and romantic details which, being told in the strictest confidence, naturally have no place in these pages.

AND the little girl from the Picardy mill-house listened. She may have understood that somewhere in the landlady's bountiful breast a noble heart was beating; that behind her cheerfulness lay the shadow of the trenches; and that any moment "The Plough and Crown" might be robbed of the good man who had marched away with the London Scottish.

She may have understood less than that—or more. Who knows?

Half-an-hour later the Airy Prince returned, and they sat down together to a breakfast served to the tune of chortling fowls and the neighing of a near-by horse, while the fire chuckled and crackled in enjoyment of some joke of its own.

"Well, Pippa," said the Black Cat, seizing a moment when Mrs. Jacob Wilson had absented herself from the room, "and what do you think of the English?"

The girl of the mill-house pictured the only two she had met.

"I think," she said timidly, "that you are—how say you it?—great talkers, yes?"

"Bless my soul," said he, cutting a loaf of bread with the melancholy of an executioner beheading an esteemed relative, "aren't we?"

VIII

THE train for London came round the bend and drew up, panting, beside the platform. The airman and his little companion glanced into four compartments which were completely filled, and, hearing the admonition of the guard, were forced to enter a first-class carriage containing five occupants, who glared at the intruders with that triumph of rudeness found only on an English railroad.

"Sorry," murmured the airman, and added something unintelligible about the train being full. A fierce-looking gentleman looked up from the *Morning Post* and lowered the window to its fullest extent. An anæmic woman opposite sneezed and fixed a devastating stare on the fierce gentleman. A very young officer of the Guards felt his lip, and stroked that portion of it which was pregnant with promise of moustache, while his mind wandered into the future. Would he cut Lady Dazzrymple's beastly dance, and content himself with only three that evening? Or, dash it all, should he go the whole works? What a bore! . . . A young woman with a face of deep intensity read the *New Statesman*, every now and then looking up from its pages (as a horse, drinking at a trough, will raise its head between draughts), apparently defying any one to challenge her on anything.

With his hands lazily in his coat-pockets, an Australian captain leant back in his corner and took in the freshness and winsomeness of the French girl, with an admiring frankness that inspired sudden doubt in the airman's mind whether it was really desirable to maintain a huge empire.

For ten minutes, in a funeral silence, the train hurried towards the Metropolis, while the temperature of the compartment, both actually and temperamentally, dropped to freezing-point. Once, as an unusually pretty meadow met her eye (and where are there such meadows as one sees in England?), Pippa emitted an exclamation of delight and clapped her hands.

A look of horror from the fierce gentleman caromed off the *Morning Post* to the face of the offender. The anæmic woman stopped blowing her nose, and concentrated all her energies on a disdainful sniff. The very young guardsman brought his eyes out of the future, and stared right through the girl—rotten form, what? The intense young woman frowned and made a mental note that she would write an article on "The Girl of To-day"—or, perhaps, a letter to the *New Statesman* would be more effective. . . . One never knew, these degenerate times, if an author was writing from conviction or merely writing for a living.

The Australian smiled generously, and burrowed his hands deeper into his capacious pockets.

VERY timidly the erring daughter of France shifted closer to her protector, and her hand reached appealingly for his, which caused all eyes but the Australian's to disappear like the legs of a troupe of Japanese acrobats from a cross-bar.

"Your Majesty"——she said.

"Hush, Pippa; you must call me just 'Monsieur.'"

"But why?"

"Well—you see a Prince is very important, and"——

"Then that is why these people are so solemn? They know you are a Prince, yes?"

The airman tapped the bridge of his nose meditatively. "N-not exactly," he said.

"But they are so sad."

"They are," he agreed; "but my countrymen sink to their greatest melancholy when they travel."

"But why, monsieur?"

"That," he said, "I cannot tell you. Perhaps travelling on a train reminds them of the brief journey of life itself. At any rate, all really well-bred people who travel resent others doing the same thing."

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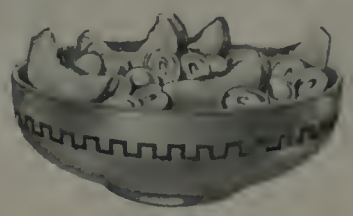

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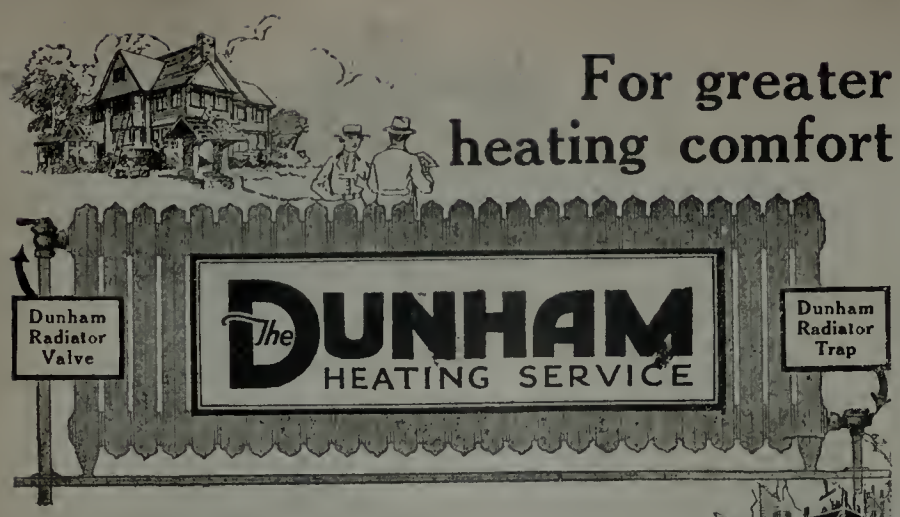

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"What are well-bred people?"

He gazed at an advertisement for pyjamas.

"Well-bred people," he said sententiously, "are those who base their superiority on such intangible things that they leave nothing on which one can contest it. Do you understand me?"

"No," said Pippa, frankly; "but I like your voice."

"Thank you, little one. It was one of the first things I learned at Harrow—to say something well rather than something worth hearing."

"I wonder if Louis had his breakfast," said she, at a tangent.

"I think so," he said, with a man's vagueness towards domestic economy; "but to finish my definition of well-bred people"——

"Louis will be angry at my leaving him," she said musingly.

"Pippa, you must listen to me," he said gravely.

"But may I not talk as well?"

"Really charming women only listen."

"*Tiens!* What a droll country. Do these people understand what we say?"

"I don't think so, youngster. Most Britishers look on foreign languages as immoral."

THE fierce gentleman, who had been growing bluer with cold every minute, suddenly endeavored to suppress a sneeze by smothering his face in a large handkerchief, with the result that he produced a combustive cohesion of sounds, which caused a gurgle of delight from the miller's niece. Violently blowing his nose, the irate one resumed his newspaper, first turning his coat-collar about his ears as the bracing April air blew full against him, and looking as genuinely bad-tempered as his somewhat immobile features would permit.

"But he is amusing, is he not?" cried the little French girl, then shrank back as the New Statesmanist fixed her with a look of ineffable and disapproving intellectuality. "Monsieur, why it is she looks at me so?"

The aviator transferred his scrutiny from pyjamas to a picture of Canterbury Cathedral.

"She is the New Woman," he said; "and all New Women resent the Old."

"I am old?—but no!"

He lowered his eyes from the cathedral to her happy, flushed face.

"Pippa," he said, "you are as old as Cleopatra."

"Cleo-patra. How many years has she?"

"Oh, about two thousand."

She pretended to be offended, and ended by looking such a thoroughly engaging little figure, with her dark hair and innocently intriguing eyes, that the airman resumed his study of architecture from sheer self-defence, and the Australian contemplated the odds against his knocking the student of cathedrals on the head, and, *á la* caveman of old, eloping forcibly with the damsel.

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Chimney-pots! Standing like regiments in stiff and orderly array, awaiting for a review that never took place.

Chimney-pots! Short ones, stout ones, crumbling ones; gray, blue, and indigo ones; pots of no color at all, and just as little character.

Chimney-pots! Racing by, mile after mile; industrious fellows, some of them, puffing out black smoke as though the mist over London were their private and personal concern.

Chimney-pots!

"Waterloo!" yelled a dozen voices, and the bewildered Pippa heard a stamping of feet, a rattling of trucks, the din of two porters in a semi-religious discussion concerning the right of way, the din being aided and abetted by a young gentleman possessed of a voice which had recently broken, who howled, alternately in a deep bass and a shrill treble (giving the general effect of a Swiss yodler running amok) that, in exchange for coin of the realm, he was willing to barter light refreshment—very light refreshment indeed—in the shape of small biscuits or popular magazines. A slim girl porter, far too weak for her task, dragged a trunk from the van for a vigorous indispensable, who stood by with sixpence in his hand. A sailor

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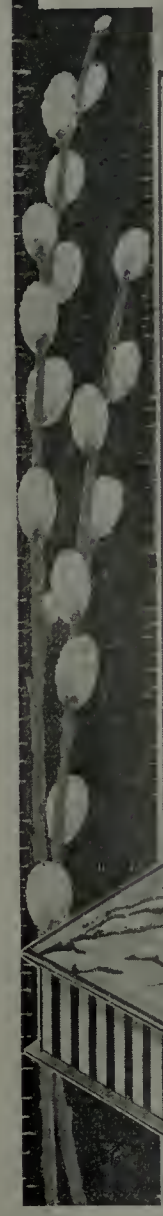

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kissed a rosy-cheeked woman with moist heartiness. . . . A taxi-driver, outside the station, took a sudden and violent dislike to a horse-cabby, casting loud aspersions on the latter's respectability, and hinting at a doubtful pedigree; to which the other replied simultaneously, his remarks being quite unintelligible, but apparently giving himself the greatest personal satisfaction. Down the road a street-piano burst forth into "The Lost Chord."

"Pippa," said the airman, opening the door, "we have arrived. The Prince with the Golden Key welcomes you to London."

"*Mon Dieu*," said that young person, "what a noise!"

IX

IT was nearing the middle of the afternoon when the airman succeeded, after some difficulty, in piloting his little companion across Piccadilly Circus to Regent Street. It is something to be noticed in that most cosmopolitan of districts, but more than one turned to watch the solemn officer of the formidable stride and the French girl, whose wealth of hair and length of dress (barely revealing her ankles) made her seem a vignette from some past century novel.

It had been, for her, a day of wonders. From her lonely little world, peopled with make-believe inhabitants, she had been transported through the air to the centre of reality. London, the "Baghdad of the West," huge, monotonous, garish, beautiful—what term is there in language that could not be applied to that great gathering of human souls? —London sprawled before her gaze in a yellow sunlight which played such tricks with its tired buildings that age-old stone looked bright and cheerful, and the very dust seemed like the coating of frost when a thaw succeeds a freezing night.

Before her eyes the pageant of passions passed in endless array. Poverty and hypocrisy rubbed shoulders with ostentation, greed, and lust. Streets, crowded with a suffocating similarity of stodgy dwelling-places, gave way to parks, fragrant with the atmosphere of romance. Vice stalked unashamed through the thronged streets, and dull, tired faces, leaving monotony in their trail, passed their next of kin without a glance, those to whom discouragement had come as some incurable disease. Sinister, sensuous eyes looked into hers, and children pure in mind as snowflakes laughed as they walked beside their nurses.

For the sun was in the heavens . . . . and the same warmth that brings the beauty of a narcissus into being gives life to the noisome, crawling things that feed on decay.

LONDON'S costume drama was at its height; uniformed men and girls paraded in their thousands. There were loose-limbed Colonials, slouchily-smart British Tommies, amazingly serious Americans—bus-girls, land-girls, girls on motor-cycles, and girls driving ambulances—graceful French officers, swarthy Italians, impassive Japanese, and ruddy-faced British sailors seeking a day's diversion from the sentry-go of the sea.

From the great, throbbing city a babel of voices rose, like the sound from a gigantic mart; hurrying, restless vehicles worried their way through the maze of traffic; Youth with its carelessness of years elbowed Age, waiting with weakening tread the call of the Reaper to whom all men's lives are but sands that run their brief course. Over the whole city brooded the Past.

Take all the comedies of the centuries; gather the tragedies of history; piece them together with all the fancies of a madman's brain—and what could they offer in the play of human emotions that would compare with one hour of London's life?

They had gone a little way down Regent Street when an exclamation of delight escaped from the girl.

"*Tiens!*" She caught the airman by the arm. "Papa Joffre!"

A one-legged man with outstretched cap was seated on the pavement, and beside him were five colored drawings vaguely suggesting men of the times.

"But he is wonderful," cried the girl. "See—it is Papa Joffre himself. Monsieur, you will give him a little present?"

The airman presented the art-exhibitor with half-a-crown, receiving a gin-and-watery blessing in return, as they strolled on their way.

"She's the fust one," muttered the cripple, preparing to close business for the day, "as 'as recognized that there dial of Juff's this last four month. It were a rotten drawing and no mistake. Blime, I'll give that cove this 'arf-crown to draw me a picter of this 'ere General Fush as what is getting hisself talked abaht."

He saw a shadow on the pavement and held out his cap. A Jewish rabbi, with sallow brow and spiritual face, passed without a glance, his flowing robes oddly reminiscent of the Levite in that Past to which the age of London is mere immaturity.

The wanderers turned into Pall Mall, and, traversing it, reached the Strand, where the meeting of human currents forms a whirlpool. Threading their way with difficulty, he felt the restraining hand on his arm, as he had done two hundred times that day. The girl had stopped opposite a hollow-eyed old woman offering violets, from her seat on a box, to the thousands who cared as little for her flowers as for her.

Once more he produced the inevitable coin and again received a blessing, as trembling, unlovely fingers clutched it. He was about to turn away, when something almost attractive in the wrinkled face held his attention. The woman had looked searchingly at the girl, then into his eyes, and, touched by sudden sympathy, there was a faded echo of comeliness in her features that came and went, like a glow caused by a breath of air on ashes that seemed dead.

"What is it, mother?" he asked, holding the girl's arm. "Business bad?"

"Yes—yes," answered the woman in a low, weak voice; "but it's her I'm thinking of. Take care of her, laddie, won't you?"

The girl unable to understand them, leaned over and smiled into the wrinkled face. With a little air of embarrassment Pippa picked half-a-dozen violets from her cluster, holding them out to the woman, who took them with strangely twitching features, just as an encircling current of the Strand caught them in its grip and carried them away.

ALTHOUGH they had rested at noon in a quiet hostelry in Oxford Street, near that part of the park where the delightful statue of Peter Pan pleads for belief in fairies, it was obvious that the strain of countless impressions was beginning to bring fatigue to his charge. Accordingly the airman paused in the doorway of a theatre and drew her away from the traffic turmoil.

"It is three-thirty," he said, "and there is a performance inside."

Her eyes, which still held their tenderness for the woman of the flowers, sparkled happily.

"That is delightful, monsieur. Is it a play as I read in my books?"

"Alas, Pippa, there are no more plays —only revues!"

"But there is music?"

"There is an orchestra."

"It will be droll, monsieur?"

"I doubt it, little one; but we shall see."

Purchasing tickets from a lordly being in a cage, they entered the theatre, where a huge audience was rocking with laughter at the three hundred and sixteenth performance of "Oh Aunt!" They took their seats, just in time to hear the best of a scene between two comedians who, lest the subtlety of their wit be lost, were talking at the top of their lung-power, pulling chairs from underneath one another, colliding frequently, and every now and then, to emphasize some point, kicking each other.

Several minutes passed, and wonderingly the French girl gazed at the pair, while the melancholy of her escort's face reached an intensity that threatened tears.

"Monsieur."

He inclined his face towards hers.

"Monsieur—they are?"—— She did

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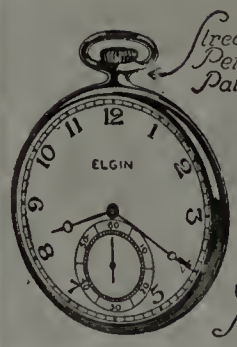

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not complete the sentence, but her shoulders conveyed her meaning.

He smiled sadly. "They are," he said.

She sighed sympathetically. "Poor gentlemen!" she murmured.

AFTER that the comedians sang a duet, the words of which dealt with marital infidelity, that screamingly funny subject on which the stage of to-day builds its humorous efforts. Once the verse ended with an innuendo so crude that a gathering of navvies might have resented it.

There was a laugh and a gasp from the audience—then wild applause; the song could not go on for the riot of appreciation. One of the comedians (who had sung it only three hundred and fifteen times) tried to commence the next verse, but was suddenly overcome with laughter himself. The guffaws became a barrage—then, as the other singer turned abruptly about, his shoulders heaving convulsively, the din grew to drum-fire and was deafening. How richly humorous! It was really too much! People held their sides and gasped for breath.—"Have you seen "Oh Aunt!"? My dear, it is *too* killing for words."

Up in the gallery one man sat with an unsmiling face. He was a wounded Tommy who had been blown from a ditch to the top of a barn, and from the barn to another ditch. He had had his fill of slapstick comedy.

When the song was over there were shrieks of forced, girlish laughter, and nearly forty young women in various stages of deshabille rushed on the stage, exhibiting to a critical audience the charms and the defects of their forty individual forms. The producer had been both daring and sparing. He was a second-rate burlesque manager in New York, but London, the great haven for American mediocrity, recognized his genius and gave him a chance. He knew the value of a chorus and how to get the best out of them—oh, he knew!

"Monsieur."

The officer turned slowly and looked at the girl beside him. Her face was flushed and her eyes stared at the ground.

"Yes, little one?"

"Please take me away."

Without questioning her further, he reached for his cap, and amid the wondering glances of the people around, they left the theatre. He paused in the foyer and put on his gloves.

"I am sorry, Pippa," he said gravely.

Her hand stole soothingly into his arm, both of them, unknown to each other, experienced a feeling that he was the younger of the two. After all, every woman is a potential mother, and men are only boys grown serious, and she comforted him with the touch of her hand, and—perhaps it was the natural contraction in putting on the glove—his arm pressed hers tight to his side.

And though he was a man, he understood. It is not precept or preaching that teaches it. Modesty in a girl is instinctive; and the little lady from the mill-house had known no other teacher than instinct.

Outside the theatre an attendant was changing the performance number of "Oh Aunt!" from 316 to 317.

X

TWENTY minutes later, in the large tea-rooms of a fashionable hotel just off the Strand, there was a murmur of interest as a flying-officer, quizzically dejected of countenance, entered with a young lady, who glanced shyly about, and whose fingers held his, timidly but confidingly.

He secured a table and ordered tea from a pleasant waitress. This accomplished, he said something to his companion, who was sitting bolt upright, keeping a steady gaze on her hands crossed on her lap. Smiling a little, she slowly raised her face and looked into his. A young Canadian subaltern, seated at a table with a woman whose over-powdered, meaningless beauty was only too eloquent, stopped in some remark he was making. Something in the French girl's face had sent his mind, smitten with loneliness, speeding across the Atlantic to a home

whence a mother and a sister had sent the finest thing they had across the seas.

Near them, two girls, fresh of face, tittered and posed, challenging the eyes of every man who entered, with a brazen immodesty strangely at variance with their appearance of decent breeding. At a further table a young woman, with a beauty that was marred by too hard a mouth, sat with her mother and listened to that woman's urging that she should marry a wealthy Jew who had asked for her hand. Was it not her duty to herself and to her mother? Besides, even if that young fellow did come back uncrippled from the trenches, which was unlikely, he would have to begin all over again. Alone, a good-looking artist, discharged from the army with wounds, sat with an insouciant, mocking eye, searching for types and adventure. round him women of all ages, some of them with men, smoked, while their chatter mixed discordantly with the orchestra playing some negroid ragtime piece, and with the sound of rattling tea-cups.

"Your Majesty," said the miller's niece, relapsing into her former style of address, "there is so much I cannot understand."

"Such as what, youngster?"

"These ladies here.—Some are so pretty and so nice.—Others are pretty and. . . ." Again she shrugged her shoulders as only a French woman can. "I am so young, it is true—but see that lady there."

"With the young Canadian, yes?"

"Somehow, monsieur, she frightens me. I did not know that women ever looked that way—like Louis when he catches a mouse."

"The simile is very apt, Pippa."

"But then"—her brows puckered with a first endeavor to harness language to her psychology— "you can see that nice girl there, so fair and pink."

"I prefer them dark," said he seriously; "but what of her?"

THE expounder of philosophy breathed deeply, but stuck to her task.

"I think," she said, "that the fair girl is nice, but this one is . . ." (shrug) . . . . "Then why, monsieur, does the nice one try to look just like the other? —*Regardez-moi ça*—see her now."

He poured out the tea which had just arrived.

"Shall I tell you a story?" he asked.

She sighed happily. "Tell me a true story," she said with that insistence of the young on making all things believable. He sipped his tea and frowned meditatively.

"Not long ago, my dear, there lived a stupid king."

"Your father?"

"In any one but you, Pippa, that would be pert. No, he was not my father."

"I wonder if Louis"—— she began, but he checked her with a portentous frown.

"Once," he began again, "there lived a stupid king named Convention."

"What a silly name!"

"Pippa!" he admonished her with a warning finger. She tried to look serious, but ended by laughing mischievously.

"There was a stupid king with a silly name?" she said encouragingly.

"This king," he said, "was very wise in some things and often kind, but his courtiers were a poor lot—Hypocrisy, Snobbery, Good and Bad Form, and a lot of others. Now the king used to favor the men among his subjects."

"You mean, he liked men?"

"Yes."

"So do I," she said in an outburst of frankness. "They are so droll."

He poured some fresh tea into the cups.

"This King Convention," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "said that men could do a lot of things that women could not, which made the women very angry. Now the king had a jester named Shaw."

"What is a jester?"

"A man who makes jokes that people may laugh."

"Why do they laugh at jokes?"

"Well, in England—especially on the stage—it is from the pleasure of meeting old friends. As a race, we are rather sentimental about our jests, and don't take kindly to new ones."

She sipped some tea, holding the cup in both hands, but with considerable daintiness.

"Tell me an English joke," she said.

He stroked his faded little moustache.

"The House of Lords," he ventured, after some thought.

"*Hé!* Is that funny?"

"Very."

"I do not laugh. Tell me another."

He broke a corner off a piece of toast.

"One of the richest bits of humor in England," he said, "is the idea that children born into wealthy or titled families are superior clay to their fellows."

Pippa thought tremendously.

"I think, monsieur, I know why you look so sad. It is because of what you have to laugh at in your country. . . . But please go on and tell me what happened to—how say you it?—the jester."

"Ah yes. Well, G. B. Shaw"——

"What is this—G. B.?"

"Those are his names—Gor' Blime Shaw."

Pippa sighed. It was very difficult to become interested in people of such strange nomenclature.

"What did he, then, this Gor Shaw?" she asked, feeling that the story must end some time.

"Well, as a matter of fact, he was rather a poor jester, because his only joke was to stand on his head. At first everyone laughed, but after a while they thought that it was his natural position and paid no attention to him. It was really pretty hard on the poor chap, because he was too old to learn any new tricks, and he used to become dizzy from being upside down so much. Finally he grew furious at the king for not laughing, and urged all the women who did not like Convention to murder him. When the war came along, they saw their chance. The men went away, and the real women of England were too busy helping them to bother about anything else. You see, Pippa, in our country we have the noisy, chattering, selfish women who do good by limelight and find their reward in the illustrated journals. But there are also those, the unrecognized and unthanked ones, who share others' griefs but suffer alone. It is the unseen, unheard women of Britain who are really wonderful."

THE girl said nothing, but her face, so suggestive of color in its elusive change of expression, softened to a tender mood that left her eyes very dark and sombre, and her lips curved slightly into a smile that was full of sympathy.

The young Canadian subaltern looked directly at her and compressed his lower lip with his teeth.

"What's the matter, dearie?" croaked the woman beside him; but he returned no answer.

The two tittering girls stopped their staccato giggling for a moment, then resumed with a steadfastness of purpose that somewhat robbed the effect of spontaneity. The young woman with the over-firm mouth took in the tableau of the airman and his little charge, and turned to her mother with some sarcastic comment that was strangely belied by the look of hunger in her eyes. The artist, still with his air of graceful insouciance, sat with half-closed eyelids and visualized Pippa as a subject for canvas. "What a Psyché she would make!" he muttered. The orchestra was just going to play, when the leader, who had been idly gazing at the throng of guests, made a gesture of dissent.

"We shall not do 'Oh that Opium Rag,'" he said. "You see that girl there, with the dark curls and the sweet little face? For her let us play Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.'"

Quite unaware of their interested audience, the flying-man and his companion continued their excursion into the realm of fables, while untouched toast and half-emptied cups stood by in neglected array.

"That is practically all the story," he said. "When the war came on, they murdered poor old Convention."

"Oh!"

"Slaughtered him," he said gloomily,

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though all his bad courtiers escaped. For a long time it was feared that the King's son, Courtesy, and his niece, Charm (who were very much in love with each other), had also been done to death, but there are rumors that they have been seen in remote parts of England. So, Pippa, that is why these young women look and act alike. They are the murderers of Convention."

But she was not listening to him. She was silently enjoying, for the first time, the fragrance of Mendelssohn's Melody of Spring, which found immediate response in her nature, so attuned to the delicate things of life.

"Tell me," she whispered, vastly puzzled, "why do they talk so loud when there is music?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "It is said that music soothes the savage breast—it certainly loosens the civilized tongue."

The charming setting to the happiness of Springtime, written by a composer who really never grew up, came to an end, and in sheer delight the French girl clapped her hands twice. The leader acknowledged the compliment by bowing. She did not know that it was for her alone he had chosen it.

The airman examined his watch. "Little one," he said, "I am afraid our day is nearly over. In half-an-hour we must catch a train back to 'The Plough and Crown,' where we shall have dinner and a little rest. At eight o'clock, two friends of mine from the aerodrome here will bring the machine—you understand that taking young ladies from France to England has not yet been officially authorized by the Air Ministry. As soon as the stars are out we shall start for home."

They rose to go.

SHE smiled shyly at the orchestra and once more the leader bowed. With the daintiest of gestures she raised her hand and waved to him; then, feeling for her protector's arm, she started for the door, her eyes timidly glancing about her from beneath sheltering, downcast eyelashes. Without the least embarrassment, the tanned airman with the strangely light moustache and eyebrows walked beside her, experiencing an indefinite sense of possession that proved most agreeable.

The young woman with the over-firm mouth drew back as they passed her table, but her eyes clung to the French girl's face as though its winsomeness and purity held the answer to her troubles. Swift as imagination itself, her mind leaped to France, picturing a young fellow who, if he did come back unmaimed, would have to begin all over again.

"Mother," she said, with hot resentment in her voice, "I am entitled to my own life. I have seen too many tragedies in material marriages to dread one of love."

"You are a fool," said the other; and because she was the stronger of the two, she prevailed.

The woman who looked as Louis did when he caught a mouse turned on the Canadian boy, who had followed Pippa with a far-away, dreamy stare.

"What's the matter, dearie?" she queried, with the tedious endearment of her class.

He brought himself from the reverie that had strangely blended the French girl's face with the faces of two other women across the sea—then he looked into his companion's with its leering comeliness. With a quick, decisive movement he rose to his feet and, feeling for his pocket-book, placed a pound note on the table.

"Pay for what we've had," he said, his jaw stiffening, but his voice shaking oddly.

"What—aren't I going to see you again?"

He was going to speak, but changed his mind and, turning on his heel, strode from the place, his spurs jingling with each step. . . . and there was something in his face that made people keep silent as he passed.

XI

IT lacked two hours of midnight when an aeroplane crossed the Channel.

With his hands automatically guiding the rudder and his eyes keeping incessant watch on his compass and the pulsating lights of landing points showing like lighthouses at sea, the Black Cat brought all his conscious mind to bear on the events of the day.

His mind relapsed into a musing mood that got him no further in his introspective analysis; and his eyes, which had always been a reliable pair, commenced playing odd tricks with him. Though in the daytime he was used to seeing the earth and the horizon, and thus establishing his estimate of distance, he was relying that night almost entirely on his sense of equilibrium, glancing only occasionally at the instruments which would tell him if he were not flying level.

It was the compass that first surprised him.

He was studying its sensitive needle when he noted with some astonishment that the dial had taken on the addition of two dark and most expressive eyes, which proceeded to surround themselves with the delicate features of a girl's face, possessed of a brow that was spiritually white, and dark hair that melted into the blackness of the night.

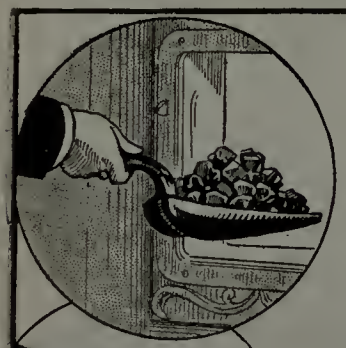
He shook his head and sought a light on the ground, which, after the manner of "Winking Willies," was showing long and short flashes like Morse. To his amazement the light became a smile, which gradually developed into a most alluring female face. If he had been in possession of his usual sense of the humorous, he would have recalled that Lewis Carroll's cat appeared to Alice in much the same way; but his mind and body were both in the clouds, a realm where cats and humor are uninvited guests.

He next tried a star, which underwent the same evolution. Even the moon was not proof against the phenomenon. Once he half-closed his eyes, but that was worse than ever. Everywhere he looked, there was the same face—smiling, pouting, coquetting, sympathizing, commiserating.

He tried whistling, but it offered no relief.

Behind him, nearly asleep, Pippa sat with closed eyes. To her the solution was much more simple. All day she had had her Prince by her side, her arm in his, her fingers locked with his. Therefore she was happy; also she was tired.

Not having any tiresome masculine mental gyrations to perform in discovering a truth that was so easily apparent, she accepted the situation with



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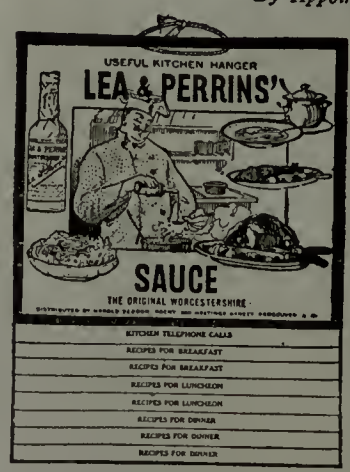

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23

sentimental nonchalance, and falling asleep, dreamed that the statue of Peter Pan in the park had changed to that of the Airy Prince (who, she thought, was ever so much more handsome), and that she was sitting on the grass admiring him, while rabbits played about his feet. She was awakened from this delightful dream by a sensation similar to that of falling off a ladder in one's sleep; but such is the penalty of those who travel at night by air.

And applying the laws of logic to the case, when a young gentleman sees dark eyes and curved lips in a compass, and a young woman dreams that the citizens of London have erected a monument to a young gentleman with a long face and glow-worm eyebrows, it is reasonable to suppose that they have fallen in love with each other.

But strange things happen in the month of April.

XII

SHE had just fallen asleep for the second time, when the cessation of the engines woke her, and a few moments later they had descended in a field adjoining his aerodrome.

He jumped from the pilot's seat and lifted her out. "Quick, Pippa," he said. "They'll be here in a few minutes for the machine. I had to land her because that light was my only guide. Do you see that heavy tree over there by the road? Wait by it until I return with a motor-cycle. Hurry, youngster; they're coming."

Ten minutes later she heard him coming with a motor-cycle, to which a side-car was attached. She took her seat in the car, and he fastened the rubber cover over her knees. Then, opening the throttle, they sped through the night towards her home.

It was just twenty minutes to twelve when they reached the mill. Hurrying across the foot-bridge which spanned the chute, she entered the cottage and lit the lamp.

"Louis!" she cried. "Louis!"

That patient feline awoke from slumber and stretched in the most blasé manner; but his little mistress, gathering him in her arms, pressed her cheek against his head, asking a dozen questions at once, to which he deigned no reply other than blinking into space and licking his chops, as though the ways of women were beyond him, but 'twere best to let them have their own way.

The airman followed her in. . . . The prevaricating clock continued its dilatory march of time. Marshal Joffre was, if anything, more paternal than before, and the geranium-colored table-cover lent its unsubtle glow to the scene.

"Good-bye, Pippa," he said.

THE girl stood motionless, and there was a quick stab in her heart. She had known that this moment would come, but had kept her thoughts from it . . . and now . . . he was going. . . Once more she would have only her little world of make-believe. She released the cat from her arms and turned her eyes away.

"You have been very kind, monsieur," she said.

He fingered his helmet absent-mindedly. "Did you enjoy it?" he asked aimlessly.

"It was wonderful," she said quietly, still looking into distance; "I have seen so much. This morning I was just a little girl, but now"——

His fingers ceased turning the helmet, and he frowned at it intently. "We do not grow old with years but by moments," he said. "For a long time one is a child; then there comes an instant of suffering, or of love. . . and one is no longer a child. That is all."

She slowly sank into a chair by the table, and, folding her hands, appeared engrossed in the table-cover. "Your Majesty," she said, "do you remember the poor lady with the violets?"

"Yes, Pippa."

"What did she say to you?"

He smiled awkwardly. "It—it is rather hard to explain, little one. She told me to—to take care of you.

"Why did she say that?" she asked,

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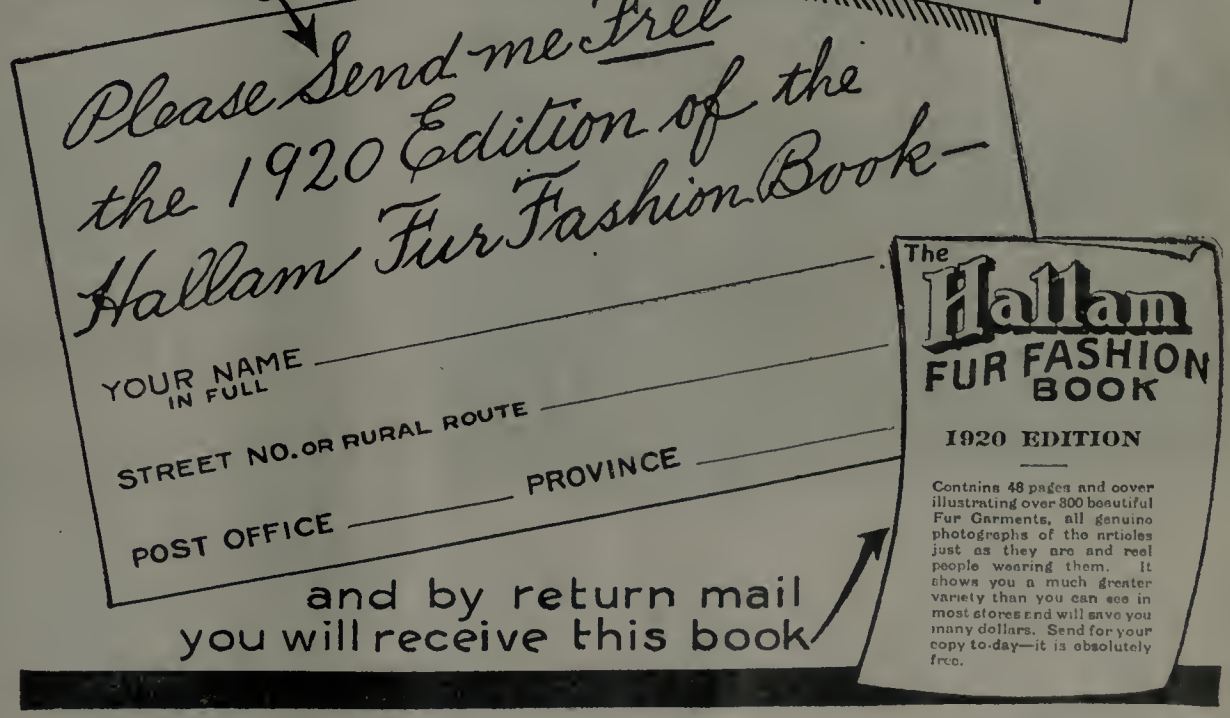

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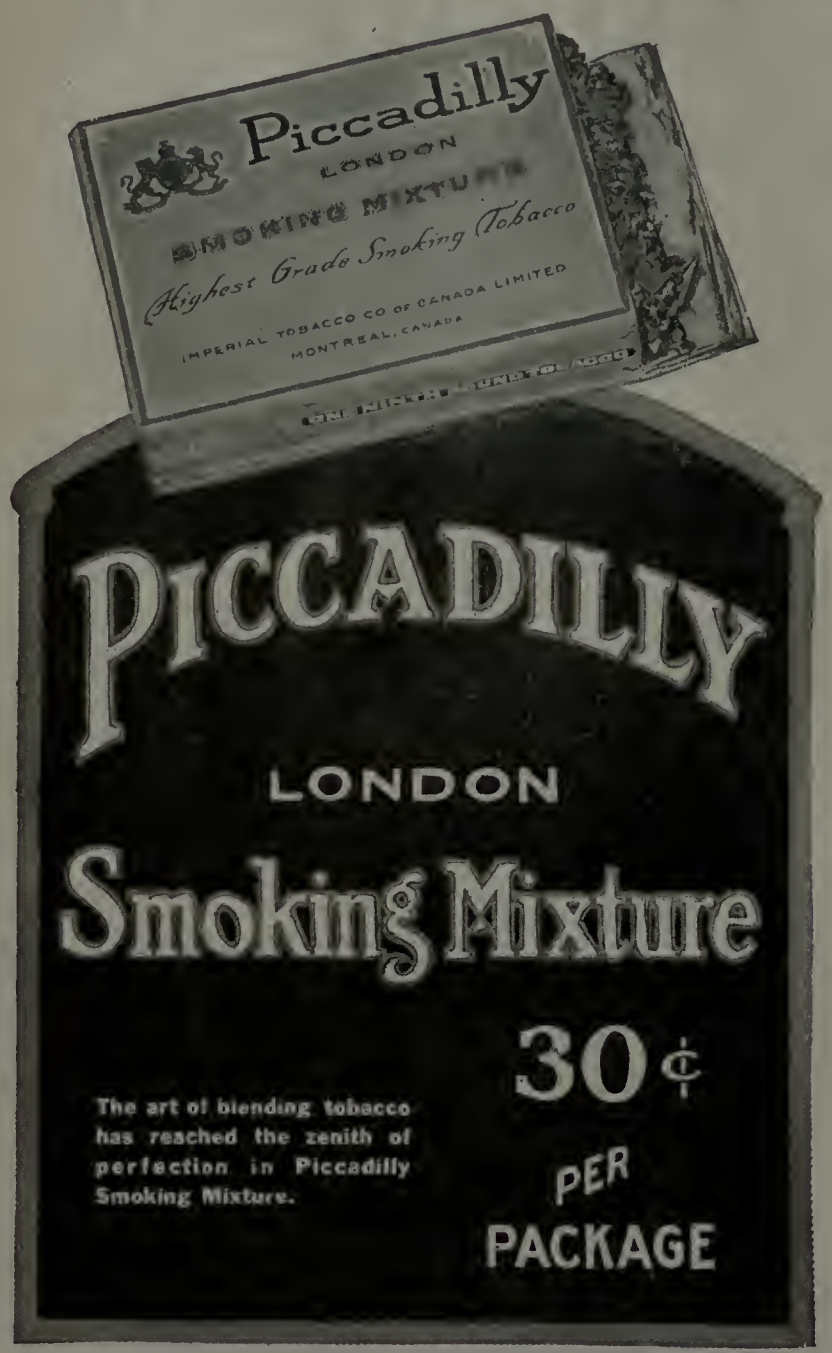

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without removing her eyes for a moment from the table.

"Well—perhaps you do not know this—but men are often very unkind to women."

"I know, monsieur. Simon Barit, he often beats his wife."

He sat down on a chair opposite her. "There are many more ways of being cruel than that," he said. "Sometimes a kiss, or the gift of a flower, is worse than a blow. Often, Pippa, men play with women's hearts as—well, as Louis does with a spool."

A shadow fell on her face. "I think I understand, monsieur. That poor lady was afraid I should fall in love with you, but that you would not love me."

"That is partly what she meant."

Pippa rose and walked to the window. "To-night I think," she said, after a minute's silence, "that women have the most sorrow in life."

"They do, little one."

"But also the most joy, monsieur."

He rested his chin on his hand, but said nothing.

"All to-day," resumed the girl, "when men seemed happiest it was because they were with women. Also when they looked most cruel—you perhaps know what I mean—there were women there too with the faces that frightened me. And all those lovely children playing in the park—always they seemed so merry because their mothers were near them. But also, you remember the poor soldier in the chair?—no legs and but one arm. His face was so sad until once the lady with him—a nurse, you said—spoke to him and he looked at her and smiled. It was lovely, monsieur. I think I wept a little."

He made no comment, but his left hand ran slow arpeggios on the table. From the window she could see the water of the chute, all silvery in the moonlight.

"So to-night, monsieur," she went on, "I am not the same as this morning. Then I thought that we who are women are the happiest; but now I think, in the real world, it is we who give pleasure or unhappiness. Perhaps, monsieur"—she turned around and faced him—"perhaps a woman finds joy only when she gives it to others."

He looked at her, and his eyebrows were raised in wonder. When he had said we grow old by moments, was it more than just a well-turned phrase?

She returned to her chair by the table.

"When Louis and I are alone," she murmured, "I shall not dream the same as before. Then we had only young people, brave and handsome, but now I shall pretend that there are many old and sad ones, who perhaps will be glad if I am with them. And"— —

"Pippa, my dear"—he looked into her eyes that met his without timidity, and there was a pleading note in his voice—"you may be lonely here, but you saw to-day how many discouraged, unhappy people there are—how much sickness and unkindness there is. Keep to your little world here with its Fairy Princes and the music of the wind. It is better, Pippa. . . . Perhaps it is even more real than the other."

She smiled, patiently, and, for the second time that day, felt a motherly pity for his youthfulness.

"Your Majesty," she said, "in my book, *The Fairy Prince*, the girl sings a song about love, and she asks her mother, *"Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?"* I know now that it is both. Ah! I think it is too wonderful to be a woman; for some day, perhaps yes, perhaps no, I shall have my own children and a husband and friends. And sometimes, when my husband, he is much discouraged if the mill makes no money, though he work so hard, or if my children are perhaps sick and cry—then it is I who smile and say: *"Mes enfants"*—for he, too, will be only a big child—*"Mes enfants*, can you see the sunshine? Do you hear the birds? Can you smell these flowers?—So!" *Et alors*—perhaps they smile too. So I sing a pretty song and say to my husband, *"Courage, mon ami!* Have you not your little wife?" And after that we are all happy. . . . And now, that is why I think it is so wonderful to be a woman."

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The clock hiccoughed, and struck eight.

The airman looked at his watch. "By Jove, it is midnight!" he said. "Pippa, our day is over"——

Tears sprang to her eyes, and her hands groped for his. "But no, monsieur," she cried, "you must not go. It will be so lonely."

He leaned over and covered her little hands with his large, tanned ones. "It will be lonely for me as well," he said.

"But you will come back, Your Majesty? Perhaps—next Easter?"

He gently stroked her hand. "On my honor," he said, "I will come on the Tuesday at dawn. You will be there?"

He released her hands as she slowly rose and crossed once more to the window.

"At daybreak," she said very quietly, gazing at the steely brilliance of the running water, "I will watch from the hill. And if you do not come, though I shall weep a little, I shall say 'He is fighting, and could not leave for little Pippa. Next year he will come.'"

"And supposing, little one, he does not come the next year either?"

She leaned her arm against the window-pane and rested her cheek on it. "I shall watch again at dawn, monsieur"—the words were spoken very slowly—"and I shall say, 'He is not coming. . . He has gone to be with his brothers who went out into the sunlight, smiling so bravely'"——

Her words ended in a half-sob, and she pressed her face with both hands.

"But every Easter," she said, her voice very soft and trembling, "on the Tuesday I will watch the dawn from the hill, and perhaps, monsieur, you will see me."

He stood motionless for a moment, slowly reached for his leather coat and helmet, and placed them over his arm. "Good-bye, Pippa," he said, and he held out his hands.

Timidly, and with cheeks that went all white, then crimson, she came towards him and raised her face for him to kiss. For a moment he held her in his arms, which quivered oddly. . . . . Then, stooping, he gently kissed her—not on the upturned, trembling lips, but on the cheek, just beside her mouth.

Without a word he gently released her from his arms, flung the door open and went out into the night.

Motionless, with the burning memory of his hot lips upon her cheek, she stood until the sound of his footsteps was lost in the song of the chute. Slowly her hands dropped to her sides and she sank into the chair by the table. The cat looked up from the task of licking his paws, and sprang upon her lap.

"Louis!" she cried, smothering him in an embrace that threatened to snuff out his nine lives prematurely, while tears from her eyes fell glistening on his fur. "Louis!"

Fifty Years in the West

Continued from page 24

indeed. He was president of the Board of Trade and fought vigorously and successfully against high freight rates. In 1907 he was elected Mayor of the city and undertook this onerous task with all his characteristic thoroughness and energy. It was a time of crisis not only in the affairs of Winnipeg but of many other cities of America and national governments as well. The financial stringency that suddenly affected Europe and America on account of the Balkan crisis made a policy of retrenchment and economy everywhere imperative. In 1908 he was re-elected by acclamation and proceeded to reorganize the municipal government on an efficient and economical basis.

To-day, Mr. Ashdown is in his seventy-sixth year, but he is not accepting the "slippered case" that is regarded as the reward of a long and successful career. He is still very much in the saddle. Every day sees him at his office and he still takes an interest in public affairs. Unquestionably, he is one of the outstanding figures of the West, and will, it is hoped, continue such for many years to come.

Spanish Doubloons

Continued from page 19

askin'. Now you can go along with the rest. This here ship has got her course set for Frisco, pickin' up Leeward Island on the way, and anybody that aint goin' in that direction is welcome to jump overboard."

That is how I happened to go to Leeward Island.

II

THE Rufus Smith, tramp freighter, had been chartered to convey the Harding-Browne expedition to Leeward Island, which lies about three hundred miles west of Panama, and could be picked up by the freighter in her course. She was a little dingy boat with such small accommodation that I cannot imagine where the majority of her passengers stowed themselves away. My aunt and Miss Browne had a stateroom between them the size of a packing-box, and somebody turned out and resigned another to me. I retired there to dress for dinner after several dismal hours spent in attendance on Aunt Jane, who had passed from great imaginary suffering into the quite genuine anguish of seasickness. In the haste of my departure from San Francisco I had not brought a trunk, so the best I was able to produce in the way of a crusher for Miss Higglesby-Browne and her fellow-passengers was a cool little white gown, which would shine at least by contrast with Miss Browne's severely utilitarian costume. White is becoming to my hair, which narrow-minded persons term red, but which has been known to cause the more discriminating to draw heavily on the dictionary for adjectives. My face is small and heart-shaped, with features strictly for use and not for ornament, but fortunately inconspicuous. As for my eyes, I think tawny quite the nicest word, though Aunt Jane calls them hazel and I have even heard whispers of green.

Five minutes after the gong sounded I walked into the cabin. Miss Browne, the captain, and a half a dozen men were already at the table. I slid unobtrusively into the one vacant place, fortunately remote from the captain, who glared at me savagely, as though still embittered by the recollections of my aunt's fits.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Browne in icy tones, "Miss Virginia Harding."

Two of the men rose, the others stared and ducked. Except for Miss Browne and the captain, I had received on coming aboard only the most blurred impression of my fellow-voyagers. I remembered them merely as a composite of khaki and cork helmets and astounded staring faces. But I felt that as the abetters of Miss Browne a hostile and sinister atmosphere enveloped them all.

Being thus in the camp of the enemy, I sat down in silence and devoted myself to my soup. The majority of my companions did likewise—audibly. But presently I heard a voice at my left:

"I say, what a jolly good sailor you seem to be—pity your aunt's not!"

I looked up and saw Apollo sitting beside me. Or rather, shall I say a young man who might have walked straight out of an advertisement for a ready-made clothing house, so ideal and impossible was his beauty. He was very

Secrets that Suddenly Made Me a Star Salesman

The Simple Recipe Used by a Man Who Rose from a $26 Clerkship to a $10,000 Job as Salesman Almost Overnight

By JAMES F. SPENCER

IN a recent issue of American Magazine I told you how I got my start in selling. I related how a friend of mine popped in on me one day, all dressed up like a "bloomin' bloated millionaire" and told me an amazing story of ups and downs; and how he finally turned to the selling game and made good.

I related how Joe's first selling job lasted three weeks—his second, six weeks—his third, less than two months—and then how he learned the secrets of selling that suddenly boosted his earnings to $10,000 a year.

I told how I had been struggling along for years, making a bare living, never getting ahead very far, and how it seemed that I was up against a stone wall so far as any real increase in my earnings was concerned.

Then I explained how Joe's story inspired *me* to try my hand at selling, how I got Joe's secret of learning to sell, and how I finally jumped to earnings of $192.30 per week as against $26 a week formerly.

Right here I want to mention a few of the reasons *back* of Joe's success and of mine.

First let me say that any man who is dissatisfied with his lot—who is tired of being held down to a salary which can grow only very slowly—who wants more "elbow room" for developing his natural powers, can do no wiser thing than getting a line on possibilities in selling. No work that I know of is better paid or more enjoyable.

Salesmanship is the kind of work that is productive. The man who gets the orders is the man who gets the money. Other lines of work are what are termed "non-productive" and if an employer hates to pay for anything, it is for non-productive work. Every time a little increase in salary is given, it simply adds that much to the expense. In selling it is different. The salesman gets orders and every time he gets an order, it means a profit to his firm.

In salesmanship a man's value is determined absolutely by himself. It does not depend on another man's whim. If the salesman is successful, he has got to be paid big money, or some other concern will grab him, and an employer is always anxious to keep a star salesman, because star salesmen are scarce.

One of the things that I learned about salesmanship was, that as soon as a man knows how to sell he can go out and sell anything. He has a profession—a trade. The secrets of selling are fundamental. The man who can sell hardware or groceries, or any of the staple lines, can go out and sell stocks and bonds, insurance, real estate, or any of the special lines, because the same principles that apply in selling groceries also apply in selling insurance or anything else.

The same motives that induce a man to buy one thing will induce another man to buy another thing. We have got to make certain appeals either to the customer's love of profit—to the customer's vanity—to the customer's desire for comfort, and to many other motives. As soon as you have learned the human motives and the kind of sales talk that impels action, you have learned the fundamental secrets of selling.

The trouble with most salesmen is that they go about it blindly. They think a knowledge of merchandise is about all they need. Yet a number of men who have been with concerns all their lives are failures at selling, simply because they do not know the basic, underlying reasons that produce the sales reaction in the customer's mind.

For example, there are certain ways to get an audience—certain ways to open a sales talk in order to get a man's undivided interest—certain ways to make a man eager to know just what your story is without seeming to force yourself upon him—certain ways to act to get a man to act at once instead of putting you off—certain ways of knowing when to stop talking, and certain definite principles of overcoming every possible objection that may arise in the process of making a sale.

Many salesmen after years of experience learn some of these principles by instinct. Some salesmen go along for years and never learn these principles. The most successful salesmen in the country, however, observe these principles whether they realize it or not. How much better it is to begin right at the start with a full knowledge of these rules and principles! That is what I did and that is why I was successful right from the start. Joe did not do it from the beginning and was a failure. As soon as he acquired a knowledge of these selling secrets he became a success.

Joe and I went to headquarters when we wanted to learn how to sell. We took the Course in Salesmanship issued by the National Salesmen's Training Association, and we have them to thank for our success. We might have floundered around for years without getting anywhere if it had not been for the sales instruction they gave us. The course is based on the experience of many of the biggest and most highly-paid salesmen in the country and is boiled down, classified and arranged, so that it is easy to understand and easy to get the most out of. The course is given entirely by mail, so that you can study it in your spare time in your own home. The free employment division of the Association is at your disposal in helping you to find a position, either as a city or travelling salesman, to your liking—they have constantly on file more applications for positions than they can possibly fill.

I suggest that you write to the National Salesman's Training Association, Dept. 60R, Chicago, Ill., for the same information that Joe and I got when we wrote. There never was a time in the history of the country that salesmen could make as much money as now. People have more money than ever before. They are buying more things than ever before, and a salesman's job is easier to-day than ever before if he knows how to sell. It is not necessary to write a letter. Just mail the coupon below or a post card to-day. This one move may change the whole course of your life. I am making this statement in further appreciation of what the Association did for me. Do not put this important matter off, but write to-day.

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Webster On "Morale"

N. Webster

MORALE (Mo-ral) n. (F. See Moral, a) the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon, moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.

THAT is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the commonplace happenings of every-day life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—meticulously so.

It was their private life-morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step, and it was that which carried them through to victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts.

It is the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that these may be attained.

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tall—I had to tilt my chin quite painfully to look up at him—and from the loose collar of his silk shirt his throat rose like a column. His skin was a beautiful clear pink and white just tinged with tan—like a meringue that has been in the oven for two minutes exactly. He had a straight, chiseled profile and his hair was thick and chestnut and wavy and he had clear sea-gray eyes. To give him at once his full name and titles, he was the Honorable Cuthbert Patrick Ruthmore Vane, of High Staunton Manor, Kent, England. But as I was ignorant of this, I can truthfully say that his looks stunned me purely on their own merits.

Outwardly calm, I replied, "Yes, it's too bad, but then who ever dreamed that Aunt Jane would go adventuring at her time of life? I thought nobody over the age of thirteen, and then boys, ever went treasure hunting."

"Ah, but lads of thirteen couldn't well come such a distance on their own, you know," returned Apollo, with the kindest air of making allowance for the female intellect.

I hurriedly turned the subject.

"I really can't imagine Aunt Jane on a desert island. You should see her behave on the mere suspicion of a mouse! What will she do if she meets a cannibal and he tries to eat her?"

"Oh, really, now," argued the paragon earnestly, "I'm quite sure there's no danger of that, don't you know? I believe there are no natives at all on the island, or else quite tame ones, I forget which, and here are four of us chaps, with no end of revolvers and things—shooting-irons, as you call them in America. Mr. Shaw—sitting opposite Miss Browne, you know—is rather running things, so if you feel nervous you should talk to him. Was with the South Polar Expedition and all that—knows no end about this sort of thing—wouldn't for a moment think of letting ladies run the risk of being eaten. Really I hope you aren't in a funk about the cannibals—especially as with so many missionary Johnnies about they are most likely all converted."

"It's so comforting to think of it in that light!" I said fervently. At the same time I peeped around Apollo for a glimpse of the experienced Mr. Shaw. I saw a strong-featured, weather-beaten profile, the face of a man somewhere in his thirties, and looking, from this side view at least, not only stern but grim. He was talking quietly to the captain, whose manner toward him was almost civil.

I made up my mind at once that the backbone of the party, and inevitably the leader in its projected villainies, whatever they might be, was this rugged-looking Mr. Shaw. You couldn't fancy him as a misled follower of anybody, even the terrific Violet.

As it seemed an unpropitious moment for taking counsel with Mr. Shaw about cannibals, I tried another tack with the beautiful youth at my side.

"How did you like Panama? I fancy the old town is very picturesque."

"Oh, rather!" assented Mr. Vane. "At least, that is what those painter chaps call it—met a couple of 'em at the hotel. Beastly little narrow streets and houses in a shocking state and all that. I like to see property kept up, myself."

"I am afraid," I said severely, "that you are a Philistine!"

He blinked a little. "Ah—quite so!" he murmured, recovering himself gallantly. "One of those chaps that backed Goliath against David, what?"

From this conversational *impasse* we were rescued by the interposition of the gentleman opposite, whose small twinkling eyes had been taking me in with intentness.

"I did some flittin' about that little old burg on my own hook," he informed us, "and what I got to say is, it needs wakin' up. Yes, sir, a bunch of live ones from the U.S.A. would shake up that little old graveyard so you wouldn't know it. I might have took a hand in it myself, if I hadn't have met up with Miss Browne and your a'nt. Yes, sir, I had a slick little proposition or two up my sleeve. Backed by some of the big-

gest capital in the U.S.A.—in fact, there's a bunch of fellers up there in God's country that's pretty sore on old H. H. for passin' things up this way. Kep' the wires hummin' for two-three days, till they seen I wasn't to be switched, and then the Old Man himself—no use mentionin' names, but I guess you know who I mean—Wall Street would quick enough, anyway—the Old Man himself threatened to put his yacht in commission and come down to find out what sort of little game H. H. was playin' on him. But I had done like Br'er Rabbit—jes lay low. Hamilton H. Tubbs knows a good thing when he sees it about as quick as the next one—and he knows enough to keep mum about it too!"

"None can appreciate more profoundly than myself your ability to maintain that reserve so necessary to the success of this expedition," remarked Miss Browne weightily from the far end of the table. "It is to be wished that other members of our party, though tenderly esteemed, and never more than now when weakness of body temporarily overpowers strength of soul, had shared your powers of secrecy!"

This shaft was aimed quite obviously at me, and as at the moment I could think of nothing in reply short of hurling a plate I sank into a silence which seemed to be contagious, for it spread throughout the table. Three or four rough-looking men, of whom one, a certain Captain Magnus, belonged to our party and the rest to the ship, continued vigorously to hack their way through the meal with clattering knives and forks. Of other sounds there were none. Such gloom weighed heavily on the genial spirit of Mr. Tubbs, and he lightened it by rising to propose a toast.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to her now unfortunately laid low by the pangs of mal de mer—our friend and boney dear, Miss Harding!"

This was bewildering, for neither by friends nor foe could Aunt Jane be called boney. Later, in the light of Mr. Tubbs's passion for classical allusion, I decided to translate it *bona dea*, and consider the family complimented. At the moment I sat stunned, but Miss Browne, with greater self-possession, majestically inclined her head and said: "In the name of our absent friend, I thank you."

In spite of wistful looks from the beautiful youth as we rose from the table, and the allurement of a tropic moon, I remained constant to duty and Aunt Jane, and immured myself in her stateroom, where I passed an enlivening evening listening to her moans. She showed a faint returning spark of life when I mentioned Cuthbert Vane, and raised her head to murmur that he was Honorable and she understood though not the heir still likely to inherit and perhaps after all Providence—

The unspoken end of Aunt Jane's sentence pursued me into dreams in which an unknown gentleman broke his neck in an obliging manner riding to hounds and left Apollo heir to the title and estates.

III

IT was fortunate that I slept well in my narrow berth on board the Rufus Smith, for the next day was one of trial. Aunt Jane had recovered what Mr. Tubbs, with deprecating coughs behind his hand, alluded to as her sea-legs, and staggered forth wanly, leaning on the arm of Miss Higglesby-Browne. Yes, of Miss Browne, while I, Aunt Jane's own niece, trotted meekly in the rear with a cushion. Already I had begun to realize how fatally I had underrated the lady of the hyphen, in imagining I had only to come and see and conquer Aunt Jane. The grim and boney one had made hay while the sun shone—while I was idling in California, and those criminally supine cousins were allowing Aunt Jane to run about New York at her own wild will. Miss Higglesby-Browne had her own collar and tag on Aunt Jane now, while she, so complete was her perversion, fairly hugged her slavery and called it freedom. Yes, she talked about her Emancipation and her Soul-force and her Individuality, prattling away like a child that has learned its lesson well.

"Mercy, aunty, what long words!" I tried gaily, sitting down beside her and patting her hand. Usually I can do anything with her when I pet her up a bit. But the eye of Miss Higglesby-Browne was on her—and Aunt Jane actually drew a little away.

"Really, Virginia," she said, feebly endeavoring to rise to the occasion as she knew Miss Browne would have her rise, "really, while it's very nice to see you and all that, still I hope you realize that I have had a—a deep Soul-experience, and that I am no longer to be—trifled with and—and treated as if I were—amusing. I am really at a loss to imagine why you came. I wrote you that I was in the company of *trusted friends*."

"Friends?" I echoed aggrievedly. "Friends are all very well, of course, but when you and I have just each other, aunty, I think it is unkind of you to expect me to stay thousands of miles away from you all by myself."

"But it was you who sent me to New York and insisted on my staying there!" she cried. Evidently she had been living over her wrongs.

"Yes—but how different!" I interrupted hastily. "There were the cousins—of course I have to spare you sometimes to the rest of the family!" Aunt Jane is strong on family feeling, and frequently reproaches me with my lack of it.

But in expecting Aunt Jane to soften at this I reckoned without Miss Higglesby-Browne. A dart from the cold gray eyes galvanized my aunt into a sudden rigid erectness.

"My dear Virginia," she said with quavering security, "let me remind you that there are ties even dearer than those of blood—soul-affinities, you know, and—and, in short, in my dear friend Miss Higglesby-Browne I have met for the first time in my life with a—a Sympathetic Intelligence that understands Me!"

So that was Violet's line! I surveyed the Sympathetic Intelligence with a smiling interest.

"Really, how nice! And of course you feel quite sure that on your side you thoroughly understand—Miss Higglesby-Browne?"

Miss Browne's hair was rather like a clothes-brush in her mildest moods. In her rising wrath it seemed to quiver like a lion's mane.

"Miss Harding," she said, in the chest-tones she reserved for critical moments, "has a nature impossible to deceive, because itself incapable of deception. Miss Harding and I first met—on this present plane—in an atmosphere unusually favorable to soul-revelation. I knew at once that here was the appointed comrade, while in Miss Harding there was the immediate recognition of a complementary spiritual force."

"It's perfectly true, Virginia," exclaimed Aunt Jane, beginning to cry. "You and Susan and everybody have always treated me as if I were a child and didn't know what I wanted, when the fact is I always have known *perfectly well!*" The last words issued in a wail from the depths of her handkerchief.

"You mean, I suppose," I exploded, "that what you have always wanted was to go off on this perfectly crazy chase after imaginary treasure!" There, now I had gone and done it. Of course it was my red hair.

"Jane," uttered Miss Higglesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "do you or do you not realize how strangely prophetic were the warnings I gave you from the first—that if you revealed our plans malignant Influences would be brought to bear? Be strong, Jane—cling to the Dynamic Thought!"

"I'm clinging!" sniffed Aunt Jane, dabbing away her tears. I never saw anyone get so pink about the eyes and nose at the smallest sign of weeping, and yet she is always doing it. "Really, Virginia," she broke out in a whimper, "it is not kind to say, I suppose, but I would just as soon you hadn't come! Just when I was learning

Continued on page 110

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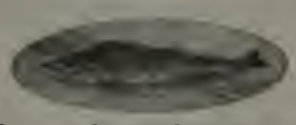

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70 **What Next ?**

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

THE AUTHOR OF ANNE

THERE is one heroine of Canadian fiction who will never be criticized as exotic or lacking in inspiration—the winsome, gingery, red-headed girl who grew up through "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne of the Island" and blossomed into full womanhood two years ago in "Anne's House of Dreams." As an ideal for the young womanhood of the country she has a place all her own, this girl of imagination and wit and dreams, strangely combined with practical common sense, to whom the blossoming cherry-tree outside her window was a "Snow Queen" and the pond across the flats "The Lake of Shining Waters," who found in the woods of silver birches a realm of "kindred spirits" and who could keep house and teach school and help most efficiently in the bringing up of two very human waifs of children. No wonder mothers want their daughters to read the Anne books.

L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Kilmeny of the Orchard," "The Golden Road," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Rainbow Valley," etc.

From the first appearance of "Anne of Green Gables" the books "caught on." This winter Anne is going to appear in the movies. The scenario rights to the four books, "Ann of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Chronicles of Avonlea," and "Anne of the Island" have been bought by the Famous Players—Lasky Corporation. A Canadian movie with the quaint and beautiful setting of the farms and orchards of Prince Edward Island, written by a Canadian author! We have been waiting for this for a long time. But the author herself, now the wife of Rev. Macdonald, the Presbyterian minister at Leaskdale and the mother of two sturdy, quick-brained little boys, doesn't seem to consider it an event of more importance than the next church christening.

IT has been said that in the first two Anne books, Miss Montgomery drew from the experiences of her own life. Certainly Anne got her imagination from no one else, but it is not the author's own story. "My places are real places," she says, "but my people are imaginary." They have certain points in common, however. Miss Montgomery's mother died before she was two years old and she went to live with her grandmother, which no doubt gave her her sympathetic understanding of Anne's little problems in a home with only elderly people. What she lacked in the way of companionship with other children, however, seems to have been more than made up by a natural environment uniquely fitted to inspire the imagination. Her home was on a farm near Cavendish on the north shore of the Island and she says "Tourists who travel by train through the Island have no idea of the beauty of its scenery because they do not see the north shore." She has in her home several striking pictures of the rocks and beaches along this coast, one of particular interest being a painting of the sand dunes along a favorite bathing beach—one of the finest bath-

"Lover's Lane," which is featured in all the Anne books, and which is really the place where Miss Montgomery wandered off in the evenings to "think out" her stories."

Above at the right is her grandfather's farm home, where she spent her childhood and girlhood.

The Macdonald boys are sturdy, quick-brained boys, growing up in as natural an outdoor life as fostered their mother's imagination and wholesomeness.

Below at the left is the old Presbyterian Church at Cavendish, which Miss Montgomery attended in her girlhood, and where she met the Rev. Macdonald.

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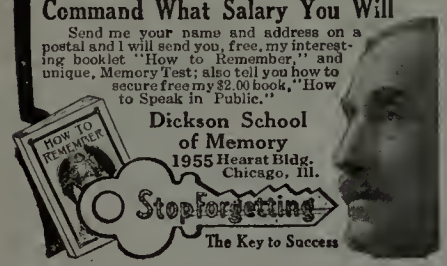

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ing beaches in the world, by the way—where the winds had cupped out a hollow that, as children, they used for a dressing-room.

It is not surprising that she loves the sea. "When I was a child," she says, "I practically lived at the shore during the mackerel fishing season. My grandfather, like all the other farmers around, had a fishing-boat, and from the time the mackerel came in till the end of the season, the men would get up at four o'clock in the morning and go down to the sea. At seven o'clock we children would take their breakfast to them. If the fishing was particularly good they would sometimes stay all day and we would bring all their meals and spend the intervals between wading in the surf and climbing over the rocks. . . I get homesick for the sea sometimes yet."

Left centre—Rev. Macdonald and his boys are good pals. Right centre—Mrs. Macdonald with a little P.E.I. girl chum. Top—A North Shore Scene, P.E.I. The centre picture shows the end view of the old home with the gable window, where Miss Montgomery's first four books were written. Below is a backyard scene from the old farmstead.

YET with all her fondness for the outdoors we gather that little Maud must have been "a dark and eerie child," wandering off by herself to commune with imaginary people or revelling in whatever books were available and already creating her own little stories. "I can imagine," she says, "what it would be to be a drunkard for reading. Fortunately my English grandmother saw to it that I did the practical things as well. There were no lending libraries on the Island at that time and our library at home was a rather unusual collection to satisfy the reading tastes of a child. We had full sets of Dickens, Scott and all the poets; Pilgrim's Progress and Paradise Lost, which I was allowed to read on Sundays; E. P. Roe's stories, admitted because of their religious setting, and the Pansy books. Personally I was fond of boys' books, adventure and anything dramatic. I don't think I would have liked the kind of books I write."

But neither her early reading nor her picturesque surroundings can be wholly responsible for her literary gifts. Dreamers and writers are born as well as made, and it is not surprising that she is a direct descendant of one of the lesser Scottish poets, the Hector MacNeill who wrote "Come Under My Plaidie," "Saw Ye My Wee Thing, Saw Ye My Ain Thing?" and "I Lo'e Ne'er a Laddie But One." She also had a great-uncle—one of the undiscovered poets who composed verse which those who remember it appreciate now as real poetry. Unfortunately he never put his compositions on paper. He created them as he worked about his little Prince Edward Island farm, and at night recited them to the children while they sat around a sugar kettle hung over a fire in the yard where he boiled potatoes for his pigs.

When she grew up, Miss Montgomery taught school for three years. She was already writing stories and this was probably when she did her hardest work, getting up at five o'clock in the morning and writing till seven. "And on winter mornings before the fire had warmed the farm house through, it was some chore," she admits. Later she spent one winter at newspaper work in Halifax, but at the death of her grandfather she went home to be with her grandmother. Perhaps this was a fortunate thing as it led her to give all her time to story writing.

"The first story I was ever paid for," she says, "was published in 'Golden Days,' a Philadelphia magazine which has since gone under. I don't know whether my stories killed it or not. They gave me five dollars and I have never been so rich in my life. I had had stories published before this and had received subscriptions to the magazines. It was while I was making my living writing short stories that I sneaked in time to do 'Anne of Green Gables' just to please myself. I believe that was the reason for its spontaneity. Five times I sent it out and five times it was

Continued on page 106

The Manse at Leaskdale, Mrs. Macdonald's present home.

Your Daughter's Vocation

Household Science---The Oldest Profession for Women

The first of a series of articles on choosing a girl's vocation.

By ETHEL CHAPMAN

THERE are certain common questions in the mind of every girl who looks forward to what we used to call a "career," or to even a year or two of wage-earning between school and marriage. Concerning the choice of a vocation, she asks: "Am I suited to it?" "Can I do it well and will I be happy doing it?"—for no thinking girl is satisfied with a calling that does not occupy her heart as well as her head and her hands. "What technical preparation is required and how much will it cost?" "Is it overcrowded or is there any chance of advancement?" "Does it afford opportunities for self-development and is it of service to the community?" For the girl who considers a vocation seriously usually has a social conscience. And if she thinks a little further she will also ask: "If I am married, will it make me a better homemaker and wife and mother?" This last isn't so limiting as it sounds, because whatever makes a girl a broader, finer woman will make her a better homemaker and a better wife and mother.

It was, of course, with the idea of training girls for home life that household science was given a place on the curriculum of girls' schools and colleges. During the last few years, however, the growing demand from a hundred outside sources for women so trained, has given this oldest occupation for women a professional importance beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic of technical educationists. Hospitals are calling for qualified dietitians; public institutions and residence colleges want housekeepers with a scientific understanding of their work; high-class hotels and restaurants are offering alluring salaries for supervisors and buyers; commercial firms, manufacturers of food products are asking for household science graduates for demonstrators and for laboratory work; people want to have their girls taught domestic science from the public school up, so there is a growing demand for teachers for schools, girls' colleges and for special short courses in outlying places. And while these positions are being filled steadily, each year has among its graduates some girl who goes out and tries some new trail, for the alluring thing about a household science training is that it gives the girl of initiative and imagination a key to an endless variety of new fields.

NOT all the girls who take the Household Science Teacher's training, expecting to teach straight domestic science in a public school, go back to the public school, though there is perhaps no phase of the work more worth while than guiding the rank and file of the girls of the country, some of whom will never have any other training in housekeeping before they go into homes of their own, into some skill in housework and some understanding and love of homemaking. The public school household science teacher sees returns for her work in every trig new home beaming forth on the streets of the suburbs, in every marriage announcement in the daily papers, and thanks to the progressive instincts of Canadians, the demand for household science in public schools is growing in every province. Other graduates are teaching in technical schools and private schools and colleges for girls, in the agricultural schools of Alberta, in Normal schools and agricultural colleges. Some of these teacher graduates are not only teaching household science but are heads of Home Economics departments in the agricultural colleges. The province of Saskatchewan has a woman superintendent of Household Science in its Department of Education. It is a household science teacher who is superintendent of Home Economics for the Soldiers' Settlement Board; the same woman was formerly principal of a ladies' college. A number of girls are doing extension work for the agricultural colleges and Departments of Agriculture of the different provinces, taking their charts and cooking kits and traveling to the farthest villages of the district, to demonstrate bread-making and canning and balanced meals and infant feeding and what-not that the woman who has never had household science included in her education might want to know.

Only the university girl who takes her H.Sc. degree can teach in a university or in some of the colleges. A two-year course or the one-year professional teacher's course given at the colleges affiliated with a university gives the standing required for any of the other positions mentioned. A great many graduates from these one and two year courses later take post graduate work and get their degrees.

Salaries for Household Science teachers in Canada run from six hundred dollars for the easiest of public school work to eighteen hundred dollars for the more responsible positions, and the cost of the training is not prohibitive. At one of the best residence colleges of Household Economics in the Dominion the books, fees, board and everything for the two-years' course could be covered by five hundred dollars.

VERY often, however, the girl with the best endowments and foundation training for household science, homemaking and all the related arts and crafts and 'osophies has not the necessary academic education to enter the teachers' class. Neither does she want to teach housekeeping; she wants to *do* it and to make her living thereby. She has had practical experience in housework and managing a home in her own family. Perhaps it has been necessary for her to do this when she otherwise would have been learning a vocation of her own and at twenty-five or over circumstances have just made it possible for her to do something for herself; perhaps she has "played around" when she might have been in training and has just wakened to the necessity or desire to do something. For this girl the same residence college, the Macdonald Institute, offers a most attractive and practical Housekeeper Course—a two-year course which can also be covered for the reasonable sum of five hundred dollars, and the Superintendent says: *"If a woman has personality, and social experience, with some culture, home experience and a fair education, it would pay her to borrow the money. We can place that type*

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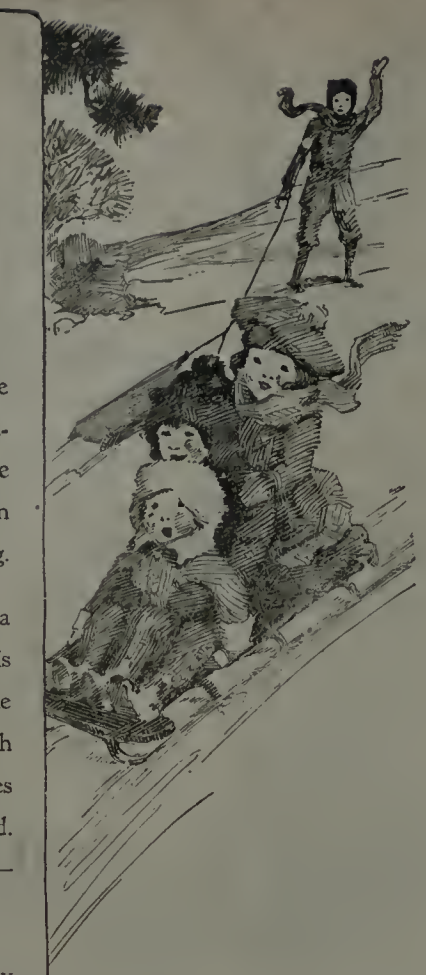

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of woman as fast as we can get her." In fact this college wasn't able to fill half the calls that came in for housekeepers and dietitians this year.

The Housekeeper Course tends especially to fit a woman for institutional housekeeping and dietitian work. Graduates are now employed as housekeeper and dietitians in general hospitals, military hospitals and soldiers' convalescent homes, though the numbers that have married from these latter institutions during the last three years has thinned the ranks considerably

Miss McAdams, M.P.P., the soldiers' representative in Alberta, was a housekeeper graduate who went overseas as a dietitian. They are also in steady demand for matron housekeeper, "house mother" or whatever the woman may be called who makes a home of a college residence, a Y.W.C.A. or other girls' boarding house, a House of Refuge, a Boys' Home or a Woman's Club. The matron in one Canadian asylum for the insane gets a salary of two thousand dollars and her living. One graduate is employed as matron in the woman's residence in connection with a large factory in Ontario. Another is secretary and manager of a Toronto Ladies' Club. The same girl, before the war, went to England and conducted a training school for girls who were coming to Canada to go into domestic service. Another is managing a Community Canning Kitchen. Several are working as Y.W.C.A. Secretaries. A number are employed steadily or temporarily as demonstration-lecturers in the extension work of the Department of Agriculture or the agricultural colleges of the various provinces. The commercial field has taken a few in such lines as flour testing for the great milling companies, buying for hotels and restaurants, or running tea-rooms and cafeterias. Occupational therapy work in military hospitals and social service work have appealed to others. Her college training is of course as invaluable as it is indispensable in any of these lines, but the fact that she is trained gives the girl a standing which admits her to places where she could never go without it. Housekeeper graduates are possibly a little better paid than teachers, the salaries running from five hundred dollars with living, to as high as two thousand.

For the girl with a gift for leadership, a zeal for the good of humanity, and the right executive ability, a household science training opens the way to some most interesting and valuable social service work. This field has not been very largely developed in Canada yet, but it has already attracted notice and should have a glorious future ahead. A household science graduate is superintendent of a settlement in a foreign district of a Western city. When the 'flu epidemic broke out last fall, she organized the whole district, superintended the equipping of a hospital and the operation of a soup kitchen, and the settlement house became the place of refuge for the whole community. The city hasn't forgotten it yet. In a less spectacular way girls who teach during the day are giving real Christian service in going to the down-town mothers' meetings and girls' clubs at night, trying to show how best to make the scant family income cope with the swelling food prices, how to make a stew and cut out a dress and feed a baby.

As for what a Household Science education will do for the girl herself, it is one of the few professions of which the criticism cannot be made that it "leads away from the home." The girl who likes homemaking well enough to take it up as a profession, will be all the more enthusiastic afterwards over the making and keeping of her own home. She won't find the cooking of meals monotonous because she will know that it is the work of a dietitian, a chemist and an artist—a work worth while because it means the intelligent physical building of human beings. She won't find housekeeping a work of drudgery because she will know how to apply to the commonest tasks the science and mechanics and the architectural wisdom that belong to every other dignified craft. And she will be proud of her cooking, the management of her nursery, the simple, artistic beauty of her house. As a training for living Household Science is the safest risk in the list of girls' vocations.

The second article of the series will be "If She Wants to Be a Doctor."

The Author of Anne

Continued from page 104

returned. The last publisher wrote: 'Our reader has found some merit in it but not enough to warrant publication.' This 'damning with faint praise' was the last straw. I put the story away and left it for a while. One day at housecleaning time I brought it out again and looked it over. As girl's stuff, I thought, that's not too bad, and I tried again. I had an alphabetical list of publishers, had tried everything that seemed possible down to the P's, so I sent it to Page and it was accepted."

"Kilmeny of the Orchard" had been written before this and published as a serial in the American Housekeeper, another defunct magazine. When it appeared in book form one critic wrote that it was obviously a product of the pride of authorship hurriedly gotten out to sell on the merits of the other.

Two years later "Anne of Avonlea" was published. It was about this time that Miss Montgomery was married to the Rev. Macdonald, and came to the manse at Leaskdale. Mr. Macdonald had formerly been the minister in her home church at Cavendish. "Chronicles of Avonlea" had been written before her marriage but was not published until after. Since coming to Ontario she has written "The Golden Road," "Anne of the Island," "Anne's House of Dreams," and her latest book "Rainbow Valley" went on the book stands in August.

"I think I'll always write of the Island," she says. And one only needs to hear her talk of the Island, and to see the relics from the Island that she treasures in her Ontario home, to know that her first love has left a lasting impression. She has paintings of "The Lake of Shining Waters" and "The Lover's Lane," which figures especially in "Anne of Avonlea," and which was really the place where the author used to wander out in the evenings to "think out" her stories ready for writing the next morning.

But we prophesy that some day Mrs. Macdonald will write a shore story with an individuality and color quite an appealing as that of the Anne books. She has a wealth of legend and story of the coast life, for the quiet little island has had its sea tragedies as well as its romances by land. There was "the great American storm of 1851," and she says "If you, have ever seen a storm in the Gulf you'll never forget it. It has a bite and a tang that no land storm could possibly have. At this time American fishing vessels used to come into the gulf for mackerel. This particular storm drove hundreds of these vessels onto the north coast, and for weeks afterwards the men of the Island gathered the bodies from the shore and buried them in the Cavendish churchyard. Many of the graves are there to this day, nameless and unknown."

The author of Anne does not devote herself entirely to the making of books. She is a woman of personal charm and winsomeness, as broad-minded and practical as she is imaginative, with a keen sense of humor, happy in the keeping of her home and the interests of the parish. She is a mother who mothers her children personally; they have always been considered before her books. When she has efficient help in the house she locks herself in her room and writes for two hours every morning; at other times she does her own housekeeping with the skill and despatch of a woman trained to it. She even takes her knitting with her on her pastoral visits; it was soldiers' socks during the war, and since then she has nearly completed a bed spread of the kind you expect to find in some old mahogany, lavender-scented spare bed-room. She is just about what you would expect the author of Anne to be.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

Continued from page 101

to expand my individuality—and then you come and somehow make it seem so much more difficult!"

I rose. "Very well, Aunt Jane," I said coldly. "Expand all you like. When you get to the bursting point I'll do my best to save the pieces. For the present I suppose I had better leave you to company so much more favorable to your soul development!" And I walked away with my head in the air.

It was so much in the air, and the deck of the Rufus Smith was so unstable, that I fell over a coil of rope and fetched up in the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Fortunately this occurred around the corner of the deck-house, out of sight of my aunt and Miss Browne, so the latter was unable to shed the lurid light on the episode which she doubtless would if she had seen it. Mr. Vane stood the shock well and promptly set me on my feet.

"I say!" he exclaimed sympathetically, "not hurt, are you? Beastly nuisance, you know, these ropes lying about—regular man-traps, I call 'em."

"Thanks, I'm quite all right," I said, and as I spoke two large genuine tears welled up into my eyes. I hadn't realized till I felt them smarting on my eyelids how deeply hurt I was at the unnatural behavior of Aunt Jane.

"Ah—I'm afraid you are really not quite all right!" returned the Honorable Cuthbert with profound concern. "Tell me what's the matter—please do!"

I shook my head. "It's nothing—you couldn't help me. It's just—Aunt Jane."

"Your aunt? Has she been kicking up a bit? I thought she looked rather a mild sort."

"Oh—mild! That's just it—so mild that she has let this awful Higglesby-Browne person get possession of her, body and soul."

"Oh, I say, aren't you a bit rough on Miss Browne? Thought she was rather remarkable old party—goes in strong for intellect and all that, you know."

"That's just what fooled Aunt Jane so—but I thought a man would know better." My feathers were ruffled again.

"Well, fact is, I'm not so much up in that sort of thing myself," he admitted modestly. "Rather took her word for it and all that, you know. There's Shaw, though—cleverest chap going, I assure you. I rather fancy Miss Browne couldn't pull the wool over *his* eyes much."

"She evidently did, though," I said snappishly, "since he's let her rope him in for such a wild goose chase as this!" In my heart I felt convinced that the clever Mr. Shaw was merely Miss Browne's partner in imposture.

"Oh, really, now, Miss Harding, you don't think it's that—that the thing's all moonshine?" He stared at me in grieved surprise.

"Why, what else can it be?" I demanded, driven by my wrongs to the cruelty of shattering his illusions. "Who ever heard of a pirate's treasure that wasn't moonshine? The moment I had read Aunt Jane's letter telling of the perfectly absurd business she was setting out on I rushed down by the first boat. Of course I meant to take her back with me, to put a stop to all this madness; but I was too late—and you're glad of it, I dare say!"

"I can't help being glad, you know," he replied, the color rising to his ingenuous cheeks. "It's so frightfully jolly having you along. Only I'm sorry you came against your will. Rather fancy you had it in your head that we were a band of cut-throats, eh? Well, the fact is I don't know much about the two chaps Miss Browne picked up, though I expect they are a very decent sort. That odd fish, Captain Magnus, now—he was quite Miss Browne's own find, I assure you. And as to old H. H. Tubbs, you know, Miss Browne met up with him on the boat coming down. The rum old chap got on her soft side somehow, and first thing she had appointed him secretary and treasurer—as though we were a meeting or something. Shaw was quite a bit upset about it. He and I were a week later in arriving—came straight on from England with the supplies, while Miss Browne fixed things up with the little black-and-tan country that owns the island. I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw no end when you know him—he's such a wonderfully clever chap!"

I had no wish to blight his faith in the superlative Mr. Shaw, and said nothing. This evidently pained him, and as we stood leaning on the rail in the shadow of the deck-house, watching the blue water slide by, he continued to sound the praises of his idol. It seemed that as soon as Miss Browne had beguiled Aunt Jane into financing her scheme—a feat equivalent to robbing an infant-class scholar of his Sunday school nickel—she had cast about for a worthy leader for the forthcoming Harding-Browne expedition. All the winds of fame were bearing abroad just then the name of a certain young explorer who had lately added another continent or two to the British Empire. Linked with his were other names, those of his fellow adventurers, which shone only less brightly than that of their chief. One Dugald Shaw had been among the great man's most trusted lieutenants, but now, on the organizing of the second expedition, he was left behind in London, only half recovered of a wound received in the Antarctic. The hook of a block and tackle had caught him, ripped his forehead open from cheek to temple, and for a time threatened the sight of the eye. Slowly, under the care of the London surgeons, he had recovered, and the eye was saved. Meanwhile his old companions had taken again the path of glory, and were

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See page 109

far on their way back to the ice-fields of the South Pole. Only Dugald Shaw was left behind.

"And so," the even voice flowed on, "when I ran on to him in London he was feeling fearfully low, I do assure you. A chap of his sort naturally hates to think he's on the shelf. I had known him since I was a little 'un, when we used to go to Scotland for our holiday, and he would be home from sea and staying with his cousin at the manse. He'd make us boats and spin all sorts of yarns, and we thought him a bigger man than the admiral of the fleet.

"Well, old Shaw was fancying there was nothing for it but to go back to his place with the P. & O., which seemed a bit flat after what he'd been having, and meant he would never get beyond being the captain of a liner, and not that for a good many years to come, when a cable came from this Miss Higglesby-Browne offering him command of this expedition. As neither of us had ever heard of Miss Higglesby-Browne, we were both a bit floored for a time. But Shaw smoked a pipe on it, and then he said 'Old chap, if they'll give me my figure, I'm their man.' And I said, 'Quite so, old chap, and I'll go along, too.'

"I had to argue quite a bit, but in the end the dear old boy let me come—after wiring the pater and what not. And I do assure you, Miss Harding, it strikes me as no end of a lark—besides expecting it to put old Shaw on his feet and give us hatfuls of money all round."

Well, it was a plausible story, and I had no doubt, so far as the Honorable Cuthbert was concerned, an absolutely truthful one. The beautiful youth was manifestly as guileless as a small boy playing pirate with a wooden sword. But as to Mr. Shaw, who could tell that it hadn't after all been a trumped-up affair between Miss Browne and him—that his surprise at the message was not assumed to throw dust in the eyes of his young and trusting friends? Are even the most valiant adventurers invariably honest? Left behind by his companions because of his injury, his chance of an enduring fame cut off, with no prospects but those of an officer on an ocean liner, might he not lend a willing ear to a scheme for plucking a fat and willing pigeon? So great was my faith in Aunt Jane's gullibility, so dark my distrust of Miss Browne, that all connected with the enterprise lay under the cloud of my suspicion. The Honorable Mr. Vane I had already so far exculpated as to wonder if he were not in some way being victimized too; but Mr. Shaw, after even a casual glimpse of him, one couldn't picture as a victim. I felt that he must have gone into the enterprise with his eyes open to its absurdity, and fully aware that the only gold to be won by anybody must come out of the pocket of Aunt Jane.

As these reflections passed through my mind I looked up and saw the subject of them approaching. He lifted his helmet, but met my eyes unsmilingly, with a sort of sober scrutiny. He had the tanned skin of a sailor, and brown hair cropped close and showing a trace of gray. This and a certain dour grim look he had made me at first consider him quite middle-aged, though I knew later that he was not yet thirty-five. As to the grimness, perhaps I unwillingly conceded, part of it was due to the scar which seamed the right temple to the eyebrow, in a straight livid line. But it was a grim face anyway, strong-jawed, with piercing steel-blue eyes.

He was welcomed by Mr. Vane with a joyous thump on the shoulder-blade. "I say, old man, Miss Harding has turned out to be the most fearful doubting Thomas—thinks whole scheme quite mad and all that sort of thing. I'm far too great a duffer to convert her, but perhaps you might, don't you know?"

Mr. Shaw looked at me steadily. His eyes were the kind that seem to see all and reveal nothing. I felt a hot spark of defiance rising in my own.

"And indeed it is too bad," he said coolly, "that the trip should not be more to Miss Harding's liking." The rough edges of his Scotch burr had been smoothed down by much wandering, but you knew at once on which side of the Solway he had seen the light.

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty manner, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard of out of a story-book." Harsher terms had sprung first to my lips, but had somehow failed to get beyond them.

"Ah—yet the world would be the poorer if certain wild trips had not been taken. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning-flash of wrath I felt that this adventurer was laughing at me a little under his sober exterior—even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I flared out, "but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him!" Of course Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden firm setting of his mouth.

"Lad," he said quietly, "lend a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'tween decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired. We stood facing each other, my breath coming rather hurriedly. There was a kind of still force about this mastered anger of the dour Scot, like the brooding of black clouds that at any moment may send forth their devastating fire. Yet I myself was not endowed with red hair for nothing.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a bitter word you said."

My head went up.

"Bitter, perhaps," I flung back, "but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

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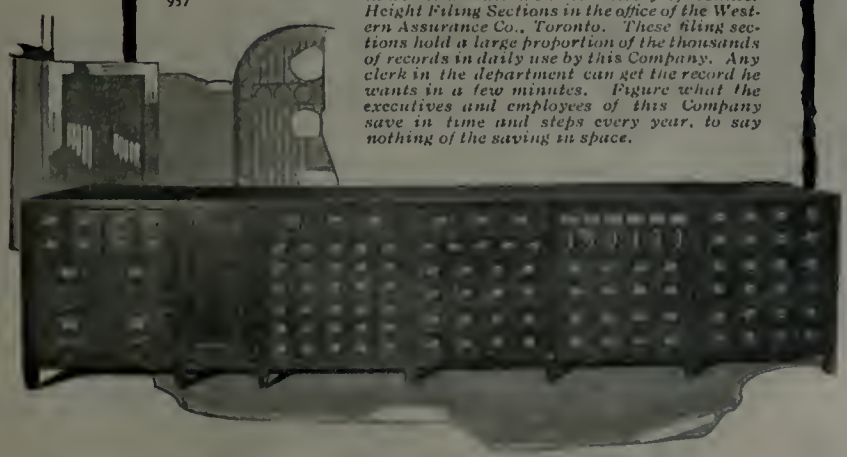

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, *Editor* J. VERNON MCKENZIE, *Associate Editor*

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The NEW CANADA *and* ITS NEEDS

The First of a Series *By* RALPH CONNOR

FROM the cataclysm of war a new Canada has emerged. That is, a new Canada not in the general sense that there is a new world, but in a sense peculiarly her own. True, the world upon which the day of peace dawned is a new world. It has a new face, a new spirit, a new heart, let us hope. Old empires have been washed out in blood, new nations have been born, and these nations have entered upon their career under auspices quite different from those under which any nation known in history came into being.

Canada is New in Her International Relations

IN things international the supreme gain of the war is the establishment of international law, based upon international justice with appeal to international conscience, international conscience which before the war was an international jest, but which has been enthroned as the supreme authority in international dispute. National honor has taken on a new meaning. It no longer means an inflamed *amour propre* quick to resent real or imaginary slights which, because they were supposed to affect national honor, were beyond the possibility of settlement by anything other than the gun. The old and absurd idea of honor, the honor of the swaggering bully of the days of the duello, has given place to the modern idea prevailing among gentlemen. A nation's honor is now taken to mean that fine flavor of national character that accompanies national integrity and worth.

A new sense of community among the nations has been called forth with an accompanying sense of mutual responsibility and obligation.

All the world feels, too, a new regard for world opinion and for world judgment which will find formal expression in the League of Nations.

In all this Canada, of course, shares with the world; she is part of the new world in a sense very real and with deep significance.

CANADA is now a nation among the nations, standing upon her own feet, speaking with her own voice, making her own bargains, determining her own destiny. This we may say boldly, fearing not at all for her empire relations, which will take care of themselves. Canada may, and should, say out loud that she has stepped upon the world stage and that she expects to play her part as best she can. This means that she must prepare herself to play her part with credit to herself and with advantage to all associated with her.

Her primary need here is a first hand knowledge of those nations with which she must now mingle, of their material resources, of their trade and manufactures, of their industrial conditions, of their political ideals, of their standard of ethics. Canada should appoint her own agents in association with the British Consulate staff or to act independently if that seems better, in every country with which she thinks it worth while to establish connection.

Further, Canada must prepare herself to assume her obligations as a member in the world League of Nations. These obligations will be in proportion to her status in the League and to her relative strength. Responsibility goes with strength and with privilege. Hence, whatever share of the burden of maintaining and developing civilization of this new world falls to Canada's lot, Canada will not hesitate to assume it. The part which Canada played in the great tragedy of the world war gave her a place among world nations. She cannot shrink from the spotlight nor can she hesitate to respond to her cue.

NOTE—Major Charles W. Gordon, better known by his pen name of Ralph Connor, has written a series of three articles. The first is published herewith and the second and third will appear in succeeding issues. Major Gordon has seen the war from every angle, and he fears that in some important essentials Canada is not taking advantage of the lessons the war has taught. In an endeavor to drive these lessons home, he sounds a note of warning and appeal to the people of Canada.

Canada is New in Her Imperial Relations

THERE is a New Canada in the Empire. Moving at her own command her army took its place in the battle line for world freedom and justice. In that battle line her soldiers won for her a new place in the esteem and confidence of the Empire. The full recognition of this new place was affirmed by the invitation given to her Premier to take his seat with other Imperial statesmen in the war cabinet of the Empire, and very especially by the assigning of a place to delegates from Canada at the Peace Conference and by the affixing of the names of these delegates as signatories to the peace treaty.

Apart altogether, however, from this formal recognition of Canada's new status in the Empire there was on the part of the whole body of the people of the Motherland such generous and universal acclaim of Canada's contribution to the victory of the Allies as to lift her to a new position in the affection and esteem of the British peoples.

In pre-war days Canada had somewhat insistently asserted her autonomy in all her domestic affairs, an assertion cordially accepted by the Imperial Government; but now she has won the right to a status of greater dignity and authority in the British Imperial Commonwealth of which she forms a part, a status which lifts her to a plane of equality with the Motherland. Not only is Canada accorded the right to independent action in her domestic affairs, not only must her voice be heard in conversations with any foreign power which affects her interests, but without her counsel and agreement the British Imperial Commonwealth can enter into no treaty with a foreign power, can take no action which will involve the Commonwealth. True the great war was undertaken by the Home Government without consultation with the overseas Dominions, and by a happy fortune the action of the Home Government met with the instant and strong approval of these Dominions. But who can say if such agreement can always be counted on? Happily the terms of the League of Nations are such that full time and opportunity for such consultation will be given; and such consultation will take place. For henceforth the Common Council of the British Imperial Commonwealth will determine the foreign policy and the world action of the Commonwealth.

Canada Takes Her Place

AS a result then of the Great War, Canada has become new in her Imperial relations, and she occupies a new place in the regard and respect of the Motherland and of her sister nations in the Commonwealth. She has taken her place on equal terms in the Imperial Cabinet and she has been

given the right to a place in the League of Nations side by side with other nations of the world.

A word about this last. An American Senator recently fell foul of this arrangement and entered protest. He may save himself the trouble. Canada will keep what she has won, nor will she ask consent of any American Senator. And we are sure that among those peoples who will insist that this shall be, none will speak with more emphatic voice than the American people themselves. For in all the world no people can be found readier to give to Canada admiration and indeed affection. It was my privilege to come into somewhat close touch with hundreds of thousands of that great people during the war and I was deeply touched by the enthusiasm with which the name of Canada was received, and the boundless admiration which the war deeds of Canadians excited—America may be counted upon to be found ever among Canada's friends, never among her foes.

Major C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor)

Canada Needs Three Things

IN view of this new Imperial relation what does Canada need? Three things. First, representation in the Common Council of the British Imperial Commonwealth by men of the highest character, and of trained intelligence, who will worthily maintain the honor of their country and will promote its interests and at the same time serve to make the Common Council a source of strength and wise guidance to the Commonwealth.

Secondly, Canada must establish agencies for the developing of trade relations with the nations who are members in the Commonwealth. A central clearing house in London has been proposed for the various parts of the Empire. This is good, but inadequate. Canada must appear through capable, energetic agents in every market in the Empire, whose function shall be the establishing and developing of Canada's trade.

Thirdly, and most important of all, there is needed a plan and method by which mutual acquaintance shall be promoted throughout the Empire. For, after all, the bonds that held the Empire as one through the stress and strain of war, were not those woven by the statesman or the trader, but were those invisible, impalpable, irrefrangible bonds of race, speech, religion and ideals. These bonds run out from heart and soul and are nourished by fuller acquaintance and frequent association. If the British Imperial Commonwealth is to grow into a unity instinct with life, then its parts must be kept in touch with one another. We believe in the inherent soundness of these peoples. We believe that they will stand knowing and we believe that as we come to know one another better, so shall we grow into mutual trust and affection, and so shall we be for one another's good.

For instance, what vast mutual advantage would arise from an interchange throughout the Empire among our leaders in education, in religion and in the newspaper world. Think what good would come all round too from an exchange of visitations on the part of our business and professional men, or of our farmers and manufacturers with those of our sister nations in the Empire!

It would be a sound and profitable investment of public funds if a ship should be chartered annually and sent on a voyage of business and of joy round the seven seas, leaving greetings and gathering knowledge. This will not be done immediately, I fear, but, howsoever it be done, we of the British Imperial Commonwealth must find ways of better acquaintance for our mutual good and for the welding of the Commonwealth into a solid unity.

Next I shall say somewhat of the new spirit of the new Canada, her new problems, industrial, social and religious, and their solution.

The OUTLAW

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," "Songs of a Sourdough," etc.

A wild and woeful race he ran
Of lust and sin by land and sea,
Until abhorred of God and man
They swung him from the gallows tree.
And then he climbed the Starry Stair,
And, dumb and naked and alone,
With head unbowed and brazen glare,
He stood before the Judgment Throne.

The Keeper of the Records spoke:
"This man, O Lord, has mocked Thy Name.
The weak have wept beneath his yoke,
The strong have fled before his flame.
The blood of babes is on his sword,
His life is evil to the brim:
Look down and doom this wretch, O Lord!
Lo! there is none will plead for him."

The golden trumpets blew a blast
That echoed in the crypts of Hell,
For there was judgment to be passed,
And lips were hushed, and silence fell.
The man was mute; he made no stir,
Erect before the Judgment Seat. . .
Then all at once a mongrel cur
Crept out and cowered and licked his feet.
It licked his feet with whining cry.
Come Heav'n, come Hell, what did it care?
It leapt, it tried to catch his eye;
Its master, yea, its God, was there.
Then as a thrill of wonder sped
Through throngs of shining seraphim,
The Judge of All looked down and said:
"Lo! here is ONE who pleads for him.

"And who shall love of these the least,
And who by word or look or deed
Shall pity show to bird or beast,
By Me shall have a friend in need.
Aye, though his sin be black as night,
And though he stand mid men alone,
He shall be softened in My sight
And find a pleader by My Throne.

"So let this man to glory win;
From life to life salvation glean,
By pain and sacrifice and sin
Until he stand before me—clean.
For he who loves the least of these—
And here I say and here repeat—
Shall win himself an angel's pleas
For Mercy at My Judgment Seat."

MEN *and* MONEY

A Story With a Purpose

By

NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," "In Times Like These," etc.

Illustrated by

E. J. DINSMORE

IN a certain small prairie town in Western Canada, twenty-five years ago, two houses were built side by side. You will perhaps remember them when I tell you that they stood on thirty-three foot lots and were painted a stone color with brown trimmings. Each had a door and a large window in the front, with a small verandah, over which were two small windows; each had a gray roof and lean-to kitchen, and the houses were divided from each other by a stone colored and brown fence, painted with what was left over from the houses.

You do not need to be told that the same man had built them, owned and rented them, and you know he was a dull fellow, without imagination, or he would have put a dab of red paint somewhere in the trimming of one, and green in the other, or an extra gable in one, or another sort of kitchen, or put the chimney or a window in a different place or made some change to break the spell. But he did not do any of these things because he had simply built them to rent, and renters are expected to be glad of anything to live in, and not to expect too much for twelve dollars and fifty cents per month, strictly in advance.

The front door opened into a small hall, whose meagre space was partially taken up by a gray painted stairway, and which afforded the occasional caller a full view of the inward workings of the kitchen, unless the door at the other end was kept shut; but the careful housewife overcame all danger of such exposure by hanging curtains over the door space. The living-room was to the right as you came in the front door, and the dining-room was separated from it by an archway, and more curtains. The dining-room had one window, whose upper portion contained squares of red, blue, and amber colored glass; the large window in the front room followed the same design. The walls were plastered, and the floors were of fir.

By these peculiarities, I am sure you will know the houses I mean.

WELL, as I said, there were two of them side by side, and by a curious coincidence, they received their occupants the same day, and both mistresses were brides. William Brown, book-keeper for an implement firm, who had gone East and married Stella Morrow of Peterboro, and Herbert S. Wilson, banker, who had married Miss Summers, one of the teachers, were the tenants, and the people of the small town called that street "Honeymoon Avenue."

When the observant ladies of the Reception Committee of the Ladies' Aid called on the two brides, which they did in due course, they were unable to decide who had the best furniture. Mrs. Wilson had a green carpet and green chenille portieres; Mrs. Brown's were dull blue; Mrs. Wilson's china was the tea rose design, Mrs. Brown's was the gold clover leaf; Mrs. Wilson had house plants; Mrs. Brown had a bird; Mrs. Wilson had a silk eiderdown on her spare room bed, Mrs. Brown had a crocheted bedspread which her grandmother had made.

After careful discussion, the visitors of the Reception Committee were unable to institute a comparison, which should be abundant proof that the house of Wilson and the house of Brown had got away to a fair start.

At the end of the first year, the equality which had existed between the two families, was at an end, for there came into the Brown home a small, pink, blue-eyed infant, who constantly mistook the night for day, and persisted in wanting everyone to stand at attention.

Mrs. Wilson, who ran in the first afternoon to see him, presented him with a handsome garment, replete with blue bows, which she had bought the week before at a church bazaar, because, as she explained to her husband, "it was so hard to get out without buying something." It was really a very handsome present for the young barbarian, who mistook it for something of an edible nature, and even the first time it was put on him, chewed one of the dainty blue bows into shapeless squadginess. But this misdemeanor did not decrease his mother's admiration.

There were times, of course, in the first six months, when she wished he was not quite so imperative, and she often wondered how he could tell when she had gone down cellar for the vegetables for dinner, and why he raised such a piercing wail every time she went out of the room. But she always rushed to him with breathless haste, fully expecting to find that some evil had befallen him. When she reached his crib and found that he was still intact, her thankfulness always drove out her indignation, and when he flashed his blue-eyed, two-toothed, dimpled smile at her, she forgave him freely, and marked his "board and keep bill" paid to date.

The observant caller would not have any difficulty in deciding which house had the best furniture, after the first year. The Wilsons now had a new and handsome Turkish rug in their living-room; the Browns had a cradle in theirs; the Wilsons had Japanese grass mats and swinging chairs on their verandah, the Browns had a baby carriage on theirs. But there was no envy on either side of the mud brown paling which divided the two houses; everybody was satisfied with what they had. Sometimes, indeed, when young John Brown, dreaming of wolves, bears and kidnappers, awakened with loud wailings in the middle of the night, the Wilsons, hearing him, were sorry for their neighbors and were very glad that the quiet and calm of their own lives had not been disturbed by one of these overbearing young things who know nothing of that unwritten law regarding the right of others to undisturbed sleep at nights.

Young John Brown awakened regularly at the hour of five each morning, and insisted upon his parents doing likewise. Perhaps it was the spirit of his industrious grandmother, the one who had made the crocheted quilt, which had been inherited by him, for he loathed late sleeping, and saw to it that both his parents began the day bright and early. Having accomplished this by the simple and unaided method of the human voice, young John settled down to a calm and refreshing sleep, during which time his mother, on tiptoe, hurried through her work, to be ready to take him out when he awoke.

Her neighbor joined a literary club that winter, and studied Maeterlinck, and Matthew Arnold, fragments of which she passed on to young John's mother,—who said when the baby was old enough to take with her, she would be able to attend the meetings too. But the first time she took him to church, he tried to usurp the attention which, by all laws of fair play, belongs to the minister, and so had to be taken out in disgrace.

John's father saw in his bounding energy large possibilities of future greatness.

"Notice the shape of his head, Stella," he often said, "it is a perfectly rounded head, indicating a well-balanced disposition,—see the full forehead, with observation and reasoning equally full—veneration and conscientiousness especially large. This boy will never shirk his duty:—Never mind, Stella, even if you can't get out to the Browning Club, or whatever it is,

"We've got too many flowers," he said, grumblingly.

you're doing something when you are bringing up young John Brown. You'll have more to show for your time than the members of the Club, in the spring."

"Of course I will," John's mother said happily—"I expect John will be walking then, and won't I be proud when he can step out with me in the afternoon, in his blue suit and white straw hat, and is able to pass the time of day with the neighbors. He tries to say things now, and I think that's very smart for a baby only ten months old."

"He's a wonder," declared Mr. Brown, with conviction.

WHEN John passed his first birthday, and began to walk on his fat, uncertain little legs, he had his first photograph taken, and the friends on both sides of the house were remembered in the distribution. Most of them wrote back, with strongly expressed admiration; some with faint words of praise, and one unhappy aunt sent not a word, and was struck off Mrs. Brown's correspondence list forthwith. Mrs. Brown was too amiable a woman to be resentful even of such neglect, but she considered that any one who was not moved with admiration on beholding such a beautiful child's face, was too dull to bother with.

"When I go East, I'll go to see Aunt Grace, and ask for the picture. Evidently it is of no use to her," said Mrs. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown's good opinion of their son was further enhanced, when, soon after his first birthday, he began to talk. Just what he was saying seemed to be unknown, except to the immediate family. But it was plain as day to them. When asked what the kitty says, and what the cow says, and what the pig says, the answers he gave were strikingly similar in each case, but outsiders are often dull in such matters.

At sixteen months, he had learned one unmistakable trick—he saluted and responded when his name was called. "John Brown," called his father, when he entered the front door, and John Brown, in whatever part of the house he happened to be, struggled to his feet, and placing his heels together, stood very straight, and raising one fat hand, answered:

"Present."

At least his parents said that he said "present," and it certainly sounded as much like that as anything else.

His next trick was to tell, with unfailing accuracy, where his papa's boy was, by patting his own blonde head, and giving utterance to an animated whirl of sounds, which seemed like a succession of "da's," but which his parents had no difficulty in understanding. What the child said was, "Right here, right here!"

The Wilsons were brought over to hear John's tricks, and although he did them beautifully, and they laughed in apparent enjoyment, there was a slight lack of heartiness about their applause, and if John had been a real actor, he would have known that his audience was not in full accord with him, and that for some reason he had failed to put it over; but John did not care anything about their applause anyway—he had two devoted slaves on the front seats, and he did not look past them.

When the Wilsons went home, they laughed a little about John's tricks. "The Browns are nutty over that kid," said Mr. Wilson—"they make me tired sometimes."

His wife suddenly went serious. "It's nice to be silly—sometimes," she said wistfully. "I often wonder. . . . and wish——"

"I don't see it," he said, "raising a squalling kid does not appeal to me—it is too much like work—if you want to, you can adopt a half-grown one—past the howling age—I can't see myself parading up and down in my nightshirt, singing 'Beulah Land' the way Brown did last summer. Echoes of that coming across the fence was enough for me. A kid costs too much time, sleep, and money, and I tell you, May, they're not worth it—Now that's the straight truth! Look at my father and mother—they raised eight, and my mother was an old woman, with a bonnet, at forty. She never had a good time—she just slaved for us kids. Every last one of us now are married and gone, and the two old folks are there alone. We write at Christmas, and send a shawl and a pair of gaiters, that's all the communication there is between us—It isn't fair, but what can we do? I can't talk to my mother for five minutes—we belong to different worlds—She couldn't raise kids and read the newspapers too, and she dropped behind. Maybe she doesn't know it, but I do. It's nobody's fault, I guess—but it's uncomfortable, and I can't see the sense of raising a family, and losing all the fun in life."

They had argued the question before, and always to the same conclusion.

That afternoon when Mrs. Wilson was going down town for a hair-shampoo and manicure, and saw her neighbor hanging out a washing, with young John holding on to her skirts and clamoring loudly for attention, she rejoiced in her freedom, and the pleasant life she had. Bert was right, children were too much trouble!

The next summer, John had a little brother, an exact duplicate of himself, blue-eyed, dimpled and imperative. In the hot nights, when the windows were open, the piping wail of the new baby often broke into the nightly stillness of the street. These midnight disturbances helped to decide the Wilsons to make a visit to the Coast, though they had a feeling of real pity for their neighbors left behind to struggle with the heat and the two young children.

"Maybe they like it," said Mr. Wilson, when his wife was saying that some way she felt mean about leaving her neighbor, "some people do—it is a real instinct with some people to care for kids—but I must say it's not so with me—and you can't do them any good by staying—you don't know how to mind a kid anyway."

"She didn't know, either," persisted Mrs. Wilson—"but she's learning—I could learn too—if I needed to. I wouldn't be afraid to try it"—

Then she added quickly—"But I am glad I don't need to learn just now."

That winter, the baby, whose name was Tom, had a serious illness, requiring a trained nurse and a specialist. For a few days it looked as if he had decided to give up the journey on which he had started out so joyously six months before. His dimpled face, now shrunken and wrinkled like an old man's, haunted his father as he went about his work—it was too cruel, that anything so little and so sweet should suffer pain.

"Brown walks like an old man," Mr. Wilson told his wife that day as they sat at lunch in the hotel. They had been out late at a dance the night before, and she had phoned to his office that she did not feel like cooking, and suggesting that they "eat out."

"I guess it would be a relief if the little kid did pass out. They can't afford nurses and doctors' bills like this. Brown was in to-day to see how much he could borrow on his Life Insurance, and I gathered from what he said, they are pretty well up against it!"

Then they talked of other things.

But young Tom Brown did not die. There came a day when the troubled look went out of his tired eyes, and he knew his mother when she bent over him.

When Brown came home to dinner, he did not get a chance to make his usual inquiry, "Well—how is he?" for his wife was waiting at the door, with the first real smile that he had seen for months.

"Billy," she cried—"Oh, Billy, he's better—he's going to get well!"

And then, quite without warning, she, Stella Brown, the brave, patient, tearless one, buried her head on his shoulder and cried, and cried.

Softly stroking her pretty hair, he noticed for the first time that it had in it streaks of gray.

IT was a hard pull for the Browns to recover from the financial depression following the baby's illness. The specialist, who had been twice to see the child, was able by that occult gift which many specialists possess, to divine the amount of their savings, and make his fee cover it exactly.

"I wonder how he knew how much we had," said Billy Brown reflectively, as he wrote the check which signed away all their savings for the last six years.

"That's part of their course at college," said his wife gaily. "Never mind, Billy, we have the boys to show for our time, and we're still young and strong. We'll start another savings account on the first of the month, and we'll have garden stuff to sell, and our clothes will do for another year. We've enough left from the Insurance money you borrowed, to pay the nurse and our own doctor, and the bill at the drugstore, so we start even again—that's not so bad."

THE two families did not see so much of each other in the years that followed, for the Wilsons moved into the big house which they built on another, and more fashionable, street, and sometimes months and months passed without the women seeing each other. The men met occasionally at the Business Men's Luncheons which were given once a week, and always regarded each other with real friendliness. Mr. Wilson, in speaking of his old neighbor, said to his wife:

"I like Brown—but the stories he tells about his kids certainly make me tired. The man doesn't notice that he's shabby himself, and getting into a groove. He works in his garden as long as he can see, and then gets up early and goes at it again. But he's bubbling over with enthusiasm all the time about the kids, and showed me their school reports. The kids are hustlers all right, and young John works in the printing office after school and is earning a set of books that way. The other fellow keeps chickens and has bought a bicycle. You'd think it was an automobile, to hear Brown talk about it. The man's simply dippy over those two youngsters."

"Well, I don't wonder," said Mrs. Wilson, "they're handsome and clever, and the most beautifully mannered children in town, everyone says. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will realize all their own ambition, in the boys, and that's something. They see their own dreams coming true, and that makes labor sweet and satisfying."

"But they never have a trip or any fun," said her husband.

"They get their fun at home—and that's the best place," she said. "Teas and dances and clothes don't satisfy every woman, you know, Bert. Some of them have deeper ambitions than just to be well-dressed and able to play cards. . . . . I sometimes envy the Browns. . . . . "

"They're welcome to the kids,—so far as I am concerned," he said shortly. "It's cost poor Brown all his salary to raise those kids so far, and now comes the most expensive time, for they have to be educated. He never takes a holiday—he does curl, but he never goes away for a bonspiel."

"But they seem happy," Mrs. Wilson urged; "there aren't two people in town who stick together like the Browns—Don't you remember that Sunday afternoon we saw them out walking with the boys? I thought they all looked so contented and happy, and the boys are such handsome youngsters—They may be poor, Bert, but they've something to show for their time."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders irritably.

"I'll tell you what they have," he said. "They have a small six-roomed house, on a poor street, in need of repairs, five thousand dollars Life Insurance, and that's all they have in the world. His salary just covers expenses—he'll borrow on his insurance again to send the boys to college. He'll skimp and save and work to the end of his days. He'll never take his nose from the grindstone, and she's the same!"

"The boys represent their life work," said Mrs. Wilson persistently. "They haven't got their money in the bank, the way we have; they have it in the boys—the way we haven't. They've worked to better advantage than we have."

"I don't see it," he said, and he went out of the room with every indication of impatience.

ONE morning at breakfast a few weeks later, Mrs. Wilson said to her husband:—

"Did you notice the school report this month?"

"No," he answered tartly—"why should I?"

"There's no reason," she said quietly, "and no reason for my noticing it, only that I always do read it. Did you ever have a sore nail, which, someway—you like to hurt? I don't know why,—Well, I read the school report for some such reason as that—and it always hurts."

A long silence fell upon them. What was the use of going over all the arguments again?

Before he left, he said more gently: "What were you going to tell me about the school report?"

"Nothing,"—she answered—"except that the Brown boys are ahead again. John has passed his entrance, with honors, and Tom is one year behind. Both names are the first on the lists."

"That's because 'B' is the second letter in the alphabet, I guess," said Mr. Wilson. "Well, I'm glad you

NOTE.—There is a purpose in this story by Mrs. McClung. It is designed to show the need for more recognition of the mothers who gave their sons that the world might be saved. Every Canadian should read it. In addition it is a splendid story, one of the best that Mrs. McClung has written.

told me—I'll know enough to keep out of Brown's way for a few days."

He said it laughingly, but his wife's eyes were very listless and weary as she sat leaning her head on her hands.

She was still sitting there, when the maid came to clear away the breakfast dishes.

THE Browns, like other people, had dissensions and mutinies at times within their ranks. No four healthy people ever lived together in perfect harmony for an indefinite period, and the number could be lowered again, and yet again, without upsetting the truth of the statement.

To try to bring about harmony, Mrs. Brown had made it the rule to have Saturday afternoon a free time for the boys, but sometimes, by failing to do the work on Saturday morning, Saturday afternoon had to be broken into by unfinished business, and this was the cause of the frown which hung heavily on Tom's face, as he put strings on the sweet peas in front of the house.

"We've got too many flowers," he said, grumblingly, "they always need to have something done to them. I like flowers that just grow, and look out for themselves—without bother to any one. Flowers aint supposed to be a worry to anyone—and spoil all his fun. If we hadn't any, I'd have more fun."

Mrs. Brown was cleaning the veranda, and his remarks were addressed to her.

"That's so, Tom," she agreed, "and if we didn't have the veranda—I wouldn't need to clean it, and if we didn't have any clothes I wouldn't need to wash them, and if we didn't have anything to eat, I wouldn't need to cook, and then I wouldn't have to wash the dishes. We're certainly in hard luck having so many things, you and I."

Tom worked on in silence, thinking of what she had said, but his heart was with the gopher hunt.

"There are lots of the boys who never have a thing to do. Joe Peters has no cow to feed, or hens to look after, and they never bother with flowers. They just go out riding in the car every night, and I wish we were like them. The boys don't even need to go to school if there's anything else they want to do. Their house doesn't look nice, but they sure have fun."

Just then, the afternoon mail came in, and in it there came a letter to Mrs. Brown from home. It was from her mother, and, as usual, she seized it with delight.

"Dear Stella," it began, "we had a family gathering to-day, and we had every member of the family but you, and so we have decided that we really must have you at the next one. You have been gone for fourteen years now, and you have not been home even once, and now we want you to come to us for at least a month. Your boys are big enough to leave now, and we know that Billy has always wanted you to have a holiday, but you are so conscientious about doing your duty to the boys, that you forget to do your duty to yourself.

"Now let me tell you what we have to offer in the way of inducement.

"We will all be here; father is very well this summer, and greatly enjoying his new Ford. He will take you all over to see the friends. The brothers and sisters are all wanting you, dear Stella, and they are full of plans for giving you a great time. The corn will be ready then, and I hear talk of a great corn-bake in the maple-bush, the first night you are here. The woods will be beautiful in September when the maples and beeches begin to turn."

Mrs. Brown had sat on the veranda step, to read her letter, and at this point in the reading, a cry broke from her.

Tom ran to her at once—

"Mother," he cried, in alarm—"what is it?"

Never in his life, had he seen his mother cry!

She was herself again in a minute.

"It's nothing at all, Tom," she smiled—"only I just got homesick for a minute. Your grandmother wants me to come back home, and of course, I can't, because it would take too much money; but I got lonesome for a moment, and I wanted to see the apple-trees and the plums that I planted, and I wanted to see the milk-house with the stream running through it, and the hollyhocks and hydrangeas, and I wanted most of all to see mother and father and all of them. But I couldn't leave you and John and Daddy here all alone, even if we had the money, which we haven't, but we'll have lots of it when you and John are through school, and then we'll all go and see the old folks, and we'll stay a year, and motor all over Ontario in our Studebaker—and—"

The tears were still hanging around his mother's gray eyes, and Tom could feel them, although they were not visible.

HE went back to the sweet peas, and soon had them all provided with good supports.

When he came into the house, his mother, shelling peas for dinner, was singing as usual.

"Mother," he said cheerfully, "is there anything else I can do? I don't mind work—I'd rather work, and I'm not going out with Joe Peters at all this afternoon—I want to stay with you—I'm sorry you can't go—but I'll hurry up with school—and we'll soon have lots of things."

"We have lots of things now, Tom," his mother laughed happily. "We have health, and each other—and lots to eat and enough clothes, and a good school for the boys, and I'm very happy. When we go home, we'll all go, I couldn't go away for a month and leave you two boys. I would be thinking all the time that your knees were out, and you had forgotten to wash behind your ears, and had gotten into poison ivy, or something, O! I am not homesick now, Tom, I am just thinking what a great time we will have when we all go back home to see our folks and your Daddy's people, and how proud I will be to show off my two boys."

JOHN and Tom Brown went through all the grades in the Public School, and when they entered the High School, their record was something of a triumphal progress. They were able to take their matriculation from the High School, and then came the first real break in the family, when the boys went to the city to begin their college work. John was ready one year ahead of Tom, but he taught a year to help the family finances, and to let his brother catch up to him. The city was only fifty miles away, and the boys came home each week-end, on their bicycles, in the summer time.

IN May, 1914, when the University reports came out, it was found that the one hundred dollar scholarship had been awarded to John Brown, and Tom had taken the second one of sixty dollars. Both boys were at home when the reports were published, and the little house, in need of repairs, fairly throbbed with delight. Mr. Brown brought the paper home at noon, and laid it on the table before his wife. The headline told the story.

"Raising a squalling kid doesn't appeal to me," said Wilson.

"Brown brothers take first and second scholarship for proficiency," it said.

"The returns are beginning to come in, Mother," said John, with a smile, as he kissed her.

Mrs. Brown's voice was tremulous with happiness.

"Boys," she said, "the returns have always come in. I got my reward every time either of you gave me a smile—or a hug; and every time I heard you laugh, every time I saw my boys learning how to do their part in life—I was repaid a hundred times. Your father and I have had a great time raising you two big fellows—you've kept us young, and well, and happy, and now you're bringing our rosiest dreams to pass. Talk about returns? Here!" And she kissed both boys and put the loudest kiss of all on her husband's bald head.

"Billy—old man—what sort of a time have we had—raising these two boys?"

"The very best," he cried, "the very best!"

That was in May, 1914.

IN August came the war!

At first no one believed that a real war had come; the time for that had gone by. It would be settled. The little groups of men who gathered on the street corners were unanimous in predicting that it would all be over by Christmas.

Every day, Billy Brown brought the paper home, when he came for lunch, and it was an excited group that read the war news, and traced on the new war-map, which an enterprising newspaper had sent out, the places mentioned in the reports.

When the neighbors light-heartedly discussed the war, predicting its early and successful ending, Mrs. Brown was silent and absorbed. One awful possibility held her heart in its cruel grip, and darkened her days with fear.

They might have to go!

There was no thought of conscription by the State, but there is a more inexorable law than was ever written down in cold type, and it was that law which was now driving the gladness and joy from the heart of many a man and woman.

It is the law of conscience—the conscription of conviction.

Sometimes, it comforted and re-assured her to watch the men who walked the streets, the men who were older than her boys, and yet unencumbered with family cares, and apparently idle. Surely they would go before there was a call for boys at school. She tried to think of the thousands and thousands who, all ever the British Empire, were hastening, at the call. Hers would not be needed. Indeed, she said to herself, there would not be training schools enough to train those who were offering themselves; there would not be a call for men, when there were no facilities for training them.

And besides, it would soon be over!

The boys went back to college when the Fall term opened, but their week-end visits had lost all their joyousness. They talked of nothing but the war! Recruiting officers had come to the college, and urged every boy over eighteen to enlist.

"Why don't they go to the barrooms and pool-rooms?" Mrs. Brown cried, indignantly. "Why do they not make their speeches to the idle men on the street corners. . . . . ."

"This isn't a job for pool-room loafers, Stella," said Billy Brown, gravely, "this is going to take the best we have, and I'm afraid—all we have."

This was the first time he had admitted his fear that the war would be a long one, and there was something about his words that fell on her heart like the clay on a coffin.

The thing she feared, had come—Billy had admitted it—

But it was like her not to cry out or complain. There was no outward manifestation of the storm which swept over her soul, except that as the days went on, her face seemed to shrink and wither.

THE Brown boys enlisted in December, 1914, and went to Montreal for their training.

The morning they left, the station was packed with people. Six other boys went with them, all under twenty-three years of age.

Some of the neighbors said they thought it queer of Mrs. Brown to go to the station. The neighbor who

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MY MEMORIES *and* MISERIES

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "The Hohenzollerns in America," "Further Foolishness," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"You licked me at Upper Canada College."

FOR ten years I was a schoolmaster. Just thirty years ago I was appointed on to the staff of a great Canadian school. It took me ten years to get off it. Being appointed to the position of a teacher is just as if Fate passed a hook through one's braces and hung one up against the wall. It is hard to get down again.

From those ten years I carried away nothing in money and little in experience; indeed, no other asset whatever, unless it be, here and there, a pleasant memory or two and the gratitude of my former pupils. There was nothing really in my case for them to be grateful about. They got nothing from me in the way of intellectual food, but a lean and perfunctory banquet; and anything that I gave them in the way of sound moral benefit I gave gladly and never missed.

But school boys have a way of being grateful. It is the decent thing about them. A school boy, while he is at school, regards his masters as a mixed assortment of tyrants and freaks. He plans vaguely that at some future time in life he will "get even" with them. I remember well, for instance, at the school where I used to teach, a little Chilian boy who kept a stiletto in his trunk with which he intended to kill the second mathematical master.

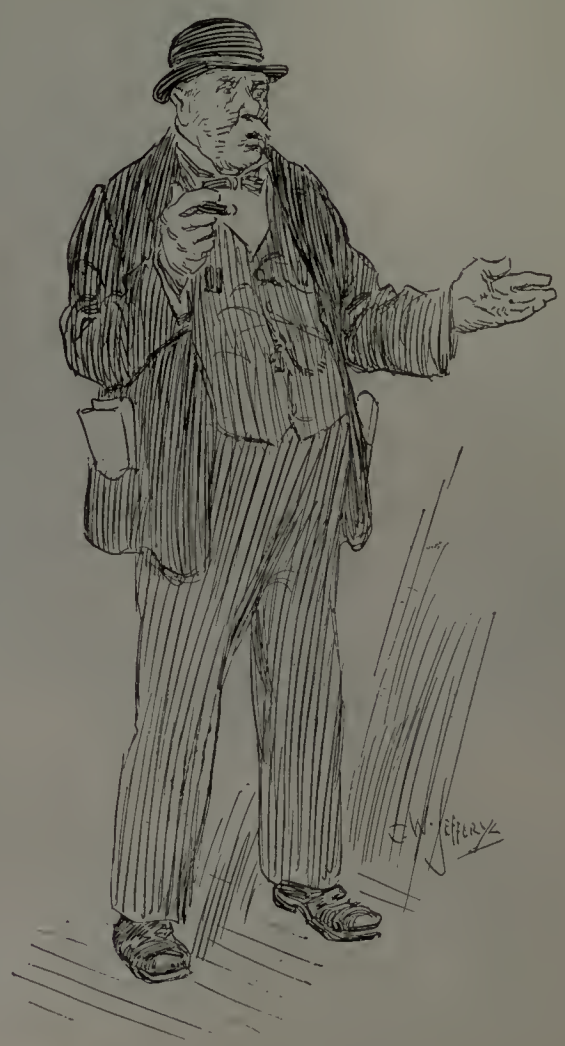
BUT somehow a schoolboy is no sooner done with his school and out in the business of life, than a soft haze of retrospect suffuses a new color over all that he has left behind. There is a mellow sound in the tones of the school bell that he never heard in his six years of attendance. There is a warmth in the color of the old red bricks that he never saw before; and such a charm and such a sadness in the brook or in the elm trees beside the school playground that he will stand beside them with a bowed and reverent head as in the silence of a cathedral. I have seen an "Old Boy" gaze into the open door of an empty class room and ask, "And those are the same old benches?" with a depth of meaning in his voice. He has been out of school perhaps five years and the benches already seem to him infinitely old. This, by the way, is the moment and this the mood in which the "Old Boy" may be touched for a subscription to the funds of the school. This *is* the way in fact, in which the sagacious head master does it. The foolish head master, who has not yet learned his business, takes the "Old Boy" round and shows him all the *new* things, the fine new swimming pool built since his day and the new gymnasium with up-to-date patent apparatus. But this is all wrong. There is nothing in it for the "Old Boy" but boredom. The wise head master takes him by the sleeve and says "Come"; he leads him out to a deserted corner of the playground and shows him an old tree behind an ash house and the old boy no sooner sees it than he says:

"Why, Great Caesar! that's the same old tree that Jack McEwen and I used to climb up to hook out of bounds on Saturday night! Old Jimmy caught us at it one night and licked us both. And look here, here's my name cut on the boarding at the back of the ash house. See? They used to fine us five cents a letter if they found it. Well, Well!"

The "Old Boy" is deep in his reminiscences examining the board fence, the tree and the ash house.

The wise head master does not interrupt him. He does not say that he knew all along that the "Old Boy's" name was cut there and that that's why he brought him to the spot. Least of all does he tell him that the boys still "hook out of bounds" by this means and that he licked two of them for it last Saturday night. No, no, retrospect is too sacred for that. Let the "Old Boy" have his fill of it and when he is quite down and out with the burden of it, then as they walk back to the school building, the head master may pick a donation from him that falls like a ripe thimbleberry.

AND most of all, by the queer contrariety of things, does this kindly retrospect envelop the person of the teachers. They are transported in the alchemy of time into a group of profound scholars, noble benefactors through whose teaching, had it been listened to, one might have been lifted into higher things. Boys who never listened to a Latin lesson in their lives look back to the memory of their Latin teacher as the one great man that they have known. In the days when he taught them they had no other idea than to put mud in his ink or to place a bent pin upon his chair. Yet they say now that he was the greatest scholar in the world and that if they'd only listened to him they would have got more out of his lessons than from any man that ever taught. He wasn't and they wouldn't—but it is some small consolation to those who have been schoolmasters to know that after it is too late this reward at least is coming to them.



"I've just given Jimmy fifty dollars."

Hence it comes about that even so indifferent a vessel as I should reap my share of schoolboy gratitude. Again and again it happens to me that some unknown man, well on in middle life, accosts me with a beaming face and says: "You don't remember me. You licked me at Upper Canada College," and we shake hands with a warmth and heartiness as if I had been his earliest benefactor. Very often if I am at an evening reception or anything of the sort, my hostess says, "Oh, there is a man here so anxious to meet you," and I know at once why. Forward he comes, eagerly pushing his way among the people to seize my hand. "Do you remember me?" he says. "You licked me at Upper Canada College." Sometimes I anticipate the greeting. As soon as the stranger grasps my hand and says, "Do you remember me?" I break in and say, "Why, let me see, surely I licked you at Upper Canada College." In such a case the man's delight is beyond all bounds. Can I lunch with him at his Club? Can I dine at his home? He wants his wife to see me. He has so often told her about having been licked by me that she too will be delighted.

I DO not like to think that I was in any way brutal or harsh, beyond the practice of my time, in beating the boys I taught. Looking back on it, the whole practice of licking and being licked, seems to me mediaeval and out of date. Yet I do know that there are, apparently, boys that I have licked in all quarters of the globe. I get messages from them. A man says to me, "By the way, when I was out in Sumatra there was a man there that said he knew you. He said you licked him at Upper Canada College. He said he often thought of you." I have licked, I believe, two Generals of the Canadian Army, three Cabinet Ministers, and more Colonels and Mayors than I care to count. Indeed all the boys that I have licked seem to be doing well.

I am stating here what is only simple fact, not exaggerated a bit. Any schoolmaster and every "Old Boy" will recognize it at once; and indeed I can vouch for the truth of this feeling on the part of the "Old Boys" all the better in that I have felt it myself. I always read Ralph Connor's books with great interest for their own sake, but still more because, thirty-two years ago, the author "licked me at Upper Canada College." I have never seen him since, but I often say to people from Winnipeg, "If you ever meet Ralph Connor—he's Major Charles Gordon, you know—tell him that I was asking about him and would like to meet him. He licked me at Upper Canada College."

But enough of "licking." It is, I repeat, to me nowadays a painful and a disagreeable subject. I can hardly understand how we could have done it. I am glad to believe that at the present time it has passed or is passing out of use. I understand that it is being largely replaced by "moral suasion." This, I am sure, is a great deal better. But when I was a teacher moral suasion was just beginning at Upper Canada College. In fact I saw it tried only once. The man who tried it was a tall, gloomy-looking person, a university graduate in psychology. He is now a well-known Toronto lawyer, so I must not name him. He came to the school only as a temporary substitute for an absent teacher. He was offered a cane by the College janitor whose business it was to hand them round. But he refused it. He said that a moral appeal was better: he said that psychologically it set up an inhibition stronger than the physical. The first day that he taught—it was away up in a little room at the top

As a SCHOOLMASTER

of the old college building on King street—the boys merely threw paper wads at him and put bent pins on his seat. The next day they put hot bees-wax on his clothes and the day after that they brought screw drivers and unscrewed the little round seats of the class room and rolled them down the stairs. After that day the philosopher did not come back, but he has since written, I believe, a book called "Psychic Factors in Education"; which is very highly thought of.

BUT the opinion of the "Old Boy" about his teachers is only a part of his illusionment. The same peculiar haze of retrospect hangs about the size and shape and kind of boys who went to school when he was young as compared with the boys of to-day.

"How small they are!" is always the exclamation of the "Old Boy" when he looks over the rows and rows of boys sitting in the assembly hall. "Why, when I went to school the boys were ever so much bigger."

After which he goes on to relate that when he first entered the school as a youngster (the period apparently of maximum size and growth), the boys in the sixth form had whiskers! These whiskers of the sixth form are a persistent and perennial school tradition that never dies. I have traced them, on personal record from eye-witnesses, all the way from 1829 when the college was founded until to-day. I remember well, during my time as a schoolmaster, receiving one day a parent, an "Old Boy" who came accompanied by a bright little son of twelve whom he was to enter at the school. The boy was sent to play about with some new acquaintances while I talked with his father.

"The old school," he said in the course of our talk, "is greatly changed, very much altered. For one thing the boys are very much younger than they were in my time. Why, when I entered the school—though you will hardly believe it—the boys in the sixth form had whiskers!"

I had hardly finished expressing my astonishment and appreciation when the little son came back and went up to his father's side and started whispering to him. "Say, dad," he said, "there are some awfully big boys in this school. I saw out there in the hall some boys in the sixth form with whiskers."

From which I deduced that what is whiskers to the eye of youth fades into fluff before the disillusioned eye of age. Nor is there need to widen the application or to draw the moral.

THE parents of the boys at school naturally fill a broad page in the schoolmaster's life and are responsible for many of his sorrows. There are all kinds and classes of them. Most acceptable to the schoolmaster is the old-fashioned type of British father who enters his boy at the school and says:

"Now I want this boy well thrashed if he doesn't behave himself. If you have any trouble with him let me know and I'll come and thrash him myself. He's to have a shilling a week pocket money and if he spends more than that let me know and I'll stop his money altogether." Brutal though this speech sounds, the real effect of it is to create a strong prejudice in the little boy's favor and when his father curtly says, "Good-bye, Jack," and he answers, "Good-bye, father," in a trembling voice, the schoolmaster would be a hound indeed who could be unkind to him.

But very different is the case of the up-to-date parent. "Now I've just given Jimmy fifty dollars," he says to the schoolmaster with the same tone as he would to an inferior clerk in his office, "and I've explained to him that when he wants more he's to tell you to go to the bank and draw for him what he needs." After which he goes on to explain that Jimmy is a boy of very peculiar disposition, requiring the greatest nicety of treatment; that they find if he gets in tempers the best way is to humor him and presently he'll come round. Jimmy, it appears can be led, if led

Jimmy can be led, if led gently.

gently, but never driven. During all of which time the schoolmaster, insulted by being treated as an underling, (for the iron bites deep into the soul of every one of them), has already fixed his eye on the undisciplined young pup called Jimmy with a view to trying out the problem of seeing whether he can't be driven after all.

BUT the greatest nuisance of all to the schoolmaster is the parent who does his boy's home exercises and works his boy's sums. I suppose they mean well by it. But it is a disastrous thing to do for any child. Whenever I found myself correcting exercises that had obviously been done for the boys in their homes I used to say to them quite grandly:

"Paul, tell your father that he *must* use the ablative after pro."

"Yes, sir," says the boy.

"And Edward, you tell your grandmother that her use of the dative case simply won't do. She's getting along nicely and I'm well satisfied with the way she's doing, but I cannot have her using the dative right and left on every occasion. Tell her it won't do."

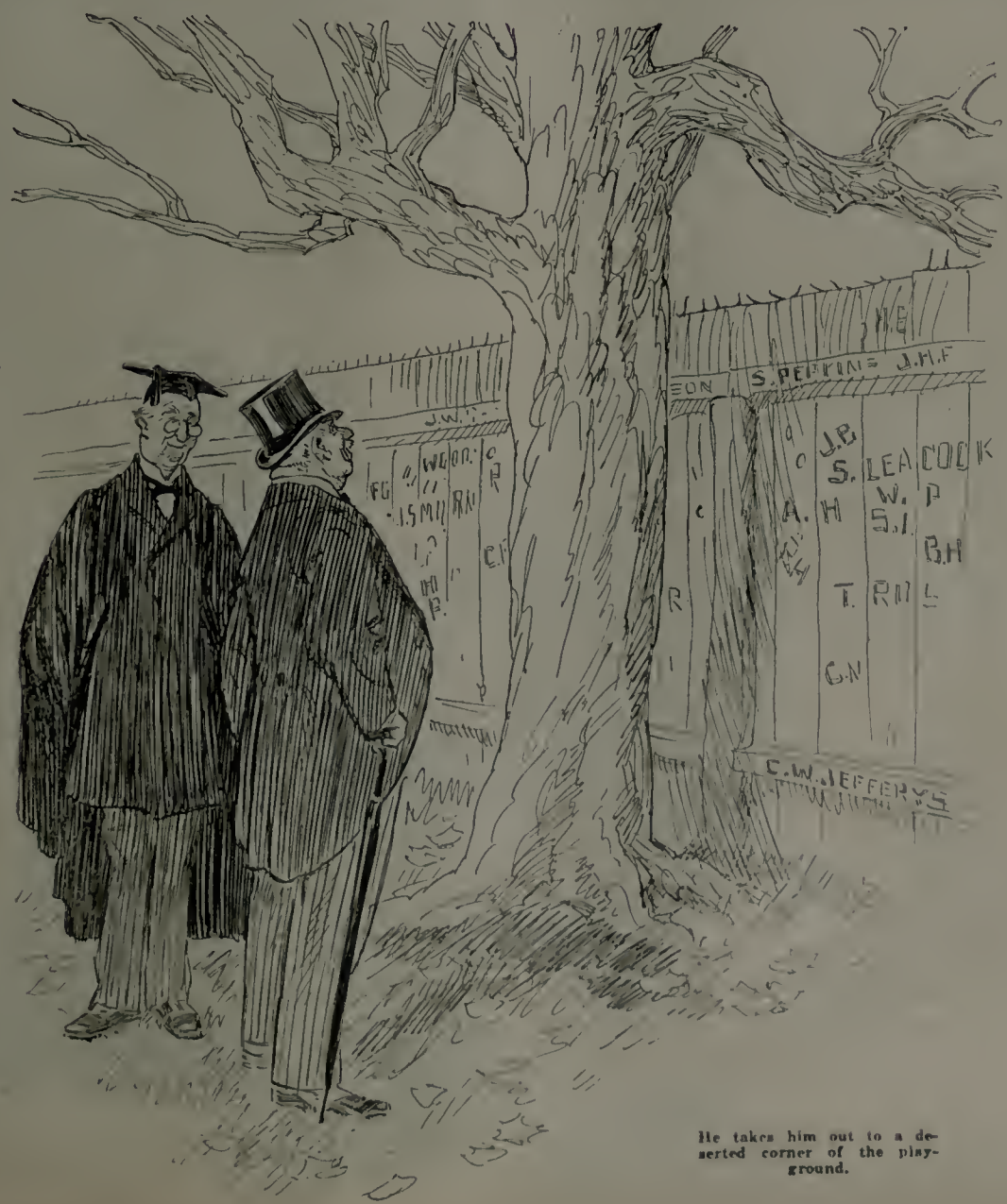
"Yes, sir," says little Edward.

I remember one case in particular of a parent who did not do the boy's exercise but, after letting the boy do it himself, wrote across the face of it a withering comment addressed to me and reading: "From this exercise you can see that my boy, after six months of your teaching, is completely ignorant. How do you account for it?"

I sent the exercise back to him with the added note: "I think it must be hereditary."

IN the whole round of the school year, there was, as I remember it, but one bright spot—the arrival of the summer holidays. Somehow as the day draws near for the school to break up for holidays, a certain touch of something human pervades the place. The masters lounge round in cricket flannels smoking cigarettes almost in the corridors of the school itself. The boys shout at the play in the long June evenings. At the hour when, on the murky winter nights, the bell rang for night study, the sun is still shining upon the playground and the cricket match between House and House is being played out between daylight and dark. The masters—good fellows that they are—have cancelled evening study to watch the game. The headmaster is there himself. He is smoking a briar-wood pipe and wearing his mortar-board sideways. There is wonderful greenness in the new grass of the playground and a wonderful fragrance in the evening air. It is the last day of school but one. Life is sweet indeed in the anticipation of this summer evening.

If every day in the life of a school could be the last day but one, there would be little fault to find with it.



He takes him out to a deserted corner of the playground.

A LITTLE BIT *of* CHICKENFEED

By ALLEN C. SHORE

Who wrote "The Beluchistan League," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

ON the door of the office ran the seductive legend, "John P. Barndyke. Mines and Investments." Mr. Barndyke, within, looked like both. There was profundity, amplitude, solidity, financial responsibility, all over him, from the summit of his pinkily bald head, down to his pearl spats and glistening shoes. The triple-chinned massiveness of face, the wrinkleless convexity of white waistcoat, resembling the sail of a yacht in a fresh breeze, proclaimed him anything but a man of straw.

He had air and manner matching his appearance, amiably bluff, or bullyingly dictatorial, according to the situation and standing of the person with whom he had to deal. This morning he was perturbed, and, from the nervous fingering of papers on the desk before him, one might suppose he was diligently searching for his accustomed ease, as one might look for a mislaid eyeglass. Standing near the desk, uncomfortably near, was Steve Forbes of the Caribou country, tall and lean, with "frontierman" stamped all over him, despite city clothes that sat on him awkwardly. The brown face was strong, the mouth pleasant yet firm, the eyes kindly, with capacity for humor in them, though they did not show it just now. There was a slight stoop in the stalwart shoulders, and he walked with the straddling gait of a man who has lived much in the saddle. He now leaned an elbow on the top of the desk and looked down on the ornately prosperous man in the revolving chair, as one might regard a strangely unpleasant beast.

"What it amounts to, Barndyke, when you get down to square man's talk, is that you mean to throw me." Steve spoke with unangered deliberateness.

"Not at all! Not at all!" blustered the other. "If you choose to build castles on imagination, and they fall, don't blame me, blame yourself."

"Barndyke!" replied Steve. "Among the kind of men I mix with, you'd only be good for fox bait. You know my option runs out on the sixth, and to-day is the first. You've kept me playing round this month past, expecting you to keep your word."

"If you knew anything about business, you'd know better than to expect any man to put up good money on a mine gamble like yours," said Barndyke. "I've looked into it, of course, as I've looked into scores of others, but it's doubtful whether you have anything of value. If it's as good, or half as good, as you claim, the street out there is jammed with men crazy to get on to such things."

"You're a cloven-footed liar!" drawled the calm voice. "I know now why Kelson, your spy, has been ferreting round my prospect and the adjoining properties, in my absence, and what he's doing round this town now. He's been too anxious to dodge me for honesty. I showed you what I had, believing your word, and you promised to find the hundred thousand to swing the deal. I gave you what you asked for your services, and you've tricked me with fine talk to keep me from going elsewhere. You'd have fooled me along to the minute the option died, if I hadn't forced a show-down. It isn't because you doubt what I've got that you're playing Judas, but because you know how good it is, and want it all, what I've slaved for and fought for, in sun and cold, poverty and hunger, all these years. I've got to raise a hundred thousand dollars between this and three o'clock of the sixth. I've less than twenty-five dollars in the world, and I don't know a soul in Toronto, but I'll get it. You take notice, Barndyke, I'll get it!" And the hard fist smashed down on the desk to the agitation of Mr. Barndyke's sensitive nerves. "It takes more than a measly coyote or sneaking wolf to scare me off my holding."

OUTSIDE the office Steve paused for reflection. Then he headed for the Trust Company who were agents for the property. Doubtless Barndyke had shut that door; but he'd find out. The manager, from whom he asked a month's extension, if necessary, was sympathetic, but he made it clear that what was asked was impossible. Another option had been granted to run from three o'clock of the sixth, should the first fall through.

"Party of the name of Barndyke?" enquired Steve.

"It isn't my business to tell," answered the manager. "But I've known worse guessers."

Steve considered a moment. There was something of the miner's fatalism in him, and the stoicism that goes with it. It wasn't the first time he had seen golden promise develop into leaden fulfilment, rosy dawn fade to gray noon. Nor, said the buoyant spirit of the man, would it be the first time he had seen gray noon be the sombre forerunner of a brilliant, glory-filled sunset. After all, it is the end, the balancing, that counts. The big office clock boomed the hour of three. It seemed to Steve like the ring count. Then he laughed and straightened his shoulders.

"One! Two! Three!" he repeated with a grin. "That aint 'Ten! and you're Out!' Here's where we stall for the bell and come up smiling again for some more of the same, and maybe a slice of different."

"Go to it, son!" said the manager, who had sized up the situation. "You look like the kind that takes a mighty lot of stopping."

STEVE stepped out into the street again. He wanted air and exercise. His mind worked best when his body was in motion, so he started to walk. Where he went that afternoon he never knew, but it was nearly nine o'clock when he found himself, footsore and hungry, but with the devil distanced, at the head of University Ave. For a month he had been loafing round the streets waiting, and had found the job harder work than the stiffest backaching task he had ever done. That was ended now. He was prospector again in a strange, new country, facing the toughest prospect of his life. How he was going to tackle it, he did not know, and, to-night, he didn't much care. He had a hunch that he was going to do it. He wondered what would happen if he marched through the money district announcing to the world that he had one of the richest silver mines since Potosi, and demanding a hundred thousand dollars.

The idea tickled him so much that he burst into laughter, to the amazement of passers-by. Then they saw the bronzed face under the broad Stetson, and laughed too, as one laughs at the mirth of children and grown-ups who retain the childlike mind and heart.

When he reached Queen's Park he hesitated a moment between hunger and weariness. He'd sit awhile and reflect on men and women and things in this vast, sweltering babel. Most of the benches were filled, but he found one, a little apart from the rest, with only two occupants. At each end sat a woman. One was young, and his swift glance brought away the impression of the most perfectly satisfactory face he had ever seen. He came from a comparatively womanless district, and the greatest charm of cities to him was in their multitudes of pretty faces. There was nothing blasé about Steve Forbes, and he had known camps and bonanza cities, with their womankind. He cherished the wholesome man's belief that the good among man and womankind formed the vast majority, and that in the bad was an amazing lot of good. He had the simple, clean mind from which springs the fine flower of chivalry and reverence for woman. The face of the girl was not prettier than many he had seen, but it was quite different; he didn't know how or why. Rather pale, and, he thought, tired and anxious. He liked the way her hair framed the brow and temples, the large eyes, the grave, oval face. He wondered why she was seated, alone, in a public park, at that hour. He glanced at her again, and felt happier.

The other woman was elderly, with a sharp, rather severe face and plainly dressed. She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, that even his inexperience in such matters, told him was of the cheapest. Neither woman knew much of the world's luck, he guessed, and he thought with some self-contempt of his own anxiety during the afternoon because of Barndyke's treachery. To a man the whole world was open, and strength and courage could hew a path through the densest jungle; how different to a woman, young and pretty or old and feeble!

"You don't mind me sitting down here, Ma'am, and you, Miss?" he asked. "I'm plumb tired, and these legs of mine aint used to pavement pounding."

THE girl shot a quick glance at him, and his wholesomeness seemed to satisfy her. She gave a little nod. The other scrutinized him more leisurely, and a dry smile passed over her face.

"They're long enough in all conscience," she said, looking critically at the outstretched legs.

"A few more days like this'll shorten 'em, Mother," he said. "Guess I walked an inch off 'em this afternoon. Terrible place, this city, to wear folks. Look

at all that!" And he nodded to the miscellaneous humanity crowded on the benches. Then he remembered that perhaps these women knew all about it, and rebuked his thoughtless tongue.

"You don't mind me speaking to you, Mother, and little sister?" he continued. "I know it's reckoned next door to murder in cities to talk to folks you don't know. Just fancy you're in my country where human beings are glad to talk."

"And where may that be?" asked the woman.

"All the way from Labrador to Vancouver, and from the Lakes to the Arctic Circle, mostly where humans are the rarest animals," he laughed. "I carry my skyscraper with me and plant it in the woods, by the lake shore, or up on the mountain side, with God's sun and stars, trees, winds, and wild things for my neighbors."

"What do you leave them for at this time of the year, when the wilds must be at their best?" asked the frankly inquisitive woman.

"Mother, you make me homesick," he replied. "I'm just aching for the open hillside, the soft velvet sky, the stars shining to do you a kindness, the lake below rippling black and silver, and the wind, that comes without the tang of the devil's limekiln, singing among the trees. We've most things there but money, and I'm here on the still hunt for a hundred thousand dollars, so if you hear the next day or two of a wild man standing some fat banker on his head and shaking that much out of his pockets, you'll know it was Steve Forbes who did it."

Thus they chatted for some time, the dry, tart humor of the woman feeding and drawing out the miner's loquacity, the girl listening amusedly, and now and again joining in the conversation. Weariness passed from Steve, and hunger was uppermost.

"Guess it's about time I had my supper," he said. "I wish, Mother, you and little sister here would come and have some supper with me. Toronto swatted me pretty hard this afternoon, so I guess it's trying to be good to me now. I've a sort of fancy we are going to bring luck to each other."

The woman looked across at the girl.

"What do you say, my dear?" she asked. "Shall we represent Toronto to the stranger within our gates?"

THE girl nodded, her eyes dancing with mirth, and the three of them went to a near-by restaurant. The meal was a very pleasant one. Steve was in high spirits, and an easy prey to the bantering inquisitiveness of the keen-faced woman. When the odd little party broke up, the elder woman went along the Avenue. Some distance up, she paused under a lamp to look at the folded paper she had seen the man slip into her jacket pocket. She took out of it a five dollar bill.

"A little bit of chickenfeed!' she chuckled, then called a taxi and drove away.

Steve stood on the pavement and watched the girl go. Then as the slim, graceful figure was passing out of sight, he did a most reprehensible thing. Reflecting swiftly that exceptional situations demand extraordinary measures, he started off in pursuit. To let the girl walk thus out of his life would be foolish and worse—like throwing away luck that had just come to him. There was rebuke in her eyes when she saw him, not very severe, perhaps, for they had become rather friendly; but it was still rebuke.

"I'd rather you'd be angry with me to-night, than be mad with myself for ever after," he said apologetically. "I didn't mean to follow you at first, but then I felt how crazy it was to find a friend and lose her right away."

It sounded reasonable enough after all, and he was different from city men, the girl reflected. She came from the country herself. So she gave him the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and, so great was her interest in his quest, that she said he might call later and let her know the result of his money hunt.

WHEN she reached her room in the apartment house, she lit the gas and sat down on the bed to reflect upon the one adventurous evening in a rather placid life. A few hours before Mary Andrews had been decidedly gloomy. Two weeks earlier, the economical pruning of staffs in the department store where she worked had cast her adrift, and she had learned how fierce competition can be for mere bread. She had been ambitious and had left the duller native northland for the city. Sometimes she regretted it. If life there had not been so vivid and exciting it had charm and compensations of its own. If the prizes in the lottery were not so splendid there, the heart-breaking blanks were much fewer. Existence rarely resolved itself into a razor-edge fight for subsistence.

Oddly enough, it was not the man she thought about now, but the woman she had met that afternoon. Her eyes and ears were keener than the miner's; she knew that their companion was no woman of the people in hard luck, and wondered if she would soon see her again. The strange woman had asked for her address, and had promised to call upon her. She had a curious sense of protecting friendship as she recalled the keen, powerful face, and the half-veiled interest in the piercing eyes.

When she slept that night, she dreamed of the green fields yellowing to harvest, the maple grove about the old home, the orchard, fruit laden, sloping to the singing river, the cool, scented night winds blowing, and across the stage of dreams flitted the big bronzed miner who had called her "little sister," and the woman he had called "Mother." The mere names comforted her tired spirit. When she arose to the new day she felt a fresh gladness. She was glad she had resisted the temptation of the few hundreds to sell the old home.

Like most people of the Celtic strain, she believed secretly in signs, omens, and dreams, in an unseen but ever-present hand that moves a piece here, another there, and with unfathomable wisdom and skill works out far-seeing plans, by mysterious and inexplicable combinations, to ultimate, splendid triumph. Perhaps! Perhaps! Then she laughed—an excellent way in which to begin.

That Mr. Harndyke was plump and Solomonically attired formed an additional two-pronged indictment.

A GRAY sky overhead, her yacht the *Xantippe* plunging through gray-green seas, the wind whistling through the ropes and stays of her rigging, and whipping the spray in clouds across the deck; such was the natural background to any true portrait of Miss Pandora Fulcher. In the stern gray-grimness of her appearance—piercing black eyes, strongly arched nose, Indian-hued face—the spaciousness of mind and heart, the seeming capriciousness of mood, sweeping wraths and splendid generosities, she revealed her kinship to the sea. Ashore, there was always about her something of the alien air which sailors have on land.

As she passed into the dingy street, a casual glance would have left one with the impression of a highly militant female suffragist or inexpugnable book canvasser, rather than the mistress of millions, whose ten thousand workpeople at Fulcherville produced dress fabrics that rivalled the daintiest put forth by the looms of England and France. Nearer approach showed the poise, the self-assuredness, and those instinctive subtleties of manner that proclaim the grande dame. Of restless energy, she was an early riser. When a task had to be done she never dallied with it. Adventure was to her the very breath of life; chance, coincidence, unexpectedness, the avenues to much of its interest and charm.

Mary Andrews was at home, preparing to go out on the work hunt, when her acquaintance of the night before arrived.

"Pity we have not our cowboy friend with us," said the visitor as she made herself comfortable in Mary's armchair. "I suppose you have seen him since I did?"

The girl colored in slight confusion.

"I was sure of it," laughed the lady. "He had the lonely look in his eyes when I came away. Well, he looked a clean, wholesome boy. Brought you home, of course? I shouldn't be surprised to hear he made love to you."

The girl laughed and shook her head.

"He will then," declared the visitor with conviction. "He's that kind of a man. I don't mean one of the mushy sort, but he's pretty green, and looks what he thinks. I'm an old maid, and lookers-on see most of the game. Why, bless my soul! What have you got on the wall up there?" And she stared at a large photograph.

"That is a view of Fulcherville and the mills there," said Mary. "My mother used to live there."

The lady sprang up, took the girl by the shoulders, and searched her face eagerly.

"I know now why your face haunted me all night," she said. "You are Alice Maynard's girl?"

"Yes, Alice Maynard was my mother," said Mary in utter amazement.

"I knew it. My instinct where Fulcherville is concerned never fails. You don't know me, I suppose?" she asked. "Your mother did. I am Pandora Fulcher."

Mary looked part of the awe she felt upon hearing that august name which her mother had always spoken almost with reverence.

"Your mother, my dear, was one of my pet girls," said Miss Pandora. "But in the name of the great Hornspoon, what are you doing down here in Toronto, and alone? Why didn't you come to see me, knowing I was your mother's friend? I ought to shake you, rambling all over this God-forsaken city, seeking work of strangers when I'd have been happy to find a comfortable place for you. I wonder how it is that the people I'd love to help keep away from me? Think I'm an ill-tempered old crank, I suppose, because I've no wisp of a man tied to my apron strings, and a raft of children of my own. Bah!"

"I think you did enough for us, Miss Fulcher," replied the girl. "I can't forget that we, that I, owe you five hundred dollars yet. I hope one day to sell the farm and pay back what you lent mother when we were in trouble. So far I've never been able to do more than pay the interest."

"You've been paying interest!" cried Miss Pandora. "In the name of all the Shylocks in Jewry, to whom?"

"To your cashier at the mills," the girl replied.

"And I never knew it," mourned Miss Pandora. "It's the very devil to have other folks do your work. The sharks! When I sent the money to your mother in her trouble I meant it as a gift. No wonder you kept away from me. Well, we'll see about that later."

They sat and talked for hours, and when Miss Fulcher left, Mary Andrews knew that her present troubles were over.

On her return to her house on St. George Street, the old brownstone Fulcher mansion, Miss Pandora had as guest at luncheon Mr. Richard Ambler, relative, friend, legal adviser, and sportsman. Her relatives, as a rule, she detested. Flatteries spoken or acted, she despised. Young Dick Ambler treated his cousin of nearly sixty as if she were his man chum of eight and twenty; he was more candidly plain-spoken to her than if she had not a dollar, and she thought him just the kind of a boy she would have liked her son to be had she condescended to marriage. She regaled him with the story of the girl and the cowboy, as she persisted in calling Steve Forbes, who addressed her as "Mother," took her out to supper in a beanery, and slipped a five-dollar bill into her pocket when he thought she wasn't looking.

"I wonder if he's succeeded in standing his fat

banker on his head yet?" she mused pensively. "There might be something in his story. There was the man who tried to sell sovereigns on London Bridge for pennies, and couldn't trade. If he'd tried to sell pennies for sovereigns, he probably would have done a land office business. It's the fake that catches the man who won't look at an honest thing. I suppose it's the Lord's provision for the sharks, they've got to feed on something. What was it the Tichborne claimant said in London! 'The Lord sends them as has money and no brains for them as has brains and no money.' Guess he wasn't far wrong."

Dick looked over at her with a smile. The gruffest, sharpest-tongued woman in all creation, and the most tender hearted. She took out the five-dollar bill, and smoothed it on the table.

"The boy is staying at the National, and his name is Steve Forbes. I pumped that much out of him while we were eating fried eggs and the most damnable bacon that ever was intended for briny shoe leather," she said. "I wish you'd look him up, Dick. Perhaps you could steer him against the right people. We've got to live up to this little bit of chickenfeed, and what the fivespot represents. The boy took me for a tired-out old charwoman or office cleaner in hard luck. That eleven cent hat I wore was worth the money it cost, though it's an awful trial to the stylish ladies I've got in the kitchen downstairs."

"I'll drop in on the cowboy as I go downtown," said Dick. "If the man's strike is good enough to draw the vultures, it might be worth while."

At this moment a servant entered with a card.

"John P. Barndyke. Mines and Investments," she read aloud frowningly. "Why, Morgan, you'll be bringing up mousetrap merchants and toasting-fork inventors next," she said to the man.

"Beg pardon, Miss Fulcher, but 'e looks quite a gentleman," said Morgan deferentially.

"He does, does he? That makes it all the more suspicious," she remarked drily.

"Seems to be running into the mine zone, Aunt Pandy," said Dick. He always called his cousin Aunt. "Perhaps Heaven has sent your visitor to help out with your cowboy person."

"Heaven has nothing to do with Mines and Investments," replied Miss Pandora dogmatically.

"Well bye-bye, old dear," said Dick. "I'll call up and let you know the result of my interview with the five-spot disseminator."

MR. BARNDYKE'S card had not prejudiced Miss Fulcher in his favor. Mines she regarded as devilish agencies, invented for the purposes of commercial piracy. Investments were to her the grimy-handed ministers of fraud. That Mr. Barndyke was plump and Solomonically attired, formed an additional two-pronged indictment against him.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Fulcher," he began. "Had I known your legal representative, I should not have troubled you personally. I am about to acquire property in Caribou County, a rather picturesque spot in the northern wildernesses, with excellent shooting and fishing. I find that a portion of the property, known as Andrews Farm, is encumbered with a mortgage in your favor for five hundred dollars. I am prepared to purchase it from you, if you are desirous of selling."

"If you are buying the property why trouble about purchasing the mortgage?" she asked abruptly. "All you'll have to do then will be to pay me off, and have done with it, with or without my consent."

"Precisely," he replied, rather abashed. "I hope I may succeed in my endeavor to purchase, but it occurred to me that as an investment the mortgage cannot be very desirable to you, and you might wish to be rid of it."

"I know now why your face haunted me all night," she said.

"Philanthropic inducements never appeal to me," answered Miss Pandora tartly. "The owner of the place is, as you probably know, a young working-girl who might find it difficult to raise five hundred dollars. In that event I suppose you would foreclose on her. The mortgage is not for sale at any price."

SHE rang the bell and Mr. Barndyke vanished, much crestfallen. Ordering her car to be brought round, she drove downtown to the offices of Mr. Ambler. He had been to see Forbes, who was to call upon him later in the afternoon.

"He claims," said Dick. "to have found rich silver veins in the Caribou district. A man named Barndyke——"

Miss Pandora chuckled aloud, her eyes dancing with glee. He looked at her enquiringly.

"Never mind, Dicky, old top, it's only one of my spasms. Go ahead!" she explained. "What about the man named Barndyke?"

A grin overspread Dick's countenance.

"Wasn't that the chap's name who called at luncheon to-day?" he asked.

"Don't be inquisitive, Dick, fire away," she replied impatiently.

"Well, this fellow, shark evidently, became interested in Forbes' property, agreed to find the hundred thousand to swing the option held by your cowboy, that expires on the sixth. Steve showed him everything, and yesterday the man backed out. He has secretly bought a second option on the land, believing that Forbes, an unknown man without friends, cannot come to time. He means to grab the strike. A hundred thousand is needed to cinch the property, then Steve wants to purchase or make terms with the owner of an adjoining place called Andrews Farm, into which the veins run. He's on the track of the owner, some woman living here in Toronto, and he's half scared to death lest the Barndyke man finds her first."

"Dick!" said Miss Fulcher. "Get hold of a couple of first-class mining engineers, and start with them and Forbes for the Caribou to-night. If their report is all right I'll take a flyer in a mine for the first time in my life. That boy's chickenfeed burns my pocket, and if there's a good thing afloat, I might as well do the salvaging as a mining shark. As for the Andrews girl, I've found her." And she told him of her call on the girl and of Barndyke's proposal. "Remember, though, I'm to be kept out of this. You're acting for a silent client."

ON the morning of the sixth, Ambler's party returned. Forbes had made a great find, the veins had been uncovered in places and traced, and the optioned property, together with the Andrews Farm would, in the experts' opinions, prove one of the most sensational strikes the northland had known.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Steve, smiling but anxious as he strolled into Ambler's office at noon.

"Stick your fist to this agreement, Forbes," said Dick in reply. "Read it, man! Read it first! We might be Barndyking you, for all you know. All right, eh?"

"Right as rain. You're treating me mighty white, Mr. Ambler," answered Steve.

"There are other kinds of fish in Toronto waters besides sharks," laughed Ambler. "Now for the Trust Company."

Steve's friend, the manager, received them, and the provisional papers were carefully examined by Ambler.

"Here's your dough, Forbes," said Dick. "Pay up and smile." The manager looked at the signature on the cheque and whistled.

"You get the big fish when you go anglin', son," he said. "Good luck to you, my boy. You came round fine after the knockdown swipe, and I'm damn glad."

Steve walked on the clouds to Ambler's office. There were clients in the private sanctum, so they stepped into the empty waiting-room.

"Well, that's all fixed," said the lawyer. "Pretty much of a rush job, but now, what about that Andrews Farm? We've been at work and found the girl. She has no idea of the value of her property. I daresay she's only expected a thousand or so for it, and if she's awkward we've got hold of the mortgage on the place and can foreclose on her and fix things our way cheaply."

Steve looked at his new friend in bewilderment, and the smile died off his face. He had taken a great liking to Ambler, but he was gravely silent for some moments.

"Mr. Ambler," he said at length. "You'll have to excuse me. I don't know much about business and city ways, but it seems to me that white's white, and black's black, city or country. I ain't so all-fired fond of money that I can pick up any kind. When I go in for stealing I'll just pack guns and hold up men. I'm no hand at robbing women and girls, and I'm damned if I'm going to learn now."

"What the devil are you going to do then, Steve, give half that stuff away as soon as your hand is on it?" asked Dick.

"You say you've found the girl," replied Steve stolidly. "I'm no Barndyke. Bring her here and show her what she's got. If she wants to come in we'll take

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The IDLE HANDS *at* OTTAWA

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The New Book," "The Power of the West," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

THE Union Government has weathered another crisis. That is part of its regular sessional program. At the spring gathering the farmers caucused and caucused till the country sat up expecting to see them carve all traces of tariff out of the Budget. The cry of "Crisis" filled the air and friends of the U. G. were making wreaths to lay on its coffin. Then the vote came and the usual majority was in its usual place and the Union ship sailed serenely on towards that harbor which is labelled 1923.

But no ship sails a long voyage without meeting an occasional squall. To an old sailor it may simply be a puff of wind. But to the land lubber it looks like sure death and a watery grave. So at the little "Indemnity Session" there was further cry of crisis. This session was presumably called to approve the Peace Treaty. It could have attended to that little chore in the same time it took another Parliament to approve the declaration of war—about five days. As a matter of fact the Treaty was approved and the result cabled to England in just about that length of time. But you'll remember that in the spring session, when members were shying at the Budget and pretending they wouldn't stay put there was a promise of some kind of increased indemnity. Well, the increase did not come along. But an all-wise and discerning Government provided something just as good—viz. and to wit—a special session with an extra indemnity of $2,500.00.

The soft sweet voice of Hon. James Calder and the deadly sweet accents of Wesley Rowell.

Now be it understood that our Union statesmen, the common or garden variety of M.P., are paid by the session. But in order to count as a full session the House must sit for thirty-one days. If it sits for less than that time, members are paid at the rate of $20.00 per diem. Consequently if the members "worked" for thirty days they would get just $600.00, while working for thirty-one days brings this well-earned reward up to $2,500.00. Under such circumstances patriotism requires that any special session worthy of the name shall sit for the full period of thirty-one days. This one did its full duty. It was hard work but the members were equal to it. On many days there was no Government business, but the members crammed the order paper with resolutions on everything from bran and shorts to the shortcomings of the Government and, by meeting late and adjourning early, they managed never to entirely run out of conversation. It was the most mournfully dull session in all political history. But the members stood it like heroes, each man "seen his duty and done it," and all returned home carrying the fruits of patriotism in the shape of a $2,500.00 check.

The Old Satan at Work

BUT the same old Satan who finds mischief for idle hands to do was on hand and working. Into the peaceful and patriotic gathering came rumors that the Unionist Party was drifting Torywards and a vague unrest came into the systems of the forty-four Liberals who wear Union as part of their political identification and who gave up their old affiliations for their country's good, seats in Parliament, the accompanying indemnities and other perquisites.

Then the Montreal press, or rather the English section of it, veered round and favored a return to the policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, his heirs and assigns. And the air grew thicker while the political barometer continued to fall when a leading French paper openly declared that the country's salvation seemed to lie in a presumably high protection party under the joint leadership of Sir Thomas White and Sir Lomer Gouin.

But things are never so bad but what they can get worse. This was proved once more when Sir Robert Borden fell ill and rumors came from his bedside that he was working on a platform on which the structure of the new Union Party was to be raised.

Carrying the fruits of patriotism in the form of a cheque.

It was right here that murmurings gave place to action. Just who raised the ringing call for all good Unionists to get together is a dark secret. But as Hon. Wesley Rowell and Hon. Arthur Sifton are the Liberal members of the Cabinet who are opposed to the immediate formation of a permanent Union Party there is a rough guess that at least part of the blame can be laid at their doors. Anyway the caucus was called. It met and was attended by the Liberal Unionists, the farmers, with the exception of Messrs. Crerar and Nieburg, and even Johnston of Lost Mountain, the wanreding boy of the House. He is a versatile chap, this man Johnston. He sits with the Unionists, voted with the Grain Growers and attended the Grit Convention in August. Yes, they were all there. As usual they were unanimous on the only thing any faction of this Parliament can agree about. They didn't want any election, so they just talked. And when it was all over a statement was issued that was a work of art. It is said to have been the handiwork of Hon. Arthur Sifton and carries traces of his rather saturnine vein of humor. They were Unionists according to this statement. They would remain Unionists. They approved the Government war policy. Also they had hopes. These hopes were to the effect that the Government would produce a progressive policy that would fit the after-war needs of the country. It was, in short, a notice to the Government to get busy but to remember that enough of its followers were Liberal to wreck any Government that did not give their views due consideration.

To shake the hand of the new Billy Sunday.

BUT if one kind of notice was served on the Government, another was given to the old Tories, something over 100 strong, who form the major part of the Unionist following. They figured it out that the Liberal Unionist caucus had taken the Union out of the Unionist Government. Moreover, they had a suspicion that the new Borden Platform had been submitted to this sub-caucus of the party.

The fact that Wesley Rowell protested that the foundation of a Union Party had not even been discussed changed the suspicion to a certainty. Then they began to analyze the Cabinet, and they came to the conclusion that whereas over two-thirds of the Unionist following was Tory, about two-thirds of the governing was being done by Liberals. To be sure there were enough Tory members to make a showing. But when they sized up Doherty, Foster, Meighen, Kemp and that hustling chore boy, John Reid, and put them up against a wily trio like Calder, Sifton and Rowell, even if you didn't count Mewburn Ballantyne and Guthrie they figured that the Tories would be too busy watching their opponents to do much themselves. There was some comfort in an assurance that James Calder favored an immediate formation of a Unionist Party, while Sifton and Rowell were opposed to it. But not much. They couldn't be sure which way James would be facing the next time they met him.

The old Satan who finds mischief for idle hands to do.

So, deep discontent burned in Tory bosoms and found expression in sulphurous mutterings. Not many of them spoke out loud. For there are several vacant senatorships, also there are other jobs not affected by the abolition of patronage that might help out a hard winter and serve as an insurance against a chilly reception by the electorate.

Still there was a certain suspicious indignation spread over those Tories which, taken in connection with the Grit growling, furnished all the ingredients that might make for an explosion that could blow up the Union boiler and wreck the Union ship. It looked like a crisis. It listened like a crisis. And true to its grand old principles the Government met the crisis by dodging it.

Meeting the Crisis

THE Cabinet met in council. Sir Robert Borden braved the Doctor's wrath and attended. He listened to the words of his advisers. And on the morrow the caucus of the whole Unionist following—it is not yet a party, you know—was called. Sir Robert Borden entered pale and wan and evidently suffering, for it is a form of rheumatism that is troubling him. Then the caucus rose as one man and cheered. Sir Robert stated that he must take a long rest. The cheering was so loud that Sir Robert forgot to make his usual offer to retire from the leadership, Instead he told his enthusiastic followers that, under the circumstances, the time for organization of a permanent party was not yet. He had, however, under his hand and seal a platform which he thought would cure the country's ills. He would read this platform to them so that they might take it home and ponder over it during the long nights when the voice of Parliament is hushed. And Sir Robert read. There was much of that platform that might be classified as camouflage. But two planks in it are worthy of mention. It called for tariff for revenue. Also it declared for taxation of incomes to the bearable limit.

Now both of these planks are a bit "gritty." They suggest that Sir Robert had help in formulating his policy and that he wrote with the soft voice of Hon. James Calder soothing his shattered nerves, while the deadly sweet accents of Wesley Rowell carried consolation to his troubled soul.

But for the present the crisis is passed. Another session will bring other clouds in the sky, other rocks in the sea. But the hand at the helm will steer the Union ship safely past them, for no one knows better than he that the strength of the Unionist Government lies in doing nothing. And no one does nothing better than Sir Robert Borden.

White and Rowell in Limelight

Aside from the "crisis," the two features of the Indemnity Session were the reception accorded Sir Thomas White and Hon. Wesley Rowell's flash into the limelight. Both were taken as matters of significance, though no one could exactly figure just what the significance really was.

Sir Thomas, who had just returned from a fishing trip, entered the House as a private member for the first time looking the picture of health and wearing the smile that captivated Grit and Tory alike, last session. Just as he got inside the door a ripple of applause started. In a moment it spread over the Unionist benches, crossed the floor and gathered volume from the Opposition and finally broke into a cheer. It was a reception such as no private member and few Prime Ministers had ever received. It made Sir Thomas look like the biggest man in the Unionist Parliament.

It was only a few days later that Hon. Wesley Rowell flashed like a meteor across the horizon. Ernest Lapoint of Kamouraska had criticized the necessity for Canada signing the Peace Treaty. He did it well from his viewpoint, for this big Frenchman is one of the ablest debaters in the House. When he had finished there was mourning on Unionist faces. It looked as if the last excuse for calling the extra session that provided the extra indemnity had been annihilated. Then arose Wesley Rowell. To do him justice the President of the Privy Council is one industrious chap. He had the treaty at his finger tips and the constitutional rights of the Dominion fairly gushed from his lips. The Unionists cheered him loud and long and when he quit at the right moment for congratulations, six o'clock, old Tories hit the sawdust trail to shake the hand of the new Billy Sunday who had brought them out of the darkness into light. A few days late Mr. Rowell seized an opportunity, during the absence of Hon. Charles Murphy, to refute that Irishman's famous charges of nearly two years ago. He did it in a fighting speech and though he forgot to mention some things, the sawdust trail scene of a few days before was re-enacted.

He is the straightener out of business models.

For a few days there were only two men mentioned in the corridors, Sir Thomas and Hon. Wesley. Sir Robert was absent and ill. Would he retire? Would Sir Thomas succeed him and work out an oft-promised alliance with Gouin? What was Rowell aiming at? Had he leadership dreams? Or, as some of his friends suggested, would he go out in a blaze of oratory, live down his record in retirement and come back as a member of the Government of Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King? And as yet there is no answer to any one of these questions.

With Reference to These Men

BUT, even while statesmen are peering into the future and trying to figure the lay of the Promised Land on the further shore of this sea of turmoil and uncertainty, there are a few ministers of the Crown who pursue the even tenor of their way practically untouched by the present surroundings. Do you know that there are members of this Unionist Cabinet with whom a large proportion of the members of the House have hardly scraped a bowing acquaintance? Ask an ordinary backbencher who is Postmaster-General and he will scratch his head before answering and even then he won't know whether to call it Blondin or Blond-an. Finally he may blunt out: "Oh, yes, that chap who shot holes in the British flag!"

The ordinary back bencher does not know who the Postmaster-General is.

But this means no disrespect. It simply shows that Canada's chief Postmaster is known by his past rather than his present. The fact that he has atoned for that Nationalist past by leading a French Canadian regiment to England is not overlooked, but Colonel Blondin is simply remembered by the most striking incident in his career. Nor is it that Colonel Blondin in unpopular with those who know him. He's an upstanding chap with considerable courage, both physical and moral. But he is buried in the Senate and insofar as politics go he must be judged by his past and present. A member of the Senate has no future.

However, Colonel Blondin will probably go down in history as the man who took the Post-Office out of politics. Time was when the rural mail routes and country post offices were fertile topics of parliamentary conversation. In the good old days it was a positive treat to hear Hon. Wm. Pugsley and his confreres from New Brunswick grow eloquent over the crimes of a Government that had robbed a deserving Grit of an $8.00 a month's mail route and

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Virginia Harding

Spanish Doubloons

By CAMILLA KENYON

Illustrated by LOUIS ROGERS

Cuthbert Vane

SYNOPSIS:—*Virginia Harding finds that her wealthy and irresponsible Aunt Jane is financing a party to go to Leeward Island, near Panama, in search of treasure, the secret of which is known only to Miss Higglesby-Browne, an Englishwoman of strong character. She sets out in pursuit and just makes the boat in time to go along. In the party she finds a handsome young Englishman named Vane and a Scotchman, Dugald Shaw, an explorer by profession, who is in charge. She tells the latter that the whole thing is a conspiracy to rob her aunt.*

CHAPTER III—*Continued*

"NO, it is not for me to answer, because it is not for you to ask. But since you talk of inveigling, let me give the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

"I have already heard a version of the matter from Mr. Vane."

"And you think he is in the conspiracy too?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily. "I mean—of course, I know he told me exactly what he believes himself."

"Yes, you would take the lad's word, of course." This with a slight but significant emphasis of which he was perhaps unconscious. "Then I suppose you consider that he was inveigled too?"

"I am not required to consider Mr. Vane's status at all," I replied with dignity. "It is my aunt whom I wish to protect." And suddenly to my dismay my voice grew husky. I had to turn my head aside and blink hard at the sea. I seemed to be encountering fearful odds in my endeavor to rescue Aunt Jane.

He stood looking down at me—he was a big man, though of lesser height than the superb Cuthbert—in a way I couldn't quite understand. And what I don't understand always makes me uncomfortable.

"Very well," he said after a pause. "Maybe your opportunity will come. It would be a pity indeed if Miss Harding were to require no protecting and a young lady here with such a good will to it. But if you will take the suggestion of a man of rather broader experience than your own, you will wait until the occasion arises. It is bad generalship, really, to waste your ammunition like this."

"I dare say I am not a master of strategy," I cried, furious at myself for my moment of weakness and at him for the suspicion of softening which had crept into his tone. "I am merely—honest. And when I see Aunt Jane hypnotized—by this Violet person—"

"And indeed I have seen no reason to think that Miss Higglesby-Browne is not a most excellent lady," interrupted Mr. Shaw stiffly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: here we are all together whether we wish to be or no, and for six weeks or more on the island we shall see no faces but our own. Are we to be divided from the beginning by quarrels? Are maybe even the men of us to be set by the ears through the bickering of women?"

Like the flick of a whip came the certainty that he was thinking of the Honorable Cuthbert, and that I was the rock on which their David-and-Jonathan friendship might split. Otherwise I suppose Miss Higglesby-Browne and I might have clawed each other forever without interference from him.

"Really," I said with—I hope—well-simulated scorn, "since I am quite alone against half a dozen of you, I should think you could count on putting down any rebellion on my part very easily. I repeat, I had no other object in coming along—though I was really *kidnapped* along—than to look after my aunt. The affairs of the party otherwise—or its personnel—do not interest me at all. As to the treasure, of course I know perfectly well that there isn't any."

And I turned my back and looked steadily out to sea. After a moment or two I heard him turn on his heel and go away. It was none too soon, for I had already begun to feel unostentatiously for my handkerchief. Anyway, I had had the last word—

The rest of my day was lonely, for the beautiful youth, probably by malevolent design, was kept busy between decks. Mr. Tubbs danced attendance on Aunt Jane and Miss Browne, so assiduously that I already began to see some of my worst fears realized. There was nothing for me to do but to retire to my berth and peruse a tattered copy of "Huckleberry Finn" which I found in the cabin.

At dinner, having the Honorable Cuthbert at my elbow, it was easier than not to ignore everyone else. The small keen eyes of Mr. Tubbs, under his lofty and polished dome of thought, watched us knowingly. You saw that he was getting ready to assume a bless-you-my-children attitude and even to take credit somehow as match-maker. He related anecdotes, in which, as an emissary of Cupid, he played a benevolent and leading role. One detected, too, a grin, ugly and unmirthful, on the unprepossessing countenance of Captain Magnus. I was indifferent. The man my gaiety was intended for sat at the far end of the table. I had to wipe out the memory of my wet eyes that afternoon.

Directly dinner was at end, remorselessly he led the Honorable Cuthbert away. I retired to "Huckleberry Finn." But a face with a scar running to the eyebrow looked up at me from the pages, and I held colloquies with it in which I said all the brilliant and cutting things which had occurred to me too late.

I was thus engaged when a cry rang through the ship:

"Land ho!"

CHAPTER IV

I DROPPED my book and ran on deck. Everyone else was already there. I joined the row at the rail, indifferent, for the moment, to the fact that to display so much interest in their ridiculous island involved a descent from my pinnacle. Indeed, the chill altitude of pinnacles never agrees with me for long at a time, so that I am obliged to descend at intervals to breathe the air on the common level.

The great gleaming orb of the tropic moon was blinding as the sun. Away to the faint translucent line of the horizon rolled an infinity of shining sea. Straight ahead rose a dark conical mass. It was the mountainous shape of Leeward Island.

Everybody was craning to get a clearer view. "Hail, isle of Fortune!" exclaimed Miss Browne. I think my aunt would not have been surprised if it had begun to rain doubloons upon the deck.

"I bet we don't put it over some on them original Argonaut fellers, hey?" cried Mr. Tubbs.

Higher and higher across the skyline cut the dark crest of the island as the freighter steamed valiantly ahead. She had a manner all her own of progressing by a series of headlong lunges, followed by a nerve-racking pause before she found her equilibrium again. But she managed to wallow forward at a good gait, and the island grew clearer momently. Sheer and formidable from the sea rose a line of black cliffs, and above them a single peak threw its shadow far across the water. Faintly we made out the white line of the breakers foaming at the foot of the cliffs.

We coasted slowly along, looking for the mouth of the little bay. Meanwhile we had collected our belongings, and stood grouped about the deck, ready for the first thrilling plunge into adventure. My aunt and Miss Browne had tied huge green veils over their cork helmets, and were clumping about in tremendous hobnailed boots. I could not hope to rival this severely military get-up, but I had a blue linen skirt and a white middy, and trusted that my small stock of similar garments would last out our time on the island. All the luggage I was allowed to take was in a traveling bag and a gunnysack, obligingly donated by the cook. Speaking of cooks, I found we had one of our own along, a coal-black negro with grizzled wool, and unctuous voice, and the manners of an old-school family retainer. So far as I know, his name was Cookie. I suppose he had received another once from his sponsors in baptism, but if so, it was buried in oblivion.

NOW a narrow gleaming gap appeared in the wall of cliffs, and the freighter whistled and lay to. There began a bustle at the davits, and shouts of "Lower away!" and for the first time it swept over me that we were to be put ashore in boats. Simultaneously this fact swept over Aunt Jane, and I think also over Miss Browne, for I saw her fling one wild glance around, as though in search of some impossible means of retreat. But she took the blow in a grim silence, while Aunt Jane burst out in lamentation. She would not, could not go in a boat. She had heard all her life that small boats were most unsafe. A little girl had been drowned in a lake near where she was visiting once through going in a boat. Why didn't the captain sail right up to the island as she had expected and put us ashore? Even at Panama with only a little way to go she had felt it suicidal—here it was not to be thought of.

But the preparations for this desperate step went on apace, and no one heeded Aunt Jane but Mr. Tubbs, who had hastened to succor beauty in distress, and mingled broken exhortations to courage with hints that if his opinion had been attended to all would be well.

Then Aunt Jane clutched at Mr. Shaw's coat lapel as he went by, and he stopped long enough to explain patiently that vessels of the freighter's size could not enter the bay, and that there really was no danger, and that Aunt Jane might wait if she liked till the last boat, as it would take several trips to transfer us and our baggage. I supposed of course that this would include me, and stood leaning on the rail, watching the first boat, with Mr. Shaw, Captain Magnus and the cook, fade to a dark speck on the water, when Mr. Vane appeared at my elbow.

"Ready, Miss Harding? You are to go in the next boat, with me. I asked especially."

"Oh, thanks!" I cried fervently. He would be much nicer than Mr. Tubbs to cling to as I went down—indeed, he was so tall that if it were at all a shallow place I might use him as a stepping-stone and survive. I hoped drowning men didn't gurgle very much—meanwhile Mr. Vane had disappeared over the side, and a sailor was lifting me and setting my reluctant feet on the strands of the ladder.

"Good-bye, auntie!" I cried, as I began the descent. "Don't blame yourself too much. Everybody has to go some time, you know, and they say drowning's easy."

WITH a stifled cry Aunt Jane forsook Mr. Tubbs and flew to the rail. I was already out of reach.

"Oh, Virginia!" she wailed. "Oh, my dear child! If it should be the last parting!"

"Give my jewelry and things to Bess's baby!" I found strength to call back. What with the wallowing of the steamer and the natural instability of rope-ladders I seemed a mere atom tossed about in a swaying, reeling universe. *What will Aunt Jane do?* flashed through my mind, and I wished I had waited

to see. Then the arms of the Honorable Mr. Vane received me. The strong rowers bent their backs, and the boat shot out over the mile or two of bright water between us and the island. Great slow swells lifted us. We dipped with a soothing, cradlelike motion. I forgot to be afraid, in the delight of the warm wind that fanned our checks, of the moonbeams that on the crest of every ripple were splintered to a thousand dancing lights. I forgot fear, forgot Miss Higglesby-Browne, forgot the harshness of the Scotch character.

"Oh, glorious, glorious!" I cried to Cuthbert Vane.

"Not so dusty, eh?" he came back in their ridiculous English slang. Now an American would have said *some little old moon that!* We certainly have our points of superiority.

All around the island white charging lines of breakers foamed on ragged half-seen reefs. You saw the flash of foam leaping half the height of the black cliffs. The thunder of the surf was in our ears, now rising to wild clamor, fierce, hungry, menacing, now dying to a vast broken mutter. Now our boat felt the lift of the great shoreward rollers, and sprang forward like a living thing. The other boat, empty of all but the rowers and returning from the island to the ship, passed us with a hail. We steered warily away from a wild welter of foam at the end of a long point, and shot beyond it on the heave of a great swell into quiet water. We were in the little bay under the shadow of the frowning cliffs.

At the head of the bay, a quarter of a mile away, lay a broad, white beach shining under the moon. At the edge of dark woods beyond a fire burned redly. It threw into relief the black moving shapes of men upon the sand. The waters of the cove broke upon the beach in a white lacework of foam.

STRAIGHT for the sand the sailors drove the boat. She struck it with a jar, grinding forward heavily. The men sprang overboard, wading halfway to the waist. And the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane had snatched me up and were bearing me safe and dry to shore.

The sailors hauled on the boat, dragging it up the beach, and I saw the Scotchman lending them a hand. The hard dry sand was crunching under the heels of Mr. Vane. I wriggled a little and Apollo, who had grown absent-minded apparently, set me down.

Mr. Shaw approached and the two men greeted each other in their offhand British way. As we couldn't, well, under the circumstances, maintain a fiction of mutual invisibility, Mr. Shaw, with a certain obvious hesitation, turned to me.

"Only lady passenger, eh? Hope you're not wet through. Cookie's making coffee over yonder."

"I say, Shaw," cried the beautiful youth enthusiastically, "Miss Harding's the most ripping sport, you know! Not the least nervous about the trip, I assure you."

"I was," I announced, moved to defiance by the neighborhood of Mr. Shaw. "Before we started I was so afraid that if you had listened you might have heard my teeth chattering. But I had at least the comforting thought that if I did go to my end it would not be simply in pursuit of sordid gain!"

"And indeed that was almost a waste of noble sentiment under the circumstances," answered the dour Scot, with a fleeting shadow of an enraging smile. "Such disappointingly calm weather as it is! See that Miss Harding has some coffee, Bert."

I promised myself, as I went with Mr. Vane toward the fire, that some day I would find the weapon that would penetrate the Scotchman's armor—and would use it mercilessly.

Cookie, in his white attire, and with his black shining face and ivory teeth gleaming in the ruddy firelight, looked like a converted cannibal—perhaps won from his errors by one of Mr. Vane's missionary Johnnies. He received us with unctuous warmth.

"Well, now, 'clar to goodness if it ain't the li'lle lady! How come you git ashore all dry lak you is? Yes, sah, Cookie'll git you-all some'n hot immejusly." He wafted me with stately gestures to a seat on an overturned iron kettle, and served my coffee with an air appropriate to mahogany and plate. It was something to see him wait on Cuthbert Vane. As Cookie told me later, in the course of our rapidly developing friendship, "dat young gemmun am sure one ob de quality." To indicate the certainty of Cookie's instinct, Miss Higglesby-Browne was never more to him than "dat pusson," and the cold aloofness of his manner toward her, which yet never sank to impertinence, would have done credit to a duke.

On the beach Mr. Shaw, Captain Magnus and the sailors were toiling, unloading and piling up stores. Rather laggingly, Apollo joined them. I was glad, for a heavy fatigue was stealing over me. Cookie, taking note of my sagging head, brought me somebody's dunnage bag for a pillow. I felt him drawing a tarpaulin over me as I sank into bottomless depths of sleep.

I opened my eyes to the dying stars. The moon had set. Black shapes of tree and boulder loomed portentous through the ashen dimness that precedes the dawn. I heard men shouting, "Here she comes!" "Stand by to lend a hand!" In haste I scrambled up and tore for the beach. I must witness the landing of Aunt Jane.

"Where are they, where are they?" I demanded, rubbing my sleepy eyes.

"Why didn't you stay by the fire and have your nap out?" asked Mr. Shaw, in a tone which seemed to have forgotten for the moment to be frigid—perhaps because I hadn't yet waked up enough to have my quills in good pricking order.

"Nap? Do you think that for all the treasure ever buried by a pirate I would miss the spectacle of Aunt Jane and Miss Browne arriving? I expect it to compensate me for all I have suffered on this trip so far."

"See what it is, Bert," exclaimed the Scotchman, "to have a truly gentle and forgiving nature—how it brings its own reward. I'm afraid you and I miss a great deal in life, lad."

The beautiful youth pondered this.

"I don't know," he replied; "what you say sounds quite fit and proper for the parson, and all that, of course, but I fancy you are a bit out in supposing that Miss Harding is so forgiving, old man."

"I didn't know that *you* thought so badly of me, too!" I said timidly. I couldn't help it—the temptation was too great.

"I? Oh, really, now, you can't think that!" Through the dusk I saw that he was flushing hotly.

"Lad," said the Scotchman in a suddenly harsh voice, "lend a hand with this rope, will you?" And in the dusk I turned away to hide my triumphant smiles. I had found the weak spot of my foe—as Mr. Tubbs might have said, I was wise to Achilles' heel.

AND now through the dawn-twilight that lay upon the cove the boat drew near that bore Mr. Tubbs and his fair charges. I saw the three cork helmets grouped together in the stern. Then the foaming fringe of wavelets caught the boat, hurled it forward, seemed all but to engulf it. Out leaped the sailors. Out leaped Mr. Tubbs, and disappeared at once beneath the waves. Shrill and prolonged rose the shrieks of my aunt and Miss Higglesby-Browne. Valiantly Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert Vane had rushed into the deep. Each now appeared staggering up the steep, foam-swept strand under a struggling burden. Even after they were safely deposited on the sand, Miss Browne and my aunt continued to shriek.

"Save, save Mr. Tubbs!" implored Aunt Jane.

But Mr. Tubbs, overlooked by all but this thoughtful friend, had calmly saved himself. He advanced upon us dripping.

"A close call!" he sang out cheerfully. "Thought one time old Nep had got a strangle-hold all right. Thinks I, I guess there'll be something doing when Wall Street gets this news—that old H. H. is food for the finny denizens of the deep!"

"Such an event, Mr. Tubbs," pronounced Violet, who had recovered her form with surprising swiftness, "might well have sent its vibrations through the financial articles of the world!"

"It would have been most—most shocking!" quavered poor Aunt Jane with feeling. She was piteously striving to extricate herself from the folds of the green veil.

I came to her assistance. The poor plump little woman was trembling from head to foot.

"It was a most—unusual experience," she told me as I unwound her. "Probably extremely—unifying to the soul-forces and all that, as Miss Browne says, but for the moment—unsettling. Is my helmet on straight, dear? I think it is a little severe for my type of face, don't you? There was a sweet little hat in a Fifth Avenue shop—simple and yet so *chic*. I thought it just the thing, but Miss Browne said no, helmets were always worn—coffee? Oh, my dear child, how thankful I shall be!"

And Aunt Jane clung to me as of yore as I led her up the beach.

V

WHEN in my tender years I was taken to the matinee, usually the most thrilling feature of the spectacle to me was the scene depicted on the drop-curtain. I know not why only the decorators of drop-curtains are inspired to create landscapes of such strange enchantment, of a beauty which not alone beguiles the senses—I speak from the standpoint of the ten-year-old—but throws wide to fancy the gate of dreams. Directly I was seated—in the body—and had had my hat taken off and been told not to wriggle, I vaulted airily over the unconscious audience, over an orchestra engaged in tuning up, and was lost in the marvellous landscape of the drop-curtain. The adventures which I had there put to shame any which the raising of the curtain permitted to be seen upon the stage.

I had never hoped to recover in this prosaic world my long-lost paradise of the drop-curtain, but morning revealed it to me here on Leeward Island. Here was the feathery foliage, the gushing springs, the gorgeous flowers of that enchanted land. And here were the soft and intoxicating perfumes that I had imagined in my curtain landscape.

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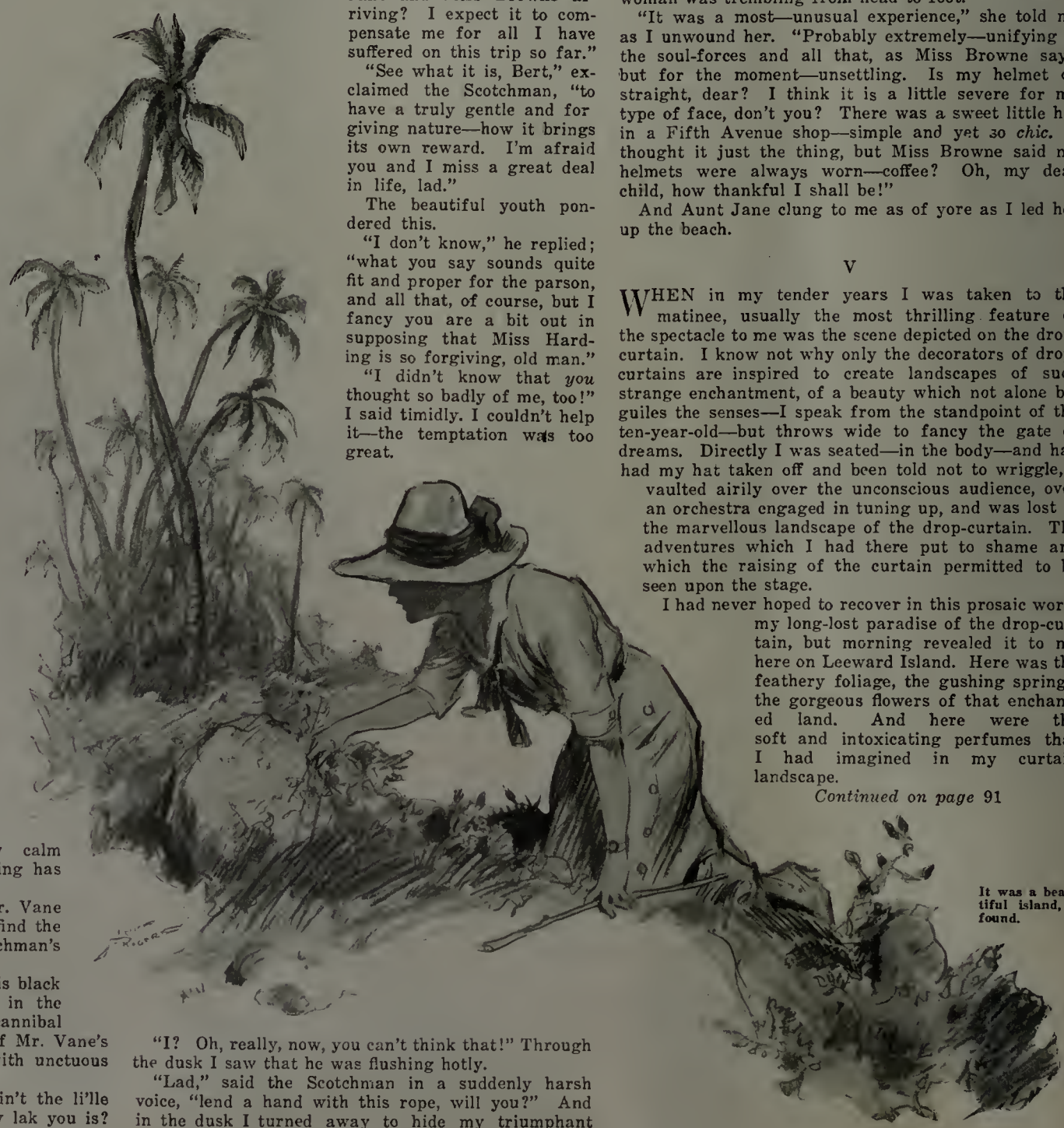


It was a beautiful island, I found.

THE SEARCH FOR MISSING MEN

And Other Stories of a Canadian V.A.D.

By GERTRUDE ARNOLD

WHEN in France, one falls into a narrow routine, and fancies one's own microscopic share in the work is the only part that really matters. Then, one day, a new phase of life knocks at your door, and your knowledge of your intricacies of the life of the Army becomes fuller and wider.

Shortly after our "Push" in the South, we had been ordered to keep the greater number of our beds vacant, and had evacuated every case fit to be moved. We were, therefore, not quite in the same rush as a few days previously when, early in the afternoon, I was called from the far end of the ward to speak to a middle-aged gentleman in a Red Cross officer's uniform.

"Good afternoon. Sister, I don't think you were in this ward when I last had occasion to come."

"I don't think so," I said, studying his face, "I have been in this ward only a few weeks."

"Then you must let me explain why I am here. I am one of the searchers for the missing and wounded, and I have quite often been here in your ward, to try and find clues of missing men from your patients."

"Of course, I have heard of your work, but I must confess I am absolutely ignorant as to how you go about it."

He paused a moment. "To put it in a few words: There is a little group of us here, and there is in every hospital area, under the Red Cross. We are all over military age, and as we cannot fight, we are giving our time and what ability we may have to do this work. We receive lists of the missing men, from our headquarters, and our business is to find them if they are alive, and bring proof positive if they are dead. We find clues more often, and more easily, in hospitals than anywhere else. You have no objection to my talking to the patients?"

"Assuredly not," I answered, noticing his keen, clever face. I felt certain he was a lawyer and so he proved to be. Later on, at various times, I met the other men, who formed the group—gentlemen of the keenest intellect, a Bishop from South Africa, a London financier, and the others—lawyers. It seemed a tremendous work to me—to find an individual, in chaotic France!

"Pte. John Graham of the S—— Regiment, missing since March 16th," we read.

And these men with their trained intellects set out to discover in which element of the sphere Pte. John Graham is hidden.

"It is a beautiful name—Searcher," I thought, and later, when I grew to know this particular searcher better, I asked him if I might not use it for his name.

"The name means so much," I explained, "To me you will always seem that—a searcher."

A sketch made by one of Miss Arnold's patients.

The "Searcher" At Work

"IS not Pte. Neil Munroe, of the H. L. I., in your ward, Sister?"

"That is Munroe in the 4th bed, with his head bandaged," I answered, leading the way.

"Is he well enough to talk to me?"

"He is well enough, but whether he talks to you or not is another story. He is a very silent man—but if you can get him to talk, it will do him no harm in the world."

The stretcher-bearers arriving for a case to be X-rayed, I went off to see to his removal, leaving Pte. Munroe and the searcher together.

Occasionally, I glanced up, hoping Munroe would not maintain his obstinate silence. It did not look like it, however, his mouth half open, his one visible eye staring vacantly in front of him—very hard and stony soil, I fear!

"Do try to give this gentleman all the help he wants, Munroe," I admonished, thinking how quickly I would have given him over for a bad job, and how wonderfully patient the "Searcher" was. Matron arriving in the ward, I left the two, to make my rounds with her.

"I would like you to allow that gentleman to come into the ward any time he chooses," she said, bowing from a distance to the searcher. "What splendid work he is doing! What faith and patience and determination! I am afraid they would be sadly lacking in me! It would seem too like a wild goose chase."

"Have you had any satisfaction?" I asked him later, as we walked down the corridor together, he jotting down notes in a pocket book.

"Nothing at all; Munroe has a bit of the oyster in him. By the way," he said, turning around to the ward, "have you any Lancashire men here?"

"Sergeant Miller is the only one, and his leg is being massaged at present."

"I wonder," I went on hesitatingly, "if you would mind giving me an idea how you go about such an indefinite piece of work. I have seen the results, the lost found—but I have never seen the machinery at work."

"It's very simple, Sister. There's no mystery. We study the lists of the missing and the dates when they were missed. If the area is small, one searcher works by himself—sometimes two—sometimes half a dozen, as there are here, where there are so many hospitals. Lists of patients admitted are sent to us from the different hospitals. If we find one from the same regiment, as one of our missing men, we go to him, and try to find out when he last saw the missing man, and under what circumstances.

"For instance, there are two missing men from H. L. I. on my list. When I saw Munroe's name as one of your patients, coming from the same Regiment, I came to see if I could find out anything from him. Had he been able to give the slighest scrap of information, I would have sent it at once to our headquarters, and it would have been added to the file, with the missing men's names on it. Another searcher from another area will probably send another scrap of information—and so on. I am coming to-morrow to see that Sergeant from the Lancashire F——."

Curious Tales of the Missing Men

AFTER he had left, a lively discussion began among the patients—and curious indeed were the tales told of the discovery of one—and another—and another missing man. I, however, was too much occupied with my new patient of yesterday, to pay much attention to them. On his card was written:

"Pte. Henry Willis. Regiment ——, London."

His head was bound up, and even one cheek covered. When I renewed the dressing, I saw that most of the hair was cropped in the C. C. S. A few tufts of red were left by the amateur barber. His body was horribly torn with barbed wire. Now, when I came to him, I found him trembling violently with a high temperature.

"How did you ever manage to get so horribly entangled in the wire?" I asked him, using means to abate the fever.

At first he did not answer at all, and when I repeated the question he spoke in such an affected, slow, extraordinary fashion that it was almost grotesque.

"Where do you come from, Willis?"

"I come from Lon-don," he said, separating each syllable from the other, in a very peculiar way.

"What a victim he will be," I thought, knowing the ways and habits of my ward. My ward possesses the characteristic which I am absolutely at a loss to destroy—it is 'mad' on imitations. For instance, when poor little Nobbs, from Edgeware Road, after the M. O. had examined him and left the ward, eagerly asked:

"H'any 'opes of 'ome, Sister?" the ward was at it in a trice, and now, the minute the door closes behind the M. O., the chorus begins:

The interior of an ambulance train similar to the one on which Miss Arnold travelled.

"H'any 'opes of 'ome, Sister?"

And when Jock, in an ecstacy of delight over his first steaming bowl of porridge, ejaculated, "Man, but I'm thinkin' this parritch is *graund!*" it was just the same. As regularly now as the breakfast is served—like saying Grace—there is a shout of "Man! but I'm thinkin' the parritch is graund!"

So, I knew how it would be with Willis's stilted, unnatural voice.

When finally it was heard, after the foreseen shout, I turned to Monks, my New Zealander, and the cleverest man in the ward.

"What do you think of it, Monks?"

"I think—I think, I would keep an eye on that cove, Sister. Sounds to me as if he was tryin' to hide something."

By this time Willis was rather annoyed and shouted out something to the aggressive patient opposite—something with a spice of the West in it.

"You're from Lancashire!" suddenly Monks shouted to him. To my surprise the new patient turned red. "Lan-ca-shire, No! no! I tell you. I come from Lon-don."

Willis was to have an operation next day, and I found him in a panic of fear over the anæsthetic.

"But what makes you afraid?" I asked curiously.

"When the man in the other hospital had it he spoke a lot of things he didn't know, perhaps I'll do that too." "Exactly!" said Monks, as I passed his bed. "There's something deuced queer about him."

Next morning the Searcher came again as he had said—to interview the Lancashire Sergeant.

"Stay if you like, Sister, you are interested, aren't you?" said the Searcher, as I was about to leave them. I only had time for a minute or two after the first preliminaries.

The Search For Gentles

"DO you think you remember seeing Gentles of the —— Battalion, sergeant? He hadn't been very long in the battalion, and he has been missing for almost a year."

"It was in that action, Sir, almost a year ago. Aye —— I remember Gentles, a young, red-headed chap. With a scar on his face—and he played the banjo, too, he did. Yes, Sir, but Gentles was shot in the stomach that action, and crawled away into a shell-hole. Last I seen of Gentles, Sir."

I was quite excited. I turned to the Searcher: "I'm so glad you found out about him, and in my ward!"

"But you mustn't make too sure, Sister. Do you know that four different reports have already been sent in about him? See!" and he showed me a business-like looking document.

No. 1. Informant (name, Regiment given) remembers Gentles—fair haired boy—scar on his face. Impetuous—always taking risks. Killed and buried on April 14th.

Note 2. Informant (Corporal in —— Regiment) remembers Gentles. Played concertina, or some other instrument. Informant doesn't remember what—all are same to him.

Was in next trench to him in first week of May.

"Note 3. Informant (name and Regiment) saw Gentles, a Lancashire lad, reddish hair, noisy, sang and played some instrument. Was with him in the rest camp on May 10th.

"But," I gasped dumbfounded, "how can they all be true? Buried in April, and playing the banjo in May?"

"They *do* sound rather extraordinary," agreed the Searcher. "They are all sent back to headquarters to Gentles' file, as I told you. Presently, when we have added every item of information possible, wise heads will sift it, and with a few further inquiries, often arrive at the truth."

"Often!" I repeated.

"Certainly, not *always*, Sister. Many, many of the missing will remain so till earth itself yields the secret."

I entered my ward next day to find Monks and others chuckling with glee.

"What's the joke, Monks?"

Amidst grins and chuckles, he at last made himself understood:

"It's that cove in the corner, what had the operation to-day—Willis."

"Oh, I was out when he had the operation. Did it go all right?"

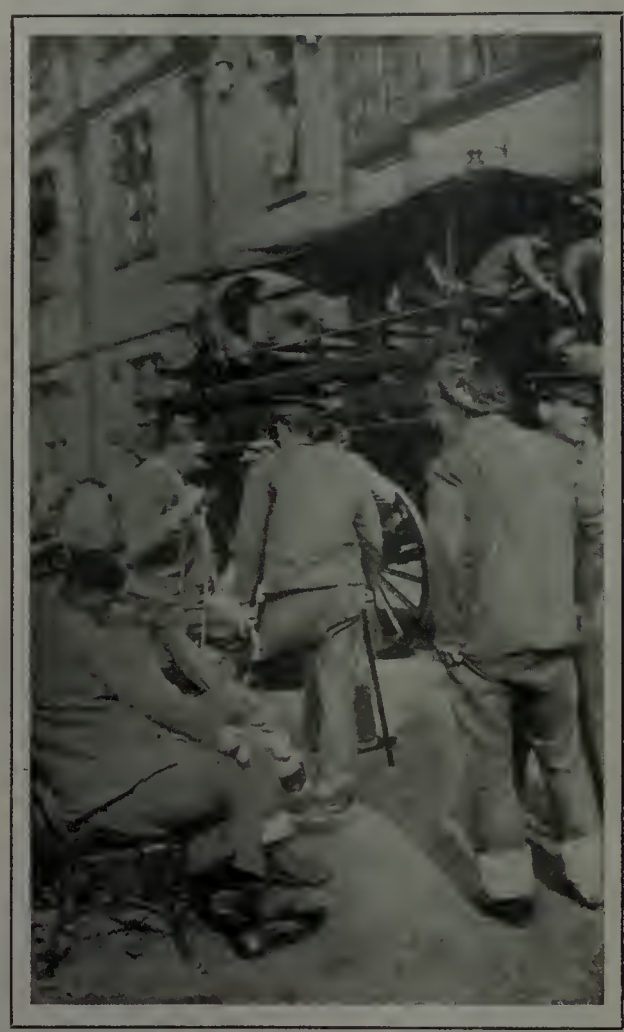
"Rather, Doc gave him the dope to knock him out and when the cove came round, he opens his mouth, and let sling the greatest bunch o' Lancashire lingo, y'ever heard in your life. Forgot all that tomfoolery, sissy rot he talks, an' let her go in real old Lancashire!"

"But why on earth could he try to hide that he's from Lancashire?" I asked, really puzzled.

"An' that's just what I'm goin' to find out," said Monks, suddenly sobered.

I DECIDED not to mention this fact to Willis himself—for the present at least—and once more he began to speak with affected deliberation as before. He tried hard to find out what he had said under the anæsthetic, but I simply told him I wasn't there, and he seemed relieved. At my request, the men took no notice of his sudden lapse into Lancashire. Two days later the Searcher appeared again.

"Any more Lancashire F——s, Sister? I'm really anxious to find something definite about Gentles. Headquarters writes that his people—at least his father and mother—are writing most pathetic appeals. Seems that he was married—since the war—and the father and mother didn't think much of the girl. He had met her in London, since he had enlisted, and married her.



The boys are off to a party at the home of Lady ———.

Though they didn't like the girl—and small blame to them evidently—they kept in touch with her. Some months ago, she wrote to them that as the papers had said Gentles was missing and reported dead, she supposed he was dead, and was going to marry again, which she had done."

"How disgraceful!" I interrupted.

"But not so unusual as you might imagine, Sister."

"It would be rather unpleasant for her if you did find him," I suggested.

"I'm not thinking much about *her* felings, but I *am* anxious to find out about him for these poor people's sake—the Father and Mother."

"I have reason to believe we have another Lancashire man in the ward," I said, and told him about Willis.

"It *is* strange that he should be so anxious to hide his birth place," and he walked slowly down the ward. Watching, I saw Willis give a tremendous start as the Searcher, instead of passing his bed as usual, took a chair and sat down beside him. "If he has anything to hide, he won't keep it long," I thought, looking at the clever profile of the Searcher's face.

Minutes passed—half an hour. I was deep in temperatures and pulses, and paid no heed to the familiar figure of the Searcher. At last, hearing a frightened sound, between a gasp and a cry, I hurried from the end of the ward. Willis lay, his eyes popping out of his head, his face white, and his breath coming in quick gasps. The man was frightened, terrified.

"I am indeed sorry, Sister," said the Searcher very quietly, "to have put your patient in this condition."

Mysterious Gentles is Discovered

"WILL you wait for me at my desk in the centre room," I said, noticing that his presence caused Willis such alarm. With great difficulty, I finally quieted the man, remaining beside him till he seemed ready to fall asleep. It took some time, but the Searcher was still there, when I came to the ante-room, walking up and down excitedly.

"What is it? What have you discovered? What put him in such a panic?" I know my questions tumbled out one over the other. I was so impatient.

"The most extraordinary thing has happened, Sister. But then my days are filled with extraordinary things, only one can't always see it so plainly." The Searcher's eyes were very bright.

"Your patient Willis is not Willis at all."

"Not Willis! Who is he then?"

"Not Willis," repeated the Searcher, "but *Gentles!*"

"What!" I gasped.

"He is indeed! He is the Gentles who has been on the missing lists for months; he is the Gentles whom one man saw disappear in a shell hole in April, and another saw playing the banjo in May."

"But how—why?"

"Caused by a most extraordinary mix up of human emotion—love—fear—self-sacrifice—desperation!

"Love!" I echoed.

"Yes, I believe that Lancashire lad truly loved that worthless girl. For the powder and paint that covered her face, he had no eyes. To him she was the most beautiful woman in the world!"

"You said Gentles didn't write home for six months. How was that, if he was so fond of her?"

"Did you ever realize, Sister, how difficult it is for a Tommy to write, when so many things are barred? He wants to tell them about the place they are in—the country—the billets. Not allowed! He wants to tell about the regiment that used to be very near them at home, and is near them here. Not allowed! He wants to tell about the wonderful attack he has been through, and the wonderful escape he has had. Not allowed! Then, Tommy, not having, perhaps, a very keen imagination, and not caring to write about his feelings, gets tired writing 'that he hopes this finds them well as it leaves him,' and he gradually puts off till leave, and drops off sometimes, altogether—especially if his letter from Blighty gets lost, or doesn't reach him."

"How do you know all of these things?" I asked.

"It is what I have studied from school days, little Sister—Human Nature."

"And Gentles—after not writing for six months?"

"Then he was hit by shrapnel—as the Sergeant told us—and lay in the shell hole till he was carried, in an unconscious state, to a French hospital. When he was better and allowed out, he met a man from home, in a canteen, who had just come back from leave, and who told him his people thought he was dead, and his wife had married again."

"Are you telling me the story of Enoch Arden?" I asked.

"When you search for the missing, Sister, you find things, ten times stranger than fiction."

"What did he do then?"

"Here the best part of the man's nature came out. In his cot—in that hospital, surrounded by foreigners, he seems to have fought out this crisis in his life. If he went home now, this worthless, self-seeking woman, whom he had idealized,—would be known as a bigamist! Therefore he decided he would not go home.

"HE deliberately lost his badges, claimed to belong to a London Regiment, drifted half over France, and finally landed with a London Regiment, which was just going into action. Got entangled in the enemy's barbed wire, and here he is!"

"But why—why did he try to pretend he hadn't come from Lancashire?"

"Because he heard me asking for Lancashire men and was afraid he might be detected."

"Tell me, Searcher, do you often come across such wonderful revelations?"

"Not often as complete as this."

"And what are you going to do?"

"There is only one thing I *can* do. I am sent out here to discover the missing. I have found one, and I am in duty bound to report it."

When I re-entered the ward the look of despair on

Continued on page 75

The Rainbow Death

By MADGE MACBETH

Author of "Kleath," etc.

Illustrated by D. G. SUMMERS

Beside the door of the furnace lay Lefroy, practically unconscious.

THE room was fire-lit and very still. The flickering glow from the flames softened the sinister smile on the bronze bust of Dante, and gave to the face of the great white bear-rug an appearance of peculiar gentleness. The two ivory wrestlers on their teakwood pedestal seemed to be relaxed, all strain and animosity gone from them as they waited for a movement from the woman who sat almost as still as they stood. It was as though every object in the room shared Helen Dupont's hour of rest and encouraged her to sit motionless staring into the dream-faces before her. Promptly as the clock struck nine she would pass from this quiet room into her laboratory, there to carry on her work of scientific research, frequently until the maid appeared with coffee and reproaches in the morning.

The sudden clanging of the door bell did not disturb her; nor the sound of excited voices in the hallway. She was too utterly detached from her surroundings. It was only when a broad shaft of light spread across the room that she realized her solitude had been invaded and that a man stood beside her chair.

"Helen, come at once! Berenice is dead!"

The girl moved impatiently as one who finds it difficult to arouse herself from heavy slumber.

"Dead?" she repeated, "Who?"

Then as unreality faded and understanding came in a flash, she rose quickly, and clutched Jim Drummond's arm: "Berenice, did you say Berenice?" she asked her cousin.

"Rogers found her dead in the motor when he brought her home this afternoon."

"Had she been ill?"

"Not an hour. Oh, Helen, hurry! Perhaps you can do something! It can't be true. It can't be true!"

She disappeared to return in a moment dressed for the street.

They drove to the Fairweathers' handsome residence on Riverside Drive in silence, Helen realizing that her cousin knew very little about the tragedy which had fallen upon his fiancée and that further questioning could only torture him. Drawing up at the curb, they found two motors already there, one belonging to Dr. Bartram and the other unmistakably that of the New York City Police Force.

PUSHING through the crowd attracted by so unusual a sight in this locality, Helen and her companion made their way into the house. There confusion reigned, a sense of disaster pervaded. Servants stood about in little groups looking frightened and helpless, and in one corner of the reception hall was Rogers, the chauffeur, with two policemen.

"Where is—is—she?" Drummond asked the elderly butler.

"Upstairs, sir," Atkinson replied, huskily. "In her own room, sir; Dr. Bartram is there."

The doctor came slowly forward as Helen and Drummond entered.

"Is there no hope?" asked the latter.

The other shook his head. "She is quite dead," he murmured.

With a hoarse cry Drummond flung himself on his knees beside the girl's body. "You must be mistaken!" he declared. "Has everything been tried? What about electricity? She doesn't look dead! Oh, Berenice—Berenice—"

Helen drew the doctor into the farthest corner of the room and tried to shut out the sight and sound of Jim Drummond's anguish. "What is it?" she whispered.

"Heart failure, beyond question."

"Impossible! *Berenice?*"

The tone was so flat a contradiction that Dr. Bartram allowed himself to be nettled. It was not often that his professional verdicts were questioned.

"It is the impossible which usually occurs, my dear young lady," he said. "I have made an examination and there is evidence which admits of no other possibility. The Coroner is already in possession of my opinion."

Again Helen stifled the impulse to ask questions. Sometimes she felt that her whole life was spent in trying to keep her tongue between her teeth and never had this been more difficult than at the present moment. For she wanted to be convinced that Berenice Fairweather had died from natural causes, and only argument could convince her. Instead of pressing the doctor for his reasons, however, she walked across the room and laid her hand gently upon the bowed head of her cousin.

"Jim, old boy," she said, "let us go down and hear what Rogers has to say."

"The police have already begun their work with him," interposed the doctor. "Harkniss is here."

Like a man in a trance, Drummond allowed them to lead him to the door. There, Helen lingered.

"Take him with you, please, doctor," she said. "I will follow in a moment."

With a somewhat stiff inclination of the head, Dr. Bartram led his charge away and Helen found herself alone with all that remained of what once had been her friend.

IT was characteristic of her to spend no time in mawkish sentimentalism; she would not even permit herself an affectionate tear over the passing of her friend. For to Helen, the change called Death was very little more than the changes which she constantly effected in her laboratory; only in one case the fingers of The Great Chemist worked with sureness and precision, while hers groped with experiments and failures. But the manner in which death occurred was of vital interest and to investigate this, to prove or disapprove the doctor's dogmatically expressed conviction, the girl-scientist now set herself to work.

She had known Berenice Fairweather since childhood and she aligned her splendid health, her athletic habits, her sane and normal existence against the doctor's theory and contrasted the two. "Heart failure?" The pronouncement was absurd.

Helen studied the face of the dead girl, carefully. On it was no suggestion of pain. Lifting the eyelids, she examined the eyes through a powerful lens which she always carried and fancied there was even a flicker of pleasurable surprise in their expression.

Then something else caught and held her attention. On Berenice's left cheek there was a faint pink mark such as might have been made by her knuckles as she leaned upon her hand. That was how it appeared to the naked eye. Beneath the magnifying glass, however, an amazing change occurred and the pink diffused itself into the prismatic colors of the rainbow!

Helen polished her glass and looked again. Then she passed her handkerchief tenderly over the spot and examined it once more. She washed it, and still beneath the glass she was able to distinguish clearly the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

IN the meantime, Harkniss, the Police Inspector, was putting Rogers through an examination.

He had, it appeared, called for Miss Fairweather at the Bethlehem Settlement at the usual time and had driven her up Fifth Avenue as was his custom, nothing out of the ordinary taking place.

Arrived at home, Rogers had opened the door of the limousine and waited for his passenger to alight. He waited several seconds, he said, before turning round to discover her leaning motionless in the corner.

Somewhat alarmed, he jumped quickly to the sidewalk and spoke to the girl. She neither answered nor moved. Rogers had looked for assistance and had seen a policeman passing the corner of the street. He called the officer. "Miss Fairweather has fainted," he remembered having said. "Will you help me get her into the house?"

Together they carried her upstairs and left her with the maid. Atkinson telephoned for the doctor. The policeman was on his way out, when a scream from the maid upstairs brought him back into the house.

"Miss Fairweather hasn't fainted," shrieked the girl. "She is dead!"

Rogers passed his hand across his forehead. After

that everything was confused, he said; servants ran about whispering and crying and asking him questions; the policeman called up Headquarters; the doctor came and telephoned for the Coroner; a telegram was sent to Mr. Fairweather in Washington; somebody called for Miss Dupont and Mr. Drummond; the Inspector came— there was nothing more to tell.

Harkniss asked, pad and pencil in hand: "How did she look—Miss Fairweather—when she came out of the Settlement—kind of sick and wobbly?"

"Not a bit," answered the chauffeur, promptly. "She was smiling all over, and she says to me, 'Another Moreni, Rogers,' she says, meaning a Dago family she was caring for. 'A boy at last,' she says, getting into the car."

"That's all?"

"Every word, except to tell me to drive home."

"And who drove with her?" asked the Inspector.

"Nobody. Nobody ever so much as put a nose into the car on the way home."

"Did anyone stop you from the sidewalk to speak to her?"

"Not a soul. Of course, I don't say she didn't bow to people all the way up the Avenue—she couldn't drive a block without seeing someone she knew, and at some of the places where we were held up a while, she might have leaned out of the window to nod to people alongside of her, but I didn't see her do it."

"Do you mind, Inspector," Helen interrupted at this point, "if I ask Rogers one or two questions?"

"Not a bit, Miss Dupont," he assured her, warmly. "You know the Chief's always glad to have you take an interest in our cases. He never has got over your handling of that Merriton poison affair."

"But this is all nonsense," cried Dr. Bartram, testily. "You are trying to cook up a mystery from a regrettable, but perfectly natural occurrence and drag my poor young patient's name across the top of your morning papers. There isn't the slightest similarity between Miss Fairweather's death and that of Mrs. Basil Merriton."

"Oh, of course not, sir," agreed the Inspector, diplomatically. "Still, when we are sent out to investigate, we've got to take back some sort of a report. Go ahead, Miss Dupont."

"Well, as there is nothing further I can do," said the doctor, only partially mollified, "I will bid you all good night. Mr. Fairweather cannot get here until after midnight. I will come back then."

AS soon as the door had closed, Helen turned back to Rogers.

"Tell me," she said, "whether or not both windows were down."

"No, Miss Dupont. There was a right sharp breeze blowing from the east, so I closed that one before Miss Fairweather got in."

"Then it was the left hand one that was open?"

"Yes, miss."

At this point Atkinson approached the group. "The Inspector is wanted on the telephone," he said.

Harkniss excused himself and followed the old man a short distance down the hall.

"Speaking" . . Helen heard him say. "What? . . . Good God, not another! . . . In the motor, yes, I hear you. . . Whose? Right, I've got that. . . Just about the same time, too. All right, sir, I'll go straight up."

He was visibly excited when he rejoined the group. "I reckon this lets the old doctor off at the wrong pew," he remarked to Helen. "Chief says that another girl, confidential secretary of H. J. Lane, —Chemical Works, you know,—was found dead in his motor about an hour ago. I'm inclined to think there's something more than heart failure in this, Miss Dupont."

Helen did not argue the point. Instead, she asked quickly, "May I go up to the Lanes' with you, Inspector?"

Harkniss' face lighted with pleasure. "Sure, you may. Always glad to have you. Chemical works—right in your line, you know. Barrows," he called, "you come with me. Murray, stay here till Mr. Fairweather gets back."

Helen studied the face of the dead girl carefully.

HE made a sign by which the constable understood that he was to keep Rogers under a watchful eye, and in another moment the Inspector was clearing a passage through the crowd at the curb and handing Helen into his motor.

"They've caught her," a voice said, as the car moved away.

Mr. Lane himself opened the door.

"Why, Miss Dupont," he cried. "I did not expect to see you! Are you sure you care to interest yourself in this tragic event? It is not at all in your line; the girl was not directly connected with the Works—she was my confidential secretary and her death, my physician assures me, was due to natural causes."

"No suggestion of foul play, sir?" asked the Inspector.

"Not the slightest."

"I am interested, however, Mr. Lane," said Helen, "and would like very much to see the girl—"

"Certainly. Will you come with me now?"

"If you don't mind, I would like to go a little later—when the Inspector has finished. In the meantime, perhaps you will tell me about it."

Mr. Lane led the way into his handsome library. On the table lay cablegrams, telegrams, letters and other paraphernalia of a busy office. He spread out his hand. It was shaking slightly.

"This letter explains itself," he said. "I often work here in the evenings and Miss Mitchner never objected to the extra hours. Confining ourselves to office times, we should always have been behind. The heavy strain of the war, you see." Helen nodded and took the chair he placed for her.

"She was coming here to work, to-night," Lane continued. "I sent her out for some tea at five o'clock, arranging that we could work until about ten without interruption. Then we would have something served here. I tell you these details," he broke off to say, "because that is how she happened to be in my car and on her way here, at half-past six."

"Oh, you were with her?"

"No. I had left early to see a man uptown, and I sent the car back for her." He seemed to drop into a reverie. "She was a nice little girl," Helen heard him murmur, "so clever and so thoughtful. I don't know how I ever can replace her."

"German?" suggested Helen.

Lane started. "Well, yes, now you mention it, I suppose she was of German extraction, but I am sure her sympathies were with us."

"How was she found?"

"Benson, my chauffeur, got her right to the door before he noticed anything was the matter. She did not move when he stopped nor answer when he spoke to her. Feeling that something out of the ordinary had happened, he left her in the car and came to the house for me. As soon as I looked at her, I saw that she was dead. . . We brought her in—and that's all there is to tell."

"She did not stop anywhere? Nor take anyone into the car?"

"No."

"The doctor says she died of 'heart failure,' I suppose?"

"Well, yes, he did. How did you know?"

HELEN did not answer, for the Inspector came at this moment into the room. "Might be the same girl, Miss Dupont," he said, quite impressed. "Looks like her in the face and wore the same sort of fur. No marks of violence. Just dead. Where's the chauffeur, Mr. Lane?"

Benson was sent for but before he came, Helen went to the room where Death reigned. She was startled, too, by the strong resemblance between this Mitchner girl and her dead friend, Berenice Fairweather. She was startled, too, by one difference the expression of their eyes, for under the lens, she found in this case, a look of intense fear, of horror. It evidently had been as fleeting as the surprise and pleasure which had come to Berenice, but it was quite plain. So also was a small pink mark, on the wrist this time, looking as though a glove button had pressed too tightly, but beneath the powerful glass, the pink gave place to a rainbow hue, glowing and distinct. It would neither wash nor rub off.

LANE and the Inspector met her at the foot of the stairs.

"Well?" they asked.

"Exactly the same sort of case as that of Miss Fairweather, as far as I can see," she said non-committally. "And the likeness is amazing."

"I say, Miss Dupont," it was Henry J. Lane who spoke, "of course none of you professional people tell us anything until it is time, but can you answer me this—do you think it was heart failure?"

The girl hesitated an instant. Then she said curtly:

"No."

But before either of them could put questions to her, she asked to see the car.

It was of the same make and color as the Fairweathers'. It had the same glass partition separating the chauffeur from the other occupants. It had one window down and one up.

"Did you ask the man on which side Miss Mitchner was sitting?" Helen inquired of the Inspector.

"Yes, he told me. She was sitting a little away from the open window and her hand was turned palm upwards on her lap. Oh, he talked very freely, the chauffeur, only he seems kind of stunned at the idea that anyone could die like that right under his nose, without his being aware of it."

Helen's thoughts were undoubtedly occupied with other matters. "Yes," she agreed vaguely, "it must be disquieting."

A HALF hour later she was sitting in her home, an open letter in her hand. She had studied its contents until she knew them by heart, and yet as though searching for something she could not find, Helen Dupont read the pages again and again. Dated Guareza, Mexico, February tenth—more than a month ago—the letter ran:

My dear Helen,

You will, I fear, weary of my letters if I begin every one with an apology for my long delay in writing. Therefore let me only say that these are troublous times for us and Mexican life is in a greater turmoil than ever. . . Yes, even here in this isolated swamp.

We feel the tensity consequent upon this hideous world-war and we suffer from the varied policies of our bitterly opposed local factions. Added to which we have recently had a different sort of trial to face. There broke out amongst us a mysterious epidemic which caused considerable mortality in the district. Fighting any sort of epidemic is desperately hard work, as you know, but fighting an unseen and unknown enemy is a task I hope I shall never have to repeat. Worse to me than death in the ranks of our converts is the fact that by reason of the nature of this malady, they have reverted in discouragingly large numbers from their new-found Christianity to the depths of blackest paganism. They insist that the Goddess of Destruction was angry and sent a blighting breath as punishment upon the district. Whispers began to reach us that horrible pagan rites were being performed in an effort to propitiate her and we had these to fight and suppress during the time we were ministering to the bodies of our people.

What gave rise to this fantastic belief, I cannot say. But I do know that from some baffling cause the

natives died, and to peculiar patches on their bodies the survivors would point muttering between teeth that chattered:

"Look, signora, it is the *muerte del arco iris*. . . . . The Rainbow Death!"

I don't mind confessing to you that it seemed a pleasing one. The natives suffered no pain, no warning. They simply went out to gather berries, cut wood, fish or the like and lay down and died. No one could be induced to touch a corpse. You can imagine therefore what work George and I had to do and I don't know how we ever should have managed but for the help of a young Scandinavian, Olaf Petersen, who came here a short time ago to study the reclamation of swamps. Alone in this isolated mission field the three of us did things which are not pleasant to talk about, especially when we found bodies which had been hidden in the forest for days. . .

George has just returned from a day's journey to the village where we get our weekly mail to say that Petersen, who left very suddenly and with only a scribbled note of farewell, has evidently gone to New York. He left a forwarding address care of Gustav Lefroy. The Belmont. Look him up when you have time. I think you will find him interesting. He will be glad to know that the epidemic subsided as suddenly as it swept over us, and that we have not seen evidence of The Rainbow Death since he left. Remember us kindly to him.

HELEN seemed to have become part of the eerie stillness of the room. Not a muscle moved. Outwardly she gave no sign of the terrific activity of her brain, comparing fact and conjecture, science and superstition, New York and Mexico, Berenice Fairweather and the Mitchner girl.

Her mind worked back over the events immediately following the receipt of Martha Ainsworth's letter. She had telephoned The Belmont only to learn that no one named Petersen had been registered there. Disappointed, she asked to be connected with Mr. Lefroy, from whom she learned that his friend had found advices awaiting him which took him back to Stockholm on the very afternoon of his arrival. He had been lucky enough to catch a boat at once.

Helen had, she remembered, expressed her regret at missing an opportunity to learn something further about the mysterious epidemic with its train of superstition and pagan rites. She said that the scientific fact behind every superstition was of intense interest to her and Lefroy had begged to be told something of the circumstance which Petersen had omitted to mention. Thereupon Helen had hospitably invited him to her laboratory and their friendship had begun.

She had found him an agreeable young man of pleasing address and personal appearance. His appreciation of her workshop was genuine and welcome, for Helen, shrewd woman though she was, could not be said to be proof against flattery where her experimental research work was concerned. Lefroy had been a frequent visitor at her home and she had introduced him to several of her friends—amongst them, Berenice Fairweather.

Not until a wave of pink spread across her window did the scientist move. Then she shook herself impatiently and crammed the letter back into a drawer.

"Just like Martin," she grumbled aloud, "not to tell me what Petersen looked like!"

In spite of this apparent obstacle in the forming of her conclusions, she managed to arrive at some which were definite and final. "Only trying to prove them will be about the maddest thing," she smiled to herself, "I have ever attempted. I would have done much better to have been a doctor, in which event my pronouncement could have been 'heart failure,' and we could have let the matter rest upon that!"

AFTER but three hours' sleep, she awoke refreshed and quite prepared for a busy day.

Having ascertained the date of Mr. Lefroy's arrival at The Belmont, and the dates of the more recent Scandinavian sailings, having sent Harkniss on a tour of research among cablegrams and ciphers, she turned her attention to the Lane Chemical Works and there discovered the address of the place where Clare Mitchner had lived.

The landlady was not of the trim, poised, intellectual type. Quite the contrary. The news of the tragedy, the visitation of the police, the excitement amongst the other boarders, all had tended to upset her. Her answers to Helen's questions were rambling and far from the point.

"Miss Mitchner was that hard-working," she said, from behind an apron, "I hardly ever laid eyes on her. She wasn't one for gaddin' about an' keepin' company with young men, either, for all she was so pretty. I never seen but two gentlemen here—one was her boss, who used to come for her after office hours to work, she said (an' I believe her), an' the other was a nice-spoken young man called Lefroy. I can't say that she seemed much taken with him, though," Mrs. Lollard gossiped tearfully.

She really knew very little about the girl and referred her visitor to Miss Mitchner's room mate.

"Whatever Lena Davis will do without her is more than I can say," sniffled the landlady. "She was that devoted to Miss Mitchner she would have kissed her boots! I never seen such adoration. She worked in the same place, too, you know. Come upstairs and wait for her. She ought to be back in a few minutes now."

The nature of Helen's interview with Lena Davis was such as to impel the relinquishing of that reposeful hour which always followed her dinner. Instead of sitting in peaceful solitude before her fire, she was threading her way at nine o'clock through a rather unpleasant part of New York in an effort to verify an address the girl had given her. It represented an establishment vastly inferior to The Belmont but one which Gustav Lefroy used quite as much.

Attracting as little attention as possible, Helen Dupont circulated about the district until she came upon an old friend, Fogarty of the Force. They held a short conference and separated, the girl to descend a flight of basement steps, the policeman to cock his ear and feel for his "billy" as, under orders, he turned the corner and hid himself from view.

It was about ten o'clock when Helen entered the building and it was nearly midnight when she left it. She did not go alone. In the ambulance which bore her away, lay the body of Gustav Lefroy.

He was dead.

A nurse wheeled the patient into the room.

ABOUT two weeks later a group of very interesting men sat in Helen Dupont's living-room. Harkniss and his Chief were there, Lane and Jim Drummond, Mr. Fairweather and Dr. Bartram. It was common knowledge amongst them that Lefroy had murdered the two girls and that to Helen was due the credit of identifying him as the criminal, but the steps by which this youthful scientist-detective had arrived at her conclusions, was what the six men were gathered now to learn.

A nurse wheeled the patient into the room. Harkniss thought he had never seen her look so girlish, so fragile, so opposed to the type of women one might associate with an experimenter in chemical research. She was very white and her large eyes looked twice their normal size, shadowed as they were by great bluish circles. Every now and again, she breathed with a slight gasp and several times a mild form of choking attacked her. Two heavy braids of chestnut hair hung loose across her shoulders and seemed to drag at her head, for as she talked, she lifted them as though their weight oppressed her. The filmy pink garment she wore, made her for a moment appear a stranger to the men, accustomed as they were to seeing her in the uncompromising uniform she adopted for her laboratory. "My good friends," she said with a charming smile and holding out a slim white hand, "how glad I am to see you and how long the days have seemed while I waited for this opportunity. No, no, don't pet me and spoil me!" she cried, as they crowded round her with enquiries as to her condition. "I am mending slowly and have only one regret—as long as something had to happen to me, I wish I could have had a scar."

"A scar?" echoed the doctor, gruffly. "Be thankful, as we are, my child, that you escaped with your life."

"What sort of a scar do you want, Helen?" asked her cousin curiously.

"The same sort as that on the bodies of Lefroy's two victims," she told him, seriously, " a patch of varied colors which we might call The Rainbow Death."

AT the mystification visible on their faces, Helen changed her tone.

"Isn't it piggish of me, Chief," she demanded, "to work in this way, keeping you all in the dark until I have made a grand *coup?* To be honest, I suppose I suffer from a species of swank, but truly, I believe I could accomplish nothing, if I stopped to explain each step along the way."

"We have never made any objection to your methods, Miss Dupont," said the Chief, gallantly. "Their results have always justified their means and I can assure you that every man on the Force is glad to work under your direction."

The girl answered him with an appreciative smile and then took up the recital of her story. . . .

"Finding it impossible to believe that Berenice Fairweather had died of heart failure," she began, "I took the liberty of looking for evidences which would point to another cause, and quite by accident—for I was looking particularly at her eyes—I came upon a faint pink mark on her left cheek. At least it appeared faint and pink to the naked eye, but under my lens, it showed all the colors of the rainbow."

She paused, expecting their incredulity to express itself in argument, but no one spoke.

"It is sheer luck," Helen continued with genuine modesty, "for me to stumble upon facts which anyone else would discover only after weeks of study, and nothing illustrates this so well as the case in point. I was not mystified by seeing the mark of The Rainbow Death for I had already heard of it, six weeks before. Jim, will you read aloud this letter from my friend Mrs. Ainsworth?"

Continued on page 79

Two Men *and an* Idea

That Grew and Grew and Grew

John Lyne Davidson of Vancouver.

The shipbuilding plant at Port Coquitlam, B.C., operated by

NOTE.—How many people in Canada have heard of two aggressive young Western millionaires who do business under the name of Davidson and Smith? Very few; Davidson and Smith have built up a wonderful string of business enterprises, but they have appeared little in the public eye. The accompanying article contains the first story of their remarkable enterprise that has found its way into print. It will be found most unusually interesting.

WHY did Davidson and Smith buy the Welcome Islands?

John R. Smith, head of the firm, would answer with an enigmatic half-smile that he paid some ten thousand odd dollars for the bush-bearded reefs out in Lake Superior to have something to snub his fast motorboat to if anything happened to go wrong with the engine.

Wiseacres who know something of the past history of Davidson and Smith insist that it is more likely that a gold mine is due to be located on the Welcomes to-morrow or the next day.

The incident is mentioned because it is illustrative.

Davidson and Smith are always doing the unusual—something or another that nobody else thought about doing. A couple of years ago they bought up a defunct bed-making plant near the border-line of Fort William and Port Arthur. Nobody knew what a firm of grain operators wanted with a bed-making factory. To-day that ex-bed-making building has been converted into the largest and most modern stock-feed manufacturing institution on the continent, if not in the world. It is a subsidiary of Davidson and Smith called the Canadian Feed Manufacturing Company.

It simply happened that the bed factory building offered facilities for a feed manufacturing plant that could not have been duplicated for ten times the money the D. & S. people paid for it as a "dead horse."

"We move as the spirit moves us," cryptically suggests John R. Smith. "That is, if one of our established enterprises suggests a subsidiary of one kind or another, we get busy and buy or build to accommodate the idea. Ideas—real, honest-to-goodness ideas—are the rarest things in the world. They are worth accommodating."

At Both Ends of the West

JOHN R. SMITH has Fort William headquarters, at the head of Canadian lake navigation and the bulk-breaking point for rail and water shipments. His partner, John L. Davidson, is located at Vancouver, the gateway to the Orient.

Stretched half-way across a continent, at the two ports mentioned and over the grain-producing prairie West between, is the bulk of the Canadian interests of Davidson and Smith. Besides the parent enterprise at Fort William known as the D. & S. storage and cleaning elevator and the Pacific Construction Company's plants at Vancouver, there are some twenty-four subsidiary concerns owned and operated by these two young Canadians.

The subsidiaries alone represent millions in the way of investment and development and include, among other things, a fleet of six grain-carrying vessels on the great lakes, a mammoth stock feed and molasses-making industry at Fort William, a marine transfer ship company, a lighterage company, thirty-five country elevators on the prairies with a nucleus of sixty-five elevators to draw from, six grain merchandising companies at Fort William and Winnipeg, a string of daily newspapers from Port Arthur to the Pacific Coast, a fleet of small boats trading into Northern British Columbia ports from Vancouver, a harbor improvement works at the Pacific Coast handling contracts in the Orient as well as on this continent, the largest hydrating plant in Canada, saw mills, fish packing plants, land development companies, city cartage companies and a few other odds and ends in the way of small-fry concerns.

Incidentally, Davidson and Smith are controlling stock-holders in at least two shipbuilding enterprises, their most notable investment in this direction being in the Globe Shipbuilding concern at Superior, Wis., which has a weekly payroll of $100,000. It has been rumored for some time that Davidson and Smith intend to establish a branch of this latter industry in Canada.

Their latest financial venture is the Guatemala Marble and Development Company. More than a million dollars has been devoted to developing this latter enterprise to date, including investments in vessels to carry the products of the South American quarries to the markets. They claim to have secured in Guatemala the finest marble deposits in the world, and shipment of the finished product was expected to be under way in a few weeks at the time of writing. It is said that this Guatemala marble is superior to the famous Carrara marble of Italy.

One of the dredges operated on the Pacific Coast.

The Story of Two Remarkable Young Westerners

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

the Pacific Construction Co., one of the associated industries.

John R. Smith of Fort William

ALL these enterprises and the millions which they represent sprang from an idea that grew in the brains of a young book-keeper for a railway contractor and a civil engineer while they were working on salaries in the Crow's Nest Pass, thirteen years ago. John R. Smith was the book-keeper, and John Lyne Davidson was the civil engineer.

That idea developed into their ownership of a modest hospital elevator in the east end of Fort William, the first of its particular kind built in Canada. From that little elevator, of a diminutive class known colloquially among grainmen as the "cigar-box type," grew the dreams and plans that materialized with amazing speed and succession into the mammoth D. & S. interests of to-day. In those thirteen years of development lies a story, which being the human side of it all, is perhaps of greater interest than a cold-blooded narrative of the firm's commercial progress.

The principals of the D. & S. enterprises are like two men out of a book. They are both Canadian-born and national types of the imagination and initiative that kept pace commercially with the tremendous agricultural strides of the Canadian West during the last eighth of a century. They are unique because they succeeded in doing this and meeting huge difficulties and white-hot competition without foreign financial assistance. They are without doubt the largest all-Canadian enterprise conducted by Canadians in the Canadian West.

The big storage and cleaning elevator at Fort William.

John R. Smith, head of the firm, is thirty-nine years of age, and was born in Winnipeg, the son of a pioneer railwayman. With a common school education gained in Winnipeg and Fort William as an asset, he started life as a book-keeper for a railway contractor in the Crow's Nest Pass, at forty dollars a month and board. His father, the late Richard Smith, later became interested in grain trading, then strictly in its infancy in Western Canada. It was with his father that John R. secured his first lessons in the calling of which he was destined to become a foremost master in Canada.

His first business venture was in the little hospital ship elevator in East Fort William, previously mentioned, when he took as his partner, John Lyne Davidson, and the business was operated under the firm name of Davidson and Smith.

John L. Davidson is a distinctly Western type, though, unlike Mr. Smith, he was born in Eastern Canada. Toronto, Ontario, was his birthplace, forty-one years ago. He went West when he was twenty-one. Mr. Davidson was a civil engineer before launching into grain and construction work, and he is a graduate of Toronto University. He is polished in address and a natural mixer. He has been aptly called the "front door" of the D. & S. organization.

John R. Smith, the senior partner, is of the dynamic type, shrewd and resourceful, a sphinx in a big business who has long been an exasperating riddle to commercial rivals. John R. Smith does his planning in the back of his head; never on paper, nor in consultation. That's why no one ever knows what his next move will be. Last year he had cornered almost the entire Canadian oat supply before the grain world had any idea who was buying it up. He is a born plunger with an uncanny penchant for invariably plunging "when the plunging is good," and brings large financial returns.

If there is one characteristic more than another for which the head of the Davidson and Smith organizations might be noted it is the unobtrusiveness with which he ambles about the world of commerce putting through deals overnight where millions in money are involved. To-day he may be whisking in and out of the dust-clouded aisles of a grain elevator on the waterfront of Fort William, and to-morrow whirling away on the Trans-Canada Limited, bound for South America or the Orient. Not even his intimates will know what the mission is till they learn through the papers that some one or another of the numerous industries, of which he is the head, has bought up a walnut forest, a fleet of ships or a whole mining or quarrying region.

Silent—But a Good Listener

THERE are few millionaires in Canada about whom so little is known as John R. Smith. He seems to fairly delight in a sort of spectral personal existence—a power behind mighty undertakings that others sense but never quite get acquainted with. Big personages in politics as well as in business have long since made a beaten pathway to John R. Smith's private office, but though he is a wonderful listener, he absolutely refuses to give advice. Even his own executives must learn to do their own thinking insofar as their individual duties are concerned or they are soon out of favor with their chief. A professional writing-man from one of the big cities who once went to get a life

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A WOMAN ON THE BENCH

My Experiences as a Magistrate of the Woman's Court

By EMILY F. MURPHY

(JANEY CANUCK)

MY appointment to the office I now hold happened like this.

When our family came to live in Alberta, the first Parliament of the Province was then in session, and as yet we had no laws relating to the property rights of women, or for the protection of children. Presently, I was agitating for both but found the work rather uphill for, at that time, a woman was laughed at and considered "kinda queer" who made her way into legislative halls with requests for women's rights. The farmers' wives who had come from the older provinces, or from other countries, were especially interested in the matter of dower and wrote many letters concerning the matter. It was one of these who, concluding that no woman could work from impersonal motives, wrote me an epistle of commendation, concluding it with these words: "Go on, Mrs. Murphy; God bless you; I have a troublesome husband, too."

Mrs. Murphy in her office in Edmonton.

It was my privilege at this period to work with the late Mr. R. B. Chadwick, the Superintendent of the Government Department of Neglected Children, on the provisions of a bill known as The Children's Protection Act, which, with the Juvenile Delinquents' Act of the Criminal Code of Canada, are the two Statutes governing our Provincial Juvenile Courts.

Never dreaming that I could ultimately be called upon to administer these Acts myself, still I followed them closely and eagerly awaited their amendments.

Sometimes, I would slip quietly into the back seat of the Juvenile Court or the District Court and listen to the cases being heard and, now and then, I even ventured into the sacred precincts of the Supreme Court.

Without being priggish or pedantic, I can truthfully claim that the pros and cons of the legal arguments I heard in these different courts were of greater pleasure to me than my visits to the theatre or horse-ring, much as I appreciate the latter.

This probably arose from the fact that I am descended from two families which have produced many eminent jurists, and that I have inherited a legal cast of mind. At any rate, three of my brothers have been called to the Bar and one to the Supreme Court.

And there was my great-grandfather, the Honorable John Hunter Gowan, who, as a Justice of the Peace in Wexford County, Ireland, ever showed himself to be a man of essentially practical genius, although it must be admitted that pliancy of conviction was not a notable quality of his make-up.

On one occasion, as an exemplification of his devotion to judicial duties, fine horsemanship, and supereminent skill as a swordsman, he put his hunting cob over an eight-barred gate and, without dismounting, cut the head off a rebel outlaw with one sweep of his blade.

How I Was Appointed

BUT I was telling how I came to be appointed to the office of Police Magistrate, when led away to talk of other matters

One night, in Edmonton, a score of women—or maybe it was two score—were arrested by the police in "a round-up" and charged with being common prostitutes or night-walkers, contrary to section 238, clause (i), of the Criminal Code. These women included clerks, stenographers, maid-servants, housewives, and some vagrants who unquestionably came under the description used in the code. Rumor had it that "stool pigeons" had been used to gain evidence, and that the women had been plied with intoxicants prior to their arrest. Later, it was found that these rumors were without foundation and that the arrests were regular in every way.

On the morning of the trial, two women from the Laws Committee of the Local Council of Women attended the guardroom of the Royal North West Mounted Police with the purpose of hearing the evidence.

Except the girl-prisoner in the dock, they were the only women in the room. Seeing them, the Counsel for the Crown asked the Magistrate to request the women to withdraw from the Court as the cases were unfit to be heard in a mixed audience. The women stated they came as representatives of a committee on law pertaining to the protection of women and children, and earnestly desired to remain. They were then informed that decent women, such as they appeared to be, could have no desire to hear the evidence in these cases.

The bluff worked, for, after all, nothing so frightens a woman as to be told that her actions are unladylike. This has proven to be the most excellent gag and deterrent of all the ages.

Wishing to discuss the matter with someone who could in all likelihood be interested, the disconcerted, angry delegates called me over the telephone and asked me if they should return to court.

I advised them to agree with the magistrate that such cases should not be heard in a mixed audience, and to forthwith apply to the Government, respectfully urging that a court be established for the City of Edmonton in which women offenders might be tried by a woman in the presence of women.

I Make the Application

THE women stayed away from the Court, but insisted that I do the applying to and urging of the Government myself.

For several days I shirked the task and then, blue with funk, and without the solace that comes from even one companion, I tackled the Honorable, the Attorney General.

In using this word "tackled," I have written with inaccuracy for, to my high amazement, no tackling was required. On stating what had occurred, and what were our desires, the Minister agreed immediately to the establishment of such a Court.

"When are you ready to be sworn in, Mrs. Murphy?" he calmly asked; "the Governor-in-Council meet next week and your appointment as Police Magistrate will, doubtless, be ratified."

"Ah! Ah! Yes! No!—well, that is to say, I'm not ready at all," said I in one gasping breath. "I never thought of this; I don't know anything; I have too much work at home; and my people won't let me."

In truth, I urged all the objections I had ever learned from female slackers, but the Minister only laughed and said: "Let me know in a week."

After concluding that I dare accept, and that I dare not, for half a dozen times, I decided to consult some trusted women-friends, for it seemed that I was forcing myself along a hard and unaccustomed trail which might end in a slough.

Besides, I was afraid of the nastiness of sex-pedlary that would have to be considered, even before a court largely made up of women.

In the days when I was a juvenile, it was not considered good form to mention an animal of the opposite sex by name, therefore, equines and bovines were all of one sex to me. Indeed, once at the age of ten, I was filled with the utmost chagrin because the adults of the house gave way to convulsions of laughter over a poem I had composed about a dairy-maid and "the large, kind oxen which she milks."

I have always been embarrassed because of this faulty education and while I could write upon matters relating to sexual problems, I found it difficult to speak upon them even to my own children.

"Should a woman keep courthouse?" This was the question I asked of my friends.

"Of course she should," replied one who was a church deaconess. "There were women magistrates in the Roman Empire, and why not in the British? Deborah, too, was a Judge in Israel, and held her court under a palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel."

"Keeping courthouse is not a man's job, nor a woman's job," answered a nursing-sister; "it is a job for one who knows how."

Every Mother a Magistrate

"A WOMAN with a family," answered the mother of six children, "can keep courthouse better than a man, in that she has performed such work for years in the management of her family. In training her boys and girls, she has had to do with false pretenses, assault, incitement to breach of peace, cruelty to animals, cheating at play, loitering, obstruction to justice, misappropriation, false evidence, trespass, forcible entry, idle and disorderly persons, and many other offences of an anti-social character."

"Even when they are the victims of law, they become more expert in its applications than men," said a school teacher. "Now there was Catalina, *the Spanish Military Nun*, who when she stood on the scaffold awaiting execution, was so disgusted with the knot the executioner was tying around her throat, that she took it out of his hand and showed him the proper method."

"But how can I keep courthouse when I am trying to be a writer?" asked I of another writer.

"The interruption and not the task may hold the angel," she replied.

"Poof!" she said further, "We'll disown you if you decline the position. Listen to this! will you?" and here she pulled a book from off her shelf—"It is the enlightened acknowledgment of one male person: 'Women have succeeded as doctors and lawyers; it is as magistrates they will give the full measure of their intellectual clarity, precision, and undeviating, equilateral sense of justice. We shall have a larger and finer administration of justice in our courts when some of our sputtering, male-gowned judges are replaced by clear-minded, logic-ruled women. And you know it as well as I do'."

. . . . Shortly afterwards, I was sworn in as Police Magistrate for the city of Edmonton, and Judge of the Juvenile Court. A year later, I received a commission as Police Magistrate in and for the Province of Alberta.

Provincial Jurisdiction

THIS was found necessary because it sometimes happens that an offence which starts at Peace River may be concluded at Edmonton, and it is necessary for the magistrate to hear what happened at both places. Or a woman may be sent in from Athabasca by a Justice of the Peace who thinks it would be wiser to have her story told in a Woman's Court and in another place, so that she may not be eternally ear-marked, and that she may get a fresh start. One such case which occurred during the war illustrates this point and, incidentally, includes a love tale.

A young woman was sent in from a far northern village charged with false pretenses and impersonation. She had lived for six years with a homesteader who had gone overseas without marrying her, or providing for her maintenance. Later, she made an affidavit that she was his wife in order that she might get a separation allowance.

I found that she had not impersonated the man's wife in that he had no wife; nor was it false pretenses in that she received no money. The charge should have been one of perjury.

As soon as the evidence was concluded, a crippled man in khaki stood up and asked permission to speak. "You'll be after mindin', Your Worship," said he, "how once you came to see us boys in the military hospital that is forninst your house, an' it was myself as told you that I had three hundred and twinty acres of land, but that no girl would have me now as I had a wooden leg. You'll be after mindin', beggin' y'pardon, Your Leddyship, as how you laughed an' said, 'Sure an' Dennis I'll have to find you a girl myself.'

"Deed-an'-deed, I didn't like to be bothering you about it, but havin' found this one myself a fortnight yisterday, mebbe Your Leddyship would be after standin' to your word an' tellin' her she's got to marry me right away if she gets off."

A glance at the prisoner showed her winking heavily at the Court, and pulling her face into wry grimaces meant to be indicative of her unwillingness.

I accordingly instructed the bold-hearted wooer that such a finding was impossible under the provisions of the Code, but if they come to my office afterwards I would see what could be done.

What was done? Ah! there's no sense in telling everything one knows. Besides it was Provincial Magistrates we were talking about.

It was only this month that two travelling Provincial Magistrates were appointed, whose work will do much to relieve the congestion at Edmonton, and at the same time will enable them to send in any girl that requires a fresh chance to the Woman's Court.

My First Day in Court

MY first day in Court was as pleasant an experience as running a rapids without a guide. Besides, the lawyers and police officials looked so accustomed and so terribly sophisticated. Indeed, I have never seen brass buttons so bright and menacing as on this particular day.

Presently, all the men became embarrassed and started to stammer over their manner of addressing me. One said "Your Worship"; another "Your Honor"; a negro said "Your Majesty," and the rest said "Sir."

The unintelligible jargon known as "the Information and Complaint," was rattled off by the Clerk of the Court to a red-faced type whose chiffon evening dress was hanging in tatters from her shoulders, it having been torn off her by a dog the night before while she was intoxicated on one of the city's main thoroughfares.

The police matron told how, on searching her, she found a quantity of whiskey concealed in a baby's bottle. The constable who made the arrest explains to the Court that the bottle, being flat, it has the supreme advantage of presenting no unseemly contour. He also explains that the liquor is known as "squirrel" whiskey and is of a highly intoxicating character; that it is made locally, and tastes like a mixture of benzine and soap.

The accused tells that as she was walking along quietly, "this Bobby fellow" came right up behind her and pinched her.

"Constable, did you pinch the lady?" asked I. "It was most unbecoming conduct in an officer."

After a prodigious side-wink at the police "boys," he explains that he merely arrested her.

In her own defence, the lady would have the Court understand that she had never been arrested before, but how she escaped is still a mystery to the Court, because from whatever viewpoint she may be considered, she appears to be a most suitable subject.

Is a Woman a Person?

THE next case is also for a breach of the Liquor Act, a number of bottles of beer and alcohol being produced as exhibits. Before his client pleads, Counsel for the Defense gets to his feet and objects to my jurisdiction as a magistrate. On being requested to state his objection, he argues that I am not "a person" within the meaning of the Statutes. His argument takes up quite ten minutes and, in the end, is duly noted, whereupon the hearing of the case proceeds.

Now, I had always known I was not *persona grata* but I had an idea I was still a person, in spite of the ancient disabilities on the statute books. At any rate, knowing my commission to be in order, I decided not to worry about the objection, being gratefully sensible of the fact that it devolved upon the Government to show that I *was* a person.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! The so-called "woman's rights" had suddenly been shifted onto masculine shoulders with an unescapable onus of responsibility.

On every subsequent case, this man, who is the most popular criminal lawyer in the city, persisted in raising the objection, while I persisted in hearing the whole argument, the thing appealing to my fancy immensely. Other barristers caught up the objection, and we had a merry time of it. He was a poor fellow, indeed, who could not put a new aspect on the argument. Several months later, when Mrs. Alice Jamieson was appointed Police Magistrate, with jurisdiction for the City of Calgary, the question was argued, and she was declared to be "a person" within the meaning of the statutes. Since then, the wicked have ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Difficulties in Keeping Courthouse

WELL! hardly at rest, for from the start, I have found my position as keeper of the courthouse to be an ardous task, and often a painful one. In the court, one learns sad things; terrible things that may not be written down on paper, and that many would fear to read. Or again, one feels as if she had just seen all the tables of the law broken, and that nothing can ever again thrive which is good or pure.

The first woman I sent to jail went insane and was transferred to an asylum where she committed suicide. She left four little children whose father had deserted them.

Why did I send her then?

Because under the Liquor Act, when a person has been convicted, the magistrate is not allowed to suspend sentence. On visiting the asylum to inquire into the affair, the Superintendent told me that the woman had several strongly settled delusions, and was probably insane when I committed her.

It was Tolstoy who said, "There is no law for fools," but yet we know there is. The recidivist, or "repeater," is almost invariably a person in whose brain the steering apparatus is lacking. He has no mind-rudder, and though an adult in stature, he is but a child in mental capacity.

The magistrate does not sleep so easefully if she have misgivings concerning the irresponsible unfit whom she sends to prison when these should probably be placed under custodial care of a different kind. When scientific penology is further advanced, I have a hardy hope that all judges and magistrates, before passing judgment on any criminals, will have accurate reports on their condition, from hospital and psychopathic clinics.

Fits of Vapors

LIKE the average average housekeeper, the courthouse keeper has oftentimes to pacify hysterics, or what our ancestors more properly called "Fits of vapors." It is astonishing what a commotion a really bad woman can make when hardly pushed on her cross-examination by a male inquisitor, or when she has been pronounced guilty by the court.

These hysterics, however, where the woman's court is concerned, are becoming rarer events. The defendants are getting to know that nothing can be gained from hysterics, romance, or any appeal that arises from mere femininity.

In thus educating the class it aims to reach, I take it, that our courtkeeping is justifying its existence.

The woman who strives to hold the tears back; whose face quivers under the stress of her emotions, or who restrains herself, except for the telltale crimson that spreads itself in patches on her throat and face, is usually a pretty good sort in spite of her lapse from virtue, and is seldom irreclaimably bad.

Indeed, strange as it may appear, tears are more nearly close to the surface where men are under pressure. This particularly applies when their protective instinct has been appealed to. A man will break horribly when told of the tragedy that has come into the life of his girl-child. Than this, life has no sadder happening.

A son, whose mother has become insane, or a young husband, whose wife has wandered off into the bad lands of the underworld, is filled with an amazement of sorrow and finds his consolation in tears.

Rules of Evidence

ANOTHER difficulty of the courthouse keeper relates to the rules of evidence. Having mastered these herself, and having learned how to apply them, she finds that very few defendants know anything of the Canada Evidence Act, or of Phipson, and, as a consequence, are unable to tell the facts concerning their own case.

"That is not evidence," someone will shout at the witness, who has just started to tell us all about it. "We don't care in the least what you thought."

The witness looks cowed, but, catching his breath, makes another attempt, only to be more sharply reprimanded. "It doesn't make any difference what your wife said, stick to the evidence, or sit down."

If the courthouse keeper is wise, and even ordinarily humane, and if she wants to elicit the facts of the case, she will shortly explain to the witness what is admissible as evidence and help him quietly over the rough places. It takes time, of course, also patience, but it should surely be done. There is little doubt that many innocent persons are convicted of offences because they have not known how to tell their story. It is high time a change was made in this regard, and that we humanize our courts, making them easier and more tolerable for the people. We are fairly safe in saying that the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, unfortunately designated "police courts," have lagged far behind every modern institution in changing their spirit and procedure to meet the needs of the day and generation.

It must not be concluded, however, that all the witnesses are needing assistance, for such is far from

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In the Canadian West many great reforms have come—and many more are coming—through the work of far-sighted and energetic women. Scattered all through the West are women who have the vision to see what is needed to better conditions and the courage to get out and fight for what they want. Mrs. Murphy, of Edmonton, better known by her pen name of Janey Canuck, is one of the leaders among them, and it was fitting that she should have assumed the arduous task of putting into practice one of the reforms initiated—the establishment of courts for women. Mrs. Murphy has written two articles for* MACLEAN'S, *telling of her experiences in this very successful experiment.*

being true. Some are so wily and experienced that the wariest officials are deceived by them. This is especially the case with witnesses from Central and Southern Europe, although the English-speaking proportion is by no means a negligible one.

With the majority of these, the truth only means what they think advisable to say and later, when forced to tell the truth, it is still because it is advisable.

When driven into a corner, they will say they do not understand, or suddenly they find themselves unable to speak English.

Sometimes a witness will pretend to be stupid, thus evading the questions, and hoping you may "give her up" like the proverbial puzzle. Or noticing one of these witnesses thinking deeply before making reply, you naturally conclude that she is considering her answer carefully in order that she may tell only the truth, whereas she is actually studying how to evade telling it. Or, perhaps, her position more closely approximates that witness in a certain famous trial who said, "I didn't tell the whole truth to the judge, I told him selected truths."

The Perjurer

JUST here our reader is probably saying, "This can never be rectified, for the liar and perjurer are with us always."

I am not one who holds with this theory. We used to think the same about slavery and smallpox, to say nothing of the impossibility of allowing the public to select their own books from the shelves in the public library, or their groceries off the counters in the stores. We know now that every evil can be enormously lessened, if not eradicated, and that, on the whole, the public may be trusted.

It is comparatively unusual for boys and girls to tell lies in the Juvenile courts, because it has been explained to them that it is better to tell the Judge the whole truth whatever the result may be, and, in this, they are not misguided.

At any rate, having observed and placed this depravity, and having considered the possibility of rectifying it, we should not lie down on the job.

It may be argued that the code provides for the punishment of perjury, but, for some reason or other, the hardest offence to prove is perjury. It is probably for this reason that a case of perjury is seldom preferred. Maybe, after all, that poetess was right who defined the Criminal Code as:

> "That clumsy thing
> That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,
> And plumbs the ocean with a pudding-string—
> The little, brittle code."

Besides, how can we expect people to realize the sanctity of an oath when they do not appreciate the sanctity of the Book known as Holy Writ? Many of them have never read it, and have not even a copy in their possession. Others do not know who or what the Deity is except as a name that is used in a profane expression. The term, "So help me God," can, therefore, mean nothing to them. It is passing strange that our Governments should not allow the children to learn of God in one of their institutions—the school, but should expect them to know of Him in their other institution known as the court. The whole system of law is based on the teachings of Christianity, and, therefore, if the youths are not taught the Bible, they should be taught the code. At present, they are taught neither, so that the result is disastrous, and must prove to be increasingly so.

Anyone, whether a professing Christian or not, must be driven to this conclusion—that is to say, if we use an oath in our courts, we must instruct our people somewhere or somehow as to the nature of its sacred and binding obligation.

ANOTHER difficulty which confronts the courthouse keeper is that of ignorance and stupidity. Sooner or later, the stupid man or woman will get into trouble and rise to the dignity of "a defendant."

Not long ago, a woman in Edmonton lifted a valiseful of dainty blouses and lingerie from the Hudson's Bay Company stores, and thought that the payment of a fine in lieu of imprisonment entitled her to have the goods and was deeply aggrieved when an order was made restoring these to the company.

The incident, however, is not peculiar, for Boswell tells of one Bet Flint, a prostitute, who stole a counterpane.

The Chief-Justice of Old Bailey, "who loved a wench," summed up favorably, so that the charge was dismissed. Bet remarked, "*Now that the counterpane is my own,* I shall make a petticoat of it."

Having laughed at Bet's ignorance, we might look into the underlying causative factors and enquire whether she had not inherited an heredity of incapacity from generations of untaught, underfed, loutish clodpates—that she was the natural fruit of the family-tree, rather than a sudden, perverse, wrong-headed criminal.

Truly, when we see such a plentiful absence of sense on the part of those classes who have had the advantage of colleges and "ancestors," we can hardly wonder at the folly of the ignorant poor.

It is against this ignorance the courthouse keeper must wage an eternal battle, and it is to these unfortunates that a wise sympathy and unflagging patience must be shown, just as it is to the ignorant, erring child of any household. When my heart is well I am persuaded that this will yet be the way of it.

"Women's Court" a Misnomer

AS the first woman to keep a courthouse in Canada, I found out a queer thing which was that, strictly speaking, there could be no such thing as "a woman's court" or "a man's court," owing to the fact that in certain offences both sexes were charged conjointly, or were parties thereto. This most frequently occurs in cases which relate to opium joints and disorderly houses. It is the practice, therefore, in our province that where the primary charge is against a woman and the subsidiary ones against men, the case is heard in the Women's Court, and vice versa, where the primary charge is against a man and the subsidiary against women, the case goes to the Men's Court. As most of the disorderly house keepers are women, and the majority of "found-ins" are men, this explains why the sexes are fairly evenly divided as to numbers in the summing up of the year's convictions.

As the Women's Court is conducted with more privacy, and as names are seldom mentioned in the

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WHY I REMAIN A CANADIAN

An Interesting Discussion—*By* BASIL KING

NOTE.—*In the next (December) issue of* MACLEAN'S *will start Mr. King's splendid new novel, "The Thread of Flame." It will fully sustain the high reputation that he has won with his earlier stories, "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine" and "The Street Called Straight." Inasmuch as it is not as generally known as it should be that Mr. King is a Canadian, the editors asked him to set down a few facts with reference to himself. He has complied with the following exposition of his position with reference to the land of his birth.*

I AM a Canadian, and an extremely enthusiastic one. Though circumstances, partly domestic, partly of a business nature, and largely of health, have compelled me to live outside of Canada for many years of my life, I have always retained what old-fashioned lawyers used to call *the animus revertendi*—and even now I have not abandoned it. I never land on Canadian soil, whether on the Atlantic or Pacific coast, without the sense of coming back home which almost everyone feels on returning to his birthplace. Whether in this country, England, France, or Germany—my time for some thirty years being divided among all four—I see things from the Canadian point of view; and it is that same point of view which gives whatever small originality there may be in my writing.

In this country (the United States) where I have been a resident since 1910, as I was a resident once before in the nineties, I have made it my business to be in a modest way an exponent of the Canadian factor on this continent. Without pretending to have accomplished much I hold that every man can serve his country by trying to represent it worthily in any other country in which his lot may be thrown, and, even if he reaches no more than a few individuals, he has at least reached them. One does not have to take oneself too seriously to believe that between two countries like the United States and Canada, perhaps more closely inter-related than any other two countries in the world, the role of the unofficial ambassador is a most important one. However humble one is in one's circumstances, or however circumscribed, there is always room for this function. Most Canadians who have settled in this country have become naturalized American citizens, and doubtless have done their duty in the act. I myself have always felt that I could "swing my job" better for remaining a Canadian; and when I have talked to intelligent Americans on the subject—which has not been often—they have agreed with me. I remain therefore a loyal subject of the King, and a most devoted citizen of my native land.

At the same time I should like to express my equal devotion to the land in which I am a resident. I think as an American as freely as I think as a Canadian—just as a man thinks as his father's son with the same facility with which he thinks as his mother's. There has never been a time since my early boyhood when my ties with this country were not of the closest, with long periods of residence. The result is that I have a kind of international mind, American in texture, and Canadian in coloring.

BIOGRAPHICALLY I was born in Prince Edward Island, educated there and at King's College, Nova Scotia, passing my earlier manhood in Halifax. I recognize the fact that all three places have left an indelible stamp on me.

To my little Island province I owe whatever I have of largeness of outlook. Where the dry land is small one acquires the habit of looking chiefly at the sea and sky and their immensity. "Abeguite—a leaf lying on the water," was the Indian name for the Island; and it is just that. It gives you the same sense of vast horizons far away that you get on board a ship on the ocean.

At Windsor the effect was different. King's College is old, according to the Canadian standard, and withdrawn. It occupies itself mainly with books, with thought, with ideals. Larger colleges primarily yield one contact with men. Here the contact was chiefly with minds, and we got much of it. I have often had occasion to note with graduates of Oxford, Harvard, and McGill, how little of the great fundamental grounds covered by what we know as the humanities were familiar to them as compared with the stretches we traveled where there was not much else to do.

Halifax gave me that affection and admiration for British government and character which have been important factors in my life. In my time it was not so much the bustling Canadian port that it is to-day, as the gateway for British ideals to enter the Dominion, and a distributing centre for the seeds of Imperial loyalty. My receptiveness to the British appeal did not render me free from irritation which often became indignation; but when allowances were made for that I still retained an impression of greatness which has made me proud to be connected, however humbly, with so magnificent an ideal as that of the British Empire.

THE Canadian's contribution to the comity of the world is, as I see it, to be the harmonizing element between that Empire and this Republic; and I often wish that my fellow-countrymen could more consciously and conscientiously adopt the role of mediation. To do that however they need to be bigger in spirit than either the Englishman or the American, and the very land they live in breathes this sense of spaciousness. I am always sorry when I find Canadians adopting a small or provincial or colonial or bombastic point of view. Sometimes I find one who has the big, genial, patient, human qualities that can bear with foibles, whether English or American, and take by instinct the harmonizing attitude, and then I know I have come on a Canadian who realizes—even though but subconsciously—his national destiny. It is this quality of a big, rich heart in a big, rich land which makes so many Canadians lovable to me, and which I covet for them all.

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

CHAPTER TEN

The Hour

I

A QUARTER of an hour—perhaps less—later, we were speeding back, Mr. Betterton and I, down Canon's Row on our way to Westminster Stairs, intending to take boat for the City.

In the terrible mental upheaval which had followed on the renewed Outrage that had been put upon my beloved Friend, I had well-nigh forgotten that secret Conspiracy which was even now threatening the stability of our Country, and in which my former Employer and his Spouse were so deeply involved.

The striking of Church Bells far and near, chiming the hour of eight, recalled me to the danger which threatened Mr. Baggs along with his more aristocratic co-traitors. And, strangely enough, Mr. Betterton thought of this at the very same time. He had been sunk in moody Reverie ever since my Silence had told him the grim tale of my unsuccessful Embassy to the Earl of Stour, and through the darkness it was impossible even for my devoted Eyes to watch the play of emotions upon his tell-tale Face or to read in his Eyes the dark thoughts which I knew must be coursing through his brain.

In myself, I could not help but be satisfied at the turn of Events. The Conspirators, denounced by me to the Countess of Castlemaine, would of a certainty meet the punishment which they so fully deserved. Lord Stour was one of them, so was Lord Douglas Wychwoode. The Scaffold, or at best, Banishment, would be their lot, and how could I grieve—I, who hated them so!—that the Earth would presently be rid of two arrogant and supercilious Coxcombs, Traitors to their King, vainglorious and self-seeking. True, the Lady Barbara would weep. But when I remembered the many bitter tears which you, dear Mistress, have shed these past months because she had enchained the fancy of the Man whom you loved, then had scorned his ardour and left him a prey to humiliation and shame at the hands of Men unworthy to lick the dust at his feet; when I remembered all that, I could find no Pity in my heart for the Lady Barbara, but rather a Hope that one so exquisitely fair would pass through Sorrow and Adversity the purer and softer for the ordeal.

True again, that for some reason still unexplained Mr. Betterton appeared to desire with an almost passionate intensity that his successful Rival should escape the fate of his fellow-Conspirators. Such Magnanimity was beyond my comprehension, and I felt that the Sentiment which engendered it could not be a lasting one. Mr. Betterton was for the moment angry with me—very angry—for what I had done; but his anger I knew would soon melt in the warmth of his own kindly heart. He would forgive me, and anon forget the insolent Enemy after the latter had expiated his Treachery and his Arrogance upon the Scaffold. The whole of this hideous past Episode would then become a mere memory, like unto a nightmare which the healthful freshness of the newly born day so quickly dispels.

II

SO on the whole it was with a lightened Heart that I stepped into the Boat in the wake of Mr. Betterton. I thanked the Lord that the rain had ceased for the moment, for truly I was chilled to the marrow and could not have borne another wetting.

Every Angle and Stone and Stair and landing Stage along the Embankment were of course familiar to me; and I could not help falling into a Reverie at sight of those great houses which were the City homes of some of the noblest Families in the Land. How many of these stately walls, thought I, sheltered a nest of Conspirators as vile and as disloyal as were Lord Douglas Wychwoode and his friends? Suffolk House and Yorke House, Salsbury House and Worster House, to mention but a few. How did the mere honest Citizen know what went on behind their Portals, what deadly Secrets were whispered within their doors?

I had been taught all my life to respect those who are above me in Station and to reverence our titled Nobility; but truly my short experience of these high-born Sparks was not calculated to enhance my Respect for their Integrity or my Admiration for their Intellect. Some older Gentlemen there were, such as the Lord Chancellor himself, who were worthy of everybody's Regard; but I must confess that the behaviour of the younger Fops was oft blameworthy in the extreme.

I might even instance our experience this dark night, after we had landed at the Temple Stairs and were hurrying along our way up Middle Temple Lane in the wake of our linkmen. We were speeding on, treading carefully so as to avoid as much as was possible the mud which lay ankle-deep in the Lane, when we suddenly spied ahead of us a party of "Scourers"—young Gentlemen of high Rank, very much the worse for drink, who, being at their wits' end to know how to spend their evenings, did it in prowling about the Streets, insulting or maltreating peaceable Passers-by, molesting Women, breaking Tavern windows, stealing Sign-boards and otherwise rendering themselves noxious to honest Citizens and helping to make the Streets of our great City an object of terror by night, in emulation of highway Robbers and other foul Marauders.

No doubt Mr. Betterton and I would—despite the aid of our two linkmen and of their stout Cudgels—have fallen a victim to these odious Miscreants, and the great Actor would of a surety have been very rudely treated, since he had so often denounced these Malpractices from the Stage and held up to public Ridicule not only the young Rakes who took part in the riotous orgies but also our Nightwatchmen, who were too stupid or too cowardly to cope with them. But, knowing our danger, we avoided it, and hearing the young Mohocks coming our way we slipped up Hare Alley and bided our time until the noise of Revels and Riotings were well behind us.

I heard afterwards that those abominable Debauchees—who surely should have known better, seeing that they were all Scions of great and noble Families—had indeed "scoured" that night with some purpose. They broke into Simond's Inn in Fleet Street, smashed every piece of crockery they could find there, assaulted the Landlord, beat the Customers about, broke open the money-box, stole some five pounds in hard cash and insulted the waiting maids. Finally, they set a seal to their Revels by falling on the Nightwatchmen who had come to disperse them, beating them with their own Halberts and with sticks, and wounding one so severely that he ultimately died in Hospital, whilst the Miscreants themselves got off scot-free.

Truly a terrible state of affairs in such a noble city as London!

III

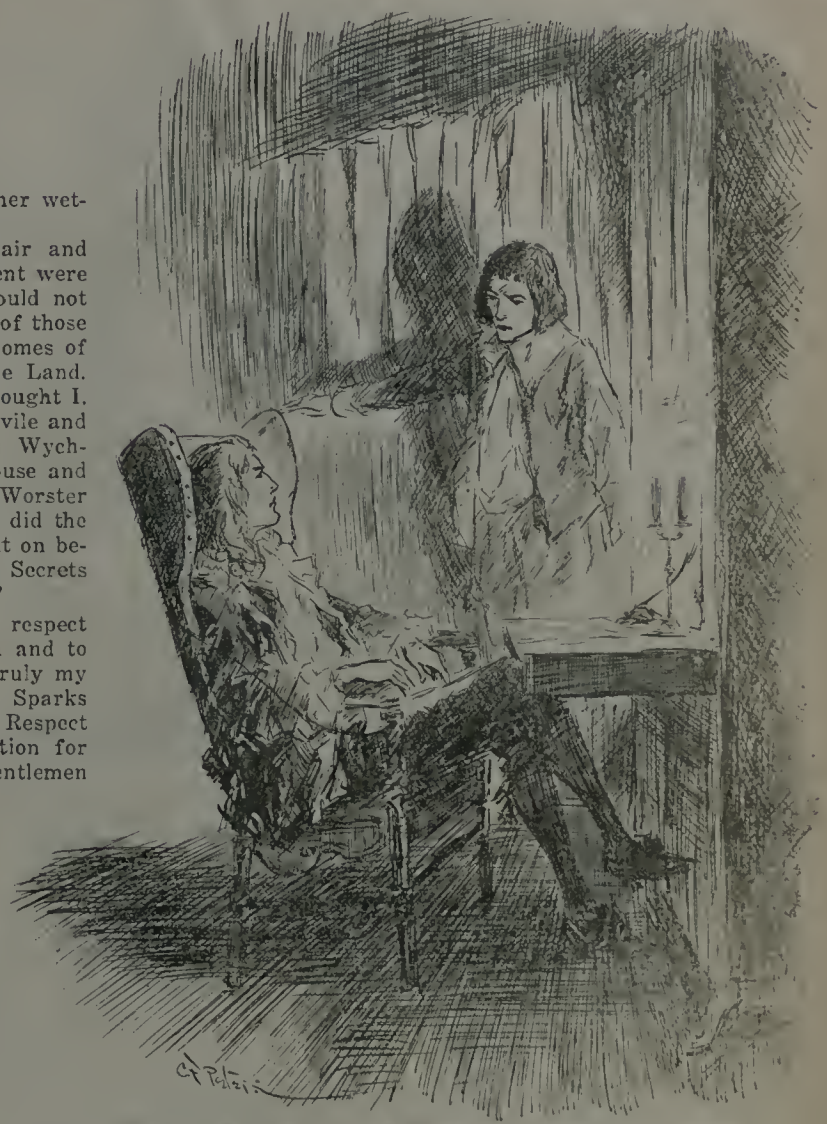
AS for Mr. Betterton and myself, we reached the corner of Chancery Lane without serious Adventure. As we neared the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs, however, I felt my courage oozing down into my shoes. Truly I could not then have faced my former Employer, whom I had just betrayed, and the mean side of my Action in the matter came upon me with a shaming force.

I begged Mr. Betterton, therefore, to go and speak with Mr. Baggs whilst I remained waiting outside upon the doorstep.

Of all that miserable day, this was perhaps to me the most painful moment. From the instant that Mr. Betterton was admitted into the House until he returned to me some twenty minutes later, I was in a cold sweat, devoured with Apprehension and fighting against Remorse. I could not forget that Mr. Baggs had been my Master and Employer—if not too kind an one—for years, and if he had been sent to the Tower and accompanied his fellow Conspirators upon the Scaffold, I verily believe that I should have felt like Judas Iscariot and, like him, would have been unable to endure my life after such a base betrayal.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Betterton was soon able to reassure me. He had, he said, immediately warned Mr. Baggs that something of the Secret of the Conspiracy had come to the ears of the Countess of Castlemaine and that all those who were in any way mixed up in the Affair would be wise to lie low as far as possible, at any rate for awhile.

Mr. Baggs, it seems, was at first terrified, and was on the point of losing his head and committing some



Then once again his harsh, mirthless laugh. "Good!" he exclaimed.

SYNOPSIS.—*This is the story of Thomas Betterton, a famous actor, and Joyce Saunderson, as told by John Honeywood, clerk to Theophilus Baggs, a lawyer. Betterton is infatuated with Lady Barbara Wychwoode. His attentions to her are resented by her brother, and by Lord Stour, her lover, and they hire some ruffians to make a dastardly attack on him. They refuse to accept Betterton's challenge to a duel, considering him as beneath their notice. Baggs, Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode are engaged in a plot to seize and dethrone King Charles II., and Honeywood is ordered to make copies of a treasonable document in connection with the plot. To avenge Betterton Honeywood discloses the plot to Lady Castlemaine, the favorite of the King. He then tells Betterton and the latter is distressed at the thought that Stour will be caught and executed before he has had a chance to personally avenge the wrong done him.*

Act of Folly through sheer fright. But Mr. Betterton's quieting influence soon prevailed. The worthy Attorney, on thinking the matter over, realized that if he destroyed certain Documents which might prove incriminating to himself, he would have little else to fear. He himself had never written a compromising Letter—he was far too shrewd to have thus committed himself—and there was not a scrap of paper in anyone else's possession which bore his Name or might mark his Identity, whilst he had not the slightest fear that the other Conspirators — who were all of them Gentlemen—would betray the complicity of an humble Attorney who had rendered them loyal service.

Strangely enough, Mr. Baggs never suspected me of having betrayed the whole thing; or, if he did, he never said so. So many people plotted these days, so many Conspiracies were hatched, then blown upon, that I for one imagine that Mr. Baggs had a hand in several of these and was paid high Fees for his share in them. Then, when anything untoward happened, when mere Chance or else a Traitor among the Traitors caused the Conspiracy to abort, the worthy Attorney would metaphorically shake the dust of political Intrigue from his shabby Shoes and make a Bonfire of every compromising Document that might land him in the Tower and further. After which, he was no doubt ready to begin all over again.

So it had occurred in this instance. Mr. Betterton did not wait to see the Bonfire, which was just beginning to blaze merrily in the old-fashioned Hearth. He told me all about it when he joined me once more upon the Doorstep, and for the first time that day I heard him laugh quite naturally and spontaneously while he recounted to me Mr. Baggs' Terrors and Mistress Euphrosine's dignified Fussiness.

"She would have liked to find some pretext," he said quite gaily, "for blaming me in the matter. But on the whole, I think that they were both thankful for my timely Warning."

She held her ground in the very centre of the path.

IV

BUT, as far as I was concerned, this ended once and for all my connection with the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs, and since that memorable Night I have never once slept under his Roof.

I went back with Mr. Betterton to his house in Tothill Street. By the time we reached it, it was close on ten o'clock. Already he had intimated to me that henceforth I was to make my home with him; and as soon as we entered the House he ordered his Servant to make my room and bed ready for me. My heart was filled with inexpressible Gratitude at his kindness. Though I had, in an altogether inexplicable manner, run counter to his Plans, he was ready to forgive me and did not withdraw his Friendship from me.

As time went on, I was able to tell him something of the emotions which coursed through my Heart in recognition of his measureless kindness to me; but on that first evening I could not speak of it. When I first beheld the cosy room which he had assigned to me, with its clean and comfortable bed and substantial furniture, I could only bow my head, take his hand and kiss it reverently. He withdrew it as if he had been stung.

"Keep such expressions of respect," he said almost roughly, "for one who is worthy."

"You," I riposted simply, "are infinitely worthy, because you are good."

Then once again his harsh, mirthless laugh—so unlike his usual light-hearted merriment—grated upon my ear.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Nay, friend Honeywood, you are not, mescems, a master of intuition. Few hearts in London this night," he added earnestly, "harbor such evil desires as mine."

But in spite of what he said, in spite of that strange look in his eyes, that laugh which proclaimed a perturbed Soul, I could not bring myself to believe that his great Heart was a prey to aught but noble Desires, and that those awful and subtle schemes of deadly Revenge which have subsequently threatened to ruin his own Life were even now seething in his brain.

For the moment, I only remembered that when first he had requested me to accompany him on his evening Peregrinations, it had been with a view to visiting the Countess of Castlemaine, and I now reminded him of his purpose, thinking that his desire had been to beg for my Lord Stour's pardon. I did so, still insisting upon her Ladyship's avowed Predilection for himself, and I noticed that while I spoke thus he smiled grimly to himself and presently said with slow Deliberation:

"Aye! Her Ladyship hath vowed that out of gratitude for his public Eulogy of her virtue and her beauty, she would grant Mr. Thomas Betterton any Favour he might ask of her."

"Aye! and her Ladyship is not like to go back on her word," I assented eagerly.

"Therefore," he continued, not heeding me, "the Countess of Castlemaine, who in her turn can obtain any favour she desires from His Majesty the King, will at my request obtain a full and gracious pardon for the Earl of Stour."

"She will indeed!" I exclaimed, puzzled once more at this strange trait of Magnanimity—Weakness, I called it—on the part of a man who had on two occasions been so monstrously outraged. "You are a hero, Sir," I added in an awed whisper, "to think of a pardon for your most deadly Enemy."

He turned and looked me full in the Eyes. I could scarce bear his glance, for there seemed to dwell within its glowing depths such a World of Misery, of Hatred and of thwarted Passion that my soul was filled with dread at the sight. And he said very slowly:

"You are wrong there, my friend. I was not thinking of a pardon for mine Enemy, but of Revenge for a deadly Insult, which it seems cannot be wiped out in blood."

V

I WOULD have said something more after that, for in truth my heart was full of Sympathy and of Love for my Friend and I longed to soothe and console him, as I felt I could do, humble and unsophisticated though I was. Thoughts of You, dear Mistress, were running riot in my brain. I longed at this momentous hour, when the Fate of many men whom I knew was trembling in the balance, to throw myself at Mr. Betterton's feet and to conjure him in the name of all his most noble Instincts to give up all thoughts of the proud Lady who had once disdained him and spurned his Affections, and to turn once more to the early and pure love of his life — to You, dear Mistress, whose Devotion had been so severely tried and yet had not been found wanting, and whose Influence had always been one of gentleness and of purity.

But, seeing him sitting there brooding, obviously a prey to thoughts both deep and dark, I did not dare speak, and remained silent in the hope that, now that I was settled under his Roof, an opportunity would occur for me to tell him what weighed so heavily on my Heart.

Presently the Servant came in and brought Supper, and Mr. Betterton sat down to it, bidding me with perfect grace and hospitality to sit opposite to him. But we neither of us felt greatly inclined to eat. I was hungry, it is true; yet every morsel which I conveyed to my mouth cost me an effort to swallow. This was all the more remarkable as at the moment my whole Being was revelling in the succulence of the fare spread out before me, the excellence of the Wine, the snowy whiteness of the Cloths, the beauty of Crystal and of Silver, all of which bore testimony to the fastidious Taste and the Refinement of the great Artist.

Of the great Events which were even then shaping themselves in White Hall, we did not speak. We each knew that the other's mind was full of what might be going on even at this hour. But Mr. Betterton made not a single reference to it, and I too, therefore, held my tongue. In fact, we spoke but little during supper, and as I watched my dearly loved Friend toying with his food, and I myself felt as if the next mouthful would choke me, I knew that his mind was far away.

It was fixed upon White Hall and its stately purlieus and upon the house of the Countess of Castlemaine, which overlooked the Privy Gardens, and of His Majesty the King. His senses, I knew, were strained to catch the sound of distant murmurs, of running footsteps, of the grinding of arms or of pistol shots.

But not a sound came to disturb the peaceful silence of this comfortable Abode. The servant came and went, bringing food, then clearing it away, pouring Wine into our glasses, setting and removing the silver utensils.

Anon Mr. Betterton and I both started and furtively caught one another's glance. The tower clock of Westminster was striking eleven.

"For good or for evil, all is over by now," Mr. Betterton said quietly. "Come, friend Honeywood; let's to bed."

I went to bed, but not to sleep. For hours I lay awake, wondering what had happened. Had the Conspirators succeeded and was His Majesty a Prisoner in their hands; or were they themselves Captives in that grim Edifice by the water, which had witnessed so many Deaths and such grim Tragedies, and from which the only egress led straight to the Scaffold?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Rumours and Conjectures

I

VERY little of what had actually occurred came to the ear of the Public. In fact, not one Man in ten in the whole of the Cities of London and Westminster knew that a couple of hours before midnight, when most simple and honest Citizens were retiring to their beds, a batch of dangerous Conspirators had been arrested even within the precincts of White Hall.

I heard all that there was to know from Mr. Betterton, who went out early the following morning and returned fully informed of the events of the preceding night. Subsequently too, I gleaned a good deal of information through the instrumentality of Mistress Floid. As far as I could gather, the Conspirators did carry out their project just as they had decided on it in my presence. They did assemble in King Street and in the by-lanes leading out of it, keeping my Lady Castlemaine's house in sight, whilst others succeeded in concealing themselves about the Gardens of White Hall, no doubt with the aid of treacherous and suborned Watchmen.

The striking of the hour of ten was to be the signal for immediate and concerted Action. Those in the Gardens stood by on the watch until after His Majesty the King had walked across from his Palace to Her Ladyship's house. His Majesty, as was his wont when supping with Lady Castlemaine, entered her house by the back door, and his servants followed him into the house.

Then the conspirators waited for the hour to strike. Directly the last clang of church bells had ceased to reverberate through the evening hour, they advanced both from the back and the front of the House simultaneously, when they were set upon on the one side by a company of His Majesty's Body Guard under the command of Major Sachvrell, who had remained concealed inside the Palace, and on the other way by a Company of Halberdiers under the command of Colonel Powick.

When the Traitors were thus confronted by loyal Troops, they tried to put up a fight, not realizing that such Measures had been taken by Major Sachvrell and Colonel Powick that they could not possibly hope to escape.

A scuffle ensued, but the Conspirators were very soon overpowered, as indeed they were greatly outnumbered. The neighborhood—even then slumbering peacefully—did no more than turn over in bed, marvelling perhaps if a party of Mohocks on mischief bent had come in conflict with a posse of Nightwatchmen. The prisoners were at once marched to the Tower, despite the rain which had once more begun to fall heavily, and during the long, wearisome tramp through the city their ardour for Conspiracies and Intrigues must have cooled down considerably.

The Lieutenant of the Tower had everything ready for the reception of such exalted Guests; for in truth my Lady Castlemaine had not allowed things to be done by halves. Incensed against her Enemies in a manner in which only an adulated and spoilt Woman can be, she was going to see to it that those who had plotted against her should be as severely dealt with as the law permitted.

II

LATER on, I had it from my friend Mistress Floid that the Lady Barbara Wychwoode visited the Countess of Castlemaine during the course of the morning. She arrived at her Ladyship's house dressed in black and with a veil, as if of mourning, over her fair hair.

Mistress Floid hath oft told me that the interview between the two Ladies was truly pitiable, and that the Lady Barbara presented a heartrending spectacle. She begged and implored her Ladyship to exercise mercy over a few young hotheads, who had been misled into wrong-doing by inflammatory speeches from Agitators, these being naught but paid Agents of the Dutch Government, she averred, set to create discontent and if possible civil war once again in England, so that Holland might embark upon a war of Revenge with some certainty of Success.

But the Countess of Castlemaine would not listen to the petition at all, and proud Lady Barbara Wychwoode then flung herself at the other Woman's feet and begged and implored for pardon for her Brother, her Lover and her Friends. Mistress Floid avers that my Lady Castlemaine did nothing but laugh at the poor Girl's pleadings, saying in a haughty, supercilious manner:

"Beauty in tears? 'Tis a pretty sight, forsooth! But had your Friends succeeded in their damnable Plot, would you have shed tears of sympathy for me, I wonder?"

And I could not find it in me to be astonished at my Lady Castlemaine's spitefulness, for in truth Lady Barbara's Friends had plotted her disgrace and ruin. Not only that, they had taken every opportunity of villifying her Character and making her appear as odious in the eyes of the People as they very well could.

You must not infer from this, dear Mistress, that I am upholding my Lady Castlemaine in any way. Her mode of life is abhorrent to me and I deeply regret her influence over His Majesty and over the public Morals of the Court circle, not to say the entire Aristocracy and Gentry. I am merely noting the fact that human nature being what it is, it is not to be wondered at that when the Lady had a chance of hitting back, she did so with all her might, determined to lose nothing of this stupendous Revenge.

III

HOWEVER secret the actual arrest of the Conspirators was kept from public knowledge, it soon transpired that such great and noble Gentlemen as Lord Teammouth, Lord Douglas Wychwoode, the Earl of Stour, not to mention others, were in the Tower, and that a sensational Trial for Conspiracy and High Treason was pending.

Gradually the history of the plot had leaked out, and how it had become abortive owing to an anonymous denunciation (for so it was called). The Conspiracy became the talk of the town. Several Ladies and Gentlemen, though not directly implicated in the affair but of known ultra-Protestant views, thought it best to retire to their country Estates, ostensibly for the benefit of their health.

Sinister rumours were afloat that the Conspirators would be executed without Trial—had already suffered the extreme Penalty of the Law; that the Marquis of Sidbury, father of Lord Douglas Wychwoode, had suddenly died of grief; that torture would be applied to the proletarian Accomplices of the noble Lords—of whom there were many—so as to extract further Information and Denunciations from them. In fact, the town seethed with conjectures: people talked in whispers and dispersed at sight of anyone who was known to belong to the Court circle. The Theatres played to empty benches, the Exchanges and Shops were deserted, for no one liked to be abroad when Arrests and Prosecutions were in the air.

Through it all, very great sympathy was evinced for the Lady Barbara Wychwoode, whose pretty face was so well known in Town and whose charm of manner and kindly disposition had endeared her to many who had had the privilege of her acquaintance. Public opinion is a strange and unaccountable Factor in the affairs of Men, and public opinion found it terribly hard that so young and adulated a Girl as was the Lady Barbara should at one fell swoop lose Brother, Lover and Friends. And I may truly say that Satisfaction was absolutely genuine and universal when it became known presently that the young Earl of Stour had received a full and gracious Pardon for his supposed share in the abominable plot.

Whether, on closer investigation, he had been proved innocent or whether

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the Pardon was due to exalted or other powerful influences, no one knew as yet: all that was a certainty was that my Lord Stour presently left the Tower a free Man even whilst his Friends were one and all brought to trial, and subsequently most of them executed for High Treason or otherwise severely punished.

Lord Teanmouth suffered death upon the scaffold, as did Sir James Campsfield and Mr. Andrew Knver; and there were others, whose names escape me for the moment. Lord Douglas Wychwoode succeeded in fleeing to Scotland and thence to Holland, most people averred owing to the marvellous pluck and ingenuity of his Sister. A number of Persons of meaner degree were hanged: in fact, a Reign of Terror swept over the country, and many thought that the Judges had been unduly harsh and over free with their pronouncement of death-sentences.

But it was obvious that His Majesty himself meant to make an example of such abominable Traitors before political intrigues and Rebellion spread over the country once again.

It was all the more strange, therefore, that one of the conpirators—the Earl of Stour, in fact, whose Name had been most conspicuous in connection with the Affair—should thus have been the only one to enjoy immunity. But, as I said before, nothing but satisfaction was expressed at first for this one small Ray of Sunhine which came to brighten poor Lady Barbara Wychwoode's misery.

As for me, I did not know what to think. Surely my heart should have been filled with admiration for the noble Revenge which a great Artist had taken upon a hot-headed young Coxcomb. Such Magnanimity was indeed unbelievable; nay! I felt that it showed a Weakness of Character of which in my innermost heart I did not believe Mr. Betterton capable.

To say that I was much rejoiced over the clemency shown to my Lord Stour, would be to deviate from the Truth. Looking back upon the motives which had actuated me when I denounced the infamous Plot to the Countess of Castlemaine, I could not help but admit to myself that hatred of a young Jackanapes and a desire for vengeance upon his impudent head had greatly influenced my course of action. Now that I imagined him once more kneeling at Lady Barbara's feet, an accented Lover, triumphant over Destiny, all the sympathy which I may have felt for him momentarily in the hour of his Adversity, died out completely from my Heart and I felt that I hated him even more virulently than before.

His image, as he had last stood before me in the dimly-lighted room of his noble Mansion, surrounded by Books, costly Furniture, all the Appurtenances of a rich and independent Gentleman, was constantly before my mind. I could, just by closing my Eyes, see him sitting beside the hearth, with the lovely Lady Barbara beaming at him from the place opposite and his Friend standing by, backing him up with word and deed in all his Arrogance and Overbearing.

"The Earl of Stour cannot cross swords with a Mountebank."

I seemed to hear those Words reverberating across the street like the clank of some ghostly Bell; and whenever mine ears rang to their sound I felt the hot blood of a just Wrath surge up to my cheeks and my feeble Hands would close in a clutch that was as fierce as it was impotent.

IV

THE reported death from grief of the Marquis of Sidbury proved to be a false one. But the aged Peer did suffer severely from the shame put upon him by his Son's treachery. The Wychwoodes had always been loyal Subjects of their King. At the time of the late lamented Monarch's most erving adversity, he knew that he could always count on the devotion of that noble Family, who had jeopardized their entire Fortune, their very Existence, in the royal Cause.

Of course, his two Children were scarce out of the Nursery when the bitter conflict raged between the King and his People; but it must have been terribly hard for a proud Man to bear the thought that his only Son, as soon as he had reached man's estate, should have raised his hand against his Sovereign.

No doubt owing to the disturbed state of many influential Circles of Society that winter and the number of noble Families who were in mourning after the aborted Conspiracy and the wholesale executions that ensued, the Marriage between Lady Barbara Wychwoode and the Earl of Stour was postponed until the spring, and then it would take place very quietly at the Bride's home in Sussex, whither she had gone of late with her Father, both living there for awhile in strict retirement.

Lord Douglas Wychwoode, so it was understood, had succeeded in reaching Holland, where I doubt not he continued to carry on those political Intrigues against his lawful Sovereign which would of a surety one day bring him to an ignominious end.

I was now living in the greatest comfort and was supremely happy, in the house of Mr. Betterton. He employed me as his Secretary, and in truth my place was no sinecure, for I never could have believed that there were so many foolish Persons in the world who spent their time in writing letters—laudatory or otherwise—to such great Men as were in the public eye. I myself, though I have believed that there were so many mirer of Men of talent and erudition, would never have taken it upon myself to trouble them with effusions from my pen. And yet letter after letter would come to the house in Tothill Street, addressed to Mr. Thomas Betterton. Some written by great and noble Ladies whose Names would surprise You, dear Mistress, were I to mention them; others were from Men of position and of learning who desired to express to the great Artist all the pleasure they had derived from his rendering of Noble Characters.

Mr. Pepys, a Gentleman of great knowledge and a Clerk in the Admiralty, wrote quite frequently to Mr. Betterton, sometimes to express unstinted praise for the great Actor's performance in one of his favorite Plays, or sometimes venturing on Criticism which was often shrewd and never disdained.

But after all, am I not wasting time by telling You that which You, dear Mistress, know well enough from your own personal experience? I doubt not but you receive many such letters, both from Admirers and from Friends, not to mention Enemies, who are always to the fore when a Man or Woman rises by talent or learning above the dead level of the rest of Humanity.

IT was then my duty to read those letters and to reply to them, which I did at Mr. Betterton's dictation, and in my choicest Caligraphy with many embellishments such as I had learned whilst I was Clerk to Mr. Baggs. Thus it was that I obtained confirmation of the Fact which was still agitating my mind: namely Mr. Betterton's share in the events which led to His Majesty's gracious Pardon being extended to the Earl of Stour. I had, of course, more than suspected all along that it was my Friend who had approached the Countess of Castlemaine on the subject, yet could not imagine how any Man, who was smarting under such a terrible insult as Mr. Betterton had suffered at the hands of my Lord Stour, could find it in his heart thus to return good for evil and with such splendid Magnanimity.

But here I had Chapter and Verse for the whole affair, because my Lady Castlemaine wrote to Mr. Betterton more than once upon the subject, and always in the same bantering tone, chaffing him for his Chivalry and his Heroism, saying very much what I should myself if I had had the courage or the presumption to do so. She kept him well informed of her endeavours on behalf of Lord Stour, referring to the King's Severity and Obstinacy in the matter in no measured language, but almost invariably closing her Epistles with a reiteration of her promise to the great Artist to grant him any favour he might ask of her.

"I do work most strenuously on your

Continued on page 84

If you haven't yet tried Cutex, make up your mind to send for the trial set today. See how noticeably better your nails look, after their first Cutex manicure!

Stains and discolorations disappear as if by magic the moment you apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails

A lasting brilliant gloss or a soft transparent finish, just as you prefer, you can get with Cutex Nail Polish

"So beautifully smooth and clean does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut" Geraldine Farrar

How to keep your nails looking freshly manicured all the time

YOUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure! They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if you had just had a professional manicure. You are delighted with their appearance!

Keep them looking lovely always!

Spasmodic attention won't do it—having your nails manicured *occasionally* may only make the cuticle look worse in the long run. But with a bottle of Cutex at hand, it is so easy to keep your cuticle *always* smooth and firm. It should be attended to as regularly as you file your nails.

So little trouble, too

Once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Wash the hands with warm water, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them. Then, during the day, whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. This is all you need to do to keep your nails looking well-groomed all the time.

Do away entirely with harmful cuticle cutting

Thousands and thousands of women would tell you that they can, with Cutex, keep their nails always in noticeably lovely condition. Use it regularly, and you, too, will find that it does away entirely with the cuticle cutting and trimming that ruin the appearance of your nails.

Cutex exactly fills the need for a convenient, quick, safe cuticle remover. Get a bottle today at any drug or department store.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 70c bottles. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish are also 35c.

Send today for the complete manicure set shown below

IF you have never given your nails a Cutex manicure, send today for this complete Cutex manicure set and see for yourself how attractive your nails can be made to look.

The set contains everything necessary for a complete Cutex manicure—the Cuticle Remover; the Nail White; the Paste Polish; the Cake Polish; the Cuticle Comfort; an emery board, an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Enough for several manicures! Send only 20c for it today.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 1114, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Canadian Agents, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.

This set is complete! Enough for six perfect manicures. Send only 20 and let us mail you one!

Cutex Powder Polish in the attractive new ivory-like tube

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
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Name .....

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MISTAKES WOMEN MAKE IN THE CARE OF THEIR COMPLEXIONS

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST, many women powder the wrong way:—Many women who appreciate the importance of powdering, fail to understand the right way to do it. Again and again during the day, on the street, in the shops—everywhere—they are powdering, in a frantic effort to overcome a shiny face.

Yet the ugly glisten keeps cropping out.

This is because people make the mistake of applying the powder *directly* to the skin.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin softened and refreshed. Now powder, and don't think of it again.

Pond's Vanishing Cream has no oil, so it cannot come out in a shine. More than this, it holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

Dermatologists say that such a powder base is a *protection* to the skin. It keeps its texture from the coarsening due to exposure.

Wind and dust ruin your looks

A day in the wind and dust plays havoc with your complexion. It chaps it; it dries it; it blows away the powder. Before going out, protect your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. For years it has been famous for overcoming chapping and roughness. Without making your skin shiny, it will keep it soft, and prevent the dust and powder from working into the pores. Applied over this protecting cream, the powder stays on two or three times as long as it ever did before.

Failing to freshen the complexion when you dress

When you are preparing to go out for the evening, do remember that the most important part of dressing is the freshening of your complexion.

Some women make the mistake of overlooking this.

You may feel and look exhausted. Yet there is no excuse for letting your skin look tired, drawn.

Lightly smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. The cool touch, the delicate fragrance, will make your skin actually *feel* fresher. At once this greaseless cream vanishes. Your poor tired skin drinks in all its refreshing softness. The tense, drawn feeling is relaxed. The dullness has gone, leaving a soft, transparent look. More than this, the soothing cream keeps your skin soft and smooth, and prevents chapping and roughness.

Never neglect this Pond's Vanishing Cream freshening, before going out. It makes all the difference between looking commonplace and looking beautiful.

It is a bad mistake to omit the cold cream cleansing

Because you have learned to depend upon Pond's *Vanishing* Cream for a powder base, for freshening the skin and protecting it from chapping, do not forget the importance of *cold* cream.

The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out, is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base in Pond's Cold Cream makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known.

When you are all ready for bed, rub some Pond's Cold Cream into your pores and wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Yet it will please you so to realize how much cleaner the pores of your skin are than ever before, that you will make this face bath a regular habit. In this way your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Subtract a few years from your age

When you are feeling all tired out, yet have to look your best, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and neck. At once the drawn feeling around your mouth and eyes goes. Your skin takes on a fresh, transparent look. This cream disappears instantly and will not reappear in a shine.

If your skin is dry or rough, leave some Pond's Cold Cream on over night to make up for the deficiency of natural oil in your skin.

You can give yourself a wonderful massage with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin.

Every skin needs two creams

The creams that your skin needs are each very different from the other.

It is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream that you should use as a powder base, as a protection from cold and dust, and to freshen the complexion. Pond's Vanishing Cream is without oil. It is based on an ingredient which physicians have recommended for years for its softening, beautifying properties.

But for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's *Cold* Cream should be used. Its formula was specially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store.

Free sample tubes
Mail this coupon

Pond's Extract Co., 148-E Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.
Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
☐ Sample of Pond's Cold Cream.
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the desired amount:
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... Province .....

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

MADE IN CANADA

One with an oil base and one without any oil

The dust will shock you!

You have no idea how much dust can work into your pores until you see how much comes out in the first Pond's Cold Cream cleansing.

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

IS CANADA WEARY *of* PARTY POLITICS?

HAVE Canadians deserted the faith of their fathers, the faith that made a man a Grit or a Tory from the day that he cast his first vote until the sad time came to gird in his bones? Has the lure of party politics been lost? In other words has the era of straight party politics passed?

Unquestionably it begins to look as though the Dominion would never again go back to the interesting, but in many ways futile, struggle of the Ins and the Outs. Thousands of men who before the war were either straight Conservatives or straight Liberals and who never went back on their candidates or split a ticket, are to-day men without a party. As the St. Thomas *Times-Journal* puts it: "The fiery partizan appeals that once stirred an ardent following to rapturous applause fall on deaf ears. Only a sorry remnant now respond to the fiery cross and gird themselves for the fray."

There must be a very radical change indeed when newspapers all over the country discover this same apathy. Strange times indeed are these when we see the Toronto *Globe*, that has for generations sounded the political pibroch for the Presbyterian-Liberalism of Ontario, advising its readers to vote for prohibition candidates in Ontario regardless of politics! An issue above a party! And when a Liberal reader of the *Globe* protests, subscribing himself a supporter of the party "through, up and down, in fair or foul weather, believing that no matter what the Conservatives have for a cry the Liberal party will do better," his letter is printed quietly among the other communications and does not draw a single line of editorial explanation or rejoinder. Strange days these!

The reasons are not hard to find. In the first place the formation of Union Government drew a majority of Canadians for the first time out of their placid party orbits. Union Government is still in existence and still commands the support of a portion of the population. How big or how small that portion is remains to be seen. What is certain, however, is that so long as Union Government holds together, there will be a certain number of voters who will be neither Liberal nor Conservative. What is more, when the Union dissolves—or if it dissolves—there will be many who will not be able to affiliate with their respective parties. As the London *Free Press* says: "It is evident that the Liberal Unionist and the Conservative Unionist have much more in common than have, for example, Laurier Liberals and Liberal Unionists." The Laurier Liberals, according to the *Free Press*, will refuse to receive the Liberal Unionists back "except upon hands and knees and in penitent mood." On the other hand, can the more moderate of the Conservative Unionists ever unite with the Old Tories who to-day are drawing aloof from the present Government?

To Make Union Govt. Permanent

MANY prominent newspapers are giving the strongest kind of evidence of the breaking down of the old party spirit by openly advocating the perpetuation of Union Government. The Ottawa *Journal* says:

> A separation of the Liberal Unionists and the Conservative Unionists would not seem to be necessary from any point of view of political principle. Nor do we suppose that to any sensible and patriotic man of any former political stamp, in view of the fact that this country like all others is seething with unrest and needs competent government, a political break-up would appeal much but for the claims of old traditions and of old personal friendships and affiliations. The former Conservative and Liberal parties had in the main no difference in principle. Hardly even a visible nominal difference existed except in two regards. One was the protective tariff—and that was really nominal, for there is no denying that the Liberal party when in power under Laurier had steadily maintained a protective tariff. The other was as to what form naval assistance to the Empire should take—and that was merely a difference in detail. The divergence between the two great political parties up to the time of the reciprocity proposition of 1911 was therefore little more than a difference in name and shibboleths.

The London *Free Press*—once absolutely purple in its Toryism—is even more emphatically in favor of the permanence of the Union idea. It says:

> If the Unionist caucus did not lay down a "platform," and if it did not draft its position into "whereases," it can be said with apparent certainty that the Unionist party exists to-day upon a permanent basis. A general election will not be held, it is agreed, until 1921, a full two years and possibly three years hence. In that time many things are likely to happen to enable the Unionist party to step out upon new lines, such as will permit of its offering to the country an appeal that will give to it a fresh mandate nearly if not quite as emphatic as was that received in 1917.
>
> Sir Robert Borden was himself formerly a Liberal. How appropriate it would seem to be that he should to-day lead a party of men of conviction who call themselves neither Liberal nor Conservative, but Unionist!

The St. John (N.B.) *Standard* sees the Union in a still more rosy light. "There is no dissension in the Unionist ranks," boldly asserts the *Standard;* "there is no trace of partisanship as found between members of opposing groups. The Unionist party to-day is composed in its entirety of men who place the good of their country before political advantage."

What the War Taught Us

PERHAPS there is a deeper and more significant reason for the reluctance men are showing to fall back into party strife. The St. Thomas *Times-Journal* suggests that the war has taught us a lesson in this respect.

How is this apathy on the part of the mass of the public to be explained? The old rousing catchwords and slogans having to all appearance lost their charm, what new battle cry will take their place? These questions have their interesting side, even though it may be impossible to render a final answer just now. One reason for the evident electoral antipathy to the renewal of bitter party strife is the broadening influence of the spirit of co-operation evoked by the great war. Men and women who have labored and striven together and found that patriotism, loyalty and sacrifice are not the peculiar appanage either of Liberal or Conservative, cannot return to that sphere of prejudice which made each anathema to the other. It is impossible to imagine to-day a reversion to the time when a Liberal believed a party opponent to be capable of any enormity merely because he differed in politics and a Conservative retaliated in kind. The electors of to-day realize that different political views can be honestly held and are no index to or criterion of moral character.

The Guelph *Mercury* comes out strongly in favor of the new spirit of independence and pats on the back those who "think things out for themselves and chafe at having to jump the hurdle every time someone else cracks the whip." The *Mercury*, which once was as unbending a party paper as, say, the Toronto *Globe*, and circulates in a district that is strongly Liberal and Scotch-Presbyterian, goes on to point out that independence helped to win the war.

"A greater measure of independence," says the *Mercury*, "was shown by the leaders of all the allied nations than ever before in the history of nations, because there was a need for it, and without it a different story might have had to be told, but there were men who were not afraid to override the conventions of parliamentary procedure, red tape and custom, in the interest of action. They saved the day for liberty."

The Election in Ontario

THE provincial election in Ontario, which will have been fought to a conclusion before this number of MACLEAN'S appears, is the strongest indication of the complete change in the face of politics. The prohibition referendum is attracting much more attention than the election itself. As the *Border Cities Star* remarks: "The people of Ontario refuse to become excited over the coming provincial elections. True, many meetings are now being held but the old-time rush seems to be missing. Perhaps this is due to the war, in that the people have become so accustomed to great events that a provincial political contest does not loom as large as formerly."

The *Star* goes on to express its belief that, after all, the party end of it does not really matter very much. "It is felt that the result of the referendum is of much more importance to the province than the victory or defeat of any particular political party, and such a judgment seems to be well based. To the average man on the street, unless he be a 'regular,' there appears little choice between the two old parties in Ontario. Apparently no great issues are to be decided by the voting and the situation is that of one party desiring to stay in and the other to get in."

Of course, all newspapers do not so interpret the situation. A large number of Ontario editors are pegging away as earnestly and, sometimes, as viciously as ever, lauding their own party to the skies and ripping the sails of the other in the best approved Eatanswillian method. Even some of the papers which recognize that things are not as they used to be, accept the change with obvious regret. The

Continued on page 73

CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

RALPH CONNOR (Major C. W. Gordon) is among the very best known of Canadian novelists and has produced a long list of best sellers, including "The Major," "A Sky-Pilot in No Man's Land," "The Man From Glengarry," "The Sky-Pilot," etc. This is his first appearance in MACLEAN'S.

ROBERT W. SERVICE ranks among the most popular poets of the age. His "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," have broken all records for sales. Mr. Service is a Canadian and his work always appears first in MACLEAN'S.

NELLIE L. McCLUNG is a novelist and lecturer, residing at Edmonton. She has taken a big part in political campaigns and is to-day a leader in all women's movements. Mrs. McClung is a regular contributor to MACLEAN'S.

STEPHEN LEACOCK is one of the world's greatest humorists and has a following wherever the English language is read. He is, in addition, a lecturer and is a professor at McGill University, Montreal. His work appears regularly in MACLEAN'S.

ALLEN C. SHORE is a Canadian writer whose short stories appear often in MACLEAN'S and in a number of American publications.

J. K. MUNRO is a newspaper man, a member of the Press Gallery at Ottawa. His articles in MACLEAN'S are conceded to be the high mark of political journalism in Canada.

CAMILLA KENYON is a Western girl who promises to become a very popular writer of fiction. "Spanish Doubloons" is her first novel.

GERTRUDE ARNOLD, who hails from Montreal, went overseas with the volunteer corps organized by Lady Drummond early in the war. She has written a series of articles on her experiences which are to appear in book form shortly. A second article appears in the December issue.

MADGE MACBETH is a Canadian writer of considerable versatility, residing in Ottawa. She is best known as the author of "Kleath," a novel that achieved wide sale. Mrs. Macbeth is well known to readers of MACLEAN'S.

CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS is the editor of a Fort William newspaper and a writer of short stories of strength and originality. This is his first appearance in MACLEAN'S.

JANEY CANUCK (Mrs. Emily F. Murphy) is noted as an author, traveller and lecturer, and lately has achieved wide distinction as the first woman magistrate to sit on the bench in Canada. She is prominent in all women's movements. Other articles by Mrs. Murphy are to appear in MACLEAN'S.

BASIL KING is one of the great novelists of the present day. He is a Canadian though he has resided abroad for a number of years. His latest novel, "The Thread of Flame," starts in the December issue of MACLEAN'S.

BARONESS ORCZY is a world-wide favorite as a writer of romantic novels. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," her most popular novel, was one of the best sellers of recent years.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

We All Won the War

Statistics Show Exactly What Proportion of Financial and Human Burden Various Nations Bore

IN the *Scientific American*, there is published an article which illustrates clearly and diagrammatically the share of each nation in the war. The writer deprecates discussion of this "who-won-the-war" type, and says:

"Who won the war?" The answer is that all the nations won it by a self-sacrificing and steadfast co-operation, the absence of which would have resulted in an overwhelming victory to the enemy.

The concluding chapter of the "Statistical Summary of the War," drawn up by the Chief of Statistics Branch of the general staff under Col. Leonard B. Ayres, consists merely of a set of diagrams as reproduced herewith. Unlike the rest of the report, there is no text accompanying the diagrams. They are left to speak for themselves. They show, as nothing else could, how closely interwoven and mutually interdependent was the work done, both in the factory and in the field, by the army at the front and by the civilian workers at home.

In one table, such as that showing the numbers killed in battle, France, Great Britain and Italy greatly predominate. In another showing contributions in wealth or in equipment, there will be a sharp change in the alignment, and one does not proceed very far with a study of these fascinating data before he realizes that to the question "Who Won the War," only God himself could give the correct answer. For if the question seriously came up for discussion, you would get many different answers, all of them, probably, as divergent as the people to whom the question was put. A Frenchman, for instance, would remind you that the ultimate test of the work done in winning the war is the total number of men killed in action, or subsequently dying of wounds received in battle, and he would point to the fact that France, with a total list of dead of 1,385,000 men, has done the hardest, the longest and the most decisive fighting of the war, since, of all her major allies the British lost less than a million men, the Italians less than half a million and the United States less than 50,000 men. He would tell you that when the war burst forth, France was the only country which possessed a large modern army and a highly trained staff that conformed to the accepted standards of the best military authorities; he would remind you that it was because this heroic army had bared its breast to the onslaught and stood unflinching throughout the whole four and a half years of the war, that the Allies have been able to achieve a final victory.

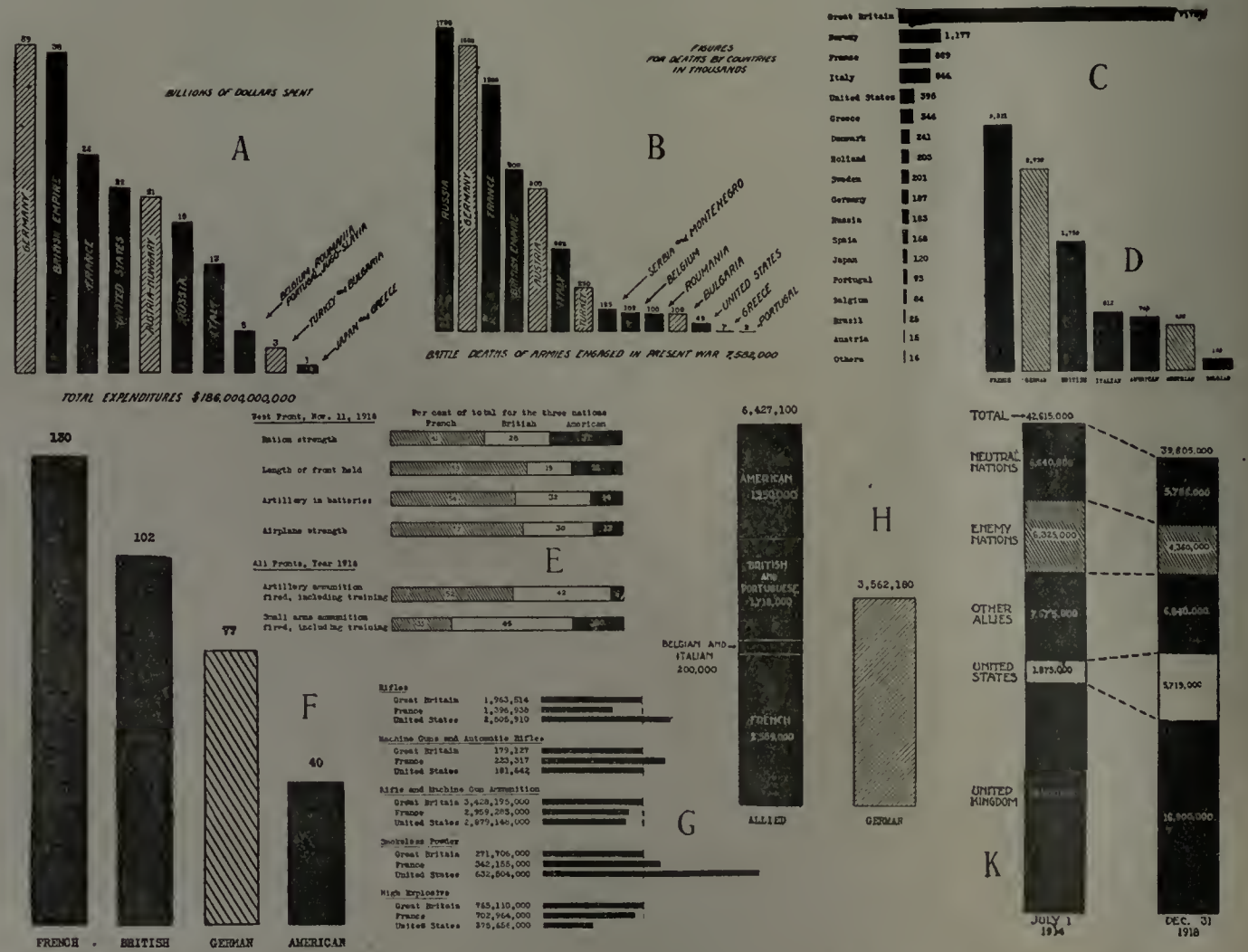
The British would tell you that history has shown over and over again the importance, in a far-flung war like this, of the command of the sea. He would tell you that it was his fleet which held the enemy helpless in their own ports. He would tell you that world-wide transportation was an absolute essential to the defeat of Germany; that it was because his fleet and his great merchant marine cleared the seas and carried the men, the munitions and the food, that victory was made possible. He would tell you that his army of 6,500,000 men fought on seventeen different fronts, and lost 900,000 dead, and that he loaned $8,000,000,000 to his allies to carry on their operations. It was this far-flung effort, he would say, that won the war.

A subject of Italy would tell you that, if she had listened to the call of the Triple Alliance, of which she was a member, and had moved to the eastern frontiers of France, the French would have had to divert three-quarters of a million men from the German front to meet the peril. He would point to the fact that Italy disowned her former allies, and crippled the strength of the Austrian effort by holding a vast Austrian army amid the snows and rocky defiles of the northern and eastern Italian frontiers. Thus, he would say, did Italy turn the balance in favor of the Allies, make secure the eastern flank of their armies in France, and finally make possible the overthrow of the Central Powers.

And so if you should chance to ask the question of some citizen of the United States, he might say that while it is true we lost only 49,000 dead to France's 1,385,000 dead, our list of dead was small because, compared to our Allies, we were in the fighting only for a limited time, and that we came in with two million men in France, two million more getting ready in America and ten million back of those, if we needed them; and that it was the moral effect, due to the realization of the excellent fighting quality of the armies under General Pershing, and the defeat of the Germans at St. Mihiel and the Argonne that led the enemy to throw down their arms. He would point also to the fact that our expenditures of twenty-two billion dollars was not far below that of France, and he would remind you that no small part of the stiffening of the Allied morale was due to the coming of our troops, coupled with the wonderful work done by the Red Cross and similar organizations, to say nothing of our carrying on the work, hitherto done by Great Britain, of financing the war for all the Allies.

And so the endless and fruitless comparisons and discussions might go on eternally, with no other result, as we have said, than to break down the excellent feeling of brotherhood which had been born of the war and the substituting in its stead of jealousy, heart burnings and distrust.

Now that the enemy has been crushed in the conflict, it is for the Allied nations to consolidate the fruits of the war and p ace themselves in such a relation to each other, throughout the world at large, that never again shall there be a resort to the bloody arbitrament of war.



A. Billions of dollars spent by each nation for direct war expenses to the spring of 1919. B. Thousands of men killed in action or died of wounds. C. Thousands of gross tons merchant shipping lost through acts of war. D. Number of battle airplanes in each army at the date of the armistice. E. Comparative strength of armies and comparative expenditures of ammunition during 1918. F. Battle airplanes per each 100,000 men in each army at armistice. G. Production of articles of ordnance during the 19 months of American participation in the war. H. Ration strength of the Allied and enemy forces at the armistice. K. Seagoing merchant shipping of the world in gross tons, July, 1914, and December, 1918.

"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit.'"

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it *WAS* done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliation, one man—a great financier in New York controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation had tried. They were all repulsed turned down cold and flat.

"At luncheon one of our directors aid, 'Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it Preston!' And Preston answered, 'You're on!'"

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10.25 train out of Chicago, we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was *THE* man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car tracks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, *and remember that I'll back you to the limit!*"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that—is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. *It's amazing!* There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work.

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible. . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, *you've got to know how to talk convincingly!*

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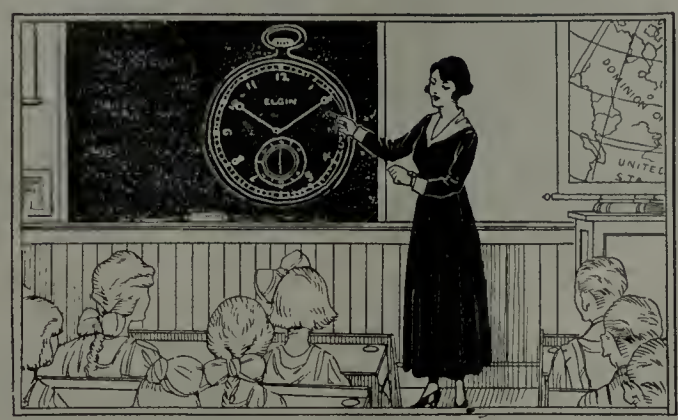

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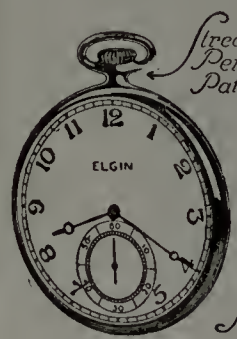

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To Restore the Fallen Kings

Movement On Foot In Europe To Rebuild Thrones

IT is becoming clear that there is a wide-spread plan in Europe to restore deposed monarchs and to either replace fallen dynasties or set up new ones in Vienna, Budapest, Berlin and Petrograd. The movement is not confined to the royalists in the countries affected, but is shared in and even initiated to a great degree by sympathizers in other countries and by other royal families. Such at least is the information given in leading European newspapers. A careful summary of the news available on the subject is presented by *Current Opinion*:

Monarchical Europe awaits with breathless interest the development of Washington policy with reference to the dynasties. This policy develops slowly because, as the Socialist organs explain, the royal visits to Mr. Wilson must take their course. If everything passes off well, Hungary may get the king for which the anti-Socialist forces are pining. Even if an untoward episode were to develop, Hungary will get her king. The plan for the restoration of the dynasties is in full force, avers the Manchester *Guardian*, and it sees reason to fear that Marshal Foch may regard the business with anything but a drooping eye. The French press is oracular—that is, the section of it for which the *Gaulois* and the *Débats* are presumed to speak. If Mr. Wilson puts his foot down, say the Italian Socialist dailies, the plan for the restoration of the monarchs will go down with it. This subject is intimately related to the mysteries both of Paris and Budapest, and it becomes increasingly difficult to disentangle the Hungarian situation from its mazes. Only one thing is known. Mr. Wilson will consent to no Hohenzollern and no Hapsburg for the central empires. The *Avanti* says he has withdrawn his favor from the Rumanian royal family, although this assertion is not easily reconciled with rumors that a Rumanian prince is to be sent to this country when the other royal visits are happily terminated. For the time being, the Austrian archdukes, and particularly that one of their number who got into the lime-light at Budapest when the Government was seized, are bringing pressure to bear upon the representatives of the United States in Paris, to the intense indignation of *L'Heure* and other radical French newspapers. There is a Socialist panic abroad regarding the outcome of the plan for a monarchical restoration in Hungary and elsewhere, and general suspicion prevails that the United States Government is in some obscure fashion concerned in it. The Hungarian crisis is followed anxiously.

A serious difference has arisen within the French Government regarding the proper attitude to be taken to the plan to put a king in Vienna, in Budapest, in Petrograd and other places. Clemenceau is believed by the liberal organs of the advanced type to hate the very idea. The legitimists and royalists in France, whose hopes were never so high and whose utterances find a medium in the *Gaulois* and papers like it, are working hard for the archdukes and princes left over from the revolutions. The moment is propitious for a vindication of the monarchical principle. There will be no militarist dynasties of the Hohenzollern type, but pious and exemplary ones of the Savoy type. The Rumanian dash against Hungary was a first number on this program. The Rumanian dynasty was alarmed to find itself isolated in a republican flood. The Archduke Joseph was given a free hand, and a ministry of "tame" Socialists came into being. In fact, the Archduke himself turned

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out to be a Socialist of sorts, although not the kind for which the *Humanité* and the *Avanti* would stand. The old school of French dailies, and the Tory organs of the London *Post* breed hailed the Archduke with rapture because he and the forces behind him fight the republicanism which overthrows not only dynasties but vested interests that lurk in treaties. The new republics are too "red." They tend to Bolshevism. They set up rump tribunals and shoot prisoners with too swift a justice or injustice. This is what republicanism stands for in Europe. Mr. Wilson was taught all this, complains the organ of French Socialism, and he proved at first a difficult pupil. He came to see things from the monarchical point of view in the end. He is to be the host of royalties, indeed! He withdrew his objections to kings as kings and awaited patiently for someone to mount the throne of Hungary. This is the Socialist interpretation of the fall of Count Karolyi, the rise of Bela Kun, the collapse of the communists, the turn of the Archduke Joseph and the sudden void and pause that ensued. What king will please Wilson? He has too many potentates on his hands just now to be in any hurry about his decision, sneers the Socialist organ. "There are many archukes but only one Wilson."

Once a dynastic restoration had been decided upon in principle, a new difficulty arose. Experience in Russia had revealed that red republicans are not easily rushed. It takes time to set monarchs up and no little skill into the bargain. The grand conclave in Paris would not pick a potentate without the approval of Mr. Wilson, then at grips with a stubborn Senate. The Rumanian dynasty got wind of this. It felt that it would be frozen out, given no voice in the issue. Overtures were opened with the Hapsburg behind the back of the Rumanian Premier. The coup in Budapest took Clemenceau by surprise, stunned Lloyd George and made Wilson tremble for the League of Nations. Such is the account that in broken bits is served up to the indignant Socialists by their newspapers and which in some liberal organs at London finds a measure of confirmation.

Out of the confusion of counsel precipitated by the blow-up in Budapest one sensible stateswoman makes herself heard and she is no other than the Queen of Rumania. How her views get into the Socialist papers of an extreme type with some appearance of authority is as great a mystery as were the intimate relations that were wont to subsist between the Socialist *Vorwärts* and the Wilhelmstrasse under Bülow and the other Chancellors. The Rumanian Queen, we are informed by the press in question, is a Bolshevik to-day, a conservative to-morrow, a mild Socialist and an imperialist by turns. She is supposed to be disconcerted by the withdrawal of the favor of the United States Government, which she enjoyed so fully when Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lansing and Colonel House were in town. Now that Mr. Polk has got to Paris she is given the cut direct. Her understanding was that a member of the Rumanian dynasty would be in the procession of royalties to the United States. The object of these visits, she understands, is to make the dynasties popular among Americans, so that when kings are chosen for Budapest, for Vienna, for Petrograd, the Rumanians will not be overlooked. Unfortunately, to follow the chronicle or the rumor, whichever it be, the Queen of Rumania and her dynasty are out of favor at the British court. The Wilsonian policy with reference to monarchs is interpreted in the European press to be that no potentates can get to the White House until they have been approved at Buckingham Palace. The Queen of Rumania is not, for some reason, regarded with high favor by her royal relatives in London.

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The Coming Man in Britain

Lord Robert Cecil is Regarded as the Strong Man of the Future

BRITISH politics are in a peculiarly fluid condition and no prophet has arisen bold enough to say what the outcome will be. It is agreed that the present Government contains few if any of the elements of stability, but whether Lloyd George will break with his Tory lieutenants or maintain the coalition by accepting their viewpoint are points on which there is little light.

There seems to be only one point in connection with British politics on which all observers are more or less agreed. The coming man is Lord Robert Cecil. A man of rare intellectual power and enlightened views, Cecil is looked upon as a real force. In fact, although he comes of the Toriest of Tory families, he is regarded as a possible leader for the Labor party! Discussing Cecil in the *English Review of Reviews*, H. Witson Harris writes:

His experience at Paris left visible marks on him. He went there one man and he came back another. He carried through with unlooked-for success the work he was charged with. He gave evidence of unsuspected executive ability. And when he came back to Parliament in June it was manifest that his work of the past six months had invested the member for Hitchin with a new authority and a new power of leadership both in the House of Commons and outside it.

He had filled a great place in Paris, and his work there had reacted on his personality. No man could hold the position he held in an international field and come back to play a secondary part in home politics. The impression he made at the Peace Conference, more particularly on the Americans, was profound. Holding no status beyond that of an ordinary member of Parliament—he had ceased to be a Minister in November—he was as largely responsible as anyone for the two great constructive achievements of the Conference, the creation of the League of Nations and the relief of starvation in Europe through the Supreme Economic Council. No member of the Conference—certainly no member of the British delegation—was held in higher respect or regard.

If there is one thing that burned itself into Lord Robert's soul at Paris it was the suffering of the world. No man who had access, as he had, to the reports coming in almost hourly from relief agents in every corner of Europe could be insensible to the misery they unfolded. That was Lord Robert's text when he came home to address the House of Commons in April, and he has recurred to it again and again in speech and interview since. It may be that the part he had played when Minister of Blockade in imposing starvation as a weapon of war made him the more resolute in his fight against starvation when the war was at an end. At all events, his contact with the sufferings of the people bred in him a new sympathy with the people as people. Aristocrat, Tory, Cecil, as he was by tradition and origin, you could imagine him now preaching with all the conviction of his nature from the Corn Law Rhymer's lines:—

The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns but men.

The share he took in the building of the League of Nations impelled Lord Robert still further along the same road. The men he was associated with most closely in that work, President Wilson, Colonel House, and General Smuts, were all sincere and convinced Liberals. On the League of Nations Commission President Wilson—the spokesman, as he had claimed in one of his addresses to the Senate, of "the silent mass of mankind everywhere"—

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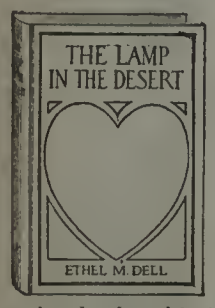

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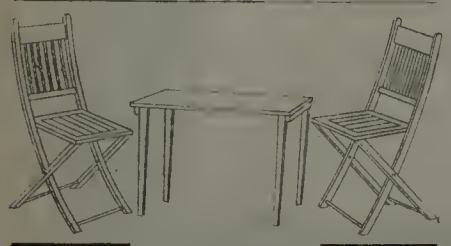

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and Lord Robert worked together with the harmony of some flawless piece of mechanism. There was a natural affinity between the two men. Their intellectualism and their singleness of purpose were the same. But Lord Robert had moved to get to where the President stood. He was traveling from the old Toryism through that hybrid state termed by Lord Henry Bentinck Tory Democracy into a stage of political development in which Toryism reasserted itself only as a kind of vestigial survival when such issues as the Welsh Church Act were in question.

That progressive advance was apparent even to observers who knew little of Lord Robert till they met him at Paris. The shrewdest and most experienced of the American delegates once discussed with me the chief personalities of the Conference. "There is one man here," he said, "who has been an extraordinary success." "You mean Lord Robert Cecil," I put in. "I do," he answered, and after a generous appreciation of the part played by Lord Robert at Paris he added, "And you know he's moving left all the time."

I think that characterization is just. So far as it is it confirms other indications of the part Lord Robert is to take in the political life of this country. He might have gone to America as ambassador. Americans who knew him would have chosen him before anyone. But he had good personal reasons for declining the post, and as events are shaping there is a greater sphere for him at Westminster than at Washington. He has come back to the House of Commons to make himself its leading figure. There is no one whose criticism is more uncompromising, more sincere, more constructive, or more just. He speaks as one having authority. His escape from the Treasury Bench to the independence of the private member has unfettered him.

But no one believes that Lord Robert Cecil has gone off the Treasury Bench to stay off it. All that is in question is the time and manner of his return. Someone described him not long ago as the only possible Tory Prime Minister. That judgment is already out of date. That Lord Robert is a possible Prime Minister is manifest. That he would be willing to head an administration composed of the type of politician who calls himself Tory to-day is not credible. Whether he would accept the Foreign Secretaryship in the present Coalition Ministry is very doubtful.

Where, then, is he to find his associates in the work of Government? He is said to have observed once that the only party that had really interested him for ten years past was the Labor Party. There is still a wide gulf that separates him from even the moderates of that party—men like Mr. Henderson and Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes. Where they stand for nationalization, he preaches, as he has always preached, co-partnership. He would only go part way with them on Ireland. His views on a capital levy are not their views. None the less the likeness between Lord Robert's political sympathies and the Labor Party's is greater than the difference. If he acquired anything in Paris, he acquired the international view. Something of it, no doubt, was there already. The spirit that has inspired Lord Hugh Cecil's courageous condemnation of an exclusive nationalism is shared by his brother. But no man could work side by side with President Wilson on the League of Nations or with Mr. Hoover on the Supreme Economic Council without having the whole of his horizon broadened. And it is with the Labor Party alone that the international view resides as an effective force. It is to Labor and Radicalism, moreover, that the League of Nations, for which Lord Cecil probably cares more than any other cause in the political arena, must look for the support that will give it driving power and endurance. How far could Lord Robert carry with him, on the road towards disarmament, for example, the average member of the party to which he himself nominally belongs? To find his true collaborators he must cross the floor of the House of Commons.

Continued on page 53

William II and Napoleonic Precedent

Should Britain Shoulder Responsibility For Punishment of William II?

IN the treaty of Versailles the Allies have declared their intention of taking the ex-Emperor William before an international court of law. Germany has accepted that treaty. We may assume then that the trial will take place.

London has been mentioned frequently as the probable place where the ex-Kaiser will be tried.

Norwood Young in the "Nineteenth Century" warns Britain against assuming responsibility for the punishment of William. He says in part:

It is charged against the ex-Emperor William that while speaking peace he has, throughout his reign, provoked war by his arrogant and aggressive attitude; that the crisis of 1914 was, to a large extent, produced by his inflammatory speeches and threatening gestures; that he could have averted the War, if he had so desired; that the atrocities committed by his troops—which in scale, in deliberation, in cruelty and wickedness, have never been equalled in the history of civilized countries—were designed and organized beforehand to his knowledge and with his approval; that his influence encouraged his Allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, to commit similar deeds of infamy. He excited men's passions; he desired the war of 1914; he approved of the barbarous manner in which it was conducted by the coalition of which he was the head and the inspirer. For the sake of still suffering humanity it is urgently necessary that the terrible indictments should be examined, and its truth or falsity exposed. If there is anything to be said in extenuation or explanation, the ex-Emperor has the right to be given the opportunity of bringing it forward, and the world is entitled to know it. The world demands that the origin of the calamity which has befallen it should be discovered, and that the guilt or innocence of the persons accused should be established.

The trial of the ex-Emperor should turn a powerful healing light upon the diseases from which we have been suffering. If, at its conclusion, the verdict is Guilty, the Napoleonic situation will reappear. The guilt of Napoleon was never in question; no trial was necessary. The sentence pronounced upon him, the treatment he was accorded, and the ultimate effect produced upon international relations, have an obvious bearing upon the problem of the ex-Emperor William.

On the 31st of March 1814 the armies of the three Allies, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, entered Paris in triumph. At the head of the great procession rode the Red Cossacks of the Guard of the Czar Alexander, who were followed by the Prussian Royal Guard, and the Russian Imperial Guard. There were no British soldiers, because Wellington's army was still confronted by Soult in the south of France.

On the same day, the Czar, Alexander, who acted throughout as the director of the policy of the Allies, issued the following Proclamation:

The Allied Sovereigns support the wishes of France, they will not treat any more with Napoleon nor with any member of his family, the conditions of peace will be improved by that guarantee; for the happiness of Europe, France must remain great and strong; they will respect her integrity as it existed under her legitimate Kings; they will recognize, they will guarantee the Constitution that France has given herself.

Napoleon fled to England, "the most generous of his enemies," as he called her, because he knew that his life would be safe in English hands, and feared, with good reason, that in any other country his existence would be short. The efforts of Blücher to catch and execute him, the demands of Alexander and Frederick William—that his death should precede the granting of an armistice—were not resisted by France, the fugitive's country, but by England. Once on board an English ship he had no further cause to fear for his life. He was taken safely by England, as mandatory of the Powers, to one of the healthiest spots on earth, and treated there, as the same Powers publicly announced, with every possible consideration. That Napoleon himself would not have exhibited such concern for the welfare of an important captive we know from the restrictions and the indignities that the Pope suffered at his hands. Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of natural kindness who did all that was possible to alleviate the tragic situation of his charge. The British Government and the British Governor gave an example to the world of humanity towards a fallen enemy.

Yet, from that day to this it has been believed, not only in France, but in every country of Europe, England included, and also in the United States—throughout the whole civilized world—that the British treatment of Napoleon was barbarous and that Sir Hudson Lowe was a brutal tyrant who enjoyed making be one of the deadliest, so that one of the leaders of the medical profession in England assumed that Napoleon's health must have been undermined at Longhis prisoner suffer. And the healthiest spot in the world has been supposed to wood by an "endemic" disease which has never been known there.

The world accused England of conniving at the escape of Napoleon from Elba; of saving his life after Waterloo, for her own base ends; and then of causing his death by deliberately ill-usage at St. Helena. If William became the prisoner of England, no publicity, no international support, and co-responsibility of other nations, no lavish supply of comforts, no failure of heroism in the captive, would save England from a second experience of the objurgations of world-opinion.

William is not himself a dangerous man like Napoleon, but he represents, as Napoleon did not, an historic line of successful and powerful Princes who earned for their country a prestige, and a dominance, that made possible the union of German States under the leadership of Prussia. Bismarck could never have unified Germany but for the achievements of the Hohenzollern Princes. William, though at present a dethroned Prince, represents this Hohenzollern-Prussian glory which all Germany has desired to share. On his death it will be transferred automatically to the next representative. It is a thing which may be forgotten for a time, but will always exist and retain the potentiality of a renewed growth. We have to do with sentiments which, though differing in kind from the feelings inspired by the personal greatness of Napoleon, may be not dissimilar in results.

Experience has shown that imprisonment lends itself to the growth of a legend of martyrdom. If William the Second is sentenced to imprisonment it is sincerely to be hoped that the Napoleonic precedent will not be followed, that England will not accept again the thankless, the dangerous, task of gaoler. Intrigue would be constant, sensational rumors would never cease throughout the prisoner's life, wherever he might be detained; and his death, when it came, soon or late, would be attributed to the brutality of his guardians.

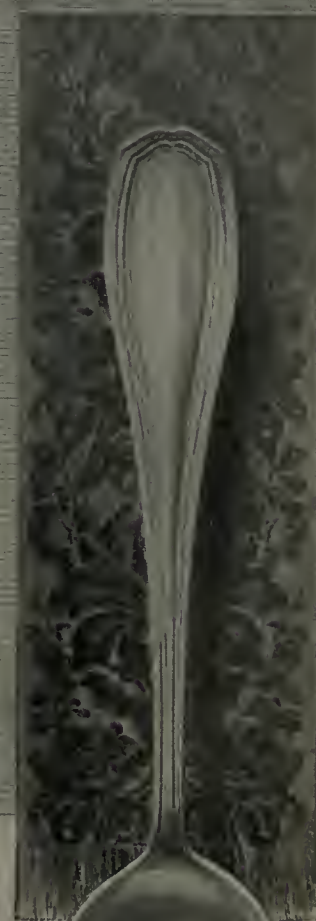
We cannot afford to incur once more the odium of the world, which would infallibly be our lot, however blameless we might be.

A Correction

In the article "The Menace of the Alien" which appeared in the October issue of MACLEAN'S the following sentence occurs: "The Government of Manitoba paid heed to the outcry to the extent of promising to let no more Hutterites in." This should have read: "The Dominion Government."

Photo by Abbe

Lincoln Pattern



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Millions of Slaves in South Africa

Natives in Union Live Under Conditions That Amount to Slavery

A SERIOUS race problem is arising in South Africa, as a result of the relations between the whites and the natives. Most unusual restrictions are imposed on the natives. So severe are they in fact that William Charles Scully, writing in the Edinburgh *Review*, characterizes the conditions under which they live as slavery. He offers a severe indictment of the white races, both Boer and British, for the treatment they are according the blacks. He writes in part:

In South Africa we are confronted by a very ominous situation. Within the Union limits there is a population of over six million souls, only a million and a quarter of whom are European, and throughout the greater area comprised by the four provinces—Cape, Transvaal, Free State, and Natal—such a stringent and illiberal color line is drawn, and not alone have the non-European inhabitants no voice in the management of the country, but their social and economic conditions are such as to practically debar them from advancement. Moreover they are subjected to vexatious discriminating laws, and are the victims of a deep and growing race prejudice on the part of the Europeans.

Many people are under the delusion that the English South African, as a rule, is the natives' protector, while the Dutchman is habitually the natives' oppressor. Unfortunately this is by no means the case. Neither race is prepared to treat the native or the colored man with liberality.

The law regarding natives and colored people is different in the four respective provinces of the Union. In only one particular is it uniform—in the Parliament of the Union no native or colored man may take a seat. In the Cape Province, white, black, and colored have an equal right to the franchise, but in various Acts of Parliament, discrimination between the races is distinctly made. One important measure—the Natives' Land Act of 1913—which forbade, under stringent penalties, the hiring of land to natives practically throughout the Cape Province, has been declared *ultra vires* on the ground that it conflicted with the Act of Union, but there is little doubt that before long the latter Act will be amended to suit the situation. Of late years laws of increasing stringency on the subject of squatting have been enacted. A special law relating to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth has been passed, which provides that no native who is not a registered voter can sleep in either of these cities except a domestic servant on his master's premises. Locations with sheet-iron huts have been established in the environs, but these are disgracefully overcrowded—as many as sixteen people sometimes sleeping in one small room. It is in fact impossible for all the natives employed at the docks, or in handling merchandise, or at other unskilled labor, to be accommodated in the locations referred to. Nevertheless natives are continually arrested for breaking a law which it is a physical impossibility for them to obey. Yet the very existence of the communities involved depends upon the labor of these natives. If the latter were to be eliminated, all business would stop as inevitably as would a watch with a broken spring.

The conditions under which the natives live in the locations established in the environs of the towns of the Cape Province—and, in fact, of South Africa generally—are most pitiful. There is no fixity of tenure, and the plots allotted are preposterously small. The inhabitants are heavily taxed, but the taxes are not spent for their benefit. Utter squalor and discomfort usually reign. At places such as Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and Somerset East, while the European death-rate is about 14 per 1,000, that of the natives is in the neighborhood of 70. There is no possibility of social or intellectual advancement. Municipal officers administer the local by-laws fitfully, often reviving some long dormant regulation, of the existence of which the natives were unaware. During an outbreak of typhus fever in Queenstown, Cape Province, in 1917, sick people were pulled out of bed, and their bedding, after being soaked in disinfecting liquid, was thrown back at them, wet.

Cattle comprise the only form of wealth the native values. When, after long and faithful service on a farm, a native employee has acquired a small herd, he is apt to be dismissed because his master grudges him pasturage. It is not uncommon, especially in one of the often-recurring droughts, to see natives wandering along the roads with their dwindling herds of emaciated kine, vainly seeking a refuge. In the end the few animals left alive will be purchased for the price of an old song by some European, and the unhappy seller will again enter service, and the prospect of a repetition of his gruesome experience in view.

In the mines and cities the native, cut off from family life and from the salutary influence exercised by contact with his clan, loses his ethical basis. In a large number of cases he takes to drink, and forms casual connections with women of his class. And yet, wonderful to relate, he remains law-abiding and responsive to sympathetic treatment. One strange peculiarity of the native is his power and moral resilience. A European who has once made a bad false step seldom or never fully recovers his self-respect. No doubt society is largely responsible for this. But with the native it is quite different; under sympathetic treatment an habitual criminal will become quite trustworthy. One of the most estimable natives I know was a few years ago a member of a gang of murderous robbers which terrorized Johannesburg. Yet this man I would now implicitly trust in any capacity.

Natal was granted a liberal constitution in 1856, but in 1865 a law was enacted which practically disfranchised the native. In the Free State both natives and colored people are disfranchised, and are subject to inconvenient and degrading disabilities. They have to carry passes when moving from place to place, and are not permitted even to hire grazing from European farmers. Some of the municipal regulations in force are grotesquely oppressive. For instance, no girl of the age of sixteen is permitted to live, even with her parents, in a location unless she be in European service. In the Free State there is a law in force—common to all municipal areas—under which all females over the age of sixteen have to take out passes, for which a substantial charge is made. The police are in the habit of making domiciliary visits, and bitter complaints are made regarding their treatment of girls approaching the taxable age. The municipal locations are unspeakably wretched places, as a rule. The miserable huts are built upon small plots, and are thus huddled grievously together. Yet in many of these locations any native found outside the door of his hut after nine o'clock p.m. is liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment.

The foregoing points to a thinly-disguised system of slavery—slavery in which there are many masters instead of one, and in which there is no individual responsibility for the welfare of the slave, or for his maintenance when decrepit.

ROCK LAKE, ONT.

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Have You Noticed?

In any conversation that is fairly general, some firebrand slashes out with condemnations right and left. What he says is interesting, but it isn't informing. Usually there is at least one man present who listens to the general villification thus started and then quietly brings out a point which causes all to pause and think.

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The Crown Prince Planned War

How He Courted Popularity With the German Army

PRINCESS RADZIWILL continues her story of the sad married life of the ex-Crown Princess of Germany in *Good Housekeeping*. It consists largely of a series of incidents that show the brutality, the sensuality and the utter irresponsibility of the Crown Prince, but the story gives interesting glimpses behind the curtain at Potsdam. After reading of the home life of the Hohenzollerns, it is easy to understand many things in connection with the origin and conduct of the war.

The Princess writes, in part:

Cecile looked forward to her husband's arrival with dread. He greeted her, to her surprise, with gentleness and an appearance of affection. She knew his dissimulation too well to accept his manner for what it seemed, and she awaited an explanation and received it from the Crown Prince himself.

He had been greeted in India, as representative of the German ruler, with all the pageantry of royal honors, and had been lavishly fêted and entertained by civil and military authorities. His vanity had been egregiously excited by the attention he had received, which he compared with the subjugation of his personality to that of his equally vain father in Berlin. Frederick William told his wife that he had determined to assume in Germany the position which was rightfully his own, and to take part in politics and the administration of affairs. He knew that the Kaiser disliked him and that he was unpopular. Popularity was the first thing which he must attain, and he asked the assistance of his wife. Cecile was in disagreement with the Kaiser, and well as she had learned to know her husband, she would have given much to be able to live with him with even the appearance of amity. She saw in his proposal the one purpose upon which they could agree. They perceived that the easiest place for the Crown Prince to gain popularity was where the Kaiser was unpopular; that was the army, whose high officers complained bitterly that William II did not have its interest enough at heart. It was given out that Frederick William, assisted by the Crown Princess, had taken up seriously the study of politics and military science. Eminent professors were summoned to the Kronprinzlichen Palast to give instruction and advice. The report that the future Emperor and his consort were sedulously preparing for the duties they would have to fulfil caught the popular taste, and the result become evident at the next annual military review.

The Crown Prince, in the full glory of military panoply and mounted on a superb bay horse, was greeted by outbursts of acclamation from the troops. The Kaiser, following him, was met by silence. The Kaiser was furious, and to prevent a repetition of the offense he changed the court etiquette; thenceforth, he decreed, the Crown Prince should follow his father upon parade. How much William II knew of the understanding between the Crown Princess and his heir Cecile did not know, but court life in Berlin was made up of intrigue within intrigue, and the Kaiser ordered that Frederick William was to be told by his wife of this alteration in the etiquette. Cecile vainly urged her father-in-law himself to give the order to his son, but was obliged to obey. The Crown Prince, as she—and probably the Kaiser—expected, was seized by one of his ungovernable rages. He accused her violently of playing a double hand and pretending to assist him merely that she might curry favor with his father by betraying to him all that took place. He raised his fist against her, and she fled out into the garden to escape his blows. As soon as she was sure that he had left the palace she called her maids and had her belongings moved to a room next to the nursery where her children slept. She thought this would bring Frederick William to a realization of the risk of open disagreement between them, but he only thanked her for relieving him of her presence.

Thus Cecile found herself thrown back into the life in which her husband was never alone with her without voicing some derisive or abusive word. In the inconsistency of his character, he still asked her advice, though their estrangement widened and their marriage went from worse to worse.

Her position as Frederick William's wife had become involved and strangely inconsistent. He abused and consulted her, and she hated him and helped him. She did not yet fully realize what her aid to him in increasing his popularity with the army might come to mean. He had surrounded himself with young, warlauding officers. They discussed theoretical campaigns and lamented among themselves the poltroonery of the Kaiser who, after Agadir, had knuckled down to the Entente. Germany, they said, should have enforced her will by a short, victorious war; except by that she would never regain the standing she had lost. Their discussions culminated when, in the Reichstag, the Crown Prince applauded loudly the speeches of the opposition attacking the foreign policy of his father.

William II angrily summoned his son and told him he had been given command of the Death Hussars stationed at Dantzig—a command which meant virtually exile; he was permitted to return to Berlin only if he received direct orders. The overweening vanity of her husband, Cecile discovered, found food for self-adulation in this. He was becoming, he told her, too important for his father to permit him to remain in Berlin. On taking over his command, his vanity burst forth in a speech to his troops, in which he told them that his greatest ambition was to lead them in a victorious war against the enemies of Germany. The speech, which was reproduced by newspapers all over the world, aroused in general only amusement at the vaporings of a conceited young man, but for Cecile it awoke realization of what had been taking place within her husband's mind.

The two countries against which he and his officers discussed campaigns were France and Russia. They were her countries; she was descended from the rulers of one, and she had been brought up in the other; she loved them both. The Crown Princess of Germany perceived suddenly that the stakes with which she and this supremely selfish young man had been gambling for the gratification of their young ambitions were human stakes of the greatest magnitude, that they involved the lives and fates of persons among whom she had spent the only happy portion of her life, persons whom she loved.

She tried to check the Crown Prince's expressions of his martial enthusiasm, and he told her she was ignorant and stupid. She refused then to be present at the gatherings of his officers where he discussed his future campaigns. When they assembled, she retired to her own rooms. She could hear from there their drunken shouts and the applause with which they greeted one another's belligerent toasts, and she recognized that the last bond between her and her husband—the recognition of their mutual ambition—had broken.

Her married life in this Dantzig exile was worse than she had yet experienced. He accused her of not forwarding his aims, and she replied with recriminations against the indignities to which he subjected her. He never met her without bickerings and taunts, and shouted at her the accusation that she had violated her marriage vows. This descendant of the Tzars wedded to a descendant of the Kaisers recognized that her life was becoming like a quarrel in a brothel.

He came in one day from riding and repeated to her his accusation of infidelity. She denied it indignantly.

His riding whip lay on the table where he had tossed it as he came in. He seized her suddenly and dragged her toward it. She struggled against him, but did not yet perceive what he intended; he had laid hands on her so many times before. He reached the whip and seized it. She fought and screamed under the lash, whose blows fell across her shoulders, neck, and cheek. The room filled with frightened servants who dared not interfere. The butler finally threw himself upon her husband. Others came to the man's aid, and they freed her from her husband's grasp.

Now, she resolved, she was going to leave him forever. At dark, when the house had grown quiet, she thrust a few necessary things into a traveling bag, and selected the most valuable of her jewels and put them in the bosom of her dress. She kissed her children as they slept, covered with a thick veil the long, red whip weal that marked her cheek, and went down the servant's staircase to the street. At the railway station she found a train ready to depart, and not caring where it went as long as it was going toward the south, she bought a second-class ticket.

She decided on the train to go to her mother, who was at Geneva. She waited anxiously during the long stop the train made at Berlin, but she saw no evidence of any search for her. When she had passed Frankfurt, she felt safe. At Lindau, the last station upon German soil, an officer in the full uniform of the general commanding the garrison of the town entered her compartment and, addressing her as "Imperial Highness," requested her in the name of the Emperor to leave the train. He must, he informed her, use force if she refused. Her maid, she learned afterward, on discovering her absence, had run to the Crown Prince, who replied that he was glad that she was gone and would do nothing about it. Then the servants, in their perplexity, had wired the Kaiser, and he had ordered that she be stopped and brought back to Berlin.

Cecile begged them to allow her a day's rest in a hotel at Lindau, and the general agreed, but set an armed sentinel on guard before her door. She bribed the chambermaid, with a thousand marks and the promise of a thousand more, to telegraph her mother. Within an hour of the receipt of the message the Grand Duchess Anastasia was on the train. On her arrival at Lindau she had herself driven to her daughter's hotel. The sentry refused to allow her to enter Cecile's room. The Grand Duchess, crying aloud her daughter's name, seized the soldier and by main force pushed him aside; the man dared not use violence against a cousin of the Tzar. Cecile, hearing her mother's cries, opened the door, and the two women fell into each other's arms. They locked themselves in the room, and the general, not knowing what to do under these embarrassing circumstances, telegraphed the Kaiser for instructions.

Meanwhile Cecile showed her mother the red whip weal across her cheek and told her story. Anastasia Michalowna's ambition yielded for the time being to her mother love, and she sent a message to the Kaiser, demanding a separation between Cecile and the Crown Prince and that Cecile should be given possession of the children. She would, she asserted, if this were not done, acquaint all the sovereigns of Europe with what had occurred and ask their intercession for the protection of her daughter. The Kaiser made no reply to this, but sent instructions to the general. Cecile, he commanded, was to be separated from her mother and sent back at once to Berlin. Again, calmer feelings having intervened, the lure of the crown triumphed over the feelings of the women, and Cecile tearfully departed from her mother as a prisoner of state.

What would be done with her, she and her mother could not guess; some German castle, they thought, might immure her for a time. But to her surprise the Kaiser and Kaiserin met her at the railway station in Berlin and embraced her publicly with every appearance of affection. This time the Crown Prince in his abuse of his wife had gone too far. There were vague rumors current of all that had occurred. William II did not want his heir to be actually unpopular, though he was jealously careful that the Crown Prince's popularity should not approach his own, and he now feared a scandal which might influence feeling against the Hohenzollern dynasty.

The Kaiser and Kaiserin escorted Cecile to the Berlin Palace, which had been hurriedly opened and prepared for her reception. The opening of the Berlin season was made to serve as an excuse for her reappearance in the capital. She had been making, it was given out, a permitted visit to her mother. Her children and personal attendants were brought to Berlin and established in the palace with her. The Crown Prince was ordered to remain in Dantzig and was told that if, later, he ever raised his hand against his wife, he would be given a period in some German fortress to think it over.

The Coming Man in Britain

Continued from page 48

Will he cross it? If to cross it means joining the Labor Party, the answer is almost certainly No. But there are two possible steps short of that. One is the evolution of a new Centre Party. That experiment has already been tried, and Lord Robert has shown pretty clearly what he thinks of it. Such a party was recently floated under distinguished patronage. Mr. Winston Churchill was the guest at its first public function, and his speech was devoted to an eloquent statement of the case for the new group. Lord Robert Cecil was invited to address the second meeting. He went. He said much on the industrial question, much on Ireland; on the Centre Party nothing at all. It is not on that foundation that he sees the Progressive administration of the future based.

But there is still another alternative, at once the most probable and the most hopeful. So far as deliberate political strategy goes, Lord Robert need be credited with no plan at all. He is no puller of strings. His relations with the Press are hardly less distant than Mr. Asquith's. His only manifest purpose is to voice fearlessly the convictions to which wide knowledge, broad and broadening sympathies, and undeviating allegiance to principle have led him. But following that line he cannot remain in isolation. Already he is insensibly gathering round him men who look to him instinctively for leadership. We have been waiting too long for such a man to fail to recognize him when he comes.

Out of that must spring, at the lowest, a group of men with a definite common purpose. In the next Parliament such a group may have a large part to play. It is doubtful whether any party can come back with a clear majority of the House after the next General Election. It is equally doubtful whether Labor, even if it did control the House, could form an efficient administration. But a Labor Party holding perhaps 300 seats out of 700 would have reason to welcome a working alliance with a group of progressives (whether ticketed technically Conservative or Liberal) consisting of men like Lord Robert Cecil, Major Astor, Lord Henry Bentinck, or Captain Wedgwood Benn, with other men on both sides who have not yet made their mark in the House of Commons.

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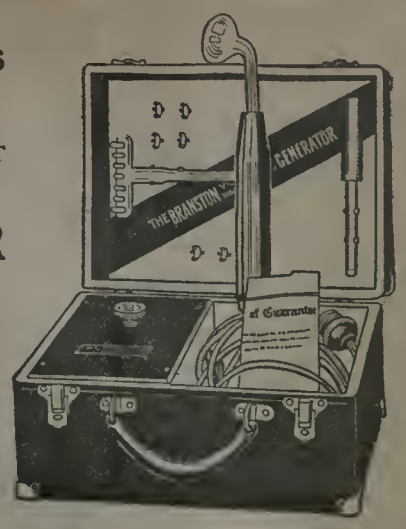

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½ cupful sugar
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By adding a custard made by cooking the yolks of two eggs and a cupful of milk until thick enough to coat a silver spoon, and a half cupful of grated cocoanut, just before the gelatine begins to set, and molding in wet custard cups—a Knox Orange Cocoanut Custard Jelly will be the result.

Orange Charlotte

By adding the well-beaten whites of two eggs to this jelly just before it sets, beating until light and frothy and chilling in a wet mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake, a delicious Knox Orange Charlotte is made.

Orange Nut Salad

By doubling the amount of lemon juice, adding one tablespoonful each of grated lemon and grated orange rind, one-half cupful of chopped nuts to the jelly and pouring into wet molds and serving on lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, makes a delicious Orange Nut Salad.

NOTE: If the Acidulated package is used ½ of the Lemon Flavoring may be used in place of the lemon juice in this salad recipe, saving the cost of lemons.

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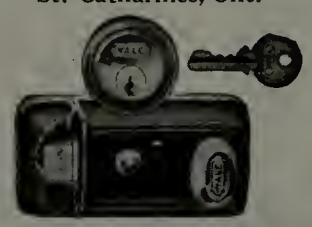

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German Agents Corrupt British Statesmen?

London Editor Declares That There Has Been a Distinct Campaign

THERE is an editor in England who believes most religiously in the reality of a German menace now as well as before the war. Leo J. Maxse, of the *National Review*, has always believed—and has never scrupled to say so—that the German cause had friends close to the British Government. On many occasions he has declared that sinister influences were at work—during the war, at the Peace Conference and since. Now he asserts that Germany has always placed agents in London to corrupt British statesmen. On this point, he says:

The painful revelations of Herr Erzberger and Mr. Henderson help to explain a mystery of British policy—namely, the timorousness of His Majesty's Ministers *vis-à-vis* Germany. They generally and invariably act as though they were afraid of the Germans, as though Germans knew something which they are anxious to conceal. In a word, our Government discourages us by behaving as though it might be blackmailed by Germany. This accounts for the popular legend of "a Hidden Hand" exercising unwholesome influence in the interests of the enemy. Undesirable aliens, mostly of Teutonic origin and of Hebrew extraction, habitually form questionable friendships with prominent British politicians with whom "on view" they have little in common. These intimacies prevail whatever Party is in power or whoever be Prime Minister. We cannot help fearing that these cosmopolitans, whose homes may be in this country but whose hearts are elsewhere, may occasionally inveigle our clever but unsophisticated statesmen into transactions that place them to some extent in enemy power, if only because vanity or heedlessness causes them to abstain from making a clean breast of their follies. There has for many years past been "a garrison" of wealthy Germans in London whose mission it was to establish as intimate relations as possible with the heads of political Parties and to cultivate "coming men." They did their work uncommonly well from the Fatherland's point of view, and only failed thanks to the Pan-Germans, who relied entirely on force, despising guile, not realizing that when it comes to fighting the British and the French are Germany's superiors—as the Americans would have been in another year or two—but that in a political contest of craft and cunning the Allies would not have a dog's chance. Had Von Kuhlmann been accorded a free hand by the Great General Staff in 1917 he might, with the aid of his confederates in London, have retrieved a situation that was bound to be lost on "the stricken field."

Wilson's Speech Clogged Motor

How a Pilot, With Aeroplane Rendered Useless by Propaganda, Made "Wonderful" Landing

DISTRIBUTING propaganda over enemy territory from aeroplanes was never a popular amusement with allied aviators. In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dabney Horton relates an interesting experiencing in dropping these "paper bombs." He was sent on a propaganda-dropping trip, and goes on to tell how they fared—he and his observer:

Behind me the observer was slipping the elastics from the rolls. Each roll, as he loosened its fastening, he threw downward so that it would not burst into a cloud of flying sheets before it was well clear of the control wires. We marched the air-lanes up and down, three miles behind our own first lines. The steady wind caught the message and floated it eastward to the enemy. It was a slow job, and we untidied the clean sky for two miles north and south. Five hundred metres beneath, we saw the fluttering leaflets we had dropped on each previous trip. At first I thought I was looking at flocks of swallows, whose darting wings twinkled in the sunlight; but it was only our own work going on beneath us.

We were quite alone. There were no Huns in the air to disturb us, and our own machines were not yet up. Even the 'Archies' let us pass unannounced. Generally the Boche battery in Corbeny Wood spoke to us as we went by. If they saw us to-day they must have thought us game unworthy of their powder. If, on returning, I could only say, 'They shot well to-day over Corbeny,' or, 'Another hole to patch in the left wing!' I should have been happy. But there was nothing to justify our carrying weapons on the aerial highway.

A cloud-bank formed in front of us, and I dropped a quarter of a mile to avoid it. The paper ammunition had all been shot off and we turned downward and homeward. I had my eyes on the oil-gauge when my motor began to give snorts of uneasiness and to buck. I worked the throttle to feel its heart, but could not coax it back into its accustomed stride. It snorted louder and pulled more feebly. I had two more wooded valleys to cross ere I could afford to slide down the long gravity road that ended on the home landing-ground. To land in the woods meant a broken machine and no dinner—and we were dropping fast. I did everything the inventor of the motor had provided for me to do. I opened the auxiliary gasolene tank; I pumped the auxiliary gasolene pump; I turned the auxiliary ignition switch, and I wished ardently for an auxiliary motor.

When still half a mile high and home not yet in sight, I decided to give up and come down before I was forced to come down like Davy Crockett's coon. There was no place to land with any hope of saving the plane, but I was angry with the cranky machine and wanted to save my own precious neck. Below was a dark-green patch that I recognized for a little wood of dwarf pines, closely planted and only ten feet high. With a dead motor I could reach the pines, skim over their tops as over the daisies on a flying-field, and come to rest there when the plane lost its speed. This meant an insignificant ten-foot fall to earth, the fall broken by the tree-tops. And so I planned my descent. I made my last turn while still four hundred yards high, and sped the length of the wood, to be sure to touch near the middle of it. My observer was now showing unusual interest in the piloting of the plane—a thing rare in observers.

At last the sharp pine-tops were skimming beneath my wheels. The plane was leveled out and losing speed slowly. I saw clearly how the smash was going to wreck the poor old bus completely, and leave us without a scratch or a bruise. The swift moment of waiting was sublime. Curtius about to leap into the gulf, Joan of Arc mounting to the stake, Arnold Winkelreid facing the Austrian spears—I had all the sensations of these. And then chance spoiled the climax; the gulf closed before the horseman leaped; the fire refused to burn; the spears missed the heroic breast; and my undeserving plane dropped heavily and unharmed in a clearing in the wood, a clearing so small that I had not seen it!

We dismounted, my passenger and I. His was the mood of a man escaped

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from imminent death, and I took my cue at once. I became the experienced old pilot, accustomed to making forced landings in woodland clearings sixty yards square! *"Bon Dieu de mille bons Dieux!"* I panted, "I was afraid for a moment that I'd miss it." This with the accents of recent mental stress.

The cause of the motor-trouble was the cause of the expedition itself; a bit of propaganda, a bit of Wilson's speech, that had flown into the internal workings of my motor when I ducked under a cloud and into a shower of my own paper. The motor had caught a couple of sheets between the cylinders, and the mouth of an exhaust-valve had chewed up an oily wad of it and ruined its digestion therewith.

This bizarre accident was kept secret. The eight escadrilles on our field knew of it, and my friends in Paris; but no one else. We feared that if the Huns heard of it, they might use the idea and make the sky untenable with a continual paper barrage. I write this account during the Armistice.

We reached home that night two hours late for dinner, but not too late to find sympathetic ears for my wonderful tale of pilot-craft. I told it in full, and even added that I had long had my eye on that sixty-yard clearing as an emergency landing-ground.

A Strange Race in Ireland

Small Group Live Apart and Elect Their Own King

THERE is a strange corner of Ireland to-day where a strange group of people live. It is called the Claddagh. A writer in *Munsey's Magazine* tells about the place and its people as follows:

The Claddagh is a straggling settlement across the river Corrib from the old seaport town of Galway. Its inhabitants are a dark-haired, dark-skinned people who are popularly believed to be of Spanish blood. This theory of their origin is supported by the historical fact that Galway long carried on an active trade with Spain; but ethnologists regard it as more probable that they are a remnant of the prehistoric Irish race of Firbolgs, who were driven to rocky seashores and mountain fastnesses by the invasion of the taller and lighter Milesians. Their settlement on the Corrib seems to have existed since the dawn of history, and traces of their primitive stone dwellings down at the water's edge are to be seen to this day.

The present Claddagh village is a huddle of thatched houses with a population of about fifteen hundred. The men live by fishing—mackerel, mostly—in their open boats, and the women carry the catch to the market in flat baskets, which they poise on their heads. The dress of the women is extremely picturesque, and is worn with graceful dignity—a bright petticoat woven at the loom and dyed with madder or indigo, a cloak worn like the Spanish *mantilla*, and a hood or kerchief draped around the head. They seldom intermarry with strangers, but of late the steam trawlers that sweep the wider Atlantic have called away their young men to adventure outside Galway Bay, and many never return.

For a long time they chose their own king, and even to-day the older men govern and the old customs are maintained. Gold ornaments of rare design are part of the inheritance of their dim Celtic past.

New Form of Song Discovered

It is Called "Blues"—Prevalent in Southern Underworld

A NEW kind of song has been discovered—or rather "unearthed." It seems that for a long time there has been a type of song known as "blues" peculiar to the underworld of America, short bits of characteristic doggerel sung always in a crooning minor key. The rest of the world had probably never heard the term "blues" until a young singer and dancer named Gilda Gray introduced a typical number into a New York review. It was called "The Beale Street Blues" and it took the place by storm. Ever since there has been wide investigation going on into the prevalence and origin of "blues" and it has been found that they constitute a distinct departure in song music. The New York *Sun* has some interesting material on the subject:

Listeners have sometimes thought that the blue must be founded on a negro spiritual. It has the musical character as well as the reflective nature of some of the negro hymns. Walter Kingsley says the missionaries did sing these hymns to the inhabitants of Beale and similar streets in the South in their efforts to change the ways of life that maintained there. Perhaps this was not accomplished so often as the good men and women hoped. But the hymn made its effect. It remained in the knowledge of the negroes who had heard it shot at their ears in the attempt to make them better.

So the "blue" is the song of their aspirations and desires, good or evil, and it assumes the form and sometimes the tune of the hymn, since that appears to Beale Street the only spiritual form of expression that ever came into its knowledge. The blue may be about an altogether unmentionable aspiration. It may on the other hand be expressive of a temporary piety. Sometimes the words of the missionaries and the desires of the singer become most incongruously blended, as in Miss Gray's song. As the "blue," which must inevitably be syncopated in tune and more or less affected by the rubato of jazz, comes to the public now, it mingles the voice of the dweller in the depths of Beale Street with the hoarse calls of the missionary to higher things.

"Blues" are not for the expression of religious aspiration or the normalities of home and wife and mother. "Blues" are not written to relieve the soul of church wardens, commuters, disciples of Dr. Crane, and the pure in heart of the theatre. They are the little songs of the wayward, the impenitent sinners, of the men and women who have lost their way in the world. "Blues" are for the outlaws of society; they are little plaintive or humorous stanzas of irregular rhythm set to music not of the conservatories. When one laments a season in prison one sings "The Jail House Blues." For the girl whose "sweetheart" of the dark alleys has gone otherwhere there are many blues, such as "He Left Me Flat Blues," "Kidded Again Blues," and "A Rat at Heart Blues." The foresaken male has his own repertoire, which includes "Lying Skirt Blues," "She Done Him Dirt Blues" and "He's Sore on the Dames Blues." The loser at craps, the luckless sport ruined by slow horses and fast women, the mourner for rum, the profiteer in things forbidden whom the law has evicted, the sick and lonely woman—all these have their appropriate blues.

Home Rule in Spain

Catalonia is Demanding Autonomy From Madrid

THE world is in a sorry muddle. Every country on the face of the earth seems to have its own civil war; the United States with its race divisions, Great Britain with Ireland, Portugal with its royalist faction, Spain with its Catalonia. The trouble in Spain, quite characteristically, is very colorful and dramatic. Even though the world at large takes no interest in Spanish affairs, the Catalonian situation is such that it compels attention when the facts are known. José De Armas tells the story most entertainingly in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"From the bad Spanish Government; from the incapacity and poverty of the Spanish state," says Senor Rovira y Virgili in his book on *El nacionalismo catalan*, "the Castilians of Castile and all other Spanish subjects suffer. But the Castilians of Castile do not suffer the imposition of another language, of other laws, of another culture, of another spirit; and this imposition, in a word, is what constitutes our national question." The Catalonians claim that they are citizens of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, of a different race from the Castilians, with a brilliant and glorious history of their own. They feel proud of their past, and their prowess at sea, of their conquest of Majorca, of their long dominion over Sicily, of the deeds of their heroic sea-captain Roger de Lauria, of the craft and shrewdness of their King Ferdinand, praised by Machiavelli, of their wars with France and their struggles against the infidel. In spite of the fact that Dante wrote in the 13th century of *l'avara provertà di Catalanni*, they claim to have been in the Middle Ages as wealthy and prosperous as they are now. Spaniards elsewhere allege that, if Catalonia became independent of Spain, a prohibitive tariff imposed by the Spanish Government would be enough to ruin her, for the tariff at present protects Catalonia, and permits her to sell throughout the kingdom, without competition, her cloths and the other products of her industry. Perhaps this is true, but the Catalonians ascribe their prosperity, not to the Spanish tariff, but to their own capacity and energy, which, in spite of Spanish misgovernment, have made them rich. And in this they are right. They do not need Spain, if they can secure other markets; and the advantageous position of Barcelona on the Mediterranean should render such an expansion easy.

"Catalonia," says Melquiades Alvarez, a sane Spanish politician from Asturias, "has a right to be autonomous, and attend to her own economic affairs, because she has suffered too much from the backward and reactionary spirit of the Spanish administration." Alvarez does not believe that home rule would bring about the separation of Catalonia from Spain; and many other impartial Spaniards think with him. The problem, consequently, is not solved, nor are the demands of Catalonia satisfied. The settlement has been merely deferred.

While the Catalonian deputies were talking about home rule and their rights in the Cortes, and the anti-Catalonian propaganda raging furiously at Madrid, the people at Barcelona hissed and stoned a Spanish vaudeville artist, Mary-Focella, who dared to sing at a theatre there a couplet ending "Long live Spain." Riots and grave public disorders took place; encounters with the police resulted in several deaths and other casualties; and the Government suspended the constitutional guarantees. But, at the same time, the public troubles in Barcelona assumed another aspect, which has frightened even the Catalonian home rulers and induced them to be somewhat more prudent.

The *Lliga* is a political association, and its purpose is to secure for Catalonia an autonomous government with the least possible interference from Spain. But the majority of its members belong to the middle class; its directors are nearly all well-known bourgeois; and they have impressed on the *Lliga* a conservative character, even a decidedly Roman Catholic one. The wealthy merchants, the owners of large Catalonian factories, the members of the liberal professions (lawyers, physicians, engineers, architects, etc.), who form the majority of the *Lliga*, are not the only representatives of public opinion in Catalonia. Still more numerous, and organized against them, are the working classes. Barcelona is a big industrial city; and the large majority of its laboring population is not composed of Catalonians. The rest of Spain contributes much more than Catalonia to the number of its working men; and the Galicians, Asturians, Biscayans, Andalusians, and even Castilians (without reckoning the French, Italian, Germans and Russians), outnumber the Catalonians in the factories. This was one of the things that strengthened Senor Lerroux in Barcelona when he opposed the *Lliga* there, and organized the Republican Radical party. But after Senor Lerroux's electoral victories over the *Lliga*, and notably since 1909, Barcelona gradually changed, and in a few years became, from a centre of political conspiracies, a hot-bed of revolutionary anarchism.

Germany Out to Conquer World

Tremendous Trade Campaign is Under Way Already

GERMANY is again out to conquer the world, declares Robert Crozier Long in *Saturday Evening Post*. This time it will not be by means of a "field grey host" and the products of Krupp's but by the scientific management of factories and the energy of traveling salesmen. Germany, in other words, is making a new bid for world trade.

It is not a mere theory that the writer in question spins. He presents facts and figures that are staggering. The German world-domination scheme is already under way. The German traders are literally gobbling up European markets. They have, peculiarly enough, some very distinct advantages which Mr. Long explains. First of all he shows that the peace terms, sweeping as they are, contain a measure of advantage for the Teutons:

And above all Germany has the special advantage that her fighting days are over. That is the real meaning of the gibe which one hears in the streets of Berlin that though the Allies won the war Germany won the peace. The Peace Conference, it follows, may have done the non-German political world a service when it drew Germany's political teeth, killed her high diplomacy and broke her sword. But thereby it rendered the non-German commercial world no thoughtful service. It is easier to fight with one weapon than with two; and Germany to-day—rid of the cost of an army and a navy, with the brain power which she formerly wasted on planning raids through Belgium concentrated on the arts of peace—is more formidable by far than in the vanished fighting era of her history.

In Germany and in the adjacent countries which are the present chief theatres of German commercial activity this eternal paradox—the dwindling of the lion and the wolf, and the unceasing

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increase and multiplying of the laborious ant—is brought to notice every day. In Germany one sees it in unexampled preparations to produce and export, to cut prices, to regain markets, to win new ones; and in the small neutral countries one sees it in panic preparations to resist the inevitable flood of impossibly cheap German wares. Most of all one sees it in soviet Russia, where the German engineer and German trader flourish in a milieu of hardship from which the toughest Ally citizens long ago fled. In all these countries acute economical observers realize that the supposed crushing of German commerce is a myth. They remember that Germany after the Thirty Years' War was far worse off than to-day; and that after the Seven Years' War the Prussia of Frederick the Great was a byword for poverty, mean living and anti-commercial bureaucratism. So that neither in Germany itself nor in the neighboring neutral countries does one find a single intelligent observer who does not foresee a time, which historically considered is not very remote, when republican Germany will be the greatest seller in Europe, and not impossibly the greatest seller in the world.

Enterprising German business men with whom I talked in the first weeks after the revolution all laid stress upon this dominant aspect of Germany's commercial renascence—on the fact that only as a great seller, as a great exporter, can Germany again get on her legs. And for that she must make every conceivable sacrifice.

"We have nothing to export; but we shall export our own blood," are the words that were used to me three months ago by the agent of a German firm who arrived in Stockholm to get orders for a class of metal articles of which every German household was at that time in dire need. And at the present time in the city of Copenhagen Germans are offering unlimited quantities of glass, though at home there is a complete glass famine due to the fact that the Saxon, Bavarian and Silesian glassworks no longer get the Bohemian soft coal upon which they depend, while nearly all of the other most important glassworks are on occupied ground.

But the doctrine that Germany will sell abroad what she cannot afford to buy at home is well understood. A frantic export trade is necessary because only in that way can the shrunken exchange of the *Reichsmark* be restored; because only in that way can the foreign indebtedness, swollen to enormous dimensions by the treaty of peace, be met; and finally because, however unpleasant it may be for the home consumer, it is indispensable to cast goods upon foreign markets while these are in a state of flux, and before rival sellers have consolidated their position. So—as indeed the new German Prime Minister Bauer told the National Assembly at Weimar — indispensable foods, indispensable clothes and indispensable raw materials are all that Germany will consume for at least a generation to come; and her surplus of productive energy will be concentrated on a profitable and redeeming export trade.

Mr. Long goes on to show that the germ of production has fastened itself into the German system as never before. They have, according to the facts at his disposal, forgotten their socialism to that extent at least. He says on this point:

What lenine has been forced to do in Bolshevik Russia, Germany's Socialists have been forced to do in their Socialist state. In both countries, that is, production has again come to the fore. The old German Socialists from Marx to Kautsky preached that the cause of working-class misery was the unfair distribution of profits. The capitalist pocketed too much. To-day, when the capitalist is pocketing nothing, the workman is no better off. So the more intelligent German Socialists, quite in the way expounded by Lenine in his famous pamphlet published last Christmas, are preaching that production, not distribution, is the thing that counts. In the workman's own interest production must be forced. Already this lesson has been partly learned. After Germany's production of pig iron and steel reached its minimum in March and April last, is began slowly to recover, and—what is more important—the per capita output began to increase. As results the German ironmasters were able to suspend a new rise in prices and to instruct their foreign agents that within a few months prices would probably come down.

But the outstanding feature about Germany's determined bid for world trade is the tremendous advantage that comes from the depreciation of German currency. By this means, Germany is able to undersell all competitors and still make an enormous profit. Mr. Long explains this important fact as follows:

Though the cost of production has risen more rapidly in Germany than in a typical neutral country the fall in the exchange of the mark which took place when most neutral countries were maintaining or even bettering their exchanges, has much more than compensated. Measured in international currency, therefore, Germany is still one of the cheapest producers in the world. The complaints made over high prices by Germans—paid as they are in their devaluated mark—should not blind foreigners to this. The Scandinavian reader of German newspapers sees pages full of advertisements of *Sommerkleider* and *Seidenjacken* and *Blusen* at prices which in marks hardly exceed the Scandinavian price in crowns, and which in international exchange are not more than half the Scandinavian price; and neutral visitors to the supposed clothless Germany are even begged by their female relatives to bring back with them some of the marvelously cheap German goods. It is the same in other trades. The Solingen manufacturers, who formerly sent to America 70 per cent. of their export, declare in their last report that at present exchange rates they can certainly regain the South American market, and that "as long as the mark is depreciated we can easily compete with the products of England, Sweden or any other country of Europe."

How this new system works to Germany's advantage may be seen from a concrete case. A certain unit of goods produced in Germany sells at home for 10,000 marks. The law declares that a similar unit of goods must not be sold abroad for less—that is, in the case of Switzerland, for 12,500 francs, which is the peace-exchange equivalent of the home price. But since the armistice the exporter has been allowed to abate 50 per cent. of this price. He sells therefore to the Swiss customer for 6,250 francs. As 100 francs are to-day worth on exchange about 250 marks, he receives for his francs no less than 15,625 marks. And if on the 10,000 marks charged to the home consumer he made a profit of 20 per cent., or 2,000 marks, his profit on the sale to Switzerland is 7,625 marks, or nearly 100 per cent. These figures describe an actual deal discussed in the German press. This "dumping without suffering the dumper's loss," as Germans boast, is being practised in nearly all branches on a very large scale.

Germany, of course, has not yet wholly solved the problem of adapting her war industries to peace. But the pundits of Versailles who imagined that by forbidding her to manufacture war materials other than for her needs for her now insignificant army and her microscopic fleet they had set her a particularly difficult task in industrial adaptation, in reality played into her hand. They forced her to mobilize practically the whole of her industry for the really decisive branches of production.

In Stockholm I found the agent of an English munitions firm rushing frantically round on the vain errand of inducing Sweden to purchase English cartridges, which his firm, having idle plant and idle hundreds of workmen, could turn out for next to nothing. At the same time was on visit an agent of Krupp's, trying to get orders for—what? For typewriters. That is, he

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"Throughout the Dominion"

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd., tried Burroughs Posting in its Toronto office —and has since bought eight other machines for various offices throughout the Dominion. The why of it is told below

By R. Mitchell, *of the* Toronto office *of* The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.

"People who come into our offices and see the girls posting ledgers with our two Burroughs Machines nearly always ask how much money we save by using machine posting.

"And though I point out to them that the two girls do the work that used to take three trained bookkeepers, when we did pen-posting, I'm always careful to say that *there's a bigger reason than that* for using the machines—two bigger reasons, in fact; their accuracy and their speed.

"Take the monthly statements, for instance; we used to get them in the mail about the 10th to the 14th of the month—but since we've had the machines they are never later than the 3rd. And we know they're accurate because we have a check against all figures before they are mailed.

"Our accounts are in daily balance all the time—which is something we had always wanted and could never get until we began posting with a Burroughs. That reminds me that, when we put the machines in, our posting was two and a half months behind; thirty days later it was right up to date—and it has been ever since.

"We noticed another big difference between the old methods and the new when we closed our books for 1918. Usually it has been mid-February, or later, before we could get our statement ready; this year it was the first week in January. There's the same story on the monthly trial balance—it's just copying, and is almost invariably correct the first time through.

"Those are the real reasons why we're putting Burroughs Machines in our other offices—and why we couldn't be induced to go back to pen-and-ink posting under any circumstances."

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The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for Adding, for Bookkeeping and for Calculating—among them a model which will fit into any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the savings of a few months.

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The home office for the Dominion is at Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

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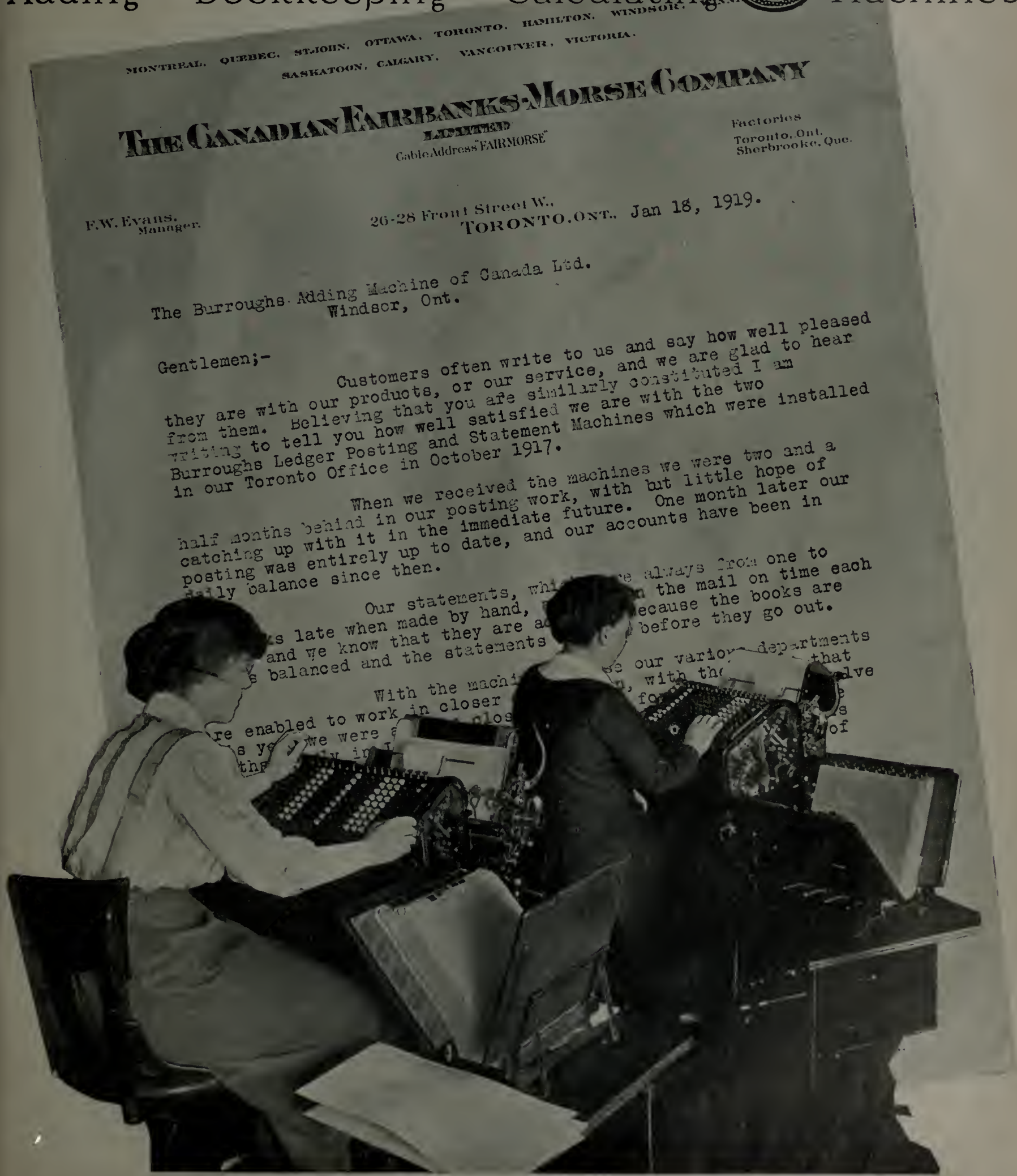

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F.W. Evans, Manager.

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The Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.

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Customers often write to us and say how well pleased they are with our products, or our service, and we are glad to hear from them. Believing that you are similarly constituted I am writing to tell you how well satisfied we are with the two Burroughs Ledger Posting and Statement Machines which were installed in our Toronto Office in October 1917.

When we received the machines we were two and a half months behind in our posting work, with but little hope of catching up with it in the immediate future. One month later our posting was entirely up to date, and our accounts have been in daily balance since then.

Our statements, whi[illegible]re always from one to [illegible]s late when made by hand, [illegible]n the mail on time each [illegible] and we know that they are a[illegible]ecause the books are [illegible]s balanced and the statements [illegible] before they go out.

With the machi[illegible]e our vario[illegible] departments [illegible]re enabled to work in closer [illegible], with th[illegible] that [illegible] clos[illegible] fo[illegible]lve [illegible]s yo[illegible] we were a[illegible]s [illegible] of [illegible] thr[illegible]

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was sounding the typewriter market. Before the war Krupp never made typewriters. But in Sweden there raged a typewriter famine. Ancient machines recovered from junk shops and roughly repaired sold for $150; and a Swedish corporation put on the market a machine for the equivalent of $250.

The Krupp works—whose employees' roll had already fallen from 170,000 to 22,000, and whose annual profits from 87,000,000 marks to 5,000,000 marks—were naturally watching for opportunities; they were already prepared to turn out machines, metal marine articles, ships' anchors, seamless tubes, clockwork, all sorts of fine mechanism, surgical instruments, and even brass buttons; and they had bought the paper-mill patents of a Dresden firm and set out to be the world's greatest paper-mill equippers.

The Leipsic expert, Doctor Halden, declares that the readaptation of Germany's factories and workshops will cost $1,500,000,000. But Germany's exclusion from colonial and overseas enterprises, he adds, makes the provision of this capital easy. With reason Bank Director Helfferich, formerly German Finance Minister, declares that "from standpoint of financing export the loss of Germany's overseas possessions will do less harm than is expected." The peace terms have compelled Germany's banks to seek new spheres for their capitalizing activities. All of them showed decreased profits for the financial year 1918, and all except two of them cut down their dividends. The new sphere of activity lies in the capitalizing of plant adaptation and export; and already the Deutsche, the Dresdner and other prominent banks are deep in such deals.

Backed in this way with plentiful money German exporters are already making a show in neutral countries beside which the mild displays of American and English export firms attract no notice at all. Every week the leading Scandinavian newspapers publish whole pages of German advertisements, always correctly worded in the neutral's own language, accompanied by booming editorial comments, and by artistic symbolical pictures which extol tacitly Germany's incomparable skill. And the supposedly anti-German newspaper—such as the Copenhagen *Berlingske Tidende*, and the *Dagens Nyheteh*, of Stockholm—lead first of all in this well-planned campaign to prepare the European world for the great German boom.

Living in Pumice Stone Hills

Strange Race of Troglodytes Still Found in Asia Minor

IN the *National Geographie Review*, there is an article by J. R. Sitlington Sterrett, who died recently after making himself known throughout the world by his exploitations in Asia Minor. The Troglodytes—a strange race who live in caves burrowed into the sides of pumice stone cones—still survive, he writes, and explains their origin:

The practice of living in caves, in cliffs, or in excavated cavities in the open plain is to be traced to a state of society which we of to-day have some difficulty in depicting to ourselves. And yet the central thought of the Troglodytic habit is the basic principle upon which ancient civilization was founded.

That basic thought was absolute isolation—a thought which is wholly antagonistic to our modern conceptions of society, whether we have in mind the community of a country-side, a village, a town, or a State; because, where absolute isolation is the dominant obsession of a man, there can be, strictly speaking, no such thing as a united State.

In the world in which primitive man lived, every man was the uncompromising foe of every other man; the man who lived in one den could have nothing in common with the man who lived in the neighboring den. A pale, or dead-line, was drawn between each several den, and the owner of den A was an outlaw if he crossed that dead-line into the territory of the owner of den B.

There were no rights of intermarriage; the den owner's woman was the captive of his spear; she was the slave of her captor. She bore him children, but the children and the mother alike remained the slaves of the lord of the den, who allowed them to share the abode with him. He fought for them with all the savage tenacity of the bulldog, the lion or the tiger; and while he lived no other human being might enter that den and live to tell the tale.

Several kinds of Troglodytes are still to be seen in various parts of Asia Minor. The most primitive type known to me is to be found in Cilicia Tracheia. They may be seen in many places, but they were thrust more particularly upon my attention in a pass in the Taurus Mountains some ten miles north of Ermenek (Germanicopolis).

The inhabitants of this valley, known as Bakluzan Dere, are cliff-dwellers of the secondary type—that is, they have done considerable work in the way of improving their abodes, whose entrances have been walled in with fences of masonry.

They have sought and fought for themselves complete isolation. They seem to have none of the instincts of agricultural man and they are wholly inhospitable.

The entrances to their dwellings are high up in the almost perpendicular walls of the cliffs, and they are reached solely by means of long poles, which are light enough to be drawn up when the lord of the den and his family are safely housed. And when housed they really are safe from intrusion, for it would require a host to force an entrance against the will of the family.

This very method of reaching the entrance by means of a pole makes it imperative for all the members of the several families of these cliff-dwelling Troglodytes to be strong and vigorous persons, for the sick, the aged, and the infirm can neither enter nor leave the dwelling, nor can they be brought in nor taken out by others, unless they be strapped to the back of a man, who would need to be not only strong, but very active as well.

One ancient writer tells us that some Troglodytes made a practice of killing all those who were not in first-rate physical condition, on the ground that a man who cannot earn his own living has no right to live; and when one sees these dwellings, one can imagine still another reason for killing off the aged and the infirm—because of their inability to get in or out of the house.

Troglodytes, or semi-Troglodytes, of a ruder, but less inhospitable, type may be seen in many places in Lycaonia.

The life there is most crude, and the cavities in the ground show no signs of having been improved by man.

Several ancient writers mention the cone-dwellers, and one speaks of the "quaint" way they deal with the aged and crippled:

The old men, who on account of their age are no longer able to follow the flocks, tie the tail of a bull round their necks and thus commit suicide by suffering themselves to be dragged to death. But, under the pretence of kindly solicitude, anyone who wishes to do so may place a rope about the neck of the man who unduly postpones his suicide, and so by means of this pointed reminder he is forced to leave this life.

It is also their practice to put to death cripples and those who are afflicted with an incurable disease, for they maintain that the love of life is inexcusable in the man who can do nothing to justify his continuance in life. That is the reason why all Troglodytes are sound in body and are mostly in the prime of life; for men of more than sixty years of age are not seen among them.

The Quality of Neilson's is not Strained

ONE, William Shakespeare, created a character, Portia, who said to Shylock, "The quality of mercy is not strained."

People who have read it have never forgotten it.

But few reflect that the quality of anything is not strained. If it were, then it would cease to be quality.

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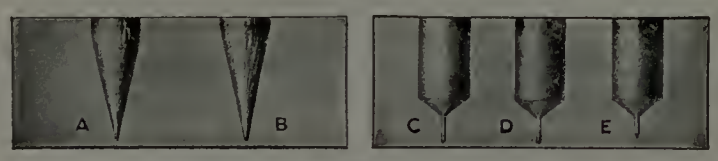

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Expose Back, Gain Health

Low-backed Dress of Society Women Finds Medical Defender

WHEN society women began to appear in evening gowns, cut low in the back, the impression created was one of amazement and perhaps even of horror. No one defended the custom, not even the gay matrons and daring debutantes who thus exposed their well-powdered shoulder blades to the public gaze. They dressed thus because it was the fashion and they didn't care what anyone said. But a defender of the decollete back has now arrived on the scene and, strangely enough, the defence is based on scientific grounds. The V-shaped back, apparently, is very healthful. If we are to believe all that its defender says, it is a restorer of beauty and a soother of jangled nerves. Apparently it should have been thought of long ago. Will the time ever come when men's evening coats will be open both front and back in order that the diner out may gain health through the freedom of his shoulder blades?

It is a medical writer on the London *Daily Mail* who has rallied to the defence of the bared shoulder blade. He writes in part:

"But one of the most gratifying results will be the effect on the face. There is no doubt whatever that many of the skin troubles endured by women have been caused by tight and warm clothing around the neck. When the blood is permitted to circulate freely the complexion will improve, wrinkles and pimples will disappear, and, other conditions being favorable, the face will become plumper, clearer, and of better color.

"The looseness about the neck should also have a beneficial influence on the hair. Probably much of the baldness of at least the earlier years of middle age is due to want of a sufficient supply of blood to the scalp. With the coming of the low-necked dress there is ground for hope that women will be much less troubled with falling or graying hair.

"Obviously the unpleasant effects of heat will be reduced, for the coolness of the bare upper part will cool the whole blood-stream and body. The good influence on the nervous system is perhaps the most important factor. The coolness and ease and the free circulation of pure blood to the brain are bound to reduce the number and severity of headaches, prevent irritability, and make a woman in every way more cheerful and better-tempered."

Rumania is Now a Power

This Country is More Powerful in Fact Than All Other Balkan States Combined

THE war has humbled some great nations and exalted several small ones. Chief among the latter is Rumania. Only to those who have studied the peace terms carefully have the facts with reference to this Balkan power been apparent. Rumania has benefited largely, as Frank H. Simonds points out in the *American Review of Reviews.*

The truth is, of course, that Rumania is neither a little state nor is she acting off her own bat. As a consequence of the changes in her frontiers, incident to Austro-Hungarian defeat and Russian collapse, Rumania has become a nation with an area as great as Italy, with a

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Buy a box to-day and learn why so many women express a decided preference for this Henry Tetlow quality creation. Made in five shades, white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette.

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opulation to-day of 16,000,000, living n a territory capable of sustaining a nuch larger population than Italy, and er population is increasing with great apidity. In less than half a century, herefore, Rumania will, in all human robability, be a great power. Moreover he must be reckoned with henceforth s a very potent factor in all combinaions that may be made.

She has an excellent army, organized y the French General Staff, battlerained, an army which despite opening isasters due to Russian treachery and ater surrender due to Russian collapse, isplayed admirable courage and skill nd remains one of the considerable ilitary forces in Europe, actually takng rank after the armies of the five reat powers.

In addition, by her position Rumania ontrols the Lower Danube, and, as reent events have shown, Hungary is ompletely at her mercy. Thus she suplies the only possible avenue of aproach to South Russia in case the Allies ver decide to join hands with the Ukraians against the Bolshevists.

What I am trying to make clear is hat Rumania is herself henceforth a ation whose military and economic reources, whose army, whose grain, whose il, whose minerals, give her a position uite unlike that which she occupied hen she was only the largest of the inor Balkan States. Actually she is reater to-day and infinitely more powrful than were all the Balkan States ogether at the outbreak of war.

Lloyd George Has Press Agent

Premier Employs Young Knight To Boost Him

THE Premier of Great Britain does not accept the old dictum that a tatesman must disregard the possibilties of publicity. He is an arrant pubicist and, according to the London *Daily Mail*, even has a press bureau nd a press agent. On this point the ewspaper in question runs an article y H. L. R., reading in part as follows:

The publication of the Downingtreet "dope" broad-sheet the *Future*, as called attention again to the Premier's Press Bureau, which is situated at No. 10.

At the head is Sir William Sutherand, an astute Scotsman, who first ame under his present master's notice y reason of a book on Land Reform in the days when the Premier was preparing to embark on his raging, tearng Land Campaign.

As head of the Premier's advertising agency, it is Sir William's business to ecure results, and the packets of Press cuttings containing laudatory refernces to the Premier, and the latest smiling snapshots of him, bear testimony to the efficiency with which he discharges his duties.

Sir William is helped in his task by his profound admiration for his master. He really believes much of what he gives out.

Whenever the Premier is in difficulties with the Press it is for his lieutenant that he immediately sends to help him out. Thus during the Peace Conference, when the Premier found his dilly-dallying methods were being severely criticized, Sir William was urgently wired for to come to Paris. On arrival the young Scot was promptly turned on to the Press representatives at the Hotel Majestic with the instruction to vaccinate them with the usual lymph. If he failed, it was not for the want of trying.

The Premier latterly has grown so dependent upon his shrewd lieutenant that without him he is unable to turn, and the two have become inseparable; so much so that it is difficult nowadays to tell in the various manoeuvres for publicity which is the predominant mind. The hand may be the hand of David, but the voice is the voice of William.

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Will England Become Agricultural

Prediction That Population Will Shrink in 200 Years

PREDICTIONS that ardent Anglo-Saxons of an imperialistic turn will be reluctant to accept are made by W. R. Inge, in the course of an article in *The Edinburgh Review*. In dealing with "The Future of the English Race," he delves back into the history of all races more or less to prove that population has fluctuated according to increased or diminished pressure of numbers upon subsistence. This leads him to a number of conclusions of a radical nature, and he states his belief that within a certain space of time England will have a comparatively small population, being on the land. He hints that Asia may become the dominant part of the earth, displacing Europe as "the bully of the planet." Among more immediate predictions he suggests that the population of Germany will increase rather than decrease. This he backs up by showing that, following each war in Germany, there has been a marked increase in the birth-rate. He writes:

It should now be possible to form a judgment on the prospects of the Anglo-Saxon race in various parts of the world. In India, Burma, New Guinea, the West Indian Islands, and tropical Africa there is no possibility of ever planting a healthy European population. These dependencies may grow food for us or send us articles which we can exchange for food, but they are not, and never can be, colonies of Anglo-Saxons. The prospects of South Africa are very dubious. The white man is there an aristocrat, directing semi-servile labor. The white population of the gold and diamond fields will stay there till the mines give out, and no longer. Large tracts of the country may at last be occupied only by Kaffirs. The United States of America are becoming less Anglo-Saxon every year, and this process is likely to continue, since in unskilled labor the Italian and the Pole seem to give better value for their wages than the Englishman or born American with his high standard of comfort. In Canada, the temperate part of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania the chances for a large and flourishing English-speaking population seem to be very favorable, though in these dominions the high standard of living is a check to population, and in the case of Australasia the possibility of foreign conquest, while these priceless lands are still half empty, cannot be altogether excluded.

The writer then goes on to predict that the upper classes in Britain will disappear and that in their place will come an aristocracy of labor. He goes on:

Having won its privilege of exploiting the community, it will use all its efforts to preserve that privilege and to prevent others from sharing it. In other words, it will become an exclusive and strongly conservative class, on a broader basis than the territorial and commercial aristocracies which preceded it. It will probably be strong enough to discontinue the system of State doles which encourages the wastrel to multiply, as he does multiply. much faster than the valuable part of the population. We are at present breeding a large parasitic class subsisting on the taxes and hampering the Government. The comparative fertility of the lowest class as compared with the better stocks has greatly increased, and is still increasing. The competent working-class families, as well as the rich, are far less fertile than the waste products of our civilization. Dr. Tredgold found that 43 couples of the parasitic class averaged 7.4 children per family, while 91 respectable couples from the working-class averaged only 3.7 per family. Mr. Sidney Webb examined the statistics of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, which is patronized by the best type of mechanic, and found that the birth-rate among its members has fallen 46 per cent. between 1881 and 1901; or taking the whole period between 1880 and 1904, the falling off is 52 per cent. This decline proves that the period of industrial expansion in England is nearly over. It would be far better if our birth-rate were as low as that of France, as it would be but for the reckless propagation of the 'submerged tenth.' England being now a paradise for human refuse, the offscouring of Europe (170,000 in 1908) take the place of the better stocks, whose position is made artificially unfavorable. These doles are at present paid by the minority, and this method may be expected to continue until the looting of the propertied classes comes to an enforced end. This will not take long, for it is certain that the amount of wealth available for plunder is very much smaller than is usually supposed. It is easy to destroy capital values, but very difficult to distribute them. The time will soon arrive when the patient sheep will be found to have lost not only his fleece but his skin, and the privileged workman will then have to choose between taxing himself and abandoning socialism. There is little doubt which he will prefer. The result will be that the festering sore of our slum-population will dry up, and the gradual disappearance of the wastrel will soon be some compensation, from the eugenic point of view, for the destruction of the intellectual class. This process will considerably, and beneficially, diminish the population; and there are several other factors which will operate in the same direction. High wage industry can only maintain itself against the competition of cheaper labor abroad by introducing every kind of labor-saving device. The number of hands employed in a factory must progressively diminish. And as, in spite of all that ingenuity can do, the competition of the cheaper races is certain to cripple our foreign trade, the trade unions will be obliged to provide for a shrinkage in their numbers.

We are witnessing the decline and fall of the social order which began with the industrial revolution 150 years ago. The cancer of industrialism has begun to mortify, and the end is in sight. Within 200 years, it may be—for we must allow for backwashes and cross-currents which will retard the flow of the stream——the hideous new towns which disfigure our landscape may have disappeared, and their sites may have been reclaimed for the plough. Humanitarian legislation, so far from arresting this movement, is more likely to accelerate it, and the same may be said of the insatiate greed of our new masters. It is indeed instructive to observe how cupidity and sentiment, which (with pugnacity) are the only passions which the practical politician needs to consider, usually defeat their own ends. The working man is sawing at the branch on which he is seated. He may benefit for a time a minority of his own class, but only by sealing the doom of the rest. A densely populated country, which is unable to feed itself, can never be a working man's paradise.

For, much as we must regret the apparently inevitable ruin of the upper and upper middle classes, to which England in the past has owed the major part of her greatness, we cannot regard the trend of events as an unmixed misfortune. The industrial revolution has no doubt had some beneficial results. It has founded the British Empire, the most interesting and perhaps the most successful experiment in government on a large scale that the world has yet seen. It has foiled two formidable attempts to place Europe under the heel of military monarchies. It has brought order and material civilization to many parts of the world which before were barbarous. But these achievements have been counterbalanced by many evils, and in many cases they have done their work. The aggregation of mankind in large towns is itself a misfortune; the life of great cities is wholesome neither for body nor for mind. The separation of classes has become more complete; the country may even be divided into the picturesque counties where money is spent, and the ugly counties where it is made. Except London and the seaports, the whole of the South of England is more or less parasitic. We must add that in the early days of the movement the workman and his children were exploited ruthlessly. It is true that if they had not been exploited they would not have existed; but a root of bitterness was planted which, according to what seems to be the law in such cases, sprang up and bore its poisonous fruit about two generations later. It is a sinister fact that the worst trouble is now made by the youngest men. The large fortunes which were made by the manufacturers were not, on the whole, well spent. Their luxury was not of a refined type; literature and art were not intelligently encouraged; and even science was most inadequately supported. The great achievements of the nineteenth century in science and letters, and to a less degree in art, were independent of the industrial world, and were chiefly the work of that class which is now sinking helplessly under the blows of predatory taxation. Capitalism itself has degenerated; the typical millionaire is no longer the captain of industry, but the international banker and company promoter. It is more difficult than ever to find any rational justification for the accumulations which are in the hands of a few persons, who are sometimes too much like the robber barons of the Middle Ages. It is not to be expected that the working class should be less greedy and unscrupulous than the educated; indeed it is plain that, now that they realize their power, they will be even more so. In some way the national character has stood the strain of these unnatural conditions very well. Those who feared that the modern Englishman would make a poor soldier have had to own that they were entirely wrong. But as long as industrialism continues, we shall be in a state of thinly disguised civil war. There can be no industrial peace while our urban population remains, because the large towns are the creation of the system which their inhabitants now want to destroy. They can and will destroy it, but only by destroying themselves. When the suicidal war is over we shall have a comparatively small population, living mainly in the country and cultivating the fruits of the earth. It will be more like the England of the eighteenth century than the England which we know. There will be no very rich men; and if the birth-rate is regulated there should be no very poor men.

On the other important point of his argument, the possibility of the dominance of Asia, he writes:

It is an important question whether a crowded population adds to the security of a nation or not. Numbers are undoubtedly of great importance in modern warfare. The French would have been less able to resist the Germans without Allies in 1914 than they were in 1870. But we must not suppose that France could support a much larger population without reducing her standard of living to the point of under-feeding; and an under-fed nation is incapable of the endurance required of first-class soldiers. A nation may be so much weakened in physique by under-feeding as to be impotent from a military point of view, in spite of great numbers; this is the case in India and China. Deficient nourishment also diminishes the day's work. If European and American capital goes to China, and provides proper food for the workmen, we may have an early opportunity of discovering whether the supporters of the League of Nations have any real conscientious objection to violence and bloodshed. We may surmise that the European man, the fiercest of all beasts of prey, is not likely to abandon the weapons which have made him the lord and the bully of the planet. He has no other superiority to the races which he arrogantly despises. Under a regime of peace the Asiatic would probably be his master.

The Bolshevik Variety of School

Pupils Choose Teachers and Dismiss Them At Will

THE Bolsheviks have done many cruel things and many foolish things; perhaps the foolish things they have done are more clearly indicative of their state of mind than the cruelties. In the *North American Review*, Riley Allen tells the story of Osa, which he calls "the martyred city" because it was held by the Bolshevik forces and its population reduced from 10,000 to 8,000 in a few months by wholesale butchery—one in every five killed. But perhaps the most striking part of his ghastly recital is when he tells of the efforts of the Reds to run the schools, in a Bolshevistic way. On this point, he says:

In principle, the Bolshevik had here what they called "free labor Schools." In practice it was a farce—and a tragedy. First there were many school teachers, good ones, killed. Then the Reds installed their own, or the pupils chose them. The Bolsheviks gave to the pupils, even of the grade schools, the right to form students' councils and choose their own teachers. The result was hopeless inefficiency and confusion. The pupils did as they pleased, and if the teacher protested, they dismissed him. They broke up desks and tables, tore down black-boards, and burned school books in frequent outbursts of hoodlumism, unchecked by the so-called committee of education. Few in any school studied, the rest played. The teacher would either give up in despair and go home in the morning for the rest of the day, or get drunk.

To illustrate the Bolshevik theory of education: Here is one instance: Their teachers were told to give astronomy lessons from the Socialistic point of view. Every astronomical fact, every comet and constellation, must have a meaning in the progress and ultimate success of Socialism and communism all over the world. And as the heads of the educational system here were ignoramuses their instruction was absolutely ridiculous. Many teachers could not write their own names.

Military Genius Arises in Russia

Kamenef, Who Commands the Bolshevik Armies, is an Able General

OF the twenty-three separate wars that are still going on in Europe, only one is on a colossal scale. In Russia the Bolsheviks are fighting a civil war on two fronts against the forces of Denikin and Koltchak and the carnage approaches almost the dreadful casualty records of the great war. The fact that the Bolshevistic movement has not collapsed in the face of this struggle is due to the fact that there is a man leading the Lenin armies who appears to have a wide streak of military genius.

Lenin is quoted in one of the Swiss papers as having admitted the gravity of this military situation from the Soviet point of view. He had not lost hope by any means, he said, as quoted in the Berne *Tagwacht*, which has long been a sort of official medium of his. Lenin lost much of his authority when Denikin's advance grew serious. The Bolsheviki turned then from Lenin and went over to the extremist views of Peters and Dershinsky. The latter will listen to no compromise with the bourgeoisie. They believe the Soviet republic should make no terms of any kind with a power that sends its military forces to any part of Russia. They entrusted command of the Bolshevist forces to Kamenef, the military genius

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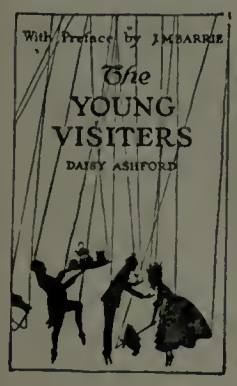

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thrown up by the Soviet republic. Kamenef was a colonel in the old autocratic army and he is believed to have a capacity for organization quite surpassing anything of the kind yet revealed by Denikin or Koltchak. Kamenef has already come to be known as the Hannibal of Bolshevism and he leads his regiments, improvised often in a hurry, to critical positions and drives Denikin back occasionally. If his policy of an offensive against Denikin and Koltchak should continue to show a reasonable degree of success, Kamenef will, the French dailies agree, be the supreme man in the crisis.

Kamenef, the Bolshevik commander, in his war with Koltchak, Denikin and their Western allies, is in a position which Major-General Sir F. Maurice compares in the London *News* with that of the Germans during the late conflict. The Bolsheviki are centrally placed, while combined action on the part of their enemies on the outside of the circle is extremely difficult. The weak point of the Bolsheviki is that they are unable to replenish their munitions, and for that reason the policy of the ring fence will "probably beat them in the end." The expenditure of ammunition in the sort of guerilla fighting which has been taking place is trifling and it may take a long time befor such stocks as the Bolsheviki possess are exhausted. A military solution was not in sight last August, therefore, but some changes of importance must have occurred in the interval to justify the sudden outburst of confidence in the camp of the anti-Soviet powers. For that reason the war is to continue and, in the light of reports that find space in the London *Times*, the struggle begins to vie in horror the picture of the great war.

Signed Treaty In Nightgown

How the War of 1871 Was Really Settled

AN interesting story is told in *Munsey's Magazine* in connection with the signing of the treaty of 1871. It reads:

Much has been said about the dramatic contrast between the Germans at Versailles in 1871 and the Germans at Versailles in 1919.

Negotiations had almost been broken off over the question of the German armies remaining in occupation of France. The French envoys were in despair, and Pouyer-Quertier had gone to bed in his hotel room, fearing for the worst. Before dawn there was a knock at his door, and the Frenchman got up in his nightgown, to find Bismarck, in full uniform, come to renew the discussion.

After a prolonged talk, saying that it was dry work, he stood up and rang for beer. After the beer had been brought, he rang again, asked for *kirsch*, and poured a quantity of it into the beer. Taking the poker, he made it red-hot in the fire, stirred the mixture of beer and *kirsch* and invited the Frenchman to drink. The Frenchman did so, saying: "I think of my poor country as I drink."

Bismarck, clapping him on the shoulder, announced he was "a good fellow," and that evacuation of France should take place at once.

There and then the final article of the treaty of Frankfort, putting an end to the Franco-Prussian War, was signed on that small table at the bedside of Pouyer-Quertier in a little hotel in Frankfort.

As a matter of fact, however, the Franco-Prussian War was not ended at Versailles. It was the treaty of Frankfort that marked the termination of that conflict, and it is not without interest to record that the Bismarck of the Wagner picture is a different being from the more human character who, at Frankfort, on May 10, 1871, signed this document with M. Pouyer-Quertier, finance minister of the French republic.

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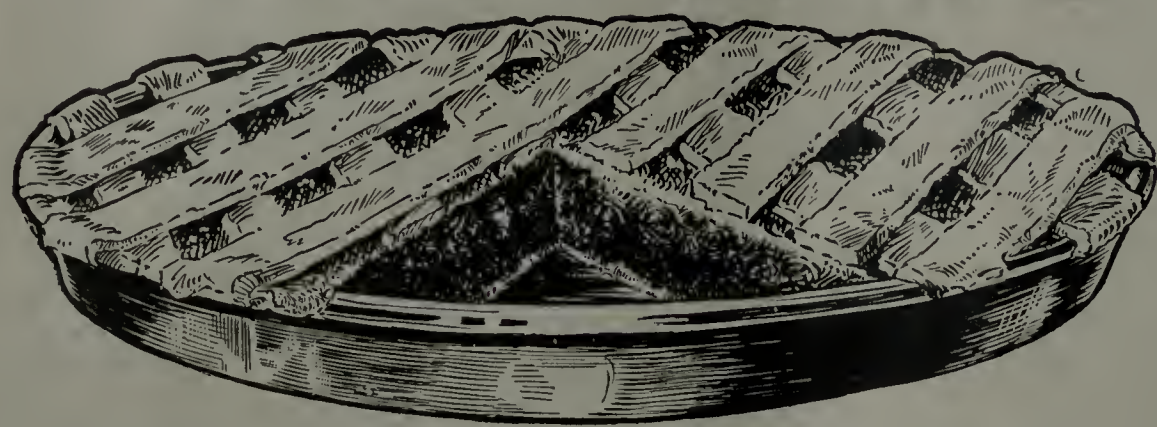

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Decaying Turkey

Atrocities Still Going On—Armenians Have Some Qualities Which Are Not Commendable

GREGORY Mason, the noted traveler and author, reports Turkey still in a condition of decay and chaos. He states, in an article in the *Outlook*, that the Turk does not admit defeat—he admits only bad judgment in backing the wrong side. Mr. Mason has some very kind things to say of the Turk—the Pasha took him to his palace and nursed him back to health after a malarial attack, for example—and he has condemnatory remarks to make about Armenian traits. He writes:

Convinced that the defeat of the Germans and their allies was not his fault, the Turk is unrepentant for his past crimes. This unrepentance is augmented by the delay of the Peace Conference. When the armistice was signed, the Turk believed he would soon feel the iron hand. But ten months have passed since the armistice was declared and the Turk has not yet been punished. He is beginning to think he will go scot free. Moreover, he is beginning to think that his old game of playing off one Power against another will work again, and he is taking advantage of all the inevitable little jealousies among the Allies. An example of the sort of petty diplomacy at which the Turk is an adept occurred the other day when the Turks complained to Great Britain and France after Rear-Admiral Bristol, commanding the American naval forces in Turkish waters, had warned the Turks that massacres must cease. Rear-Admiral Bristol's warning was informal, but the Turks hoped to arouse indignation among British and French authorities by making it appear that the American Commissioner had overstepped his powers.

Signs of general disorganization are seen on every hand in Turkey to-day. Recently bandits captured a British officer and five Indian soldiers guarding a caravan between Marsovan, which has an American Protestant College, and Samsoon, on the Black Sea coast. It is decidedly risky for a foreigner to travel in most parts of the interior. Government officials are reported to be co-operating with agents of the Committee of Union and Progress in organizing bands of brigands for political purposes and supplying them with arms and ammunition. Perhaps the largest and worst of these bands is that headed by Mustapha Kemel Pasha, who is said to have a staff of forty-two Turkish officers.

Reports of new atrocities against Greeks and Armenians are coming in. The occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks has aroused the temper of the Turks to fighting pitch, and there have been many clashes between the two nationalities.

Judging by the reports of reliable Americans who were on the spot, the atrocities committed by the Turks during the war were horrible. Dr. George E. White, President of Anatolia College, at Marsovan, reports to the American Government that in five years the number of Armenians in his region has been reduced by violence or deportation from fourteen thousand to two thousand. Most of the survivors are women and children. The romantic Argonaut coast, from Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes, to Cape Jason, was formerly populated mainly by Greeks. Thousands of these have been killed or deported by the Turks, and the few who are straggling back now find only ruined homes awaiting them. In Samsoon alone there were before the war two hundred and fifty thousand Greeks. Between one hundred and twenty-five thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand of these were deported by the Turks, and about seventy-five thousand were killed.

The extent of misery among children in Turkey is frightful. There are many

waifs who are the offspring of Armenian mothers and Turkish fathers. In Urfa alone I was told that there are several thousand Armenian girls homeless after being released from Turkish harems. Most of them are mothers or about to become such.

Ordinarily the Armenians are settled farmers or traders, while the Kurds, who persecute them at the instigation of the Turkish Government, are pastoral nomads. But at present the Armenians are nomads too, for most of them are homeless. They are living like an army on the road. All the way from the Caucasus to Adana, Aleppo, and Jerusalem you find them on the byways, and Bagdad is full of them. They are too tired to think about vengeance. All they want is to get the scattered survivors of their families together again and to build up as well as they can their ruined homes.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the knotty Armenian-Turkish question. Suffice it to say there are two sides to this question. No fair-minded man will defend the massacres of Armenians by Turks, but neither will he defend such atrocities as Armenians sometimes commit against Turks when they get the upper hand.

No doubt there are political and social reasons for the Turk's dislike of the Armenian, but the main cause of this animosity is economic. The Turk hates the Armenian for the same reason that the Russian hates the Jew. The Armenian is more clever than the Turk, and in trade he is certainly more industrious. The Turk cares little for commercial life. A few Armenians go into a Turkish town and soon have most of the business in their hands. It is easier for the Turks to kill them and confiscate their wealth than to outdo the Armenians by using the latter's own business methods.

It must be said for the Turk that the Armenian's business methods are often questionable. There is a proverb in this connection which contains a good deal of truth. The saying goes: "The Armenian is never legally wrong and never morally right."

The attitude of American missionaries toward the Armenian is very instructive. After deploring the cruelty of Turks to Armenians, your missionary host will say: "Be careful not to leave your watch or money about your room when you go out—our servants are Armenians."

And again, after telling you a long narrative of Armenian suffering at the hands of the Turks which your missionary friend has heard from an Armenian, your friend will say—apropos of some domestic report that his Armenian servant has made to him—"Of course you can never believe anything an Armenian says."

Whatever the decisions of the Peace Conference in regard to Turkey may be, they ought to be based on a recognition of the following facts, which have been evident to nearly every investigator the Allies have sent to Turkey:

First, the Armenians are not yet capable of self-government.

Second, the Turks are not now capable of self-government, much less capable of governing other races.

Third, whatever arrangement is reached, it ought to be one which will prevent the Turks from bullying other peoples. And, equally important, it ought to be a settlement which will give no other people the power to bully the Turks.

Students Control China

Have Forced Action by the Aggressions of Japan

BRIEF cabled reports from China have told of riots in China by Chinese students. The Chinese students have taken on themselves the burden of protesting against foreign aggression, particularly against Japanese influence in Shantung. The Chinese students have attained extraordinary political power. Paul Jones, an American in Shantung, writes in the *Independent*:

Students are holding the reins of power in China. They do not occupy a single political position; yet within three months they have terminated the official careers of a Minister of Communications, a Minister to Japan, a director of the National Mint; led an entire cabinet to step out of office; caused President Hsu to tender his resignation, and steeled the nerves of the Chinese delegates at Paris to astound the powers by refusing to sign the treaty with Germany.

What is the secret of these youngsters' herculean power? A righteous cause—the recovery of German rights in Shantung. Shantung is the Alsace-Lorraine of China. It is the sacred province because it gave birth both to Confucius and Mencius. Touch Shantung and you touch the apple of China's eye. Let aggression sow the wind in this sacred province and it will reap a Chinese whirlwind. Germany's aggression in Shantung in 1897-98 was one of the causes of the Boxer rebellion. The fear that Germany's mantle will fall upon the shoulders of Japan has bound together the incoherent masses of China by bands of steel, and "Give us back Tsingtao" has become the battle cry of millions.

This crusade had its birth on May 4, when some Peking (Government) University students broke into the residence of Tsao Ru-lin, the Minister of Communications, set fire to the house, unceremoniously threw Chang Tsung-hsiang, Minister to Japan, who happened to be present, into the street, where they left him half dead, while Minister Tsao escaped by means of an automobile to the Wagon Lits Hotel in the Legation quarters. By means of secret loans and secret treaties these two men and Lu Tsung-yu, director of the National Mint, had been selling China to Japan, and this night's disgraceful affair was their reward. Instead of imprisoning the "traitors," however, the Government arrested thirty-three students, none of whom seem to have been implicated in the riot. These arrests furnished the martyrs necessary to inflame an exasperated nation.

Three days later, May 7, came the so-called "Day of National Humiliation" on which China from Shanghai to Chengtu and from Canton to Kalgan commemorated the ultimatum of May 7, 1915, by means of which Japan compelled China to accept the majority of the notorious "Twenty-one Demands." In every city students paraded the streets carrying banners inscribed with such impassioned phrases as, "Give us back Tsingtao," "Kill the Traitors," "Remember May 7, 1915," "Avenge the Disgrace," "Might Destroys our Sovereign Right," and "Let Us Lose Our Heads, but Keep Tsingtao." Telegrams flooded to Peking and to Paris demanding the return of Tsingtao to China. The students of Tsinanfu, Shantung, telegraphed to President Hsu that by imprisoning patriots and protecting "traitors" bargaining away their province he had turned right and wrong topsy-turvy. They advised him to punish the "traitors" and to remember that "to eat their flesh and to sleep on their skins" would be much less than they deserved. The delegates in Paris were informed that if they signed a treaty giving the Japanese special privileges in Shantung the fate of Tsao and Chang would await them on their return.

Although the Government liberated the arrested students, it did not cashier the triumvirate of "traitors."

The students of Peking now drew up an ultimatum in which they demanded the punishment of Tsao, Chang and Lu and a definite promise from the Government not to transfer the German rights in Shantung to the Japanese. To enforce these demands the schools of the capital began a strike on May 19,

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HALDANE'S WEAK DEFENCE

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. B. MACLEAN

OUR Ex-Minister of War, Viscount Haldane, is at last out with his defence, and the extraordinary fact is that he makes it to a foreign nation and not to an outraged British Empire; and we are not permitted to print it in Canada.

But, before dealing with it, let us recall some history. Back in the early nineties, when it became apparent that Russian ambitions, German desire for world dominance, and French desire for revenge were leading towards a great war into which we would be drawn in self-defence, we began to prepare. The first step was a Committee on National Defence under Mr. Balfour. This was followed by the organization of a General Staff exactly on the lines adopted by the Germans under the great Von Moltke, over forty years earlier—but resisted by the British War Office until the lamentable failures in South Africa showed the need for reform. It will please those who think that Germany is not an originator but a developer of ideas to know that this man who revolutionized war had more Highland-Scotch than German blood in his veins. He was in no way connected with the other German family of that name. In fact, Von Moltke—as his nephew, the late Chief of Staff, wrote a few years before the war—was not his real name, but MacMullen. The Liberals came into power in England in 1905, and it was very important that a good man be put in the War Office, who would act in conjunction with the newly and only partially organized General Staff. Haldane had been legal adviser to the Government of Canada, in London, and had imbibed more Imperialistic ideals than any of his colleagues, and in consequence, he was specially asked by the King "to take on the job." That is, the defence of the Empire was placed in his hands. He was the one man upon whom the Cabinet and the nation depended for expert guidance. He worked on it exclusively for seven years. He had an absolutely free hand. From 1912 to 1914, he had an indirect control.

When the great war came it found our war department almost totally unprepared. The public blamed Haldane for this condition, and said he had been so flattered by the attentions of the Kaiser that he had become his dupe. Asquith put him back in the War Office, but the outraged nation raised such an outcry, that he lasted less than 24 hours. During the five years that have since elapsed, he and his friends have always answered the criticisms by looking very solemn and wise, saying: "Wait and see; he has been shamefully misjudged and disgracefully treated; when he is permitted to speak, the nation will get a surprise."

He has spoken, and his explanations confirm the criticisms. They also prove him to be a common political faker in claiming personal credit for the work of others, and suggest that his records should be further investigated by a properly constituted court. Such a proceeding would have a great moral influence over such men in the future.

Defence Printed in U. S.

AS I said, we are not allowed to print in Canada his full defence or the details of his many talks, and luncheons and dinners with the Kaiser and his friends, as they were "working" him, just as the ordinary professional gambler, company promoter or blackmailer works his victims. The cases are exactly alike excepting that the nation and the lives of its young men were the stakes. His story appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of Boston, an excellent magazine with a small circulation and but few readers outside the U.S.A. We have here a practical example of what would have happened under Ex-President Taft's Reciprocity Treaty, which, he said confidentially, would make Canadian trade an "adjunct" to the big cities and manufacturers of the U. S. In literary matters, this is exactly where we stand to-day. Under the British Copyright Act, U. S. publishers absolutely control Canada. They *compel* an author to print in the States, but will not *permit* him to do so in Canada.

The article is headed "Some Recollections," and it deals mainly with conversations with the Kaiser and his Chancellor, and also latterly with Von Tirpitz. If we are not allowed to place his story in full before the Canadians—and as far as I know, no British publication has it—we will strain the copyright law by quoting the salient points of his defence and give the parallel from the records, and from writings of his own friends which disprove his statements.

His most important admissions are that he knew war was probable; that the preparations for it were put in his charge; and that if France was overrun, England would be in danger. He thus puts the situation right up to himself.

He opens his article:

"Many things that happened in the "years just before 1914, as well as the "events of the great war itself, are still "too close to permit of our studying "them in their full content. * * At this "moment all that can safely be attempt-"ed is that actual observers should set "down what they have themselves ob-"served. For there has rarely been a "time when the judicial maxim, that "'hearsay is not evidence,' ought to be "more sternly insisted on. If I now "venture to set down what follows in "these pages, it is because I had certain "opportunities for forming a judgment "at first hand for myself. * * * from the "end of 1905 to the summer of 1912. I "had special opportunity for a direct "observation. During that period I was "Secretary of State for War, and from "1912 to April, 1915, I was the holder "of another office and a member of the "British Cabinet. *During the first of "these periods, it fell to me to work out "the military organization that would "be required to ensure, as far as was "practicable, against risk, should those "strenuous efforts fail* into which Sir "Edward Grey had thrown his strength. "He was endeavoring with all his might "to guard the peace of Europe from "danger. As he and I had for many "years been on terms of close intimacy, "it was not unnatural that he should "ask me to do what I could by helping "in some of the diplomatic work which "was his, as well as engaging in my "own special task. Indeed, the two "phases of activity could hardly be "separable. * * * In 1906, while War "Minister, I paid, on the invitation of "the German Emperor, a visit to him at "Berlin, * * * while at Berlin, I saw "much of the Emperor, and I also saw "certain of his Ministers, notably, "Prince von Bülow, Herr von Thirsky, "and General von Einem, the first be-"ing at that time Chancellor, and the "last two being respectively the Foreign "and War Ministers. I was invited to "look over for myself the organization "of the German War Office, which I "wished to study for purposes of reform "at home; and this I did in some detail, "in company with an expert adviser "from my own staff, Colonel Ellison, "my military private secretary. There "the authorities explained to us the "general nature of the organization for "rapid mobilization which had been "developed under the great von Moltke, "and subsequently carried farther. The "character of this organization was, in "its general features, no secret in Ger-"many, although it was somewhat un-"familiar in Anglo-Saxon countries; "and it interested my adviser and my-"self intensely."

"At that time there was an active "military party in Germany, which of "course, was not wholly pleased at the "reception which we met with from the "Emperor, etc., etc."

Further on in the article he admits that as Minister of War, in January, 1906, he was instructed by the British Cabinet, in view of the probability of Germany attacking France, to take up the plans for the defence of the Empire, and:

"How to mobilize and concentrate at "a place of assembly to be opposite the "Belgian frontier, a force calculated as "adequate (with the assistance of Rus-"sian pressure in the East), to make up "for the inadequacy of the French "armies for their great task of defend-"ing the entire French frontier, from "Dunkirk down to Belfort—or even "further south, if Italy should join the "Triple Alliance in an attack."

I will come back to this quotation later.

The remainder and greater part of the article is devoted to his many visits to the Kaiser and Chancellor, and their visits to him in England. In fact, he shows that all questions between Germany and Britain—military, naval, Bagdad railway—were entrusted to this simple-minded stage Englishman. Even at this late date, with all that has been developed, he appears to think that the Kaiser and his Chancellor were as simple and honest as were he and Sir Edward Grey—the latter was living with him through all these eventful years—that the former were surrounded by a few bad men who caused them to break all their gentlemen's agreements—just the ordinary Confidence Game. His dealings with the Kaiser are shown to have been many times worse and more dangerous to the defence of the Empire than the receipt of the letter from the Kaiser by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Tweedmouth, in 1908, which he refused to make public; and Asquith was so alarmed that the letter might get out that he quickly disclaimed Cabinet responsibility and kicked Tweedmouth out of the Government under pressure of an alarmed nation; which then demanded, and got, a reorganized navy which saved us when the war came. For on July 29, 1914, a line of battleships formed across the channel from Dover to Ostend, and effectively prevented German troops being landed in France, and allowed us to send over our Expeditionary Forces unmolested.

The Childlike Faith of Haldane

UNDERLYING Haldane's whole defence is a childish attempt to prove how well informed he was and how it was due to his efforts that Britain was so well prepared. Childlike because the untruthfulness of so many of his statements and inferences is easily proved. He writes in Chapter II: "To say, therefore, that we were caught unprepared is not accurate," and then proceeds to show why they were not fully prepared by explaining that compulsory service was out of the question for Great Britain, and moreover, it would have taken thirty years to organize. Nowhere does he refer to his opposition to Lord Roberts, Colonel Repington and the others who were campaigning for preparedness. Instead he says, "Our main strength was in our navy *and its tradition.*" Just how "naval traditions" were to make up for a shortage of soldiers and machine guns on the Belgian frontier, he does not explain. "Our secondary contribution," he continues, "was a small army, fashioned to fulfill a scientifically measured function. It was of course a very small army, but it had a scientific organization." That tradition and scientifically measured functions failed to stay the German hordes was not his Minister's fault, he explained, but Russia's. The fact is that this splendid little army was so long on science and short on machine guns, because Haldane and Seely and Asquith refused to listen to practical soldiers, that it was unable to defend itself properly and great slaughter was the result. Finally he seems to get angry with those who ask why we were not prepared and falls back upon legal technicalities. "Anyhow," he says, "we fulfilled our *contract*, for at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, August 3, 1914, we mobilized, without a hitch, the whole Expeditionary Force," and he asks us to believe that this very successful mobilization was due to him. He says:

"I speak of this with direct know-"ledge, for as the Prime Minister, who "was 'temporarily holding the seals of "the War Department,' was overwhelm-"ed with business, he asked me, through "the Lord Chancellor, to go to the War "Office, and give directions for the "mobilization of the machinery with "which I was so familiar; and I did so "on the morning of Monday, August 3, "and a day later handed it over in work-"ing order to Lord Kitchener."

It is not necessary to go into details to show how absurd it is for any man, particularly an amateur and a Lord Chancellor, an expert in legal technicalities, who had been away from the War Office for two years, to step back and in a few hours make all arrangements for the mobilization and despatch of the Expeditionary Force and the mobilization of 350,000 militiamen, and hand over the whole outfit, in complete working order in one day. The facts are that this had all been arranged for long before by the professional soldiers, and the mobilization of the Expeditionary Force was completed days before, and much of it was in France before Haldane came to the War Office. The Heavy Artillery Brigade actually left Woolwich July 29, and had landed in Dunkirk the following day. Part, if not all, of the Cavalry were ready and expected to cross the channel August 2, at the latest.

The Formation of the General Staff

THE above is typical of his mental peculiarities and of his other claims for credit to which he is in no way entitled. In the first quotation I make from his article, he refers to his visit to the German War Office and his intense interest in and study of the organization for rapid mobilization. He points out that the von Moltke system was generally unknown in Anglo-Saxon countries. As it was adopted by us, inference is that he was entitled to the credit. As a matter of fact, it was recommended for adoption many years before by the Hartington Committee, but was killed by Haldane's chief, Campbell-Bannerman. It was brought back by Haldane's predecessor, Arnold-Forster. Its backbone is the General Staff, and when Haldane came in he found this coming into being, but it is strange that he had to go to Germany to be convinced. It was well he did, for he gave the General Staff a fairly free hand, excepting where their politics interfered, as he thought, with the Government's popularity with the voters—and we now know that some of this sentiment to which they listened, was German propaganda. It was to the Balfour Defence Committee, and to this General Staff, backed up by Lord Roberts' campaign, that we owe the partial preparations we had made when war came. But for his co-operation with them, we must give Haldane due credit. It is a fact, however, that one of his first acts was to cut down the strength of the army.

In Chapter II, he tells that after one of the Kaiser's inspirational talks with him in 1906:

"The paradox presented itself that a "war with Germany, in which we were "alone, would be easier than a war in "which France was attacked along with "us; for, if Germany succeeding in over-"running France, she might establish "naval bases on the northern channel "ports of that country, quite close to "our shore, and so, with the possible aid "of the *submarines, long range guns, "and air machines of the future*, inter-"fere materially with our naval position

"in the channel and our naval defences "against invasion."

In these words Viscount Haldane asks us to believe that away back in 1906, he foresaw these possibilities. His friends and the facts belie him. One of his chief advisers was Viscount French. The latter writes in "1914":

"It is easy to be 'wise after the "event'; but I cannot help wondering "why none of us realized what the most "modern rifle, the machine gun, the "aeroplane and wireless telegraphy "would bring about."

And again:

"The first surprise came * * * * they "were our first experience with artillery "heavier than our own."

Nor did our naval experts fear any serious danger from submarines as far back as 1906.

Another example of his simple trusting nature when he "sat in the German Confidence Game" is his reference, already quoted, to the fact that the dominant military party, "was not wholly pleased at the reception we met with from the Emperor." This was part of well-recognized German propaganda, exposed months before Haldane paid his first visit to the Kaiser by Leo Maxse, in the *National Review;* by Colonel Repington, in *The Times* and others. In his recent book, Colonel Repington says:

"We were fools in those days. (1905-"6); we were as blind as bats The Ger-"mans used every means to ingratiate "themselves with us, and there began "that series of mutual visits and fawn-"ings of Anglo-German statesmen, phil-"anthropists, editors and Chambers of "Commerce which are part of the stock "in-trade of German militant diplomacy "and appeal so readily to easy-going, "unsuspecting Britishers. All this "reached such a pitch towards the end "of the year, and the diplomatic situa-"tion became so grave, that I published "in the *Times*, on December 27, 1905, an "article on France and Germany point-"ing out in plain terms the danger of "the situation * * * * The situation re-"mained extremely dangerous until cer-"tain decisions were taken in 1906. It "was my purpose to describe the most "interesting page of history, but am "forbidden to do so, and must reserve it "for a later period."

The Wily Work of the Kaiser

CHAPTER V of the Recollections gives some interesting side-lights. In 1911, he tells us, the Kaiser paid a visit to King George, and sent a message to Viscount Haldane that "he would like to come and lunch with him to meet people whom otherwise he might not see." The slick and wily Prussian! The noble Viscount tells us: "I acted on my own discretion, and when he came to my house I had a widely selected party of about a dozen to meet him. * * * * The Emperor engaged in conversation with everyone, and all went with smoothness." So smoothly that when war came, at least one-third of the guests, whose names he gives, were outstanding figures in opposition to our putting up any defence, among them being Lord Morley, Ramsay Macdonald, leader of the Labor Party, and the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. The old Kaiser, the clever old jollier!

A couple of paragraphs further along, he innocently confirmed a suspicion of the intrigue and influence of Sir Ernest Cassel, the German financier, in our public affairs, when he tells us that "In January, 1912, an informal message was given by the Emperor to Sir Ernest Cassel, for transmission, if possible, through one of my colleagues to the Foreign Office." It would be interesting to know who this other member of the Cabinet was who was closer to the Kaiser than Haldane and those we already know of. Also this clearly indicates Sir Ernest was one of the Kaiser's confidential agents in England. He has led a charmed existence since the war, while that other great German banker, Sir Edgar Speyer, was the object of a British press campaign, so bitter that it drove him out of England, which suggests that Sir Edgar and the British press have been made the victim of an outrageous plot to cover the work of Sir Ernest by diverting attention away from him. The object of the message is shown in succeeding chapters to have been the same old plot; to induce the British to let up in the naval programme and sign an agreement to give Germany a free hand by refraining from helping France, Russia or other British Allies in case Germany made war upon them. Viscount Haldane as usual rushed to Berlin and waited subserviently upon the Kaiser, the Chancellor and Admiral von Tirpitz. He gives a fairly complete account of this visit and the efforts he made to meet their wishes. It is quite significant that the Kaiser and his ministers were entirely satisfied with British army preparations for the coming war; Haldane was himself in the War Office, and as long as he was there, they were safe from the menace of Lord Roberts' campaign.

The Need For Practical Men

ONE puts down the magazine with a feeling of great sadness as he thinks of how woefully we have been misgoverned by our great intellectuals and idle rich, moral uplifters, inexperienced in the affairs of life and in the ways of the masses of mankind; and of how different things might have been under a practical man. There would have been no war, no slaughter, no bereaved families, no staggering taxation. Our army would have been as ready as our navy and the Germans would never have fought us.

Haldane's profound knowledge of law, its technicalities, its precedents, from long and careful study has no doubt made him an outstanding figure in the legal profession, and, when instructed by the special information of his clients, a formidable figure in the higher courts where fine points of law, and not common sense, justice, and experience and the ways of the world, govern trick decisions. He was a helpless child in the hands of the astute Kaiser and the far-seeing militarists, shrewd financiers and the aggressive manufacturers and business developers under whose direction he was acting.

Our experience with Haldane, Asquith, Churchill and the bounder, Sir F. E. Smith, and others of their type convinces us that we need not view with any alarm the advent of a Labor Government. A Labor Government could not have done worse. In fact, the experience of this war shows they would have done very much better. The voice of Labor leaders in this war has persistently called for experienced men to replace the failures among the appointees of family and political influence. If I were in England, Tory as I am, I would vote to-day for a Labor Government.

Is Canada Weary of Party Politics?

Continued from page 43

Toronto *Globe*, despite the staunchness of its stand for a dry Ontario, lets an occasional tear trickle through its rather heavy editorial columns when it reflects on the fact that it is no longer a stand-up fight with the good Grit claymore striking sparks from the brand of the Tory Sassenach. There is a chastened regret in the *Globe* voice when it remarks: "The province is about to experiment again with the group system, in an even more pronounced form than in 1894-98, when the Patrons of Industry formed the second largest party in the House. In the 107 contested constituencies there are only 48 in which the fight is left to two candidates. Of these there are only thirteen in which straight Conservatives and straight Liberals are opposed. Party lines are broken or crisscrossed in a way for which there had

Field, Stream and Road

HOW strange the old-time pictures of sport would look today---baseball teams boasting at least half-a-dozen sets of whiskers---full-bearded cricketers---champions of the scull with their chins concealed.

Today the athlete knows the importance of the well-shaven chin. He is conscious that he is most keen when he is well-groomed---just as is the business man and the soldier.

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been no example, Federal or Provincial, since Confederation."

Those Pesky Farmers!

BUT the greatest factor in the change, when all is said and done, is the attitude of the farmers. The horny-handed son of the soil has balked. No longer will he allow himself to be hornswoggled into voting for one party or the other when neither has any particular reason to offer him. The farmer, who wants certain things, is going to vote for himself!

The farmers of the West are into politics with both feet and there seems no reason to doubt that, at the next general election, there will be a large number of Western seats go to the straight farmer candidates. In Ontario the U.F.O. (United Farmers of Ontario) are making the election now progressing a distinctly three-cornered one. Even in the Maritime Provinces, where political faiths die harder and men nourish the ideas and traditions of the past with a more enduring zeal, the farmers are organizing. In fact, as the Victoria *Colonist* puts it: "The creation of a United Farmers party in the Dominion is an upsetting element in all the calculations of political organizations."

Many Western newspapers are openly supporting the cause of the agricultural organization. The Saskatoon *Star* comes out with a bold forecast as to how things are going in Saskatchewan. It predicts: "Probably nine-tenths of the voters in Assiniboia constituency are farmers, so there is reason for the confidence which the convention seemed to feel that any candidate nominated would certainly be the next member of Parliament. The spirit permeating the Carlyle convention is in evidence throughout the whole province. Because of the forthcoming bye-election, Assiniboia was better organized than the other constituencies, but at the same time the enthusiasm is no more keen than it is elsewhere.

After reviewing the situation from coast to coast, the Regina *Daily Post* says: "The political movement of the organized farmers is one of high significance. The politicians who are still solacing themselves with memories of the Patrons of Industry and similar movements of the past are due for a rude shock."

And Then the Ladies

FINALLY, there is the fact that woman suffrage is becoming an accomplished fact. It seems to be generally accepted that woman, lovely woman, will not be caught by shop-worn shibboleths or permanently shackled to any party chariot. She is going to be an unknown quantity for a while. Professional politicians look at this askance. They feel that personal considerations and the issues of the day will sway the feminine voter more than the appeal of party loyalty. There is still an idea extant that flattery will help out and so we find the good old Toronto *Mail and Empire*, after a stodgily long appeal to women to vote for Hearst in Ontario, winding up with the following:

"The women may prove themselves Ontario's best electors. In some respects the feminine judgment is more trustworthy than the masculine judgment, and we are inclined to believe that in the marking of the ballot woman will show her peculiar good sense. Women, we believe, are more inclined to regard the suffrage as a trust than men are. They are more inclined than men to look upon public office rather as a responsibility than as a prize. Their vote is given less as a favor to the receiver than as a call to service. The woman voter puts the business up to the candidate, and the man who is elected will in most cases be made to feel that his women supporters are keeping an eye on him."

But, anyone, who has seen the part that the women of the West are playing in public affairs, knows and knows well that woman's part in the handling of this country is going to be a big one and that it is going to be a progressive and courageous part; and also that the professional politicians may as well pack up their wares in their old kit bags and amble along.

The Search for Missing Men

Continued from page 28

Gentles's face was pitiful to see. Poor Gentles! His problem was soon solved. After some communication between the Searcher and the home people, the news had to be broken to him that his wife, on her way to Australia, with the man who believed himself to be her husband, had been torpedoed and drowned.

Another side issue of war!

* * * * * *

The Young Flyer's Story

EVERY nurse or V. A. D., especially those who have served in France, will recall nights when she has sat by some patient—just letting him talk, talk, talk. We often discussed what we were told in these night watches, of course, violating no confidence. This story was told one night:

Well, you know, I have only been on night duty for a week or so. I always feel at night, somehow, when it is silent and dark, the men are a little—different from in the sunshine. Things that have happened—terrible things sometimes—come crowding back to their minds, they become nervous, and often call you and ask for something, not because they really want it, but because they want to hear you and feel that something human and awake is near; you have noticed that, haven't you?

Well, in my last ward was a young Air Service Officer, who had no wounds, but was a nerve case—a regular nervous break down—very sudden—he had had. He was sent down the line and on to us. He used to be there, absolutely silent, never speaking, unless when it was really necessary, with the most lonely and despairing eyes I have ever seen. He looked as if he lived in a world of his own, that he could not reach. His body was there in the ward but his eyes seemed to say that he was not one of us, that he was as far removed as if he belonged to another sphere. I had the greatest desire to make him speak, to reach him, as it were, to make him express emotion, to make him one of us. Even to have seen him suffer pain would have been better than this horrible apathy.

When I asked him if he wanted anything—if I could bring him anything—books, flowers—he answered very quietly and courteously:

"Nothing, thank you, Sister. I have everything."

The M. O.'s were at a loss. They could not rouse him. They could not get at the root of the trouble.

"I wish you could make him talk, Sister," they used to say. "Something is on his mind, and until we can get at it, we cannot help him. If he shows any inclination to talk at any time, encourage him."

You know that, as a rule, the doctors don't want us to encourage the patients to talk about their experiences up the line. They rather want them to forget them. But now they told me to do everything in my power to make this one talk. Naturally then, I did my best—starting all kinds of subjects. He always answered in the same toneless way as if he were too much taken up with what he was thinking of, to be interested in anything I could say.

Often through the night, when I made my rounds of the ward, with my little electric torch, I would find him lying motionless, with eyes strained wide open, staring into the darkness.

One night when the others were all asleep, I stood by his bed. It seemed to me that night as if a lost spirit dwelt in his eyes.

"Talk to me a little," I said. "Sometimes I feel lonely in the night, when everyone is asleep around me. Talk to me." The ghost of a smile seemed to flicker about his lips.

"Lonely, Sister, lonely? Do you think you really know what that word means?"

Threw His Pal to Destruction

JUST at that moment, a patient, one of the very highly strung, excitable kind, began to sing in his sleep, that song that a sergeant of the Fusiliers wrote. You know the men have been singing it a lot lately.

> "Keep your head down, Chummy, keep your nut well down,
> When you're in the trenches, keep your napper down,
> Bullets are a-flyin', nasty bits of lead,
> It's all up with you, Matey, if you stop one with your head."

"Keep your head down, Chummy," repeated the boy, "Aye, he's trying to save his pal, but what would you think of a man, Sister, who threw his pal out to destruction?"

"It's coming! It's coming!" I thought, and stood very still, thankful that the noisy, wakeful patient had turned and was sleeping quietly.

"Tell me," I said, for it seemed as if the load were about to be lifted.

"Tell you, Sister! Shall I? Shall I show you the horrible depths to which a man may fall? That would be from the beginning, Sister, when I was only a kid, when I first remember hearing people say: 'What an *imagination* that child has got!' And as a kid, I could say to myself, 'What does that mean? Does it mean that I *see* things when people only speak of them? Does it mean that when Dad told Mother about the launch bursting up, I could see it flaming to the sky, and see the sailors sizzle in the flames! Ough! Is that imagination? I don't want it! I don't like it!'

"It followed me, though, Sister, through the school years. It was so vivid. I called it my *Devil Imagination*, and indeed it was more of a curse than a blessing.

Waiting For the Whistle

"THEN the war broke out, and of course, I joined up. I joined an Infantry Corps first, and if I am to tell you the truth, a truth which has never crossed my lips before, I felt even then that I was a coward. Nobody knew it, of course, for I acted a part, but deep in my heart I knew what to fear when I went to France. *I feared Fear.*

"Well, we went over, and finally came to our time in the trenches. We were going to attack. The zero hour was given. When the whistle blew we were to go over the top."

"Who was to blow the whistle?" I asked, simply for the sake of stopping, for an instant, that tense voice in its terrible monotony.

"I was to blow the whistle. I stood leaning against the parapet—all my preparations were made. I was picturing what was going to happen, the shells bursting, the bayonets, the wounds! Nothing in reality ever came near the ghostly pictures in my mind then.

"I began to feel cold and physically sick.

"The men were standing waiting for the sound of the whistle. They were laughing, talking—even joking.

"How much of it is real? I wondered.

"Some of them reminded me of hunting dogs straining at the leash—their blood was up—the years of civilization had rolled away—they were back to the elemental things.

"They were old hands. How I envied them! How I *honored* them! I wondered if they could read my thoughts in my face."

"Stop for a minute," I interrupted him, "you must not let yourself get so excited. Wait till you rest—"

"It is now or never, Sister, and up till to-night I thought it would be never. I raised the whistle to my lips, wondering how I could blow it, when the time came. In doing so, I knocked out my cigarette, which indeed, I was scarcely conscious of holding. Quite mechanically I took out my case for another cigarette. That case, Sister, was given me, when I joined up, by a girl who lived near my home in the country, and who played at Soldiers with me when we were kids. She was with her father on the 'Lusitania' when it went down! God! I could see her tossed by the water! Her white, upturned

What They Love Best

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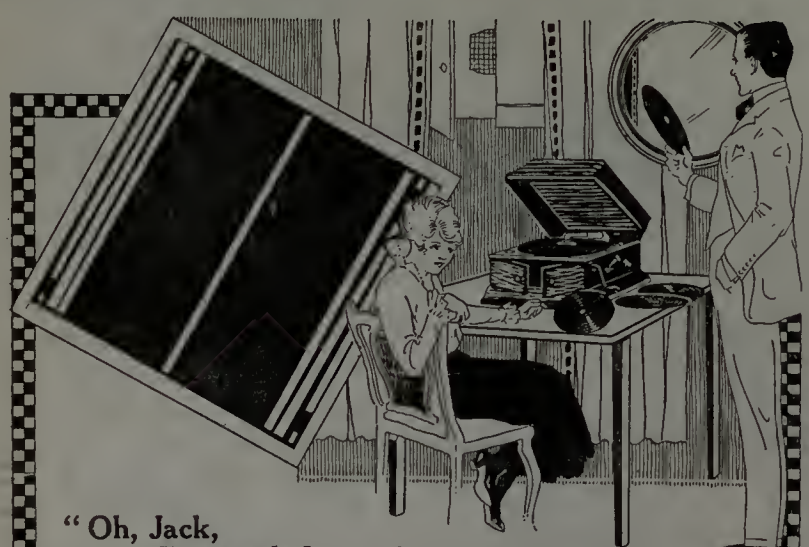

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face was more real to me, than yours is now! The curls, that, as a kid, I teased her about, were dripping and filled with sea-weed—she was choking, struggling!!

"That saved me, Sister. For once my imagination had helped me. The blood beat back into my brain—my hands twitched to be at the throats of the Boches who had murdered her. I forgot everything else. Thank God! the sign was given, I blew my whistle ' my ears almost burst. I scrambled with shouts, over the top—I—"

More of the Devil Imagination

ANOTHER patient had wakened, calling for me, and I went—remaining as long as possible to enforce a little rest on the boy. Whenever I had finished, however, a hoarse whisper called me.

"Come back, Sister, I'll finish now and never again shall I speak of it—

"The horrible spell was broken—you've been told already, Sister, what 'over the top' means—the shells screaming and whining, the rattle of the machine guns, the face-to-face playing with Death, the falling into shell holes; the sudden victorious dash into the enemy front trench!! You've heard it all before. I should have been dead half a dozen times. The earth was ripped up behind me, before me. the bullets sang past my ears. but I was so *thankful* that the horrible nightmare of fear had left me. I opened my arms. and I almost think I sang aloud.

"Well, when this Hell was over, and those of us, who were left. were panting for breath: some of us dazed with the terrible noise, and the remains of the gas. here was I. with nothing but a mere skin wound, and an obsession to be at their throats again."

"Well, you see." I broke in relieved. "It was only that horrible physical sense of fear which almost every man owns up to. at one time or another. You know, this is the first War that men have not been afraid to say they were afraid!"

"That is not all, Sister. . . . After a few months several of our company resigned in order to join the Air Force. I decided to do the same. I can't tell you exactly why I did it, unless. because the Air Service is supposed to be one of the most dangerous, and I was absolutely *determined* to bring that Devil Imagination of mine face to face with every kind of horrible facts, until I had brought it completely under my control. I knew the Air Service would give me lots of opportunity. I won't bore you much longer, Sister."

"*Please*, please don't use that horrible word. You know that instead of bored, I am interested beyond words," I said. "Only I don't want you to do yourself harm with so much excitement."

"Well, I soon became an old hand at it, and France soon followed. The mighty stunts over the enemy trenches, over the clouds! It satisfied me, somehow. I think I was nearer being really happy then, Sister, than for years. One night I was given a special commission.

"One of our Secret Intelligence men was to be taken behind the enemy lines, where he was to descend by parachute. My business was to get him there, and at a given sign, the next night, bring him back if he were lucky enough to be still alive. *He* was to do the rest. All the details of course are secret. You understand that, and I shall not give you them. This special information which Headquarters required was absolutely necessary, but would be gained at the imminent risk of his life. It was only one chance in many that he could keep out of the hands of the Boches. The night came and he arrived, disguised in a German uniform."

"Did you know him before?" I asked.

"No, I had never seen him though I had often heard of him and the wonderful work he had done. Jove! these fellows have brains and pluck!"

The Skinny, Insignificant Hero

"DID he look the part?" I queried, with the usual woman's curiosity.

"Far from it—a small, skinny, insignificant looking soul. I suppose we will always have the old idea that a

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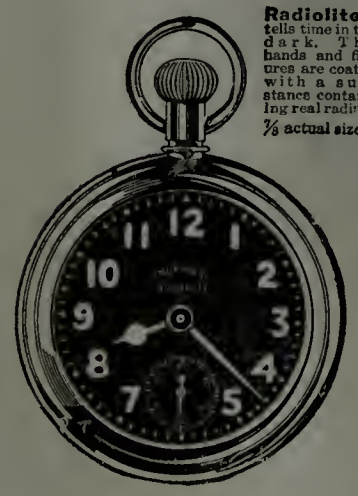

Radiolite—tells time in the dark. The hands and figures are coated with a substance containing real radium
⅞ actual size

hero must be a broad-shouldered 6-footer—though as a matter of fact it is generally the contrary. Nothing to mark the brains a man of his kind must have, except one quick, penetrating glance at the beginning, keen enough to reach your very marrow. It wasn't the first time by many he had been up in a machine, and he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the motion. We went up with the other machines, on their way to the nightly stunt, but presently, we went a little higher, a little further 'port' and after awhile shot up suddenly and found ourselves on a plane by ourselves—"

He stopped there, and, I hoped the story was finished or practically so. He was utterly exhausted; his white face shining out in the darkness. There was a kind of unnatural element in the whole thing. I had left him two or three times to see about other patients but something always drew me back. Of course, as I told you, the doctor had insisted there was something on his mind, preventing his recovery, so I thought it best to let him go on. Do you think I was right, girls?

"Assuredly," we answered, and she went on.

"People often ask me if the stillness, the utter silence, up in the clouds, does not seem uncanny," went on the boy. "They forget that the noise of the machine is so loud that the Pilot can hardly carry on any conversation with the Observer, without shouting at the pitch of his voice. One seldom speaks to the other, when the machine is going, unless necessary.

"Well, I carried my passenger over our front line, and over the enemy lines, and presently arrived, as near as I could judge, over the place where I thought he might descend by the parachute. I motioned to him to prepare, and he adjusted the belt. It was the minute for him to drop off the plane."

"To drop into nothingness!" I shuddered.

"Yes, Sister, to leave our tiny ark of safety, floating in immeasurable space, and plunge into that gulf of blackness, which surrounded us. Of course he was attached to the parachute, but what if it did not open? Dropping into that horrible emptiness!

"I looked swiftly at him, and in his face, I could read his thoughts as if they were my own.

"He had lost his nerve!

"D'd one wonder? A mere atom, like a grain of dust, to be dangling in space! Was he looking at the picture now as I was? I was giddy at the thought. It was a hideous nightmare. Two atoms of humanity penetrating the clouds, the immeasurable space which terrifies the limited mind of man! Held up by a few boards and rods of steel, and to suddenly plunge from it—into what?"

"And we never heard of these terrible deeds men are doing for us," I interrupted.

"You *will* hear, Sister, when it is all over—I am sure you understand how necessary it is to keep everything possible secret now."

"Indeed I do—Go on!" I urged, for the very first beginning of dawn was glimmering through the windows.

"His white face told me that his nerves had got the better of him, and that he was trying to shout to me. His voice came faintly above the noise of the engines:

"'Take me back! I can't do it! I tell you I can't! I can't leap into that horrible space!'

"There we were, we two, alone in the world as it seemed, and to all intents and purposes we were. The occasional stars peering at us, seemed almost nearer to us than the world which we could not see, but which we knew to be at our feet. Here, with me, the only other speck of humanity was trying to rise above the horrible fears, that flesh had made him heir to. I knew of the record of brave deeds which he had built for himself, and the invaluable service he had done his country. I had been told of the imminent danger, upon which he, without the slightest hesitation, had thrust himself. I know he had played with the chance of Death!

The Lurking of Imp Imagination

"AND, therefore, I knew that in this man's brain lurked that imp Imagination which had turned me into a coward, that first day before I went over the top, and that it was now about to wreck his career.

"Supposing I listened to him, and carried him safely back to earth?

"He must then return to his Headquarters and confess that their orders were not carried out, because he had not the courage to do so; that the trust they had placed in him was misplaced because he was a coward. In other words that his honor was torn to rags. What must happen, could I keep a fellow-man to this? Could I allow him to yield to that physical sickening sense of fear, which had him in its power for the moment? Would life be worth living, Sister, after that? Would it?"

"No—" I said hesitatingly, "I suppose—"

"You do *not* suppose, Sister, you *know*. To a brave woman, honor is as dear as to a man——I made up my mind hurriedly. I motioned to him as if I could not hear. I saw that he was still attached to the parachute—or *vice versa*—and I motioned to him to come near, as if I wanted to hear better. Nearer! nearer! He was standing, now quite close to me. With a sudden jerk of my wrist, I caught him and—pushed him into that black abyss."

The boy's voice trailed off, and he lay shuddering beneath the sheet.

For a minute I could say nothing. Then he broke in again.

"It was his scream, Sister, when he went over! To the end of my days, that awful, horrible, despairing scream will ring in my ears!"

"But what is the end?" I hurried on. "You said he was attached to the parachute. Perhaps he landed safely. Did you not find out?"

"I had no time. I became ill immediately after, and was sent down here. I picture him every minute of the day, Sister, as he fell off the plane. I hear his cry at nights."

"But we *will* find out about him," I insisted. "I shall see that it is done."

Well, I told the M. O. the whole story except that, of course, I could not give names—as I did not know them.

The boy would not even give names, to the M. O. He said after all he had told, it was impossible for him to tell the man's name. The doctor came to the conclusion, however, that only if the boy's mind were relieved, could he ever get better. They thought accordingly that they were justified in laying the case before Headquarters—keeping back as much of the story as possible.

They discovered that the Secret Service Member *had* arrived safely on German territory, had found out his information, but had been taken prisoner.

A few days later further word was sent that he had escaped and was in Holland.

A Canadian Hero "Goes West"

I WAS detailed, at very brief notice, to accompany a hospital train to the Base. I was kept on duty with this train much longer than I had expected.

One afternoon, late, I stood with the M. O. at the side of one of our worst cases. He was a Canadian, and this was his first "Blighty" since he had crossed the seas three years ago. It was a leg case, crushed and broken, and because he had been lying out in "No Man's Land" for a considerable time, the mud and dirt had soaked into his wound, and it was septic. The M. O.'s face was very grave and thoughtful.

"I don't want to amputate, if I can possibly help it," he said. "I have tried every possible thing but it seems to me a question of his leg or his life."

"Will it be in time when we arrive at the Base?" I asked.

"Scarcely. I couldn't take the risk. No, Sister, I shall have to do it on the train. It is very rarely that we stop the train ourselves, though often enough we have to wait on a siding for hours to let another train pass. This is serious enough, however, to warrant it."

He hurried off to give orders to have

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the train backed into a siding, and soon we had stopped. The little theatre was in a state of complete readiness for an emergency operation, such as this would be. In a few minutes I had to prepare the lad for his operation. I spoke to him very softly, that the other cases, so very near, might not be disturbed.

"The doctor has told you it is necessary to amputate."

"Sure."

"You're a brave lad to take it so quietly," I couldn't help saying.

"If I . . . if anything goes wrong, Sister, will you write to my folks? They live down East in America. I guess you've got the address, all right." The stretcher-bearers arrived to carry him into the theatre. Heads were raised from pillows as he was carried past. As the orderlies, with their burden, picked their steps among the mattresses, I coming behind, we passed a little, bald-headed man of more than forty, whose nerve was gone, and who was sobbing with pain.

"Cheer-o, old buck," came from the young Canadian who was about to lose his leg. "Cheer up! see you later!" I could not help taking his hand in mine and saying:

"You deserve to win out, Canada, and I believe you will."

Now that the train had stopped, it seemed unnaturally quiet. One missed the rumbling and the noise in which one lived one's life. One forgot, when the operation was being skilfully and quickly carried on, that one was not in a regular hospital, but instead on a train, in a desolate little siding, miles away from town and village. It was completed and the boy was carried back to his berth. I left a train orderly to watch him until he came out of the anaesthetic, and went on with my dressings.

I went back to my Canadian. He was out of the anaesthetic and was perfectly conscious and sensible. But he was in a terrible state of weakness. I sent for the M.O.

"There is a poor chance in any case, Sister. Try to brace up his heart. . . ."

WE had started again now and I went to the Canadian's berth. He was sinking. It was too evident. The M.O. came at the same moment and examined him.

"I'm afraid there is no hope, Sister. It was the only chance, and it has failed. Do what you can for him, but I am afraid it will soon be all over." Presently the Canadian opened his eyes:

"It's about time to write that letter, Sister," he said, in weak tones, but a smile in his eyes. I knew it was true; I brought a writing pad, and took out my fountain pen. He thought a few moments, and with a far-away look in his eyes, began:

"Dear Dad,

I have had a corking time. I wouldn't have given up my place here for anything in the world. I am jolly glad I came, Dad. Sorry you'll be alone, but this would have been hard on Mother. It takes us men for war, don't it, dad?

Yours ever,
Ed."

"That's all, Sister. Thanks."

I waited with him, till I was obliged to change some dressing further down the coach. Presently I looked up and saw the orderly, who had been left with him, sign to me. I hurried to his side and took his hand in mine.

"Brave! Brave boy!" I whispered to him. He opened his eyes, to smile, and . . . . his life was over.

An Enemy Asked For Water

THE train was rumbling along at a very easy pace to prevent more jolting than was necessary. Suddenly a voice from above my head startled me:

"Geben sie mir wasser." (Give me water). German! I raised myself on tiptoes and looked into the cot. A fair-haired boy of seventeen was there, a weak, gentle lad, for all the world like my small brother at home.

"And this is my enemy," I thought. "Or would be, only that in hospital one does not distinguish between an enemy and a friend—they are all *patients*. He

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looked at me with alarm and much pain in his softened blue eyes.

"Where are you hurt?"

"It is mein beine" (leg), he whispered, and I found a smashed bone in the lower leg and the blood oozing from the wound. He already had been dressed at the Field Ambulance. I got off the splint, cleaned and dressed the wound, and arranged the slight, fair-haired boy as comfortably as I could.

"Gut! gut!" he kept whispering, "Schister is gut!" and he looked up at me with eyes like a dumb animal trying to show his thanks.

Below him on the mattress was a young Londoner from the Artists' Rifles. His was not a serious wound, and I noticed how he watched with great interest the dressing of the little prisoner's wound.

"Say, Boche, where do you come from?" he called up in German, and the boy turned up his young, white face, gazed at him earnestly and answered:

"Von den walde." (From the woods.)

"Thought so," muttered the Artist, for he happened to be one of the Artists' Rifles who really was an artist.

"Sister, there is a face—look at it—in which there is no guile." And looking at the face, I knew what he meant.

"Yes, I suppose they have dragged the children of the forest, too, into this devilish business," I replied, hurrying on to the next case.

The Rainbow Death

Continued from page 31

The letter was heard with amazement but without discussion. All were too intent upon finding out what else Helen had to say.

"When I learned from the Belmont clerk that Lefroy had registered just a few days before the receipt of that letter, when I discovered no boats had left New York and that Petersen could not have sailed to Europe at the time I had been led to believe, it seemed reasonable to conclude that either Petersen was still in New York and did not wish to be known, or that there was no such person. I would have cabled Mrs. Ainsworth for a description of the man had not Lena Davis given me something else to think about. She was, as you know, a German agent, whose sole duty to the Wilhemstrasse was to count the parcels marked with a red label (denoting, I suppose, some chemical ingredient), which left the works and report their numbers to Lefroy."

"A Red label?" muttered Lane. "Those contain t. n. t."

"I thought so!" said Helen, "and she told me further that Lefroy had a laboratory—quite a significant fact considering that he had never hinted of it to me! It was through Lena that Lefroy met Clare Mitchner, but it was through the latter, rather than the girl in his employ, that he was determined to destroy the Chemical Works and all within it. Why, I cannot say, unless he recognized in Miss Mitchner a steadier tool with which to work."

"But she would not have done it?" cried Lane, protestingly.

"How can one say, now? This much I have pieced together from bits of conversation which Lena overheard and did not understand—Lefroy used to threaten to kill you, Mr. Lane, by slow and torturing degrees if Clare Mitchner did not carry out his plans."

"Why should that deter her, if she did not hesitate to sacrifice seven hundred lives?" Drummond interrupted.

"Because she loved her employer," answered Helen, simply. "Lena says that in the excess of her anxiety for him, she used to pray aloud for him without knowing that a sound passed her lips."

"Good God," whispered Lane. "I never knew."

"I fancy that Clare Mitchner would not defy Lefroy, but that she put him off, seeking to gain time and find some way out of the desperate plight. I imagine that gradually Lefroy became suspicious of her and felt she would be better out of his way. I know he must have threatened her, because there was proof that she knew death was near."

"But why, in God's name, Helen," Mr. Fairweather broke in excitedly, "did she not turn the scoundrel over to the police long ago, and why did he connect *my* poor girl with the affair?"

"To answer your first question—again, I can only conjecture and string together little bits of conversation overheard by Lena. . . Lefroy must have been too clever not to anticipate some such move and his obvious method was to threaten that if he were betrayed, he had a dozen men who could 'carry on' the work of destruction quite as easily. In regard to the second. . . I am certain that the similarity in the appearance of the cars, the astounding likeness between the two girls, the dusk and the urgency for haste, all combined to lead Lefroy into committing a double crime. He must have watched his opportunity to meet the limousine when it was held up at some particularly crowded spot; he evidently appeared at the open window, accomplished his object and disappeared in the throng scarcely a moment later. It was a fiendish plan, thought out by a fiendish brain and executed with some skill. He attracted no attention and apparently left no clue.

"Surprise, pleasure—a greeting in fact, showed plainly in Berenice's expression. On the other hand, fear, horror, fleeting though it was, lay in Clare Mitchner's eyes. She knew his purpose and knew that she could not escape its fulfilment."

"Yes," broke in Chief Magruder, "but what did he do?"

"He touched them with The Rainbow Death," Helen told him.

"I am coming to that. . . . Learning that Lefroy had a laboratory I went that night on a solitary tour of investigation and to my great relief, it must be confessed, I found Fogarty on the beat. From him I discovered that only the basement of a certain house was in use and that a man was the resident. Fogarty had never been suspicious of this individual in any way nor did he know anything conclusive about him. Giving the policeman instructions to come to me only at a given signal or after the lapse of a certain length of time, I felt my way down the basement steps and picked my way into the place. My first impression was that of being in the best equipped laboratory in the city. There were copper condensers, steel mortars, reagents for dissolving and burettes for gas analysis all over the place; it was evidently the work-shop of an experimenter in the most intricate chemical research work. There was an open blow furnace almost opposite the door. The room at my entrance was but poorly lighted and at first glance I thought it was empty. In a moment, however, I discovered my mistake. Beside the door of the furnace lay Lefroy practically unconscious. He breathed with greatest difficulty and what each gasp cost him I shudder to think. I tasted a little of his hellish invention and I know." She stopped, coughed and asked for water.

"Accidental death, I take it?" interposed the Chief professionally.

"Beyond a doubt. There was nothing to suggest the contrary."

"I saw his body, of course," said Harkniss, musingly, "and don't remember anything that looked like a rainbow mark."

"No," returned Helen," you wouldn't. It did not show one, either. I will try to tell you the reason—although ignorant of the exact nature of the Rainbow Death. I am quite convinced that it is a gas, discovered by Lefroy, who, it goes without saying, possessed a profound knowledge of chemistry and went to Mexico in the interests of his Government. I believe that there, in the swamp district, he experimented with minerals or plants until he found what he required, after which he ruthlessly practised upon the natives. Satisfied that his invention would do all that it was expected of it, he left a supply in

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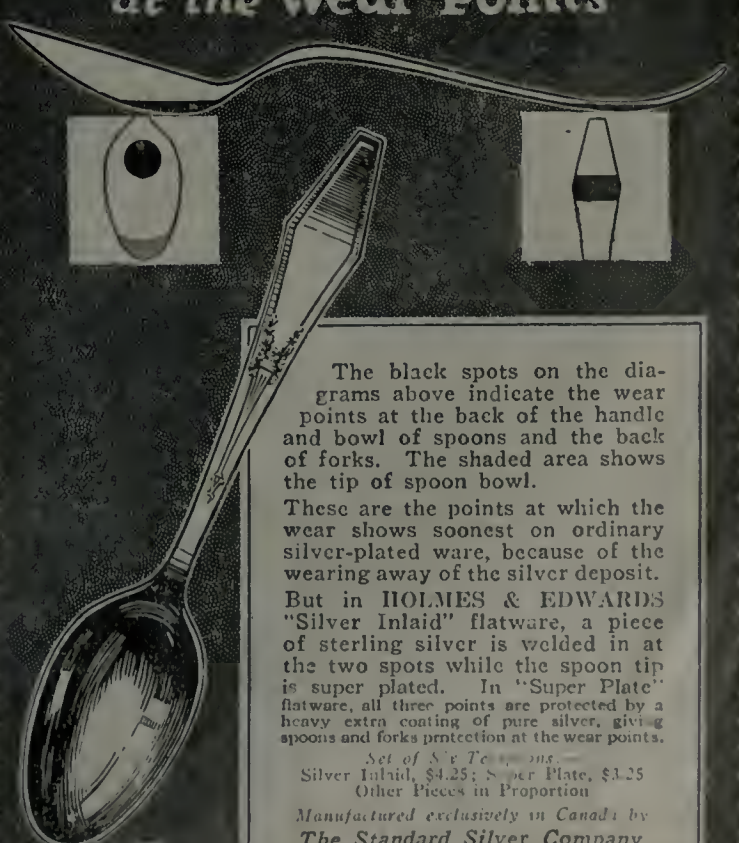

The black spots on the diagrams above indicate the wear points at the back of the handle and bowl of spoons and the back of forks. The shaded area shows the tip of spoon bowl.

These are the points at which the wear shows soonest on ordinary silver-plated ware, because of the wearing away of the silver deposit.

But in HOLMES & EDWARDS "Silver Inlaid" flatware, a piece of sterling silver is welded in at the two spots while the spoon tip is super plated. In "Super Plate" flatware, all three points are protected by a heavy extra coating of pure silver, giving spoons and forks protection at the wear points.

Set of Six Teaspoons—
Silver Inlaid, $4.25; Super Plate, $3.25
Other Pieces in Proportion

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by
The Standard Silver Company of Toronto, Limited

The Jamestown

Everybody's Happy

as well as comfortable when they are wearing

"CEETEE"

THE PURE WOOL UNDERCLOTHING THAT WILL NOT SHRINK

'CEETEE' underwear is made especially for those who appreciate *quality* and *comfort*.

While the first cost is higher than ordinary underwear, the better wear, greater warmth, lighter weight and all-round satisfaction make it much more *economical* in the long run.

You cannot buy poor 'CEETEE'—it is not made.

The process of manufacture is different and expensive—there is nothing else like it made in Canada—special machinery—specially trained operators—each garment with individuality.

Only the very finest, safest and cleanest Australian Merino wool is used—so soft that a baby can wear it.

There are no seams—as the garments are made with a selvedge and the joins are *knitted* together—not sewn as in ordinary garments.

Each 'CEETEE' garment is knit, not cut, to fit the body.

Each 'CEETEE' garment goes through our special secret process, making it absolutely *unshrinkable*.

As a matter of fact, 'CEETEE' is better than imported, it is in a class by itself—without competition and is *superlative*.

Made in all sizes for Men, Women and Children —in Union Suits or Separate Garments.

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BONN, GERMANY, Jan. 2nd, 1919

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Galt, Ontario

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Three years ago, before leaving G..... for overseas, I bought three sets of combinations, which I have worn almost continuously since and which have given *splendid satisfaction*. They are now finished and I should like to renew them. They are marked, Turnbull's Guaranteed Ceetee Unshrinkable Full-fashioned" and are *brown in color. I will want four suits this time.

Please make the shipment as soon as possible.

Yours truly
.....(Signed)
Lieut. Colonel
Commanding....Bn.Can. Engineers

*These brown Garments are Turnbull's cashmere No. 432. The original of above letter may be seen on file at our offices.

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Sure Shot stapling machine binds strongly, securely, and will drive a staple through one-quarter inch material. It is stout and durable. It will be useful in your office for rapid, reliable work. Saves time and trouble; is automatic; simple; clog-proof.

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Write to-day, stating your requirements. An "Acme" Machine will save time and money for you.

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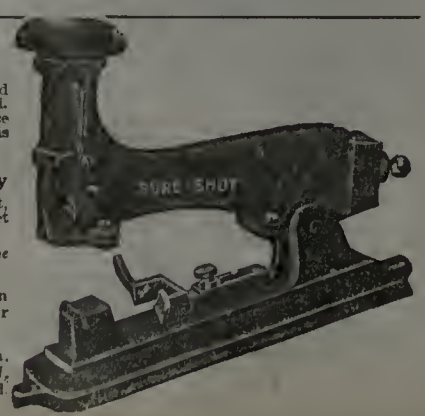

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Mexico and came to New York to carry out a further policy of frightfulness. Of that, more in a moment.

"Now, I think that after making his fatal move in the case of Berenice, and after suspecting that Lena Davis had spoken to me, he was preparing to execute his design against the Chemical Works or possibly some other plant, and had released consciously or otherwise more gas in his laboratory than he realized."

"But you—" broke in Mr. Fairweather, "did you not detect it?"

"Not in the least. I administered every sort of restorative and antidote I knew and was just making for the door to signal Fogarty when my heart seemed to burst in my throat. . . My tongue swelled up. . . fire seared my eye-balls and nostrils. . . in short, good friends, in those horrible moments before I lost consciousness, I said good bye mentally to each one of you."

Drummond cursed under his breath.

"I think that the supply in Mexico is designed for use at the Front," Helen went on. "You know that both the Germans and the Allies are constantly searching for a new gas for which the enemy has no antidote, and one of the features of this which makes it so valuable is that we are not prepared for it. There is no warning. Our boys have no thought of masks. They go into it, breathe it for some time and—and—there is no mark left," she hurried on, "in the case of inhalation, but I feel sure that a small quantity dispersed from such an instrument as an atomizer, would leave a mark where the slightest condensation occurred. I also think that death would be much swifter and practically painless."

There was silence for a moment, and then Helen continued:

"Lefroy's effects were searched and evidence brought to light which did not tend to clear his character—lists of chemical and munition plants, names of prominent chemists, political and military leaders and the like. Then the cablegram definitely committed him."

"The cablegram?" echoed Mr. Fairweather.

"Yes. It seemed reasonable to assume that as a German agent he must be communicating with his Government and to Mr. Harkniss is due the credit of proving this. He discovered that Lefroy had been sending cables to a clothing firm in Stockholm and that the first message, despatched almost immediately upon his arrival, deciphered, read—have you a copy, Mr. Harkniss?"

"Sorry," said the Inspector, "but I haven't. However, the gist of it was that another—another, mind you—consignment was ready for shipment as soon as a U-boat could be sent. Pretty conclusive evidence, eh?"

No one answered the question, and Drummond voiced the thought that was in every mind.

"Good God," he cried excitedly, "isn't there some way in which we can locate the base in Mexico and put a stop to these shipments?"

"And what about a counter-acting chemical?" demanded Lane, turning to Helen.

She spread out her hands and when she spoke a note of despondency had crept into her voice.

"Even while I have been choking and gasping," she said, "I have been at work searching. . . searching. . . but I don't seem to get anywhere. . . I have done nothing for Science and there seemed opportunity for doing so much!"

"Ah, now, Miss Dupont, don't be down-hearted," said the Chief. "Listen to this!" and he waved an official document before her eyes. . . . . *"German super-U-boat sunk off east coast Mexico, yesterday.* . . . That information came to me privately. You can guess what it means. It means that one of the enemy's submarines sent to attack our vessels on the way over, was starting home with a load of Lefroy's material. . . . perhaps all of it, who can say? So we will forgive your failure in the interest of Science if you can help us locate a German agent, and sink a super-U-boat every morning before breakfast!"

A Woman on the Bench

Continued from page 36

papers, the males frequently prefer to appear here. Women who are charged singly for any offence, always appear in their own court. There are several advantages in this, the primary one being that each woman gets a chance to make good if she wants to take it.

While we do not always fail, I must own that where the older woman is concerned, she does not readily respond. She may be moved to tears, and may promise better th ngs, but the experiences she has lived through have registered themselves on her nerves and fibre until she seems powerless to help herself. Her will is weakened; her moral nature broken down, and she has become an exile from her common humanity. Such a woman is a derelict on the ocean of life, "a wrecker," and a treacherous trull of whom an old-time writer said, she "has cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her."

When we have industrial homes for the many wayward girls who appear in court—places where they shall be taught three R's and suitable trades—we shall have done a great deal to solve the problem of delinquency. At present we keep them shut up, but teach them almost nothing. It is not wise to take a year out of a girl's life and then turn her out on the street—purer in mind and healthier in body—t is true, but no more capable of maintaining herself than before incarceration. Where is the use of telling a girl to be good when we all know that goodness is largely a by-product of efficiency?

In talking to the girls, and enquiring into their habits, where feeblemindedness was not a causative factor, I have found the bad girl to be the ignorant, lazy one, who has not been taught to use her hands.

The industrial side of redemptive work is one which requires close and urgent attention on the part of all interested women. Much good work has been done in the past to reclaim the wayward girl, but, after all, the struggles in life are not so much between the good and the bad as between the good and the better. The best way a woman magistrate, or any other woman, can be a savior is not to stoop and save, but to stand by the girl and let her save herself.

IF you are looking for an easy job, or one that is calculated to make friends for you, do not be a Police Magistrate.

There being two sides to every case, and the magistrate having to find in favor of one, it is wholly clear that the fifty per centum which represent the other side, whether as plaintiff, defendants, counsel, witnesses, or listeners must go away displeased, or even angry.

Women, in particular, because of their hitherto more secluded lives, are unused to taking reproof in public, and are apt to harbor bitterness.

Because they are of the same sex, the majority expect sympathy and defence from a woman magistrate rather than justice, and are surprised and chagrined that she should "side with" a man on any occasion. This is especially true in cases where indocile women assault their husbands. "He's able to take care of himself, he is," they'll say, whereas a man who is being beaten by his wife is probably the most ludicrous, the most helpless, and—yes, one of the most pitiable objects in the world. If he strikes back, he knows that the result is likely to be serious, and so he must either stand up under the beating or dodge as best he may.

In Northern Alberta, a woman quarreled with her husband over the titles of their farm and, to corroborate her argument, hit him with a stick. Since her childhood she had been blind in her right eye, and wore glasses to save her left one.

When in his rage, her husband hit back, by some awful miscalculation, the blow was landed on the lens of the left eye crushing the glass into her eyeball, forever destroying her vision.

May God, the Pitier, forgive old Philip for this, in that he will never forgive himself!

The offence of husband-beating may be one that is peculiar to the North where the average woman is more vital, more big and unafraid than in the South but, for a certainty, it is not altogether unknown in Alberta.

Having always held it as a cardinal principle that the distinguishing mark of a really fine woman is loyalty to her own sex, it often disturbs me in these cases of sex-antagonisms to see that my value both as a woman and as a magistrate is falling cent by cent, and that presently it will go below par.

Indeed, one woman from the British Isles who had beaten her mentally afflicted husband with a chair rung, and who was bound over to keep the peace, threatened to start a petition to have me officially disqualified as it was quite evident to her that I was "no woman's magistrate."

Another female designated by the police as "a snowbird"—that is to say one who snuffs a preparation of cocaine known as snow—threatened to shoot me, because of a severe sentence imposed upon her. I might have been frightened by this had I not found, on looking up the matter, that the killing of magistrates is really quite a rare occurrence. Indeed, the only case I could find happened in England when, in the year 1678, a magistrate was found dead in a ditch at the foot of Primrose Hill, a sword having been run through his body.

That magistrates were no more appreciated in those times, is evidenced by a writer of the day having described this murder as the finest piece of art in the seventeenth century.

Then, too, the woman magistrate suffers at the hands of her female admirers, in that they frequently use her as a kind of fearsome bogey to scare their employers, their husbands, or their icemen. They threaten also to "squeal" on their associates in wrong-doing, and frequently do squeal, usually by means of an anonymous letter or by telephone.

This procedure is not calculated to enhance the magistrate's popularity with the males of the community, so that it is just as well at the beginning of your career to make up your mind to a very considerable amount of resentment from both sexes.

So far as I can recall, the only person who seems to befriend the woman magistrate is the counsel for the defence, who so frequently refers to your wisdom, your well-known fairness, and your ability to digest evidence, hoping you may flatly fall for his pleasant "butter," and so acquit his client. Do I fall for it? Ho! Ho! my curious friends, do you think I'd be after telling if I did?

Speaking of Counsel for the defence, once a barrister pleaded that I should look leniently upon his client and not with the unsympathetic eyes which a woman of the higher class so often turns upon a woman of the lower class.

The request startled me. Was I doing this? Is it true that the over-worked woman of the so-called "lower class," subjected to temptations at an earlier age, becomes more liable to these than the over-fed, idle, and over-developed woman who is reared in more comfortable surroundings?

Should a magistrate rule that each class has its specific soul, or is it true, on the contrary, that

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin?"

In my mind, the question is still unsettled, in that I am forced to change my conclusions from day to day in order that justice may not seem to fail. After all, nothing is easier to upset than a conclusion, unless it be a canoe.

There is one distinct benefit, however, in being a police magistrate in a woman's court; you are saved from the risk of stagnancy. You will have the distinction too—albeit a graceless one—of having persecuted more perfectly pure, unoffending ladies than any other woman in your city.

We have never heard of anyone who regretted changing from some other Coffee to Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE But we have heard of a great many who were sorry they did not change sooner.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—Ground—Pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the $100, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's away to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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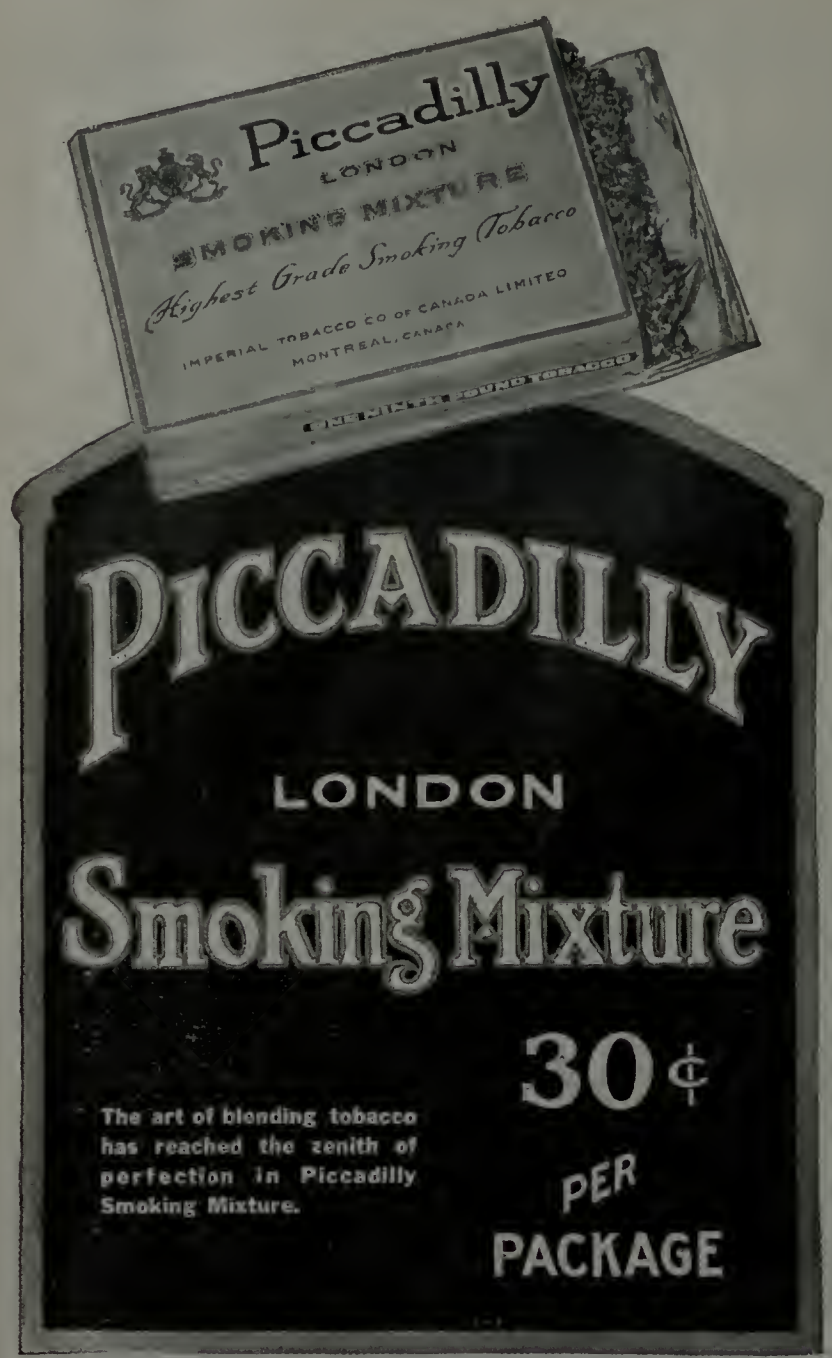

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The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honor, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster, the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt, near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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Two Men—And an Idea

Continued from page 33

story out of John R. Smith, was asked after he came away, if he had succeeded in securing an interview. "No," he replied disgustedly. "Smith succeeded in interviewing me."

The strenuous drift of his career has left an indelible impress on his personality. Outwardly, he wears the unreadable mask of a poker-player, but his speech and actions are indicative of an alert and impulsive mind. If something in a conversation should happen to suggest a real idea to him, he's quite as liable to be away in a flash to put that idea at work while the visitor ponders over the odd eccentricities of grain operators.

His gift for reading and sizing up other men is a by-word. All his executives are hand-picked—by John R. Smith. There's a story told—for the veracity of which I cannot vouch—which illustrates one of his characteristics. John R. Smith has three hobbies: golfing, breaking the speed laws on the motor highways and a rare collection of diamonds. The story is that he one time lost a wallet containing a number of his most highly prized sparklers and a roll of bills amounting to three hundred dollars. A superintendent on one of his farms found it and brought it to him. John R. was so delighted to recover his pet gems that he handed the man the roll of bills. "Here," he said, "keep that change; it's worth it to get the stones back." The man refused the money, and his chief, thinking it was modesty on the farmer's part, took the three hundred dollars to a savings bank where he deposited one hundred dollars each to the credit of the superintendent's three small children. The superintendent took the bank pass books away from the children and carried them back to Mr. Smith stating that he could not accept money that he did not believe he had earned. For his ill-advised action, he received his time and a cheque for the same to date with a curt explanation that "he was too honest to be trusted."

John R. Smith's Own Story

AN observant physiogomist might tell you that John R. Smith has the wide, high brow of a dreamer and the aggressive jaw of a man of action. But John R. would be the first to emphatically deny that he is personally gifted with a resourceful imagination, or that he has a Napoleonic knack of fashioning dreams into realities. Let him tell the story himself:

"No, I can't say that either Davidson or myself were ever abnormally ambitious to become either millionaires or ruling factors in commerce," he denied at the suggestion. "Necessity was the parent of almost every one of our undertakings. We were pretty much the creatures of circumstances.

"For instance, we started out as pioneers in the hospital elevator business through the very ordinary observation that there was a wastage in Canada's grain crop through lack of large enough facilities to redeem lower grades. Grain that did not come up to a remarkable standard was actually left on the grower's hands and huge quantities of it rotted on the prairies. It did not require any extraordinary imagination to see that as Western Canada's grain production increased the amount of lower grades would become enormous and the wastage proportionately so if means were not found to turn them into marketable commodities.

"That was the genesis of our first little hospital elevator in Fort William," continued Mr. Smith. "We soon afterwards found that this elevator and other hospital elevators subsequently built by rival concerns were by no means capable of meeting the demands made upon them. So we sold our first enterprise and built the thoroughly modern, fast-handling plant of a million and three-quarters capacity that now operates on the waterfront of Port Arthur."

5 Big, New Features

make this mop far superior to all others. For instance, the swab comes off with a pull, making it easy to wash, put through wringer and replace on frame.

LIQUID VENEER MOP

has full yarn center — more mopping surface—no metal to scrape. Gives almost unbelievable results on your floors—no more oil and grease.

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ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

This simple, accurate, easily operated machine prints excellent form letters without typesetting trouble or muss. It accurately reproduces drawings and ruled forms without composition or electrotypes.

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Every Rotospeed is fully equipped for any kind of typewritten, hand written or ruled work. It does everything that a stencil duplicator can do and yet it is so simple that any one can operate it almost immediately.

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We offer to put this money-maker in your office with full equipment on free trial. It will save its price before you buy it. Write at once to anyone of the agencies listed below for the details of this unusual offer.

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The A. A. Langford Co., Ltd., London, Ont.
Robt. Duncan & Co., Hamilton, Ont.
The Willson Stationery Co., Ltd., Winnipeg.
Office Specialty & Supply Co., St. John, N.B.

The plant which Mr. Smith made reference to is said to be the last word in despatch and efficiency for handling, storing and redeeming off-grade grains. The uninitiated may not know that these cleaning elevators are capable of taking in cargoes that are three-parts dirt, gravel, mustard-seed, wild oats and weeds of all Western varieties and redeeming the grain from this mess. Not only that, but they segregate all the constituents from No. 1 Hard down, so that each may be disposed of on the market for what it is worth. Damp and off-grade grains are also treated by patent processes in these elevators and redeemed for disposal. Hence the name "hospital elevator," which so many people have puzzled over.

How the Business Grew

"IT was in the same manner that all our subsidiary enterprises were suggested," continued Mr. Smith. "In our new waterfront plant we encountered transportation difficulties. We found it would be advantageous to have our own lake transportation service—in fact it became a necessity. So we bought a fleet of six grain steamers to handle our business for us.

"Next, in connection with the operation of the new plant it was found that switching charges and switching operations were such that grain could not be properly nor economically handled for us, principally on account of the high switching tariff. We secured a vessel and made a transfer ship out of her with a capacity of 70,000 bushels. This boat is a self-unloader and can unload at any elevator at the rate of 15,000 bushels an hour. The transfer ship has handled upward of 108,000 bushels in one day.

"I could show you that the ideas behind all our enterprises started in the same way," contended Mr. Smith. "The stock-feed and molasses manufacturing plant was suggested by the amount of off-grade grain that had to be shipped to United States to find a market. We concluded that in Canada, where so much stock feed was imported, there should be a means of making use of it here. This plant has been running continuously, grinding standard stock feed for the Dominion Government.

"Our country elevators, Western merchandising offices, harbor improvement companies, fish-packing plants and so forth all came into being in the selfsame manner—that is through some necessity suggested by one of our already going concerns."

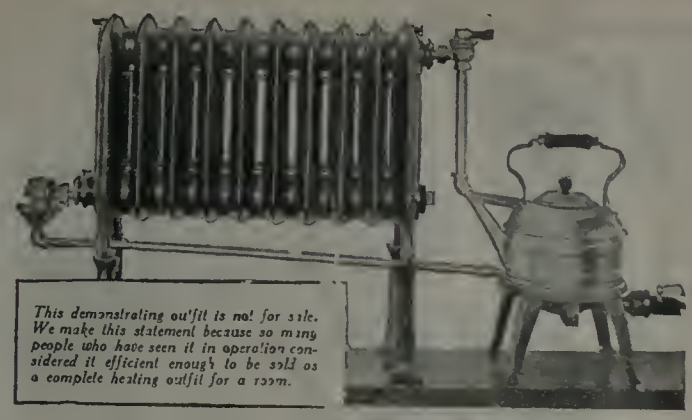
"How about the newspapers?" Mr. Smith was asked. "I understand you own a half dozen or more from Port Arthur to the coast."

"Same thing," came back the grain operator. "We needed the newspapers or we would not have purchased or established them. The man who says he buys a newspaper just to play with is either a fool or a hypocrite. We saw the crying need of a nationwide means of seting forth the position of the grain trade from time to time. You know how restriction after restriction put on by the Government has been gradually killing the grain trade in Western Canada and forcing operators to invest their money elsewhere. We felt that we should have a means of showing the people candidly just what was going on. It has been a slow process to educate the people to the peril of this governmental inquisition, but they will see it sooner or later. I hope they do before the grain trade of Canada, representing as it does years of achievement, is utterly ruined."

He Objects to Restrictions

MR. SMITH is at present rather pessimistic about the future of the Canadian grain-handling business. He even hints that governmental restrictions will sooner or later force a large portion of it into bankruptcy.

"We started out primarily as grain operators," said he. "For years we have made our principal business that of grain-handling. To-day it is fast becoming the opposite. Shipbuilding, marble-quarrying and other industries outside the Dominion are receiving the attention that we once devoted almost exclusively to Canada's leading indus-



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It would be more apropos to try to scan Canadian opportunities through John R. Smith's vision and ask, "What's next?"

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 40

behalf, you adorably wicked Man," her Ladyship wrote in one of her letters; "but I could wish that you would ask something of me which more closely concerned Yourself."

On another occasion she said:

"For the first time yester evening I wrung a half promise from His Majesty; but you cannot conceive in what a predicament you have placed me, for His Majesty hath shown signs of suspicion since I plead so earnestly on behalf of Lord Stour. If my insistence were really to arouse his jealousy, your Protege would certainly lose his head and I probably my place in the King's affections."

And then again:

"It greatly puzzles me why you should thus favour my Lord Stour. Is it not a fact that he hath insulted you beyond the hope of Pardon? And yet, not only do You plead for your enemy with passionate insistence, but You enjoin me at the same time to keep your noble purpose a Secret from him. Truly, but for my promise to You I would throw up the sponge, and that for your own good. . . . I did not know that Artists were Altruists. Methought that egotism was their most usual foible."

Thus I could no longer remain in doubt as to who the Benefactor was whom my Lord of Stour had to thank for his very life. Yet, withal, the Secret was so well kept that even in this era of ceaseless gossip and chatter everyone, even in the most intimate Court Circle, was ignorant of the subtle Intrigue which had been set in motion on behalf of the young Gallant.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Poisoned Arrows

I

DO you remember, dear Mistress, those lovely days we had in February this year? They were more like days of Spring than of Winter. For a fortnight we revelled in sunshine and a temperature more fitting for May than for one of the Winter months.

In London, rich and poor alike came out into the air like flies, the public Gardens and other Places of common resort were alive with Promenaders; the walks and arbours in the Gray's Inn Walks or the Mulberry Gardens were astir with brilliant Company. All day, whether you sauntered in Hyde Park, refreshed yourself with a collation in Spring Gardens or strolled into the New Exchange, you would find such a crowd of Men and Women of mode, such a galaxy of Beauty and bevy of fair Maids and gallant Gentlemen as had not been seen in the town since that merry month of May, nigh on two years ago now, when our beloved King returned from exile and all vied one with the other to give him a cheerful welcome.

To say that this period was one of unexampled triumph for Mr. Betterton would be to repeat what You know just as well as I do. He made some truly remarkable hits in certain Plays of the late Mr. William Shakespeare, notably in "Macbeth," in "King Lear" and in "Hamlet." Whether I like these Plays myself or not is beside the point; whatever I thought of them I kept to myself, but was loud in my admiration of the great Actor who indeed had by now conquered all hearts, put every other Performer in the shade and raised the Status of the Duke's Company of Players to a level far transcending that ever attained by Mr. Killigrew's old Company.

This opinion, at any rate, I have the honour of sharing with all the younger generation of Playgoers who flock to the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, even while the King's House in Vere Street is receiving but scanty patronage. Of course my Judgment may not be altogether impartial, seeing that in addition to Mr. Betterton, who is the finest Actor our English stage has ever known, the Duke's house also boasts of the loveliest Actress that ever walked before the curtain.

You, dear Mistress, were already then, as you are now, at the zenith of your Beauty and your Fame, and your damask cheeks would blush, I know, if you were to read for yourself some of the Eulogies which the aforementioned Mr. Samuel Pepys in his letters to Mr. Betterton bestows upon the exquisite Mistress Saunderson—"Ianthe," as he has been wont to call you ever since he saw You play that part in Sir William Davenant's "The Siege of Rhodes."

Of course I know that of late no other sentimental tie hath existed outwardly between Mr. Betterton and yourself save that of Comradeship and friendly Intercourse; but often when sitting in the Pit of the Theatre I watched You and him standing together before the curtain and receiving the plaudits of an enthusiastic Audience, I prayed to God in my heart to dissipate the cloud of misunderstanding which had risen between You; aye! and I cursed fervently the Lady Barbara and her noble Lover, who helped to make that cloud more sombre and impenetrable.

II

I NATURALLY heard a great deal more of Society Gossip these days than I was wont to do during the time that I was a mere Clerk in the employ of Mr. Theophilus Baggs. My kind Employer treated me more as a friend than a Servant. I had fine clothes to wear, accompanied him on several occasions when he appeared in Public, and was constantly in his tiring room at the Theatre, when he received and entertained a never-ending stream of Friends.

Thus, toward the end of the Month, I gathered from the conversation of Gentlemen around me that the Marquess of Sidbury had come up to Town in the Company of his beautiful Daughter. He had, they said, taken advantage of the fine weather to make the journey to London, as he desired to consult the Court Physician on the matter of his health.

I shall never forget the strange look that came into Mr. Betterton's face when first the Subject was mentioned. He and some Friends—Ladies as well as Gentlemen—were assembled in the small reception room which hath lately been fitted up behind the Stage. Upholstered and curtained with a pleasing shade of green, the Room is much frequented by Artists and their Friends, and it is always crowded during the performance of those Plays wherein one of the leading Actors or Actresses has a part.

We have taken to calling the place the Green Room, and here on the occasion of a performance of Mr. Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," in which You, dear Mistress, had no part, a very brilliant Company was assembled. Sir William Davenant was there, as a matter of course, so was Sir George Etherege, and that brilliant young dramatist, Mr. Wycherley. In addition to that, there were one or two very great Gentlemen there, members of the Court Circle and enthusiastic Playgoers, who were also intimate Friends of Mr. Betterton. I am referring particularly to the Duke

of Buckingham, to my Lord Rochester, Lord Orrery and others. A brilliant Assembly forsooth, which testified to the high esteem in which the great Artist is held by all those who have the privilege of knowing him.

I told You that when first the name of the Lady Barbara was mentioned in the Green Room, a strange Glance which I was unable to interpret shot out of Mr. Betterton's eyes, and as I gazed upon that subtle, impalpable change which suddenly transformed his serene Expression of Countenance into one that was almost evil, I felt a curious sinking of the heart—a dread premonition of what was to come. You know how his lips are ever ready to smile: now they appeared thin and set, while the sensitive Nostrils quivered almost like those of the wild Beasts which we have all of us frequently watched in the Zoological Gardens, when the Attendants bring along the food for the day and they, eager and hungry, know that the Hour of Satisfaction is nigh.

"The fair Lady Babs," one of the young Gallants was saying with studied flippancy, "is more beautiful than ever, methinks; even though she goes about garbed in the robes of sorrow."

"Poor young thing!" commented His Grace of Buckingham kindly. "She has been hard hit in that last affair."

"I wonder what has happened to Wychwoode," added Lord Rochester, who had been a known Friend of Lord Douglas.

"Oh! he reached Holland safely enough," another Gentleman whom I did not know averred. "I suppose he thinks that it will all blow over presently and that he will obtain a free pardon ——"

"Like my Lord Stour," commented Mr. Betterton drily.

"Oh! that's hardly likely," interposed Sir George Etherege. "Wychwoode was up to the neck in the Conspiracy, whilst Stour was proved to be innocent of the whole affair."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Betterton asked quietly.

"How do I know it?" retorted Sir George. "Why? . . . . How do we all know it?"

"I was wondering," was Mr. Betterton's calm rejoinder.

"I imagine," broke in another Gentleman, "that at the trial ——"

"Stour never stood his trial, now you come to think of it," here interposed my Lord of Rochester.

"He was granted a free pardon," asserted His Grace of Buckingham, "two days after his arrest."

"At the instance of the Countess of Castlemaine, so I am told," concluded Mr. Betterton.

YOU see, he only put in a Word here and there, but always to some purpose; and oh! that Purpose I simply dared not guess. I was watching him, remember, watching him as only a devoted Friend or a fond Mother know how to watch; and I saw that set look on his Face grow harder and harder and a steely, glittering light flash out of his eyes.

My God! how I suffered! For with that intuition which comes to us at times when those whom we love are in deadly peril, I had suddenly beheld the Abyss of Evil into which my Friend was about to plunge headlong. Yes! I understood now why Mr. Betterton had pleaded with my Lady Castlemaine for his Enemy's life. It was not in order to confer upon him a lasting benefit and thus shame him by his Magnanimity; but rather in order to do him an Injury so irreparable that even Death could not wipe it away.

But You shall judge, dear Mistress; and thus judging You will understand much that has been so obscure in my dear Friend's Character and in his actions of late. And to understand all is to forgive all. One thing you must remember, however, and that is that no Man of Mr. Betterton's worth hath ever suffered in his Pride and his innermost Sensibilities as he hath done at the hands of that young Jackanapes whom he hated—as I had good cause to know now—with an intensity which was both cruel and relentless. He meant to be even with him, to fight him with his own

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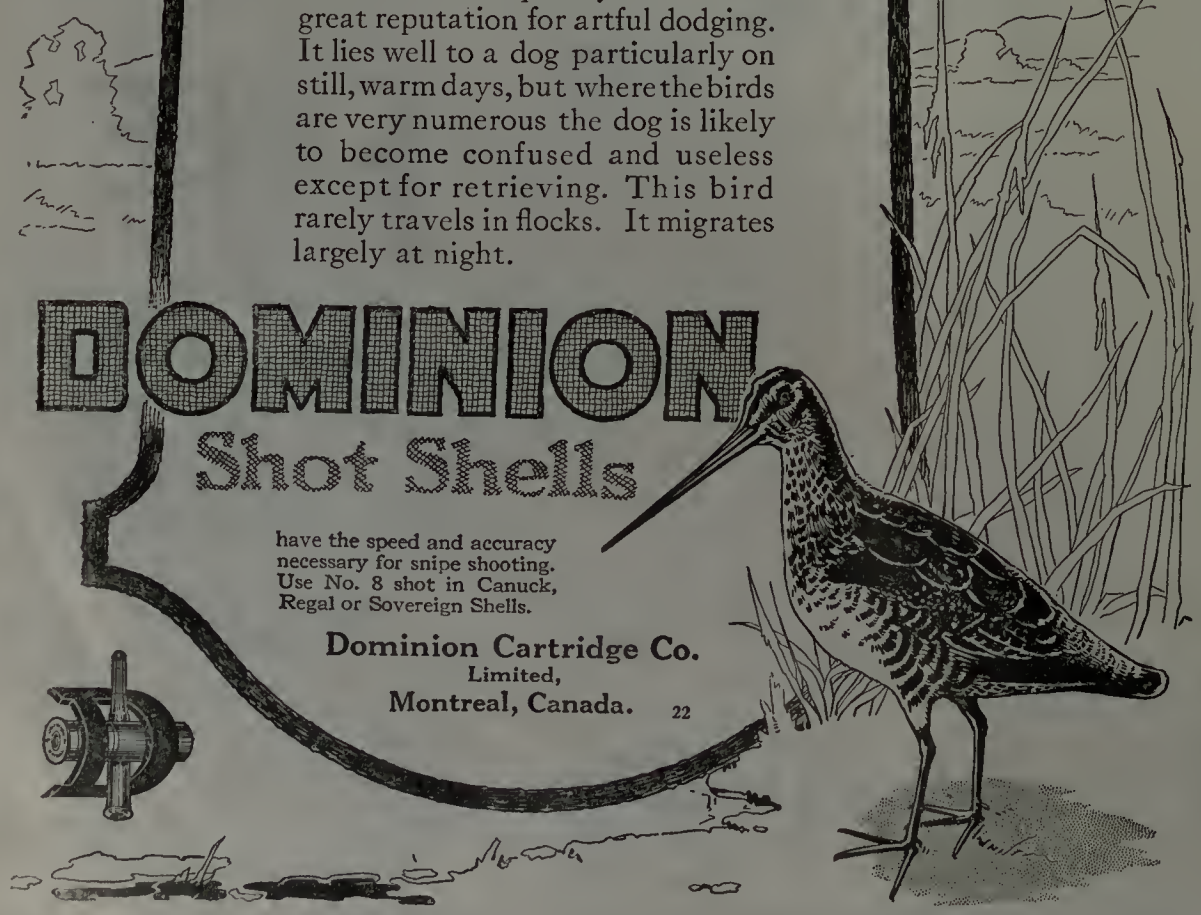

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weapons, which were those of Contempt and of Ridicule. He meant to wound there, where he himself had suffered most, in Reputation and Self-Respect.

I saw it all, and was powerless to do aught save to gaze in mute heart-agony on the marring of a noble Soul. Nay! I am not ashamed to own it: I did in my heart condemn my Friend for what he had set out to do. I too hated Lord Stour, God forgive me! but two months ago I would gladly have seen his arrogant Head fall upon the Scaffold; but this subtle and calculating Revenge, this cold Intrigue to ruin a Man's Reputation and to besmirch his Honour, was beyond my ken, and I could have wept to see the great Soul of the Man, whom I admired most in all the World, a prey to such an evil purpose.

"We all know," one of the young Sparks was saying even now, "that my Lady Castlemaine showed Stour marked favour from the very moment he appeared at Court."

"We also know," added Mr. Betterton with quiet irony, "that the whisper of a beautiful Woman often drowns the loudest call of Honour."

"But surely you do not think ——?" riposted Lord Rochester indignantly, "that—that ——"

"That what, my Lord?" queried Mr. Betterton calmly.

"Why, demme, that Stour did anything dishonourable?"

"Why should I not think that?" retorted Mr. Betterton, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Because he is a Stourcliffe of Stour, Sir," broke in Sir George Etherege in that loud, blustering way he hath at times; "and bears one of the greatest names in the land."

"A great name is hereditary, Sir," rejoined the great Actor quietly. "Honesty is not."

"But what does Lady Castlemaine say about it all?" interposed Lord Orrery.

"Lady Castlemaine hath not been questioned on the subject, I imagine," interposed Sir William Davenant drily.

"Ah!" rejoined His Grace of Buckingham. "There you are wrong, Davenant. I remember speaking to her Ladyship about Stour one day—saying how glad I was that he, at any rate, had nothing to do with that abominable affair."

"Well?" came eagerly from everyone. "What did she say?"

His Grace remained thoughtful for a time, as if trying to recollect Something that was eluding his memory. Then he said, turning to Mr. Betterton:

"Why, Betterton, you were there at the time. Do You recollect? It was at one of Her Ladyship's supper parties. His Majesty was present. We all fell to talking about the Conspiracy, and the King said some very bitter things. Then I thought I would say something about Stour. You remember?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Mr. Betterton.

"What did Lady Castlemaine say?"

"I don't think she said anything. Methinks she only laughed."

"So she did!" assented His Grace; "and winked at You, you rogue! I recollect the circumstance perfectly now, though I attached no importance to it at the time. But I can see it all before me. His Majesty frowned and continued to look glum, whilst the Countess of Castlemaine vowed with a laugh that, anyway, my Lord Stour was the handsomest Gentleman in London and that 'twere a pity to allow such a beautiful head to fall on the Scaffold."

"It certainly sounds very strange," mused my Lord Rochester, and fell to talking in whispers with Sir George Etherege, whilst His Grace of Buckingham went and sat down beside Mr. Betterton and obviously started to discuss the incident of the supper party all over again with the great Actor. Other isolated groups also formed themselves, and I knew that my Lord Stour's name was on everyone's lips.

TRADUCEMENT and gossip is meat and drink to all these noble and distinguished Gentlemen, and here they had something to talk about which would transcend in Scandal anything that had gone before. The story about my Lord Stour would spread with the rapidity which only evil-loving tongues can give.

Alas! my poor Friend knew that well enough when he shot his poisoned Arrows into the air. I was watching him whilst His Grace of Buckingham conversed with him: I saw the feverishly keen look in his eyes as he, in his turn, watched the ball of Slander and Gossip being tossed about from one group to another. He said but little, hardly gave answer to His Grace; but I could see that he was on the alert, ready with other little poisoned Darts whenever he saw signs of weakening in the volume of backbiting which he had so deliberately set going.

"I liked Stour and I admired him," Lord Rochester said at one time. "I could have sworn that Nature herself had written "honest man" on his face."

"Ah!——" interposed Mr. Betterton, with that quiet sarcasm which I had learned to dread. "Nature sometimes writes with a bad pen."

III

IT is not to be wondered at that the Scandal against my Lord Stour, which was started in the Green Room of the Theatre, grew in magnitude with amazing rapidity. I could not tell you, dear Mistress, what my innermost feelings were in regard to the Matter: being an humble and ignorant Clerk and devoted to the one Man to whom I owe everything that makes life pleasing, I had neither the wish nor the mental power to tear my heart to pieces in order to find out whether it beat in Sympathy with my Friend or with the Victim of such a complete and deadly Revenge

My Lord Stour was not then in London. He too, like many of his Friends —notably the Marquis of Sidbury and others not directly accused of participation in the aborted Plot—had retired to his country Estate, probably unwilling to witness the gaieties of City life while those he cared for most were in such dire Sorrow. But now that the Lady Barbara and her father were once more in Town, there was little doubt that he too would return there presently. Since he was a free Man and Lord Douglas Wychwoode had succeeded in evading the Law, there was no doubt that the natural Elasticity of Youth coupled with the prospect of the happy future which lay before him, would soon enable him to pick up the Threads of Life there where they had been so unexpectedly and ruthlessly entangled.

I imagine that when his Lordship first arrived in Town and once more established himself in the magnificent Mansion in Canon's Row which I had bitter cause to know so well, he did not truly visualize the atmosphere of brooding suspicion which encompassed him where'er he went. If he did notice that one or two of his former Friends did give him something of a cold shoulder, I believe that he would attribute this more to political than to personal Reasons. He had undoubtedly been implicated in a Conspiracy which was universally condemned for its Treachery and Disloyalty, and no doubt for a time he would have to bear the brunt of public Condemnation, even though the free Pardon which had so unexpectedly been granted him proved that he had been more misguided than really guilty.

His arrival in London, his appearance in Public Places, his obvious ignorance of the cloud which was hanging over his fair Name, were the subject of constant discussion and comment in the Green Room of the Theatre as well as elsewhere. And I take it that his very Insouciance, the proud carelessness wherewith he met the cold reception which had been granted him, would soon have got over the scandalous tale which constant Gossip alone kept alive, except that one tongue—and one alone —never allowed that Gossip to rest.

And that tongue was an eloquent as well as a bitter one, and more cunning than even I could ever have believed.

How oft in the Green Room, in the midst of a brilliant Company, have I listened to the flippant talk of gay young Sparks, only to hear it drifting inevitably toward the Subject of my Lord Stour and that wholly unexplainable Pardon which had left him a free Man whilst all his former Associates had either perished as Traitors or were forced to lead the miserable life of an Exile, afar from Home, Kindred and Friends.

Drifting, did I say? Nay, the Talk was invariably guided in that direction by the unerring Voice of a deeply outraged Man who, at last, was taking his Revenge. A Word here, an Insinuation there, a witty Remark or a shrug of the shoulders, and that volatile sprite Public Opinion would veer back from any possible doubt or leniency to the eternally unanswered riddle: "When so many of his Friends perished upon the Scaffold, how was it that my Lord Stour was free?"

How it had come about I know not, but it is certain that very soon it became generally known that his Lordship had been entrusted by his Friends with the distribution of Manifestos which were to rally certain Waverers to the cause of the Conspirators. And it was solemnly averred that it was in consequence of a Copy of this same Manifesto, together with a list of prominent Names, coming into the hands of my Lady Castlemaine, that so many Gentlemen were arrested and executed, and my Lord Stour had been allowed to go scot-free.

How could I help knowing that this last Slander had emanated from the Green Room with the object of laying the final stone to the edifice of Calumnies, which was to crush an Enemy's reputation and fair fame beyond the hope of retrieval?

IV

A DAY or two later my Lord Stour, walking with a Friend in St. James's Park, came face to face with Mr. Betterton, who had Sir William Davenant and the Duke of Albemarle with him as well as one or two other Gentlemen, whilst he leaned with his wonted kindness and familiarity on my arm. Mr. Betterton would, I think, have passed by; but my Lord Stour, ignoring him as if he were dirt under aristocratic feet, stopped with ostentatious good-will to speak with the General.

But his Grace did in truth give the young Lord a very cold shoulder and Sir William Davenant, equally ostentatiously, started to relate piquant Anecdotes to young Mr. Harry Wordsley, who was just up from the Country.

I saw my Lord Stour's handsome face darken with an angry frown. For awhile he appeared to hesitate as to what he should do, then with scant Ceremony he took the Duke of Albemarle by the coat-sleeve and said hastily:

"My Lord Duke, You and my Father fought side by side on many occasions. Now, I like not your attitude towards me. Will you be pleased to explain?"

The General tried to evade him, endeavored to disengage his coat-sleeve, but my Lord Stour was tenacious. A kind of brooding obstinacy sat upon his good-looking face and after awhile he reiterated with almost fierce insistence:

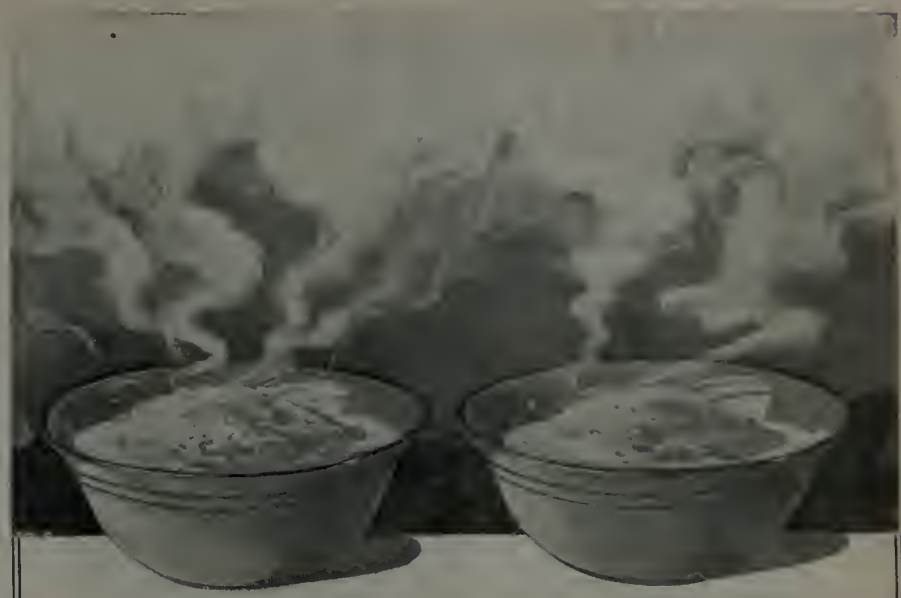
"No! no! you shall not go, my Lord, until You have explained. I am tired," he added roughly, "of suspicious looks and covert smiles, an atmosphere of ill-will which greets me at every turn. Politically, many may differ from Me, but I have yet to learn that a Gentleman hath not the right to his own Opinions without being cold-shouldered by his Friends."

THE Duke of Albemarle allowed him to talk on for awhile. His Grace obviously was making up his mind to take a decisive step in the matter. After a while he did succeed in disengaging his coat-sleeve from the persistent clutch of his young Friend, and then, looking the latter straight between the eyes, he said firmly:

"My Lord, as you say, your Father and I were Friends and Comrades in Arms. Therefore you must forgive an old Man and a plain Soldier a pertinent question. Will you do that"

"Certainly," was my Lord Stour's quiet reply.

"Very well then," continued His Grace, while all of us who were there held our breath, feeling that this colloquy threatened to have a grave



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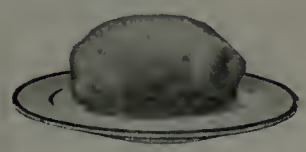

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issue. "Very well. I am glad that you have given me this opportunity of hearing some sort of Explanation from you, for in truth, rumour of late hath been over busy with your Name."

"An Explanation, my Lord" the young man said, with an added frown.

"Aye!" replied His Grace. "That's just the word. An Explanation. For I, my Lord, as your Father's Friend, will ask you this: how is it that while Teammouth, Campsfield and so many of your Associates perished upon the Scaffold, You alone, of those implicated in that infamous plot, did obtain an unconditional Pardon?"

Lord Stour stepped back as if he had been hit in the face. Boundless astonishment was expressed in the gaze which he fixed upon the General, as well as wrathful indignation.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed, "that question is an insult!"

"Make me swallow mine own words," retorted His Grace imperturbably, "by giving me a straight answer."

"Mine answer must be straight," rejoined Lord Stour firmly, "since it is based on truth. I do not know."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders, and there came a sarcastic laugh from more than one of the Gentlemen there.

"I give your Lordship my word of honor," Lord Stour insisted haughtily. Then, as His Grace remained silent, with those deep-set eyes of his fixed searchingly upon the young Man, the latter added vehemently: "Is then mine honour in question?"

Whereupon Mr. Betterton, who hitherto had remained silent, interposed very quietly:

"The honour of some Gentlemen, my Lord, is like the manifestation of Ghosts—much talked of. . . . but always difficult to prove!"

YOU know his Voice, dear Mistress, and that subtle carrying power which it has, although he never seems to raise it. After he had spoken You could have heard the stirring of every little twig in the trees above us, for no one said another word for a moment or two. We all stood there, a compact little group: Lord Stour facing the Duke of Albemarle and Mr. Betterton standing a step or two behind His Grace, his fine, expressive face set in a mask of cruel irony. Sir William Davenant and the other Gentlemen had closed in around those three. They must have felt that some strange storm of Passions was brewing, and instinctively they tried to hide its lowering clouds from public gaze.

Fortunately there were not many Passers-by just then, and the little scene remained unnoted by the idly curious, who are ever wont to collect in Crowds whenever anything strange to them happens to attract their attention.

My Lord Stour was the first to recover speech. He turned on Mr. Betterton with unbridled fury.

"What?" he cried, "another sting from that venomous Wasp? I might have guessed that so miserable a calumny came from such a vile Caitiff as this!"

"Abuse is not Explanation, my lord," interposed the Duke of Albemarle firmly. "And I must remind you that you have left my question unanswered.'

"Put it more intelligibly, my Lord," retorted Lord Stour haughtily. "I might then know how to reply."

"Very well," riposted His Grace, still apparently unmoved. "I will put it differently: I understand that your Associates entrusted their treasonable Manifestos to you. Is that a fact?"

"I'll not deny it."

"You cannot," rejoined the Duke drily. "Sir James Campsfield, in the course of his Trial, admitted that he had received his summons through you. But a Copy of that Manifesto came into the hands of my Lady Castelmaine just in time to cause the Conspiracy to abort. How was that?"

"Some traitor," replied Lord Stour hotly, "of whom I have no cognizance."

"Yet it was You," riposted the General quietly, "who received a free pardon. . . . no one else. How was that?" he reiterated more sternly.

"I have sworn to You that I do not

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know," protested my Lord Stour fiercely.

He looked now like a Man at bay, trapped in a net which was closing in around him and from which he was striving desperately to escape. His face was flushed, his eyes glowed with an unnatural fire. And always his restless gaze came back to Mr. Betterton, who stood by, calm and impassive, apparently disinterested in this colloquy wherein a man's Honour was being tossed about to the winds of Slander and of Infamy. Now Lord Stour gazed around him, striving to find one line of genuine Sympathy on the stern faces which were confronting him.

"My word of Honour, Gentlemen," he exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "that I do not know!"

HONESTLY I think that one or two of them did feel for him and were inclined to give him credence. After all, these young Fops are not wicked; they are only mischievous as Children or young Puppies are wont to be, ready to snarl at one another, to yap and to tear to pieces anything that happens to come in their way. Moreover, there was the great bond of Caste between these people. They were, in their innermost hearts, loth to believe that one of themselves—a Gentleman, one bearing a great Name—could be guilty of this type of foul crime which was more easily attributable to a Plebeian. It was only their love of scandal-mongering and of backbiting that had kept the story alive all these weeks. Even now there were one or two sympathetic murmurs amongst those present when my Lord Stour swore by his honour.

But just then Mr. Betterton's voice was heard quite distinctly above that murmur.

"Honour is a strangely difficult word to pronounce on the stage," he was saying to Sir William Davenant, apparently apropos of something the latter had remarked just before. "You try and say it, Davenant; you will see how it almost dislocates your jaw, yet produces no effect."

"Therefore, Mr. Actor," Lord Stour broke in roughly, "it should only be spoken by those who have a glorious Ancestry behind them to teach them its true significance."

"Well spoken, my Lord," Mr. Betterton rejoined placidly. "But you must remember that but few of His Majesty's Servants have a line of glorious ancestry behind them. In that way they differ from many Gentlemen, who, having nothing but their Ancestry to boast of, are very like a turnip—the best of them is under the ground."

This sally was greeted with loud laughter and by a subtle process which I could not possibly define, the wave of Sympathy, which was setting in the direction of my Lord Stour, once more receded from him, leaving him wrathful and obstinate, His Grace of Albermarle stern, and the young Fops flippant and long-tongued as before.

"My Lord Stour," the General now broke in once more firmly, "'tis you sought this Explanation, not I. Now you have left my question unanswered. Your Friends entrusted their Manifestos to You. How came one of these in Lady Castlemaine's hands?"

And the young Man, driven to bay, facing half a dozen pairs of eyes that held both contempt and enmity in their glance, reiterated hoarsely:

"I have sworn to You that I do not know." Then he added: "Hath loyalty then left this unfortunate land, that You can all believe such a vile thing of me?"

And in the silence that ensued, Mr. Betterton's perfectly modulated voice was again raised in quietly sarcastic accents.

"As you say, my Lord," he remarked, "loyalty hath left this unfortunate Country. Perhaps," he added with a light shug of the shoulders, "to take refuge with your glorious ancestry."

THIS last gibe, however, brought my Lord Stour's exasperation to a raging fury. Pushing unceremoniously past His Grace of Albermarle, who stood before him, he took a step forward and confronted Mr. Betterton, eye to eye, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he literally glowered down upon the great Artist, who stood his ground, placid and unmoved.

"Insolent Varlet," came in raucous tones from the young Lord's quivering lips. "If you had a spark of chivalry or of honour in You—"

At the arrogant insult every one drew their breath. A keen excitement flashed in every eye. Here was at last a quarrel, one that must end in bloodshed. Just what was required—so thought these young Rakes, I feel sure—to clear the atmosphere and to bring abstruse questions of Suspicion and of Honour to a level which they could all of them understand. Only the Duke of Albermarle, who, like a true and great Soldier, hath the greatest possible abhorrence for the gentlemanly Pastime of Duelling, tried to interpose. But Mr. Betterton, having provoked the quarrel, required no interference from anyone. You know his way, dear Mistress, as well as I do—that quiet attitude which he is wont to assume, that fraction of a second's absolute Silence just before he begins to speak. I know of no Elocutionist's trick more telling than that. It seems to rivet the Attention and at the same time to key up Excitement and Curiosity to its greatest strain.

"By your leave, my Lord," he said slowly, and his splendid voice rose just to a sufficient pitch of loudness to be distinctly heard by those immediately near him, but not one yard beyond. "By your leave, let us leave the word 'honour' out of our talk. It hath become ridiculous and obsolete now that every Traitor doth use it for his own ends."

But in truth my Lord Stour now was beside himself with fury.

"By gad!" he exclaimed with a harsh laugh, "I might have guessed that it was your pestilential tongue which stirred up this treason against me. Liar!—Scoundrel!—"

He was for heaping up one insult upon the other, lashing himself as it were into greater fury still, when Mr. Betterton's quietly ironical laugh broke in upon his senseless ebullitions.

"Liar?—Scoundrel, am I?" he said lightly, and still laughing, he turned to the Gentlemen who stood beside him. "Nay! if the sight of a Scoundrel offends his Lordship, he should shut himself up in his own room—and break his mirror!"

At this, my Lord Stour lost the last vestige of his self-control, seized Mr. Betterton by the shoulder and verily, I thought, made as if he would strike him.

"You shall pay for this insolence!" he cried.

But already, with perfect sang-froid, the great Artist had arrested his Lordship's uplifted hand and wrenched it away from his shoulder.

"By your leave, my Lord," he said, and with delicate fingers flicked the dust from off his coat. "This coat was fashioned by an honest tailor, and has never been touched by a traitor's hand."

I thought then that I could see Murder writ plainly on My Lord's face, which had suddenly become positively livid. The excitement around us now was immense. In truth I am convinced that every Gentleman there present at the moment felt that something more deep and more intensely bitter lay at the root of this quarrel between the young Lord and the great and popular Artist. Even now some of them would have liked to interfere, whilst the younger ones undoubtedly enjoyed the spectacle and were laying, I doubt not, imaginary Wagers as to which of the two Disputants would remain master of the situation.

HIS Grace of Albermarle tried once more to interpose with all the authority of his years and of his distinguished Position, for indeed there was something almost bestial in Lord Stour's wrath by now. But Mr. Betterton took the words at once out of the great General's mouth.

"Nay, my Lord," he said with quiet firmness, "I pray you, do not inter-

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fere. I am in no danger, I assure you. My Lord Stour would wish to kill me, no doubt. But, believe me, Fate did not ordain that Tom Betterton should die by such a hand....the fickle Jade hath too keen a sense of humour."

Whereupon he made a movement as if to walk away. I felt the drag upon my arm where his slender hand was still resting. The others were silent. What could they say? Senseless Numskulls though they were for the most part, they had enough perception to realize that between these two Men there was hatred so bitter that no mere Gentlemanly Bloodshed could ever wipe it away.

But ere Mr. Betterton finally turned to go, my Lord of Stour stepped out in front of him. All the rage appeared to have died out of him. He was outwardly quite calm, only a weird twitching of his lips testified to the Storm of Passion which he had momentarily succeeded to keep under control.

"Mr. Actor," he said slowly, "but a few weeks ago you asked me to cross swords with you. . . .I refused then, for up to this hour I have never fought a Duel save with an equal. But now, I accept," he added forcefully, even while the words came veiled and husky from his throat. "I accept. Do you hear me? . . . .for the laws of England do not permit a Murder, and as sure as there's a Heaven above me, I am going to kill You."

Mr. Betterton listened to him until the end. You know that power which he hath of seeming to tower above everyone who stands nigh him? Well! he exercised that power now. He stepped quite close to my Lord Stour, and though the latter is of more than average height, Mr. Betterton literally appeared to soar above him with the sublime Magnificence of an outraged Man coming into his own at last.

"My Lord of Stour," he said, with perfect quietude, "a few weeks ago you insulted me as Man never dared to insult Man before. With every blow dealt upon my shoulders by your Lacqueys, You outraged the Majesty of Genius. . . . yes! its Majesty!. . . . its Godhead! . . . . You raised your insolent hand against be—against me, the Artist, whom God himself hath crowned with Immortality. For a moment then, my outraged Manhood clamoured for satisfaction. I asked You to cross swords with me, for You seemed to me . . . . then . . . . worthy of that Honour. But to-day, my Lord of Stour," he continued, whilst every word he spoke seemed to strike upon the ear like blows from a relentless hammer; "Traitor to your Friends. Liar and Informer!!! Bah! His Majesty's Well-Beloved Servant cannot fight with such as You!"

In truth I do not remember what happened after that. The unutterable Contempt, the Disgust, the Loathing expressed in my Friend's whole attitude, seemed to hit even me between the eyes. I felt as if some giant hands had thrown a kind of filmy grey veil over my head, for I heard and saw nothing save a blurred and dim vision of uplifted arms, of clenched fists and of a general scrimmage, of which my Lord Stour appeared to be the centre, whilst my ears only caught the veiled echo of words flung hoarsely into the air:

"Let me go! Let me go! I must kill him! I must!"

Mr. Betterton, on the other hand, remained perfectly calm. I felt a slight pressure on my arm and presently realized that he and I had turned and were walking away down the avenue of the park and leaving some way already behind us a seething mass of excited Gentlemen, all intent on preventing murder being committed then and there.

What the outcome of it all would be, I could not visualize. Mr. Betterton had indeed been able to give Insult for Insult and Outrage for Outrage at last: for this he had schemed and worked and planned all these weeks. Whether God and Justice were on his side in this terrible Revenge, I dared not ask myself, nor yet if the Weapon which he had chosen were worthy of his noble character and of his integrity. That public opinion was on his side, I concluded from the fact that the Duke of Albermarle and Sir William Davenant both walked a few yards with him after he had turned his back on my Lord, and that His Grace constituting himself Spokesman for himself and Sir William, offered their joint services to Mr. Betterton in case he changed his mind and agreed to fight my Lord Stour in duel.

"I thank your Grace," was Mr. Betterton's courteous reply; "but I am not likely to change my mind on that score."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I

The Lady Pleads

I AM not able quite to determine in my own mind whether the Lady Barbara Wychwoode did hear and see something of the violent Scene which I have just attempted to describe.

I told you, dear Mistress, that fortunately for us all this part of the Park where the Scene occurred was for the moment practically deserted. At any rate, no Crowd collected around us, for which, methinks, we were, every one of us, thankful. If a few of the Passers-by heard anything of the altercation, they merely hurried past, thinking no doubt that it was only one or two young city Sparks, none too sober even at this morning hour, who were quarrelling among themselves.

When we walked away down the Avenue which leads in the direction of Knightsbridge, Mr. Betterton's well-known, elegant figure was remarked by a few Pedestrians on their way to and fro, as was also the familiar one of the Duke of Albemarle, and some People raised their hats to the great Artist while others saluted the distinguished General.

Presently His Grace and Sir William Davenant took leave of Mr. Betterton, and a few moments later the latter suggested that we should also begin to wend our way homewards.

We retraced our steps and turned back in the direction of Westminster. Mr. Betterton was silent; he walked quite calmly, with head bent and firm footsteps, and I, knowing his humour, walked along in silence by his side.

Then suddenly we came upon the Lady Barbara.

That she had sought this meeting I could not doubt for a moment. Else, how should a Lady of her Rank and Distinction be abroad, and in a public Park, unattended? Indeed, I was quite sure that she had only dismissed her maid when she saw Mr. Betterton coming along, and that the Wench was lurking somewhere behind one of the shrubberies, ready to accompany her Ladyship home when the interview was at an end.

I said that I am even now doubtful as to whether the Lady Barbara saw and heard something of the violent Altercation which had taken place a quarter of an hour ago between her Lover and the great Actor. If not, she certainly displayed on that occasion that marvellous intuition which is said to be the prerogative of every Woman when she is in love.

She was walking on the further side of Rosamond Pond when first I caught sight of her, and when she reached the Bridge, she came deliberately to a halt. There is no other way across the Pond save by the Bridge, so Mr. Betterton could not have escaped the meeting even if he would. Seeing the Lady, he raised his hat and made a deep bow of respectful salutation. He then crossed the Bridge and made as if he would pass by, but she held her Ground, in the very centre of the Path, and when he was quite near her, she said abruptly:

"Mr. Betterton, I desire a word with you."

He came at once to a halt, and replied with perfect deference:

"I await your Ladyship's commands."

To be continued

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Continued from page 26

Leeward Island measures roughly four miles across from east to west by three from north to south. The core of the island is the peak, rising to a height of nearly three thousand feet. At its base on three sides lies a plateau, its edges gnawed away by the sea to the underlying rocky skeleton. On the southeastern quarter the peak drops by a series of great precipices straight into the sea.

Back from the cove stretches a little hollow, its floor rising gently to the level of the plateau. Innumerable clear springs which burst from the mountain converge to a limpid stream, which winds through the hollow to fall into the little bay. All the plateau and much of the peak are clothed with woods, a beautiful bright green against the sapphire of sea and sky. High above all other growth wave the feathery tops of the cocoa-palms, which flourish here luxuriantly. You saw them in their thousands, slender and swaying, tossing all together in the light sea-wind with their crowns of nodding plumes.

The palms were nowhere more abundant than in the hollow by the cove where our camp was made, and their size and the regularity of their order spoke of cultivation. Guavas, oranges and lemons grew here, too, and many beautiful banana-palms. The rank forest growth had been so thoroughly cleared out that it had not yet returned, except stealthily in the shape of brilliant-flowered creepers which wound their sinuous way from tree to tree, like fair Delilahs striving to overcome arboreal Samsons by their wiles. They were rankest beside the stream, which ran at one edge of the hollow under the rise of the plateau.

At the side of the clearing toward the stream stood a hut, built of cocoa-palm logs. Its roof of palm-thatch had been scattered by storms. Nearer the stream on a bench were an old decaying wash-tub and a board. A broken frying-pan and a rusty axe-head lay in the grass.

In the hut itself was a rude bedstead, a small table, and a cupboard made of boxes. I was excited at first, and fancied we had come upon the dwelling of a marooned pirate. Without taking the trouble to combat this opinion, Mr. Shaw explained to Cuthbert Vane that a copra gatherer had once lived here, and that the place must have yielded such a profit that he was only surprised to find it deserted now. Behind this cool, unemphatic speech I sensed an ironic zest in the destruction of my pirate.

AFTER their thrilling experience of being ferried from the Rufus Smith to the island, my aunt and Miss Browne had been easily persuaded to dispose themselves for naps. Aunt Jane, however, could not be at rest until Mr. Tubbs had been restored by a cordial which she extracted with much effort from the depths of her handbag. He partook with gravity and the rolled up eyes of gratitude, and retired grimacing to comfort himself from a private bottle of his own.

The boats of the Rufus Smith had departed from the island, and our relations with humanity were severed. The thought of our isolation awed and fascinated me as I sat meditatively upon a keg of nails watching the miracle of the tropic dawn. The men were hard at work with bales and boxes, except Mr. Tubbs, who gave advice. It must have been valuable advice, for he assured everybody that a word from his lips had invariably been enough to make Wall Street sit up and take notice. But it is a far cry from Wall Street to Leeward Island. Mr. Tubbs, ignored, sought refuge with me at last, and pointed out the beauties of Aroarer as she rose from the embrace of Neptune.

"Aroarer Borealis, to be accurate," he explained, "but they didn't use

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parties' surnames much in classic times."

The glad cry of breakfast put an end to Mr. Tubbs's exposition of mythology.

So does reality clog the feet of dreams that it proved impossible to begin the day by digging up the treasure. Camp had to be arranged, for folk must eat and sleep even with the wealth of the Indies to be had for the turning of a sod. The cabin was re-roofed and set apart as the bower of Aunt Jane and Miss Browne. I declined to make a third in this sanctuary. You could tell by looking at her that Violet was the sort of person who would inevitably sleep out loud.

"Hang me up in a tree or anywhere," I insisted, and it ended by my having a tarpaulin shelter rigged up in a group of cocoa-palms.

Among our earliest discoveries on the island was one regrettable from the point of view of romance, though rich in practical advantages; the woods were the abode of numerous wild pigs. This is not to write a new chapter on the geographical distribution of the pig, for they were of the humdrum domestic variety, and had doubtless appertained to the copra gatherer's establishment. But you should have seen how clean, how seemly, how self-respecting were our Leeward Island pigs to realize how profoundly the pig of Christian lands is a debased and slandered animal. These quadrupeds would have strengthened Jean Jacques' belief in the primitive virtue of man before civilization debauched him. And I shall always paraphrase the familiar line to read: "When wild in woods the noble porker ran."

AUNT JANE had been dreadfully alarmed by the pigs, and wanted to keep me immured in the cabin o' nights so that I would not be eaten. But nothing less than a Bengal tiger would have driven me to such extremity.

"Though if a pig should eat me," I suggested, "you might mark him to avoid becoming a cannibal at second hand. I should hate to think of you, Aunt Jane, as the family tomb!"

"Virginia, you are most unfeeling," said Aunt Jane, getting pink about the eyelids.

"Ah, I didn't know you Americans went in much for family tombs?" remarked the beautiful youth interestedly.

"No, we do our best to keep out of them," I assured him, and he walked off meditatively revolving this.

If the beautiful youth had been beautiful on shipboard, in the informal costume he affected on the island he was more splendid still. His white cotton shirt and trousers showed him lithe and lean and muscular. His bared arms and chest were like cream solidified to flesh. Instead of his nose peeling like common noses in the hot salt air, every kiss of the sun only gave his skin a warmer, richer glow. With his striped silk sash of red and blue about his waist, and his crown of ambrosial chestnut curls—a development due to the absence of a barber—it would not have needed an especially guileless savage to take the Honorable Cuthbert Vane for the island's god.

Camp was made in the early hours of the day. Then came luncheon, prepared with skill by Cookie, and eaten from a table of packing cases laid in the shade. Afterwards every one, hot and weary, retired for a siesta. It was now the cool as well as the dry season on the island, yet the heat of the sun at midday was terrific. But the temperature brought us neither illness nor even any great degree of lassitude. Always around the island blew the faint, cooling breath of the sea. No marsh or stagnant water bred insect pests or fever. Every day while we were there the men worked hard and grew lean and sun-browned, and thrived on it. Every afternoon with unfailing regularity a light shower fell, but in twenty minutes it was over and the sun shone again, greedily lapping up the moisture that glittered on the leaves. And

forever the sea sang a low muttering bass to the faint threnody of the wind in the palms.

ON this first day we gathered in the cool of the afternoon about our table of packing-boxes for an event which even I, whose role was that of skeptic, found exciting. Miss Browne was at last to produce her map and reveal the secret of the island. So far, except in general terms, she had imparted it to no one. Everybody, in coming along, had been buying a pig in a poke—though to be sure Aunt Jane had paid for it. The Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane had told me incidentally, had insured himself against loss by demanding a retaining fee beforehand. Somehow my opinion both of his honesty and of his intelligence had risen since I knew this. As to Cuthbert Vane, he had come purely in a spirit of adventure, and had paid his own expenses from the start.

However, now the great moment was at hand. But before it comes, I will here set down the treasure-story of Leeward Island, as I gathered it later, a little here and there, and pieced it together into a coherent whole through many dreaming hours.

In 1820, the city of Lima, in Peru, being threatened by the revolutionaries under Bolivar and San Martin, cautious folk began to take thought for their possessions. To send them out upon the high seas under a foreign flag seemed to offer the best hope of safety, and soon there was more gold afloat on the Pacific than at any time since the sailing of the great plate-galleons of the seventeenth century. Captain Sampson, of the brig Bonny Lass, found himself with a passenger for nowhere in particular in the shape of a certain Spanish merchant of great wealth, reputed custodian of the private funds of the bishop of Lima. This gentleman brought with him, besides some scanty personal baggage—for he took ship in haste—a great iron-bound chest. Four stout sailors of the Bonny Lass staggered under the weight of it.

The Bonny Lass cruised north along the coast, the passenger desiring to put in at Panama in the hope that word might reach him there of quieter times at home. But somewhere off Ecuador on a dark and starless night the merchant of Lima vanished overboard—"and what could you expect," asked Captain Sampson in effect, "when a lubber like him would stay on deck in a gale?" Strange to say, the merchant's body-servant met the fate of the heedless also.

SHRUGGING his shoulders at the carelessness of passengers, Captain Sampson bore away to Leeward Island, perhaps from curiosity to see this old refuge of the buccaneers, where the spoils of the sack of Guayaquil were said to have been buried. Who knows but that he, too, was bent on treasure-seeking? Be that as it may, the little brig found her way into the bay on the northeast side of the island, where she anchored. Water was needed, and there is refreshment in tropic fruits after a diet of salt horse and hardtack. So all hands had a holiday ashore, where the captain did not disdain to join them. Only he went apart, and had other occupations than swarming up the palms for cocoanuts.

One fancies, then, a moonless night, a crew sleeping off double grog, generously allowed them by the captain; a boat putting off from the Bonny Lass, in which were captain, mate, and one Bill Halliwell, able seaman, a man of mighty muscle; and as freight an object large, angular and ponderous, so that the boat lagged heavily beneath the rower's strokes.

Later, Bill, the simple seaman, grows presumptuous on the strength of this excursion with his betters. It is a word and blow with the captain of the Bonny Lass, and Bill is conveniently disposed of. Dead, as well as living, he serves the purpose of the captain, but of that later.

Away sailed the Bonny Lass, sailing once for all out of the story. As for Captain Sampson, there is a long gap in his history, hazily filled by the story of his having been lieutenant to Benito Bonito, and one of the two survivors when Bonito's black flag was brought down by the British frigate Espiegle. But sober history knows nothing of him until he re-appears years later, an aged and broken man, in a back street of Bristol. Here was living a certain Hopperdown, who had been boatswain on the Bonny Lass at the time she had so regrettably lost her passengers overboard. He too had been at Leeward Island, and may have somewhat wondered and questioned as to the happenings during the brig's brief stay there. He saw and recognized his old skipper hobbling along the Bristol quays, and perhaps from pity took the shabby creature home with him. Hopperdown dealt in sailors' slops, and had a snug room or two behind the shop. Here for a while the former Captain Sampson dwelt, and after a swift illness here he died. With the hand of death upon him, his grim lips at last gave up their secret. With stiffening fingers he traced a rough map to refresh Hopperdown's memory after the lapse of time since either had seen the wave-beaten cliffs of Leeward Island. For Captain Sampson had never been able to return to claim the treasure which he had left to Bill Halliwell's silent guardianship. Somehow he had lost his own vessel, and there would be rumors about, no doubt, which would make it difficult for him to get another. If he had, indeed, sailed with Bonito, he had kept his secret from his formidable commander. Even as he had dealt with Bill Halliwell, so might Bonito deal by him—or at least the lion's share must be yielded to the pirate captain. And the passion of Captain Sampson's life had come to be his gold—his hidden hoard on far-off Leeward Island. It was his, now, all his. The only other who knew its hiding-place, his former mate, had been killed in Havana in a tavern brawl. The secret of the bright, unattainable treasure was all the captain's own. He dreamed of the doubloons, gloated over them, longed for them with a ceaseless gnawing passion of desire. And in the end he died, in Hopperdown's little shop in the narrow Bristol by-street.

Hopperdown, an aging man himself, and in his humble way contented, fell straightway victim to the gold-virus. He sold all he had, and bought passage in a sailing ship for Valparaiso, trusting that once so far on the way he would find means to accomplish the rest. But the raging of the fever in his thin old blood brought him to his bed, and the ship sailed without him. Before she was midway in the Atlantic Hopperdown was dead.

The old man died in the house of a niece, to whom by way of legacy he left his map. For the satisfaction of his anxious mind, still poring on the treasure, she wrote down what she could grasp of his instructions, and then, being an unimaginative woman, gave the matter little further heed. For years the map lay among other papers in a drawer, and here it was at length discovered by her son, himself a sailor. He learned from her its history, and having been in the Pacific and heard the tales and rumors that cling about Leeward Island like the everlasting surf of its encompassing seas, this grand-nephew of old Hopperdown's, by name David Jenkins, became for the rest of his days a follower of the *ignis fatuus*. An untaught, suspicious, grasping man, he rejected, or knew not how to set about, the one course which offered the least hope, which was to trade his secret for the means of profiting by it. All his roaming, restless, hungry life he spent in wandering up and down the seas, ever on the watch for some dimly imagined chance by which he might come at the treasure. And so at last he wandered into the London hospital where he died.

And to me the wildest feature of the whole wild tale was that at the last he should have parted with the cherished secret of a lifetime to Miss Higgleshy Browne.

IN a general way, every one of us knew this history. Even I had had an outline of it from Cuthbert Vane. But so far nobody had seen the map. And now we were to see it; the time

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that intervened before that great event had already dwindled down to minutes, to seconds—

But no; for Miss Browne arose and began to make a speech. The beginning of it dealt in a large and generalizing manner with comradeship and loyalty, and the necessity of the proper mental attitude in approaching the business we had in hand. I did not listen closely. The truth is, I wanted to see that map. Under the spell of the island, I had almost begun to believe in the chest of doubloons.

Suddenly I awoke with a start to the fact that Miss Browne was talking about me. Yet, I indubitably, was the Young Person whose motives in attaching herself to the party were so at variance with the amity and mutual confidence which filled all other breasts. It was I who had sought to deprive the party of the presence, counsel and support of a member lacking whom it would have been but a body without a soul. It was I who had uttered words which were painful and astounding to one conscious of unimpugnable motives. In the days of toil to come, we were reminded, that the Young Person, to wit, myself, would have no share. She would be but skeptic, critic, drone in the busy hive. Thus it was obvious that the Young Person could not with any trace of justice claim part or lot in the treasure. Were it not well, then, that the Young Person be required to make formal and written renunciation of all interest in the golden hoard soon to reward the faith and enterprise of the Harding-Browne expeditions? Miss Browne requested the sense of the meeting on the matter.

Under the fire of this arraignment I sat hot-cheeked and incredulous, while a general wave of agitation seemed to stir the drowsy atmosphere. Aunt Jane was quivering, her round eyes fixed on Miss Higglesby-Browne like a fascinated rabbit's on a serpent. Mr. Hamilton H. Tubbs had pursed his lips to an inaudible whistle, and alternately regarded the summits of the palms and stole swift ferret-glances at the faces of the company. Captain Magnus had taken a sheath-knife from his belt and was balancing it on one finger, casting about him now and then a furtive, crooked, roving look, to meet which made you feel like a party to some hidden crime. Mr. Vane had remained for some time in happy unconsciousness of the significance of Miss Browne's oration. It was something to see it gradually penetrate to his perceptions, vexing the alabaster brow with a faint wrinkle of perplexity, then suffusing his cheeks with agonized and indignant blushes. "Oh, I say, really, you know!" hovered in unspoken protest on his tongue. He threw imploring looks at Mr. Shaw, who alone of all the party sat imperturbable, except for a viciously bitten lip.

MISS Higglesby-Browne had drawn a deep breath, preparatory to resuming her verbal ramble, but I sprang to my feet.

"Miss Browne," I said, in tones less coldly calm than I could have wished, "if you have thought it necessary to—to orate at this length merely to tell me that I am to have no share in this ridiculous treasure of yours, you have wasted a great deal of energy. In the first place, I don't believe in your treasure." (Which, of course, despite my temporary lapse, I really didn't.) "I think you are—sillier than any grown-up people I ever saw. In the second place, anything you do find you are welcome to keep. Do you think I came along with people who didn't want me, and have turned my own aunt against me for the sake of filthy lucre? Did I come intentionally at all, or because I was shanghaied and couldn't help myself? Aunt Jane!" I demanded, turning to my stricken relative, who was gazing in anguish and doubt from Miss Browne to me, "haven't you one spark left of family pride—I don't talk of affection any longer—that you sit still and hear me made speeches at in this fashion? Have you grown so sordid and grasping that you can think of nothing but this blood-stained pirate gold?"

Aunt Jane burst into tears.

"Good gracious, Virginia," she wailed, "how shocking of you to say such things! I am sure we all got along very pleasantly until you came—and in that dreadfully sudden way. You might at least have been considerate enough to wire beforehand. As to blood-stains, there was a preparation your Aunt Susan had that got them out beautifully—I remember the time the little boy's nose bled on the drawing-room rug. But I should think just washing the gold would do very well!"

It was impossible to feel that these remarks helped greatly to clear the situation. I opened my mouth, but Miss Browne was beforehand with me.

"Miss Virginia Harding has herself admitted that she has no just or equitable claim to participate in the profits of this expedition—I believe I give the gist of your words, Miss Harding?"

"Have it your own way," I said shrugging.

"I move, then, Mr. Secretary"—Miss Browne inclined her head in a stately manner toward Mr. Tubbs—"that you offer for Miss Virginia Harding's signature the document prepared by you."

"Oh, I say!" broke out Mr. Vane suddenly, "I call this rotten, you know!"

"In case of objection by any person," said Miss Browne loftily, "the matter may be put to a vote. All those in favor say aye!"

An irregular fire of ayes followed. Mr. Tubbs gave his with a cough meant so far as possible to neutralize its effect—with a view to some future turning of the tables. Captain Magnus responded with a sudden bellow, which caused him to drop the gleaming knife within an inch of Aunt Jane's toe. Mr. Shaw said briefly, "I think the distribution of the treasure, if any is recovered, should be that agreed upon by the original members of the party. Aye!"

Aunt Jane's assenting voice issued from the depths of her handkerchief, which was rapidly becoming so briny and inadequate that I passed her mine. From Cuthbert Vane alone there came a steadfast no—and the Scotchman put a hand on the boy's shoulder with a smile which was like sudden sunlight in a bleak sky.

MR. Tubbs then produced a legal-looking document which I took to be the original agreement of the members of the expedition. Beneath their signatures he had inscribed a sort of codicil, by which I relinquished all claim on any treasure recovered by the party. Mr. Tubbs took evident pride in the numerous aforesaids and thereofs and other rolling legal phrases of his composition, and Miss Browne listened with satisfaction as he read it off, as though each word had been a nail in the coffin of my hopes. I signed the clause in a bold and defiant hand, under the attentive eyes of the company. A sort of sigh went round, as though something of vast moment had been concluded. And indeed it had, for now the way was clear for Violet's map.

I suppose that with a due regard for my dignity I should have risen and departed. I had been so definitely relegated to the position of outsider that to remain to witness the unveiling of the great mystery seemed indecently intrusive. Let it be granted, then, that I ought to have got up with stately grace and gone away. Only, I did nothing of the sort. In spite of my exclusion from all its material benefits, I had an amateur's appreciation of that map. I felt that I should gloat over it. Perhaps of all those present I alone, free from sordid hopes, would get the true romantic zest and essence of it—

Covertly I watched the faces around me, Mr. Tubbs' eyes had grown bright; he licked his dry lips. His nose, tip-tilted and slightly bulbous, took on a more than usually roseate hue. Captain Magnus, who was of a restless and jerky habit at the best of times, was like a leashed animal scenting blood. Beneath his open shirt you saw the quick rise and fall of his hairy chest. His lips, drawn back wolfishly, displayed yellow, fang-like teeth. Under the raw, crude greed of the man you seemed to glimpse something indescribably vulpine and ferocious.

The face of Dugald Shaw was controlled, but there was a slight rigidity in its quiet. A pulse beat rapidly in his cheek. All worldly good, all hope of place, power, independence, hung for him on the contents of the small, flat package, wrapped in oil-silk, which Miss Browne was at this moment withdrawing from her pocket.

Only Cuthbert Vane, seated next to me, maintained without effort his serenity. For him the whole affair belonged in the category known as sporting, where a gentleman played his stake and accepted with equanimity the issue.

AS Miss Browne undid the package everybody held his breath, except poor Aunt Jane, who most inopportunely swallowed a gnat and choked.

The dead sailor's legacy consisted of a single sheet of time-stained paper. Two-thirds of the sheet was covered by a roughly-drawn sketch in faded ink, giving the outline of the island shores as we had seen them from the Rufus Smith. Here was the cove, with the name it bears in the Admiralty charts —Lantern Bay—written in, and a dotted line indicating the channel. North of the bay the short line was carried for only a little distance. On the south was shown the long tongue of land which protects the anchorage, and which ends in some detached rocks or islets. At a point on the seaward side of the tongue of land, about on a line with the head of the bay, the sketch ended in a swift backward stroke of the pen which gave something the effect of a cross.

To all appearance the map was merely to give Hopperdown his direction for entering the cove. There was absolutely no mark upon it to show where the treasure had been buried.

Now for the writing on the sheet below the map. It was in another hand than that which had written Lantern Bay across the face of the cove, and which, though labored, was precise and clear. This other was an uneven, wavering scrawl:

> He sed it is in a Cave with 2 mouths near by the grave of Bill Halliwell wich was cut down for he new to much. He sed you can bring a boat to the cave at the half Tide but beware the turn for the pull is strong. He sed to find the Grave again look for the stone at the head marked B. H. and a Cross Bones. In the Chist is gold Dubloons, a vast lot, also a silver Cross wich he sed leve for the Grave for he sed Bill walks and thats unlucky.

That was all. A fairly clear direction for any friend who had attended the obsequies of Bill and knew where to look for the stone marked B. H. and a Cross Bones, but to perfect strangers it was vague.

A blank look crept into the intent faces about the table.

"It—don't happen to say in more detail jest precisely where the cave might be looked for?" inquired Mr. Tubbs hopefully.

"In more detail?" repeated Miss Browne challengingly. "Pray, Mr. Tubbs, what further detail could be required?"

"A good deal more, I am afraid," remarked the Scotchman grimly.

MISS Browne whirled upon him. In her cold eye a spark had kindled. And suddenly I had a new vision of her. I saw her no longer as the deluder of Aunt Jane, but as herself the deluded. Her belief in the treasure was an obsession. This map was her talisman, her way of escape from an existence which had been drab and dull enough, I dare say.

"Mr. Shaw, we are given not one, but several infallible landmarks. The cave has two mouths, it can be approached by sea, it is in the immediate neighborhood of the grave of William Halliwell, which is to be recognized by its headstone. As the area of our search is circumscribed by the narrow limits of this island, I fail to see what further marks of identification can be required."

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"Mr. Shaw"—Miss Browne gave the effect of drawing herself up in line of battle—"I feel that I must give expression to the thought which comes to me at this moment. It is this—that if the members of this party are to be chilled by carping doubts, the wave of enthusiasm which has floated us thus far must inevitably recede, leaving us flotsam on a barren shore. What can one weak woman—pardon, my unfaltering Jane!—two women, achieve against the thought of failure firmly held by him to whom we looked to lead us boldly in our forward dash? Mr. Shaw, this is no time for crawling earthworm tactics. It is with the bold and sweeping glance of the eagle that we must survey this island, until, the proper point discerned, we swoop with majestic flight upon our predestined goal!"

Miss Browne was somewhat exhausted by this effort, and paused for breath, whereupon Mr. Tubbs, anxious to retrieve his recent blunder, seized with dexterity this opportunity.

"I get you, Miss Browne, I get you," said Mr. Tubbs with conviction. "Victory ain't within the grasp of any individual that carries a heart like a cold pancake in his bosom. What this party needs is pep, and if them that was calculated on to supply it don't, why there's others which is not given to blowin' their own horn, but which might at a pinch dash forward like Arnold—no relation to Benedict—among the spears. I may be rather a man of thought than action, ma'am, and at present far from my native heath, which is the financial centres of the country, but if I remember right it was Ulysses done the dome-work for the Greeks, while certain persons that was depended on sulked in their tents. Miss Higglesby-Browne, you can count—count, I say—on old H. H.!"

"I thank you, Mr. Tubbs, I thank you!" replied Miss Browne with emotion. As for Aunt Jane, she gazed upon the noble countenance of Mr. Tubbs with such ecstatic admiration that her little nose quivered like a guinea-pig's.

VI

OBSCURE as were the directions which Hopperdown's niece had taken from his dying lips, one point at least was clear—the treasure-cave opened on the sea. This seemed an immense simplification of the problem, until you discovered that the great wall of cliffs was honeycombed with fissures. The limestone rock of which the island was composed was porous as a sponge. You could stand on the edge of the cliffs and watch the green water slide in and out of unseen caverns at your feet, and hear the sullen thunder of the waves that broke far in under the land.

One of the boats which had conveyed us from the Rufus Smith had been left with us, and in it Mr. Shaw, with the Honorable Cuthbert and Captain Magnus, made a preliminary voyage of discovery. This yielded the information above set down, plus, however, the thrilling and significant fact that a cave seemingly predestined to be the hiding place of treasure, and moreover a cave with the specified two openings, ran under the point which protected the anchorage on the south, connecting the cove with the sea.

Although in their survey of the coast the voyagers had covered only a little distance on either side of the entrance to the bay, the discovery of this great double-doored sea-chamber under the point turned all thoughts from further explorations. Only the Scotchman remained exasperatingly calm and declined to admit that the treasure was as good as found. He refused to be swept off his feet even by Mr. Tubbs' undertaking to double everybody's money within a year, through the favor

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of certain financial parties with whom he was intimate.

"I'll wait till I see the color of my money before I reckon the interest on it," he remarked. "It's true the cave would be a likely and convenient place for hiding the chest; the question is: Wouldn't it be too likely and convenient? Sampson would maybe not choose the spot of all others where the first-comer who had got wind of the story would be certain to look."

Miss Browne, at this, exchanged darkly significant glances with her two main supporters, and Mr. Tubbs came to the fore with an offer to clinch matters by discovering the grave of Bill Halliwell, with its marked stone, on the point above the cave within twenty-four hours.

"Look for it if you like," replied Mr. Shaw impatiently. "But don't forget that your tombstone is neither more nor less than such a boulder as there are thousands of on the island, and buried under the tropic growth of ninety years besides."

Miss Browne murmured to Aunt Jane, in a loud aside, that she well understood now why the eminent explorer had not discovered the South Pole, and Aunt Jane murmured back that to her there had always been something so sacred about a tombstone that she couldn't help wondering if Mr. Shaw's attitude were really quite reverential.

"Well, friends," remarked Mr. Tubbs, "there's them that sees nothin' but the hole in the doughnut, and there's them that see the doughnut that's around the hole. I ain't ashamed to say that old H. H. is in the doughnut class. Why, the Old Man himself used to remark—I guess it ain't news to some here about me bein' on the inside with most of the leading' financial lights of the country—he used to remark, 'Tubbs has it in him to bull the market on a Black Friday.' Ladies, I ain't one that's inclined to boast, but I jest want to warn you not to be too astonished when H. H. makes acquaintance with that tombstone, which I'm willing to lay he does yet."

"Well, good luck to you," said the grim Scot, "and let me likewise warn all hands not to be too astonished if we find that the treasure is not in the cave. But I'll admit it is as good a place as any for beginning the search, and there will be none gladder than I if it turns out that I was no judge of the workings of Captain Sampson's mind."

THE cave which was now the centre of our hopes—I say our, because somehow or other I found myself hoping and fearing along with the rest, though carefully concealing it—ran under the point at its farther end. The sea-mouth of the cave was protected from the full swell of the ocean by some huge detached rocks rising a little way offshore, which caught the waves and broke them. The distance was about sixty feet from mouth to mouth, and back of this transverse passage a great vaulted chamber stretched far under the land. The walls of the chamber rose sheer to a height of fifteen feet or more, when a broad ledge broke their smoothness. From this ledge opened cracks and fissures under the roof, suggesting in the dim light infinite possibilities in the way of hiding places. Besides these, a wide stretch of sand at the upper end of the chamber, which was bare at low tide, invited exploration. At high water the sea flooded the cavern to its farthest extremity and beat up on the walls. Then there was a great surge and roar of waters through the passage from mouth to mouth, and at turn of tide—in hopeful agreement with the legend—the suck and commotion of a whirlpool, almost, as the sea drew back its waves. Now and again, it was to prove, even the water-worn pavement between the two archways was left bare, and one could walk dry-shod along the rocks under the high land of the point from the beach to cave. But this was at the very bottom of the ebb. Mostly the lower end of the cave was flooded, and the explorers went back and forth in the boat.

A certain drawback to boating in our island waters was the presence of hungry hordes of sharks. You might forget them for a moment and sit happily trailing your fingers overboard, and then a huge moving shadow would darken the water, and you saw the ripple cut by a darting fin and the flash of a livid belly as the monster rolled over, ready for his mouthful. I could not but admire the thoughtfulness of Mr. Tubbs, who, since his submergence on the occasion of arriving, had been as delicate about water as a cat, in committing himself to strictly land operations in the search for Bill Halliwell's tombstone.

Owing, I suppose, to the stoniness of the soil, the woods upon the point were less dense than elsewhere, and made an agreeable parade ground for Mr. Tubbs and his two companions—for he was accompanied in these daring explorations with unswerving fidelity by Aunt Jane and Miss Higglesby-Browne. Each of the three carried an umbrella, and they went solemnly in single file, Mr. Tubbs in the lead to ward off peril in the shape of snakes or jungle beasts.

"To think of what that man exposes himself to for our sakes!" Aunt Jane said to me with emotion. "With no protection but his own bravery in case anything were to spring out!"

But nothing ever did spring out but an angry old sow with a litter of piglets, before which the three umbrellas beat a rapid retreat.

THE routine of life on the island was now established for everyone but me, who belonged neither to the land nor sea divisions, but dangled forlornly between them like Mahomet's coffin. Aunt Jane had made a magnanimous effort to attach me to the umbrella contingent, and I had felt almost disposed to accept, in order to witness the resultant delight of Miss Higglesby-Browne. But on second thoughts I declined, even though Aunt Jane was thus left unguarded to the blandishments of Mr. Tubbs, preferring, like the little bird in the play, to flock all alone, except when the Honorable Cuthbert could escape from his toil in the cave.

What with the genius of Cookie and the fruitfulness of our island, not to speak of supplies from the Army and Navy Stores, we lived like sybarites. There were fish from stream and sea, cocoanuts and bananas and oranges from the trees in the clearing. I had hopes of yams and breadfruit also, but if they grew on Leeward, none of us had a speaking acquaintance with them. Cookie did wonders with the pigs that were shot and brought in to him, though I never could sit down with appetite to a massacred infant served up on a platter, which is just what little pigs look like.

"Jes' yo' cas' yo' eye on dis yere innahcent," Cookie would request, as he placed the suckling before Mr. Tubbs. "Tendah as a new-bo'n babe, he am. Jes' lak he been tucked up to sleep by his mammy. Sho' now, how yo' got de heart to stick de knife in him, Mistah Tubbs?"

It was significant that Mr. Tubbs, after occupying for a day or two an undistinguished middle place at the board, had somehow slid into the carver's post at the head of the table. Flanking him were the two ladies, so that the land forces formed a solid and imposing phalanx. Everybody else had a sense of sitting in outer darkness, particularly I, whom fate had placed opposite Captain Magnus. Since landing on the island, Captain Magnus had forsworn the effeminacy of forks. Loaded to the hilt, his knife would approach his cavernous mouth and disappear in it. Yet when it emerged Captain Magnus was alive. Where did it go? This was a question that agitated me daily.

The history of Captain Magnus was obscure. It was certain that he had his captain's papers, though how he had mastered the science of navigation sufficiently to obtain them was a problem. Though he held a British navigator's license, he did not appear to be an Englishman. None of us ever knew,

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I think, from what country he originally came. His rough, mumbling, unready speech might have been picked up in any of the seaports of the English-speaking world. His manners smacked of the forecastle, and he was altogether so difficult to classify that I used to toy with the theory that he had murdered the real Captain Magnus for his papers and was masquerading in his character.

The captain, as Mr. Vane had remarked, was Miss Browne's own find. Before the objections of Mr. Shaw—evidently a negative influence from the beginning—had caused her to abandon the scheme, Miss Browne had planned to charter a vessel in New York and sail around the Horn to the island. When nursing this project she had formed an extensive acquaintance with persons frequenting the New York waterfront, among whom was Captain Magnus. As I heard her remark, he was the one nautical character whom she found sympathetic, by which I judge that the others were skeptical and rude. Being sympathetic, Captain Magnus found it an easy matter to attach himself to the expedition—or perhaps it was Violet who annexed him, I don't know which.

Mr. Vane used to view the remarkable gastronomic feats of Captain Magnus with the innocent and quite unscornful curiosity of a little boy watching the bears in the zoo. Evidently he felt that a horizon hitherto bounded mainly by High Staunton Manor was being greatly enlarged. I knew now that the Honorable Cuthbert's father was a baron, and that he was the younger of two sons, and that the elder was an invalid, so that the beautiful youth was quite certain in the long run to be Lord Grasmere. I had remained stolid under this information, feelingly imparted by Aunt Jane. I had refused to ask questions about High Staunton Manor. For already there was a vast amount of superfluous chaperoning being done. I couldn't speak to the b. y.—which is short for beautiful youth—without Violet's gray eye being trained upon us. And Aunt Jane grew flustered directly, and I could see her planning an embroidery design of coronets, or whatever is the proper headgear of barons, for my trousseau. Mr. Tubbs had essayed to be facetious on the matter, but I had coldly quenched him.

BUT Mr. Shaw was much the worst. My most innocent remark to the beautiful youth appeared to rouse suspicion in his self-constituted guardian. If he did not say in so many words, *Beware dear lad, she's stringing you!* or whatever the English of that is, it was because nobody could so wound the faith of the b. y.'s candid eyes. But to see the fluttering, anxious wing the Scotchman tried to spread over that babe of six-feet-two you would have thought me a man-eating tigress. And I laughed, and flaunted my indifference in his sober face, and went away with bitten lips to the hammock they had swung for me among the palms—

The Honorable Cuthbert had a voice, a big, rich, ringing baritone like floods of golden honey. He had also a ridiculous little ukulele, on which he accompanied himself with rhythmic strumming. When, like the sudden falling of a curtain, dusky, velvet, star-spangled, the wonderful tropic night came down, we used to build a little fire upon the beach and sit around it. Then Cuthbert Vane would sing. Of all his repertory, made up of music-hall ditties, American ragtime, and sweet old half-forgotten ballads, we liked best a certain wild rollicking song, picked up I don't know where, but wonderfully effective on that island where Davis, and Benito Bonito, and many another of the roving gentry—not to mention that less picturesque villain, Captain Sampson of the Bonny Lass—had resorted between their flings with fortune.

Oh, who's, who's with me for the free
life of a rover?
Oh, who's, who's with me for to sail
the broad seas over?
In every port we have gold to fling,
And what care we though the end is
to swing?
Sing ho, sing hey, this life's but a day,
So live it free as a rover may.

Oh, who's, who's with me at Fortune's
call to wander?
Then, lads, to sea—and ashore with
gold to squander!
We'll set our course for the Spanish
Main
Where the great plate-galleons steer
for Spain.
Sing ho, sing hey, this life's but a day,
Then live it free as a rover may.

Then leave toil and cold to the lubbers
that will bear it.
The world's fat with gold, and we're
the lads to share it.
What though swift death is the rover's
lot?
We've played the game and we'll pay
the shot.
Sing ho, sing hey, this life's but a day,
Then live it free as a rover may.

"Sing ho, sing hey!" echoed the audience in a loud discordant roar, Cookie over his dishpan flinging it back in a tremendous basso. Cookie was the noble youth's only musical rival, and when he had finished his work we would invite him to join us at the fire and regale us with plantation melodies and camp-meeting hymns. The negro's melodious thunder, mingled with the murmur of wind and wave like a kindred note, and the strange plaintive rhythm of his artless songs took one back and back, far up the stream of life, until a fire upon a beach seemed one's ancestral hearth and home.

I realized that life on Leeward Island might rapidly become a process of reversion.

To be continued

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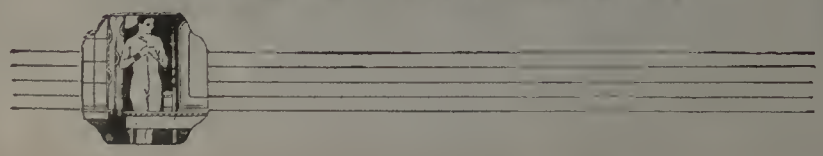

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Men and Money

Continued from page 17

lived in the companion house next door, who had no son to send, was perfectly sure she could not have gone, if it had been her two boys who were going away. She was too sensitive and full of imagination. But some people, she agreed, were not so fine in the grain, and it was well for them.

It was a dull winter morning, with a cloudy, red sunrise, and deep white frost on the trees, when the boys went away. A winter morning before sunrise is always dull and shivery, and does not make for cheerfulness; but there was no voice steadier than Mrs. Brown's, when she said goodbye to her two boys.

Mrs. Wilson noticed how she trembled, when she helped her into the back seat of their car, but it was not Mrs. Brown who was crying as they rode together on their way back from the station.

Mrs. Wilson did not try to frame any casual word of sympathy as she watched her friend, in deep admiration. At the top of the street they stopped to watch the train as it throbbed its way across the prairie. The smoke wreath lay against the sunrise, and was touched by the first beams that came over the edge of the earth.

"There's nothing more beautiful than smoke!" said Mrs. Wilson, absently.

Mrs. Brown did not hear her. Her eyes were fixed on the disappearing train, and her ears were strained to catch the last echo of its strident whistle.

When it was gone from her view, something like a sob broke from her, but she sat very straight, and her voice was steady when she said, as if to herself—

"It seems right that they should go together."

IN the front seat, Mr. Wilson was speaking:—

"Brown, I congratulate you with all my heart. It's a wonderful service, to fight for the liberty of the whole world, when a terrible danger threatens it, and you're able to send two men to fight for all of us. I'm not going to tell you I sympathize with you—I don't, I envy you--and I'm very humble, in your presence."

Billy Brown's face was pale and twitching with many emotions, but he made no reply. He probably did not hear what the other man said. There was a little scene being enacted in the dark recesses of his memory, and he saw himself opening the door of his house and calling:

"John Brown!"

From a litter of homemade toys he saw his eldest son, in a blue romper suit, with a tangled head of yellow curls, rise to his feet, and placing his little fat heels together, and lifting one plump pink hand in token of salute, answer:

"Present."

"They have answered the call," he said brokenly. "They have answered!"

IT was a lonely house, when the boys were gone, although Mrs. Brown did not spend a moment in idle grieving. She went bravely to the boys' room that afternoon, and carefully put away all their things, sometimes pressing a kiss on a cap or coat.

Her neighbor across the fence ran in to see her that afternoon, and found her in the midst of her work. She took it as a further proof of Mrs. Brown's lack of sentiment. "She never seems to think anything will happen, and actually talks of when the boys come home. I can't understand a mother being so composed at a time like this. And shes' going to take boarders! I would have thought she would want to keep that room just as the boys left it, with everything in it to remind me of them. I know if it were my case, I couldn't bear to touch a thing. But then—every one isn't like me!"

By her efforts in keeping boarders, Mrs. Brown was able to supply her two boys with many comforts, and the thought that she was able to follow them, with the ministry of her love, comforted her in many a tragic moment, when the horror of it all seemed more than she could bear. Then it was that, to keep the bitter waters from going over her head, that she sang as she worked, sang—to keep herself from thinking—and her neighbor, hearing her singing, wondered at her lightness of heart. She forgot that people sometimes whistle going past a graveyard, and it isn't because they are light-hearted, but only frightened.

WHEN the first Victory Loan was launched, there were many reasons why Herbert Wilson was made the Chairman of the Committee. He knew the business men: he had time: he had enthusiasm: he was a good speaker: he was a heavy subscriber.

His first address made a great impression.

"I have, unfortunately," he said, "no one to send"—and his voice trembled with deep emotion. "I am one of those, whose life has not been blessed with children—but I will fully, freely, gladly give myself and of my means, to the cause of human liberty!"

To the first loan, he subscribed twenty thousand dollars: His picture was published in the city papers: A large poster hung in the plate-glass window of the drawing-room in the big house!

THE war is over now. The Armistice is signed. The nations are explaining!

If this were a story—a piece of fiction—a romance—I would give it a different ending!

But it is not my story, and I have no option.

It was in August, 1917, when the sweet peas were spilling their perfume all over the garden, and the tomatoes were turning red upon the vines, that the news came!

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had come in from church, and were getting dinner ready, working together as usual. Two S. O. S. boys, working on farms near by, had come home with them for dinner, and to them Mrs. Brown was telling an episode in Tom's life, when he had run away to the swimming pool, and some of the boys had stolen his clothes, and he had to stay hidden in the rushes until it got dark enough for him to make his way home unobserved, and how he had dressed himself in his best suit, and gone out to find the gang who had robbed him.

They were laughing so much, they did not hear the door-bell, and the boy with the telegram came around to the back door.

The telegram regretted to inform them that Private Thomas Brown had been hit by a piece of shell and instantly killed, on August 1st.

The next Sunday, the other telegram came. It regretted to inform them that Private John Brown had been hit by a piece of shell on August 8th, and instantly killed!

IN the front window of the small house, still in need of repairs, the scarlet leaves of the Service Flag have been changed to gold. A small woman, whose hair is all gray now, goes softly about her work, often stopping absent-mindedly, as if she were listening for some sound which she does not expect to hear. The springiness has gone from her movements, and the neighbor across the fence says Mrs. Brown is "ageing." But she still has a smile when her husband comes home, and to him she often says: "It seems right that they should go together!"

At the desk in the inside office of the implement house, Billy Brown still keeps the accounts of the firm. People say he bears up wonderfully well. Sometimes when he is all alone, his shoulders sag a little, and he has been known to talk to himself, generally just a word, a name, "John Brown!" he whispers. . . . and then, away back in the garden of memory, he sees a chubby fist go up; he sees a sudden flash of

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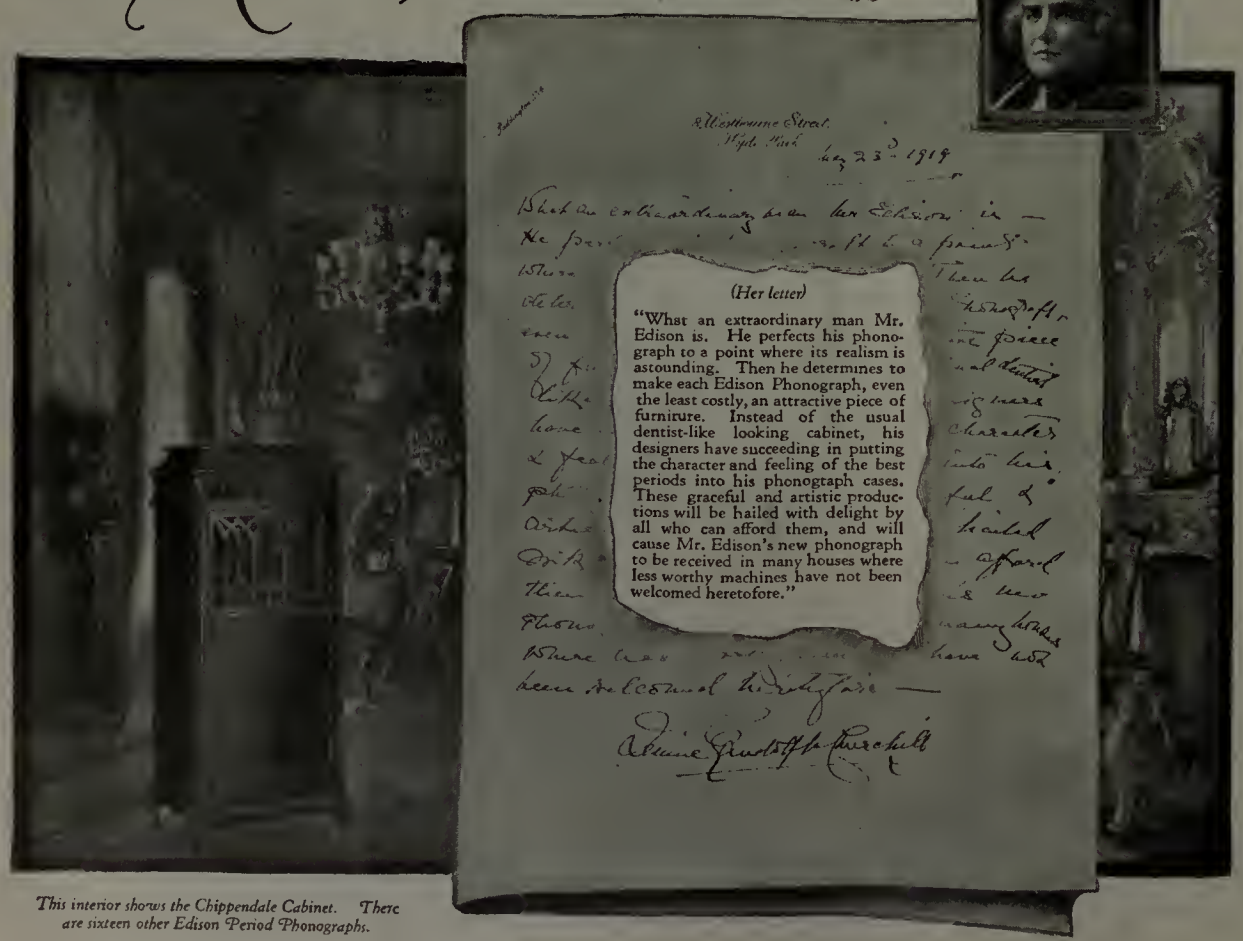
A Letter from Lady Randolph Churchill

Lady Randolph Churchill is the mother of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War in the British Government, and the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.



This interior shows the Chippendale Cabinet. There are sixteen other Edison Period Phonographs.

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A reading of her letter, however, shows that Lady Churchill has been led by her furniture-knowledge into a misconception. So artistically conceived, so exquisitely made are these Edison Period Cabinets that she has drawn the very natural conclusion that they can be afforded by only the fortunate few. This is absolutely contrary to the fact. Mr. Edison has placed authentic period cabinets within the reach of every one. He has required that a period cabinet be developed for each New Edison,—even the lowest-priced models.

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blue eyes—and a toss of golden curls—and then he hears a childish voice make answer:

"Present!"

"They did not fail," he whispers—"when their country called—they answered."

He is not unhappy, for the past has its pleasures too, as well as the present.

THE assigned pay ceases when the boys were killed; and there are no pensions paid, for their mother is not a widow, neither were they the sole support of anyone. There came, however, from the Department at Ottawa, two typed letters, just alike, expressing polite sorrow!

The Wilsons have enlarged their house again, and Mrs. Wilson has her own car now. Why not? The money which they loaned their grateful country, has been a good investment. It pays five and a half per cent. interest, and is free from taxation. Twice a year the cheques come, which speak a nation's gratitude.

For the loan of money, our Nation is very, very grateful. It is only the gift of men, that is forgotten!

Idle Hands at Ottawa

Continued from page 24

hand it over to some wicked Tory follower. They spend the entire afternoon on the subject and prolong their wails far into the night. Now all is changed. A question as to Post-Office affairs brings the stereotyped answer from some member of the Cabinet: "I shall make inquiries and inform the Honorable member." And the subject drops. The Minister is not there. He is in the Senate. Why disturb the sleeping or try to awake the dead?

There are other Ministers in the Senate. In fact it is a peculiar thing that the three departments of the Government which are at present in the public eye are all represented by Ministers sitting in the Red Chamber. These are Labor, Post-Office and Soldiers' Civil Establishment. The Minister of Labor, Hon. Gideon Robertson, you have met before. Just recently, however, there has been a flash of the spotlight for him. Has he not been chairman of the Industrial Conference, that altruistic gathering that undertook to make the capitalistic lion lie down with the labor lamb without decreasing the supply of butcher's meat? The net result of that conference appears to be that the capitalists discovered that in the matter of oratory the labor leaders had them beaten a block. As to getting any closer together on the matter of wages and hours of work—well, nobody expected they would anyway. But that conference was a nice thing to hold. Also it made assembled labor and capital wonder why Sir Robert hadn't selected a real labor man for Minister of Labor. For Hon. Gideon looked like a schoolboy when compared with many of the labor men he was supposed to represent in this Union Government that is supposed to be representative of all classes of the community. Probably he answers the purpose for which Sir Robert Borden picked him. Anyway, Sir Robert was never very much interested in the labor species of biped. There is another and different branch in the Senate—its leader, in fact is its representative—whom the Premier has studied with much greater interest. For Sir James Lougheed is the kind of man Sir Robert Borden admires. If you don't think so, turn to Sir Robert's other friends, Sir George Perley and Sir Edward Kemp. All are men of vast possessions, each knows the true value of every nickel of those possessions—and each is entitled to write Sir in front of his name, in token of Knightly deeds he may have performed or contemplated. Save and Conserve is the motto that might be written on the doormats of all three. And all are in the various stages of official holdings that Royal favor can confer. Sir James is still a Minister of the Crown. He is re-establishing soldiers and doing it despite their protests against his personality. Nor will

he allow protests to affect his judgment. He knows that money is power and he has money to throw to the birds, albeit he doesn't throw it. He has that "public-be-damned" frame of mind that was translated into words by an American millionaire and that only a politician, who has found refuge in the Senate, can afford to carry. Few men even in that august if sleepy assembly would have the courage to state right out in open meeting: "If the Senate stands for anything, it stands as the bulwark of vested rights against the clamor and caprice of the mob." Yet Sir James said this calmly and without effort. Neither has he ever taken it back or apologized for any part of it. He just plods along and does "as he darned pleases." Hon. Gideon Robertson may not be a good representative of Labor; but there is no question that Sir James Lougheed is a first-class representative of capital. If changing conditions ever demand a Minister of Capital Sir James should surely have the refusal of the portfolio. And withal Sir James has human traits. He plays golf at a medium priced club—and is more accessible to the average man than many statesmen with less work to do, less business ability and less money to keep from spending.

Two of the Knightly Ministers

BUT somehow you can't refer to Sir James without thinking of the other two—Sir George Perley and Sir Edward Kemp. It's not that they are so much together as that they all possess in varying degrees the same kind of ability and the same lack of popularity with the general public. Of course Sir George is no longer in the Ministry but, as a personal friend and financial adviser of the Premier, he probably possesses more power at Ottawa than many a nominal member of the Cabinet. Moreover, he has been and will be again High Commissioner at London. While there during the war he helped to make Union Government unpopular with members of the C. E. F., not so much by what he did as by the way he did it. No matter what Sir George may be to his friends, to the general public he is about as warm and responsive as a graven image. He shares with Sir Robert Borden the ability to do a kindly act so graciously that the recipient rushes for the open air and halloas for help. Moreover he carries large rolls of red tape into every transaction and generally makes his office a place that it pays to avoid unless you really have to go. A worthy man Sir George, who understands political economy.

Then there is Sir Edward Kemp. He too did his bit in England and stands as the reason why some of the soldiers will vote against Union Government. He has just come back and there is a strong possibility that he will finish his political career as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. That position, by the way, was meant for poor old Frank Cochrane whose death caused more genuine sorrow in the House and in Ontario than the demise of any other Minister in many a day. Yes, Hon. Frank was to have been Lieutenant-Governor and, if he had lived to occupy the big house in Rosedale, he would have changed things a bit. "The chief would have made Government House a place to go to instead of a place to stay away from," is the way one Ontario politician put it. For "Old Frank" was always "The Chief" among his old followers in Ontario and they gave him a homage it has been the lot of few leaders to receive.

However, Hon. Frank Cochrane is gone. When Sir John Hendrie moves back to Hamilton, Sir Edward Kemp will likely reign in his place—and it remains to be seen whether Government House will be a place to go to or a place to stay away from. For Sir Edward is also of the cold business type whom Sir Robert loves to honor. He is sometimes called the Tin Pot King of Canada, for his sheet metal works are large and their business is widespread. He built up this business himself and he has employed his business ability to his country's benefit as chairman of the War Purchasing Committee and Minister of Militia in Canada and as Overseas Minister in England. He has straightened out many a business muddle left by more popular predecessors. But he may even be a sufferer from his own competence, for the traits that enable a man to make a business a success seldom endear him to his followmen.

But to return for a moment to the Cabinet situation. Sir George Foster and Hon. J. C. Doherty will probably postpone their retirement for the present. Hon. A. K. Maclean may do likewise, though personally he favors getting back to party lines and getting busy. Whether Hons. Tolmie and Drayton have been fully initiated the by-elections will have told ere this is printed. Anyway, so long as the present policy of doing nothing is adhered to it matters not whether an occasional portfolio is looking for somebody to hold it.

A Little Bit of Chickenfeed

Continued from page 22

her in, if she doesn't, we've got plenty to go on with without hers. I aim to be a square man, and—ah, Mr. Ambler, quit your kidding! I might have known a man that treated me white as you've done wouldn't wrong a girl. And, well —if there aint my luck here, Mother and little ——"

"Little what?" asked Miss Pandora, as she and Mary entered the room.

"I aint saying—yet," replied Steve, looking into the shining eyes of the girl. "But—it sure is lucky to meet you both again."

"You've no idea just how lucky it was when you three first met," declared Ambler. "This young lady," indicating Mary, "is the owner of the property you are so anxious to acquire!"

"What!" exclaimed Steve, in amazement.

"And this is Miss Pandora Fulcher, who will be associated with you in your mining enterprise. Perhaps you have heard of Miss Fulcher?"

The flush that spread over the young prospector's sun-burned face bore eloquent testimony to the fact that he had heard of Miss Fulcher right enough. He blushed harder than ever when he thought of the five dollar bill he had surreptitiously handed her on the night of their three-cornered meeting.

"And now," went on Ambler, briskly, to cover Steve's embarrassment, "what are we to do about this young lady's farm? Want to make her an offer for it, Steve, or do you think anything could be done in the way of a joining of interests?"

It was Mary's turn to blush. But she made it quite clear, later, that she favored the latter plan quite as much as the impulsive Steve.

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What Next ?

War Office Fought Tanks

They Were "Put Across" Only By Defying Prejudices of Generals Galore

COLONEL SIR ALBERT STERN, K. B. E., C. M. G., who had more to do with the success of Tanks than any other man, relates in the *Strand* how they had to fight the British War Office before they could fight the enemy. Certain support was also given by Sir Eustace d'Eyncourt, Winston Churchill and Lloyd George, which permitted Tanks to be made, though dilatorily, in sufficient quantities to figure largely in the final two months of the war. After relating the inception of the idea of a land car, Major Stern says:

In those days we thought only of crossing the Rhine, and this seemed a solution.

I remember Hetherington proposing to fire shells at Cologne by having a shell which, when it reached the top of its trajectory, would release a second shell inside it, with planes attached, and this second shell would plane down, making one hundred miles in all. It is strange that the Germans later tried and succeeding in firing about eighty miles, but not in this way.

Mr. Churchill came to the dinner and was delighted with the idea of a cross-country car. He then set up a committee to study the question, and Mr. Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, C. B., the Director of the Naval Construction, was appointed chairman on the twenty-fourth of February, 1915. It was to be known as the Landship Committee. When I took over the duties of secretary of the Landship Committee in April, 1915, Mr. d'Eyncourt was directing affairs, assisted by Major Hetherington, who carried out his instructions, with Colonel Crompton as engineer. On June 16th Mr. d'Eyncourt asked me to reorganize the committee on business lines. This was done and approved by Mr. d'Eyncourt.

At this period no Government department could provide any office accommodation for us, so on June 21st, 1915, I took an office at my own expense at 83 Pall Mall, and installed in it my entire organization, which consisted of myself and Mr. Percy Anderson, at that time a petty officer in the Armoured Car Division. A controversy raged on this subject for six months between the Admiralty, the Ministry of Munitions, and the Office of Works.

The Admiralty referred to it as a troublesome case, and informed the Office of Works that a temporary lieutenant, Albert G. Stern, R. N. V. R., had straightway proceeded to take an office for himself at 83 Pall Mall, and apparently did not understand the subtleties of the procedure in the Civil Service.

On July 2nd, Squadron 20 of the Royal Naval Armoured Car Division, later to become famous as the "wet nurse" of Tanks, was placed, for this work, under the direction of Mr. d'Eyncourt.

A number of experiments were made, and in August Mr. Tritton, of Messrs. Foster and Co. of Lincoln, and Lieutenant Wilson had started to draw out a machine on the same lines but of stronger material and better design. On August 26th, Mr. Tritton, Lieutenant Wilson, and I viewed the full-sized wooden model of this machine. It was known as the "Tritton" Machine, and later as "Little Willie." On the same day, at a meeting at the White Hart Hotel, Lincoln, we discussed fresh requirements which we had just received from the War Office. They asked that the machine should be able to cross a trench five feet wide with a parapet four feet six inches high. Lieutenant Wilson and Mr. Tritton thereupon started work on a type designed to do this. It would, they told me, require a sixty-foot wheel.

The contour of this sized wheel became more or less the shape of the underside of the new machine, which was called first the "Wilson" Machine, then "Big Willie," and finally "Mother."

This machine, to all intents and purposes, was, and remains, the Heavy Tank of to-day—the Mark V.

In August *the whole of the Armoured Car Division was disbanded!*

This disbandment was stopped by the personal intervention of Mr. d'Eyncourt. It was one of the many occasions on which he saved the landships (and future Tanks) from extinction. I also made a personal request to the Minister of Munitions, and was told by him that the Admiralty informed him that the order was to be disregarded.

Mr. MacNamara then suggested, for secrecy's sake, to change the title of the Landships Committee. Mr. d'Eyncourt agreed that it was very desirable to retain secrecy by all means, and proposed to refer to the vessel as a "Water Carrier." In Government offices, committees and departments are always known by their initials. For this reason I, as secretary, considered the proposed title totally unsuitable. In our search for a synonymous term, we changed the words "Water Carrier" to "Tank," and became the "Tank Supply," or "T. S." Committee. This is how these weapons came to be called "Tanks," and the name has now been adopted by all countries in the world.

The first Tank, "Mother," was finished on January 26th, 1916, and sent by train to Hatfield Station, where it was unloaded in the middle of the night and driven up to the special ground in Hatfield Park. A detachment of Squadron 20, under the command of Major Hetherington, had previously been sent to Hatfield.

Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey arranged for Mr. McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to travel down to the Hatfield trials in my car. I explained to him our ideas of mechanical warfare and its value in the saving of life and shells. After the trials, Mr. McKenna said that it was the best investment he had yet seen, and that if the military approved, all the necessary money would be available.

Mr. Balfour, amongst others, took a ride in the Tank, but was removed by his fellow-Ministers before the machine tried the widest of the trenches. This was a trench more than nine feet wide which Lord Kitchener wished to see it cross, but which it had never attempted before. As Mr. Balfour was being removed feet first through the sponson door, he was heard to remark that he was sure there must be some more artistic method of leaving a Tank!

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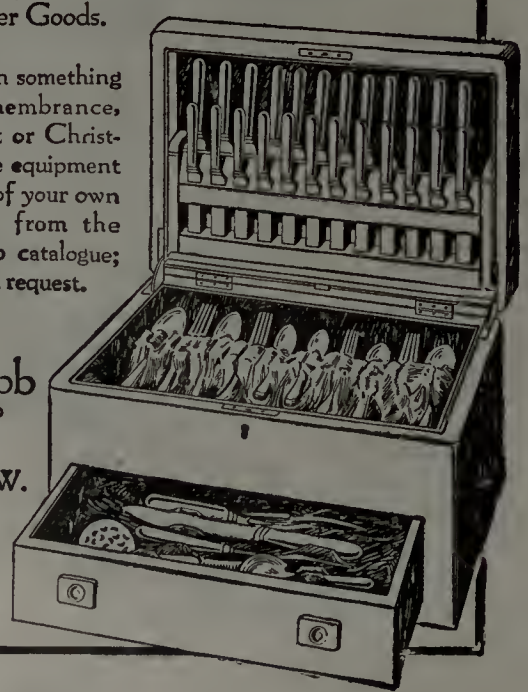

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Sir William Robertson was well satisfied with the machine.

Colonel Swinton, who was acting at this time as Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, was entrusted with the task of raising and training a corps to man the Tanks, and a camp was taken at Thetford, in Norfolk. It was kept a great secret, and the whole ground, several miles in extent, was surrounded by armed guards. Several displays were given there during the summer, and live six-pounder shells were used. The King, Mr. Lloyd George, and Sir William Robertson were among those who saw our displays; and in June Colonel Estienne, who later on was to command the French Tanks, visited the camp.

It was decided that in September, Tanks should go to France. The Tanks at Thetford were entrained at night and taken by rail to Avonmouth. There they were shipped to Havre, taken to a village near Abbeville, and from there sent up to a point fifteen miles behind the line. Moving Tanks was in those days a very difficult business. The sponsons, each weighing tons, had to be unbolted and put on separate trucks, and in that journey from Thetford to the Front this process was gone through five times. The first party of the men of the Heavy Machine Gun Corps crossed to France on August 13th. Other parties followed, and on September 15th, seven months after the first order was given by Mr. Lloyd George, the Tanks went into action.

Tanks in Action

September, 1916, *to October*, 1916

The Tanks were already in France and waiting to go into battle, but the secret had been well kept—how well was shown by a thing that happened on the very morning in September when I was leaving for the Somme, for the first Tank action.

A Civil servant, an assistant secretary, came to see me on this eventful morning just as I was starting. He told me as my department was of no real importance, since he had no knowledge what it was, he had arranged that during the next Sunday all my papers and drawings were to be moved out into a small flat in a back street opposite the Hotel Metropole.

This was no time to argue; my train left in a few minutes; once more the famous Squadron 20 to the rescue. I told him that the department could not move, as it was concerned in matters of the greatest national importance, and would require before long a very large building of its own. This had no effect on him, so I gave instructions to one of my officers in his presence to put an armed guard on my office while I was away, and to resist any attack. Should the assistant secretary make an attempt he was to be arrested, taken to Squadron 20's headquarters at Wembley, tied to a stake for twenty-four hours, and the reason carefully explained to all and sundry, especially newspaper reporters.

Fortunately no attempt was made.

On Sunday, the 17th, Sir Douglas Haig appeared in front of General Butler's office and congratulated Colonel Swinton and me. He said, "We have had the greatest victory since the Battle of the Marne. We have taken more prisoners and more territory, with comparatively few casualties. This is due to the Tanks. Wherever the Tanks advanced we took our objectives, and where they did not advance, we failed to take our objectives." He added: "Colonel Swinton, you shall be head of the Tank Corps; Major Stern, you shall be Head of the Construction of Tanks. Go back and make as many more Tanks as you can. We thank you." Immediately after my return we were ordered to build a thousand Tanks.

The mere tactical record of what the Tanks did at Flers and Guendencourt gives no idea of the moral effect of the first appearance of this new and strange weapon. It astonished and terrified the enemy. It astonished, delighted, and amused its friends. War correspondents vied with each other to do

Continued on page 106

Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors--- Not the Teeth

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The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

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But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

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Berlin Gambles and Gambols

The Lid is Off, and Lower and Upper Classes Are Insensately Dancing and Gaming

IN *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, Charles Victor, a writer of keen observation, describes the orgies in Berlin to-day, and explains why the uppermost and lowest classes indulge so freely and promiscuously, while the middle class steers fairly clear of these ultra-indulgences. He says:

The riotousness of the night life in all of the large German cities, the apparently unquenchable thirst of the people for amusement, and the absolute disregard of the seriousness of the hour which the form of amusement indicates, have been the subject of wide comment. This remarkable condition has been explained as a psychological phenomenon which invariably accompanies revolutions—*vide* the French revolution,—and the impression has gone abroad that all Berlin is dancing a sort of sinister bacchanale over the charred victims of the latest "Putsch."

Let me correct this impression. In the first place it is not *all* Berlin that takes part in the bacchanale. The great steady middle class of Germans are about as steady as they always were, except that their nerves have got somewhat on edge through underfeeding and over-excitement. I have met people living in the residential sections of Berlin who have seen nor heard no more of war and revolution than the average stay-at-home New Yorker, whose knowledge of events is based solely on the newspapers. This conservative sort of German is wont to comment upon the "fearful depravity," the complete "moral break-down" of the masses about as glibly as an editorial writer several thousand miles away. As for the rest of the people, the great masses above and below, it is true that they are generally obsessed by desire to have as good a time as possible, but their motives differ as radically as the manner in which they arrive at their ends. The rich—especially the newly rich, who seem to be in the majority—spend their money like the proverbial drunken sailor, to be gay while they may, for the sword of Damocles, the tax collector, is constantly hanging over their heads.

The poor who have suffered and are still hungry, realizing that they have been cheated out of nearly five years of life by a corrupt ruling class, are determined to make up for lost time. But the sober middle class, whose state of mind is one of apathy mixed with disgust, merely tries to forget its troubles by an increased indulgence in the sort of pleasures which it always preferred. These are the people who nightly fill the theatres where serious plays are being given, the concert halls where Beethoven reigns more supremely than ever, and the lecture halls where elocutionists recite classic poetry—with an occasional "revolutionary" evening thrown in—and where professors explain the psychology of everything with the usual German thoroughness. Not to forget the moving pictures, which flourish here as everywhere, and are notable only for the complete absence of all reference to war and revolution. Supposedly English detectives assisted by London bobbies are still as popular as would-be American acrobats and "teams" in the vaudeville.

And the amusement business flourishes better than any other in Germany. Everybody goes, a little more than usual, and everything is sold out in consequence. As far as the great mass of people is concerned this is not a sign of depravity nor even superficiality; it is the normal result of the nervous tension and the misery of the last few years. But this does not account for the really vicious aspects offered by the gambling clubs and the dance halls that are the most characteristic features of German night life to-day. These re-

sorts are patronized by the rich—war profiteers and "upper classes" of the old régime—on the one hand, and the "tenderloin" element on the other. But the really sad feature is the opportunity they offer to the morally weak section of Germany's rising generation, which is both physically and morally deteriorated through lack of parental care, inadequate feeding and insufficient schooling.

The gambling establishments are scattered all over Berlin. They spring up like mushrooms and thrive wonderfully under government restriction, police prosecution and public censure. They have been "abolished" by decrees, taxed out of existence, raided and what not, but they are doing as well as ever. In the most select section of the *Tiergarten* quarter, on the *Kurfurstendamm*, in Charlottenburg, everywhere that private houses or gorgeous apartments can be secured, these so-called "sport clubs" may be found. A few of them existed before the war, as town headquarters of real racing clubs, where the gambling instincts developed at the track could be indulged between seasons; now there are hundreds of others that have nothing whatever to do with any sport except the well-known indoor one, that are in fact not clubs at all, but private establishments where anyone may go upon proper "introduction." The guest registers of these clubs would probably take the prize for pseudonymity.

The two occupations of the patrons are gambling and eating. The last is quite as important, for in many cases it furnishes the motive. Whatever the condition of Berlin's larder you could always get good food, even luxurious food, in the gambling clubs. In the darkest days of the armistice blockade, when the poor population was all but starving on its "rations," I have seen corpulent, greasy-looking gentlemen and disgustingly bejeweled ladies in gorgeous evening toilettes eating large slices of Westphalian ham alternating with soft-boiled eggs—three at a time—washing it all down with quarts of champagne. In the cheap clubs it was bad German *Ersatz*, in the fashionable ones real pre-war champagne—"*Friedensware*"—always "*Sekt*" of one kind or another. In one of the clubs in the "West" the following menu was served:

Lobster Patty
Bouillon with Egg
Birds' Eggs with Sauce Béarnaise
Calf's Cutlet and Spinach
Roast Fowl, Lettuce
Apple Pudding
Layer Cake
Coffee

Price to most of the patrons is, of course, no object. Money is more plentiful with them than anything else. But the food here is usually cheap in comparison with restaurant prices—that is one of the attractions. The buffet is in action constantly, and patrons take the much-needed nourishment every now and then between games. Meantime the crowd around the baccarat tables never diminishes, money changes hands in sums that one thought did not exist after eight war loans: twenty, thirty thousand marks at a turn of the hand. And this constant round of gaming and eating goes on literally all night—no one thinks of leaving before dawn, and the faithful remain for breakfast.

If you ask the average German what kind of people frequent these places, he uses one word: "*Schieber*." A *Schieber* is any kind of shady business man, a war profiteer, a smuggler, sneak-trade merchant or any one of the hundreds of varieties of human insect produced by the war; "*Kriegsgewinnler*" and now there are also "*Revolutionsgewinnler*" (revolution profiteers), they say. But to believe that these are the only gambling patrons would be naive. I have seen many a Herr *von* So-and-So, even barons and counts, displaying spotless shirtfronts and cuffs with crowns engraved on the links, about the green table. Retired officers and officers' wives are not infrequent visitors, and indeed the iron cross insignia are as common here as anywhere else. Young lieutenants in "civils" have told me frankly that they expected to improve their finances in this way before they leave—for Argentina or Brazil or Japan and whereall they are going. None of them appears to want to remain in Germany—in such a "wreck." The sumptuously decorated rooms of the "club" may not look much like wreck, but your officers know better. Aren't many of them studying stenography and bookkeeping?

How is this sudden gambling fever among the Germans going to be explained? Of all people none are naturally less inclined to take chances. In sporting parlance they are "pikers." But the war and the great collapse have changed all that. They have got into the habit of trusting to chance and nothing else. "What will happen next?" and "What are we coming to?" are the most common expressions. Was not the war itself the great example? Somebody high up took a big chance and—lost. But he *might* have won. Ludendorff is very aptly called the great "*hazardeur*"—Scheidemann himself gave him the title. And the same spirit of hazard has got into all classes (always excepting the conservative middle class) down to the ragged ex-soldier and the poorest shop girl. In the North End of Berlin the spectacle of the gaming "clubs" is repeated. On the open streets there one may see the roulette wheel whirling and the dice rolling day in and day out. Before the war such things were unknown to the people of Germany.

The dance craze, which seems to have hit Germany with the same force as it hit America about six years ago, may be more difficult to explain. Large halls, gaily decorated and lighted, some brilliant—even according to the scale of New York—are filled nightly with thousands of the young people of Berlin, with a general admixture of the elderly man-about-town. Girls—shop girls, chorus girls, anything that can get away from mother—go there in fancy costumes some of which would immediately cause police interference in New York, and dance with impromptu acquaintances. There are merry-go-rounds, swings and all sorts of foolish amusements, and almost the only refreshment is wine. The food here is, in contrast to the gambling clubs, positively miserable. Like the gambling clubs the dance halls are open all night, despite police regulations. When, during the March riots and again during the "peace mourning week" all public dance establishments were ordered closed, they simply constituted themselvse into "clubs" and refused to mourn. While blood flowed in the streets, the bands "jazzed" in the halls and the girls screamed with laughter as they whirled around the "may pole." They, too, knew that the revolution was on. They were told that at last Germany was free, but to them liberty meant license—which had been restrained in the war. That Germany lost made no difference; the war was over and the lid was off. One young dancing girl of eighteen explained it all to me: "You see, for four years and a half I starved and sewed for the soldiers—*now* I'm going to have a good time." Four years ago she was fourteen, and life was about to begin. Now it *has* begun, but how will it end?

SIDNEY MINES, N.S.

MACLEAN'S *is my very best friend in the magazine world.*
—K. M.

CHANCE HARBOR, N.S.

I missed the August issue. Please send it along as I find MACLEAN'S *the very best magazine that I get and I don't want to lose a copy.*—CAPT. D. M. F.

Evelyn Gosnell, dainty star of "Up in Mabel's Room," says "There's no need to visit a beauty parlor when the Star Electric Massage Vibrator is one of the adjuncts of your dressing table"——Profitable advice for you women who would retain your beauty and physical loveliness.

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War Office Fought Tanks

Continued from page 103

justice to its half-terrible, half-comic strangeness (and yet give away no secrets), and the humorists of the battalions sharpened their wits on it. They communicated their gaiety, through their letters, to the people at home. The jolliest, most fantastic of them all was a letter from a soldier to his sweetheart, which appeared in the newspapers at the time. It could not be left out of an article on Tanks:—

A Tommy on Tanks

"They can do up prisoners in bundles like straw-binders, and, in addition, have an adaption of a printing machine, which enables them to catch the Huns, fold, count, and deliver them in quires, every thirteenth man being thrown out a little further than the others. The Tanks can truss refractory prisoners like fowls prepared for cooking, while their equipment renders it possible for them to charge into a crowd of Huns and, by shooting out spokes like porcupine quills, carry off an opponent on each. Though 'stuck-up' the prisoners are, needless to say, by no means proud of their position.

"They can chew up barbed wire and turn it into munitions. As they run they slash their tails and clear away trees, houses, howitzers, and anything else in the vicinity. They turn over on their backs and catch live shells in their caterpillar feet, and they can easily be adapted as submarines, in fact most of them crossed the Channel in this guise. They loop the loop, travel forwards, sideways, and backwards, not only with equal speed but at the same time. They spin round like a top, only far more quickly, dig themselves in, bury themselves, scoop out a tunnel, and come out again ten miles away in half an hour."

On October 10th, I received an official instruction from the Army Council cancelling the order for a thousand Tanks.

All the manufacturers who had had any experience of the methods of the Tank Department up till then had work-with the greatest enthusiasm. This sudden cancellation came as a thunderbolt. I immediately went to see Mr. Lloyd George, the Secretary of State for War. He said that he had heard nothing of the instruction.

The order for the production of a thousand Tanks was reinstated next day.

In May, 1917, Sir Douglas Haig wrote a letter to Lord Derby, the Secretary of State for War, in which he said that the importance of Tanks was firmly established and that there should be a special department at the War Office to look after them.

A Committee was therefore set up, with General Capper as Chairman. On July 27th, Sir Eustace d'Eyncourt and I ceased to attend the meetings of the Committee. We found that the three military members, *who a month before had never even seen a Tank*, laid down all rulings even with regard to design and production. They were in the majority and we could do nothing.

Instead of orders being given for thousands of Tanks, as I hoped, Mr. Churchill told me that the requirements for the Army for 1918 were to be one thousand three hundred and fifty fighting Tanks. This I determined to fight with every means in my power, and I told Mr. Churchill so.

On October 15th, I was told by Sir Arthur Duckham that three Generals at the War Office had asked for my removal.

Next day, Sir E. d'Eyncourt and I asked for an interview with Mr. Churhill. He refused to see Sir E. d'Eyncourt and told me that, with regret, he had decided to appoint a new man in my place, and, therefore, there was no object in discussing the situation. He added that he was in power, and, therefore, it was his responsibility, and that he had taken the advice of the Council Member, Sir Arthur Duckham. I told him that I would not resign, as I believed it to be against the public interest, but that he could dismiss me.

Next day I received the following letter from him:—

"Ministry of Munitions,
"Whitehall Place, S. W.
"October 16th, 1917.

"DEAR COLONEL STERN,—As I told you in our conversation on Friday, I have decided, upon the advice of the Member of Council in whose group your department is, and after very careful consideration of all the circumstances, to make a change in the headship of the Mechanical Warfare Supply Department.

"I propose, therefore, to appoint Vice-Admiral Sir Gorden Moore to succed you and this appointment will be announced in the next two or three days.

"I shall be glad to hear from you without delay whether those other aspects of activity in connection with the development of Tanks in France and America, on which Sir Arthur Duckham has spoken to you, commend themselves to you.

"Meanwhile, I must ask you to continue to discharge your duties until such time as you are relieved.

"Yours very truly,
"WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

I had an interview with Sir Arthur Duckham on the same day, and he told me that Mr. Churchill was unable to persuade the War Office to have a larger number of Tanks, but that as he was a believer in Mechanical Warfare, it was his opinion that America should be persuaded to arm herself with the necessary number of Tanks for next year's fighting.

He told me that Mr. Churchill considered it my duty, as the War Office did not wish to develop Mechanical Warfare on a large scale, to undertake its development among the Allies, and chiefly the Americans. At this time I also saw the Prime Minister and said that I was willing to undertake any duties which the country might call upon me to perform.

On October 29th, I accepted the position of Commissioner for Mechanical Warfare (Overseas and Allies). On the same day I warned Mr. Churchill once more that the progress of design and the output of the Tanks would most surely suffer. In the meantime, Admiral Sir A. G. H. W. Moore had been appointed the Controller of the Mechanical Warfare Department.

Up to the date of his appointment, Admiral Moore had never even seen a Tank!

On April 8th, 1918, Lord Milner, who up till this time had been Cabinet Minister at Versailles, and was now appointed Secretary of State for War, came to see me at the offices of the Mechanical Warfare (Overseas and Allies) Department in Paris. I explained to him the development of Mechanical Warfare and told him that the Tanks had great power of destruction quite out of proportion to their own total cost of humanity, which was limited to eight men a Tank. I told him that a special department, like the Air Ministry, should be formed, and that this Ministry or Board should be managed by those who had directed the development from the beginning. In this way a highly technical development could be carried out by a practical man with the advice of the military authorities.

Finally, I begged him to see Sir Eustace d'Eyncourt and to discuss the question of some proper authority to control and develop Mechanical Warfare.

From this date a new era of progress started for Mechanical Warfare at the War Office, with Sir Henry Wilson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff and General Harrington as Deputy Chief.

Twice a Month

Beginning February 1st, 1920

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE enters on a new stage with the February first issue, 1920. From that time on it will be published twice a month—on the first and fifteenth. It is expected that, within a reasonably short period, it will be possible to make the magazine a weekly. Such is the ambitious thought behind the forthcoming change.

MACLEAN'S has made rapid progress in the past few years. To-day the circulation is running well over the 70,000 mark and from every indication will keep on breaking the altitude records. The news stand sales have reached a total of 20,000. Editorially, the magazine has been developing faster even than the circulation and to-day it presents the very best material that is being written about Canada by Canadians.

Time and again, readers have said to the publishers, "Why don't you issue MACLEAN'S oftener? We can't get too much reading matter about our own country." And so, in response to this demand, as well as in recognition of the fact that the road of further advancement lies in the direction of more frequent publication, it has been decided that from now on two issues of MACLEAN'S shall be put out each month instead of one.

Under the new arrangement the magazine is going to be better, brighter, more vital than ever before. No effort or expense is to be spared to give the readers the very best possible service. It is never possible to tell very far in advance the editorial plans of a magazine in any detail. But this can be said: The coming issues of MACLEAN'S will bulge with bright stories and the strongest kind of articles. Arrangements are being completed with all the greatest Canadian writers.

Among the contributors to MACLEAN'S in the past have been the quite illustrious names in the appended list. It is expected that all will appear more or less frequently during 1920:

Sir Gilbert Parker
Arthur Stringer
Stephen Leacock
W. A. Fraser
Robert W. Service
Onoto Watanna
Private Peat
George Pearson
Charles G. D. Roberts
Agnes C. Laut
Arthur E. McFarlane
Nellie L. McClung
L. M. Montgomery
Alan Sullivan
Arthur Beverly Baxter
Janey Canuck
Theodore Goodridge Roberts
Archie P. McKishnie

and many others.

Among those to be added to the list are two of the very greatest of living novelists of Canadian birth:

Ralph Connor, who starts a series of articles in this issue.

Basil King, whose next novel, "The Thread of Flame," starts in the December Number.

In other words, MACLEAN'S is not only going to be twice as frequent a visitor, but twice as welcome. Start the Twice-A-Month habit and we'll guarantee to make it stick.

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MARRIAGE *and* THE LAW

By LILLIE YOUNG McKINNEY

THE first marriage of which we have any record was when Adam took Eve to be his wife. Since that time many marriages have taken place. Many have been consummated with much pomp and ceremony, and yet there has been little more definiteness to the transaction than to the first wedding in the garden of Eden. We do not know whether Adam said "With my worldly goods I thee endow" or not, but if he did he probably meant it as little as does the average modern bridegroom.

In casting about to see if other forms of contracts have become more definite with the advance of time, I find that they have. The code of laws of the different provinces invariably devote much space to partnership and company acts. It is the object of these acts to define the duties, responsibilities, and liabilities, first of the companies and then of the individual members; to define their relations to each other, and to safeguard their interests in every way.

I turn from these acts to the ones on marriage and nowhere do I find an effort to define marriage, or the duties and responsibilities of either party, or to safeguard the rights of either. The act tells who may marry, how they may marry, and little else. Now don't tell me that the reason for this is that marriage is an older institution than written law; certainly it is, but so are partnerships and companies. Abraham and Lot formed a partnership and dissolved it too, satisfactorily to both as far as appears. Joseph cornered the corn of Egypt and dispensed it to the advantage of the king without a word being said about profiteering either. All this without written law so far as we know.

Not finding anything definite in our laws as to what marriage is, I turn to our old friend the dictionary. There I find this definition: "Marriage is the act of uniting a man and woman for life." Nothing very illuminating in that; so I turn to the official titles of the two contracting parties. I find that a husband is "a married man" and a wife is "a woman who has a husband." Indeed, I had surmised as much.

Even the marriage covenant in any form known to the writer is explicit in one thing only, that these twain are now one. Which one, as the wag said, remains to be determined. Our laws, which in every other form of contract endeavor to be explicit, here in relation to marriage leave the individuals to make of it what they will, or rather what they can. Arrayed on one side is masculine directness hedged about by centuries of custom and innumerable laws. On the other, woman's diplomacy handicapped by all of these things. If there is not war in every household it is in spite of our laws and not because of them.

TO be sure these two have such a wonderful love for each other that neither will ever want to do anything which the other does not wish. But they soon discover that all human love almost, except mother love, is selfish. We do not like to own it but it is true. It would be far safer to form a business partnership without legal provisions and safeguards than a marriage contract. The partners would at least have an even start. But in marriage the very fact of their love makes them less likely to be just. The desire to hold their happiness makes them selfish. Very few ever learn that in giving and not getting is happiness. If that lesson is learned it is often by only one, so that the results of even a good thing may prove disastrous.

As human beings are and always will be human, why not deal with this question in a human manner? Instead of that we attempt to pile on so much sanctity that the lack of common sense and common justice will not be noticed. Is it reasonable to expect that a man who is a very ordinary man in every other connection of life, will become a very paragon of a husband when he has every opportunity to be otherwise? Or is it likely that a woman, made of very common clay, and the daughter of generations of men as well as of women, will be an angel wife if she feels injustice at every turn? And so to-day, the husband because he has little to guide him but tradition, becomes the traditional husband. He wants (or thinks he wants) the wife of long ago. Can you find a greater anomaly than this? The wife, who is a woman of to-day, rebels at having to be the wife of the long dead past; she frets and chafes and can you wonder if she becomes a nagging wife?

In the partnership and companies acts, responsibilities, privileges, disbursements of profits, and winding up the business are all embraced under one act. Now why not in marriage? Why not have under one act called for instance "The Partnership of Marriage" the various acts called marriage, guardianship of children, property rights of women, wills, devolution of estates, etc.? Pray tell me why? The first is the contract, the rest the results or profits of that contract.

Now on the supposition that we are going to put a large part of the foregoing into one act, we will just suggest the following form, which should prove very popular, and it has the advantage (or disadvantage) of being the facts in the most of the provinces.

Come now John Doe and Mary Smith desiring to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. John Doe affirms that he will be to Mary Smith a true and loving husband until death do them part. John Doe agrees that any property that Mary Smith may have now, or in future earn in business by herself and without his help, or any property which may be given her, she may have to do with as she likes. (As this is to be really legal John Doe will forget to say "with my wordly goods I thee endow.")

Mary Smith in like manner affirms that she will be a true and loving wife to John Doe until death do them part. Mary Smith further agrees, that the guardianship of any children that may be born to them shall be vested in her husband; that he shall say in what religion they shall be raised; and that at his death he may give them (even if unborn) to whoever he may see fit. She however having the right to bring suit at King's Bench in case she does not want what he wants. The said Mary Smith also agrees that all properties that are the result of their united labors belong to her husband John Doe, and she agrees that at his death he may will every cent away from her children and herself, (save only the homestead which some provinces give her the use of for her lifetime. One province gives the wife a real dower right in all the property). The said Mary Smith further agrees (in most of the provinces) that she will at all times live where the said John Doe wishes, and agrees that if she objects and will not live where the said John Doe wishes, then John Doe is not bound to provide for her.

THIS is the result of putting a part of what is really one act, into one contract. How do you like it? I believe it is true that it is not legal, that it is not a contract, unless there is some consideration. Do you think that this contract would be legal? Would it not be more likely to stand if the groom would give the bride one dollar, so that the contract could read, "in consideration of one dollar, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged?" Pray tell me why these facts have been placed in a number of acts, instead of all in one contract form so that all could be placed before the contracting parties. Surely if these laws are all right and need no changing, all parties will be glad to have them given as much publicity as possible. Surely any man would be proud to place such a contract before his sweetheart for her signature.

AS women become better informed the contract form of marriage will be insisted upon by them unless the laws are made more just. The contract, however, will not be the above. The number of contract marriages is increasing every year, and their legality is now recognized. Woman will insist upon this not only because she wants justice for herself, but because she can never thoroughly respect a man who in-

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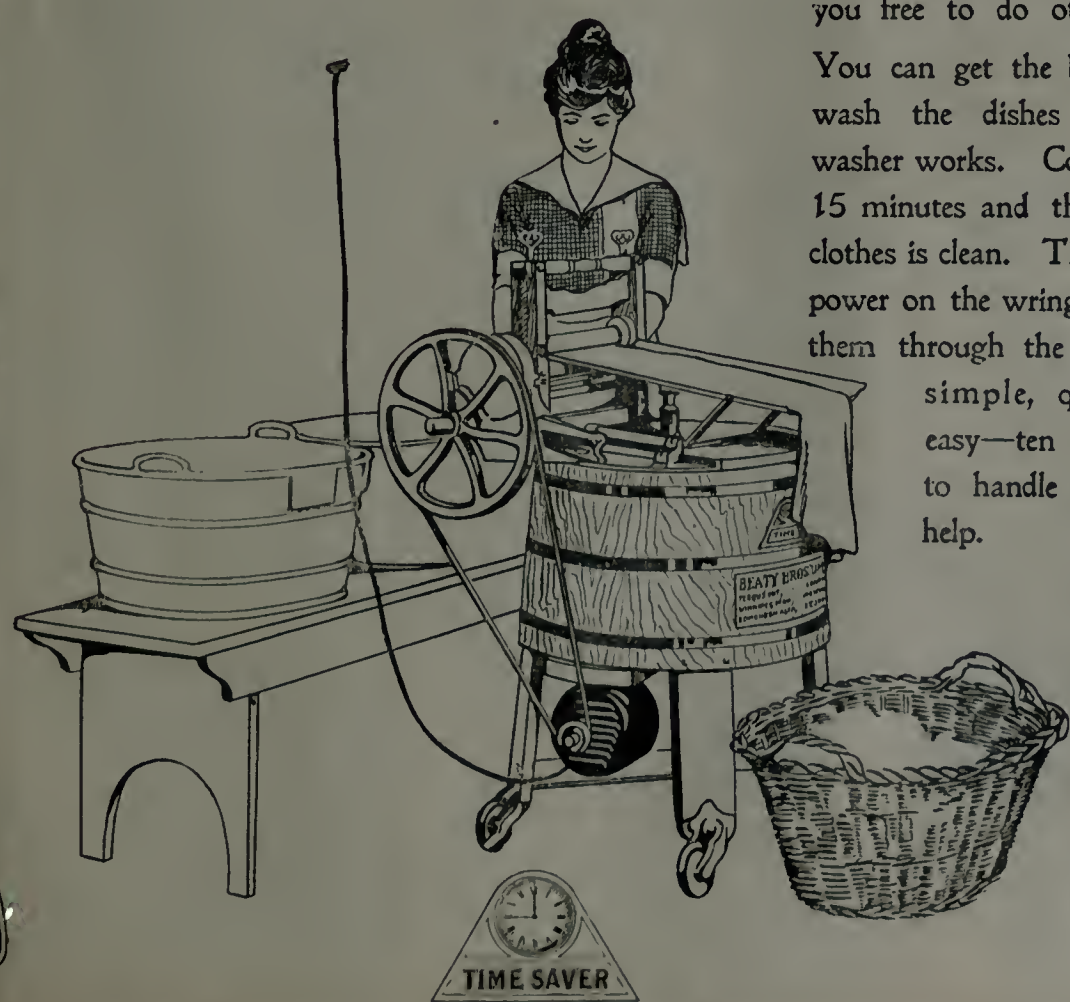

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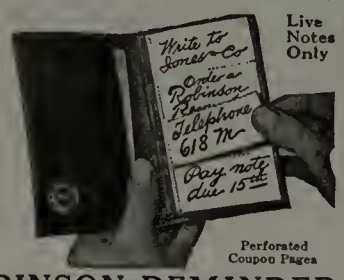

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sists on marriage being such a one-sided affair.

It is certainly true that this injustice is a constant menace to every home, and that it causes open rupture in many. The marriage contract of the future will be so worded that after the first statement the words man and woman or husband and wife will not be needed. It will be "the parties to this contract mutually agree." Conditions have so changed that even the work of either cannot be stated. We find to-day too many women who are from necessity bread winners, for us longer to make any attempt at defining the duties of each. And legal partnership of all that they possess, both of children and property, is only justice.

Do you say that that would lead to wholesale divorce? Granted that it will lead to some. In this Dominion are many women who are to-day leading a life of very torment rather than leave their children. And this often with a man whom the neighbors call a good man. The children are her husband's, and the money with which to bring action in court is her husband's. Granted that in such conditions as this (and they are not so rare as we would like to think) there would be a divorce or a separation if the woman had the power to get it. But had the marriage contract been a legal partnership in the first place would such a condition have existed? Is it not wiser that our legislation be directed toward avoiding trouble rather than bidding for it?

When men are willing to meet and wed women on an absolutely equal footing, with no special privileges for themselves, then will be born in each sex a new admiration for each other. Men have never thoroughly respected women, because they would allow themselves to be so handicapped; and many women have in their inmost hearts a feeling which is just a little more than a lack of respect for men, because under the guise of protecting women, they are really handicapping them and insisting upon such odds in their own favor. We know that all marriage should be truly a partnership, "a love that says not mine and thine, but ours for ours is thine and mine." Shall we make of this a fact or a travesty?

Potting Bulbs for Color Effects

By ELIZABETH HOUSSER

A LITTLE originality in potting bulbs for winter blooming adds immeasurably to the pleasure of waiting for results, and unusual effects may be gained by using forethought.

A brown reed basket brimming over with gracefully drooping stalks of Roman hyacinths can lend just the right note of light to a sombre corner, while an equally interesting though different effect can be gained by rose-crimson Darwin tulips in a lustre bowl of goblin blue. The Darwins are seldom forced indoors, but the beauty of their grey-green foliage alone makes them worth the growing. The flowers are more delicately shaded than when grown out of doors and the stem sometimes seems insufficient to hold the bloom erect, which may be remedied, and an attractive addition made, by using pussy willows as a supporting stake.

The Dutch hyacinths are inclined to effect an air of stolidity which is difficult to make artistic, but I have always had the most satisfaction by planting only one color or variety in a jar.

The addition of maiden hair fern—even the "pressed" variety—materially aids in softening their stolid contentment.

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If She Wants To Be a Doctor

The second of a Series of Articles on Choosing a Girl's Vocation.

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

THIS stork had made his perilous passage with safety, and the girl doctor was getting the new baby ready for its first sleep. She made an unusual picture with her white gown and pink cheeks and burnished red hair under the light. She was only twenty-four years old but she worked with the deftness and assurance of training and experience, and the mother's praises of her skill always ended with the tribute "And she's so lovely and restful to have around." Perhaps just that in itself contributed more to her success than either she or her patients knew. She is a specialist in another line now with some remarkable cures to her credit, but the sunny, sympathetic, natural personality remains unspoiled.

There was another girl who graduated and started a practice when she was quite young. She was ambitious and highly efficient—so much so that she was soon performing operations with a skill that rather staggered older heads in the profession. These older doctors were not surprised when she announced her plans to specialize in surgery. It was her social friends who were shocked. They could not reconcile their impression of the operating-room with the winsome girl who always looked as though she might be setting out for the tennis-court instead of going to see some patient whose life, so far as material considerations go, depended on her skill and judgment.

After about two years' general practice in Toronto she went to take up surgery in the Women's Medical College at Ludhiana, India. When the war began she volunteered for service in the military hospitals. Her work in India had given her a high standing and she was the first Canadian woman surgeon appointed by the British War Office. The Hospital records show a long list of limbs saved and broken bodies made whole and perfect through the miracles of her hands but hospital records like other records tell only a part of the story. Her value on the hospital staff consisted not only in her efficiency but in her sparkle and character; she was a wholesome, womanly presence in the ward. The boys whom she was able to save received something more than surgical treatment—an inspiring encouragement that the standards they had tried to keep were right. And those whom she could not save, went out more comforted, no doubt, because she was there—for the woman who makes a successful doctor acquires a wonderful understanding of human troubles and how to help them.

SO when we consider the question of what natural qualities a girl must have in order to be a good doctor, we would not put first, what are commonly called "masculine" qualities. Even the girl who faints during her first observation lesson in the operating-room need not worry, some men students have done it and have turned out to be excellent surgeons afterwards. But the girl must have good nerves and hands that can be trained to be skilful and steady, a brain capable of mastering some rather complicated studies in science, a love for humanity and a personality that inspires confidence. It meant a great deal to the nervous little mother that her girl doctor was "so lovely and restful to have around." The study and practice of medicine does not of itself interfere with a woman's naturalness. The woman doctor who lets it do this in an effort to be "professional," sacrifices one of the finest traits she could bring to her work.

Next to the matter of personal fitness comes the question of what special education is required and what it will cost. The standard set for the M. D. degree seems to be steadily going up. Last year at the University of Toronto it was increased from five to six years. The fees are one hundred and fifty dollars a year and there is the cost of books and board besides. It is difficult to set any definite estimate on these because the cost of board varies appreciably with conditions, and the economical student may save a considerable amount by buying second-hand books.

THEN comes the inevitable question: "Is the medical profession for women overcrowded, or are there reasonable chances for advancement?" The profession is assuredly not overcrowded; the more successful women doctors there are the more popular will the woman doctor become. It was the first one or two women who took their degrees and set out to build up a practice in a city where the woman doctor was a strange thing to the people, it was these pioneers who had a hard time. They had to work against a popular prejudice, but they didn't let it discourage them and the confidence won by the ability and character of the finest of these women has paved the way for the girl entering the profession today. If there were any serious lack of faith in the woman-doctor now, we would not have, in one Canadian city, about thirty of them, each handling a thriving practice, and women specialists in obstetrics, orthopedics, nose and throat, and nerve diseases each ranking well with the men specialists in her own line. It is rather strange that few of the women doctors make a specialty of children's troubles—perhaps this is one of the greatest opportunities awaiting the girl entering the profession today. It would be something rather big, ten or twenty years from now, to be rated as one of the country's leading child specialists, wouldn't it?

BUT there are other lines of medical work apart from actual practice looming up for the future. Every where people's minds are turning more and more to health protection instead of waiting to have a trouble cured after the disease has established itself. One of the objects of the municipal hospital scheme in the West is to have "health centres" throughout the country where people will learn to come regularly for advice—where they will learn to correct a wrong way of living before it has had time to seriously affect their health, and where inevitable troubles may be cured in their early stages. The idea is so sane that it can scarcely help catching on and spreading to other provinces. An Ontario doctor expresses the opinion that the time will come when the Department of Health of this province will have its Health Teachers in every municipality just as the Department of Agriculture has its representative in every county. The field of the Health Teacher's work might ex-

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DANGEROUS, not because of the change Nature is making in her body, but dangerous because of the infecting Pyorrhea germs in her mouth.

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tend to emergency calls and almost anything, as the scope of such an office usually does, but it would properly be the teaching of the health-care of the family in the home, public and home and school sanitation, the teaching of home nursing classes and whatever else the time and occasion might require. The medical inspection of school children, which is already being made a constant, permanent thing in Ontario, and being extended to all the provinces will always, properly, be the work of a woman doctor. Then, with the new child welfare movement sweeping the country, baby clinics are going to require the services of a lot of women doctors who can give all their time to it.

And what of the unusual lines like the work which Dr. Annie Ross has been doing in connection with Macdonald Institute? She isn't the college doctor, though when any of the girls are ill she usually directs the nursing on her own account—but she takes charge of their physical culture; and she teaches physiology in a way that has an ethical as well as a physical importance; and she teaches home nursing and child study and is, in general, a guiding personality about the place. . . . . Dr. Helen MacMurchy's work for the feeble-minded and as Inspector of Public Institutions may be primarily the expression of a big soul and a natural understanding of human nature, but she couldn't have done it without her professional training. There is no doubt about the future of the medical profession for women.

IN the first article of this series we mentioned that the serious-minded girl, considering the possibilities of any vocation, would not be satisfied with something that simply offered an interesting and remunerative future for herself. She would also ask "Will it help anyone else—be of any real service to humanity?" The question is already partly answered. The red-haired girl doctor realized keenly just of how much service it was, every time she met the stork on a dangerous trip and brought the two lives through safely. She realizes it now as an orthopedic specialist every time she takes a maimed or crooked limb in her hands and makes it straight and perfect, every time a child with an arm hanging limp from infantile paralysis comes to the hospital for treatment and goes away able to use that arm almost as well as the other. The girl surgeon in the military hospital knew whether her profession was of any service every time a mangled body was put on her table and carried away mended with incredible skill, with every chance of going back into the world whole and uncrippled and able to enjoy living. Oh, there's no question about the usefulness.

But we must mention one special line of missionary work where some of our Canadian women doctors have been most helpful—the work in the Women's Christian Medical College at Ludhiana, India. Dr. Margaret Patterson, who was the first Canadian on the staff, and who has since devoted a great deal of interest to securing help for the College from Canada, says that *"A mission hospital and dispensary is a laboratory of Christianity."* It is a well-known fact that the death rate in maternity cases in India is appallingly high; and it is not surprising when we consider that at the present time in India there is less than one trained woman of any degree, doctor, nurse or midwife, for three hundred thousand women of the population. As most of the native women are in Purdah they can of course be cared for only by women, so it is the purpose of the College to train native young women to go out and practise among their own people. We see how practical this plan is when we know that one doctor in the College trains one hundred and forty-seven native girls. Incidentally, the doctor gets some valuable experience for himself. The Canadian women who have been on the staff are Dr. Margaret Patterson; Dr. Edna Guest, who volunteered for military service at the beginning of the war and was the first Canadian woman surgeon appointed by the British War Office—she is now returning to Canada; nurse Edith MacAlpine, and Miss Idonea Nourse; Dr. Susan Fotheringham, who died during the influenza epidemic in India last fall. Dr. Fotheringham was a gifted musician as well as a clever doctor and the native girls and the College staff miss her music as much as her work. Dr. Mary Roberts, a specialist in surgery. Dr. Annabel McEwen and Dr. Anna Otta, with nurses Kathleen Tucker and Flora Alexander, are still in India.

One more question the girl will ask herself—(we are so foolish about some things that she might hesitate to ask anyone else): "If I am married will it make me a better homemaker and wife and mother?" Well, one of a woman's big problems in her own home is taking care of the health of her family, isn't it? A doctor knows how to do that. And a mother should be infinitely wise in understanding people—that is another part of a doctor's work. Theoretically it ought to be the best training in the world. In the practical working out—of the women doctors I know who have children of their own or adopted ones, they are among the most companionable, lovely mothers I know. I don't feel competent to judge what kind of wife any girl would make, but of the girl doctors I know, there are many with whom some supposedly pretty far-seeing men would be willing to take the risk.

What Is a Dietitian?

By DORIS McHENRY

THE other day I was making some purchases in our corner drug store, and while waiting for my parcels, entered into a conversation with the proprietor, a well-educated man of probably fifty.

"I suppose your holidays will soon be over," he remarked.

"Yes," I replied. "In a couple of weeks I'll be commencing my work as a dietitian."

The druggist looked blank for a moment, then his face brightened.

"A dietitian. Oh yes, you diagnose people, do you not?"

Being justly proud of my profession, such ignorance on the subject of dietitians and their work did not appeal to my sense of humor, especially as the ignorance seems widespread, even among the supposedly most enlightened people.

Having only recently attained the right to call myself a dietitian, perhaps I am over-sensitive on the subject, yet I cannot repress a strong feeling of disappointment when I mention my newly acquired profession to intelligent acquaintances, and see that blank look appear on their faces, or listen to theories similar to that expounded by the worthy druggist.

It is true that the dietitian is comparatively an innovation, and that our forefathers throve fairly well on meals planned in ignorance of the great scientific laws of feeding. Yet, now that an increasing number of young women elect to spend four arduous years in grappling with this vital problem, it is advisable that the world at large should at least be able to attach some significance to the term "dietitian." Having once mastered the difficulties of the meaning of the word, it is our fond hope that the world will advance one step farther, and endeavor to assimilate some of the rudimentary lessons connected with the science of dietetics.

The general inclination of those not intimately concerned, is to treat the subject of balanced meals and scientific feeding in a bantering manner. In the case of really intelligent people, however, one can detect, underneath, a genuine interest in the vague rumors of such things as calories and vitamines,

which are so often heard these days in connection with food.

This summer a discussion in dietetics arose at the dinner table of a crowded hotel, where I had been endeavoring to instil some of my pet theories.

Everyone had eaten a very hearty meal and as we lingered over our coffee a jocular youth exclaimed:

"By the way, what happens when you consume too many calories? Is there any danger of being blown up from internal combustion?"

Before I could reply, an eminent business man present confessed his entire ignorance of the nature of a calory and requested some information on the subject.

"Well, doubtless you know, that when food is taken into the body it undergoes certain chemical changes, thus producing heat and energy. The heat produced is measured in calories, which is merely a convenient unit used for meal purpose. Scientists have been able to estimate the number of calories that will be yielded by definite quantities of all types of food, when ingested, hence it is possible to regulate the number of calories produced in the body each day. The caloric requirements vary with the individual. Naturally a man engaged in strenuous physical labor has a higher requirement than the man whose work is mental. The average man's diet should yield two thousand five hundred calories per day. Many restaurants are printing the caloric value of each dish in the margin of the menu. Thus every individual can control his diet and yet have little knowledge of the subject."

"What else do you consider in planning a balanced diet?" enquired a pretty young girl, whose left hand signified an approaching interest in all concerns of the kitchen.

"I have mentioned the two most important phases, but in an accurate diet the exact amount of mineral matter in the form of calcium, phosphorus and iron is estimated. A definite amount of each of these is essential in the diet each day, but I won't trouble you with the figures. They are best supplied by plenty of milk, fresh vegetables and fruit."

"Don't forget the little vitamines," interrupted the jocular youth, who was by this time beginning to look bored, although the eminent business man and the pretty girl still showed signs of interest.

"Didn't you say they were little crawly things in the food, and that if they missed your mouth the result was slow death?"

I saw that my hour had passed. A tone of levity was again creeping into the conversation. However, I hastened to reprove the youth.

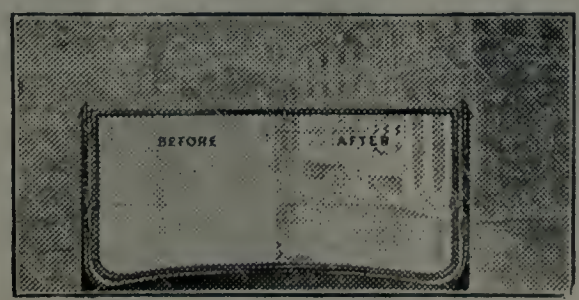
"Vitamines are not 'crawly things.' Scientists haven't been able to ascertain their exact nature; they merely know that there are certain accessory bodies present in foods apart from the ordinary nutrients, which are essential for growth and development. If you have plenty of butter, milk and vegetables, you need not worry about the vitamines."

"My interest is centred in those calories," commented the eminent business man. "But how am I to know whether my wife fulfills my caloric requirements at each meal? Henceforth, I will be filled with a feeling of distrust."

"I might lend you some literature on the subject," I suggested. "Then you soon become familiar with the caloric value of the common foods. For example, a medium slice of bread yields one hundred calories, a teaspoon of butter, forty calories, an egg seventy-five, a——"

"Stop!" wailed the jocular youth, "I am now fully convinced that at this very meal, I have swallowed thousands of unnecessary calories. Let me be by myself, I must bear this alone!"

The gathering dispersed, and I saw my lessons blown to the four corners in their laughter. But I am not downhearted. Perhaps some day this unenlightened world will awake to the vital importance of scientific feeding; until then it is our duty to aid in every possible way in the general dissemination of this truly important knowledge.



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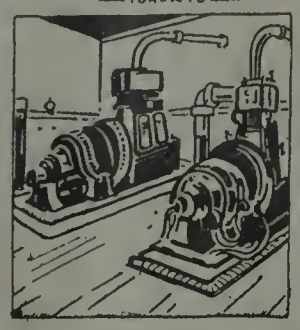

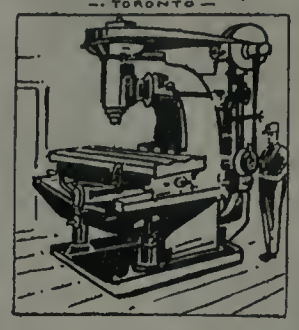

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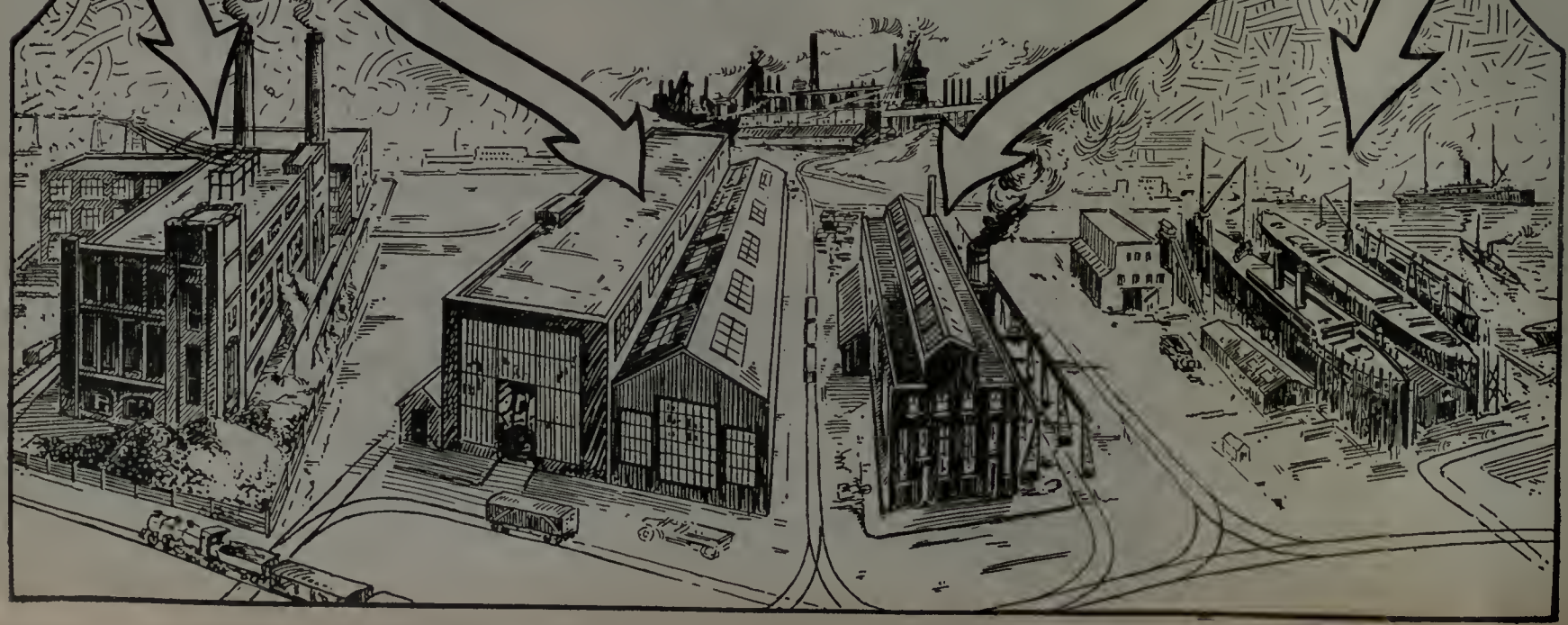

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Vol. XXXII TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1919 Number 12

THE THREAD *of* FLAME

The Story of a Man Who Lost His Identity

By BASIL KING

Author of "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine," etc.

Illustrated by CHARLES L. WRENN

WITHOUT opening my eyes I guessed that it must be between five and six in the morning.

I was snuggled into something narrow. On moving my knee abruptly it came into contact with an upright board. At the same time the end of my bed rose upward, so that my feet were higher than my head. Then the other end rose, and my head was higher than my feet. A slow, gentle roll threw my knee once more against the board, though another slow, gentle roll swung me back to my former position. Far away there was a rhythmic throbbing, like the beating of a pulse. I knew I was on shipboard, and for the moment it was all I knew.

Not quite awake and not quite asleep I waited as one waits in any strange bed, in any strange place, for the waking mind to reconnect itself with the happenings overnight. Sure of this speedy re-establishment I dozed again.

On waking the second time I was still at a loss for the reason of my being at sea. I had left a port; I was going to a port; and I didn't know the name of either. I might have been on any ocean, sailing to any quarter of the globe. How long I had been on the way, and how far I had still to go, were details that danced away from me whenever I tried to seize them. I retained a knowledge of continents and countries; but as soon as I made the attempt to see myself in any of them my mind recoiled from the effort with a kind of sick dislike.

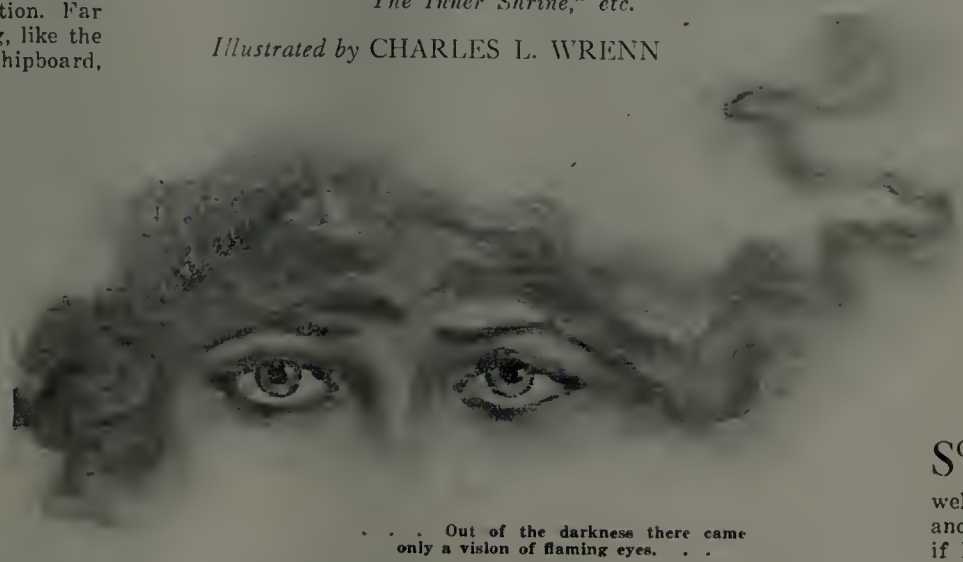
Nothing but a dull hint came to me on actually opening my eyes. An infiltration of grey light through the door, which was hooked ajar, revealed a mere slit in space, with every peg and corner utilized. A quiet breathing from the berth above my head told me that I shared the cabin with someone else. On the wall opposite, above a flat red couch piled with small articles of travel, two complete sets of clothing swung outwards, or from side to side like pendulums, according to the movement of the ship.

I closed my eyes again. It was clearly a cabin of the cheaper and less comfortable order, calling up a faintly disagreeable surprise. It was from that that I drew my inference. I judged that whoever I was I had traveled before, and in more luxurious conditions.

Through the partly open door, beyond which there must have been an open porthole, came puffs of salt wind, and the swish and roar of the ocean. Vainly I sought indications as to the point of the compass toward which we were headed. Imagination adapted itself instantly to any direction it was asked to take. In this inside cabin there was no suggestion from sun or cloud to show the difference between east and west.

Because I was not specially alarmed I did my best to doze again. Dozing seemed to me, indeed, the wisest course, for the reason that during the freedom of sub-consciousness in sleep the missing connection was the more likely to be restored. It would be restored, of course. I was physically well. I knew that by my general sensations. Young, vigorous, and with plenty of money, a mere lapse of memory was a joke.

Of being young and vigorous a touch on my body was enough to give me the assurance. The assumption of having plenty of money was more subtle. It was habit of mind rather than anything more convincing. Certainly there was nothing to prove it in this cabin, which might easily have been second-class, nor yet in the stuff of my pajamas, which was thick and coarse. I noticed now, as I turned in my bunk, that it rasped my skin unpleasantly. With no effort of the memory I could see myself elegantly clad in silk night-clothing, fastened with silk frogs; and yet when I asked myself when and where that had been no answer was accorded me.



. . . Out of the darkness there came only a vision of flaming eyes. . .

I MAY have slept an hour when I waked again. From the sounds in the cabin I drew the conclusion that my overhead companion had got up.

Before looking at him I tested my memory for some such recollection as men sharing the same cabin have of their first meeting. But I had none. Further back than that waking between five and six o'clock I couldn't think. It was like trying to think back to the years preceding one's birth; one's personality dissolved into darkness.

When I opened my eyes there was a man standing in the dim gray light with his back to me. Broad, muscular shoulders showed through the undershirt which was all he wore in addition to his trousers, of which the braces hung down the back. The dark hair was the hair of youth, and in a corner of the glass I caught the reflection of a chin which in spite of the lather I also knew to be young. Waiting till he had finished shaving and had splashed his face in the basin, I said, with a questioning intonation:

"Hello?"

Turning slowly he lowered the towel from before his dripping face, holding it out like a propitiatory offering. He responded then with the slow emphasis of surprise.

"Hel-lo, old scout! So you've waked up at last! Thought you meant to sleep the trip out."

"Have I been asleep long?"

"Only since you came on board."

It was on my tongue to ask, When was that? but a sudden prompting of discretion bade me seek another way.

"You don't mean to say I've slept more than—more than—" I drew a bow at a venture—"more than twenty-four hours?"

He made the reckoning as he rubbed his shining face with the towel.

"Let me see! This is Friday. We came on board late Tuesday night. When John-M'rie, our bedroom steward, brought me down to the cabin about half past nine you were already in your bunk doing the opium act. John-M'rie passed it up that you were a Frenchman, because you'd spoken French to him; but now I see you're just an American like myself."

SO! I was an American but I could speak French. I could speak French sufficiently well for one Frenchman to mistake me for another. I stowed this data away, noting that if I had lost some of the power of memory the faculty of reasoning was unimpaired.

Weighing my questions so as to get the maximum of information with the minimum of betrayal I waited till he had finished polishing a face which had the handsome ugliness of a pug before hazarding anything else.

"When do you think," was my next diplomatic venture, "that we shall get in?"

"Oh, hang!" The exclamation was caused by finding himself pawing at the foot of my berth in his search for the towel-rack. "Wednesday morning with good luck," he went on, feeling along the wall till he touched a kind of rod behind which he tucked the towel. "With bad weather we'll not pick up the Nantucket Lightship before Thursday night. The old bucket's supposed to do it in eight days; but you know what that means these times."

I didn't know, since these times did not distinguish themselves in my mind from any other times. But the Nantucket Lightship was a reference I understood We were sailing for New York. As an American I was therefore on my way home, though no spot on the continent put forth a special claim on me. I made brief experiments in various directions; New York. Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Denver, Seattle. Nothing responded. The hills of New England, the mountains of California, the levees of Louisiana were alike easy for me to recall; but I was as detached from them as a spirit from another world.

These ideas floated—I choose the phrase as expressive of something more nebulous than active thinking—these ideas floated across my brain as I watched the boy rinse his tooth-brush, replace the tumbler, and feel along the wall for the flannel shirt hanging on a peg. He turned to me then with the twinkling doggy look I was beginning to notice as a trait.

"Say, you'd eat a whale, wouldn't you? Haven't had

a meal since Tuesday night, and now it's Friday. Anyone would think you were up in the Ypres region before the eats got on to the time-table. Pretty good grub on board this old French tub, if you holler loud enough."

WHILE he went on to suggest a menu for my breakfast I endeavored to deal with the new hints he had thrown out. He had spoken of Ypres. He had referred to short rations. I remembered that there was a war. Whether it was over, or whether it was going on, or whether I had taken part in it or not, I couldn't say; but I knew there had been, and perhaps that there still was, a war.

I tested myself as to that while I watched him button his collar and put on a tie; but all I drew forth was a vague, sickening sense of noise, multilation, and dirt, which might have been no more than the reaction from things I had read. Nothing personal to myself entered into these associations; no scene of horror that I could construct took me in as an actor.

My light-hearted companion would not, however, allow me to follow my own train of thought.

"Say," he laughed; "I know your name, but I don't believe you know mine." The laugh grew forced and embarrassed. "I've got the darnedest name for kidding a guy ever got stuck on him. Sometimes it makes me mad, and I think I'll go to law and change it; and more times I get used to it, till some smart Aleck breezes in and begins to hang it all over me again. What do you think it is? Give a guess now."

He said he knew my name—and I didn't know it myself! That was the first of my queer discoveries that appalled me. If I didn't know my own name. . . . But the boy laughed on.

"Give a guess now," he coaxed, buttoning up his waistcoat. "I'll give you two; but they must be awful funny ones."

Nothing funnier than Smith and Jones having occurred to me, he burst out with:

"Drinkwater! Isn't that the darnedest? I can't look sidewise at anything that isn't water before the other guys begin to kid me all over the lot. Many a time I *would* drink water—and don't want anything but water to drink—and I'll be hanged if I don't feel ashamed to have them see me doing it—and me with that name! What do you know about that?"

As I was too gravely pre-occupied to tell him what I knew about that he began once more his curious pawing along the wall, till he seized a cap which he pulled down on his head.

"Oh, hang!" he muttered then. "That's yours."

This too was information, enabling me to assume that the clothing which hung on the same hook was mine also. I looked at it with some interest, but also with a renewed feeling of discomfort. It was the sort of suit in which I found it difficult to see myself. Of a smooth grey twill, sleek and provincial, there was that about it which suggested the rural beau.

Having momentarily lost his orientation the boy clawed in the air again, touching first this object and then that, fingering it, considering it, locating it, till once more he got his bearings. All this he did with a slowness and caution that forced on me the recognition of the fact, which I might have perceived before, that he was blind.

NOTHING betrayed it but his motions. The starry eyes were apparently uninjured. Only, when you knew his infirmity, you noticed that the starriness was like that of an electric lamp, bright, but with a brightness not connected with his intelligence. It was an aimless brightness, directed at nothing. The blaze of the quick pupils was like that which a window flashes back to the sunset, all from outside, and due to nothing in the house.

Dressed now for leaving the cabin he still had something to tell me.

"Say, there's one man on board who'll be glad to hear you've waked up. That's the doctor. Not the ship's doctor," he hastened to explain, "but my doctor. Say, he's about the whitest."

My questions were inspired not so much by sympathy with him, though that affected me, as by the hope of getting sidelights on myself.

"Do you travel with a doctor?"

"Came over with him just before the war. I was his stenog. Name of Averill. Been in and out to see you five and six times a day ever since we sailed. Tell you all about him after I've had my breakfast. Off now to send in John-M'ric. Don't forget what I said about the griddle-cakes. They can give 'em to you good and greasy if you kick; but if you don't they'll just hand you out a pile of asbestos table-mats."

II

BEFORE getting up to make the investigations on which I was so keen I waited to be rid of Jean-Marie. He came in presently—small, black, wiry, not particularly clean, and with an oily smell, but full of an ingratiating kindness. When I had trumped up an explanation of my abnormally long sleep I set him to separating my hand-luggage from my cabin-mate's, nominally for the sake of convenience, but really that I might know which was mine.

The minute he had left with my order for breakfast I sprang from my bunk, searching first the pockets of my clothes. There was nothing in them but a handkerchief, a few French coins, and a card giving the number of a cabin, the number of a seat at table in the dining saloon, and the name of Mr. Jasper Soames. It was a name that to me meant nothing. Referring it to my inner self nothing vibrated, nothing rang. It was like trying to clink a piece of money on wool or cork or some other unresponsive material.

My clothing itself was what I had guessed from the inspection made from my berth. It suggested having been bought ready to wear, a suggestion borne out by the label of what was apparently a big department store, the Bon Marché, at Tours. My cap had the same label, and my hard felt hat no maker's name at all.

I began on the bags which Jean-Marie had segregated as my property. There were two, a handbag and a suitcase, neither of them tagged with a name. The handbag contained bottles, brushes, handkerchiefs, all of the cheaper varieties. Where there was anything to indicate the place at which they had been purchased it was always the Bon Marché at Tours. In the suitcase, which was unlocked, and which I opened feverishly, there was a suit almost identical with that hanging on the hook, a little linen, a few changes of underclothing, a small supply of socks, collars, and other such necessities, all more or less new, some of them still unworn, but with not so much as an initial to give a clue to the owner. It struck me—and I made the observation with a frightened inward laugh—that a man running away from detection for a crime would fit himself out in just this way.

Having re-packed the bags I stood at a loss, in the sense that for the first time I felt stunned. The position was promising to be more serious than I had thought it possible for it to become. There were so many things to think of that I couldn't see them all before me at a glance.

Standing in the middle of the narrow floor, steadying myself by a hand on the edge of Drinkwater's bunk, I suddenly caught my reflection in the glass. It was a new line to follow up. A look into my own eyes would reforge those links with myself that had trembled away. I went closer, staring at the man who now confronted me.

IT is an odd experience to gaze at yourself, and see a stranger; but that is what happened to me now. The face that gazed back at me was one which, as far as I could tell, I had never seen in my life. I had seen faces like it, hundreds of them, but never precisely this face. It was the typical face of the brown-eyed, brown-haired Anglo-Saxon, lean, leathery, and tanned; but I could no more connect it with my intimate self than I could Drinkwater's face, or Jean-Marie's.

It was that of a man who might have been thirty, but who possibly looked older. I mean by that that there was a haggardness in it which seemed to come of experience rather than from time. Had you passed this face in the street you would have said that it was that of a tall, good-looking young fellow with a brown moustache, but you would have added that the eyes had the queer, far-away luminosity of eyes that have "seen things." They would have reminded you of Drinkwater's eyes—not that they were like them, but only because of their fixed retention of images that have passed away from the brain.

My next thought was of money. So far I had found nothing but the few odd coins in my pockets; but that I had plenty of it somewhere I took as a matter of course. I know now by experience that people in the habit of having money and people in the habit of not having it are guided by different "senses." In the one case it is a sense of limitation; in the other of liberty. It is like the difference between the movements of a blind man and those of one who can see—a tactual feeling of every step in contrast with the ease to come and go. Of all the distinctions induced by poverty and wealth it is the one that appeals to me now as the most significant. Merely to do without things, or merely to possess things, is matter of little importance. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, we are told on high authority; but it does consist in his state of min To be always in a state of mind in which restrictio is instinctive is like always creeping as a baby an never learning to walk.

But as far as money went I was free. I had neve been without it. I had no conception of a life in whic I couldn't spend as much as I reasonably wished. A I had been in Europe I probably had a letter of cred somewhere, if I could only put my hand on it. O arriving in New York I should of course have acces to my bank account.

IT occurred to me to look under my pillow, and there sure enough, was a little leather purse. That i was a common little purse was secondary to the fac that it was well filled. Sitting on the edge of th couch I opened it with fingers that shook with m excitement. It contained three five-hundred fran notes, two for a hundred, some hundred and fifty i gold, and a little silver, nearly four hundred dollars i all. I seemed to know that roughly it was the kin of sum I generally carried on my person when abroad

After a hasty scrubbing up I crept back into bed and waited for Jean-Marie to bring my breakfast.

IT was my first thought that I must not let him se that anything was wrong. I must let no one se that. The reason I had given him for my extraordinary sleep, that of having long suffered from insomnia and being relieved by the sea-air, would have t pass, too, with Drinkwater's friend, the doctor, shoul he come to see me. No one, *no one*, must suspect that for so much as an hour the knowledge of my identity had escaped me. The shame I felt as to that—a shame I have since learned to be common to most victims of the same mishap—was overwhelming. Rather than confess it I could own to nearly anything in the nature of a crime.

But it was no one's business but my own. I comforted myself with that reflection amid much that I found disturbing.

What I chiefly found disturbing was my general environment. I couldn't understand this narrow cabin, these provincial foreign clothes. While I was sorry for Drinkwater's blindness I disliked the closeness of contact with one I regarded as my inferior. I am not saying that I took this situation seriously. I knew that I could extricate myself from it on arriving in New York. The element in it that troubled me was my inability to account for it. What had I been doing that I should find myself in conditions so distasteful? Why should I have wanted to obliterate my traces? It was obvious that I had done it, and that I had done it with deliberation. Being Somebody in the world I had made myself Nobody, and for that I must have had a motive. Was it a motive that would confront me as soon as I had become Somebody again? That I should have lost the sense of my identity was bad enough in itself; but that I should reappear in a rôle that was not my own, and with a name I was sure I had never borne, was at once terrifying and grotesque.

III.

IT occurred to me that I could escape some of my embarrassment by asking Drinkwater to stop his friend the doctor from looking in on me; but before I had time to formulate this plan, and while I was sitting up cross-legged in my berth eating from the tray which Jean-Marie had laid on my knees, there was a sharp rap on the door. As I could do nothing but say, Come in, the doctor was before me.

"Good!" he said, quietly, without greeting or self-introduction. "Best thing you could be doing."

The lack of formality nettled me. I objected to his assumption of a right to force himself in uninvited.

I said, frigidly: "I shall be out on deck presently. If you want to see me, perhaps it would be easier there."

"Oh, this is alright." He made himself comfortable in a corner of the couch, propping his body against the rolling of the ship with a fortification of bags. "Glad you're able to get up and dress. I'm Dr. Averill."

To give him to understand that I was not communicative, I took this information in silence. My coldness apparently did not impress him, and sitting in the corner diagonally opposite to mine he watched me eat.

He was one of those men in whom personality disappears in the scientific observer. His features, manners, clothing, were mere accidents. He struck you as being wise, though with a measure of sympathy in his wisdom. Small in build, the dome of his forehead would have covered a man of twice his stature. A small dark moustache was no more consciously a point of personal adornment than a patch of stonecrop to a

She advanced serenely, sedately, her hands jauntily in the pockets of an ulster.

rock. When he took off his cap, his baldness, though more extensive than you would have expected in a man who couldn't have been older than forty-five, was the finishing touch of the staid.

"You've been having a long sleep."

"Yes."

"Making up for lost time?"

"Exactly."

"Been at the front?"

IT was this kind of question I was afraid of. I knew that if I said Yes, I should have to give details, and so I said No.

"Look as if you had been."

"Do I?"

"Often leaves some sort of hang-over——"

"It couldn't do that in my case because I wasn't there."

He tried another avenue of approach. "Drinkwater told me you were a Frenchman."

"That seems to have been a mistake of our steward."

"But you speak the language."

"Yes I speak it."

"You must speak it very well."

"Probably."

"Have you lived much in France?"

"Oh, on and off."

"Had a position over there?"

It seemed to be my turn to ask a question. I shot him a quick glance. "What sort of position do you mean?"

"Oh, I didn't know but what you might have been in a shop or an office ——"

So I looked like that! It was a surprise to me. I had thought he might mention the Embassy. My sense of superior standing was so strong that I expected another man of superior standing to see it at a glance. Contenting myself with a shake of the head I felt his eyes on me with a greater stare.

"Must have found it useful to speak French so well, especially at a time like this."

I allowed that to pass without challenge.

"If we should ever go into the war a fellow like you could make himself handy in a lot of ways."

We were therefore not in the war. I was glad to add that to my list of facts. "I should try," I assented, feeling that the words committed me to nothing.

"Wonder you weren't tempted to pitch in as it was. A lot of our young Americans did—chaps who found themselves over there."

"I wasn't one of them."

"Poor Drinkwater now—he went over with me as my stenographer in the spring of that year; and when the thing broke out ——"

"He went."

"Yes, he went."

"And didn't get much good from it."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Depends, doesn't it? on what we mean by good. You fellows ——" I shot him another glance, but I don't think he noticed that I objected to being classed with Drinkwater. "You fellows ——" he began again.

I never knew how he meant to continue, for a shuffling and pawing outside the door warned us that Drinkwater, having finished his breakfast, was feeling his way in.

The doctor spoke as the boy pushed the door open and stumbled across the threshold.

"Morning, Harry! Your friend here seems to have waked up in pretty good condition. Look at the breakfast he's been making away with." He rose to leave, since the cabin had not room enough for two men on foot at the same time. "See you on deck by and by," he added, with a nod to me; "then we can have a more satisfactory talk."

I waited till he was out of earshot. "Who is he anyhow?"

IN giving me a summary of Averill's history, Drinkwater couldn't help weaving in a partial one of his own. It was in fact most of his own, except that it included no reference to his birth and parentage.

Drinkwater had worked his way through one of the great universities when laboratory research had thrown him in contact with Boyd Averill. The latter was not a practising physician but a student of biology. He was the more at liberty to follow one of the less lucrative lines of scientific work because of being a man of large means. Sketching the origin of this fortune my companion informed me that from his patron's democratic ways no one would ever suppose him the only son, and except for a sister, the only heir, of the biggest banker in the State of New Jersey. By one of those odd freaks of heredity, which neither Sir Francis Galton nor the great Plockendorff had been able to explain Boyd Averill had shown a distaste for banking from his cradle, and yet with an interest equally difficult to account for in bacteria.

On the subject of Averill's more personal life all my friend could tell me was that he had married Miss Lulu Winfield, once well known on the concert stage.

"And, say," he went on, enthusiastically, "she's about the prettiest. You'll see for yourself when you come up on deck. She'll speak to you. Oh, yes, she will," he hastened to assure me, when I began to demur. "She won't mind. She's not a bit aristocratic, and Miss Blair says the same."

To make conversation I asked him who was Miss Blair, learning that she was the young lady whom Miss Averill had brought over to Europe to act as stenographer to her brother when Drinkwater had gone to the war.

"You see," he continued to explain, "Averill's been white with me from the start. When I left him in the lurch—after he'd paid my expenses over to Europe and all that—because the war broke out, he didn't kick any more than a straw dummy. When I told him I felt mean, but that this war couldn't be going on and me not in it, he said that at my age he'd have felt the same. One of these days I've got to pay him back that fare. I'll do that when I've got to work in New York and saved a bit of dough."

I asked him what he meant to work at.

"Oh, there'll be things. There always are. Miss Blair wants me to learn the touch system and go in for big stenography. Says she'll teach me. Say, she's some girl. I want you to know her." He reverted to the principal theme. "Big money in piano-tuning too, though what I'm really out for is biology. But after all, what's biology but the science of life? and you can pick that up anywhere. Oh, I'm all right. I've had the darnedest good luck, when I've seen my pals ——" He left this sentence unfinished, going on to say: "That was the way when I got mine at Bois Robert. Shell came down—and gee whiz! Nothing left of a

bunch of six or eight of us but me—and I only got this."

A TOSS of his hand was meant to indicate his eyes, after which he went on to tell how marvellously he had been taken care of, with the additional good luck of running across Boyd Averill in hospital. Best luck of all was now that he was able to go home, the Averills were coming too, and had been willing to have him sail by their boat and keep an eye on him. He spoke as if they were his intimate friends, while I had only to appear on deck to have them become mine.

"In the jewelry business?" he asked me, suddenly.

I stared in an amazement of which he must have recognized the tones in my voice. "What made you ask me that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Speak like it. Thought you might have been in that—or gents' furnishings."

After he had gone on deck, and Jean-Marie had taken away the tray, I got up and dressed. I did it slowly, with a hatred to my clothes that grew as I put them on. How I dressed in the previous portion of my life I couldn't, of course, tell; but now I was something between a country barber and a cheap Latin Quarter Bohemian. In conjunction with my patently Anglo-Saxon face, nothing could have been more grotesque.

I thought of trunks. I must have some in the hold. Ringing for Jean-Marie, I asked if it would not be possible to have one or two of them brought up. If so, I could go back to bed again till I found something more presentable. The steward, with comic compassion stealing into his eye as he studied me, said that of course it was possible to have monsieur's trunks brought up if monsieur would give him the checks or receipts, which would doubtless be in monsieur's pockets. But a search revealed nothing. The bags and my purse revealed nothing. My dismay at the fact that I had come on board without other belongings than those on the couch almost betrayed me to the little man watching me so wistfully. I was obliged to invent a story of hurried wartime travelling in order to get him out.

MY predicament was growing more absurd. I sat down on the couch and considered it. It would have been easy to become excited, frantic, frenzied, with my ridiculous inability. Putting my hands on my head I could have torn it asunder to wrest from my atrophied brain the secret it guarded so maliciously. "None of that!" I warned myself; and my hands came down. Whatever I did I must do coolly. So not long after the eight bells of noon I dragged myself to the deck.

All at once I began to find something like consolation. The wild beauty of sky and water beat in on me like love. I must have travelled often enough before, so that it was not new to me; but it was all the more comforting for that. I had come back to an old, old friendship—the friendship of wind and color and scudding clouds and glinting horizons and the mad squadrons of the horses of Neptune shaking their foamy manes. Amid the raging tempests of cloud there were tranquil islands of a blue such as was never unfolded by a flower. In the long sweeping hollows of the waves one's eye could catch all the hues in pigeons' necks. Before a billow broke it climbed to a tip of that sea-water green more ineffable than any of the greens of grass, jades, or emeralds. From every crest, and in widening lines from the ship's sides as we ploughed along, the foam trailed into shreds that seemed to have been torn from the looms of a race more deft and exquisite than ours.

Not many men and women love beauty for its own sake. Not many see it. To most of us it is only an adjunct to comfort or pride. It springs from the purse, or at best from the intellect; but the hidden man of the heart doesn't care for it. The hidden man of the heart has no capacity to value the cloud or the bit of jewel-weed. These things meet no need in him; they inspire no ecstasy. The cloud dissolves and the bit of jewel-weed goes back to earth; and the chances are that no human eye has noted the fact that each has externalized God in one of the myriad forms of His appeal to us. Only here and there, at long intervals, is there one to whom line and color and invisible forces like the wind are significant and sacred, and as essential as food and drink. It came to me now that somewhere in my past, beauty had been the dominating energy—that beauty was the thread of flame which, if I kept steadily hold of it, would lead me back whence I came.

She laid her hand on my arm soothingly. "I never give anyone away."

IV

FROM the spectacle of sea and sky I turned away at last, only because my senses could take in no more. Then I saw beauty in another form.

A girl was advancing down the deck who embodied the evanescence of the cloud and the grace of the bit of jewel-weed in a way I could never convey to you. You must see me as standing near the stern of the boat, and the long clean line of the deck, with an irregular fringe of people in deck-chairs, as empty except for this slender solitary figure. The rise and fall of the ship was a little like that of a bough in the wind, while she was a bird on it. She advanced serenely, swiftly, her hands jauntily in the pockets of an ulster which was grey, with cuffs and collar of sage-green. A sage-green tam o'shanter was fastened to a mass of the living fair hair which, for want of a better term, we call golden. Her awareness of herself almost amounted to indifference; and as she passed under the row of onlookers' eyes she seemed to fling out a challenge which was not defiant but good-natured.

Not defiant but good-natured was the gaze she fixed on me, a gaze as lacking in self-consciousness as it was in hesitation. A child might have looked at you in this way, or a dog, or any other being not afraid of you. Of a blue which could only be compared to that in the rifts in the clouds overhead her eyes never wavered in their long calm regard till they were turned on me obliquely as she passed by. She did not, however, look back; and reaching the end of the promenade she rounded the corner and went up the other way.

Thinking of her merely as a vision seen by chance I was the more surprised when she entered the dining saloon helping my friend Drinkwater. I had purposely got to my place before anyone else, so as to avoid the awkwardness of arriving unknown among people who must already have made each other's acquaintance.

Moreover, the table being near to one of the main entrances, my corner allowed me to take notes on all who came in. Not that I was interested in my fellow-passengers otherwise than as part of my self-defence. Self-defence, the keeping anyone from suspecting the mischance that had befallen me, seemed to me, for the moment, even more important than finding out who I was.

TRANS-ATLANTIC travel having already become difficult, those who entered were few in number; and as people are always at their worst at sea they struck me as mere bundles of humanity. Among the first to pass my table was Boyd Averill, who gave me a friendly nod. After him came a girl of perhaps twenty-five, grave, sensible, and so indifferent to appearances that I put her down as his sister. Last of all was she whom Drinkwater had summed up as "one of the prettiest." She was; yet not in the way in which the vision on the deck had been the same. The vision on the deck had had no more self-consciousness than the bit of jewel-weed. This

Continued on page 104

Can Canada Afford CHEAP TEACHERS?

"THERE is such a disparity between the large incomes made in commerce and trade, and even some of the professions, and the meagre stipends paid to teachers in our schools and universities, that unless the salaries paid to men and women engaged in the teaching profession in Canada are substantially increased there inevitably will be a dearth of competent instructors for the rising generation.

"Men and women are leaving the secondary schools, and the universities as well, to engage in more remunerative occupations. They are driven to this because their salaries, *never* high, have not been advanced in any way proportionate with the increase in the cost of living. We are threatened with a condition which will breed cheap teachers—cheap from the stand-point of ability, as well as remuneration. This is the vital question: Can we *afford* to face such conditions without vigorous protest?

"It is becoming increasingly difficult to get men to fill positions in the Universities of Toronto, as well as in other Canadian institutions. Take any Department—Political Economy, for example: Governments and banks are offering men qualified for this work more than we can pay them, and this direct competition is making it extremely difficult for us to retain an adequate and competent staff. Within the past few weeks one of our men accepted a position in Ottawa, where he will get considerably more than his salary here would have amounted to for a good many years. Take Chemistry: the large manufacturing concerns are offering many of our expert chemists twice as much as we can afford to pay them. In other branches of Engineering, the same thing holds true.

"In the scientific side of Medicine, also, men of high attainments are being paid less than half what they would be able to make in private practice, as physicians or surgeons.

"I do not expect that the men who go in for the teaching profession will get as large financial rewards as men who engage in business or in the more remunerative professions. Their reward will be of a different character. But, they must not be called upon to make unnecessary financial sacrifices. They must not feel that they are engaging in a profession which the general public holds in such low esteem that they will not make proper provision for their comfort.

"The dignity of the teaching profession in the schools and colleges, and its attractiveness to young men and women of promise, will not be maintained long, unless they get salaries which will place them, *at least*, beyond the need of scrimping and saving at every turn, and thus hampering their efficiency. There is very little inducement now for them to look upon teaching as a life work. Therefore, action of a remedial nature must be taken quickly, for it will require many years to produce the qualified and trained teacher. It is like planting an orchard; several years must elapse before fruit will be borne.

Professors' Splendid War Work

"COULD we afford to do without the skill and efficiency which university professors—to pick out just one class—placed at the service of the nation during the war? To mention but a very few of many—there are so many that it would be very difficult to compile a complete register—think of the immensely valuable work which Prof. J. C. McLennan did in the detection of submarines; the services rendered by Prof. A. S. Eve, of McGill, to the British Admiralty; of the splendid work accomplished by such men as McPhail and Gill, of Queen's; MacLean, of Manitoba; President Tory, Alberta; and Brig.-Gen. Mitchell, now Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science. These are but a few of the names which come to me off-hand.

"All the anti-toxins used in the Canadian army were supplied, practically at cost, from the University of Toronto laboratories. Can we afford to let such trained men as those who made these anti-toxins go to this or that commercial concern? Consider the work of rehabilitation for the soldier which was done at Hart House, as well as in all other Canadian universities, from coast to coast. Consider also the splendidly-equipped hospitals Canadian universities sent overseas—none better!

"Young men are leaving our universities all the time for more remunerative positions. Men on our staffs are doing all sorts of hack work to eke out their pitifully inadequate incomes. This is done even at Toronto, where salaries are certainly above the average for Canada. This saps their energies, renders them unfit for their classes, and prevents them from having the time to do collateral and progressive reading. Some members of the staff are more fortunately situated than others—it is difficult for a teacher of Latin, Greek, Ethics and certain other subjects to find outside work of a remunerative character, unless it be entirely apart from their specialties.

"Just a few days ago the head of one of the Arts-Science faculties came to me, and said:

"'I want to get young Blank, who is doing such excellent work in the United States, to come on the staff; what can we pay him?'

"'We can give him $2,500.' I replied.

"'But he's getting $3,500 where he is!'

"We discussed the question at some length, as the university needed the man urgently, particularly a man possessing young Blank's attainments. He is one of the most brilliant of our younger Canadians. But I fear we can't get him.

Left $4,000; Jumps To $10,000

"WE recently lost a brilliant and valuable professor—Dr. A. B. MacCallum—who has gone to Ottawa to act as chairman of the advisory board of industry and science.

"He receives $10,000 in his present capacity.

"We paid him $4,000.

"The danger is imminent; the question is vital. Can we afford to have our children educated by second- and third-rate teachers? Certainly we—CANNOT!"

Article Has the President's O.K.

IN order that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *readers might have the most recent and authentic information on the much-discussed subject of teachers' salaries, the aid of President Sir Robert Falconer, of the University of Toronto, was enlisted.*

The leading portion of this article was dictated for MACLEAN'S *by Sir Robert, and utters a warning note which our legislators and publicists should heed. The willing co-operation of professors and teachers from the Maritimes to B.C. was enlisted to procure other startling facts and figures given below.*

SIR ROBERT A. FALCONER,
President of University of Toronto

SIR ROBERT FALCONER'S WARNING

Information received from the heads of Canadian Universities elicits the fact that increases in salaries have not kept pace, since 1914, with the H. C. of L. In the majority of universities there have been increases, it is true, but these average not more than 20 per cent. Let us take the Big Three: first

In July, 1919, in the University of Toronto, a 25 per cent. increase went into effect—not before it was needed! The maximum is now, for a full professor, head of a department, $5,000. A well-known member of the U. of T. staff, who joined the Blue and White forces nearly three decades ago, received $3,200 *then*. Of course, it was quite a comfortable salary in those days, but even with his $5,000 today, and his large family, he is not in the *comfortable* class, but in what Samuel Hopkins Adams calls the *anxious* class. And, in what other calling would it take a man of merit nearly thirty years to get such a small increase—about $40 more each year?

McGill, with 160 members on the staff, pays from $1,000 to $5,000, ranging from junior instructors to professors of a third of a century's service. The increases made since 1914 have amounted, in the case of men in Faculties of Arts and Applied Science, to about 33 per cent. Early increases are "contemplated," but not announced.

At Queen's, instructors chiefly receive sessional appointments only, at a salary of $1,500 or *under*. Lecturers are paid from $1,500 to $1,900; assistant professors from $2,000 to $2,400; associate professors and professors not in charge of a department, from $2,500 to $2,900;; professors in charge of departments from $3,000 to $3,500; the highest salary a professor can attain is $4,000.

In the other Canadian universities and colleges there is a wide range of salaries paid, but in only one—the University of British Columbia—is the scale on a par with the three above-mentioned.

"The salary schedule," says President L. S. Klinck, of the University of British Columbia, "has generally been considered generous. Western universities, however, must pay higher salaries than Eastern universities for profession of the same academic training and experience. The scale at present runs as follows:

Professors (heads)	$3,500 to $5,000
Associate Professors	2,750 to 3,500
Assistant Professors	1,800 to 2,750
Instructors	1,000 to 1,800
Assistants	Up to 1,000

How "Poorer Brethren" Fare

"THE present schedule for professors and associate professors will probably remain for some time as at present, but the indications are that provision will be made for increases for those with a rank lower than that of associate professor. In view of the recent increases in the salaries of University men in Central and Eastern Canada, it will be necessary for Western universities to increase their schedule if they are to continue to attract outstanding men."

The University of British Columbia was not organized until September, 1915, and has just this year turned out its first flock of B.A.'s. But, that Canada's youngest university is willing to pay as well as any in the country is shown by studying the "raises" which members of the staff have received within the past three years—and this out of a staff, which even now

Murders Help to Beat H.C. of L.

A MEMBER of the psychological staff of a well-known Canadian University was explaining how he eked out his scanty college income:

"Well, it's like this: you remember a few months ago when a man named —— was murdered, and it was suggested that the murderer, ——, was insane. The Government retained me, at $15 a day, for two or three days, together with Prof. ——, the well-known psychiatrist, to examine the murderer as to his sanity.

"If there were enough murders I could make a comfortable living!"

numbers but 54: Three men have received increases of $1,000 or more.

The other Canadian universities are decidedly the "poorer brethern." It may be just as well not to mention some of them specifically, for in all it may be taken as assured that the pay received is in no way commensurate with the value of the work accomplished. But, speaking broadly, it may be observed that the lowest salaries are paid in Eastern Canada, and that they show a tendency to grow the farther west they get.

During a recent convention in Ottawa several university graduates were discussing their incomes. Most of them had been out of college from ten to fifteen years. One a broker, from Montreal, said:

"Last year my income ran around $16,000, and this year, if nothing untoward happens, it will be almost twice that."

The rest of the group, except one manufacturer who admitted that he was making from $15,000 to $20,000 annually, looked at the broker with envious eyes. Then one man, a citizen of one of the Maritime Provinces, spoke up and said quietly:

"I imagine we must be able to live more economically than you people up here do. Very few, if any, in our province make money like that. Do you know what we pay our provincial superintendent of education? Exactly $1,200. And inspectors receive $800."

The salaries paid in some other Canadian universities run as follows:

"University "A": minimum, $1,500; maximum, $2,000. Increase since 1914: $300.

"B": $800 to $3,500. 1914 scale was $600 to $3,000.

"C": $1,800 to $2,375. The man who receives the final amount is the highest paid man outside the head of the institution. A 25 per cent. increase was made in January of this year.

"D": Junior instructor, up to $1,400; minimum salary for full professor, $2,600; after 15 years' service a full professor may receive $4,000, though highest salary anyone now receives is $3,700. This scale has just been radically revised upwards.

"E": Salaries range from about $800 to $2,000. Increases are "contemplated," but there have been *no increases* since 1914.

"F": $1,500 to $3,000. In 1914 no professor received more than $1,500, except the Dean who received the magnificent (?) remuneration of $1,700.

"G": Full professor, $3,600; others, $800 to $2,800.

Sift Ashes and Raise Your Pay

THE remainder of the Canadian universities report similar conditions—and in the public schools and collegiates the scales are proportionately lower still.

Some of the salaries instanced above may appear quite adequate, but the "top" salaries are being paid to but very few men in each institution. And, so great are the demands in the way of subscriptions to charitable organizations, various college funds and memorials, as well as the outlay for books and other "instruments of their trade," that the net amount is materially decreased. Members of university staffs are expected to keep up a certain standard of appearance—dress, table, entertainment, etc.—and they dare not fall below.

Certain lecturers threaten voluntarily to "lower their scale" if the wages paid to the college janitor is so—relatively—attractive. The *Border Cities Star* says the reason there are so many vacancies in the teaching profession is because erstwhile educators are now stoking the school furnaces to make both ends meet! This may seem like a poor sort of a joke, but there are schools and colleges in Canada where the teachers and lecturers are actually receiving less than the caretaker! In one school, if a certain member of the staff tore up his certificate, donned overalls, and went to sift the ashes, permanently, his pay would go up exactly $160 a year.

One of the greatest evils of these low salaries is that men are driven to do outside back work. It is frequently a kind of work which galls the mind and wearies the body. A member of the psychological staff of a well-known Canadian university was discussing recently with some colleagues the salary question, and he was asked how much money he could make in a year "on the side." He said:

"Well, it's like this: you remember a few months ago when a man named ——— was murdered, and it was suggested that the murderer, ———, was insane. The Government retained me, at $15 a day for two or three days, together with Prof. ———, the well-known psychiatrist, to examine the murderer as to his sanity.

"That was work in my line, and well-paid work, and if there are only murderers enough whom the Government wants examined I believe I could make a very nice, comfortable living. My income would vary inversely as the moral tone of the community depreciated."

Another psychologist said murders weren't common enough so that he got any work in that line, but he lectured, on very elementary subjects in his field, at an institute where he received $100 for eight months' work, two hours a week. He gave vent to the following:

"That's why I don't even make enough to get a decent overcoat. And that's why my wife and I restrict ourselves to an egg a week—and we divide that between us now that they're $1 a dozen in the market.

Side Lines Help Pay Pressing Bills

SOME professors make a good deal in their side lines —if they are "fortunate" in their fields. One man who teaches mathematics of a certain brand to the "young idea" makes more than his university stipend by doing expert work for actuaries and accountants. Many do tutoring; several have written successful books, which occasionally make money. A few write for the newspapers; one magazine has received unsolicited contributions from six members of university staffs, all of whom wanted to turn an honest penny. One professor named his price, and asked that it be sent him "with as little delay as possible, as he had some pressing bills."

"The subject is full of difficulties," says Principal R. Bruce Taylor, M.A., D.D., of Queen's University. "A man who teaches Greek is unable to add anything appreciable to his salary, whereas the chemist or the metallurgist, or the mineralogist, or the geologist, may during the summer months add largely to his income; and the work that he is doing outside is not only of benefit to him personally, but is also of value to the university in that it keeps a professor in touch with the most recent developments of his science and keeps the institution to which he belongs in some kind of relationship with industrial work."

Very serious difficulties have been encountered in practically all universities in the Dominion in filling vacancies, or in fifinding men to fill newly-created positions. President MacLean, of the University of Manitoba, says:

"We are experiencing the greatest difficulty in obtaining competent men to fill vacancies. These difficulties are greater than ever before, and are likely to increase. The condition seems to be general and affects all universities on the continent."

"It is impossible to express too strongly the difficulties that have been experienced this year in our endeavors to fill vacancies," says W. Sherwood Fox, Dean of Arts, Western University, London. "One position was offered to nine men before we secured an acceptance, several of them turning down our offer on the ground that they could earn more in commercial life than in academic life. . . . . Another position we tendered to six or seven men. . . . Two positions were not filled until the middle of October, and classes in these departments were held up"

President A. Stanley MacKenzie, of Dalhousie University, Halifax, says:

"The supply of men seems very limited, though this year we were finally successful in getting very satisfactory men." Great difficulty in the future is anticipated, the Dalhousie "Prexy" reports.

A. P. S. Glassco, Secretary of McGill University, states: "We have experienced great difficulty in getting competent men to fill vacancies this year, as there would appear to be very few available. It is probable that there will be a great deal of difficulty in getting the men we want in the future, unless the present rate of remuneration is materially increased."

Several of the young men, for whose services universities contracted several months or even a year ago, have received more alluring offers since their acceptance of the university positions, but have felt in honor bound to turn down the later propositions. One man, in his very early twenties, was about to pack up and go to a certain Western university at $1,600. This seemed a very fair figure to start at, but his work fell under the notice of the head of a financial institution, who wired him an offer of an initial salary of $2,500. He wired the university to obtain his release, but the reply came back:

"We can't possibly do it; we are five men short now on our staff. Sorry."

So he'll teach for a year, and then perhaps take a little flurry in finance.

Turns Down $10,000, For $4,000

A NUMBER of business men were discussing university salaries, and one of them remarked that "So-and-so is only getting $2,600."

"Well," retorted the manager of an insurance company, "isn't that enough? In what other line of endeavor could he get more—or as much?"

This may be true in isolated cases, for there are incompetents and slumberers on university staffs as well as in most other organizations but, in the main, it is not true. From McGill comes this statement:

"Several of our men, particularly in the Department of Chemistry, have received tempting offers from commercial corporations. In some cases we have not been able to keep them, but in others we have found that they are willing to accept a smaller salary and remain with the university. The cases mentioned were those of men receiving $3,500, or less."

Tremendous sacrifices are made by some men to remain in the service of their Alma Mater. At Queen's one of the professors in the department of Metallurgy was offered, just a few months ago, a salary of $10,000 by a chemical company, and the offer was *subsequently increased.* He refused, and remains at Queen's at $4,000. Professor Stafford Kilpatrick recently left Queen's for commercial work, and President A. Bruce Taylor says of this case:

"Professor Stafford Kilpatrick has gone to be consultant with M. J. O'Brien Company. Processes which they are using in immense mining enterprises are the results of Professor Kilpatrick's research, and it was only natural that he should leave us to superintend the working of those large affairs."

President Taylor tells why some men can't be lured into commercial life:

"In University life, of course, a man is master of his time as he would not be in a commercial position, while holidays and the pleasant society in a little university city, such as Kingston, count for a good deal with the university type of man."

Hart House, University of Toronto, where much rehabilitation of soldiers was done. It was formally opened during November.

"On Christmas Eve," said Jack Fish, "they come out of their graves."

--Merrie Gentlemen

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

Author of "The Airy Prince," "Klondyke Boyle," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IF YOU could find the village of Windbridge (which is very difficult as it hides itself at the bottom of a hill well off the main road which crosses the downs at a certain part of the English South-East Coast) you could see the identical cottage where Doctor Jellybud looked from his window at the beginning of this history.

For more years than most people could remember he had lived there, and every day he looked out of the window on rising, because he was a jovial, round-bellied, old boy who was glad to see the morning; and if the sun has any sympathy in its nature at all, it must have had hard work to keep from coming out and smiling back at the jolly, red-faced Doctor.

"Octavius," cried his sister from below, "breakfast is ready."

"Coming, my dear, coming at once," cried the Doctor, immersing his face in a basin of cold water.

That was a harmless lie which I am sure never grew any blacker for repetition. He always *was* late for breakfast and never did "come at once," but then if he had, there would have been no necessity for his rubbing his hands and making all sorts of genial excuses and generally starting the day off (as it should be started) as if life were a very pleasant thing altogether, and breakfast one of the pleasantest things in life.

The Doctor had never married, which was strange too, for there wasn't a keener eye for a dimpled cheek or a pretty ankle in that part of the country. . . . . But then possibly he liked so many dimples, and admired such regiments of pretty ankles, that he couldn't concentrate on just one set of them.

Yet it should be recorded that sometimes when he used to sit by the fire and drink punch with Jacob Funnle, the county Magistrate who was given to amateur theatricals, (it was a well-known fact that his Othello was far better than anything on the London stage) and who used to scare prisoners speechless by his manner when he tried them, Doctor Jellybud would grow a little melancholy. On those occasions it was his habit to confess to an early and fruitless attachment to a "splendid creature" with ten thousand a year in her own right, who had been cruel enough to hand over the care of her splendid self, and the ten thousand a year, to an Ensign in the — st. Bloodandthunderers, who owned the finest mustaches, the best legs, and the thickest heads in London.

As this tale never failed to produce a state of abject sentimentality in both of them, old Funnle would propose "Women, lovely women—God bless 'em," and, as any gentleman would, they always did full justice to the toast, bracing up surprisingly after it. In fact more than once these evenings had ended with a chorus descriptive of the joys of bachelorhood, sung so heartily that it would have been difficult to realize that one was a blighted lover, and the other a widower.

THE Doctor was the eighth child of a teacher in a poor little Cornwall school, and by dint of much economy he had been sent to London, where, after several years in a hospital, he was duly proclaimed a competent member of the medical profession. As it was at that time the mustached Ensign had bludgeoned his matrimonial chances, he bought the practice of Dr. Swiggins, who had looked after the health of all Windbridge for fifty years, and who, finally taking sick, made the mistake of trying one of his own remedies, with the result that his place of residence changed to the cemetery, and his practice was sold to Dr. Jellybud.

As that was when he was in his early thirties, his favorite sister, Regina, had come to keep house for him just until he was married.

And thirty years passed by, and the pretty little sister, with the cheeks like roses, grew to be a sweet-faced woman with fading flowers in her face but a gentle kindliness that is a far more lasting and beautiful thing than roses which must die with the passing of summer. The world is full of such women, offering their sympathy and understanding, and never asking any other reward than the knowledge that some load has been made a little lighter for their ministering.

So, when this story opens, his sister was still keeping house for the Doctor, though it was a great joke between them that some day he would bring home a blushing young bride. . . . And in return he would accuse her of designs on Jacob Funnle.

Altogether they were a very happy pair, and even if the old Doctor never knew very much about medicine, and had forgotten most of the little he knew, he did a tremendous amount of good by his cheeriness. In fact, as he used to drive through the village with his black bag in full view, Windbridge wouldn't have exchanged its family Doctor for all the brains of Harley Street.

* * * * * *

"WELL, my dear," said Doctor Jellybud, entering the dining-room with his face still glowing from the recent ablutions. "That's a very cosy fire. Sorry I was late. Damme, I'm always late—shouldn't wonder, you know, if I wasn't really intended for the seventh child, but consequence of being late they had to leave me till the eighth. I tell you that's good porridge aint it? Eat lots of oatmeal, sleep with your window open, keep cheerful, and half the doctors and undertakers would go bankrupt in a year.'"

"It looks like rain, Octavius."

"Should be snow this time of year."

"I think there's a storm coming on. Do you have to go out to-day? You know, you're not as young as you were."

"Yes I am, m'dear—younger. If a fellow lives properly, you know—open windows at night, not too much spirits and 'baccy, and absolutely never touches port wine. . . . . he simply lives in a circle. Starts young, grows to middle age, then gets younger and younger until he disappears again."

"But Octavius, who do you have to see to-day?"

"The whole lot of 'em, Regina. There's Widow McGregor getting more melancholy every day, and Joe Green who is quarreling with his wife all the time. Then there's poor old Ned Clarke who don't seem able to earn a penny, and of course I have to see Sam Heeling about the Xmas music—you know it falls on Sunday this year—and then I must go and see little Barbara Flint."

"You shouldn't go away out to that lonely spot."

"That's just it, m'dear. It *is* a lonely spot and that pretty little creature's pining away like a bird in a cage, all on account of her sinful old dad who won't see what's going on before his very eyes."

"Yes, I noticed Barbara at church last Sunday, and she looked like a fading lily."

"She does, Regina—just like a lily. It's my opinion, speaking as her medical adviser, that she's in love. She looks just like I did when—you know who I mean when she jilted me for that nincompoop in the Bloodandthunderers."

AFTER which melancholy thought the Doctor devoted himself to his breakfast with more relish than ever.

"Barbara," said Miss Jellybud, pouring out some coffee and uncovering a plate of steaming rolls, "has never been the same since she visited her poor dead mother's brother in Surrey. It's my opinion she fell in love with someone while there."

"Like as not."

"I wish I could go and see her, or even if she would only come here of an afternoon and sit by the fire. I know I'm dull company for a young girl like her, but surely anything's better than remaining in that rickety old house on the downs with her mean old father."

"The perverse old specimen."

"Well really, Octavius, I hate to be unkind, but when I think of how he screws the last penny out of everybody, and never spends anything but just when he's forced to, and how he lives in that horrible house with little Barbara just the same as a prisoner. . . . . I must say that I think he's anything but a gentleman."

"A gentleman, Regina!" The Doctor's face grew quite apopletic. "He's not only Flint—he's a skinflint, a miser, a scoundrel! Damme, if he was only to get sick, I'd poison him and hang cheerfully for it. It's my opinion that all this trouble between Joe Green and his wife, and Widow McGregor with her fretting, is all in consequence of that bad-livered old scoundrel grinding the money out of them that hasn't the means to pay. I tell you, Regina, Josephus Flint had better keep out of my way; he'd better not apply to Doctor Jellybud for medicine unless he first gets it analyzed."

There was a scratching at the door and the low whine of a dog.

"There's Nero," said the Doctor. "Let him in."

HIS sister opened the door to admit the shaggiest and most melancholy dog that ever walked on four legs. Without so much as a wag of his tail, he took one look at his master and rolled over on the floor by the fire as if life's burdens were really too much for him to bear much longer. His sadness was perhaps a business asset to the Doctor, because, when a medical practitioner is as jovial as old Jellybud, it is just as well to have a dog that is always on the brink of tears.

He used to accompany his master on all his journeys, running behind the gig with his shaggy head just between the two hind wheels which spattered him constantly with mud. And being an object of particular animosity to other canines, who apparently regarded his melancholy as a personal affront, his progress through the village was considerably harassed by all and sundry mongrels who waged guerilla warfare on him, while the Doctor would brandish his whip and threaten them with tortures unending.

"Well, Nero," said the Doctor, "how's the weather?"

The dog uttered a dismal groan as though that were the one subject which he could not bear to hear mentioned.

"Nero's in a good humor this morning," said the happy little Doctor. "And now, m'dear, if you have the present for the Widow McGregor, and that leg of mutton we don't want, for old Ned Clarke, I'll just tell the man to harness up and then be off on my rounds."

"I wish you wouldn't go, Octavius dear. There's going to be a storm."

"Bless your sweet face," said the Doctor, producing his pipe, "that's the very reason I must go. Those poor souls always get worse when the sky's clouding up and there's a nasty bite in the air."

IF Doctor Jellybud's dog was a creature of melancholy, his horse was a quadruped that would have earned a fortune for an undertaker. He was a large beast of fabulous age and, though he ate enough for three dray-horses, was all angles and corners. On the outward journeys away from home, he made a tremendous show, tossing his head and heaving his flanks, though in reality going just a little slower than a fast walk. But, when the day's rounds were complete, and the Doctor's gig was definitely set for home, the old horse would get right down to business, covering so much ground with his long, ungainly stride that the little red-wheeled gig used to bob from side to side to the immediate peril of the Doctor and any passing pedestrian who did not allow sufficient leeway. As for Nero—it must ever remain a mystery how he escaped decapitation. . . . But perhaps a life of such daily jeopardy may have accounted for his dejected condition of mind.

The horse was named Socrates (out of respect to the learned lineage of the Jellybud family) and was unfortunate enough to be blind in his right eye. Being possessed, however, of an inordinate curiosity that only ripened with age, (and such is the perverseness of human affairs that most incidents of interest happened on his left side) it resulted that Socrates was frequently facing the opposite way in which he was going.

In fact as Doctor Jellybud would drive down the street with Nero, the dog, in mournful faithfulness between the rear wheels, and Socrates turning his head almost completely around, the impression one received was that the family practitioner was actually consulting with his horse concerning the treatment to be administered to the sick of Windbridge.

ON the morning, therefore, that this narrative commences, the Doctor bade good-bye to his sister, who had been packing into the gig various little presents for people, "just things she didn't want"—as if she were affluent instead of being forced to economize on every shilling—and with much clattering of hoofs from Socrates, who seemed to be trying to devise a new step for the horn-pipe, and a dismal groan from Nero, the equipage made its stately way through the village. Seated on the very high seat of the absurd little gig, and, as I have said, with the mysterious black bag in full view of the populace, the Doctor acknowledged the hearty greetings of the few who were abroad on that bleak December morning, with a cordiality tempered by consciousness of his exalted position.

Arriving without mishap at the Widow McGregor's (unless it could be counted as such when the chemist's dog had made a rush at Nero and very nearly succeeded in embroiling him with the glaring red spokes) the Doctor carefully tied Socrates to a post and, walking around the gig, entered the miserable little garden—the horse endeavoring to follow his circuitous progress with his good eye until a strangling sensation taught him that he couldn't turn a complete circle with his neck.

"Good morning to you, Madam," said the Doctor, as a tired woman, whose face was threaded with wrinkles, opened the door, "I hope I see you hearty."

"Ah, no, Doctor. I amna' hairty. Fair froom it."

"Tut, tut, Madam," said the visitor, taking a seat in a bare, dingy room and rubbing his hands jovially together, "you're looking the very picture of health."

"Then it dinna tak much for to mak a pictur," was the miserable response. "Ah'm feeling sair bad, for 'tis a raw morning and I canna' afford but little fire."

"I am sorry to hear that," began the Doctor, "very ——"

"Aye—sympathy's a' verra well but it doesna-bur-r-rn. It taks a' my earnings for to pay old Flint the rent: He raised it on me last week again, and me a puir widder."

The Doctor grew so red in the face with anger, and so short of breath with its suppression, that he was forced to stand up to permit the proper circulation.

"Flint," said he, forcefully, "is a scoundrel. A double-dyed, double-damned scoundrel."

"Aye," said Mrs. McGregor drearily, "but throwin' stanes dinna heat the hoose."

"I tell you what, Madam," said the family physician, "if that fellow isn't very careful, he'll meet with a painful accident some of these days. I don't want to startle you, Madam, but when I was younger I once took on Bruiser Jones, a professional pugilist. I won't say what I did to him—I was young and impetuous in those days—but Bruiser was never the same man again. No sir—I mean, no, Madam."

"Aye," agreed the widow with a doleful sigh, "we was all young once, though you wouldna' ken it to look at me the noo."

"Mrs. McGregor," said the Doctor, in the manner which had so nearly been the undoing of the Ensign in the Bloodandthunderers, "I remember when you came to the village from Scotland more than thirty years ago. 'By gad!' I said, 'There's a woman.' Those were the very words—'There's a woman,' and by gad! You don't look a day older now."

"Then your eyesight is muckle wairse than it should be," was the gracious response.

"By-the-by," said Jellybud, remembering the professional nature of his visit, "be sure and sleep with your window open, eat plenty of porridge and. . . . dear me! where did I leave that bag?—oh there it is. I have a bottle of port wine here, which I want to get rid of in case I'm tempted to drink it. Would you believe it, Madam, an inch of that wine in the bottom of a glass, and Doctor Jellybud would join his predecessor in the cemetery." He produced the bottle from the bag and handed it to her. "Will you accept it, Mrs. McGregor?" he said, appealingly.

"Aye. Beggars canna' be choosers: but it's a puir drink compared wi' whuskey. Hae ye an opener—and we'll just sample it after the manner of speakin'."

Doctor Jellybud had an opener, and in a second he had extracted the cork and the good lady poured two generous portions into two cracked glasses.

"Mrs. McGregor," said the Doctor, not at all like a man who was about to drink the Hemlock and end his days on earth, "I wish you a Merry Xmas."

"Aye," said the old woman, "it's a fou' wish when a widder's as puir as me, but I thank ye for the spurrit which prompts it."

IT was not necessary to drive to old Ned Clarke's tumble-down cottage as it was only a few steps from where the Widow McGregor lived, so hurrying to his door the energetic little Doctor gave a brisk double-knock. It was opened by a very old man in shabby clothes, whose large face, once lit with a certain rugged good humor, had grown dull with fading faculties and the ugly companionship of poverty. He was a man of nearly ninety years of age, but with a frame so strong, that, though it was a little bent from age, it refused to yield to the siege of dimming memory and dulling mind.

"Good morning, Ned," said the Doctor, "I hope I find you well."

"I cannot complain," said the other in a deliberate, heavy voice that pronounced every syllable distinctly as though he were conscious that the work of his mind might be slow but he would make it thorough, "though it be cold, and my old bones aching just a little with the damp morning." He led the way into the cottage and indicated a chair for his visitor. "But it will not be long now, Doctor, for I be growing old and no use to no one. I'm a weary, tired man as will be very glad when his time has coom."

"My dear sir," said the Doctor, "you have years of life in you yet. Why the village wouldn't be the same without you. Bless my heart, take Ned Clarke from Windbridge, and what remains? There's a riddle for you. How long have you lived here, Ned?"

"Sixty year and a little better; ever since I hurt my leg in the Navy and was sent ashore. You wouldn't know Windbridge in them days, Doctor. Where the Chapel be now, there were a scaff'ld, and one day I see a man hanged there. Ah, I see'd him. There he hanged for more'n a week, but he had killed another, and 'tis writ in Holy Scripter that. . . . that. . . . My memory bean't what it were but I recall his hanging, and the Good Book says something that makes it all right. But I remember thinking at the time that it were a rare, awful thing to hang a man. Shoot him, or drown him; but hanging's a choky business and bean't a proper sight for women and children to see."

"Your cottage is cold here, Ned."

"Yes, Doctor, it do be chillsome, but then I'm a hardy fellow spite of my ninety year coom this May, though I don't go for to say but that a bit of fire would be a kindly thing."

"Have you no coal or firewood?"

"Yes, a little. But I must save it for the days when my old bones ache worse'n to-day, for I be too bad in the back now for to cut the bush; though I do say that it's a pleasant thing for an old man to sit with his pipe and listen to the logs a' blazing in the fire. But I cannot complain, Doctor, even if it do come hard to move from this cot next fortnight, and me not knowing where to go, unless into the work'us, which goes again' my feelings arter fighting all these years for to die independent like."

DOCTOR JELLYBUD took out a pair of spectacles and adjusted them on the very tip of his nose.

"Ned," he said calmly, though his face was purple, "why are you leaving here?"

The old man slowly tapped the arm of his chair with his hand.

"It be Master Flint, Doctor," he said. "He has raised the rent five bob a month more, and no matter how I scrape I cannot go for to meet it."

The Doctor took his glasses off the end of his nose and put them back in the case. He then produced a very large handkerchief and wiped his brow, stopping in the act suddenly and brandishing a fist within an inch of Ned Clarke's nose.

"Ned," he said, tensely, "do you see that?"

"Yezzir," replied the old man. "What be you going to do with it?"

"Never mind, sir, never mind," said the Doctor, plunging the fist beneath the tails of his coat, and tossing them violently up and down. "All I can say to Mr. Flint is that I don't envy him—that's all. By the way, Ned," the little man's fury had subsided as swiftly as it had come, "here's a leg of mutton which my sister bought, forgetting that neither of us can abide mutton. She was wondering if you'd mind taking it so that it wouldn't be wasted."

"Doctor," said Clarke, slowly, "you and your sister be a very kindly pair. It's my opinion as people like you, that just keep doing for poor folk, has as good a chance up yonder on the quarter deck, as them long-faced chapel people as keeps on praying for them but don't go for to do nothing but pray."

"But, my dear sir," said Jellybud, "that mutton would be wasted. It's nothing but that. And now I must be off—sleep with your window open?"

"I do, Doctor, I be a man as likes to feel o' the open air upon his face."

"That's right. Well, Ned, my boy, a Merry Xmas."

"Thank you, Doctor, and I'll take it kindly of you to give that there same wish to your sister, from an old man whose time has almost coom. This be my last winter, Doctor, for I can see the signal flying at the mast."

"Tut, tut, Ned—you'll be the pride of the village for another ten years."

"P'r'aps yes—p'r'aps no, Doctor; though I do take it bad for to leave Windbridge now, as Master Flint

NOTE.—*In this novelette, published complete herewith, Mr. Baxter has written a Christmas story that will entertain and delight every reader. Mr. Baxter is a young Canadian writer who is rapidly coming to the forefront.*

A novel of Mr. Baxter's, "The Parts Men Play," will start in an early issue of MACLEAN'S.

be forcing me to do. It were sixty year and a little better when I come here first. You wouldn't have knowed the village in them days. Where the Chapel be now, there were a scaff'ld, and one day I see'd a man hanged there."

"Well, Ned, a Merry Xmas."

"I wish you the same, Doctor, and thank you kindly."

WITH a growing indignation that threatened to burst a blood vessel in his head, Doctor Octavius Jellybud completed his morning rounds, dispensing a very little medical advice, a great deal of cheeriness, and generally contributing towards the good of men with that sublime art of *philanthropia*, which Lord Bacon attributes to the ancient Greeks. Nor did the threats which he breathed against the person of one, Josephus Flint, Esq., of "The Oaks," in any way impair his sympathy for the forlorn of Windbridge. On the contrary, he mixed gentleness and violence and boisterous good humor in the same vial and produced a remedy which would have made a fortune for him if he could have put it on the market.

He had just spent fifteen minutes with Mrs. Green, whose trouble with her husband Joe was one of those offsprings of poverty, a state supposed by comfortable philosophers to be a very good one for people who are used to it; and he had hurried down the road to arrange with Sam Heeling about the Xmas music (the Doctor's voice being the kind that can sing bass, tenor or alto, according to wherever there was a shortage) when the lowering clouds warned him that the storm would not hold off much longer.

For a full minute he debated with himself whether to go home or carry out his original plan of visiting Barbara Flint. After the manner of a man who is undecided he gazed at the clouds and shook his head; then he looked at Socrates and frowned; after that he looked up the road and then down it, as if the solution might appear unexpectedly from either source; then he clambered into the gig with a look of implacable determination.

"One more run, Socrates," he said. "Out to 'The Oaks,' then back home."

AFTER ten minutes of protest on the part of Socrates, which resulted in the horse, gig, and Doctor going round and round in a circle (while Nero followed patiently between the rear wheels under the impression that he was covering a considerable amount of ground) they started off suddenly at a very good clip for the distant dwelling of Josephus Flint.

But to get to "The Oaks," it was necessary to pass "The Briars," which was the dwelling place of that worthy soul, Jacob Funnle, County Magistrate and prince of Othellos. "The Briars" was one of the pleasantest places imaginable, with great fireplaces that made merry with logs, a den with beam ceilings, a kitchen in which game were always hanging from the hooks. . . . And there was no denying it—Funnle was the one man in the village who could give the Doctor a contest at Cribbage. It was their custom to wager half-a-crown on a game, and rivalry was so intense that the inhabitants of Windbridge could always tell next day by their faces, who had lost and who had won.

Nevertheless, Doctor Jellybud had a conscience, and like most honest men, was afraid of it. It was his habit to declare that working hours were working hours, and that the time of play must on no account interfere with them. Therefore, he determined with a capital D that even if it were a disagreeable, raw morning, and even if Funnle's chimneys were throwing sparks into the air, he would not listen to their Siren melody. As it was impossible to follow the plan of Ulysses and strap himself to the gig, he emulated Orpheus, and, looking away from the temptation, sang lustily along the country road a chorus, which, if it did not exactly offer praises to the gods, was not without its holy aspect, being all about a friar.

But he had forgotten that, included in the seductions of "The Briars," there was an exceedingly comfortable stable there where two old friends of Socrates were ending their days in well fed contentment. Therefore, it happened when they drew away leading into Funnle's home was reached the activities stopped so suddenly that Nero, whose [illegible] something else, kept right on up t[illegible]els.

Barbara Flint . . a coaxing, tantalizing affair altogether.

"Now, Socrates," said the Doctor, "none of that."

Being a philosopher, the horse remained calm, merely turning around as usual by the longest route to bring his good eye to bear on the speaker.

"Come on, Socrates," said Doctor Jellybud, brandishing the whip. "There can't be two masters on a job like this."

As an illustration that only certain types can be trusted with the truth, the horse no sooner heard this sagacious remark than he apparently determined to be the one master, himself, and turning headlong into the driveway, actually galloped the whole distance to the stables.

"Now then, you scoundrel," said the Doctor, puffing hard from the unexpected jolting, "you're a nice, grateful beast, aint you? After all these years I've kept you in oats, you go and do a trick like that."

The further feelings of the horse were spared by the simultaneous appearance of Funnle and the groom, the former taking charge of the Doctor, and the latter unharnessing the horse.

"Well, Jellybud," said the Magistrate, "what ill wind brings you here? Isn't the undertaker getting enough to do these days?"

"Funnle," said the Doctor, as they cordially shook hands, "I believe you'd rather die than have the Doctor earn an honest pound physicking you."

"What's the use of giving him an honest pound? He'd only lose it at Cribbage."

"Lose, my dear Funnle? Did you say lose?" The Doctor grew quite indignant at the thought. "I would say that betting money against Jacob Funnle at Cribbage should be listed as a safe investment for widows and orphans."

For a moment the Magistrate, who was tall and could look very fierce on occasion, stared haughtily at his guest, while his whiskers, which ended half way down his face, seemed to bristle outwards with condensed fury. Satisfying himself, however, with a scornful laugh, he permitted hospitality to prevail, and led the Doctor into the aforesaid den with the beam ceilings.

"That's a fire," said Jellybud, rubbing his hands together jovially, and chuckling at the merry noise of the flames roaring up the chimney.

"Then," said the host, making a poor pretence at seeming casual, "what do you say to a game by it?"

"No," said the Doctor.

"Just one."

"No, Funnle, not even one. Business ——"

"Fiddlesticks."

"Anything but fiddlesticks, my dear sir. My rule of life is: work hard, loaf hard, sleep hard—but never two at the same time. By the way, I hope you sleep with your window open? That's the secret of health; very little spirits, very little 'baccy, and on no account any port wine. One inch of port ——"

"That reminds me," said Funnle, "I want you to try a new weed. A fellow in the Mall sold it to me last month when I was to Town, and attributed all the graces of Ambrosia to it. Here's the bowl and pipe all waiting for you."

"Thank you, old fellow," said the Doctor. "Now I call that real thoughtful of you."

"Not at all, Jellybud. Now draw your chair up nearer the fire and . . . . what do you say to one game at half-a-crown?"

"No, sir," said the Doctor, heroically, "can't be done. As a matter of fact, I came in here to-day to ask your advice. You're a Justice of the Peace, aint you?"

"I am," said the other, with dignity.

"Well, Funnle, I'm going to break it."

"Eh?" said the host, somewhat startled. "Oh, I see: you are going to disturb his Majesty's Peace, are you?"

"As to that," said the Doctor, uncomfortably, "there's no more loyal subject alive than me, but if the peace belongs to him, then I'm a Dutchman if I don't break it, even if they smother me in the Tower for it."

"You had better be careful, sir," said Jacob Funnle, Esq., of "The Briars," rising to his feet, buttoning his coat, adjusting his spectacles, and generally managing to look every inch a Magistrate. "What is the *casus belli?*"

"Flint," said the Doctor.

"Oh," said the Magistrate, taking off his spectacles. "What's he up to now?"

"Raised the rent on Widow McGregor, Ned Clarke, Sam Heeling and Joe Green," said the Doctor, so forcefully that he was almost lifted clean out of his chair.

"Now, I call that," said Funnle, undoing two buttons of his coat, "a rascally thing to do."

"It's a downright, damnable, dirty, evil, murdering trick," cried Doctor Jellybud, "and when Flint and me meets—then watch for sparks."

"Now, just a minute," said the other, puffing thoughtfully and doing up one of the two liberated buttons. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"Doing," cried the Doctor. "I'm going to call and give him a piece of my mind. Then, if he won't reduce those rents, why, damme! I'll pulverize him: I'll make him an interesting anatomical study for medical students. Did you ever hear of 'Bruiser' Jones?"

Jacob Funnle, who had taken a seat, rose once again, replaced the spectacles, and re-hooked the Magisterial button.

"Jellybud," said he, frowning tremendously, "there is about you *poco di matto*. You have the presumption to come to me with this threat of violence to one of His Majesty's subjects, forgetting that *virtute officii*, I

could commit you at once for conspiracy. Remember, as the ancients had it: *verbum sat sapienti*, which in vulgar parlance, means that a wink is as good as a nod. As a Magistrate my duty is clear; as one who is not indifferent to the claims of long acquaintanceship, I advise *via media*, in other words, 'take another coach.' It is *sine quâ non*, that you have the law on your side, for if it be against you, a traveller on the Desert of Sahara were better able to escape the rays of the sun, than you to elude the long grip of JUSTICE!"

AFTER this imposing oration, Jacob Funnle, Esq., removed his glasses, unbottoned his coat, lit his pipe and sat down.

"When do the new rents start, Jellybud?" he said, amiably.

"Next week . . . . Boxing Day," answered the Doctor, who had not quite recovered from the awful feeling that the law was chasing him over the Rocky Mountains.

"Then, look you, old fire-eater, we'll think over this together."

"And while we're thinking," said the Doctor, his indignation driving away his fear, "Widow McGregor is freezing, and old Ned Clarke has no roof to cover his head."

"H'mm," mused the Magistrate, "Jellybud, you old fire-brand, there's my hand on it that I'll join you in any scheme—providing it does not break one of His Majesty's statutes—that will bring Master Flint to his senses. But I demand one condition."

The Doctor frowned dubiously. "What is it?" he asked.

"That you don't do anything to Flint until we discuss it further."

"Very good, old fellow," said the Doctor, shaking hands with the utmost heartiness, "though I was all keyed up to a bout with the villain. I'll never forget the third round against 'Bruiser'——"

"Well, now that that's settled," said the Magistrate, "what do you say to one game? And seeing that it's the Xmas season, shall we make it three bob instead of half-a-crown?"

"As to that," said the Doctor, refilling his pipe, "I suppose you are entitled to your revenge."

"Revenge?" said the other with a sneer. "Why, last month my housemaid, Jennie, threatened to leave my service, all of having to gather up half-crowns left here by a certain Doctor. And as for my dog 'Prince,' he went thin as a lath, ruining his digestion with eating 'em."

The Doctor produced his glasses and sat them on the very tip of his nose, not that his eyes needed any assistance, but it served to check the eruption of temper.

"Funnle," he said, more in sadness than in anger, "I am sorry to say it of a friend, but you are not telling the truth."

For a moment there was an intense silence, charged with explosive matter, but the host's fiery face gradually melted into a grin and his whiskers drooped on his face like sails that are becalmed.

"What will you have to drink, old spit-fire?" he said.

"Damme!" said the Doctor, his face glowing with complete and contagious good humor. "Give me a glass of port."

AS has been stated, Windbridge lay at the bottom of a hill. Being thus sheltered from the wind, and as there was no place for a bridge anywhere, doubtless those two facts gave birth to the village's name—it being a good old English custom to call places after features that do not exist, quite as frequently as after things that do.

But the men who first led the village destiny down hill were not lacking in wisdom, for the winds that rose from the sea and swept the downs that stretched for fifteen miles inland, were cold and biting in most months of the year, but especially so when the forces of winter advanced to wrestle earth from the lethargy of autumn.

At least, so thought a solitary traveller who was wending his way up the long up-and-down road that stretched from the coast to the County Town, ten miles beyond Windbridge. It was a miserable December morning, too sulky to snow, too lazy to rain, but determined, like the dog in the manger, that the sun wouldn't be given a chance whatever happened. The sky was dark and sullen with heavy, grey clouds, and the sea, which has no mind of its own but always borrows its mood from the heavens, was like swirling lead.

The traveller was a young man, dressed in a style which spoke of decent country family rather than that of a man about town; with boots that were good, sturdy ones and, like his brown hands, intended for use. With his cloak thrown over his shoulder, and carrying a stick and knapsack, he was covering a good four English miles an hour while his breath on the raw morning air appeared like steam.

Every now and then when he reached the top of a rise (and the road from the sea to the County Town is a series of camel's humps), he would pause and gaze at the bleak vista of the downs. If the sister elements of air and water were dull and cheerless, the sight of those blue, charred stretches with miserable growth of stubble, could not have been much more enlivening.

As far as the eye could see, there was no sign of life except where a lonely cottage huddled against a slope as though its owner were an ex-hangman eating out his days in remorse. And to add to the general eeriness of the scene, the wind was howling and moaning in chromatic rise and fall like a ghostly orchestra of murdered clarionet players.

THE young man was within three miles of Windbridge when the truce of the elements was broken, and a drizzling rain began to fall—not the kind of rain which comes down in an honest, straightforward manner, but one that watches its chances and creeps under coat collars, and trickles down the neck, or slides off a hat onto the nose; the kind of rain that loves to hide in the sleeves, or ooze into some crack between the sole and uppers of a boot . . . . A miserable, slinking rain that knew it had no business there at all in December, but was determined to cause as much discomfort as possible before the slumbering Spirit of Winter woke and did its duty.

Buttoning his cloak around him, and pulling his hat down to cover his face (which was a manly, sunburned one) the traveller stepped out more briskly than before and not pausing at any hills, reached the last slope which led him to the cross-roads.

And at its summit he paused.

The cross-roads were like the twisted prongs of a fork; one prong going to the left and leading to the

Continued on page 90

Josephus Flint staggered forward and fell upon his knees.

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The NEW CANADA *and* ITS NEEDS

II.—Capital and Labor: *By* RALPH CONNOR

I HAVE written of the New Canada as part of the new world. Let me reiterate the fact that there is a new world, a new world wearing a new map face, with new states, new nations staring out of it. A new world there is with a new regard for international justice, making its appeal to international conscience; a new world with its new standard of national honor, its new sense of the community of nations, inducing a new feeling of mutual responsibility and obligation; a new world coming to a new self-consciousness, and a new solidarity of opinion and judgment in the League of Nations.

Yet with all this there are some who have not recognized this fact. There are nations into whose consciousness the fact has not penetrated, who are still functioning as if the pre-war world were still here.

It strikes one with a feeling of dismay to note that even the United States of America, after having stepped out into the world arena and done some worthy deeds, after having championed some lofty ideals and backed them up with forceful energy, should be smitten with a national paralysis and should be discovered fumbling about in futile effort to shuffle off its recently acquired world responsibilities. True, the explanation is said to be party politics. But to trifle with great world issues and to treat sacred human interests as pawns in a game is unworthy of a great nation. Eventually, the United States will ratify the treaty, will become a member of the League of Nations, will assume and will fulfil its obligations as a great world power towards world order and for world welfare, but meantime the world must wait till the sanity and self respect of the American people once more assume direction of their national activity.

Analyzing Our New Spirit

SO much a Canadian may say whose regard for and whose pride in the big American brother gives him the right so to speak. But he should speak with due humility, remembering that in his own country are to be found those who under stress of party necessity are vainly striving to gather together some party capital—of course they will fail because there is, though they know it not, in Canada *A New National Spirit.* And this New National Spirit it is which more than anything else makes the New Canada. This new spirit is worth regarding, is worth analyzing. In this New National Spirit there are to be discovered three elements.

First, a new *Pride of Country.* This is no silly sense of superiority to other nations with whom we might compare ourselves, no empty-headed conceit uttering itself in loud-mouthed and vulgar boastings, but a sense of worth based upon achievement, a consciousness of strength arising out of an experience of difficulties surmounted, of adversities patiently borne, of dangers bravely faced, of sacrifices undreamed of cheerfully endured. Canada is sure of herself as never before and has sufficient cause to be. She has only to remember Ypres, where her sons, in the words of the British Commander in Chief, "saved the British Army," and all that trail of glory from Ypres by way of the Somme and Vimy and Passchendaele and Cambrai and Amiens and Cambrai again and, finally, Mons, where the circle of British valor was made complete. While these names and a score of others remain upon the map, Canada may look out upon the world with quiet pride and with conscious strength.

Again in the New National Spirit, there is a *Passion for Reality.* This passion is as yet for the most part a silent thing, but it is none the less real. One day, and soon, it will find expression and in every department of Canadian life. For instance, in the world of politics. No longer will it be possible for the silver-tongued spell-binder to awaken, in the hearts of men and women who have been through the heart-racking experiences of the war, enthusiasm over the deadly platitudes of the political faiths of the "Great Old Parties." Canadians who have been looking hard at great solemnities during these last months will give but a passing glance of contempt at the ancient effigies which party leaders and party devotees are seeking to galvanize into spasmodic activity. They will demand real things, real problems, real foes to fight and real leaders to command their allegiance. The man who asks them to follow a party because it is "the Grand Old Party," will awaken an amused and gentle pity. All that hoary fanaticism is done with in Canada, though some of the Old Party leaders do not yet know it. But let an honest and unselfish Canadian with a passion to serve his country, and with a vision of the things that Canada needs to get done and a reasonable plan for the doing of them, issue a call and he will not lack men to follow him.

And lastly in the New National Spirit, there is a *Passion for Fair-Play.* But this is the commonplace of the gains of war. Our men went out for justice, for the rights of humanity, and having won these, the nation will not long bear with anything short of simple and complete justice between man and man, between class and class in every relation in life. I need not labor this point here. It will recur for discussion once and again in these papers. But it should be remembered by all who seek for the peace and prosperity of Canada, that the deepest thing in the heart of Canada today, is a Passion for Right. It is upon this New National Spirit with its high pride of country, its stern demand for reality and its passion for fair-play that we must rely to get things done which Canada needs to have done, and among these the immediate and pressing need is that *Canada should pay her debts.*

The Gospel of Work

THESE debts amount to over two billions of dollars, a sum which of course no one can comprehend, but it means over two hundred and fifty dollars for every man, woman and child in Canada, and it means that Canada must meet an interest obligation of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars per annum, fifteen dollars per head.

A crushing load? No! but a serious burden and one that must be removed if Canada is to look the world in the face, if she is to keep pace with the onward march of the peoples of the world, if she is to grow to her proper proportions in due time. There is only one way in which Canada can pay her debts and that is by production, and in order to obtain production there is need of work. Work is the prime duty of all Canadians to-day. Yesterday the word was "fight," to-day it is "work." Canada must work out her salvation. That is the gospel for Canada, work! The gospel for all Canada from ocean to ocean, work! The gospel for all classes of Canadians, work! work! work!

"For all classes." I have said and thank God while there are leisure *individuals* though quite fit, who lead lily lives, and care not to toil nor spin, and who ought to be removed from society, yet there are no leisure *classes* in Canada. We are all workers. The hand-workers must abandon the contention that they alone are workers, and must frankly grant a place in the ranks of workers to the man who toils long and exhaustive hours with his brain. On the other hand, brain-workers must abandon the snobbish notion that hand-work sets man or woman in an inferior social class. Not the kind of work he does classifies a man, but the kind of man he is. The present need then for Canada is that all Canadians get to work and that they stick it in peace as they all stuck it in war.

Now I catch the eye of my friend the labor leader, not the fiery-eyed Bolshevist world renovator, not the industrious twelve-hour-a-day *orificer* (new word signifying "the mouth worker"), but the cool-headed, level-headed, fearless man who knows what a day's work is because he has done it, and who knows what a day's work is worth because he has not always got it. Let us imagine that this conversation takes place:

L.L.—"Work," you say. On what terms?"

I.—"Terms? On terms of entire Justice."

L. L.—"I ask no more."

The whole industrial problem is settled in just one minute by my wrist watch. But as the happy conference breaks up, my arm is touched by a gentleman in a fur-lined coat, but minus the traditional aldermanic *porte cochère* proper to the capitalistic class. He is really a boot manufacturer.

B. M.—"Just a moment. Perhaps we might define a bit."

I.—"Certainly, nothing simpler."

B. M.—"Entire justice, you say—just what do you mean?"

I.—"That my friend here gets out of your business, everything that is coming to him, and you get everything that's coming to you."

B. M.—"That suits me exactly."

Everybody shakes hands. Once more the Industrial Problem is settled in just one minute and a half by my wrist watch. The party is breaking up when a voice arrests us, a mild voice but quietly insistent.

"What about us?"

He belongs to the clerk class evidently, and besides him are a woman and two vigorous children, whose appearance irresistibly suggests "eats."

Chorus (B. M. and L. L.)—"Who the . . . ."

"Oh, I beg pardon," says the mild clerk individual. "I should have announced our existence. We are the Consuming Public."

Chorus (gasping and fighting for air)—"The who?"

"The Consuming . . . .?"

Both (recovering rapidly)—"What right have you butting in?"

C. P.—"I ventured to think that I was interested in the Industrial Problem."

Both—"You—what have you to do with it?"

C. P. to L. L.—"Well, you see, you make my boots."

L. L.—"Y-e-e-e-s?"

C. P.—"And I'd like them a little better made."

L. L.—"Oh the deuce you would! And why should I bother about you?"

C. P.—"Well, you see, I pay your wages."

B. M.—"You do, eh? I wish you did."

C. P.—"Yes, and I pay your costs and your profits."

B. M.—"I like that!"

C. P.—"Yes, and I wish you'd cut them both down a bit. And that's where I'm in the Industrial Problem."

I.—"Quite right. All you want is . . . ."

C. P.—"The best shoe possible at the cheapest price possible; and since I pay wages, costs and profits, don't you think I should?"

"Surely," I quickly interject, "you want a square deal."

C. P.—"Exactly!"

Chorus (B. M. and C. P.)—"Exactly." And for a third time the Industrial Problem is settled this time in three minutes and three-quarters by my wrist watch.

The working out of the details of a plan to ensure entire justice, fair-play, a square deal to all three parties was a comparatively simple thing, because they were all resolved that the governing principle should be that which we fought for and won in the Great War, namely, that at all costs *The Right Thing Should Be Done,* and that the Hunnish principle should be utterly repudiated, namely, that *"The Thing That Paid Should Be Done."* On such a basis we could easily imagine that in the end they made the delightful discovery that the Right Thing was the Thing That Paid, and that they are working happily and prospering ever since. No strikes, no lockouts, no cutting down of wages, no scamping of work; no bullying of the worker, no "ca' canny" business.

How Solution Was Found

IT was an extraordinary result and extraordinarily simple after all in procedure. So simple that when the thing was accomplished, they sat and looked at one another in amazement to think that men who had been

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OTTAWA IS READY *for* THE WORST

Will Next Premier Be a Farmer? The Rise of Lapointe

By J. K. MUNRO

Who wrote "The Idle Hands at Ottawa," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

It seemed to rain farmers.

THE shock of the Ontario elections left the Union Government dazed but undismayed. As the sputtering wires spelled out the story the surprise was succeeded by a sort of stupor. The House adjourned early, partially because the members couldn't keep their minds on the argument, but more for the reason that the few lonely ministers on the front benches wanted to ask their colleagues who were keeping tab on the returns what it all meant. Hon. J. D. Reid and Hon. C. J. Doherty tarried for a few moments in the corridors. But a few volleys from the telegraph booths drove them into a retirement where their feelings did not have to be masked by smiles. And surely a few of those volleys were as surprising as the first cloud of German gas at St. Julien. They came something like this: "Tory Toronto elects five Liberals," "Sir William Hearst beaten by a Laborite by 1,200 majority," "Five Tory ministers among the slain"; and the volleys were succeeded by a steady fire of "Farmer candidate defeats Tom McGarry," "Farmer wins in Centre Grey," etc., etc. In fact it seemed to rain farmers.

Do you wonder that the ministers hived by themselves in an upper room while the common every-day members took refuge in Room Sixteen and gazed at each other in a sort of mute consternation? Only the French Canadians were jubilant. They failed to realize the true meaning of it all. They know that Ontario was slipping from the nerveless grasp of a Tory leader and that was enough for them. They shouted for pure joy when it was announced that H. Hartley Dewart, who made the last stand with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was elected by 7,000 majority. They could see their ancient enemies being tumbled from power and they failed to realize that there were a few things in connection with the tumbling that did not bode well for their own political future. So they rejoiced and made merry. For a moment they were awed into a strained silence by the news that Orange-Tory Toronto had elected John O'Neill, the Roman Catholic Liberal. But Hon. Wesley Rowell sifted through the door and towards the elevator at this time and in a moment Joe Archambault had turned their silence into roars of laughter.

"Did you hear the news?" cried Joseph, as he burst into their midst.

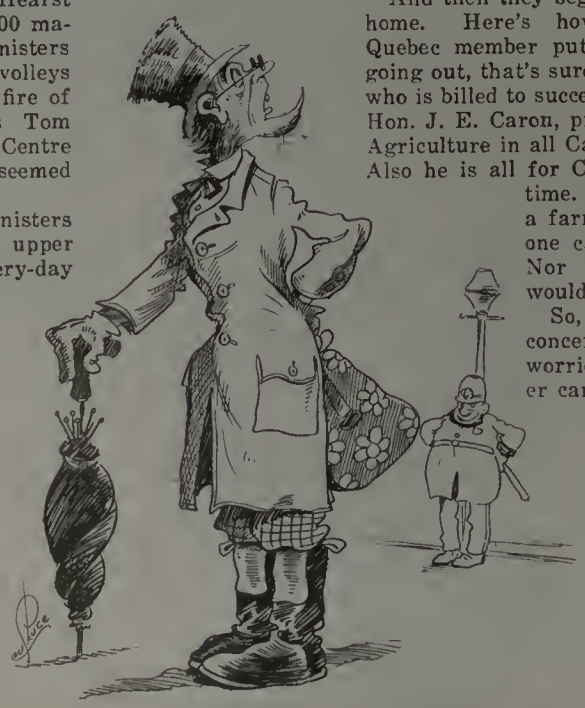
"The barber has just charged Rowell two dollars for a shave. His face is that long." And, as the Chambly-Verchères humorist credited the uplift leader with a countenance of which the lineal measurement was at least two feet, the joy again was unconfined.

Quebec Began to Worry

IT was not till the next morning that the true significance of the Ontario happenings burst on all and sundry. Then the Ontario members who had been taking part in the campaign began to drop in. Grit and Tory or Unionist each wore the same expression and by no stretch of imagination could it be interpreted to mean inward happiness. With the farmers sweeping both the Lambtons, Fred Pardee confessed that he failed to see anything humorous in the situation. Nor did Duncan Ross, back from Middlesex, where the agriculturists had devastated all three ridings, radiate anything that could be mistaken for good cheer. Then and only then did the French-Canadian statesmen begin to realize that their joy had been premature and possibly misplaced. Further they began to have certain misgivings. For, be it known that a score of these young French-Canadian statesmen are lawyers who have wandered out into the green fields and plucked for themselves daisies in the form of agricultural constituencies. What if this farmer epidemic which claimed Ontario as its own, and which was reported to be raging west of the Great Lakes, should jump the Ottawa River and gather the habitant into its clutches? The very thought was appalling. Nor did they gather comfort from the joker who figured it out: "Last fall it was the 'Flu'; this year it is the farmer. Did the 'Flu' overlook Quebec?"

And then they began to figure the situation at home. Here's how one well-posted young Quebec member put that situation: "Gouin is going out, that's sure. Hon. L. A. A. Taschereau, who is billed to succeed him, is far from popular. Hon. J. E. Caron, probably the best Minister of Agriculture in all Canada, is able and ambitious. Also he is all for Caron and for Caron all the time. If he should decide to start a farmer movement in Quebec no one can tell what might happen. Nor can anyone tell where we would get off at."

So, with Quebec faces showing concern and Maritime members worried by reports that the farmer candidate in Carleton-Victoria, N.B., was looming up like a winner, deep gloom pervaded the Opposition benches, replacing permanently the momentary joy that had followed the first reports from Ontario.



Rid your mind of the idea that the farmer with the wisp of hay in his whiskers is coming to town.

Farmers Were After Union Government

BUT, if the Grits were gloomy, the Unionists were vexed and angry.

We can stand up in our places and sing, "Where do we go from here?"

Every returned warrior from the Ontario front, be he Liberal-Unionist, Conservative-Unionist or straight Tory, brought the same story.

"It's this outfit in here they're after," said one of Hon. Wesley Rowell's few followers as he nodded towards the holy of holies from which orders-in-council once flowed in such profusion.

"Nothing but daylight-saving and the Board of Commerce counted in my constituency," reported a Tory of the Tories who represents a dairy constituency.

And so it went all down the line. Summarized, those reports read: "They struck at the Union Government over Hearst's head."

And each group of Unionists, who discussed the matter, arrived at the same conclusion: "If we went to the country to-morrow not a corporal's guard would return."

It is hardly surprising, under these circumstances, that the unanimous verdict was to stay where they were till the last possible moment and there were anxious enquiries as to when that moment might occur. It was finally discovered that the writs of the last election were returned January 19th, 1918. Consequently the life of this Parliament will expire on January 19th, 1923. "And on that night," laughed a Western M.P. who had had more time to realize the significance of the farmer movement and who had become reconciled to his fate, "we can stand up in our places and sing 'Where do we go from here'?"

Others more optimistic had hopes that the farmer tide would ebb as fast as it had flowed, and that three years hence the agricultural movement would have gone the way of the Populists in the U.S. or the Patrons of Industry in Ontario. The farmers are a suspicious lot, they argued, and the best thing that could have happened to us is that enough of them were elected to make them the dominating faction in the Ontario House. Now watch them quarrel among themselves. By the time the three years' grace has expired, they'll be split and torn asunder till you can drive the party wagon anywhere through their ranks. Anyway they're not built on a solid foundation. The cancellation of exemptions under the military service order-in-council brought them into existence. The war is over. In three years they'll have forgotten the M.S.A. and they'll drift back to their old parties like prodigals who have tired of the husks of discontent and remember only the delights of getting their legs under dad's dinner table.

The Country is in a Period of Unrest

AND there may be something in this line of argument. But it is also well to remember that a great war always carries in its trail an unrest that makes for the betterment of human conditions. No observer of government in Canada will refuse to admit it is a long time since this colony, or nation, whichever it may be, has had representative government. It voted the Liberals into power and got a Laurier dictatorship. Tiring of that it turned out the Liberals and got a Borden dictatorship in its place. The net result was always the same. The lawyers, the representatives of privilege, were always in command. Each party, under command of its chosen leader, catered to a dif-

ferent group of favorites, but to each the "pee-pul" were a minor consideration.

More than once I have heard a member of the Press Gallery remark as some particularly atrocious measure slipped through the House as if it were greased: "If the people could sit in this gallery for six weeks and see the meaning of everything that goes on they'd burn the building before going home."

Now this sounds like Bolshevism. It may even be as bad as that. But is it not a sort of constitutional Bolshevism that is sweeping Canada? The Anglo-Saxon does not try to get his rights by destroying property. The great majority of him owns a little property of his own. And when a man has paid local improvement tax he's mighty slow about tearing up the street and throwing it into the bay.

That wind is blowing Crerar and Lapointe closer together every day.

But there is no denying the fact that constituted authority is more or less in contempt at the present time. You'll notice that the Ontario earthquake was a protest not only against the Hearst Government, but against other Governments of a like kind. The people voted for farmers, returned soldiers and labor men. They showed that they were tired of things as they are and were prepared to try something, or anything, else. They proved that they had outgrown the idea that only lawyers can rule. Possibly they had looked at the country as it is after fifty years of lawyer rule and concluded that Governments made up of more common material could not have done much worse. And surely Canada could not have her finances in a more deplorable condition or have a more complicated and expensive railway problem on her hands if she had been ruled by graduates of the work hours rather than by the finished products of the law colleges.

Anyway the first move in a constitutional revolution has been made. Staid old Ontario, the most conservative of all the provinces, has made it and, though surprise is depicted on almost every face, to those who have been watching the trend of public opinion only the expected has happened.

Take Hon. T. A. Crerar, for example. The night before the Ontario election, I asked him how many farmers would make the grade and he answered quite casually, "About forty, I think." Consequently the news was no surprise to him. Neither did it excite him. When the returns were coming in he was making a speech in the House, placing himself squarely on record as in favor of public ownership. He smiled quietly as, after finishing his speech, he paused for a moment to hear the returns on his way to catch a train. He was even then on his way to attend a meeting of the farmer members at Toronto. That meeting had been arranged days before the election took place.

Putting Facts Into a Debate

YOU may gather from this that the farmers are not going off at half-cock. Also rid your mind of the idea that the farmer with the wisp of hay in his whiskers or his pants tucked into red-topped boots is coming to town. The days of "Sockless Jerry Simpson" are past. The farmer of to-day is as well educated and well dressed as any other class. He drives an automobile instead of hitching "Old Dobbin to the Shay." In the House of Commons he looks as well and talks quite as sensibly as his fellow member. Of course, he is not so glib as trained talkers like the lawyers. But some of him have a habit of getting at the root of things instead of painting them over with words. Take a recent example. The House was having a nice debate on the Grain Act. It promised to last all afternoon and the Press Gallery adjourned to look for something more interesting—that is, all except Tom King. Tom stayed and listened. In about half an hour Tom rejoined the crowd.

"How's the debate, Tom?" queried one of the gang.

"Oh, it was a real nice debate," Tom drawled, "till that man Crerar spoiled it."

"What did Crerar do?"

"Why, he got up and told them the facts."

That was the second debate Crerar spoiled the same week and in the same way. He got up in his own quiet way and made a statement of fact that killed discussion. Admittedly he's no orator. He's as different from those roaring agitators who headed the Populist movement as day from night. He's a big, lanky chap who looks as if he might be hard to handle in a fight but he wears a boyish smile that assures you that if there is a fight, it won't be of his making. He is forty-three years of age and doesn't look it. Neither does he look like the head of a business that has an annual turnover of a hundred million dollars. But that's what the United Grain Growers and subsidiary companies have grown to. And T. A. Crerar, school teacher, farmer, etc., has been at their head since the days when he carried their mail to the post office to save the expense of an office boy. Some leader these farmers have got! You don't wonder that he could shed his portfolio in the Union Cabinet without losing one inch of his political stature. Being Minister of Agriculture was only an incident in a career such as his.

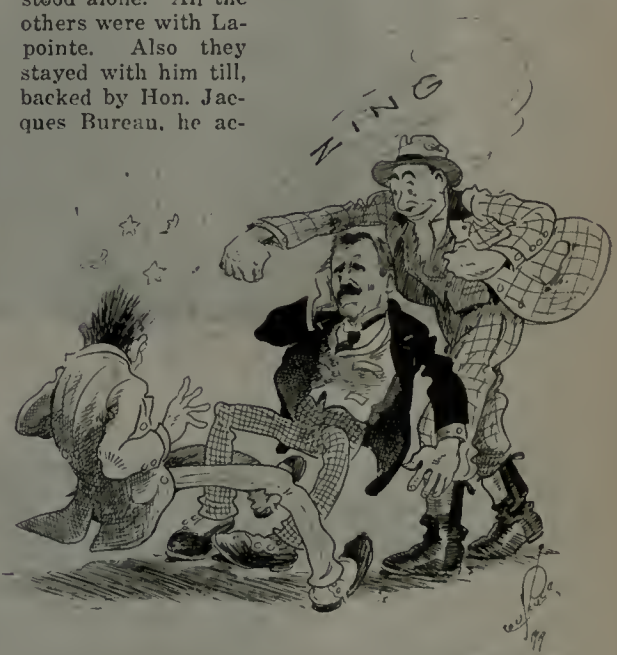
So cheer up. All may not be lost even if the Ontario farmers have come to town. Of course, newspaper cuts are deceptive, but unprejudiced critics who saw the group photo of the elected farmer legislators had no hesitation in stating that they were quite as presentable a lot as either the Unionists or their hated rivals across the floor.

Laurier's Real Successor is Found

BUT, as your gaze rests on that Opposition, you notice that one man is missing—probably the only man you would really miss in the whole talented outfit. That man is Ernest Lapointe, the big Kamouraska lawyer. That is, he was from Kamouraska when he last sat in the House. When he comes again his address will be Quebec East. He has succeeded to the seat of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Furthermore, he is fast taking the Laurier place in the habitant hearts. When Ernest Lapointe came to Parliament in 1904, he was a big country lawyer who could scarce speak a word of English and who promised to cut as much figure in his country's history as the average member who blossoms for a Parliament or two and then vanishes from the political horizon or becomes a decoration of the Red Chamber. Lapointe was young, the picture of smiling good nature, and so generally a pleasant part of the landscape that he grew popular. But his knowledge of the English language grew even faster than his popularity and he plodded along, gaining ground session by session. But it was only recently that it began to dawn on the House that a successor to Laurier was in its midst. By this time Lapointe had not only learned but mastered the English language. Moreover, he was eloquent, with a sound common sense behind his eloquence, and a knowledge of constitutional government such as is possessed by few men in Canadian public life.

He is fast taking the Laurier place in Habitant hearts.

Then came the Grit Convention and, coupled with it, Sir Lomer Gouin's attempt to hoist Hon. W. S. Fielding into the Liberal Leadership. Now Sir Lomer discovered that Fielding is not popular with the Frenchmen. And here it might be remarked that this little French capitalist, who rules his native province with a rod of iron, is a bit of a fox. So it is charged that he schemed to pull his own province out of the voting. With Quebec out, Fielding would have had a walkover. Anyway, when the Quebec delegates caucused, a passionate and eloquent young Frenchman named David arose and pleaded that, as no Frenchman was to be named for leader, Quebec should hold aloof and let the delegates from the English Provinces elect whom they pleased. Young Mr. David played his part well—so well that for a moment it looked as if he might stampede the caucus. It was Ernest Lapointe who rose to the occasion. Quietly and gently he pointed out the foolishness of Quebec further separating herself from the rest of Canada, and, when the vote was taken, David stood alone. All the others were with Lapointe. Also they stayed with him till, backed by Hon. Jacques Bureau, he accomplished the defeat of Sir Lomer—even if they had to elect W. L. M. King as one of the incidents of that defeat. It might be added as a sequel to the above that Mr. David has since been taken into Sir Lomer Gouin's Cabinet.


They struck at the Union Government over Hearst's head.

That victory over Gouin caused discerning people to look more closely at this man Lapointe. And the more they looked at him the better they liked him. He made what was easily one of the best speeches in the Peace Treaty debate and did it with a simplicity and lack of affectation that is all too scarce in these days of pedantic orators.

Lapointe and Crerar May Unite

THEN one day he created a bit of a sensation by rising in his place in the House and resigning his safe seat of Kamouraska. There was trouble in Quebec East. A multiplicity of candidates who refused to drop out made it appear that Armand Lavergne, the Nationalist leader, had the best chance of election. Hon. Jacques Bureau, Lapointe's inseparable friend, saw the chance—the double chance, in fact—and grabbed it. Here was the opportunity to establish Ernest Lapointe, not only as the head of the opposition to Gouin, but as the smasher of Nationalism for all time.

Henri Bourassa is in retirement. The only Nationalist leader in sight is Lavergne. The habitant must have a hero to follow else he finds one somewhere else. Lavergne, elected in Laurier's seat, might well hope to be that hero. So Jacques Bureau slipped down to the ancient capital, the other candidates were induced to withdraw, and Armand Lavergne woke up one morning to find himself faced by Lapointe—who could make him look foolish on the stump—and sure defeat. Lavergne did the only thing left. He funked the issue—and lost another chance to be a hero.

On the other hand, Lapointe went on and was triumphantly elected. To-day he fills Laurier's seat;

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And then—the doors opened and the three guests entered.

The Miniature

By MARY F. RAPHAEL

Author of "Phoebe Maroon," "As Chance Would Have It," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

OUTSIDE the old shop stood a smart motor car. The street was quiet. Only a straggling company of pigeons busied themselves amongst the venerable cobble-stones. The trams, passing every now and then, set the birds flying. But they returned as soon as the temporary turmoil had died down and the road was clear again for them to resume their gleaning.

A holland awning protected the goods in the shop-window from the rays of the spring sun. Across the front of the awning was painted the word *Antiquités* in large blue letters.

It would indeed have been a pity had the old-rose brocade of those Louis XV chairs become yet more faded. The strong sunlight might have stolen the color, too, from the silk embroideries of that wonderful vestment, or from the quaint shawl flung so artlessly, yet artfully, over a corner of the gilt Empire cabinet.

It was the cabinet where part of Monsieur Dumont's priceless collection of miniatures was shown.

In the window there were to be seen, besides, cut-glass girandoles, carved and moulded frames of which the gilding had been mellowed to bronze by that most competent artist Time, Venetian glass mirrors, old Chinese lacquered chests, *cloisonné* enamel vases, queer porcelain figures. . . . There was, in fine, as Madame Dumont her self would have told you, of everything.

A TALL old man alighted from the car and paused for some moments, scanning the objects in the shop-window.

He was obviously an aristocrat of the old French school. He carried himself erectly. His white beard and moustache were trimmed. And his tailor evidently gloried in his distinguished bearing.

He adjusted his eyeglasses and examined with interest the miniatures displayed in the cabinet. Presently his attention was claimed by one different from all the rest. It showed a Madonna and Child. The work, broad and skilful, was frankly modern. Its method of treatment contrasted strongly with the stippled technique of the other and older paintings. Contrary to convention, the Madonna was robed in white and the Child had dark curly hair.

Who had painted that Child? *Parbleu*, he must find out. . . . It was exactly like. . . , It was the *portrait craché!* . . .

The miniature seemed to hold some strange attraction for him At last he pushed open the shop-door, and entered.

MADAME DUMONT, smiling, portly, good-humored as always, greeted him from the farther end of the establishment.

"*Bonjour*, Monsieur le Comte. One little moment and I am with you."

But before he could reply, he became aware of the presence of a third person—another customer to whom she was talking.

A tall, elegant girl. Her face was somehow familiar to him. A fancy, of course, for she was quite a stranger. It was annoying that Madame Dumont was engaged. He had looked in only for a few moments on his way from the station to the château. He could not stay—but——

Suddenly his interest was riveted by some words of Madame Dumont's that he chanced to overhear.

"But yes, madame. It is true what monsieur says. As it is modern work, it strikes a false note here. It is out of harmony with the other miniatures. But, *ma foi*—what will you? Dumont is in love with it——"

The young lady murmured something which the count did not catch.

". . . *Enfin*," went on Madame Dumont, "pray monsieur to trust my husband yet a little longer, I beg you, madame. He is infallible. I guarantee you that he will not deceive himself. Never in life, I assure you, Dumont has he badly calculated". . . .

The good dame hesitated, shrugged plump shoulders eloquently, and glanced towards Monsieur the Comte. There was a pause. . . .

"Very well, Madame Dumont, I will tell my husband what you say. He will perhaps be willing to leave it with you a little longer—before—before deciding. But of course he likes the miniature. In every case, madame, we thank you very much." The young lady bowed and left the shop.

THE count glanced at her as she went out.

A graceful *tenue*, he thought. A pretty girl, *Sapristi*. Where had he seen that face? Quite recently, too, here in Versailles. . . . It seemed she had been speaking of the miniature which had attracted him. Well, he was resolved she should not have it. He would outbid her, no matter what she offered. He must have it for Rosalie. The child's wide brow, the small, straight nose, the dark hair and eyes, the fat little chin with, already, the suspicion of a cleft in it—the resemblance was really striking!

"It is some time that we have not seen you, Monsieur

le Comte," said the buxom lady of the shop, coming towards him. "And Madame la Comtesse, she is well, I hope?"

"I thank you. Yes, my wife is well. But—we are getting old, Madame Dumont. We are no longer very gay, we two old people up at the Castle."

"Ah, the fine Castle of Monsieur le Comte— *certes*, it is so vast! There should be little feet—the grandchildren. See you, Monsieur le Comte, there is nothing as beautiful in one's old age! The grandchildren—it is like the return of spring after winter for elderly folk."

The old man drew himself up with dignity. "*Eh, mon Dieu*, Madame Dumont, we shall know how to continue to bear it. It is so long since our son is a negligible quantity to us. His heart must be dead to his parents."

"By pity, Monsieur le Comte, do not say so! Monsieur le Comte ——"

"*Enfin*, evidently he prefers his art to our company. We heard rumors—a marriage—an impossible person, a model. But one must not believe all one hears. We wrote. He ignores our letters. Well, so much the worse. We are learning to accept the inevitable."

"But, *voyons*, Monsieur le Comte, probably Monsieur le Vicomte fears ——"

"We are his parents, Madame Dumont. Love should chase away fear." The count lifted his eyebrows and changed the subject. "You have some new miniatures, madame."

"There are three fresh ones, Monsieur le Comte, but one of them would not interest you. It is modern. Only two are antiques. One of them is a replica of a wax medallion of the reign of Louis XIII. Dumont says it has great merit. *Tiens*, permit that I fetch it from the window ——"

"*Pardon*, madame, but it is not that one I wish to see. It is precisely the modern one which interests me."

"But . . . Monsieur le Comte . . . and you who are so great a connoisseur," remonstrated the wily saleswoman.

SHE was also an old retainer of the count's family. She had been born and bred on the estate. She was devoted to them all, root and branch. And . . . there was a little plot she had in hand—ah, if only the good God would favor it. . . .

"I know well," said the count, "that in comparison with the technique of the old miniaturists, the painting of which I speak is coarse. As a work of art it has certainly less merit. But there is something, all the same, which pleases me. I should like to examine it, madame."

With a show of reluctance Madame Dumont fetched the Madonna and Child from the cabinet in the window. . . . "*Voilá* Monsieur le Comte. It is pretty, pretty as everything—but it is modern, you see."

The count held the little painting in his thin aristocratic hand. It trembled slightly, that hand—for in truth the likeness was startling, *épatant!* The thing might have been painted thirty-one years ago from his own boy, from Marcel himself. It was strange that he should have come across it. It was almost as if Providence had willed that he should possess it. . . .

And while he studied the miniature, Madame Dumont's shrewd, kindly eyes studied him. *Et, bon Dieu*, the little plot was ripening. Monsieur le Comte and the young madame—to think these two should have found themselves in the shop together, and quite unconscious of each other, too! Surely, it was the destiny!

"What are you asking for the thing?" inquired the count at length.

"It is for almost nothing, Monsieur le Comte—a mere bagatelle; two hundred and fifty francs, Dumont said. For, see you, though it is modern style, it is good painting. Ah, as to that, yes, for example, I guarantee it you! A bagatelle only. It is the last price, Dumont said, without benefit to us, well understood. For the artist is little known. The price is low because he needs the money."

"No matter," replied the count. "I will take the miniature. A little nothing, a birthday gift to Madame la Comtesse. It is her fête to-morrow."

"I know it well, Monsieur le Comte. I thank you. Permit that I pack up the painting—so. Assuredly Madame la Comtesse will be pleased. Otherwise, you will bring it me back, quite simply. A thing so pretty, that sells itself always. *Bonjour*, Monsieur le Comte. A thousand thanks."

II

NEXT morning about twelve, just as Madame Dumont had finished her *déjeuner*—it had been *croute-au-pot*, with an omelette to follow and a little cup of black coffee—she was surprised to see Madame la Comtesse enter the shop.

Madame Dumont came through the glass partition into the show-room. "My felicitations on the birthday of Madame la Comtesse," she said. (We must remember that she had been brought up on the estate and was housemaid at the Castle till she married Dumont). "You are not then content with the miniature that Monsieur le Comte has chosen? You wish to select something else? But willingly, Madame la Comtesse—anything that you like."

"Thérèse," said the countess—such an elegent countess, in her velvet coat and ermine furs, with her pretty shining gray hair showing below the black velvet of her toque—"Thérèse, this miniature . . . how did you come by it?" . . .

The poor lady! Madame Dumont saw at once how greatly she was agitated.

"But of course she had divined something. How will you that she should not have guessed? The women, they are sharp, more sharp than you others—you men," Madame Dumont assured her husband when she was relating the affair to him afterwards.

"And so then," she went on, "I told her. 'But yes,' I said, 'the painting is by your son, by Monsieur le Vicomte. It is a painting of his wife—ah, the sweet little lady—and of his son—but what a love of a child *quel amour d'enfant!*—and it is the very spit of them, so to speak.'" . . .

"You told her! But what cheek you have, you other women!" said Monsieur Dumont And he pinched his wife's plump chin.

"Eh, my faith, yes, I told her. It is months, now, that they are here in Versailles, and the thing stretches itself out till it gets on one's nerves. And these poor young ones, they get thinner. They eat *maigre* all the week round, to make the money go far enough. And the old ones, up at the Castle, they get more sad and lonely, month by month. It is nonsense, all that."

"'You have seen him, Thérèse—my grandson?' she asked me. *Parbleu*, Dumont, I assure you—she was jealous! Madame la Comtesse jealous of me!

"'*Certes*, yes, that I have seen him Madame la Comtesse,' I said. 'It is the finest child possible. And as to Madame la Vicomtesse—the dearest little lady in the world—and witty—and *spirituelle!* When they come here together, they make us laugh—Dumont and me—but laugh!'

"'Yet they say—I hear—she was a model,' the poor old lady told me. And I was sharp. *Dame*, yes! I think I showed tact, Dumont. For I said, quite simply: 'I knew nothing of that, Madame la Comtesse. That does not regard me. All I know is that she is as elegant and *comme-il-faut* as any princess—what do I say?—as even Madame la Comtesse herself. . .'

"And then figure to yourself, she came out with it. Would I take her then—then, at once? I had to go and put on my bonnet and mantle—*moi*, who had but just eaten my breakfast. And off we went in the auto—ah, *dame*, yes, in the grand auto, Dumont—to the Rue de la Poste.

"WHEN we reached the house she was all pale, poor lady, from emotion. They are on the third, those young ones. Up she went, trembling, in front of me, and I puffing behind, for I had not digested, and, my faith, there is not a bad number of steps, see you.

"And she made me to enter first, and announce her. But what a scene for a play, and how touching! *Moi*, quite frankly, I had the tears in the eyes."

"I think well," said Dumont—"you with your heart of stone!" and he patted her fat rosy cheek.

"Great silly, be silent, then, that I tell you the rest. 'My mother!' cried Monsieur le Vicomte, and he embraced her nearly to crush her. And then he led that dear young wife of his to her and said with a very noble air, 'If you love me, my mother, you must also love my wife.' And the little cabbage, watching it all!

"I suppose he felt himself abandoned. . . . Anyhow, he ran to the three of them, and, '*Maman!*' he cried, 'me too! Embrace Paul, too!' His father picked him up and put him in Madame la Comtesse's arms. . . . Ah, it was a pretty scene, I promise you!" . . .

III

THE same evening the car from the Castle passed down again into the town and halted in front of the house in the Rue de la Poste.

Presently a trio of people came out. A tall young man carrying a child, followed by a graceful girl. The groom fetched wraps and packages. Then the car made its way back to the Castle.

There was a stir in the old place. . . . Lights showed in rooms that had been uninhabited for years. Ser-

He became aware of the presence of a third person—a tall, elegant girl to whom she was talking.

vants hurried to and fro. And in the great dining-room the table was laid for five. . . .

The count had been absent in Paris all day. He returned to Versailles only half-an-hour before the dinner-hour, so that he was not able to greet the countess until he had dressed, and they met in the beautiful drawing-room adjoining the dining-room.

Many counts and viscounts, with their ladies and children, in swords and periwigs, in hoops and ruffles, in powder, brocade, and patches, looked down on them from the damask-panelled walls.

"*Sapristi!*" said the count, "you have made great *toilette* to-night, Rosalie."

"It is in honor of my birthday, Paul."

"It seems, too, we have guests? I saw five covers laid in the dining-room."

"Yes. To celebrate the anniversary. I—I thought you would not mind."

"But no. Certainly not, my dear. Whatever pleases you" —— answered the count. But his brows were raised. He was intrigued — and a little bored.

"I went to Dumont's shop this morning," said the countess, "and Madame Dumont presented me to the artist who—who painted the charming miniature you gave me. So I invited him with his wife to dine with us"——

"Ah!" said the count.

"They are—rather an interesting young couple, Paul. I—I hope you will like them."

She bade me enter first and announce her.

"No doubt, *ma chère*. And the fifth guest?"

"They are bringing their small son. You see, they could not leave him quite alone. You are not annoyed?"

"But on the contrary, I shall be interested to see the child."

"Yes," murmured his wife, "a splendid child. And we have so rarely a child here, Paul. I—I think I hear them coming." . . . .

Something unusual in his wife's manner awakened yet more the curiosity of the count.

He drew himself up and took his stand with his back to the great wide hearth, where logs burned, for the spring evening was chilly. Life-sized cherubs, wrought in marble, supported the high mantelpiece. But a real child, a child of flesh and blood— that would indeed be a novelty in the place. . . The count adjusted his eyeglasses. . . .

And then—the doors opened and the three guests entered.

"Ah!" . . . . said the count.

For, straddling across the floor towards him, he saw a small figure. It seemed to come to him from the past of more than thirty years ago. . . . . It had the same wide brow, dark curls, brown eyes. . . . And behind he caught sight of his son Marcel's face—demanding—entreating. . . and of the face of the graceful girl whom he had noticed at the antiquity shop—or was it the face of the Madonna in the miniature? . . . Then a light went up in his heart.

"Ah!" . . he exclaimed again.

"Paul!" begged his wife.

"Here's Paul, *grand-maman*," answered a confident, childish treble. And the small person ran forward.

The count took a deep breath. "There seem to be two of the same name," he said with some formality.

"There cannot be too many after your pattern," murmured the countess.

"It must be as you decide, *ma chère*." . . . .

"We have—all—decided, have we not? And the little Paul has set the example."

"Madame la Comtesse is served," said the butler, announcing dinner.

"Then there is evidently nothing more to be said," acquiesced the count drily. But there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes that his wife had not seen there for many a year. "May I therefore have the honor, *madame ma belle-fille*, of conducting you to table?" And he offered his arm to his daughter-in-law.—"Marcel, escort your mother.—As to Paul, he will no doubt show us the way." . . .

WHAT *the* FARMER UPRISING MEANS

By F. M. CHAPMAN

EDITOR "FARMERS' MAGAZINE"

RECENT events in the Province of Ontario have been decidedly upsetting to all precedent. What does it all mean? Too long the old party leadership discounted the value of the farmer and labor criticism that have been taking shape in healthy minds. That these were regarded as selfish class interests is apparent now in the only criticism we hear, that this is a class movement. To all such, the words of Ontario's new premier, E. C. Drury must come as a real awakening.

He has startled the conventional by his broad-minded regard for all classes. He has shown to the world that agricultural minds are bigger than farms or even production. That ordinary commercial ratings cannot be effectively applied to the rural thinkers. They must be credited with an altruistic element negligible in many inspired utterances. So that again the world has come back to the land to get its saner viewpoints and its resolute though unconventional impulses. Like Abraham Lincoln whose homely homilies amused but regenerated a nation, so many see in the new farmer movement a new birth to national ambitions and greatness. And the leaven is working rapidly. From the foothills to the tide water evidences are pouring in that the people in the humbler stretches of our far-flung land have caught the gleam. It will be camouflaged but it will not be mistaken.

We were in great danger of losing our faith in the business of governing. We elected politicians instead of statesmen. The puppet pageant attracted. The student and the man were in the shadow. Money and rewards stood highest in our national perspective. Titular honors and position were coveted and divorced from service. And so commissions and concealing investigations had the delegated powers.

Not too late has come the awakening. Man is bigger than his job. Service is the only honor that real men respect. Governing by the peoples' representatives is the job at hand. *Responsible Government is going to be rescued.* The dignity of statesmanship has been increased in the eyes of every boy and girl in young Canada. And that alone is worth while.

I believe this agrarian uprising will result in real reforms. Big, unearned salaries will go by the board. Useless officeholding and created posts must assuredly disappear. The false and fantastic elements in even our sacred tariff must pass under the rod. For down in old Conservative Ontario, regarded by the newer West as hopelessly slow and unprogressive, has this new rebirth taken place, where the cows feed on the old homesteads and where the sheep breeders and field husbandmen watch their ancestral acres. That it will spread to all America, remould governments, upturn and examine custom and introduce a greater freedom for all the people is foreseen by those ringing words of Farmer Drury of the Penetang Road, when he cried, "*This is a people's movement and they demand that virile leadership be in its van.*"

How Far Will It Spread?

EVIDENCES are cumulating that the movement will not only spread to the Federal arena but that local legislatures even, where farmers lead in political parties, will feel the change. It is natural to suppose that the prairie provinces, where the farmer-grain companies have pioneered the way commercially, will assert themselves. In fact a recent bye-election in Alberta shows it. That Saskatchewan is ripe for the harvest, no very discerning vision can see. Manitoba is not in the same class. They recently rose to throw out a corrupt Government, yet signs are cropping out there. British Columbia United Farmers are meeting with a good reception and the tendency looks like a break in its representation at any time.

The Maritimes, with blue-nose precedent well-ingrained, have already taken the bit into their teeth. Quebec fears the same thing, for Quebec co-operative work among the farmers has been even more advanced than in Ontario. The habitant farmer sees something ahead.

In the Federal arena, it is almost certain that the next general election will find a big farmer delegation rom every province. They may line up with Labor on a broad People's Party basis and as such it seems they will be irresistible.

A BLIGHTY CHRISTMAS

How Yuletide Was Spent Under the Red Cross

By GERTRUDE ARNOLD

Who Wrote "The Search for Missing Men."

TO-MORROW would be Christmas. I was glad. It had been our "objective" for the last two weeks. We had talked of little else, and thought of little else, and now we were within reach of it. Leaning rather wearily on the step-ladder on which I had been mounted for the last hour or two, I looked about me at the result. I glanced too at my bandaged finger, the result of the prickly holly festooned round the wall.

Certainly the glossy, green holly was plentiful enough in the French woods, the trees veiled in white by the first drifts of snow. There was more than enough to make beautiful our bare walls and to smother the high wooden structure in which the little South African had his fractured femur swung.

"Let's take our 'time off' in the woods, and see what we can bring back for the walls," one of the sisters had suggested.

"Time off?" we laughed. Who, here, in wildest moments, would talk of "time off" so near to Christmas? Nevertheless, three pairs of eyes wandered critically over the bald, white walls. They didn't look like Christmas—which means warmth and color, red and green. That settled the question.

It amused the French "*Bonne Femme*," with her crimson cloud wrapped warmly around her ears and her swarm of black-eyed "petits," to watch three strapping girls, scrambling over fences, and climbing through hedges, where the holly grew thick and glossy.

"Oh, Les Anglaises!" explained she to her gaping offspring. "They are mad—*tout-a-fait!*" And they looked curiously at our growing heaps of green—higher than our heads.

A Canadian sister, high among the boughs, her white veil floating about her—for she had thrown her scarlet-lined cape about her, and come as she was—waved a long spray of ivy in the breeze.

"Shure, she thinks she's Jane Dark, or whatever they call the crather," muttered our Hibernian orderly, gazing admiringly at the pretty picture.

"Joan of Arc wasn't in the habit of climbing trees, Paddy. Tie up the holly into three big bundles, and we'll each carry one over our shoulder."

Not "Gals," But Just "Sisters"

I WONDER if the "*Bonne Femme*" sometimes thinks of us now, as she watched us striding into the crimson of the setting sun, over the white patches of snow, with only the crunching of the snow beneath our feet, to break the quiet, with the piles of glossy leaves on our shoulders, entangling our flowing veils, and with the red of exertion and cold in our cheeks.

"You couldn't go to Blighty for Christmas, boys, but we are going to have a Blighty Christmas here," we announced. White faces looked up and flushed, eyes grew eager, and tongues became loosened as we dragged the green bundles into the ward.

"I can make the wreath, Sister; I once helped the undertaker at our corner, when there was an epidemic."

"II'aint you got no mistletow?"

"Whatcher talkin' abaht? Mistletow, an' there aint no gals."

"Wot's them sisters then? huh?"

"They aint—they're just sisters."

"Right you are, Bill," we assured him; "now come and stand up on the ladder, and we will tell you where to hammer the nails."

The little African's wooden structure, to which was slung his leg, proved an obstacle and roused Bill's ire.

"See here wot you've did," he stormed at the poor unfortunate, "gone and slung your blamed leg in the way of the deckorations. Aint you got no sense? Can't you stop a bullet wiv your 'and stead o' your leg?"

Feeling the importance of his job, Bill carries authority with a high hand, finally consenting to trail the ivy decoratively round the the bare, wooden structure that had roused his ire.

Three of the "up" cases, whose bandaged feet formed no obstacle, managed with much discussion to manufacture a holly wreath, which they finally hung above my desk. As I worked, making out my reports, I heard, without listening.

The ward was lavishly decorated for the Christmas festivities, the "up" patients helping to make the wreaths.

"Betcherlife our ward'll beat the rest to smithereens," asserts Billy of the Buffs.

"Shure and them wreaths be as purty as the wans round the angels' heads in the little church at home," dreamily adds Paddy.

"Yer michty sure yersels," cannily drawled Sandy of the Seaforths, polishing the holly with a corner of his kilt. "Ye think ye're the salt o' the airth. I was amang the Germans, once, and ane of them plunked doon on his knees, and began to shout 'Kamerad! Me a Christian!' 'You a Christian,' says I, stickin' a baynet through the crater, 'Mon you're a leer, but in twa seconds ye'll be an angel'."

"'Ere Scotty," interrupted Bill, "this 'eres Christmas, and we don't want more of your bally argifyin'."

The Ward's "Secret" Withheld

I INTERRUPTED the conversation by placing three thermometers below three busy tongues.

"Even on Christmas Eve?" asked one.

"Even on Christmas Eve," I replied, adamant, and drawing forth protesting patients from the spoils of the French forest. Hands, big and strong, and all too eager, had brushed the red berries from their stocks onto the floor. They were rolling all over, making the floor dangerous for Sandy's stick, and "Canada's" crutch. Canada looked down at the little scarlet atoms, making his path doubtful.

"Lets' pick them up and make jam of them, Sister. It would be a change from 'plumanapple'!"

At the end of the ward was a vacant bed. To-night it was curtained off by a sheet, pinned so as to screen it from the Ward. Eyes looked curiously at it, and, as I finished taking the pulses, "What's there, Sister?" one asked.

"A secret."

"Won't you tell us?"

"You'll know to-morrow."

I looked around the little circle immediately near me; I looked into six dark-lined faces, into eyes that had lately looked upon the horrors of war. Now, I saw those eyes shining with eagerness over the secret of Christmas. Past was the horror. The joy of Christmas was creeping upon them.

"You're only big children after all," I laughed, "You'll know the secret to-morrow."

"I CAN'T believe it is 8 o'clock," I gasped, when the night Sister walked in. She was wheeling before her an empty trolley, the kind in which lotions and instruments are pulled around for the dressings. She didn't answer me, but hurried into the ante-room and shut the door tight.

I peeped in. I couldn't help it. Other people had been curious about my secrets, and I was just as curious about Sister's. Peeping round the door, I felt a presence behind me and above me, I looked up. It was "Long John" bending his six-foot-four to look over my head into the ante-room. His hospital dressing-gown was of the usual length, but on "Long John" it merely grazed his knees. He was clutching it together, at the chest, with a bony red hand, for the ante-room door was in a draughty spot. The hospital shoes he was wearing had seen better days. I remember when they arrived in the hospital new, with a little note tacked on, "Made by Dorothy Ross" and the address of a Girls' School in Toronto. Many a hundred men have your shoes kept warm, "Dorothy Ross." But now, the uppers are at variance with the soles. Long John has to slip-slop along the floors, in order not to part company with them altogether.

"Long John" is Curious, Too

I TURNED to "do my duty" by Long John.

"I'm *ashamed* of you, Long John," I stormed. "Trying to see what Sister is doing, and on Christmas Eve too! I'm ashamed of you."

"Was I spoiling your view, Sister? Is that what you've 'got the wind up' for?" The smile that broke over Long John's countenance extended from ear to ear, curving up at the given points.

"What an idea, John!" I protested, "Go back to bed at once!"

"I'll sure be getting cold feet if I don't, with them things on." And Long John balanced the remains of his shoe on his toes, and skilfully shuffled them on again.

"I really must explain the disturbance, Sister," I cried, entering the room, having at last found an excuse to do so.

"Bother your explanation! Who ever heard of *explanations* on Christmas Eve? Come in and shut the door. Look here, and here, and here!"

"A real blighty Christmas!" I gasped, looking at a toy shop, and a heap of the most miscellaneous-looking stockings I had ever seen. "What does it mean?"

"It means a stocking at the foot of each bed. It means that when the boys are all asleep——"

"That won't be to-night," I interrupted.

"Well, when most of them are asleep, I'll give you the call and we'll hang up the stockings and fill them full of toys."

SO, later, contrary to all rules, sitting huddled up in a corner of the verandah attached to the Sisters' Mess, I watched the clear stars, that the shepherds saw two thousand years ago, shining over *my* hospital; I listened to the first bells at midnight from the steeple of the great tower of the old French cathedral; I wondered again why Hate could live on an earth to which Peace had come in the form of a little child. Then I heard Sister call.

"Go very quietly," she whispered, handing me a pair of felt shoes to slip over my own. "I thought some of them would never go to sleep."

The very faintest beams from the moon were slipping over "Bill of the Buffs." The wreath over his bed had slipped from its fastenings, and lay on the pillow, like a halo over his head. I hung up a stocking. It had holes of no mean size in the toe, but what of that? Sister crept behind me, and into the interior she slipped a brass trumpet, and a tiny parcel.

"The little parcels are my secret," she whispered and I knew how many hours of sleep she must have missed, during the days which were her nights, to prepare these thirty-five little parcels.

"My secret!" I watched her standing there in the

dark ward, with only the light of a lowered torch to guide us down the ward. She was a stout, middle-aged woman, her veil slightly awry. The light in her face made it beautiful. In her eyes was Mother Love. Gently she touched a head here, lifted an extended hand below the sheet there.

"If only 'Canada's' mother could look into the face of this Sister now," I thought, "she would rest content about her boy—in a French Hospital at Christmas. If Sandy's wife in the Shetland Isle could see the care with which this English Nurse had pondered over the little gifts that would bring him most pleasure! If on the veldt in Africa the dark-haired mother that De Villiers from Capetown had told us about—if she could hear the note of feeling in Sister's voice when she soothed the boy, startled from his sleep by an evil dream!"

Dressed up for the play—one of the best methods for entertaining convalescents.

MOTHERS, like poets, are born, not made. And here in the centre of this darkened Ward is a woman tending, with the love and the care of a mother, her wounded children.

"Away to bed with you, Girl, or you'll be a wreck tomorrow," and Sister, having packed each shapeless stocking, pushes me out of the Ward.

Joyeux Noel Peals Out

I OPENED my eyes, struggling with the thought that something unusual was in the air. It was almost dark. Dawn was only creeping in, pressing away the shadows of night. Suddenly a blast from a tin trumpet, a shrill penny whistle! It was Christmas Morning and the boys in the Ward had opened their stockings, and were children again!

It was scarcely six but I heard through my open window the first Christmas bells pealing from out the steeple of my beloved French Cathedral. And already in the streets below, I heard, "Joyeux Noel, Madame! Joyeux Noel!"

I dressed to the clanging and the swelling of the music of the bells. They seemed to say:

Forget the War
Forget the War
Christmas Day
Forget the War.

AT the door of my Ward we stood. We couldn't hear the bells there. Such a talking and laughing, and shouting! "Merry Christmas, Sister, Merry Christmas!"

Really, the Ward looked very pretty. Festooned around the walls the trailing ivy was most graceful and the wooden structure which had annoyed Bill looked quite effective with its holly trimmings. The picture of the King, presented at the last minute by Sandy, had a place of honor. The colors might be rather startling, but that was only more like Christmas. Sandy had placed the little bunch of ribbon, usually fastened to his heather wool stockings, on the top of the picture.

"God Save The King," says Sandy. "He's guid enough to be a Hielander."

And then came the embarrassing moment when the Ward shyly and individually brought forth gifts for us. Pearls beyond price could bring no warmer glow than these gifts awkwardly passed over to us by "Long John" in his shortened dressing gown and by the red-headed Air Force boy, in the pink pyjamas. These will remain among our treasures to the end. My pink satin handkerchief case with "Happy Christmas" painted in bright gold letters and with blue birds flying all over it, and my German bayonet, wrapped in tissue paper, and tied with blue ribbons!

"I saw 'Australia' buy the handkerchief case for you"—Sister confided later. Australia was an up patient and was sometimes allowed a pass out. "The great creature was standing in front of a window, his nose flattened against the pane, seriously and deliberately pondering over what you would like best."

Speaking truly from the heart, these Christmas gifts carefully thought over and bought in the little French town, surely will always be amongst our greatest treasures.

One Hero Went West on This Day

JOY is seldom unalloyed and this Christmas was no exception. Screened in at the further and of the Ward lay a man—dying. A terrible wound across his shoulder, almost separating his head from his body, was too deep for recovery. For weeks he had struggled to live. His features had become sharpened with pain, but there was a sweetness in his face which fascinated us all.

"We shall each take an hour with him," Sister said, "The Doctor thinks the end is very near, and there is very little we can do for him." My hour to be with him was from twelve o'clock. Dinner was soon to be brought in. The turkey was to be placed on the long table in the middle of the Ward. The principal Sergeant, in a chef's white cap, was to cut the turkey with a sword. But I was glad to slip behind the screen, and leave the noise and excitement in the Ward. The knowledge of this white, still figure lying behind the screens had been haunting me all morning.

He was from Wales. I thought of his people in the mountains, as I sat quietly beside him, moistening his forehead and lips. Suddenly the great dark eyes opened, and he looked up.

"What day is it?" he asked, so faintly that I had to bend very close to distinguish the words.

"It is Christmas Day," I answered, as the white lids drooped slowly over his eyes.

"Christ have mercy upon me, on His day." He repeated the words slowly and faintly, but distinctly, and the voice was the sweetest I had ever heard. They were the last words he spoke on earth.

When I came from behind the screen into the other world of recovery and happiness, the contrast was too much. I knew I must, for the sake of these others, forget, and if thoughts *must* wander behind the screen, remember that surely there was no cause for grief.

THE Christmas dinner was being carried in. At the appearance of the turkey there was a tremendous blast from every tin whistle and penny trumpet, and everything else capable of making a noise. We rushed around the Ward carrying to each patient a heaped-up plate. I sniffed the air hungrily. How long it seemed since breakfast! How good the turkey looked! I took it out in sniffling, however, until the plum pudding had been received with wild shouts, and had gone the way of all plum puddings. The patients, happy—but incapable of further happiness of the same solid kind—sank back among pillows, ready for that dinner rest guaranteed to aid digestion.

In the afternoon we were going to have our "Secret." The Orders of the Day, however, first demanded that each patient must lie quietly for an hour. We did not want relapses from too much excitement. So we refused to speak to any single one of them, and promptly squelched any attempts at conversation. Quiet—compulsory quiet—reigned, until soon after four o'clock when it was time to draw down the blinds *closely*, that no chink of light might attract any wandering enemy aeroplane. The lights were all turned on.

A cup of tea came first, at which the few relatives, who had been brought on to France shared. Sandy passed round his box of shortbread. On it was traced, with little round white and pink sweets, "Dinna be blate," which is the Scotch for, "Don't be too modest in helping yourself." Glancing at the many patients, and at Sandy eager to dispense it, I hoped, on the contrary, that they would be very "blate."

Night Sister, who had gotten up for the occasion, being in bed only about two hours, drew aside the white sheet that had provoked such a lot of curiosity, and wheeled something out.

"Almichty! it's a tank," ejaculated Sandy.

"Wot are yer givin us?" muttered Bill of the Buffs.

"Bonza idea," allowed Australia.

The orderlies had made the Tank. It was an exact model of a real one, made out of papier maché,

Continued on page 79

Canadians photographed in the beautiful open-air hospital of Mr. and Mrs. Astor at Clifden Hall.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

A Christmas Story

By C. W. STEPHENS

Author of "Man and Wife," "Ebb and Flow," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

SNOW had been falling almost without cessation for four and twenty hours. A strong wind had piled it in heavy drifts along the St. Omer road. It reached up to the windows of the little hillside schoolhouse of St. Omer. It lay in great woolly masses on the boughs of the trees. The woods above the road stood out black and gaunt against the white background of the cleared lands. The frozen lake in the valley below rested in its long winter sleep under a spotless white coverlet. Farmhouses dotted on the farther slope of the hills were like frosted Christmas card sketches.

In fact, people who liked a white Christmas were having their wishes gratified. The snow about the one-room school was untrodden, the chimney smokeless, the windows dark in the gathering dusk, for it was Christmas Eve and holiday time for the children. On the far side of the school yard, the gate leading to the teacher's cottage was almost blocked by the snow; it lay in mountainous ridges along the lane that led to the main road, it covered the little garden of the cottage in pretty, fantastic, wind-blown wreaths. A thin cloud of blue smoke rising from the cottage chimney spoke of warmth and comfort within.

Ann Gordon, the teacher, was baking. A batch of bread lay near the stove rising, nearly ready for the oven. She was now scraping the remnants of dough from her kneading board, doing it slowly, every now and again glancing across the little kitchen toward the window at which a boy stood looking out into the twilight.

She was a girl of twenty-two, tall and slenderly, but strongly, built, with pretty coloring in her well-featured face, and an orderly arranged mass of red-gold hair crowning her shapely head. The long cooking apron she wore did not rob her of any of her prettiness. Her rolled-up sleeves showed well-rounded arms.

IN her eyes—clear hazel eyes—was a look of wistfulness, as she glanced at the boy. There were just the two of them, and Dave was ten years old. Their mother had died at his birth. Three years ago the father had followed her. He had been a hillside farmer, none too successful, and when an accident in the woods brought him to an untimely end in the prime of life, just when it seemed as if the luck was turning in his direction, the farm had been sold to satisfy the mortgage debt. It sold badly, for times were not good in St. Omer just then, and, when everything was straightened out, Ann and Dave had practically nothing left. The girl had been fairly well educated, considering country opportunities and home duties, and the neighbors had secured for her the position of teacher in the little rural school of St. Omer. It was not a very distinguished position, and the salary was small; three hundred dollars a year. It is the fashion in such country districts to pay those who train the minds and mould the characters of the rising generation much less than those who tend cattle or mend roads. Still there was a cottage rent-free, and the farmers supplied the teacher with stove wood, so, with what the garden produced, things might have been worse. Six dollars a week does not leave much margin, on the most economical basis, for luxuries and extravagance, and Ann had to do quite a bit of budgeting, planning, and pinching, to make the munificent sum paid for educating the youth of St. Omer provide food, clothing, and other necessaries for the boy and herself. She was, however, a capable girl, self-reliant, very independent, hating debt and keeping out of it, and, on the whole, was not dissatisfied with life as it came to her.

"Two fine, big package, Mademoiselle, and nothing to pay."

It was not often that her face was cloudy, or that wistfulness was to be seen in her eyes, but Christmas Eve is not the most joyous time of the year when the pocketbook is lean. The day had been sunless, the sky a blur of grey seen dimly through the whirling snowstorm. It was almost time to light the lamp, for the kitchen was already in semi-darkness, the rays of light from the fire alone illuminating it, but she had hardly the courage to do it. With night-fall Christmas Eve would seem to be really ushered in and she wanted to put it off just as long as possible. She knew what Dave was standing at the window for. The most popular topic of conversation with him was Santa Claus, his reindeer team, and the piles of presents he brought in huge bags through the deep snows from the North Pole where he had been at work on their creation all the year round.

Though it was well on in the afternoon the mailman had not come along the road yet, and until he had come and gone there was always the chance that something sensational might happen. Dave, this year, was extremely doubtful about it, but still, until he had seen the mail carrier's sleigh go by hope lived that something might come to show that the beneficent powers that rule the Christmas season had not forgotten the Gordons.

Ann would have given a great deal of what the future might bring to her if she had possessed just a few dollars to spend on Christmas presents for the boy. There had always been a Santa Claus visit up to this year. It had been the custom for Dave to go to bed early on Christmas Eve, leaving the biggest stocking he could find hanging over the rail at the foot of his bed, ready for the white-whiskered old gentleman with the big pack. He always waked in the cold darkness of Christmas morning and went groping round to see what had happened. Something invariably had happened, for he had never failed to find the stocking, jammed full of delightful things, hidden away in some corner after the joking manner of the jovial old fellow who loves to play little tricks on children.

Ann had planned it all out this year. She had a list made out—a new sled, a warm tuque, a pair of thick mitten gloves, real up-to-date stylish things, a most wonderful flying machine. There was a sketch of the machine in the mail order catalogue, and Dave had hoped that Santa had not overlooked something of the kind. Then, of course, there had to be apples and oranges and some nuts and candies. Everything was neatly mapped out, and then, on the twentieth, when the twenty-five dollars of salary should have been paid to her, something had gone wrong with the school treasurer's arrangements and he had told her that the committee would not meet till after the incoming of the new year to vote her money. Ordinarily the delay would not have mattered a great deal, but this month it meant the wrecking of much of the Christmas happiness of the little Gordon household. Ann had less than a dollar in her pocketbook, and you can't do business with the stores, on the scale she had planned, on eighty-seven cents. Some of the things she might have procured on credit, but she had made a rule and would not break it. She would not spend what she had not got, and her determination to go without what she was not able to pay for had stood her in good stead more than once.

It was good, moreover, for Dave to get into that sound way of financing too. Ann had Highland Scotch blood running in healthy Canadian veins, and the combination makes ordinarily for sound money dealings.

But if ever her principles were put to the test it had been since the treasurer's dire announcement on the twentieth. She was a bit afraid too that Dave might think her hard and mean in the providing for the Christmas feast but ——!

In her eyes was a look of wistfulness, as she glanced at the boy.

AND so she kept stealing a glance at him now and again and wishing and wishing and wishing, which is not the kind of thing one should be driven back upon on the the eve of Christmas.

"Shall I light the lamp, Dave?" she asked at last.

"No, I like this way best," the lad replied, curling himself up on the window seat and glueing his nose to the frosty pane. *"Awful wild night I guess it's going to be. Shouldn't be a bit surprised if Santa didn't get round.* Philibert, the mailman, hasn't gone past yet, and if he can't make it I guess Santa would find it hard work."

His decision suited Ann. She drew a chair up to the stove and opened the door to throw the warm light into the darkening room. Then, watching the burning embers of the wood fire, she began to dream. Pictures appeared on the little red stage within the stove, wonderful landscapes and houses and ships and tall mountains. Every now and again they would crumble away and others come. And she saw faces painted in the lights and shadows of the crimson glow. Christmas Eve is ever a night of memories. It is then, of all times, that ghosts come from the shades and revisit the places of their human habitations. On this night one goes back rather than forward, dwells on the times that were and the people who lived in them, rather than those yet to be. She saw the mother, dead these ten years, the father taken away in the prime of life. Like the pictures in the fire, that dissolved while she looked at them, so life had been to her. Then all others vanished from the stage except one. He, too, belonged to the past. It was more than a year since she had seen or heard of Jim Davidson.

Christmas Eve touches memories with tenderness. She wondered if, after all, she were not a hard woman. Love suffereth long and is kind, so the Book had taught her. When Jim was down and everybody was scorning his failure and weakness she had laid the lash of her anger upon him. It was not, she told herself, because he had failed in his mining ventures. That would not have mattered. She would have stood shoulder to shoulder with him through the hardest battle, for she had no fear of poverty or struggle. It was because, in the testing time, when things were going against him, he had failed as a man. He had quit, stopped fighting, and her pride in him had been sharply wounded. Yet, to-night, she felt that it was just in such an emergency that she should have helped him. But she had gone with the rest, though not with the same motive. For a time she had thought that she had driven him out of her heart, and then she had discovered that the task was not as easy as she had thought it would be. There had been other men, from the farms and mines, who would have been glad to take her out of the ill-paid drudgery of school teaching and make her mistress of a comfortable home where money troubles would never be likely to come, but they had never been in luck's way. Jim Davidson's memory always stood in the way. Critical neighbors said that usually was the case. The girl who might be expected to make a sensible marriage was the one to take up with a shiftless ne'er-do-weel. Jim amounted to nothing—such was the general impression of the staid farmer folk. A good enough man in his way, a worker, with brains, but slack and easy-going, with a weakness for drink. He ought to have stuck to his farm, so they said, but instead of that had the mining madness in his head.

HE and Ann had always been friends away back in child days and sweethearts after girl and boy fashion in their teens. It had always seemed that marriage was the natural outcome of their friendship. Jim had always figured on it as the supreme reward of his labors when the luck should come, and Ann had dreamed of it in her quieter way.

Then luck had gone against him, or rather had been destroyed by his weakness, and he had wilted under the sharp disappointment. He had made his strike and had gone down to St. Omer to renew his expired option on the lands on which he had been working.

At the house of a neighbor who had lent him some money he talked too much when in drink, and his strike was snatched away from him. When he went on the next day to complete his deal he found that the lands had been sold, all his long labors gone for nothing, all his dreams had vanished. So bitter had been his disappointment and self-reproach that he had not gone to see Ann. She had heard that he had lost his farm—sold to pay the mortgage that he had put on it to help out his mining work—and was in the next village to St. Omer drinking up what money he had left, having quit everything. There had been many to bring the news to her, glad to prove to her how wise their forecastings had been. She heard of him from Dave who had seen him several times and was one of Jim's staunchest defenders.

"I don't care what they say, Ann," Dave had said to his sister. "Jim's a good man, and just because he's down and everybody against him, that's no reason why I shouldn't speak to him. They say he drinks, but I like Jim better than anybody else in the world, except you."

She had said no more but a few days later had gone along the road that passed the place where Jim was living. She saw him sitting outside the house, his chair tilted back against the wall. There was a glass of liquor on a table near his hand.

He did not notice her till she was quite near, then he looked up and a dull red overspread his face.

"Jim!" she called. Some of the people of the house came out, a frowsy-looking lot. He started to his feet and went over to her.

"You called me, Ann?" he said.

"I've come back, Ann, both ways, three ways."

"Yes, I want you to walk a little way with me," she told him. They went on in silence till they were out of sight of the house.

"I was speaking to Dave about his coming over to see you," she continued. "That boy is all I've got left, and I want you to leave him alone, Jim. He's been brought up to consider drunkenness one of the lowest and meanest habits there is. I want to make a man of him, a real man, and I like to have him mix with his own kind, not quitters. I know all you might say, Jim, that you were robbed and cheated, that you were struck down by a foul blow, but that's no reason why you shouldn't get to your feet again and fight back. If you lost out a dozen times the same way, that's no excuse. Folks are saying you are where you ought to be, in the only place you're fit for, and you're proving that they're right."

"Ann, I didn't think you cared," he said.

"I don't say that I do care," she answered, angrily. "We have always been friends, Jim, up to this, and I'd sooner know you were dead than that I should see you as you are now. It isn't only yourself you are hurting, Jim, but it's those, too, who used to believe in you. If you don't want to get to your feet again for your own sake, can't you do it for the sake of those who want to think well of you?"

"Does that mean you, Ann?" he asked.

"Leave me out of it," she answered. "I once believed in you, but you've about killed all that."

She said no more, and he had no excuses to make.

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SOME CANADIAN SNOBS

By MONTGOMERY DIX

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MOYER

I WAS visiting a friend of mine in England last year when news came that henceforth Canada would have nothing more to do with titles—the voyage of her Ship of State was to be conducted on a strictly one class basis.

My host was politely puzzled.

"Tell me, you priceless old thing," he said, carefully adjusting his monocle, "does this mean that you have no clawsses in Canada—what?"

"That's it," I answered. "H'mm—well not precisely—that is certainly—but . . . . would you mind passing the grape-juice?"

"I'm frightfully sorry, old bean. Will you have water or soda with it?"

* * * * (deleted by censor)

"I suppose," resumed my host after a pause, "that in Canada one blighter's as good as another—what? None of this putting on the dog that we have over here—what what?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Of course you lead such a dem fine open life."

"That's it."

"Indians and cow-boy Johnnies—"

"You bet."

"And — er — er—"

"Yes, indeed."

ALTHOUGH retaining some inward doubts about the complete emancipation of Canada from social inequalities it was good news to hear that Our Lady of the Snows had shed her finery and put on the gingham garment of complete democracy. The prospect was an alluring one:—

No more Knights.

No more people hoping to become Knights.

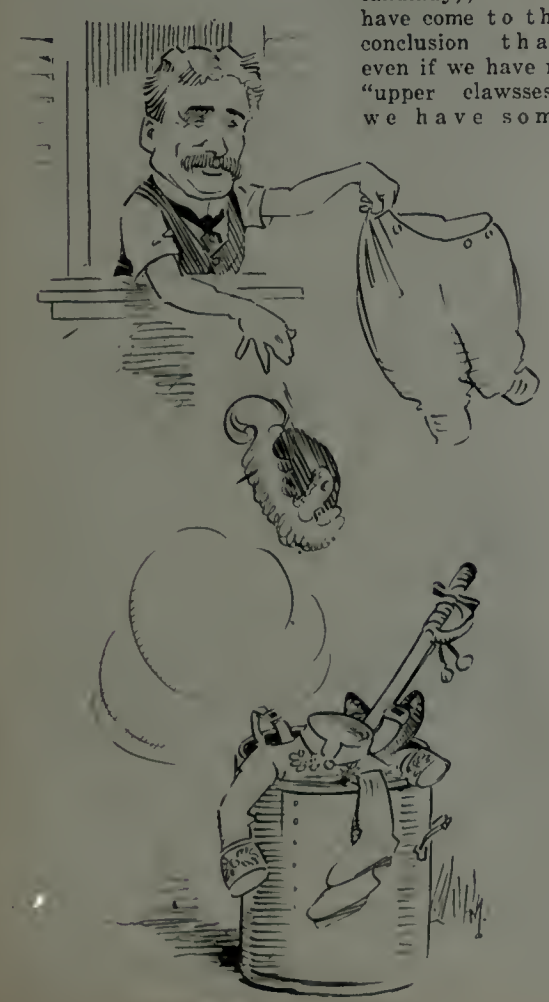
No more relatives of Knights.

No more friends of Knights.

No more people who knew friends of relatives of Knights.

Quoth Sir Robert "Nevermore." After this we were to be a country of "Misters and Missusses." O Canada! The May-pull leaf for ever!

Since that time I have returned to Canada (to the great joy of my dog and the equal sorrow of my landlady), and I have come to the conclusion that, even if we have no "upper clawsses," we have some beautiful snobs that I'd back against anything that Mayfair or Belgravia could enter.



Quoth Sir Robert, "Nevermore."

Sylvia is aware that the mob gapes.

It was reading about Sylvia in this morning's paper that started me thinking of

The Social Column Snob

I DON'T deny that there's a certain pleasure in seeing one's name in print. I remember hearing of a noted house-breaker bursting into tears because the press had failed to record one of his best jobs, and therefore it is understandable that Miss Sylvia Slithers, who reads in the morning that she was (the previous evening) at Mrs. De Ponsy Jones' wearing a gown of blue georgette over green satin with corsage of red geraniums, receives one first-class thrill.

Let us then consider Sylvia as a fairly good example of the social column snob.

She is a young woman whose parents have made money—all honor to them (especially the old man). She is at heart quite a decent sort, a bit of a bore, tries to lead when she dances, gurgles at music, thinks "Somewhere a voice is calling" too lovely for words, plays an excellent game of bridge, and when she meets a real, serious, honest-to-gord author asks him why he doesn't write something like Dere Mable. Good old Sylvia. . . . . I can't help feeling rather fond of her for all her faults.

So much for the dear girl herself. As news value she represents about the same amount as Sir Geo. Perley does to the London press when he makes a speech. Yet—since coming home I have read that:—

Miss Sylvia Slithers is the guest of Miss Hazel Green in Montreal.

Miss Hazel Green is the guest of Miss Sylvia Slithers in Toronto.

Miss Sylvia Slithers looked smart in pink.

Miss Sylvia Slithers looked well in pink.

Miss Sylvia Slithers looked bright in pink.

Miss Slithers poured tea.

Miss Sylvia Slithers gave a dinner of five covers at the Lawbwell Golf Club.

Miss Sylvia Slithers wore pink.

No girl can stand all that without her nose tilting slightly upwards. As a matter of fact, good old Sylvia has been turned into a snob by the process.

And the joke of it is that all her sister-snobs know that, when the society column states that a girl looked "well, bright or smart in pink," it is nothing more than applying the gentle art of camouflage. The whole magic of social editing (this is from unimpeachable authority) lies in getting over the bunkers of having to describe ordinary women in a flattering way without lying too openly.

So my dear Isabel, Helen, Florence and all the rest of you charming compensations of life—when the social column next states that you looked smart you have a real cause for libel.

However, though the local four hundred knows that poor Sylvia is being let down easily, the great partially-washed doesn't. She is aware that the mob reads and gapes. Hence Miss Sylvia Slithers, snob.

And another humorous part of the thing is that only in North America does the social column snob thrive. It's true the London press occasionally paragraphs a Duchess when she loops the loop in an aeroplane, or it gives a couple of lines to a Countess who heaves a brick at a Cabinet Minister (and hits a policeman) to emphasize the need of some charity—but the silly business of chronicling the unimportant activities of unimportant people is a blessing found at its best on this continent.

One of the funniest things I have heard for a long time was told me by a society reporter in Montreal. She had gone to the Members' Paddock at Blue Bonnets to report the presence of the elite when she noticed a mysterious looking woman staring at her. There was something so dreadful, so Hunnish about the eyes that the society writer moved away. The woman followed her. For twenty minutes the newspaper woman hid and turned and wheeled but those relentless eyes never lost her. At last, weak with terror, the reporter leaned against the fence and saw the awful vision of the other woman approaching with tiger-like movements. She was going to scream with was too frightened even for that. Looking anxiously to the right and left the adventuress reached the railing, and, breathing heavily, emitted the awful words:

"Mrs. Effingham Pugs."

And then she moved mysteriously away.

YET, if a decision must be given in the question, I think Ottawa produces the most malignant social column snob in Canada. The explanation, of course, is not hard to find. This is a little one act play that has been done (with slight variations) in Ottawa at least 10,000 times.

Time — Night.

Place—Home of Social Editor of the Ottawa Urbanite.

Curtain rises showing young lady (Society Editor) deeply engrossed in the last issue of MacLean's Magazine.

A noted house-breaker burst into tears because the press had failed to record one of his best jobs.

Phone Rings.

Society Editor—Hello!

Voice (with nice concern)—How *are* you, Miss Cummings?

S. E.—Very well thanks.

Voice.—This is Mrs. Milldew speaking. I do hope you'll be able to come to tea some Sunday.

S. E.—I'd love to, Mrs. Milldew.

Voice.—Some Sunday when we're in our new home—next year.

S.E. (Brightening up)—That's very thoughtful of you.

Voice.—Not at all. Goodness, Miss Cummings, that was a delightful dinner at the Governor-General's last night. The Duke is *so* nice, isn't he? *And* the Duchess. Do you know I never saw my daughter Edythe—it's spelled E-D-Y-T-H-E and I often wonder why people call her just Edith—I never saw her look so sweet.

When she danced with Lord Tufwit everyone said it was a perfect picture.

(Inset showing Miss Edythe Milldew at home with her feet heavily bandaged).

I would love to have had your criticism of my gown, Miss Cummings. It was a French one of pale green taffeta with corsage of Easter lilies and pearl and diamond ornaments. Edythe wore her pink gown again because no one will hear of her wearing anything else although she has *millions* of new dresses.

S. E. (stifling a yawn)—I see.

Voice.—Well I just wanted to make sure you would come to tea some Sunday.

S. E.—(Mutters something about seeing herself in a well-known city of the Orient first).

Voice.—Good-night, Miss Cummings.

S. E.—Good-night, Mrs. Milldew.

Making a careful note on a sheet of paper she resumes perusal of MacLean's Magazine with a look of great pain.

However, though the subject is an endless one, we must pass on. But one last passing thought:—Actors, authors, bank-robbers, professional pugilists, etc., all have to subject their acts to public criticism. Then, if Sylvia Slithers is going to occupy so much space, why not a social column critic?

For instance, this is what might appear with some benefit both to Sylvia and ourselves:

"Miss Sylvia Slithers will have to spruce up if she expects to last the season. Her habit when dancing of violently bumping her partner against the other dancers is growing on her and that laugh of hers has certainly earned a holiday. Her adherence to pink has already lost her two eligible suitors who were sincerely attracted by her money. Sylvia—what about it?"

In fact—all you social column snobs—what about it?

Having drifted off this rock into the deep waters of thoughtful conjecture once more I began to coast about for other Canadian snobs, and by a process of mental circumnavigation lit upon.

The Literary Snob

I MUST confess I have one particularly in mind—although the family is quite large, and offers considerable choice.

When I met this snob first some years ago the subject of literature arose.

"My dear chap," he said, "you can no longer discuss literature without first admitting that Runaboutski has completely revolutionized it."

"Naturally—with a name like that."

"But I am serious," he protested.

"I never heard of Runaboutski."

"WHAT!" (His grief at my ignorance was touching). "Why Great Scott! He. . . . . "

Rushing madly off to the nearest library I delved into the inky past of Runaboutski to find that he was a Russian author who was executed after writing his second novel. After reading some of his stuff my only wonder is they didn't do it after his first.

A week later I would run into the snob again, and conscious of my full knowledge on the subject would casually refer to Runaboutski.

"Who?" He would ask, vacantly.

"Runaboutski—you remember—the fellow who completely—"

"Oh yes. But, of course, you know that a distinct new era has come into the world of letters. Tenspot with his *vers libre* is absolutely the pivotal point of poetic evolution."

(Business of tracking down Tenspot. Discover that he was a Mexican who wrote the first example of *vers libre* ever read and was poisoned shortly afterwards. Make a note that the Mexicans aren't such a bad lot after all.)

Full of this new genius I would watch for the snob, only to learn that Tenspot was a mere "busher" and that Torkski was now "the central, radiating, dynamic, sporadic, terrific force that. . . . . "

(Business of sleuthing Torkski. Discover that a theatrical manager killed him with a bomb after reading the manuscript of his first play).

And the snob is still at it.

Up to the time of making friends with him I used foolishly to think that Dickens was a pretty fair novelist, that Tennyson was something of a poet, and that here and there the plays of Shakespeare showed promise.

But I was wrong. Adieu Micawber, adieu Guinevere, adieu Hamlet—henceforth I must rise to the altitude of Tenspot.

Yet. . . . the literary snob is charming company and at least he doesn't take the word of Broadway that every American slang expert is an author merely because some magazine spread-eagles him.

Where Did You See The Prince of Wales

IN dealing with the snob who saw the Prince of Wales I want to avoid the very semblance of disrespect to His Royal Highness. I think that he will mount the throne with the firm possession of every loyal Canadian's heart.

Yet the passage of this princely youth has left a virulent snobbery in its wake, a snobbery that is not without the elements of humor. It is divided roughly into these classes:—

1. The young ladies who danced with the Prince.
2. The young ladies who were there but didn't dance with the Prince.
3. Those who were asked to dinner with the Prince.
4. Those who attended Government House receptions.
5. Those who attended Club garden parties.
6. People who got tickets admitting them to municipal receptions.
7. Those who saw him on the street.
8. Those who lined up and couldn't see him for the crowd.
9. Those who didn't see him—and brag about it.

There is one woman I know, in Toronto, who developed this particular germ of snobbery alarmingly. Everyone she would meet she would greet with the apparently innocent question, "And *where* did you see the Prince of Wales?" Upon receiving a reply which definitely placed the other person in a lower category (see above) than herself she would tell them of her amazing experience. I must have heard her do this a dozen times when one day, to my horror, I found that we were the solitary passengers on the Yacht Club launch crossing Toronto Bay.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Did you see the Prince?"

"Yes, indeed. Quite warm, isn't it, for ——"

"He's such a darling boy, isn't he? Where did you see him—at the Garden Party?"

"Yes. I think so. By the way ——"

"You weren't at the dinner-dance for him at the club?"

"No. I had a previous engagement."

"I was."

Silence.

"*I* was."

More silence.

"I WAS." She glared at me as if I were an idiot, while I estimated the distance to the shore in case she forced me to jump for it.

"I had such a good view of him," she went on, "when he came out on the verandah after a dance and lit a cigarette."

"Did he really?"

"And when the next dance came, he left it on the railing."

"By jove! I hope the secretary didn't notice it."

"Oh, no" (blandly), "I was the only one there. Of course he intended coming back to finish the cigarette, but no one was looking, so I took it as a souvenir. Would you like to see it?"

"No, thanks."

"Oh, but of course you would."

"No, really. I quite believe that you have it."

"Here it is."

There it was—the stub of a partially-used cigarette. Her face beamed like Dr. Watson's, when he thought he had hit upon the solution of some Sherlock Holmes mystery.

I glanced at the shore coming nearer every moment.

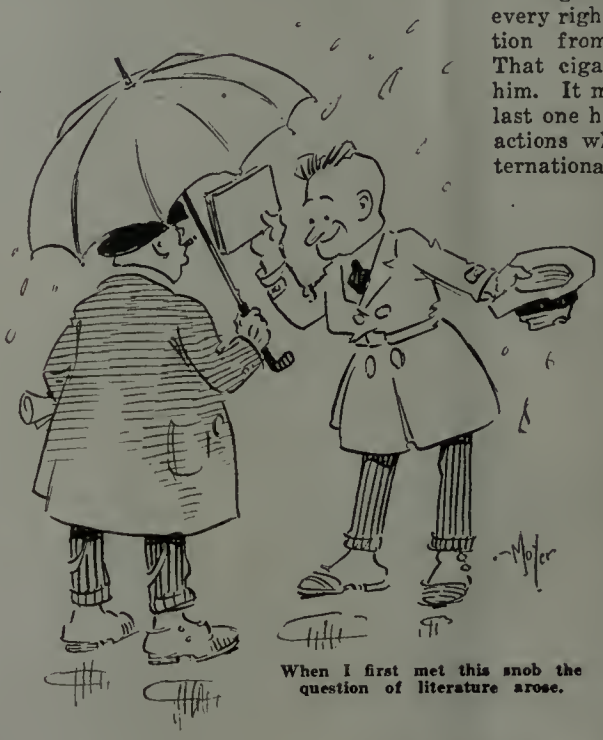
"Madam," I said, sternly, "when a gentleman who is to be our future sovereign, does us the honor of visiting Toronto, he has every right to expect protection from petty larceny. That cigarette belonged to him. It may have been the last one he had. It is such actions which bring on international wars. Madam, I blush for Toronto. If this thing should leak out we might become known as the City that stole the Prince's last cigarette."

I stood up indignantly. Unfortunately for my pose of hauteur the launch bumped rather roughly against the wharf at that moment and I lost my balance, falling heavily over her and completely crushing her hat. To this day she thinks it was intentional on my part.

I am awfully sorry about that hat.

Just a minute . . . . am I?

Everyone said it was a perfect picture.



When I first met this snob the question of literature arose.

A Countess who heaves a brick at a Cabinet Minister—and hits a policeman.

NOTE.—*Montgomery Dix is a new writer, a Canadian humorist of promise. He has written for* MacLean's *a number of articles, dealing with the lighter sides of Canadian life, which will appear in subsequent issues.*

W. A. Fraser, the author of those wonderful Bulldog Carney stories that ran in MacLean's *this year, is working on a novel that will bring Carney back again. It will start in* MacLean's *in an early issue next year.*

More good news. C. W. Stephens, whose novelettes, "Man and Wife" and "Ebb and Flow," have been such popular features in MacLean's *this year, has finished a third which will appear shortly.*

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

The Story of a Modern Treasure Hunt

By CAMILLA KENYON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS ROGERS

VII

SYNOPSIS:—*Virginia Harding finds that her wealthy and irresponsible Aunt Jane is financing a party to go to Leeward Island, near Panama, in search of treasure, the secret of which is known only to Miss Higglesby-Browne, an Englishwoman of strong character. She sets out in pursuit and just makes the boat in time to go along. In the party she finds a handsome young Englishman named Vane and a Scotchman, Dugald Shaw, an explorer by profession, who is in charge. She tells the latter that the whole thing is a conspiracy to rob her aunt. They reach the Island and start the search. Miss Higglesby-Browne forces Virginia to sign a paper renouncing all share in the treasure when it is recovered. Vane protests but the rest of the party give their assent. Virginia then starts to explore the island on her own account.*

Aunt Jane.

IT WAS fortunate that Cookie knew nothing of the solitary grave somewhere on the island, with its stone marked with B.H. and a cross-bones, nor that the inhabitant thereof was supposed to walk. If he had, I think the strange spectacle of a lone negro in a small boat rowing lustily for the American continent might soon have been witnessed on the Pacific by any eyes that were there to see. And we could ill have spared either boat or cook.

Yet even though unvexed by this gruesome knowledge, after two or three days I noticed that Cookie was ill at ease. As the leisure member of the party, I enjoyed more of Cookie's society than the rest. On this occasion while the morning was still in its early freshness he was permitting me to make fudge. But his usual joviality was gone. I saw that he glanced over his shoulder at intervals, muttering darkly to himself. Also that a rabbit's foot was slung conspicuously about his neck.

Having made my fudge and set the pan on a stone in the stream to cool, I was about to retire with a view to conducting a limited exploring expedition of my own. The immunity of the umbrellas and the assurances of Mr. Shaw—not personally directed to me, of course; the armed truce under which we lived did not permit of that—had convinced me that I had not to dread anything more ferocious than the pigs, and the wildest of them would retire before a stick or stone. Besides, I boasted a little automatic, which I carried strapped about my waist in a business-like manner. Mr. Vane had almost got me to the point where I could shoot it off without shutting my eyes.

THUS equipped, I was about to set off into the woods. Secretly I had been rehearsing a dramatic scene, with myself in the leading role:

Treasure-seekers assembled, including a cold and cynical Scot. Enter Virginia Harding. She wears an expression elaborately casual, but there is a light of concealed triumph in her eye.

Aunt Jane: You thoughtless child, where have you been? Really, my state of mind about you—etc., etc.

V. H.: Only for a stroll, dear aunt. And by the way, in case it's of interest to anyone, I might mention that during my walk I fell over a boulder which happened to be marked with the letter B. H. and a cross-bones.

Immense commotion and excitement. Every gaze turned to V. H. (including that of cynical Scot) while on every cheek is the blush of shame at remembering that this is the same Young Person whom Miss Higglesby-Browne was permitted to cut off by treaty from the ranks of the authorized treasure-seekers.

Lured by this pleasing vision I had turned my back on Cookie and the camp, when I was arrested by an exclamation:

"Miss Jinny!"

I TURNED to find Cookie gazing after me with an expression which, in the familiar phrase of fiction, I could not interpret, though among its ingredients were doubt and anguish. Cookie, too, looked pale. I don't in the least know how he managed it, but that was the impression he conveyed, dusky as he was.

"Miss Jinny, it's mos' look lak you' 'bout to go perambulatin' in dese yere woods?"

"I am, Cookie," I admitted.

The whites of Cookie's eyes became alarmingly conspicuous. Drawing near in a stealthy manner he whispered:

"Yo' bettah not, Miss Jinny!"

"Better not?" I repeated, staring.

He answered with a portentous headshake.

"Oh, nonsense, Cookie!" I said impatiently. "There's not a thing on the island but pigs."

"Miss Jinny," he solemnly replied, "dey's pigs and pigs."

"Yes, but pigs *is* pigs, you know," I answered, laughing. I was about to walk on, but once more Cookie intervened.

"Dey's pigs and pigs, chile—live ones and—*dead* ones."

"Dead ones? Of course—haven't we been eating them?"

"Yo' won't neveh eat dis yere kind o' dead pig, Miss Jinny. It's—it's a ha'nt!"

The murder was out. Cookie leaned against a cocoa-palm and wiped his ebon brow.

PERSISTENTLY questioned, he told at last how, today and yesterday, arising in the dim dawn to build his fire before the camp was stirring, he had seen lurking at the edge of the clearing a white four-footed shape. It was a pig, yet not a pig; its ghostly hue, its noiseless movements, divided it from all proper mundane porkers by the dreadful gulf which divides the living from the dead. The first morning Cookie, doubtful of his senses, had flung a stone and the spectral Thing had vanished like a shadow. On its second appearance, having had a day and a night for meditation, he had known better than to commit such outrage against the possessor of ghostly powers, and had resorted to prayer instead. This had answered quite as well, for the phantom pig had dissolved like the morning mists. While the sun blazed, what with his devotions and his rabbit's foot and a cross of twigs nailed to a tree, Cookie felt a fair degree of security. But his teeth chattered in his head at the thought of approaching night. Meanwhile he could not in conscience permit me to venture forth into the path of this horror, which might, for all we knew, be lurking in the jungle shadows even through the daylight hours. Also, though he did not avow this motive, I believe he found my company very reassuring. It is immensely easier to face a ghost in the sustaining presence of other flesh and blood.

Hamilton H. Tubbs.

"Cookie," said I sternly, "you've been drinking too much cocoanut-milk and it has gone to your head. What you saw was just plain ordinary pig."

Cookie disputed this, citing the pale hue of the apparition as against the fact that all our island pigs were black.

"Then there happens to be a blonde pig among them that we haven't seen," I assured him.

But the pig of flesh, Cookie reminded me, was a heavy, lumbering creature. This Shape was silent as a moonbeam. There was also about it a dreadful appearance of stealth and secrecy—Cookie's eyes bulged at the recollection. Nothing living but a witch's cat could have disappeared from Cookie's vision as did the ghostly pig.

For a moment I wavered in my determination. What if the island had its wild creature after all? But neither lynx nor panther nor any other beast of prey is white, except a polar bear, and it would be unusual to meet one on a tropical island.

I decided that Cookie's pig was after all a pig, though still in the flesh. I thought I remembered having seen quite fair pigs, which would pass for white with a frightened negro in the dim light of dawn. So far only black pigs had been visible, but perhaps the light ones were shyer and kept to the remote parts of the island. I consoled Cookie as best I could by promising to cross my fingers if I heard or saw anything suspicious, and struck out into the woods.

For all my brave words to Cookie, I had no intention of going very far afield. From the shore of the cove I had observed that the ground behind the clearing rose to the summit of a low ridge, perhaps four hundred feet in height, which jutted from the base of the peak. From this ridge I thought I might see something more of the island than the limited environment of Lantern Bay.

As the woods shut out the last glimpse of the white tents in the clearing, as even the familiar sound of the surf died down to a faint, half-imagined whisper mingling with the rustling of the palms overhead, I experienced a certain discomfort, which persons given to harsh and unqualified terms might have called fear. It seemed to me as if a very strong cord at the rear of my belt were jerking me back toward the inglorious safety of camp. Fortunately there came to me a vision of the three umbrellas and of Mr. Tubbs heroically exposing his devoted bosom to non-existent perils, and I resolved that the superior smiles with which I had greeted Aunt Jane's recital should not rise up to shame me now. I fingered my automatic and marched on up the hill, trying not to gasp when a leaf rustled or a cocoanut dropped in the woods.

There was little undergrowth between the crowding trunks of the cocoa-palms. Far overhead their fronds mingled in a green thatch, through which a soft light filtered down. Here and there the close ranks of the palms were broken by an outcropping of rock, glaring up hot and sunbeaten at a distant patch of the sky. The air of the forest was still and languid, its heat tempered like that of a room with drawn blinds.

I gained the summit of the ridge, and stood upon a bare rock platform, scantily sheltered by a few trees, large shrubs rather, with a smooth waxy leaf of vivid green. On the left rose the great mass of the peak. From far above among its crags a beautiful foamy waterfall came hurtling. Before me the ground fell away to the level of the low plateau, or mesa, as we say in California, which made up the greater part of the island. Cutting into the green of this was the gleaming curve of a little bay, which in Mr. Shaw's chart of the island showed slightly larger than our cove. Part of it was hidden by the shoulder of the peak, but enough was visible to give a beautiful variety to the picture, which was set in a silver frame of sea.

I had not dreamed of getting a view so glorious from the little eminence of the ridge. Here was an item of news to take back to camp. Having with great originality christened the place Lookout, I turned to go. And as I turned I saw a shape vanish into the woods.

IT WAS an animal, not a human shape. And it was light-footed and swift and noiseless—and it was white. It had, indeed, every distinguishing trait of Cookie's phantom pig. Only it was not a pig. My brief shadowy glimpse of it had told me that. I knew what it was not, but what it was I could not, as I stood there rooted, even guess.

Would it attack me, or should I only die of fright? I wondered if my heart were weak, and hoped it was, so that I should not live to feel the teeth of the unknown Thing sink in my flesh. I thought of my revolver and after an infinity of time managed to draw it from the case. My fingers seemed at once nervously limp and woodenly rigid. This was not at all the dauntless front with which I had dreamed of meeting danger. I had fancied myself with my automatic making a rather pretty picture as a young Amazon—but I had now a dreadful fear that my revolver might spasmodically go off and wound the Thing, and then even if it had meditated letting me go it would infallibly attack me. Nevertheless I clung to my revolver as to my last hope.

I began to edge away crab-wise into the wood. Like a metronome I said to myself over and over monotonously, *don't run, don't run!* Dim legends about the power of the human eye floated through my brain. But how quell the creature with my eye when I could not see it? As for the hopeless expedient of screaming, I hadn't courage for it. I was silent, as I would fain have been invisible. Only my dry lips kept muttering soundlessly, *don't run, don't run!*

I did not run. Instead, I stepped on a smooth surface of rock and slid downhill like a human toboggan until I fetched up against a dead log. I discovered it to be a dead log after a confused interval during which I vaguely believed myself to have been swallowed by an alligator. While the alligator illusion endured I must have lain comatose and immovable. Indeed, when my senses began to come back I was still quite inert. I experienced that curious tranquillity which is said to visit those who are actually within the jaws of death. There I lay prone, absolutely at the mercy of the mysterious white prowler of the forest—and I did not care. The whole petty business of living seemed a long way behind me now.

Languidly at last I opened my eyes. Within three yards of me, in the open rock-paved glade where I had fallen, stood the Thing.

As softly as I had opened my eyes I shut them. I had an annoyed conviction that they were deceiving me—a very unworthy thing for eyes to do that were soon to be closed in death. Again I lifted my lids. Yes, there it was—only now it had put an ear back and was sniffing at me with a mingling of interest and apprehension.

The strange beast of the jungle was a large white bull-terrier.

ABRUPTLY I sat up. The terrier gave a startled sidewise bound, but paused again and stood regarding me.

"Here, pup! Here, pup! Nice, nice doggums!" I said in soothing accents.

The dog gave a low whine and stood shivering, eager but afraid. I continued my blandishments. Little by little the forlorn creature drew nearer, until I put out a cautious hand and stroked his ears. He dodged affrightedly, but presently crept back again. Soon his head was against my knee, and he was devouring my hand with avid caresses. Some time, before his abandonment on the island, he had been a well-brought-up and petted animal. Months or years of wild life had estranged him from humanity, yet at the human touch the old devotion woke again.

The thing now was to lure him back to camp and restore him to the happy service of his gods. I rose and picked up my pistol, which had regained my confidence by not going off when I dropped it. With another alluring, "Here, doggums!" I started on my way. He shrank, trembled, hesitated, then was after me with a bound. So we went on through the forest. As we neared the camp the four-footed castaway's diffidence increased. I had to pet and coax. But at last I brought him triumphantly across the Rubicon of the little stream, and marched him into camp under the astounded eyes of Cookie.

At sight of the negro the dog growled softly and crouched against my skirt. Cookie stood like an effigy of amazement done in black and white.

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Jinny," he burst out at last, "am dat de ghos'-pig?"

"It was, Cookie, but I changed him into a live dog by crossing my fingers. Mind your rabbit's foot. He might eat it, and then very likely we'd have a ghost on our hands again. But I think he'll stay a dog for the present."

"Yo' go 'long, Miss Jinny," said Cookie valiantly. "Yo' think I scared of any ghos' what lower hissel to be a live white mong'ol dog? Yere, you' ki-yi, yo' bettah mek friends with ol' Cookie, 'cause he got charge o' de grub. Yere's a li'le fat ma'ow bone what mebbe come off'n yo' own grandchile, but yo' ain' goin' to mind dat now yo' is transformulated dis yere way." And evidently the reincarnated ghost-pig did not.

WITH the midday reunion my hour of distinction arrived. The tale of the ghost-pig was told from the beginning by Cookie, with high tributes to my courage in sallying forth in pursuit of the phantom. Even those holding other views of the genesis of the white dog were amazed at his presence on the island. In spite of Cookie's aspersions, the creature was no mongrel, but a thoroughbred of points. Not by any means a dog which some little South American coaster might have abandoned here when it put in for water. The most reasonable hypothesis seemed to be that he had belonged to the copra gatherer, and was for some reason left behind on his master's departure. But who that had loved a dog enough to make it the companion of his solitude would go away and leave it? The thing seemed to me incredible. Yet here, otherwise unaccounted for, was the corporeal presence of the dog.

I had named the terrier in the first ten minutes of our acquaintance. Crusoe was the designation by which he was presented to his new associates. It was good to see how swiftly the habits of civilization returned to him. Soon he was getting under foot and courting caresses as eagerly as though all his life he had lived on human bounty, instead of bringing down his own game in royal freedom. Yet with all his well-bred geniality there was no wandering of his allegiance. I was his undisputed queen and lady paramount.

Crusoe, then, became a member of the party in good and regular standing—much more so than his mistress. Mr. Tubbs compared him not unfavorably with a remarkable animal of his own, for which the New York Kennel Club had bidden him name his own price, only to be refused with scorn. Violet tolerated him, Aunt Jane called him a dear weenty pettums love. Captain Magnus kicked him when he thought I was not looking, Cuthbert Vane chummed with him in frankest comradeship, and Mr. Shaw softened toward him to an extent which made me inly murmur, *Love me, love my dog*—only reversed. Not that I *in the least* wanted to be loved, only you feel it an impertinence in a person who so palpably does not love you to endeavor to engage the affections of your bull-terrier.

As to Cookie, he magnanimously consented to overlook Crusoe's dubious past as a ghost-pig, and fed him so liberally that the terrier's lean and graceful form threatened to assume the contours of a beer-keg.

VIII

AS THE only person who had yet discovered anything on the island, I was now invested with a certain importance. Also, I had a playfellow and companion for future walks, in lieu of Cuthbert Vane, held down tight to the thankless toil of treasure-hunting by the stern taskmaster. But at the same time I was provided with an annoying, because unanswerable, question which had lodged at the back of my mind like a crumb in the throat:

By what strange chance had the copra gatherer gone away and left Crusoe on the island?

Since the discovery of Crusoe the former inhabitant of the cabin in the clearing had been much in my thoughts. I had been dissatisfied with him from the beginning, first, because he was not a pirate, and also because he had left behind no relic more fitting than a washtub. Not a locket, not a journal, not his own wasted form stretched upon a pallet—

I had expressed these sentiments to Cuthbert Vane, who replied that in view of the washtub it was certain that the hermit of the island had not been a pirate, as he understood they never washed. I said neither did any orthodox hermit, to which Mr. Vane rejoined that he probably was not orthodox but a Dissenter. He said Dissenters were so apt to be peculiar, don't you know?

One morning, instead of starting directly after breakfast for the cave, Mr. Shaw busied himself in front of the supply tent with certain explosives which were to be used in the digging operations later. The neighborhood of these explosives was a great trial to Aunt Jane, who was constantly expecting them to go off. I rather expected it too, and used to shudder at the thought that if we all went soaring heavenward together we might come down inextricably mixed. Then when the Rufus Smith returned and they tried to sort us out before interment, I might have portions of Violet, for instance, attributed to

Continued on page 79

"What's your hurry?" he remarked, with a certain insinuating emphasis.

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

A Story of the Time of the Merrie Monarch

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

SYNOPSIS—This is the story of Thomas Betterton, a famous actor, and Joyce Saunderson, as told by John Honeywood, clerk to Theophilus Baggs, a lawyer. Betterton is infatuated with Lady Barbara Wychwoode. His attentions to her are resented by her brother, and by Lord Stour, her lover, and they hire some ruffians to make a dastardly attack on him. They refuse to accept Betterton's challenge to a duel, considering him as beneath their notice. Baggs, Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode are engaged in a plot to seize and dethrone King Charles II., and Honeywood is ordered to make copies of a treasonable document in connection with the plot. To avenge Betterton, Honeywood discloses the plot to Lady Castlemaine, the favorite of the King. They are arrested and, at the request of Betterton, Lady Castlemaine secures the pardon of Stour. Betterton then spreads the rumor that Stour's release is the result of his having turned King's evidence, and men begin to shun him. Betterton and Stour meet and the latter agrees to fight him, but Betterton now refuses. As he moves away he meets Lady Barbara.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN—*Continued*

I WAS for hurrying away, thinking that my presence would be irksome both to the lady and to my friend; but an unmistakable pressure of Mr. Betterton's hand on my arm caused me to stay where I was. As for the lady, she appeared not to care whether I stayed or went, for immediately she retorted:

"My commands, Sir Actor? They are that you at once and completely do reparation for the wrong which you are trying to do to an innocent man."

She looked proud and commanding as a queen, looking through the veil of her lashes at Mr. Betterton as if he were a supplicating slave rather than the great artist whom cultured Europe delighted to honor. Never did I admire my friend so much as I did then. His self-possession was perfect: his attitude just the right balance 'twixt deference due to a beautiful woman and the self-assurance which comes of conscious worth. He looked splendid, too, dressed in the latest fashion and with unerring taste. The fantastic cut of his modish clothes became his artistic personality to perfection: the soft shade of mulberry of which his coat was fashioned made an harmonious note of colour in the soft grey mist of this late winter's morning. The lace at his throat and wrists was of unspeakable value, filmy and gossamer-like in texture as a cobweb; and in his cravat glittered a diamond, a priceless gift to the great English artist from the King of France.

Indeed, the Lady Barbara Wychwoode might look the world-famous actor up and down with well-studied superciliousness: she might issue her commands to him as if she were his royal mistress and he but a menial set there to obey her behests. But whatever she did, she could not dwarf his personality. He had become too great, for disdain or sneers ever to touch him again; and the shafts of scorn aimed at him by those who would set mere birth above the claims of genius, would only find their points broken or blunted against the impenetrable armour of his glory and his fame.

FOR the nonce, I think that he was ready enough to parley with the Lady Barbara. He had not to my knowledge spoken with her since that never forgotten day last September; and I, not understanding the complex workings of an artist's heart, knew not if his love for her had outlived the crying outrage, or had since then turned to hate.

In answer to her peremptory command, he assumed an air of innocent surprise.

"I?" he queried. "Your Ladyship is pleased to speak in riddles."

"Nay," she retorted. "'Tis you, sir, who choose not to understand. But I'll speak more plainly, an you wish. I am a woman, Mr. Actor, and I love the Earl of Stour. Now, you know just as well as I do that his Lordship's honour has of late been impugned in a manner that is most mysterious. His friends accuse him of treachery: even mere acquaintances prefer to give him the cold shoulder. And this without any definite indictment being levelled against him. Many there are who will tell you that they have not the faintest conception of what crime my Lord Stour stands accused. Others aver that they'll not believe any slander that may be levelled against so high-souled a gentleman. Nevertheless, the slander continues. Nay! it gathers volume as it worms its way from one house to another, shedding poison in its wake as it drifts by; and more and more people now affect to look another way when the Earl of Stour comes nigh them and to be otherwise engaged when he desires to shake them by the hand."

She paused for a moment, obviously to regain her composure, which was threatening to leave her. Her cheeks were pale as ashes, her breath came and went in quick, short gasps. The picture which she herself had drawn of her lover's plight caused her heart to ache with bitterness. She seemed for the moment to expect something—a mere comment, perhaps, or a word of sympathy, from Mr. Betterton. But none came.

The next moment the serving man threw open the door and the Lady Barbara walked in.

He stood there, silent and deferential, with lips firmly set, his slender hand clutched upon the gold knob of his stick, till the knuckles shone, creamy-white like ivory. He regarded her with an air of detachment rather than sympathy, and though by her silence she appeared to challenge him now, he did not speak, and after awhile she resumed more calmly:

"My Lord of Stour himself is at his wits' ends how to interpret the attitude of his friends. Nothing tangible in the way of a spoken calumny hath as yet reached his ears. And his life has been rendered all the more bitter that he feels that he is being struck by a persistent but mysterious foe in what he holds dearer than aught else on earth, his integrity and his honour."

"'Tis a sad case," here rejoined Mr. Betterton, for her ladyship had paused once more. "But, by your leave, I do not see in what way it concerns me."

"Nay! but I think you do, Sir Actor," Lady Barbara riposted harshly. "Love and hate, remember, see clearly where mere friendship and indifference are blind. Love tells me that the Earl of Stour's integrity is unstained, his honor unsullied. But the hatred which you bear to him," added her Ladyship almost fiercely, "makes me look to you for the cause of his disgrace."

NOTHING, however, could have looked more utterly astonished, more bland and uncomprehending, than Mr. Betterton did at that moment. He put up his hand and regarded the lady with an indulgent smile such as one would bestow on a hot-headed child.

"Nay, your Ladyship!" he said courteously. "I fear that you are attributing to an humble mountebank a power he doth not possess. To disgrace a noble gentleman?" he exclaimed with well-feigned horror. "I?—a miserable varlet—an insolent cur whom one thrashes if he dares to bark!"

"Ah!" she broke in, with a swift exclamation. "Then I have guessed the truth! This is your revenge?"

"Revenge?" he queried blandly. "For what?"

"You hate the Earl of Stour," she retorted.

Once more his well-shaped hand went up, as if in gentle protest, and he uttered a kind and deprecating "Oh!"

"You look upon the Earl of Stour as your enemy!" she insisted.

"I have so many, your Ladyship," he riposted with a smile.

"'Twas you who obtained his pardon from my Lady Castlemaine."

"The inference is scarcely logical," he retorted. "A man does not as a rule sue for pardon for his enemy."

"I think," she rejoined slowly, "that in this case Mr. Betterton did the illogical thing."

"Then I do entreat your Ladyship," he protested with mock terror, "not to repeat this calumny. I, accused of a noble action! Tom Betterton pardoning his enemies! Why, my friends might believe it, and it is so difficult these days to live down a good reputation."

"You choose to sharpen your wit at my expense, Sir Actor," the lady rejoined with her former haughtiness, "and to evade the point."

"What is the point, your Ladyship?" he queried blandly.

"That you set an end to all these calumnies which are levelled against the Earl of Stour."

"How can we stay the sun in his orbit?" he retorted; "or the stars in their course?"

"You mean that your campaign of slander has already gone too far? But remember this, Mr. Betterton: that poisoned darts sometimes wound the hand

that throws them. You may pursue the Earl of Stour with your hatred and your calumnies, but God will never allow an innocent man to suffer unjustly."

JUST for a few seconds Mr. Betterton was silent. He was still regarding the lady with that same indulgent smile which appeared to irritate her nerves. To me, the very air around seemed to ring as if with a clash of ghostly arms—the mighty clash of two wills and two temperaments, each fighting for what it holds most dear: she for the man whom she loved, he for his dignity which had been so cruelly outraged.

"God will never allow," she reiterated with slow emphasis, "an innocent man to suffer at the hands of a slanderer."

"Ah?" riposted Mr. Betterton suavely. "Is your Ladyship not reckoning over-confidently on divine interference?"

"I also reckon," she retorted, "on His Majesty's sense of justice—and on the Countess of Castlemaine, who must know the truth of the affair."

"His Majesty's senses are very elusive," he rejoined drily, "and are apt to play him some wayward tricks when under the influence of the Countess of Castlemaine. The Earl of Stour, it seems, disdained the favors which that Lady was willing to bestow on him. He preferred the superior charms and intellect of the Lady Barbara Wychwoode. A very natural preference, of course," he added, with elaborate gallantry. "But I can assure your Ladyship that, as helpmeets to heavenly interference, neither His Majesty nor the Countess of Castlemaine are to be reckoned with."

For the space of one long minute, which seemed like eternity, these two remained absolutely still, just looking at one another.

She bit her lip and cast her eyes to the ground. I could see that her lovely face expressed acute disappointment and that she was on the verge of tears. I am not versed in the ways of gentle folk nor yet in those of artists, but I could have told the Lady Barbara Wychwoode that if she wanted to obtain sympathy or leniency from Mr. Betterton, she had gone quite the wrong way to work.

Even now, I think if she had started to plead. . . . . but the thought of humbling herself before a man whom she affected to despise was as far from this proud woman's heart as are thoughts of self-glorification from mine.

A second or two later she had succeeded in forcing back the tears which had welled to her eyes, and she was able once more to look her adversary straight in the face.

"And will you tell me, Sir Actor," she queried with cold aloofness, "how far you intend to carry on this infamy?"

And Mr. Betterton replied, equally coldly and deliberately:

"To the outermost limits of the kingdom, Madam."

"What do you mean?" she riposted.

HE drew a step or two nearer to her. His face too was pale by now, his lips trembling, his eyes aglow with passion masterfully kept under control. His perfect voice rose and fell in those modulated cadences which we have all learned to appreciate.

"Only this, your Ladyship," he began quite slowly. "For the present, the history of the Earl of Stour's treachery is only guessed at by a few. It is a breath of scandal, born as you say somewhat mysteriously, wafted through palaces and noble mansions to-day—dead, mayhap, to-morrow. But I have had many opportunities for thought of late," he continued; and it seemed to me as if in his quivering voice I could detect a tone of threat as well as of passion, "and have employed my leisure moments in writing an epilogue which I propose to speak to-morrow, after the play, His Majesty and all the Court being present, and many gentlemen and ladies of high degree as well as burgesses and merchants of the city, and sundry clerks and other humbler folk. A comprehensive assembly, what? and an attentive one; for that low-born mountebank Tom Betterton will be appearing in a new play and the playhouse will be filled to the roof in order to do him honor. May I hope that the Lady Barbara Wychwoode herself—"

"A truce on this foolery, sir," she broke in harshly. "I pray you come to the point."

She tried to look brave and still haughty, but I knew that she was afraid—knew it by the almost unearthly pallor of her skin and the weird glitter in her eyes as she regarded him, like a bird fascinated by a snake.

"The point is the epilogue, my Lady," Mr. Betterton replied blandly. "And after I have spoken it to-morrow, I shall speak it again and yet again, until its purport is known throughout the length and breadth of the land. The subject of that epilogue, Madam, will be the secret history of a certain aborted conspiracy, and how it was betrayed in exchange for a free pardon by one of our noblest gentlemen in England. Then, I pray your Ladyship to mark what will happen," he continued, and his melodious voice became as hard and trenchant as the clang of metal striking metal. "After that epilogue has been spoken from the stage half a dozen times, after His Majesty has heard it and shrugged his shoulders, after my Lady Castlemaine has laughed over it and my Lord of Rochester aped it in one of his pasquinades, there will be a man whose name will be a by-word for everything that is most infamous and most false—a name that will be bandied about in taverns and in drinking booths, quipped, decried, sneered at, anathematized; a name that will be the subject of every lampoon and every scurrilous rhyme that finds over-ready purchasers—a name, in fact, that will for ever after be whispered with bated breath or bandied about in a drunken brawl, whenever there is talk of treachery and of dishonor!"

At this, she—great lady to her finger tips—threw up her head proudly, still defying him, still striving to hide her fears and unwilling to acknowledge defeat.

"It will be your word against his," she said with a disdainful curl of her perfect lips. "No one would listen to such calumnies."

And he—the world-famed artist—at least as proud as any high-born gentleman in the land, retorted, equally haughtily:

"When Tom Betterton speaks upon the stage, my Lady, England holds her breath and listens spellbound."

I would I could render the noble accent of his magnificent voice as he said this. There was no self-glorification in it, no idle boasting: it was the accent of transcendent worth conscious of its power.

AND it had its effect upon the Lady Barbara Wychwoode. She lowered her eyes, but not before I had perceived that they were full of tears; her lips were trembling still, but no longer with disdain, and her hands suddenly dropped to her side with a pathetic gesture of discouragement and of anguish.

The next moment, however, she was again looking the great actor fully in the face. A change had come over her, quite suddenly methought—a great change, which had softened her mood and to a certain extent lowered her pride. Whether this was the result of Mr. Betterton's forceful eloquence or of her own will-power, I could not guess; but I myself marvelled at the tone of entreaty which had crept into her voice.

"You will not speak such falsehoods in public, Sir," she said with unwonted softness. "You will not thus demean your art—the art which you love and hold in respect. Oh! there must be some nobility in you! else you were not so talented. Your soul must in truth be filled with sentiments which are neither ignoble nor base."

"Nay!" he exclaimed, and this time did not strive to conceal the intense bitterness which, as I knew well enough, had eaten into his very soul; "but your Ladyship is pleased to forget. I *am* ignoble and base! There cannot be nobility in me. I am only the low-born lout! Ask my Lord of Stour; ask your brother!

They will tell you that I have no feelings, no pride, no manhood—that I am only a despicable varlet, whom every gentleman may mock and insult and whip like a dog. To you and to your caste alone belong nobility, pride and honour. Honour!!!"—and he broke into a prolonged laugh, which would have rent your heart to hear—"Honour! Your false fetish! Your counterfeit God!! Very well then, so be it!! That very honour which he hath denied to me, I will wrench from him. And since he denied me satisfaction by the sword, I turn to my own weapon—my art—and with it I will exact from him to the uttermost fraction, outrage for outrage—infamy for infamy."

His wonderful voice shook, broke almost into a sob at the last. I felt a choking sensation in my throat and my eyes waxed hot with unshed tears. As if through a mist, I could see the exquisite Lady Barbara Wychwoode before me, could see that she too was moved, her pride crushed, her disdain yielding to involuntary sympathy.

"But he is innocent!" she pleaded, with an accent verging on despair.

"And so was I!" was his calm retort.

"He—" she entreated, "he loves me!—"

"And so do I!" he exclaimed, with a depth of passion which brought the hot blood to her pale cheeks. "I would have given my life for one smile from your lips."

Whereupon, womanlike, she shifted her ground, looked him straight between the eyes, and oh! I could have blushed to see the wiles she used in order to weaken his resolve.

"You love me?" she queried softly, and there was now a tone of almost tender reproach in her voice. "You love me! yet you would drag the man who is dearer to me than life to dishonour and to shame. You trap him, like a fowler does a bird, then crush him with falsehoods and calumnies! No, no!" she exclaimed—came a step or two nearer to him and clasped her delicate hands together in a gesture that was akin to prayer. "I'll not believe it! You will tell the truth, Mr. Betterton, publicly, and clear him. . . . You will . . . You will! For my sake—since you say that you love me."

But the more eager, the more appealing she grew, the calmer and more calculating did he seem. Now it was his turn to draw away from her, to measure her, as it were, with a cold, appraising look.

"For your sake?" he said with perfect quietude, almost as if the matter had become outside himself. I cannot quite explain the air of detachment which he assumed—for it was an assumption, on that I would have staked my life at the moment. I, who knew him so well, felt that deep down within his noble heart there still burned the fierce flames of an ardent passion; but whether of love or hate, I could not then have told you.

She had recoiled at the coolness of his tone, and he went on, still speaking with that strange, abnormal calm:

"Yes!" he said slowly, "for *your* love I would do what you ask. . . . I would forego that feast of satisfaction, the thought of which hath alone kept me sane these past few months. . . . Yes! for the love of Lady Barbara Wychwoode I could bring myself to forgive even his Lordship of Stour for the irreparable wrong which he hath done to me. I would restore to him his honour, which now lies, a forfeit, in my hands: for I should then have taken something from him which he holds well-nigh as dear."

HE paused, and met with the same calm relentlessness the look of horror and of scorn wherewith she regarded him.

"For my love?" she exclaimed, and once more the warm blood rushed up to her face, flooding her wan cheeks, her pale forehead, even her delicate throat with crimson. "You mean that I? . . . Oh! . . . . what infamy! . . . . So, Mr. Actor, that was your reckoning!" she went on with supreme disdain. "It was not the desire for vengeance that prompted you to slander the Earl of Stour, but the wish to entrap *me* into becoming your wife. You are not content with your laurels. You want a coat of arms. . . . and hoped to barter one against your calumnies!"

"Nay, your Ladyship!" he rejoined simply; "in effect, I was actually laying a name famed throughout the cultured world humbly at your feet. You made an appeal to my love for you—and I laid a test for your sincerity. Mine I have placed beyond question, seeing that I was prepared to drag my genius in the dust before your pride and the arrogance of your caste. An artist is the slave of his sensibilities, and I feel that if, in the near future, I could see a vision of your perfect hand resting content in mine, if, when you pleaded again for my Lord Stour, you did so as my promised wife—not his—I would do all that you asked."

She drew herself up to her full height and glanced at him with all the pride which awhile ago had seemed crushed beyond recall.

"Sir Actor," she said coldly, "shame had gripped me by the throat, or I should not have listened so long to such an outrage. The bargain you propose is an infamy and an insult."

And she gathered up her skirts around her, as if their very contact with the soil on which he trod were a pollution. Then she half-turned as if ready to go, cast a rapid glance at the shrubberies close by, no doubt in search of her attendant. Why it was that she did not actually go, I could not say, but guessed that, mayhap, she would not vacate the field of contention until quite sure that there was not a final chance to soften the heart of her enemy. She had thrown down yet another challenge when she spoke of his proposed bargain as an infamy; but he took up the gage with the same measured calm as before.

"As you will," he said. "It was in your Ladyship's name that the Earl of Stour put upon me the deadliest insult which any man hath ever put on man before. Since then, every fibre within me has clamoured for satisfaction. My work hath been irksome to me. . . . I scarce could think. . . My genius lay writhing in an agony of shame. But now the hour is mine—for which I have schemed and lied—aye, lied!—like the low-born cur you say I am. A thousand devils of rage and of hate are unchained within me. I cannot grapple with them alone. They would only yield—to your kiss."

"Oh!" she cried in uttermost despair, "this is horrible!"

"Then let the man you love," he rejoined coldly, "look to himself."

"Conscious of his innocence, my Lord Stour and I defy you!"

"Ah, well!" he said imperturbably, "the choice is still with your Ladyship. Remember that I do not speak my epilogue until to-morrow. When I do, it will be too late. I have called my phantasy 'The Comedie of Traitors'."

Whereupon he bowed low before her, in the most approved fashion. But already she was fleeing up the path in the direction of Westminster. Soon her graceful figure was lost to our sight behind an intervening clump of laurels. Here no doubt her ladyship's attendant was waiting for her Mistress, for anon I spied two figures hurrying out of the park.

II

FOR a long time, Mr. Betterton remained standing just where he was, one hand still clutching the knob of his stick, the other thrust in the pocket of his capacious coat. I could not see his face, since his back was turned towards me, and I did not dare move lest I should be interrupting his meditations. But to me, even that back was expressive. There was a listlessness, hardly a stoop, about it, so unlike my friend's usually firm and upright carriage. How could this be otherwise, seeing what he had just gone through—emotions that would have swept most men off their mental balance. Yet he kept his, had never once lost control of himself. He had met disdain with disdain in the end, had kept sufficient control over his voice to discuss with absolute calm, that bargain which the Lady Barbara had termed infamous. There had been a

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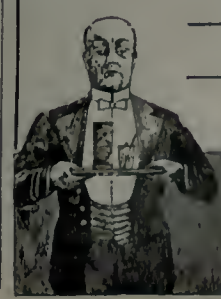

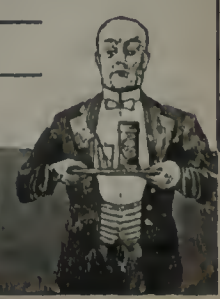

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detachment about his final ultimatum, a "take it or leave it" air, which must have been bitterly galling to the proud lady who had stooped to entreat. He was holding the winning hand and did not choose to yield.

And it was from his attitude on that day that I, dear mistress, drew an unerring inference. Mr. Betterton had no love for the Lady Barbara, no genuine, lasting affection such as, I maintain, he has never ceased to feel for you. Passion swayed him, because he has above all that unexplainable artistic temperament which cannot be measured by every-day standards. Pride, bitterness, vengefulness—call it what you will; but there was not a particle of love in it all. I verily believe that his chief desire, whilst he stood pondering there at the bridge-head, was to humiliate the Lady Barbara Wychwoode by forcing her into a marriage which she had affected to despise. He was not waiting for her with open, loving arms, ready to take her to his heart, there to teach her to forget the past in the safe haven of his love. He was not waiting to lay his service at her feet, and to render her happy as the cherished wife and helpmate of the great artist whom all England delighted to honour. He was only waiting to make her feel that she had been subjected to his will and her former lover brought down to humiliation, through the power of the miserable mountebank whom they had both deemed less than a man.

THUS meditating, I stood close to my friend, until chance or a fleeting thought brought him back to the realities of life. He sighed and looked about him, as a man will who hath just wakened from a dream. Then he spied me, and gave me his wonted kindly smile and glance.

"Good old John!" he said, with a self-deprecating shrug of the shoulders. "'Twas not an edifying scene you have witnessed, eh?"

" 'Twas a heartrending one," I ripposted, almost involuntarily.

"Heartrending?" he queried, in a tone of intense bitterness, "to watch a fool crushing every noble instinct within him for the sake of getting even with a man whom he neither honours nor esteems?"

He sighed again, and beckoned to me to follow him.

"Let us home, good Honeywood," he said. "I am weary of all this wrangle, and pine to find solace among the poets."

Nor did he mention the name of the Lady Barbara again to me, and I was left to ponder what was going on in his mind and whether his cruelly vengeful scheme for the final undoing of my Lord Stour would indeed come to maturity on the following day. I knew that a great and brilliant representation of the late Mr. William Shakespeare's play "Twelfth Night" was to be given at the Duke's Theatre, with some of the new scenery and realistic scenic effects brought over last autumn from Paris by Mr. Betterton. His Majesty had definitely promised that he would be present and so had the Countess of Castlemaine, and there would doubtless be a goodly and gorgeous company present to applaud the great actor, whose performance of Sir Toby Belch was one of the marvels of histrionic art, proclaiming as it did his wonderful versatility, by contrast with his equally remarkable exposition of the melancholy Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

That I now awaited that day with sorrow in my heart and with measureless anxiety, you, dear Mistress, will readily imagine. Until this morning I had no idea of the terrible thunderbolt which my friend had in preparation for those who had so shamefully wronged him; and I still marvelled whether in his talk with the Lady Barbara there had not lurked some idle threats rather than a serious warning. How could I think of the man whom I had learned to love and to reverence as one who would nurture such cruel schemes? And yet, did not the late Mr. Shakespeare warn us that "Pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision?"

Ah, me, but I was sick at heart.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Ruling Passion

I

AND now, dear Mistress, I come to that memorable evening wherein happened that which causes you so much heart-ache at this hour.

We spoke but little together that day on our way home from the park. Mr. Betterton was moody, and I silent. We took our dinner in quietude. There being no performance at the theatre that day, Mr. Betterton settled down to his desk in the afternoon, telling me that he had some writing to do.

I too had some of his correspondence to attend to, and presently repaired to my room, my heart still aching with sorrow. Did I not guess what work was even now engrossing the attention of my friend? He was deep in the composition of that cruel lampoon which he meant to speak on the stage to-morrow, in the presence of His Majesty and of a large and brilliant assembly. Strive as I might, I could not to myself minimize the probable effect of the lampoon upon the mind of the public. It is not for me, dear Mistress, to remind you of the amazing popularity of Mr. Betterton—a popularity which hath never been equalled ere this by any actor, artist or poet in England. Whatever he spoke from the stage would be treasured and reiterated and commented upon, until every citizen of London and Westminster became himself a storehouse of mud that would be slung at the unfortunate Earl of Stour. And the latter, by refusing to fight Mr. Betterton when the latter had been the injured party, had wilfully cast aside any weapon of redress which he might after this have called to his aid.

Well! we all know the effect of scurrilous quips spoken from the stage; even the great Mr. Dryden or the famous Mr. Wycherley have not been above interpolating some in their plays, for the confusion of their enemies; and many a gentleman's or a lady's reputation has been made to suffer through the vindictiveness of a noted actor or playwright. But, as you know, Mr. Betterton had never hitherto lent himself to such scandalmongering: he stood far above those petty quarrels betwixt gentlemen and poets that could be settled by wordy warfare across the footlights. All the more weight, therefore, would the public attach to an epilogue specially written and spoken by him on so great an occasion. And, alas! the mud-slinging was to be of a very peculiar and very clinging nature.

"Then let the man you love look to himself!" the outraged artist had said coldly, when confronted for the last time by the Lady Barbara's disdain. And in my mind I had no doubt that for good or for evil, if Tom Betterton set out to do a thing, he would carry it through to its bitter end.

II

WHEN, having finished my work, I went into Mr. Betterton's study, I found him sitting beside his desk, though no longer writing. He was leaning back against the cushions of his chair with eyes closed, his face set and hard. Some loose papers, covered with his neat, careful caligraphy, lay in an orderly heap upon the desk.

His work was evidently finished. Steeped in bitterness and in vengeance, his pen had laboured and was now at rest. The eloquence of the incomparable actor would now do the rest.

As I entered the room, the tower clock of Westminster was just striking seven. The deep bay window which gave on a solitary corner of St. James's Park, was wide open, and through it there came from afar, wafted upon the evening breeze, the strains of a masculine voice, warm and mellow, singing to the accompaniment of one of those stringed instruments which have been imported of late from Italy.

The voice rose and fell in pleasing

Continued on page 87

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

WILL *the* FARMERS CONTROL CANADA?

THE ownership of "three acres and a cow,, ought hereafter to be the basis of the electoral franchise in Ontario, suggests the Brantford *Expositor*, but the advent of the United Farmers into Provincial and Federal arenas is treated in anything but a facetious manner by Canadian newspapers. Government by the "United Farmers of Canada" is foreshadowed as the fate which Ottawa has in store, by leading editorial writers, in both Liberal and Conservative "organs." The Vancouver *Province* says: "No one can say how far the Farmer political movement will go. There is little doubt that it will be promoted throughout the country, and that there are further triumphs ahead."

This is one of the most moderate of prophecies. The Sydney (N.S.) *Record* feels that the results in Toronto sound the death-knell of Unionism:

"Nor is it difficult to understand the apprehension with which they regard the possibility of a Federal contest. When the Conservatives are unable to hold Toronto what chance would Sir Robert Borden have of carrying the country as a whole?"

A most direct suggestion of Agrarian supremacy in the next Federal House is supplied by the Toronto *Globe*. It predicts that "the next House of Commons will be elected on the group principle, and that at Ottawa, as at Toronto, the Farmers are likely to constitute the largest of the three principal groups."

The Saskatoon *Star*, referring to the election of O. R. Gould in the Assiniboia bye-election, speaks of "the strength and solidarity of the new party," and prophesies:

"It is not at all an impossibility or even an improbability that the farmers will be the majority party in the next Parliament, as they are in Ontario."

The Montreal *Gazette* calls for an election, preferably with the G. T. R. purchase question as the prime issue, professing to believe that the Borden Government would be returned with a further lease of power. Several papers think the *Gazette* is out of touch with conditions, and fails to feel the Dominion's pulse correctly. The Toronto *Globe* feels certain there would be a Farmer Government, and says:

"No unprejudiced observer, in the light of recent balloting in all parts of the Dominion, doubts what would happen. Government and Opposition would be hopelessly submerged by the great revolutionary political wave which is sweeping the country. A vast majority of Canadian electors would summon Hon. T. A. Crerar—the man who assisted in drawing up the policy of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and who frankly told Parliament: "I thought it a good policy then, and still think so now"—to the Premiership and to the direction of the National Government. He would have the support of a great majority of the new Commoners, largely the direct representatives of Agriculture and Labor."

In some quarters it is suggested that if the agriculturist party gains too much strength and momentum there may be a combination of the two old-time parties in the cities. The *Financial Post*, Toronto suggests that "If the farmers' political movement continues to gain strength, the Liberal-Conservative party may become a fact, rather than a name."

The *Border Cities Star* expects the Agrarian party to gain considerable support in the cities, saying:

"The farmers' movement and its success constitute a Canadian political revolution. Plenty of city voters will welcome the movement if for nothing more than the fact that it brings a change from the old hidebound, two-party system of which so many were thoroughly tired. Anything new is bound to attract interest. The next Ontario Legislature will have the U.F.O. members as its strongest party. Indications are that the next Federal Parliament will show similar if not greater strength for the farmers."

To maintain the supreme governing power—when they acquire it—many writers foreshadow a combination between Labor and United Farmers. The Vancouver *Province* doesn't think that the farmers and urban workingmen are likely to be permanent allies. "They have few sentiments in common," it believes, "to hold them together in control of a Government."

The *Financial Post* is also doubtful that the Labor Lion and Agrarian Lamb can long lie down together:

"The picture of Agriculture and Labor working together to reduce the cost of living may be drawn for optimists but the average man will regard it as one of those 'impossible' productions of political artists of the extreme school."

This view is also expressed by the Montreal *Herald*, which asserts that "it cannot be readily believed that two groups so widely divergent can work out a policy harmoniously. The advanced radicalism of the Labor Party would suit neither the views nor the interests of the farmers."

The Toronto *Star*, which has been the supporter and sponsor for two decades of the sporadic political activity the U.F.O.-Labor candidate, James Simpson, thinks the two parties have much in common. Members of both, being chiefly "horny-handed sons of toil," the *Star* believes, would make an ideal and homogeneous government, and it suggests that "Those who expect the alliance between the new forces in politics to be a brief one are likely to meet with disappointment." With this the Regina *Post* agrees: "The alliance between Labor and the United Farmers in Ontario is a perfectly natural one and will endure, and moreover will spread and widen."

The Calgary *Herald* views Ontario' fate without enthusiasm, saying:

"It is just as well that the experiment shall take place elsewhere than in Alberta. We have made a good many experiments, not always successful, in government, local and provincial, and it will be a relief to sit back and let the other fellow take his turn at the game."

But, far different is Quebec's attitude as expressed by one its leading newspapers.

Le Soleil, commenting on returns just published of a shrinkage in the rural population of Ontario since 1911, a shrinkage which is characterized as "alarming," sees in this fact reason for the formation of the United Farmers into a political party. "It will be a matter for rejoicing," *Le Soleil* says, "if the entry of the farmers into aggressive politics, will compel the Governments to modify their present policy and pay more attention to the needs of the agricultural classes, instead of reserving all their attention on industrial, commercial and financial enterprises. Let the example serve as a lesson to us in the Province of Quebec."

An enticing bill of fare.

Turning to the extreme East, we see that the Charlottetown *Examiner* "notes with satisfaction" that the farmers of Ontario—an agricultural province—have elected "the largest number of representatives of all the various groups or parties begotten of the political unrest that is rampant." This it feels, is as it should be, and Ontario has led the way.

The London *Advertiser*, quite naturally, finds that the Borden Government arouses no enthusiasm in its breast, and, referring to the Federal bye-elections of November 3, says:

"The elections of Monday dispel any doubt that may yet have lingered as to the nationwide extension of dissatisfaction with Tory Government. Ontario was the last of the provinces to buck off the fossil riders, but she did it with a vengeance."

And, perhaps just as naturally, the *Advertiser* sees hope for Liberals in the U. F. movement:

"It is plain as daylight that Canada is not disposed to slumber or reaction. The meaning of the U. F. movement everywhere is the return to rock-bottom Liberalism, the interest of the masses before that of the classes, economical administration as against public provision for favorites and hangers-on, nepotism and Family Compact, a revenue tariff supplemented by adequate taxation of wealth and measures to secure equalization of opportunity to all."

The Winnipeg *Telegram* infers that the "permanent fusion" of the old-time parties in Unionism may successfully combat Agrarian progress. It calls the Agrarian movement distinctly a "class" movement, and says the farmers' success in the past has been mainly due to their opposition to "class" government. The Halifax *Chronicle* ascribes the U.F. success to the fact that "fundamental issues dividing the old parties have long been settled, or have disappeared."

"Ottawa politicians," says the Regina *Post*, "according to dispatches from the capital, have concocted a plan to beat the farmers' movement. A redistribution of seats, giving the urban dwellers full representation based upon population, is the new idea. Worked out, it would give half the seats in Quebec, for instance, to the cities of that province, leaving only half the members to be elected from the rural districts.

"Both parties know perfectly well now that the majority party in the next Parliament is likely to be that supporting the New National Policy, if the arrangement of seats is upon any such basis as prevails at present."

What will the result be? The *Mail and Empire*, Toronto, hopes for continuation of Unionist Government, and says:

"A truly National Government, made up of and supported by the mass of the elected nembers of both the old political parties will have itself to blame if it does not succeed in keeping the nation behind it."

The Vancouver *World* is of the opinion that "political chaos" was Ontario's choice. "The greatest danger in elections," it thinks, "in the next year or two, is the development of many parties, and government by compromise. And those strong party men who decry Union Government may yet find themselves supporting a Union Government brought together by the selfish motives of self-preservation and expediency instead of a Union Government such as this paper has for years advocated and supported, where parties and members voluntarily and patriotically combined to win both war and peace."

The Victoria *Times* thinks there is essentially more in common between the policy of the U.F.O. and fundamental Liberalism than between the policies of any two other parties. "This is particularly true," it says, "in respect of Dominion problems, the attitude of the U.F.O., especially on fiscal questions, being very similar to that of the farmers of the Prairie Provinces, whose political organization will be immensely stimulated and encouraged by the result of this election."

The Montreal *La Presse* views the prospect with rosy

The Men Drury Has Gathered Around Him

PREMIER DRURY has combed the province for men to man the first Farmers' Cabinet in Canada. For two weeks he has plowed his lonely furrow in Room 23 and at last the men of his choice are sitting in the executive offices in the Parliament Buildings.

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By F. M. Chapman, Editor Farmers' Magazine

The Midnight Ride of the Unionist Party
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Mr. Fraser tells in a graphic way how the recent session of the Unionist Government closed its life in the early hour of Sunday morning when the old Senators were sleeping on the job like a bivouac on a battlefield.

The Wife of the New Premier
By a Staff Writer.

The Western Ontario Institute Convention
By Ethel M. Chapman.

An Alberta Holiday
By Janey Canuck.

Livestock Notes
By C. F. MacKenzie, B.S.A.

Power From a Home Plant
W. W. Ballantyne's home in Perth.

A Continent's Ebb and Flow of Livestock
By James E. Poole.
The man who is in closest touch with the play of the cattle, sheep and hog markets of America tells his story about the situation as the farmer wants to see it.

Joy Spots on Canada's Farms
Full page illustration

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By B. J. Paulson.

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spectacles, and sees in the Canadian movement but a reflection of world-wide action:

"The organization of the farmers into a political party is not going on in Canada alone. It is reported that the Agricultural Federation and the National Union of Farmers of France have appealed to their members to take an active part in the coming general elections. The pain and horrors of the war have stirred everywhere the 'men of the fields' to exercise the pacific influences which are necessary to their industry. The more farmers there are in the parliaments of men the greater chance will the League of Nations have to become efficacious."

If it remains a "class" organization it is predoomed to failure, asserts the Vancouver *Province*:

"Unless the United Farmers in some way broaden out their movement, so that it may represent certain principles of universal application, their party may have a brilliant political career, but not a long one.

"But in a country like Canada, with many interests and classes, no single class can attain and long hold authority over all others. As a class organization the Farmer party must fall."

And the Toronto *Telegram* holds that "If the Grain Grower-United Farmer movement fails Canadians will be thrown back upon a choice between the evils of two old parties. The United Farmers of Ontario have only to fall short of their opportunities, and their failure will do much to discredit the greatest independent movements in Canadian politics."

But the *Telegram* has little hope, apparently, that the Drury cohorts will succeed when it indulges in the following characteristic admonition:

"The United Farmers cannot be hurried along the pathway to true success by Peter McArthur and other flatterers, who tell the United Farmers that they are not a party of human beings, subject to the human infirmities of ambition and office-hunger, but an 'apiary of angels and archangels,' whose king bee is the Laurier-first Farmer, Hon. E. C. Drury, and others.

"Creatures all too bright and good.
For human nature's daily food."

Industrial Development in the Maritimes

INDUSTRIAL development in the Maritime Provinces has been largely confined to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; Prince Edward Island is almost purely agricultural. In New Brunswick, it has mainly centred around the large timber resources of the province. Over one-third of the total capital engaged in manufacturing is invested in the lumber industry. About fifty million dollars would cover the total investment in manufacturing and nearly half of this is in forest products. There are over 250 saw mills in the province, and the total deals manufactured would run about half a billion feet yearly, nearly all spruce.

There are, of course, innumerable small industries in very great variety; and in some lines, such as nail making, stove making, fish and lobster canning, soap and confectionery manufacturing, and several others, there are lines manufactured which have a wide reputation; but the great basic industry of the province is in forest products. Why New Brunswick, with its magnificent water power, available almost everywhere, has not developed more manufacturing industries, is hard to understand. The Crown land survey shows, for example, that nearly forty per cent. of the timber in the forests is hardwood, available for utensils and furniture; yet its principal use at present is for firewood. I know the fate that awaits the tourist-critic, and I do not invite it; but it is hard to refrain from a gentle suggestion to Maritime Province capital that it might, with advantage, be a little more venturesome.

Industrial developments in Nova Scotia have been larger, in recent years, than in any other part of the Maritimes. The Halifax *Morning Chronicle*, in its annual review of the progress of the province for 1918, gave the wealth produced for the year as follows:

Coal	$26,250,000
Coke and bye-products	6,159,000
Gold, etc.,	220,000
Gypsum, limestone, etc	825,000
Building materials and clay products	550,000
Iron and steel	22,400,000
Fisheries	11,650,000
Manufactures, ships and freights	58,340,000
Farm products	42,680,314
Forest products	5,400,000
Game and furs	500,000

This gives a total annual wealth of about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, of which the greater part is industrial. The greatest development, both in coal and steel, has been, of course, in Cape Breton and this is bound to continue, as expansions are constantly taking place there. The development began as a purely coal proposition, and was brought about largely by American capital; but in recent years there has been an increased development in bye-products; and if this continues, as it has done in Germany and other countries, Nova Scotia will certainly be the seat of Canada's most important industry.

I could the more easily realize the development which has taken place in Cape Breton, because one of my first newspaper assignments in Eastern Canada was on the opening of the steel works in Sydney in 1901. Sydney was then struggling to emerge from the small, dead town stage. When I went back there for MacLean's Magazine a month or two ago, I found a substantial city; and the expansion in its industries was marvellous. The steel works then were, it is true, producing pig iron and other crude stuff of that sort, which does not interest the visitor very much; but I think its chief product was "water." Now the variety of things made there is amazing. What interested me most was a nail plant where they made over six hundred varieties of nails for the British export market; including all kinds of nails which you would expect to find only in a museum. There were machines which made twelve-inch wire spikes, and others which spit out a cloud of tacks so small that it looked like a swarm of sand-flies. There were straight nails and crooked nails; and twisted nails which looked like the Biblical picture of the sword held up over the entrance to the Garden of Eden. There was even an imitation screw-nail, which bluff, honest old traders dip in brass and send out to the islands of the seas, convincing them it is the real article.

Manufacturing enterprise appears to be largely psychological. When a town proves it can make one thing successfully, it discovers it can make any number of things. The town of Amherst is a standing Industrial Exhibition for the Maritime Provinces. It has no particular qualifications over hundreds of other places in the Maritime Provinces for being an industrial centre. It stands out there in the middle of the Cumberland marsh country. It has no water power, but coal is not very far away. They began, I believe, to make engines in a small way, many years ago. Now they will manufacture anything that anyone suggests should be made; and have flourishing industries in such diverse products as freight cars, fine tweeds, and pianos.

Fort William, Oct. 25, 1919.
I look forward to and read with interest every issue of "Our Magazine" and congratulate you on the high standard maintained.
J. I. H.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

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The Weakness of Our Leaders

British Lord Declares Incompetence and Secret Diplomacy Helped To Bring About War

A BOOK recently published by Lord Loreburn has created a furore of debate in the press of the Mother Country. It deals with the causes of the war and the events leading up thereto and is decidedly controversial. Loreburn derides the German claim of "encirclement" and very convincingly proves the guilt of the Teutons. He lays blame at the same time, however, on the men who were shaping the foreign policy of Great Britain because of their general incompetence and more particularly because of their adherence to "secret diplomacy." A writer in the Manchester *Guardian* gives a very concise summary of the more vital parts of the book as follows:

Sir Edward Grey, with the knowledge of only two or three of his colleagues, entered on naval and military discussions with France, the effect of which was to convert Lord Lansdowne's *entente cordiale* into a secret defensive alliance. This was a revolution in foreign policy; our freedom of action was compromised, and we were involved in some degree in the quarrels of Continental Europe. But it was a secret revolution, for all the time Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey were assuring the House of Commons that our hands were free. Accordingly it was not accompanied by the military revolution that was needed if we were to do justice to our new obligations. We drifted, consequently, into a position in which we had large and almost indefinite liabilities abroad, while our military forces were designed solely for the purposes of home defence. The nature of our new risks can be appreciated when it is remembered that Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons that he did not know the terms of the Franco-Russian alliance, but that he knew that if Russia was attacked by Germany and Austria, France, could not stand aside. If Lord Loreburn's reading of our new obligations is correct we were bound to go to the help of France if Germany attacked her because she was carrying out her treaty obligations to Russia. In effect, then, says Lord Loreburn, this new policy "left the peace of Great Britain at the mercy of the Russian Court." A revolution so tremendous should have been the deliberate choice of a nation; in fact, it was not sanctioned either by Parliament or by the Cabinet, for only a few Ministers were aware of it.

What effect had these undisclosed engagements on our conduct in the critical weeks? President Wilson has affirmed that Germany would not have gone to war if she had known that we would fight. Lord Loreburn quotes this opinion with approval, and he holds himself that if Sir Edward Grey had told Austria at the very beginning that if she forced her quarrel with Serbia to the point at which Russia, Germany, and France came into it we should enter the war she would have held her hand. He makes another suggestion. Jaurès said to the French Government that Russia must be told that she must not mobilize without their consent if she was to have the aid of France. Why should we not have said to the French Government that if Russia mobilized before we thought it necessary we could not help France? "We do not intend to be embroiled by your ally, to whom we are under no sort of obligation." We might, it is argued, have arrested Austria's brutal precipitance and Russia's "inexcusable mobilization, accompanied by falsehood to Germany and contrary to the wishes both of France and of England." We did neither.

Why were we so ineffective? If goodwill and good advice and a rare reputation for honesty in Europe could have saved the world Sir Edward Grey would have saved the world many times over. But in the crisis no use to speak of was made of our power. Why? Because, says Lord Loreburn, Ministers were in a false position: they had told the House of Commons repeatedly that we had no ties, and therefore they did not dare to face the truth themselves. They toyed till the last moment with this illusion. Consequently they could not take any step, for they were not certain that under any circumstances they would go to war, or that under any circumstances they would refrain from war. They were embarrassed by their engagements just because those engagements had been concealed from Parliament. They had no sense of support from Parliament because they had kept Parliament in the dark.

On this reading there was, as some modern psychologists would say, a conflict between the conscious mind and the unconscious mind, with the consequence of paralysis. It is probable that there is an important element of truth in this explanation. There is something pitiable in the attempt of Sir Edward Grey down to the last moment to represent those obligations in the light in which he had forced himself to think of them when answering questions in the House of Commons. But is all the indecision of the Government to be traced to this cause? That failure to come to a decision, to grasp any definite plan of action, was just as conspicuous in the treatment of the Irish crisis by Mr. Asquith's Government, and it has been just as conspicuous in the treatment both of Russia and Ireland by Mr. Lloyd George's Government. The situation was the most complex and difficult that modern statesmen have ever faced; events were following each other with a dreadful swiftness; to decide required nerve and a corresponding swiftness. As one reads Lord Loreburn's admirable sketch of the twelve days it becomes more and more remarkable that the French and the British Governments were so powerless and that so much was left in the dangerous hands of Russia. It looks as if these supreme crises require more commanding qualities than we can produce in our politicians, and as if the fatal temptation to trust to events to remove the necessity of a difficult decision is too strong for most men. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government, it is well known, nearly blundered over South Africa, and it was saved because one man could make up his mind to do the bold thing, and he happened, fortunately, to be Prime Minister.

Lord Loreburn's book will convince most people of two things: the first, that secret diplomacy and the methods on which our foreign policy have been conducted are bad and dangerous; the second, that the diplomatists to whom these great responsibilities have been entrusted in all countries in the past have generally been incompetent. Unhappily we have only to glance at the world to-day to see that we are beginning the old round once more.

Seibel in "Knickerbocker Press."

Wanted—an elastic dollar.

The Richest Woman in the World

The Story of Mrs. Yone Suzuki of Japan

THERE is a remarkable woman in Japan who has probably more wealth than any other woman in the world. Mrs. Yone Suzuki is the Rockefeller of Japan with business interests as widely diversified as the American oil king. Something of how she made her wealth is told in the *Green Book* as follows:

Mrs. Suzuki is the head of Suzuki and Company, one of the greatest enterprises, if not the greatest, in Japan. Suzuki and Company have offices in all the principal cities of the world, London, New York, Seattle, Madras, Petrograd, Glasgow, Manila, Hongkong, Hankow, Melbourne, Shanghai and other places. Suzuki and Company own the great steel-mills of Kobe, Japan, as well as other steel-mills throughout the country. They are the sole manufacturers of crude camphor and export it in enormous quantities to other countries. They control the sugar-market; they own an immense amount of real-estate; they have established fish-oil works, bean-oil refineries, and smelters.

And all of this great business belongs to Mrs. Yone Suzuki, has grown up and developed under her gentle hand. During the war she made a hundred million dollars in good American money, and is now the richest woman in Japan.

But just let me tell you a little about the status of women in Japan in order to show you how it was that Mrs. Suzuki became the power she is. In ancient Japan women were held in very high esteem by everyone. They had a freedom and prestige that would be envied by women in America to-day. Women were responsible for some of the famous arts of Japan—flower-arrangement for example. And the first Japanese to write a novel was a woman, one Murasaki Shibiku, now called the

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Fielding of Japan. Painting and literature have ever been feminine accomplishments.

But with the coming of Buddhism to Japan in 552 women were reduced to the worst kind of slavery. From the height of freedom and independence and intellectual development, they sank under the new religion to as degraded a state as women have occupied anywhere. From that time on women rarely went out, and when they did, it was in the company of a servant. Every girl was brought up to know how to please her husband; her marriage was arranged wholly by her parents and was her inevitable fate.

Now, however, the economic upheaval of the last few years has caused a change that is spreading rapidly. Japan has always been an agricultural country. Even to-day, ninety per cent. of the population is agricultural. But the hope of the country lies in becoming industrialized—a situation that is taking place with astonishing rapidity. In this new industrial situation women play an important part. It is estimated that seventy-three per cent. of all the industrial workers of Japan are women.

Factory conditions for women are almost intolerable, but it is to be hoped that they will improve even as American factory conditions have improved. At present all girls who work in factories are herded together in dormitories, where they are virtually prisoners. The factories work night and day, and the girls go on in two shifts. It is a case of working twelve or fourteen hours and tumbling into bed, dead-tired and worn out. One set of girls crawls into the still warm blankets vacated by the other set. There is no day of rest, no recreation, no care taken of these girls. The result on their health and minds and morals is consequently deplorable.

Profiteering is the order of the day in Japan; great fortunes have been suddenly amassed during the war; but in spite of these horrible conditions, the very fact that these women are actually there carrying on the work of the world is a sign of advancement. We had bad conditions in this country—we still have horrible conditions in some factories. But we are learning, and Japan is learning. Only last year a twelve-hour working-day for women went into effect. This was a great victory for the reformists.

It was from this background that Mrs. Suzuki came forth. Mrs. Suzuki was an average Japanese girl, little, gentle, sweet, taught to look well to the ways of her household and to please her husband, above all things. But it so happened that her husband, Iwajiro Suzuki, who was the head of Suzuki and Company, was in the habit of following the age-old custom of confiding his troubles to the wife of his bosom. So it was that Mrs. Suzuki had always known a good deal about his business enterprises.

Iwajiro Suzuki died, and the burden of responsibility fell upon his wife's shoulders. Providing for a family is usually the spur that drives a man on to work. Somebody had to provide for the Suzuki family, and there was nothing for Mrs. Suzuki to do but become that somebody.

In charge of the firm at the time of Mr. Suzuki's death was Kaneko Naokishi, known all over Japan nowadays as Mrs. Suzuki's prime minister. Mrs. Suzuki allowed him free rein in the handling of the business and the company's funds, with the result that he made some unfortunate investments and lost not only all of the firm's money but a great deal besides.

Mrs. Suzuki was a keen judge of character. She knew that Kaneko was a man of great ability and trustworthiness, and when he asked for time in which to retrieve her fortunes, she acquiesced quietly. She was not afraid to take a risk, and she had patience and confidence in her own judgment. This loss of all Suzuki and Company's money after Mr. Suzuki's death, however, meant that whatever great fortune has come to Mrs. Suzuki since has been *of her own making*.

The first great performance of the Suzuki firm was in exporting Japanese camphor to Europe. In 1900 the Government of Formosa gave Mrs. Suzuki the exclusive right to make crude camphor out of camphor-oil. Not long afterward the famous financial transaction known as the Formosa Sugar Deal took place, and Mrs. Suzuki cleaned up fifty million dollars.

The Formosa Sugar Deal alone ought to have satisfied Mrs. Suzuki. Fifty million dollars is not to be despised. But like all financial geniuses, it was the love of the game and not the money itself that spurred her on. She established a peppermint factory in Kobe, a sugar-refinery in Moji, and bought the Kobe Steel Works.

Mrs. Suzuki is sixty-five years old now. But still she comes down three days a week to consult with heads of departments and keep an efficient eye on her many great enterprises.

Britain Must Remain a Military Power

The Peace of Europe is By No Means Secure Yet

WILL Britain be compelled to remain a strong military power? With the war over and the League of Nations formed, there has seemed to be some reason to hope that John Bull could return to the pleasant pursuits of peace and leave militarism far behind. But Lieutenant-Colonel Repington, the former war expert of the London *Times*, who figured during the war as a daring critic of Government policy, says emphatically no. He sees good reasons why it will be necessary for Britain to maintain a large army as well as a predominant navy and outlines them in the *Post*, in part as follows:

We cannot easily convince anyone now that Germany, if she keeps her engagements under the Treaty of June 28 of this year, is a menace at all. It is still more difficult to publish a memorandum describing one of our comrade nations in the war as a possible enemy, while the Russian Bolshevist may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. He is an uncertain quantity for use as a lever to get things done, though he is doing his best.

In general, when our staffs make their plans, they will be wise not to point them against any particular enemy, but to found them on the general situation of the Empire, and upon the aggregate strengths of navies, armies, and air forces maintained by other states. It is also quite admissible to point out that history shows a perpetual change in our friendships and enmities, and that the friend of one moment becomes the enemy of the next. We always entertain the pleasing illusion that our friend of to-day will be our friend forever, but history does not bear out this charming fiction. No doubt, the League of Nations aspires to close the era of wars, and so we hope it may, but reinsurance alliances are still permitted, such as the alliance proposed between France, America, and ourselves, and the extension of this practice may bring us many surprises. We cannot trust our defense to the League until it has given us ample proofs of good will, sanity, and practical utility. The size and character of our Empire render it particularly vulnerable to a little ill-will at Geneva, while if we accept the position of a mandatory state under the League we render British administration liable, in many cases, to the criticism of a chance majority of foreigners, and it is at present hard to say how we shall regard the League when it is at work in its Swiss home.

If we look at the navy for a moment it will be necessary for sailors to tell us precisely how the submarine is regarded and what place they assign to it in case of conflict with Powers possessing this weapon. The care taken in the Treaty of June 28 to extirpate the German submarines root and branch is a clear indication of the anxiety which they caused us. But this very fact is not likely to induce weaker naval Powers to abandon the submarine, but rather the contrary, and when we get our next naval building programme it will be necessary to justify it by a closely reasoned argument on the submarine menace. To the average citizen the submarine appears to have played the deuce with our sea power, and this average citizen will require to be enlightened and convinced before accepting a large outlay in capital ships.

On the army side Mr. Churchill has done well to devote his best energies to the rebuilding of the old regular army, for this military police of the Empire will be necessary, no matter what policy our governments adopt or what successes the League may boast at Geneva. The War Secretary has obtained the figure of 209,000 men voluntarily enlisted, which is good in itself. In October, 1913, the regular army had a strength of some 250,000 men serving at home and abroad, but it also had over 200,000 men of the regular and special reserve, while our responsibilities overseas have been much increased. There is, therefore, still much ground to be made up even to attain the 1913 standard, and it must further be remarked that the Territorial Force has practically ceased to exist for the time, except for some commanders and cadres. Our military responsibilities are at present met at home and abroad by the retention in the ranks of 1,000,000 men compulsorily enlisted. This figure should be reduced to 400,000 by the end of this year, and Mr. Churchill hopes by the spring of 1920 to have released all conscript soldiers who fought in the war, provided no unforeseen emergency arises.

The situation is that we have at present, excluding conscripts, 209,000 voluntarily enlisted men to do the work of the 713,000 men who were borne on the strengths of our land forces in 1913. In the interval our responsibilities have enormously increased overseas, while a large part of Europe and parts of Asia remain convulsed, and we are about to accept a liability to succor France immediately if she be attacked by Germany, in addition to the liability which rests upon us to preserve the general peace in co-operation with other signatories of the Versailles Treaty. Until the reign of law is acknowledged throughout the world, our influence depends upon the amount of force which we have to back our demands, and no one can say that we are likely to occupy a strong position when the last of our conscripts returns home. The need for garrisoning the Empire, at least on the pre-war standard, is indisputable, while we can never be content if the British Isles and the citadel of the Empire are not adequately defended.

These things being as they are, we shall pass through a period of much difficulty and anxiety next year. It is true that Germany is at least temporarily rendered harmless; that we have completed and perfected our war material, which will serve us on an emergency for many years to come; and that the principle of personal service has become a tradition and can now be more easily revived, as well as applied more scientifically, if another great crisis faces us. These are great gains to the credit side of the military balance, but represent to a large extent potential and not actual force. The youth of the country have not yet been invited to prepare themselves by a short course of training to defend their country in time of need. The principle of personal service practically lapsed with the close of the war, and no one of any weight in the national councils has had the inspiration and the courage to ask for a fresh affirmation of the principle and its application in practice. We tried at Paris to obtain the assent of our Allies to the abolition of conscription. We failed and were left practically without support. If the resulting situation becomes stereotyped, we are bound to lose much of the influence and the position in the world which we oc-

cupied at the close of the war, and to sink back into the state in which the war surprised us, and perhaps into an even worse state.

An England unarmed and unprepared means the cause and the hopes of all her enemies in the world strengthened and revived. It gives courage to all her enemies within. It renders France anxious and disarms our diplomacy. Justice remains with her scales, but without her most trusty sword, and the cause of civilization is proportionately weakened. The want of courage of our statesmanship, to which alone our disasters in the spring of 1918 were due, is the main obstacle to the training of the youth of the country to arms. Should no minister have the hardihood to demand this salutary and necessary institution of a brief course of military training for youth, then the General Staff must cover its responsibility hereafter by demanding it, if, after complete examination of our problems, it finds it necessary.

The next twelve months will be very critical for the future of the defense of the state and the Empire. A false direction given to policy will have incalculable consequences, and in military organization a wrong path once followed is not easily retraced. We should, in the time allowed us for reflection, assemble the best of our war-trained chiefs from home, the Dominions, and India, and study defense as a single problem in which navy, army, and the air force all have their say. The first necessity is to maintain intact the close co-operation of all parts of the Empire which has been one of the happiest memories of the war, and to go forward in this sane policy with the firm intention of succeeding. Not less will it be needed to maintain close touch with our allies and associates in the war, and by a good choice of missions and naval and military attachés to preserve the *liaison* service which performed such invaluable work during the campaign.

Naval and military co-operation between the fighting services, with the Dominions and India, and with our allies and associates, was never one of our great difficulties during the war. Our real difficulty lay in the War Cabinet which was ignorant of war, and constantly allowed itself to be advised by incompetent persons with light heads and flighty ideas. The re-institution of the Committee of Imperial Defense, strengthened by Dominion and Indian representatives, is a need of the time when Cabinet Government returns, and the services must insure that, in any future crisis, the best brains remain in London at first to keep civil ministers straight, and exclude the amateur advisers who played such pernicious part in many episodes of the war.

We must establish definitely the role of policy and strategy in war. Everyone with inside knowledge of recent events, and capable of reasoned thought, must see, looking back, what frightful cost and suffering have been caused by misunderstanding of first principles of the conduct of war. If affairs go wrong at the head, they go wrong everywhere, and no valor of navies and armies can retrieve them. We shall never, probably, be allowed to see the papers of Mr. Lloyd George's War Cabinet, because it will not dare to produce them, but, if Parliament ever desires to ascertain the truth about the war, it will find it at the bottom of the War Cabinet well, and there alone.

BLAINE LAKE, SASK.

I have been reading MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *for about three years now and would not like to be without it, for I consider it the only magazine published in Canada that is worth while. I am glad to know that we now have in Canada a magazine that is so truly Canadian and holds forth the Canadian point of view so magnificently.*—J. M. S., B.A.

Christmas With—Candy

Glad that doctors and food specialists proved candies and chocolates to be wholesome and nourishing food! Combining such ingredients as sugar, butter, nuts, fruits, chocolate, corn syrup and flavoring, how could it be otherwise?

No one would dream of Christmas without such delicious things, but it is delightful when desire goes hand in hand with "what the doctor ordered."

Nothing is more universally enjoyed at Christmas than candy. "Yummy," exclaims Bobby, pulling a chocolate bar from his Christmas stocking. "Goody," squeals Betty, spying candy canes on the Christmas tree. Even Baby Bunting oozes sticky satisfaction as he sucks the yellow candy lion.

Big Sister's eyes shine as she opens a ribbon bound box of chocolates from Someone's Brother. Mother is delighted when someone shows appreciation of hospitality with a box of sweets and Granny in her easy chair smiles because Grandad still remembers that she liked candy in their courting days.

Indeed Christmas would not be Christmas without abundant Candies and Chocolates.

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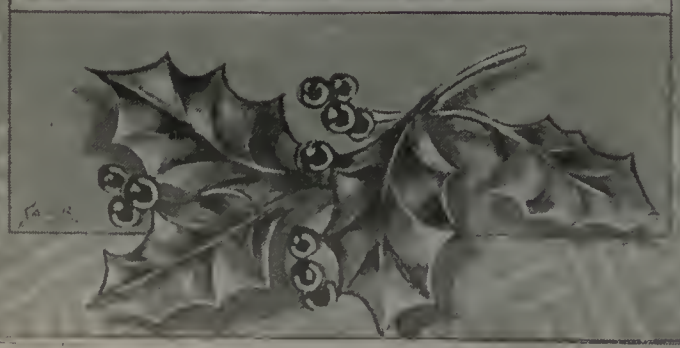

The Infamy of Austria

How the War Was Engineered — The Sinister Work of Count Berchtold

SINCE the revolution in Austria the archives of the Ballplatz have been rifled and interesting documents with reference to the origin of the war have come to light. They show that Austria deliberately plotted the conquest of Serbia hoping to "get away with it," but prepared, with the knowledge that Germany was behind her, to fight a general European war, if necessary. Austria, moreover, considered an infamous plan to attack Serbia without the formality of a declaration of war. Behind this whole dark plan was the sinister figure of Count Berchtold.

Leo Maxse tells the story of Austria's perfidy in the *National Review* as follows:

Of fresh documents the most important is the report by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Berlin (Count Szoegenyi) of his *tête-à-tête* lunch with the German Emperor at Potsdam on July 5, 1914. The Count had handed the Emperor an autograph letter from the Austrian Emperor (Franz Josef) covering a Memorandum by the Chief of the Austrian General Staff (Conrad von Hoetzendorf), which had been presented to the military Cabinet of the Austrian Kaiser *some days before the assassination* of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo. This Memorandum, which showed a strange if not sinister anticipation of the imminent crime—advocated "a vigorous policy" towards Serbia. The covering letter of Kaiser Franz Josef urged his brother-Kaiser to draw Bulgaria into the Triple Alliance as a counterpoise to Rumania, whom he no longer trusted. To this Wilhelm II replied, substantially agreeing though expressing misgivings concerning Bulgaria.

The Austrian Ambassador's report of his lunch with Wilhelm II runs as follows:

The Kaiser read the documents submitted to him with the closest attention. First he assured me that he had expected serious action on our side towards Serbia. But he added that he must confess that in consequence of the explanations of our most gracious master he must face the possibility of a serious European complication, and therefore would not give a definite answer before he had discussed the matter with the Chancellor. After lunch, when I once more emphasized the seriousness of the situation with the greatest stress, His Majesty empowered me to report to the Emperor that in this event, too, we could count on the full support of Germany. As already said, he must first have the opinion of the Chancellor, but he did not doubt in the slightest that Bethmann-Hollweg would absolutely agree with his opinion. In particular this held good with regard to any action on our part against Serbia. In his (Kaiser Wilhelm's) opinion there must be no delay with this action. Russia's attitude would, moreover, be a hostile one, but he had been prepared for this for years, and even if it should come to war between Austria-Hungary and Russia we could be assured that Germany would stand at our side with her accustomed fidelity as ally. For the rest Russia, as things stood to-day, was by no means ready for war, and would certainly think twice before appealing to arms. She would, however, agitate against us among the other Powers of the Triple Entente and fan the flames in the Balkans. He understood very well that it would be difficult for the Emperor Franz Josef, in view of the latter's well-known love of peace, to march into Serbia. But if we had actually realized the necessity of warlike action against Serbia he (Kaiser Wilhelm) would regret it if we left unutilized the present moment which was so favorable for us.

That document will seal the fate of the ex-Kaiser of Germany unless "Allied and Associated Governments" are to become the common laughing-stock. In a further telegram to the Ballplatz the Austrian Ambassador reports his subsequent conversation with the German Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg—then admired by Lord Haldane and the *Westminster Gazette* as "a Moderate":

In the further course of conversation I ascertained that the Chancellor, like his Imperial master, regards immediate action (*Einschreiten*) on our part against Serbia as the most radical and best solution of our difficulties in the Balkans. From an international point of view he regards the present moment as more favorable than a later one. He quite agrees that we should inform neither Italy nor Rumania of an eventual action against Serbia. On the other hand, Italy should at once be informed by our Government of the intention of bringing about the adhesion of Bulgaria to the Triple Alliance.

Then we have a detailed account of the fateful War Council at Vienna two days later (July 7, 1914), presided over by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, who declared they must decide whether the moment had not come to render Serbia "for ever innocuous by a display of force." We quote the epitome of the Austrian publication appearing in the Berlin correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph* (September 24). Count Berchtold added that such a decisive stroke could not be delivered without diplomatic preparations. Consequently he had got into touch with the German Government. The discussions in Berlin had led to a very satisfactory result, "as both Kaiser Wilhelm and Herr Bethmann-Hollweg had assured him of the unconditional support of Germany in the event of warlike complications with Serbia." They had still to reckon with Italy and Rumania, and here, in agreement with the Berlin Cabinet, he was of opinion that it would be best to act and to await any claims to compensation that might be put forward. It was quite clear to him that a passage at arms with Serbia might have war with Russia as its consequence. Nevertheless he advocated anticipating opposition by a prompt settlement with Serbia, which would be impossible later on. The Hungarian Minister-President, Count Tisza, alone counselled decency and caution, declaring he would never agree to a surprise attack on Serbia "without preliminary diplomatic action," such as had been discussed in Berlin. Otherwise, in Count Tisza's opinion, Austria would stand very badly in the eyes of Europe and would unite the Balkans against her, barring Bulgaria. They must not make impossible demands upon Serbia, and it was not Germany's business to decide this question for Austria. The Austrian Premier, Count Stuergk, supported Berchtold against Tisza, and advocated war, as they were supported by Germany. Herr Bilinski, the Common Finance Minister, took the same line, while the War Minister (General Krobatin) insisted that it would be better to have war at once than later, and thought "a declaration of war" superfluous. In a discussion as to their war aims Count Stuergk urged that the present Serbian dynasty be replaced by a European prince. Count Tisza, who provides the only light spot in these gruesome business, stuck to his guns. The substance of the debate was thus summed up in the official Minutes as follows:

(1) That all those present desire the speediest possible decision of the quarrel with Serbia in a warlike or peaceable sense.

(2) That the Council of Ministers would be prepared to adhere to the view of the Hungarian Minister-President, according to which mobilization should

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only take place after concrete demands have been made to Serbia and refused by her, and an ultimatum has been presented.

On the other hand, all present, with the exception of the Hungarian Minister-President, are of opinion that diplomatic success, even if it should end with a startling humiliation of Serbia, would be valueless, and that therefore such far-reaching demands must be made of Serbia that a rejection of them may be looked for in order that the way may be opened for a radical solution by means of military intervention.

Count Tisza again and again advised moderation, and at the close of another meeting in the afternoon attended by the Chief of the General Staff, of which there is not so full a report, earnestly appealed to his colleagues to realize what they were doing. Count Berchtold announced his intention of going to Ischl on the following day, and there is this note of the aged Emperor: "I have taken cognizance of the contents of these minutes."

Count Berchtold's infamy went far beyond the murderous crime of provoking an unnecesasry war for which there was not the shade of a shadow of an excuse. The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister was a forger of a peculiarly diabolical kind, if we may believe the new Austrian Red Book. In order to promote war he wrote a report for the aged Emperor at Ischl, pointing out that he thought it not impossible that the Entente might still attempt to bring about a peaceable settlement of the conflict unless a definite situation was now created by a declaration of war. He added that, according to a report from the Fourth Army Command, the Serbian troops had fired from Danube steamers on Austrian and Hungarian soldiers at Temes-Kubin. Hostilities, therefore, had actually begun. With this report Count Berchtold submitted a declaration of war for the Emperor's signature, which explicitly stated that the Imperial and Royal Government was forced to protect its rights and interests by recourse to arms, the more so as Serbian troops had already attacked the Imperial and Royal soldiers at Temes-Kubin. After the Emperor had signed the declaration of war in this form Count Berchtold struck out the reference to a fight at Temes-Kubin, and sent a letter to the Emperor explaining that he had taken it upon himself to eliminate this sentence, as the reports had not been confirmed. In other words, he invented an attack that had never occured in order to justify one.

Black Men and White Women

Writer Raises Question of Race Admixture in England

UNDER the heading above, Stephen Black declaims in the *English Review* against the laxness of the attitude which permits English girls to marry men of a dusky shade. According to this writer, there is altogether too much of this sort of thing going on in England and the race riots have been the direct result of it. He says, in part:

The sudden discovery that loud, obvious Negroes, and silent, inscrutable Asiatics were enjoying the conjugal privileges of Britons in this "tight little island" is a case in point. For many years white colonials had shuddered at witnessing repulsive Ethiopians intimately, almost maritally, consorting with beautiful British girls in streets, in restaurants, in theatres, in night-clubs, lodging-houses, and hotels. There was no concealment of the affectionate attitude of a certain type of white female towards the brown, black, or yellow male—Negroes, in particular, are uxorious and immodest gentry. But the white colonial could go on shuddering all he knew how; he could

Watch Your Nerves

by

PAUL von BOECKMANN

For 25 years the leading authority in America on Psycho-physics.

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful role your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 351, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time.

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

blush with shame for his original race as many colors as there were variegated "friends" for coarse, vicious, or merely ignorant English girls; but the English Press passed by, with head erect and nostrils distended, in search of a "stunt" or "scoop" fit to "bump" the others with, or titillate the palates of Tooting and Tottenham.

It is perfectly obvious that sex relationship is at the bottom of the recent riots in Liverpool, Cardiff, and the East End of London. Returned soldiers have had quite enough to put up with, as the result of their sweethearts going off decently married to Australians, Canadians, South Africans, etc., to submit to the degrading sight of Negro, Chinese, and other non-European caresses for the more ignorant or shameless women of their race.

I met and talked at some length with Jack Johnson in Paris early in 1914—he was intelligent, well spoken, and for a Negro good-looking. His manners made it quite easy for him to move among certain classes of French people, who do not share the inherent Anglo-Saxon aversion from the black races. Indeed, I once heard a "nice" French girl say ecstatically, "Oh, j'adore les Nègres!" Many of my French friends found it impossible to understand the British colonial point of view towards the Negro.

The Latin countries, France and Spain, gave Jack Johnson a comparatively cordial reception. There he was decidedly not beyond the pale, his beautiful white wife being regarded rather as a tribute to Negro prowess and attractiveness than the reverse.

Yet Johnson was unhappy in exile, despite the adulation of French sportsmen and the uxorious glances sometimes cast at him by low, vicious females. He was intelligent enough to realize his true position, and when absent from the admiring eye of the public—something which irresistibly calls forth the simian desire to amuse which is latent in the Negro—away from this he suffered protracted bouts of depression, and longed to return to his Southern home just as much as the ordinary Negro of every other coon song is supposed to do.

The truth is that, despite all the chant and cant of "Empire and Imperial reciprocity," England is sublimely incurious as to what goes on in the Dominions. Just as Renner Maxwell's poisonous book went unnoticed in 1892, so has the monstrosity of importing for the war thousands of black, red, and yellow males from Africa, Asia, and America. Nobody seems aware, for instance, that the anti-Negro riots here have not the slightest significance when compared with the deeper problems now confronting South Africa as the result of her blacks being brought into physical contact with degraded Europeans. While white men were drafted to East Africa to rot with fever, chasing black Germans in the bush, black men were brought to Europe to taste for the first time the fleshpots of France and England; and to acquire the vices of civilization. It was a damnable and idiotic thing to do, for the white troops in German East spent most of their time in hospital, and, after adding nearly £10 per head to the National Debt, left Von Lettow Vorbeck in such a position that when the Armistice came he was on the verge of a triumph which people in England thought had been theirs for years! Yet this whole colossal crime, the magnitude of which is understood by every office-boy in Africa, passes unnoticed in England, either because the national eyesight is more blurred than ever, or because the Press has been taught that the profoundest wisdom is that which comes after the event, *when it is topical.*

Warding Off the Evil Eye

Strange Superstitions and Customs of Native Rumanians

RUMANIA is a country of queer customs and amusing superstitions. It would appear, in fact, that the native Rumanian is as much afraid of "hants" as the Southern darky. His life, judging from what R. Carnegie writes in *Chambers' Journal*, must be made up of one continual round of precautions against bad luck and the evil eye. Here are a few sample superstitions as outlined by Mr. Carnegie:

It is the first duty of the midwife to attach to the infant's hair a piece of red ribbon or tape, according to the social status of the parents. Red is always supposed to guard against evil. Nor is it only in the case of humans, that this custom is practised. Every horse displays its red rag in the hairs of its tail or mane. Foals and calves, when not similarly decorated, wear the bowl of a wooden spoon suspended round their neck, though whether this is merely for luck, or a safeguard against the evil eye, the writer has not been able to discover.

In the Dobrudja blue beads in the form of necklaces and collars are often worn instead by animals and persons alike, this custom having been imported by the Turks and the Tartars, who constitute a large portion of the population of this district.

At a christening the mother must not be present; she retires to an adjoining room during the ceremony.

A general custom or superstition is to avoid speaking too well or complacently of anything or anybody, lest conditions be changed thereby for the worse. A stranger within the gates may quite unconsciously bring odium on himself on this account. It is for this reason that the invariable reply to the greeting, "How are you?" is a simple "Thank you." To say that you or yours are well might easily bring about the very opposite. When you speak to a baby you call it *uritului* ("little ugly"), and when you look at one an imitation of a spit is made, all to guard against evil results. Indeed, in an otherwise highly educated family of good social standing, the writer was witness of the performance of "heap big medicine" when a child was somewhat peevish on returning from its daily outing. The cook, versed in such rites, officiated. Cloves were burned over a glass of warm water and dropped into it whilst an incantation was chanted. The sputtering of some of the burning cloves on contact with the water was taken as proof that the child had been "evil-eyed" by some passer-by. No one thought of holding the intensely hot sun responsible for the child's condition.

Household superstitions are very numerous, and some of them are most amusing. At table on no account may a loaf be laid on its back. It is unlucky to spill wine or coffee—unless the liquid falls straight towards the spiller, which betokens the best of fortune.

Tuesday is generally considered the unlucky day in Rumania. On no account will any one commence any business undertaking on this day, nor must a betrothal or a marriage take place on a Tuesday.

It is most unlucky to sew on a loose button for any one unless he removes it himself. The sewer may, indeed, go blind! The sure antidote, which eye specialists at home might note, is to eat a bit of the cotton employed. To sew on a button for one's self with the garment on will cause the sewer to forget all he has ever learned.

A certain charm against being struck by lightning is to think immediately of seven male acquaintances who are bald.

Naturally death is a subject for superstitions and customs innumerable. The house must not be swept nor linen washed whilst the remains are living in the house. As the corpse is carried out of the house a plate is broken—reason or origin, obscure. A large cake, made from buckwheat and poppy-seed, is carried before the hearse—food, doubtless, for the long journey to the next world. In those towns where no more modern system of water-supply exists the watercarts meeting a funeral are emptied in the road as the *cortège* passes, with the same idea of not letting the traveller want for refreshment. The water-carters present themselves the next day at the house, to be liberally rewarded.

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Spirit Pictures Now

English Artist's Hand is Guided by Dead and Gone Painters

THE world has become familiar now with the ordinary spiritualistic manifestations—table rapping, automatic writing, ouija boards, revelations by mediums, etc. But now we are introduced to a new wrinkle, automatic painting, to wit. It appears that artists who have "gone beyond" feel a call to communicate with this world and to give us thoughts and ideas through the medium of paintings. Accordingly, they guide the hand of a living artist and produce works that are highly expressive and symbolic.

An English artist named Horsfall has been "possessed" in this way, and has automatically produced paintings of an exceptional order. There seems to me no doubt about the sincerity of Horsfall in the matter. He is an artist of some note and has a recognized place among the leading portrait painters. He is best known perhaps for a remarkably fine portrait that he did of Lord Kitchener.

The "spirit-pictures" of Horsfall are explained in the course of an interview with him in the *Strand*:

"I discovered last December that I was called upon to do very special work of an original kind. Three mediums, who knew nothing whatever about me, told me independently that I had a gift for automatic painting and that it was my duty to pursue it. The idea did not please me, as I feared the new work might interfere with my portraits, or that I might no longer distinguish between my own work and that which was inspirational."

He has since learned from the spirits that he is "controlled" by an Egyptian named Thephtis, who was high priest of the Temple of Osiris, near Thebes, and passed away during the 18th Dynasty. "It is he who is educating me and sending me my different teachers for painting and music. Once of those teachers is William Blake, the poet and painter, who died early last century. I do the work for them. It is their work not mine. I merely hold the brush or the chalk and apply it as I am directed. I do not choose the colors. Sometimes I even paint with my eyes shut, and I never know what is being produced until it is finished."

He showed me a portrait of Thephtis, inspired by William Blake. It is a tall, commanding figure clad in priest's dress; the long, smooth black hair is bound with a red and gold fillet surmounted by the Uræus; the left hand is outstretched, as an ancient Egyptian drawings; and the whole figure is surrounded with "thought forms"—wavy lines of blue and pink and green. On the studio mantelpiece the place of honor is occupied by a small green metal figure with a pointed nose. This is the Uræus, or symbolical snake, which was worn by Egyptian priests and kings.

"My guide painted one on his picture of my skull," said Mr. Horsfall, "but of course mine had not the royal sign like his. I asked him why he took so much interest in me, and he explained that it was because I was a reincarnation of an Egyptian he used to know intimately over three thousand years ago."

I have seen Mr. Horsfall communicating with his "guide" and his teachers. He talks quite familiarly with them: "My dear Thephtis" or "My dear Blake," as the case may be. Then he asks a question, and his finger raps out the answer—three times for "Yes" and once for "No." Or his finger will be led to point to some object in the room. For instance, when he wanted to know the meaning of a symbol in an automatic picture, he pointed to a mirror, which meant vanity; another time to his forehead, which meant human intelligence.

"At first," he told me, "the subjects I painted were quite unintelligible to me. I called one 'Japan Seen from an Aeroplane,' another 'The Three Green Moons.' Later on I learned that what I regarded as the Sea of Japan signified spirituality, and the moons were initiations. My first attempt was in pastel and rather crude—an open oyster-shell, illustrating my receptiveness of the mysteries of the other world. Later on I had to paint sixty targets—I called them my footballs—to teach me auric colors—that is, the colors of the emanations of the soul and body."

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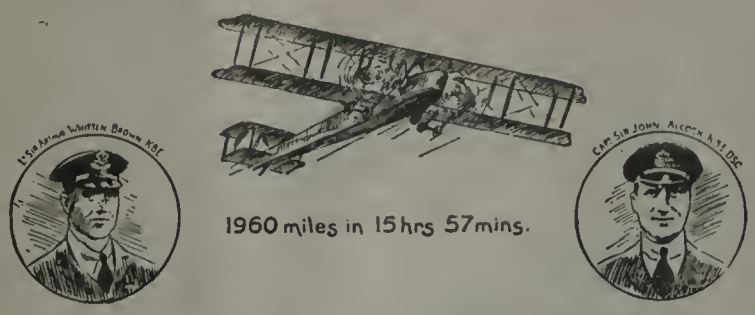

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Deceiving the Censor

Some Inside Facts About the Production of "Movies"

HOW "movie" films are censored and what the producers of these films have to contend with is told in an interesting way in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Rob. Wagner. The author writes from "inside" knowledge and says in part:

In anticipating the strange rulings under the medieval institution of censorship, let us first begin with that supposedly laudable emotion, patriotism. We would turn out a fine big feature picture full of flags, battle hokum and magnificent victories with a grand George M. Cohan finish that would make a rough-and-tumble American audience tingle to its unmanicured finger tips, and then along would come—Germany? No, by heck, Canada. And she would turn our films down cold because our battle boys weren't whooping it up for the Union Jack. Well, what to do? We couldn't lose Canada as a market, yet we couldn't afford to make pictures just for her. At last we hit upon the happy solution of doubling the flag stuff.

At the Front, fortunately, most of the insignia of war were lost in the tumult of battle, and very few people could tell the difference between a Canuck and a Sammy, so in ordinary stories all we had to do was to shoot double on the introduction and the home-coming. This was accomplished by simply making these scenes first with the American and then with the British flag, and permitting the titles to alibi the locations either in Winnipeg or Wisconsin. In fact, we found it most convenient to localize our stories close to the Canadian border so that we could shift our action from one to the other side of that imaginary line without violating local color.

Some of our best tales, however, were so uncompromisingly specific that uniforms and equipment for both armies had to be supplied throughout. The awkwardness of this elaborate doubling may be easily guessed. Instead of shooting the American scenes in the morning and the Canadian in the afternoon it was necessary, in order to match the shadows, that the scenes should alternate through the day, which meant alternating uniforms and equipment, using the same personnel.

Sometimes the whole blessed army would shift from one uniform to another six or seven times, most of the day being spent in dressing and undressing.

One of the curious psychological results of the war was the tolerance by many of our sensitive censors to the most blood-curdling scenes, just so long as the villainy was Hunnish. Anything got by if it was hung on or addressed to the Germans. We had a heavy in a film—having nothing to do with the war—who was such a low-down villain we thought we'd have to rewrite his part before the censors would stand for him. But Jim happily hit upon the grand idea of calling him Karl Schwartz, and he went over with an enthusiastic whoop.

The filming of crime turns up some very curious idiosyncrasies of the censor mind. In some pink districts they will permit the most fascinatingly gruesome murder technic, provided only that the weapons be not visible at the moment of percussion. The plot may be worked out in its most educational detail, showing the purchase of the revolver, target practice on a large anatomical chart of the human plumbing which will register the most vulnerable spot to hit when the villain goes gunning. Then will follow the latest methods in abduction, and when the stage is set for the final meeting we see the villain sneak in, point the gun at the charted spot on the hero, and while we shudderingly watch a close-up of the finger closing down on the trigger—then, then, just as we are about to burst with excitement, darned if the old censor doesn't cut the picture, while the camera anticlimatically panorams round and shows the murderee slowly sinking to the floor!

Another strange freak of the human mind is the censorial attitude toward the use of poison. In the Middle Ages poisoning was the fashionable method of murder and suicide; but the ball cartridge, with its deadly certainty, is now the favorite weapon among the destructively élite. Yet for some strange reason the censors regard poisoning as the most seductive course in the whole movie school of crime. And stranger still, it is not the act of poisoning that disturbs their equanimity, but the kind of poison used. They will let us show Romeo tossing off his deadly quaff, but we must not permit a close-up of the bottle lest it tip some susceptible spectator as to its contents so that he will run right off to the chemist to order a dose for himself. Yet for art's sake we may wish to show the nature of the drug, or our unclassic yokels might think the romantic youth had taken ant paste.

A censor who is outraged at the exhibition of the human form divine will purr pleasurably when God's masterpiece is seen in a dream, with the result that even the classic dancers may be cut entirely or to mere flashes if the dancers are human beings, but Bacchic scenes or Dionysian feasts of the most utter abandon will pass unscissored if the artist chap attends them only through the smoke of his trusty meerschaum. Is it not strange that the nude or seminude reality will be cut, while the vision of the same thing will pass, as they are both rendered objectively in a photograph and were posed for by actual flesh-and-blood maidens who drew vulgar ten-dollar checks for their pulchritudinous display. Certain of these fellows while drawing a severe line at the nude will pass the picture if the lady has something on, whereas it is a well-known fact that the most suggestive appeals are made by a half-dressed figure. Statues or monuments also get by almost without exception. Here again we find that curious complex—the thought of the nude may be shown, but not the reality. I cannot resist, however, telling one of our most delicious secrets—one that I am sure will stimulate the sale of opera glasses among the censorially conscientious. Many of the plastic monumental nudes passed by the censors are in reality living, breathing women and not stone at all!

In many districts divorce is not permitted in the films as "the sacrament of marriage may not be profaned." In such cases we must arrange the relationships so as to omit this sacrilege, often with some very curious consequences to the story, but as the change is for the greater glory the censor's conscience is salved, even though Art is assassinated.

In one great Middle Western state it is forbidden to show a hypodermic needle lest a peek at the naughty instrument make hopheads out of a robust peasantry.

Another very amusing cutting decision we have to make in nearly every picture is how long a clinch may last without shocking the unkissed. As a rule, we ourselves cut such amorous scenes far enough to save them from a laugh, for should we show the dear children locked in a snuggley embrace too long some ribald lowbrows in the audience will begin to make funny noises which causes his neighbors to giggle and the sweet sentiment of the clinch will be gone entirely.

And this reminds me that in purveying photo-dramatic food for the multitude we are up against strange national and race prejudices. Because of these prejudices our greatest Japanese actor, whose art is surely higher than mere racial boundary, is forever doomed to play nationalistic roles with a heroine of his own kind, for the fans will not stand to see a Japanese take a white

girl in his embrace. Curiously enough, however, the wife of this great Oriental actor may play opposite a white man, à la Madame Butterfly, without giving the slightest offence. Here again we see a fine example of rooster morality, for roosters are the same the world over.

That I may be perfectly fair to the official censor let me state that nearly everybody is more or less censorial, and some of the greatest nuisances we have are right on the lot. The assistant director has notions and the cutter's sweetheart is offended at certain things, but perhaps the most terrifying prohibitionists are the wives of the bosses. Mrs. Emil Gatz has just taken up with some new religion or cult, and you bet we soon learn of it from Mr. Gatz, who thinks that he is free, white and twenty-one; whereas, as a matter of fact, he is not one of these things. And it is in pandering to these silly prejudices, official and unofficial, that we are compelled to water our art and that artists are driven to such hilarious hypocrisies.

Will the Earth be Destroyed?

Scientific Writer Speculates on This Possibility

THAT the earth will be destroyed sooner or later is the theory advanced by Charles Nevers Holmes, writing in *Munsey's Magazine*. He does not think it will come in this generation but he is convinced that ultimately the old earth will come to an untimely end. The agency of destruction, he believes, will be outside our solar system, probably a huge star or some dark body not now discernible that may lurk in space.

He deals with these cheerful prospects, as follows:

Such destruction, should it ever occur, must necessarily be caused either by internal or by external agencies. In regard to the former, although we have but little precise knowledge concerning the interior of our globe, it does not seem possible that it contains anything threatening it with destruction, unless conditions exist of which we are wholly ignorant. The terrific shock of a violent earthquake or the devastation spread by a great volcanic eruption may suggest dangerous possibilites; but even if the earth has within it an immense core of gases under enormous compression, the tenacity of its crust and the action of gravity would prevent it from exploding "like a bombshell," to use the familiar simile.

The sudden breaking through of the oceans upon vast masses of fiery lava, or the creation of explosive substances within the terrestrial interior, would also be dangerous possibilities; but from our present knowledge it does not seem possible that our planet will be destroyed by forces from within. Such inside agencies as earthquakes and eruptions are limited to local death and destruction, and as the ages pass they seem likely to be less and less active.

If our world is ever destroyed, it will be by some outside agency, and there are several such that can be suggested as possible causes of its destruction.

We can hardly imagine that any of the known or unknown laws of the universe will suddenly cease operating, the earth has got into such a habit of revolving around the sun that we may assume that it will continue to do so indefinitely.

For the same reasons, there seems to be no danger of any other planet falling into the sun—a catastrophe which might disturb the balance of the solar system, and bring about the destruction of our globe by the fiery sun. As for the sun itself, unless some wholly unforeseen accident occurs, this central body will not go out of its way to harm any of its offspring. It is not likely to explode, any more than our earth; and even if it did, the latter might survive. However,

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in case the sun should be destroyed, it is safe to predict that human life, if not all forms of life, would disappear from the face of our earth.

If our world is ever to be destroyed, the probabilities are that its destruction will come from outside of our own solar system. Accordingly, we shall probably have plenty of time to await such a possible disaster. The destroyer may be either visible or invisible as it approaches us, but in all probability we shall be warned of its coming. Our astronomers are always alert, and their photographic negatives are very sensitive to light-rays, so that anything unusual happening to one of the nearer suns, or to Neptune and Uranus, the outermost planets of our system, would be discovered in time to inform us before any disaster drew near.

The passage of one of the nearer suns through an enormous extent of inflammable gases would be announced by an increase in the light-rays around that sun. It is probable that at least one of our planets—Jupiter—would ignite such a field of gases. Were our world to be surrounded for a considerable time by some intensely burning gas, like oxygen, its crust would be burned away, and the more plastic parts of its body would presently be consumed. The earth might be utterly destroyed by this means, for it is comparatively a small planet. And the existence of such a gaseous field in the pathway of our world is far from being an impossibility.

Our planet possesses several swift motions, one of them approximating nineteen miles per second and another eleven miles per second. Accordingly, were it to pass through any medium much denser than ether—perhaps a medium possessing a greater density than that of our own atmosphere, or perhaps a vast field of minute or larger particles—the probability is that it would be wholly or partly incinerated. Anyone who has beheld theswift incineration of so-called shooting stars as they rush through the upper regions of our atmosphere, will readily understand how our own world might be similarly destroyed.

No one knows what may lie ahead of our little planet ship as she sails so swiftly through the universe, and probably there are conditions of which our modern scientists have not yet dreamed. But we do not need a scientist to inform us of the possible danger of the earth's destruction by collision with some stupendous sun, which would melt our comparatively tiny globe and incorporate it with its own body.

Our sun is more than a million times larger than the earth, and its heat is believed to measure thousands of degrees Fahrenheit; but the universe contains suns a thousand or more times larger than ours. Supposing our minute planet should collide with one of these stupendous bodies!

With our present knowledge of astronomy, we know no reason why such an immense sun should not enter our solar system and completely disrupt and destroy it. Were our world to strike the gigantic, fiery invader, she would make about as much impression upon him as a small pebble makes when it is thrown into a lake!

If our world is ever destroyed, it will probably be by collission rather than by incineration or other cause; and the possibility of its destruction in this way may not be nearly so remote as some of us believe. Probably there are huge dark bodies in the universe as well as huge fiery bodies; and since we are not able to see the former, one of them may be comparatively near us. However, we shall be warned of its approach long before it strikes the earth. The planetary sentinel of our solar system, Neptune, stationed approximately three billions of miles away, will indicate by the increasing irregularity of its orbit that we are in danger.

Where Woman Rules

When a Zuni Wife Tires of Her Husband She Expects Him To Leave

AT Zuni, New Mexico, the domestic position of woman is exactly reversed to that which exists among more highly civilized people. The woman owns the house and at marriage she takes her husband to her own household, where he stays so long as he is welcome. In the *Scientific Monthly* Elsie Clews Parsons writes an interesting article on the differentiation of the sexes at Zuni. She says in part:

Zuni women own their houses and their gardens or, perhaps it is better to say, gardens and houses belong to the family through the women. At marriage a girl does not leave home; her husband joins her household. He stays in it, too, only as long as he is welcome. If he is lazy, if he fails to bring in wood, if he fails to contribute the produce of his fields, or if someone else for some other reason is preferred, his wife expects him to leave her household. He does not wait to be told twice. 'The Zuni separate whenever they quarrel or get tired of each other," a critical Acoma moralist once said to me. The monogamy of Zuni is, to be sure, rather brittle. In separation the children stay with the mother.

Children belong to their mother's clan. They have affiliations, however, as we shall see, with the clan of their father. If the mother of a Zuni maiden is a Badger, let us say, and her father a Turkey, the maiden will be a Badger and " the child of the Turkey." She cannot marry a Turkey clansman nor, of course, a Badger. Did she show any partiality for a clansman, an almost incredible thing, she would be told she was just like a dog or a burro.

Women make their own dresses, although, formerly, before weaving went out of fashion at Zuni, it is likely that men were the weavers, just as they are to-day among the Hopi from whom the men of Zuni get cloth for their ceremonial kilts and blankets and for the dresses of the women. Even to-day at Zuni men may make up their own garments from store bought goods and it is not unusual to see a man sitting to a sewing-machine.

A man may use cloth or thread for other than economic reasons. In case a girl jilts him he will catch her out some night and take a bit from her belt to fasten to a tree on a windy mesa top. As the wind wears away the thread, the woman will sicken and perhaps in two or three years die. A woman who is deserted may take soil from the man's footprints and put it where she sleeps. At night he will think of her and come back—"even if the other woman is better looking." Apprehensive of desertion a woman may put a lock of hair from the man in her house wall or, the better to attach him to her, she may wear it over her heart.

To the point of view that the differentiation of the sexes at Zuni proceeds on the whole from the division of labor the native custom of allowing a boy or man to become, as far as ways of living go, a girl or woman, gives color. Towards adolescence, and sometimes in later life, it is permissible for a boy culturally to change sex. He puts on woman's dress, speaks like a woman, and behaves like a woman. This alteration is due to the fact that one takes readily to women's work, one prefers it to men's work. Of one or another of the three men-women now at Zuni or of the men-women in other pueblos I have always been told that the person in question made the change because he wanted to work like a woman or because his household was short of women and needed a woman worker. This native theory of the institution of the man-women is a curious commentary, is it not, on that thorough-going belief in the intrinsic difference between the sexes which is so tightly held to in our own culture?

Is This The Solution?

Another scheme to rectify the distressing prices now prevalent, by other than sound economic measures, was outlined before the Union of Canadian Municipalities which recently convened at Kingston.

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"Among the minor causes are the various classes of idlers and usurers, who in devious ways levy toll on labor and industry. Waste of time in high schools and colleges teaching dead languages and other unpractical subjects to the partial or total exclusion of vocational training, economics and useful branches of learning which would be of greater value for purposes of mind development and discipline and thereafter more useful to the individual and the country."

SAYS THE FINANCIAL POST IN RELY:

"It is, of course, possible that there might be a dissenting voice, heard above this chorus of condemnation. A voice that might suggest, for instance, that the fact that the producer is getting $24.50 per hundred for hogs, where he formerly got $6, might, perhaps, have as much to do with the matter of increased cost as the inefficient handling that gives to the packer 5-16 of a cent per pound on bacon, or to the retailer a bare 5 cents a pound. Or the fact that the farmer is now guaranteed a price of $2.15 a bushel for wheat that formerly sold with satisfaction for 90 cents may be as much responsible as the half cent a loaf profit of the baker, or the cent profit of the retailer.

"It is a question, too, whether all the blame for the trying conditions of the present time should be laid at the door of established trade, any more than at any other door. There seems no good evidence for believing that the business morals of the merchant class are worse than any other, and there might be those who might reply to the stricture that our schools and colleges are not devoting their attention strongly enough to the bread and butter needs that 'man does not live by bread alone'."

The frank object of this resolution was "to attain a substantial reduction in the cost of living generally, but without increase of hours of labor or reduction of wages." It is the possibility of this which THE FINANCIAL POST doubts.

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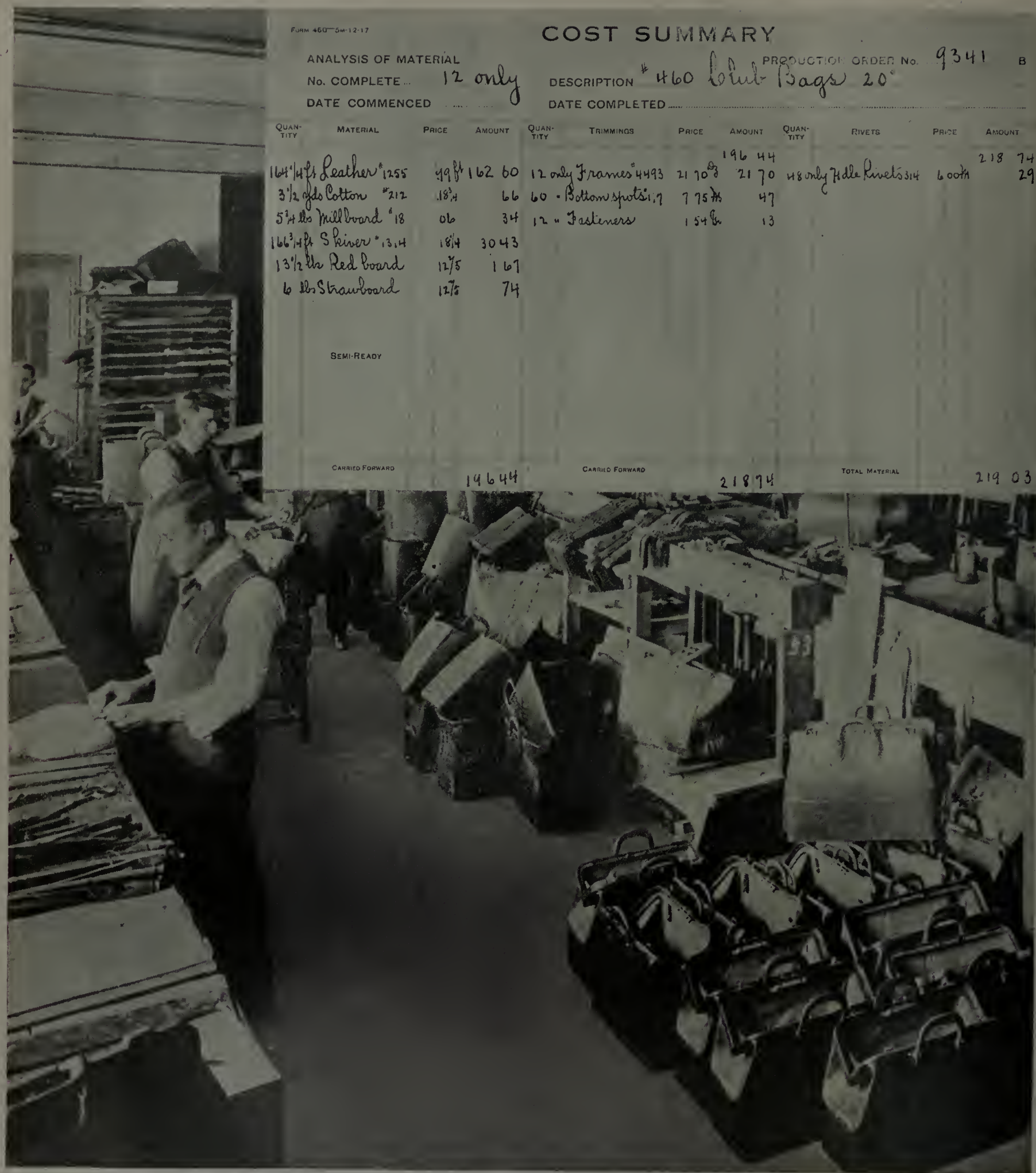

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Anglo-Saxon Friction Must be Overcome

Why Relations Between English and American People Are Not Cordial

THERE is no use blinking the fact that the relations between the English and American people have not been improved by the war. For a time—when the United States first entered the war—it looked as though an enduring entente had at last been reached between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. But events since have almost destroyed the hope and since the cessation of fighting, the feeling has been even less cordial than before the Americans came in.

It is realized on both sides, however, that the estrangement is to be deplored and that, in fact, the future peace of the world could be built on the foundation of a firm Anglo-Saxon Alliance. Consequently, a fair and comprehensive summary of the situation which appears in the *Edinburgh Review* from the pen of A. Maurice Low is worth close attention in both countries. He writes, in part:

Those of us who had somewhat more than a superficial knowledge of America and her people, hoped that the late war would wipe out the bitter memories of the past, and bring about a friendship so precious that it could not be broken. The hope seemed not unreasonable. We had fought each other, and each had for the other the admiration brave men have for honorable foes. We had fought each other, and now we were to fight as companions in arms, brothers linked in a great cause, willing to give their blood so that the world might live in freedom. In the spiritual contact of war the old prejudices were to be swept away, the old misunderstandings forgotten, as lovers forget their quarrels only to rejoice in their renewed happiness. That was the aspiration; surely not unwarranted. Yet, I deeply regret to say, the war has not done what we hoped.

Generalities are often misleading and distort the truth, unless a broad statement is limited in its application. Prior to the war, there existed a deep-seated dislike of England and the English on the part of the great mass of Americans. That dislike to-day is not less intense than it was; rather, there is every reason to fear, it is more widespread. It is true that the war has brought to our side, as our open and avowed champions, thousands of men and women who were always sentimentally inclined to like England and to admire her traditions, government, and principles, but who, for political, social, and business reasons, felt it the part of wisdom not to allow their admiration to become vocal. These persons are now given the right openly to express what they have long felt.

To offset this we have some 20,000,000 men and women, native-born Germans and American-born children of German parents, Austrians, Hungarians, Turks, Bulgarians and the Irish, who are all eager to voice their detestation of England. This element is our bitter and implacable enemy. It is an element commanding far-reaching political, social, and financial influence. It is confined to no single class. It is scattered throughout the country, in large cities as well as in villages; subject to its influence are men in the highest places, leaders of affairs in politics, finance, and trade; men of learning and the illiterate; the well-to-do and the poor.

To this we must add the "native" American, who, through prejudice, environment, association, and the garbled teaching of his history books, was anti-British prior to the outbreak of the war. He is no less anti-British than he was; in fact, he is now convinced that what was perhaps merely prejudice and an inherited aversion is based on substantial reason.

In dealing with present and future Anglo-American relations we have to consider three factors:—

First, the great mass of Americans not only do not like, but actively dislike England.

Second, 20,000,000 men and women in the United States have an implacable hatred of England.

Third, the American who dislikes England conscientiously believes he is neither prejudiced nor unfair, but has ample justification for his position.

Again, the war has profoundly affected American psychology. The defeat of Germany immensely increased the American's belief in himself. The great mass believes that America won the war. It believes that in April 1917 England and France were defeated and reduced to the last extremity, their man power weakened beyond repair and their financial strength exhausted. In their desperation England and France turned to America. With the cunning and skill which is the heritage of European diplomacy, and of England especially, they inveigled the President into war. America did not go to war willingly; she was forced into it.

The great mass of the American people believes that it was the American army that gave the *coup de grâce* to Germany; that, but for the American army, Germany would have dictated peace in Paris or London; that, but for the American navy, the submarine would have destroyed the last ton of British shipping; that, had it not been for American food carried in American ships, England and France would have starved; that, without the money of America, England would have been bankrupt. These things being a matter of conviction, it is not surprising that the great American mass has a consciousness of its strength such as it never had before. It was challenged and it won. It did in a few months successfully what every other country after years of endeavor failed to accomplish. The war has made the American believe that he is not only invulnerable but also invincible. He has nothing to fear; the war has proved his physical courage. But more than that, it has proved he has nothing to learn, that his mastery of the art of war is equal, if not superior, to that of those nations of Europe who so long prided themselves upon their military proficiency. And even greater than all, the war has proved that while all Europe is dependent upon the United States, the resources of the United States are so ample that she is independent of Europe.

It is easy to dismiss this national faith with an airy gesture; to say that America exaggerates her importance; that while she assisted in winning the war, that assistance was only possible to her and only of critical value to her allies because for three years England and France and Belgium had poured out their blood and their money with spendthrift profusion, while the manhood of American was untouched and the wealth of the world was at her feet. This answer is easy to make; its partial truth is obvious; yet justice, and the desire to do justice, require a less summary verdict.

We should be blind to the claims of justice did we not concede a justification in part at least for the American popular belief. When the United States declared war on Germany on 6th April, 1917, it was generally accepted that few if any troops outside of the regular army would be sent to France, that the American naval contingent would be small, that the contribution of America to the common pool would be her money and her resources, her food, her raw materials, her articles of commerce turned to the uses of war; to that extent America was willing to go to the full extent of her capacity. When in the following month the Balfour and Viviani missions came to Washington the American people knew—or perhaps it would be more correct to say they thought they knew, for knowledge is immaterial so long as ignorance may pass current for truth—how much deeper they were to be involved. It is because we live in an electric age that the deliberations of statesmen can never remain a secret even although they may not be officially published. It was not long before Americans learned they were pledged to furnish not only money and food and munitions but men, not a few battalions but armies, millions of men if need be, and that England and France relied on them to make good the waste which it was now beyond their own power to repair.

A people seldom reasons closely, but it has an instinctive faculty of reaching a conclusion. To the American people it seemed, not knowing all the facts but hastily piecing together scattered fragments, that England and France had been so weakened by Germany they were unable to make further formidable resistance and were in danger of irretrievable disaster.

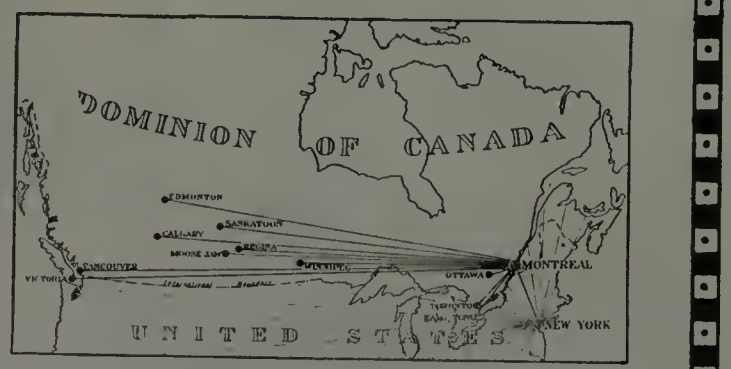
What the war has done for America is vastly to increase her actual and potential wealth and to reverse her international financial and economic position. Before the war America was a debtor nation. To-day Europe and South America are her debtors. Before the war America did a large exporting trade, but in foreign trade she was not a real competitor of either England or Germany; to-day America has invaded the markets which the war has closed to Germany and which England has temporarily abandoned. Before the war American exports were carried in foreign bottoms, largely British; to-day America has a merchant tonnage she hopes will equal, if not exceed, that of England. This knowledge of the financial and commercial advantages the war has brought to America has influenced American psychology.

For nineteen months the interests of England and America were mutual and identical. Past jealousies, differences, and dislikes were forgotten. They ate at a common table, and the obligation of hospitality or charity imposes certain restraints. The table has now been cleared, and the obligation no longer exists.

The Americans are out for foreign trade. Its necessity they now realize as never before, and never before have they appreciated the value of the foreign market. They look forward to controlling a great mercantile marine, and ships must have cargoes. In some countries dollar exchange has displaced sterling. Americans hope that this ousting of the pound can be made permanent. As a result of the war the United States has been able to establish credits in all parts of the world; England, France, Italy, and other nations are heavily indebted to America; alone among nations the United States has vast quantities of raw materials, finished and semi-finished products for export; every other nation is burdened with debt, heavily taxed, its foreign trade dislocated.

The official relations between England and America from the American Civil War until 1917—that is, for a little more than half a century—have been, except for brief period of cordiality, strained and provocative of fric-

Continued on page 70



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Canadian Interests Sacrificed

Contract Taken Away From Us and Given to German Interests

A WRITER in *Canada* (London) opens up what it terms a case of "bureaucratic ineptitude" by which Canada lost a promising shipping enterprise. That the contract for refitting a fleet of interned German ships should have been taken away from a Canadian concern and given to German interests provides ample justification for a protest. The story is reprinted as it suggests that the Canadian Government must be prepared to watch and fight for our interests overseas. *Canada* says:

The apparent sacrifice by the British Ministry of Shipping of the interests of Canada and a Canadian shipping enterprise has been disclosed by the information just made public that the contract for the repair of some forty German vessels interned in South American waters has been granted to German interests.

Where Canada's interests have suffered is in the fact that the Ministry of Shipping previously refused, first, an offer to buy the ships, register ten of them in Canada for her Merchant Marine, and use the purchase price as a credit for the supply of foodstuffs from Canada to Germany; and, secondly, an offer by the Anderson Co., of which Mr. J. Herbert Anderson, a Canadian, is head, to repair the vessels at a very moderate profit and put them in commission for the British Government. As a result of these refusals the vessels, which might have been in service six months ago, are still unrepaired.

The fate of these vessels was made the subject of a question asked of the Government in the British House of Commons some months ago, after two had been lost in a storm while lying in a Chilean port. There is a long history. After having been interned and damaged by their German owners, the Armistice found them still in Chilean waters. As at the time no definite decision had been taken as to the disposal of enemy tonnage, the Anderson Co., of New York and Montreal, made a proposal to purchase the boats at an approximate price of $30,000,000, this purchase money to be used as a credit for the supply of food and raw materials which the Allies had agreed to sell to Germany. The Anderson Co. had acted for the French Government throughout the war for the purchase of tonnage in America, was favorably known to the Canadian Government, and was at the time disposing of some hundred and forty small vessels for the British Government, as well as acting for the United States Shipping Board in the purchase of tonnage.

A precedent had already been set by the purchase in 1917, when enemy tonnage was the vital need of the Allies, of a large number of German and Austrian vessels by the United States Shipping Board with the consent of Great Britain and France. The Anderson Co. had also obtained the consent of the German owners of the vessels for their sale, on condition that the money be placed as a credit for foodstuffs in Canada or the United States. The company thereupon put their proposition before the Allied Governments and assumed the responsibility for fitting out the vessels in the shortest possible time. This was at a time when the increase of tonnage for Canadian trade was a paramount necessity, and the Canadian Government therefore saw fit to refer the matter to Great Britain, recommending that the proposition should be acceped with the following conditions:—

(1) That the purchase money should be deposited in Canada for the payment of food supplies.

(2) That ten of the vessels should be

registered in Canada to augment her Merchant Marine.

At this time the sanction of the other Allied Governments had been obtained, as stated, and it only remained for Britain to give her consent. Mr. Anderson himself appeared before the Ministry of Shipping and presented the case. But the proposition was refused, and this, though some higher officials of the Government expressed it as their individual opinion that the arrangement would be in the best interest of all concerned. It is understood the reasons given to Mr. Anderson were that the ownership of the tonnage was still vested in Germany, and that an agreement for the disposition of the vessels had already been arrived at. These arguments, however, were rather remarkable ones in view of the willingness of the German owners to sell the tonnage and of the other Allies to allow its sale.

However, after being given this answer, the Anderson Co. made an alternative suggestion, that they be authorized to repair the ships at cost, plus £1 per ton, the whole scheme to be financed by themselves until the ships were actually delivered in Great Britain. The company had already made precise surveys of the damage done to the ships, and had been informed of the whereabouts of certain parts concealed by the German crews. They offered to consult the convenience of the Allies in every possible way and deliver the ships in six months' time.

This offer was also refused, or, at least, not accepted, and Mr. Anderson returned to New York. While there he heard rumors that the contract for repairing the ships was to be given to Germany, and he came to London to ascertain the facts. A fortnight ago he was informed by the Ministry of Shipping that the rumors were correct.

Failing some justification of its attitude by the Ministry of Shipping, its action appears to be a unique illustration of how not to encourage Imperial sentiment. No matter how efficient the German workmen may be, their offer cannot be much more advantageous than that of the Anderson Co., who were willing to accept a very low profit and to submit to the examination of experts, to be appointed by the Ministry of Shipping, their figures for cost of the repairs. And when it is considered that one year's delay must ensue between the completion of the present contract and that which might have been made, it will be seen how great a loss has resulted to every interest concerned, and more particularly to Canadian export trade. The vessels will have to be towed to Germany for repair.

When seen in regard to the matter, Mr. Lodge, Secretary of the Ministry of Shipping stated he was unacquainted with the first offer made by Mr. Anderson, that for the purchase of the ships. "However, it is easy to see that under the circumstances the British Government could not have authorized the sale of German ships to anyone," he remarked. "They were not our ships; they belonged to Germany."

"But the Germans were willing to sell."

"The Germans would have been glad to sell all their ships, but it was not in Great Britain's interest to allow them to do so, inasmuch as we stood to gain a large portion of this German tonnage under the terms of the Peace Treaty."

"But isn't Germany to receive anything in return?"

"Oh, yes; their value will be allowed for."

"Then it appears to come to very much the same thing in the end," commented the interviewer.

In regard to the offer for repair of the ships, Mr. Lodge said that an agreement had been arrived at between the Allies for the repair of German vessels in the Dutch West Indies by the British, in Spain by the French, and in South American waters by the Americans. Most of the vessels allocated under the first two heads had been repaired, but the United States had not done anything with the ships in Chile and Argentina. As for the Anderson contract, Mr. Lodge said in the first place it looked like a very good thing for Mr. Anderson, and in the second place it was for the United States to accept the offer if it desired.

"But Mr. Anderson claims the United States was willing to approve the contract if Great Britain was favorable," said the interviewer.

"Two months ago the responsibility for repairing these vessels was placed with Great Britain," resumed Mr. Lodge. "However, we did not see fit to accept the Anderson offer, since it seemed to us that, as the Germans were responsible for putting the rest of their tonnage in shape under the Peace Treaty terms, we might as well include these boats. They will be towed to German ports and there repaired."

"But will that not be a very expensive proceeding?" Mr. Lodge was asked.

"The Germans who built these ships should be able to repair them efficiently. When the work is completed we will get the boats, although there are conditions attached as to carrying foodstuffs to Germany."

The Workers Now Rule

English Writer Reaches This Conclusion on Present Conditions

THAT the working people of England have become the ruling class; that the middle classes are being slowly wiped out; and that the agricultural laborers stand to gain more from the conditions arising out of the war than any other body: Such are the main conclusions reached by a writer commissioned by the *Quiver* to investigate labor problems in England. The conclusions are embodied in an unsigned article which reads, in part, as follows:

"As a matter of fact, the domination of Labor is going to wash out the old Middle Class utterly. The working man who is prospering under the flag of Organized Labor is going to be the Middle Class very soon, and the clerk will sink lower and lower in the social classification—unless he can take a leaf from the book of the trade unionist.'

Whether the opinions of my informant will bear the test of time the future alone can prove, but there is much in his words that gives one food for thought. As for the position of many clerks and of those people belonging to some nondescript callings and vocations, it is only natural evolution that they should have been left out of the scheme of things by Organized Labor.

Another point that is perfectly obvious is that Labor will never again become dependent, as it has been in the past. The war has lifted a magic curtain, and set out in the opening it covered the worker has not only seen his own power, but also the ways and means of using it. Instead of visualizing himself individually as a screw in a machine or a cog in a wheel, the toiler conjures up a picture of many men collectively exercising amazing force.

Summing up my experiences, I have come to the conclusion that the worker is beginning to realize that he is soon going to form the new Middle Class, which will consist of the mechanic, the railwayman, the factory operative and artisan. The breaking up of slums and building of better dwellings will give that self-respect that will bring home to the worker and his family his altered conditions. Then it will be that the domestic science taught in our modern council and secondary schools will find its harvest.

In the course of my travels, I have discovered that as the direct outcome of war-time developments the agricultural laborer stands to benefit more than anyone as a class. With minimum wages assured by law, hours of work

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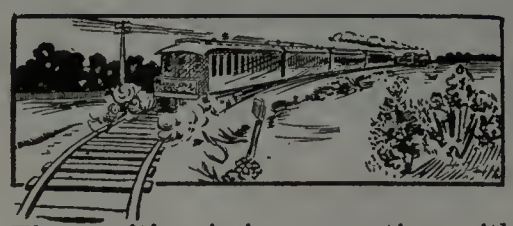

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fixed, Sunday labor lessened and decent housing in view, the farm worker will be elevated in the industrial and social scale a hundredfold. More land will be brought under the plough, and the term "The New Governor" will apply with drastic and dramatic force to a group of toilers larger than the miners, the railwaymen or any other single section of employees. Moreover, there can be but little chance of the statement being contradicted that our toilers of the countryside belong to a class that has been deliberately tyrannized and sweated for a century, mainly through an ancient feudalism that prevented the slightest attempt at the Organization of Labor.

The outcome of the Labor Revolution is beyond the scope of this paper. There are people who say it will bring in its train national disaster and bankruptcy; others who declare that it carries with it the possibility of a new-found happiness and contentment in a million homes. One thing is quite certain, and that is that suspicion, mistrust and jealousy must be eliminated from the relationship between Organized Capital and Organized Labor, even if there is a presiding genius at the meeting from the Government. Capital and Labor fought loyally, hand in hand, against a common foe; both parties died side by side. Why should they not live amicably and prosperously together?

And there is one class that is going to suffer terribly, unless it can gird itself about with the strength of organization. With the elevation of one class there is the danger that the class above may be merely the object of transposition, seeing that it cannot mark time on its own ground. I am referring, of course, to a certain section of clerks, of unskilled workers and of other folk who now form the backbone of our Middle Class. What is to happen to them as the outcome of this great revolution?

Anglo-Saxon Friction Must be Overcome

Continued from page 66

tion; and the official relations have reflected the non-official relations of the two countries. Between the two peoples, though not between individuals, there has existed more friction than real friendship. To search for the causes of this unhappy state of affairs would be too long a task, nor would any useful purpose be served by raking over the ashes of the past. But for the purpose of this article it is necessary to say that neither side is solely to blame —both must be held responsible.

On our side the trouble comes from a failure to understand the American character, from lack of sympathy and forbearance, from ignorance of American psychology; frequently from the appointment of wrong agents or the employment of wrong methods; from a rigid adherence to practices which, while suitable in other countries and useful, were in America unsuitable and harmful. We have failed, and in a measure have deserved to fail, because we have so frequently swung from untempered criticism to the extreme of flattery; and the American has resented the one and been cynically irritated by the other.

On the American side the trouble comes from a misunderstanding equally as erroneous of the English character. The English are not liked because they are regarded as arrogant, supercilious, and contemptuous of the American. The policy of England is represented as that of the bully, always trying to take an advantage over weak and small nations, always cunning and dishonest in her diplomacy, always to be feared when she has tried to win by diplomacy what she was unable to secure by force.

That is one reason why the League of Nations has met with so much American opposition. It is looked upon with suspicion because it is supposed to be an English invention, cunningly designed to be to the advantage of England and to the serious disadvantage of

America. The Greeks are most feared when bearing gifts.

Nor has the war helped us; on the contrary, it has in some quarters still further strengthened the belief that it is wisdom on the part of America always to be on her guard against England.

It is necessary to speak without reserve. To resort to euphemism would be childish. Our policy of excessive secrecy between 1914 and 1917, and the work of the official propaganda agents appointed to spread the gospel to America—men with neither the training nor the knowledge to qualify them for the task—had most unfortunate effects in America. It made Americans believe that the reports circulated by our enemies were true, that while France was doing the bulk of the fighting, England was doing practically nothing; that while France had given her all to winning the war, England was thinking about trade; that while France had sent her last man to the front, England selfishly held vast armies at home, so that even if France perished England was secure from invasion; that while France made the supreme sacrifice, the English navy was held in safety for the same reason that England withheld her aid from France! the first thought of England being always her own protection. The blockade, the interference with "neutral" trade, the consorship of mails and cables, the black list, the bunkering regulations, all increased American feeling against England.

The injury done might have been prevented and much of the feeling could have been removed had other methods been employed, but it is futile to discuss the past, it is only useful if it can be made to give profit to the present. The point to emphasize is that although America has been the ally of England, and American troops have fought side by side with English, the old dislike remains. Americans who have seen both France and England, who have seen England untouched and France devastated; and those Americans who have seen only France, and judge only from what they have seen, believe more firmly than ever that France stood the brunt of the war, that France fought and died in her misery, while England in her security enjoyed her ease.

It is for the interest both of Great Britain and of the United States that they shall not only be friendly but that the sympathy arising out of intimate understanding shall exist between them, that they shall pursue the same ends and have a common policy. Self-interest on both sides dictates this, but one would like to ascribe a higher motive. The peace, the security, the well-being the future progress and civilization of the world are largely in the keeping of Great Britain and the United States, provided each believes in the sincerity and disinterestedness of the other. On the part of Great Britain it is impossible to hope for this unless we fully understand the American character.

What should level all barriers between the two peoples has too often kept them apart and prevented each being in sympathy with the other. Paradoxical as it may sound, fantastic even as it may seem, the speech of our fathers is an obstacle.

No Englishmen goes to a foreign country no matter how extensive his knowledge of its people, history, and language, without feeling that he still has much to learn, that only with diffidence may he presume to deliver judgment on their mentality or character; and then only after long residence and intimate association. The Englishman going to America for the first time fondly believes that he suffers under no such handicap. Having no strange tongue to master, he assumes that he has nothing to learn; he assumes that as men speak so they are, and that all men who speak the language of England must think as do the people of England. Hence the business man, the casual tourist, the government official or the diplomatist, who in any other country would know his ignorance and be ashamed to expose it, after a few weeks in America is critic or censor, competent to advise or instruct, to write a book, or to shape the policy of his government. It is more tragic than the blind leading the blind, for their affliction has made all men equal. It is the folly of a man with sound eyes trusting himself to a guide without experience, too vain to confess his ignorance.

Fundamentally, Englishmen and Americans are so much alike, that it may well be believed there is little divergence in the two stocks, and yet psychologically the differences are so great, though not always so immediately obvious, that they are the pitfalls into which the Englishman will stumble, unless he guards his footsteps cautiously. Of the two, the American is the more complex; often he is subtle. I suppose the American would deny this; he thinks of himself as very much on the surface, knowing little of the delight of reticence, and that he cannot be accused of subtlety. Yet, I still adhere to my opinion. But what will not be denied is that an American will treat leniently the mistakes of a foreigner, whether in speech or action, because the American has the Anglo-Saxon tolerant contempt for the foreigner; but an Englishman's mistakes will not be pardoned, because he is expected to know better, and he sins only because he is indifferent or rude with intent. Difference of language shields the foreigner, and forces him to be a more patient and often a more acute observer; community of language induces the Englishman to record superficial judgments, confuses his sense of values and inclines him to criticism, which, being merely a passing impression, irritates the American and creates friction.

A Tribe of Wild Men

They Are Found on Lonely Rock, South of California

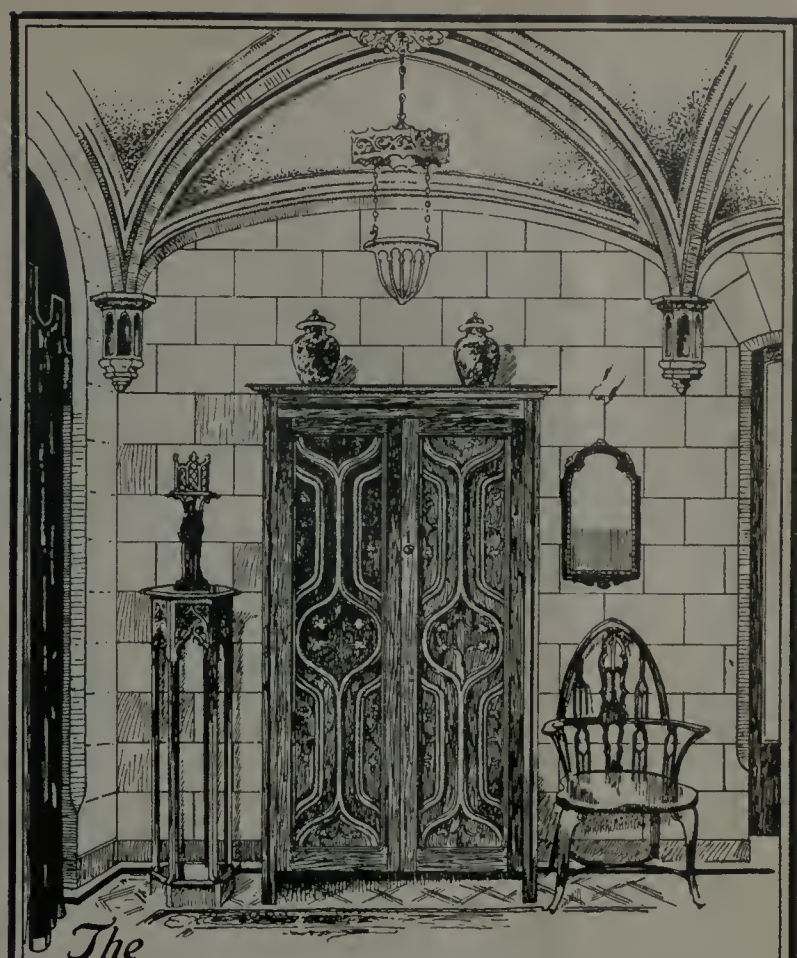
MOST of the well-advertised brands of wild men are fairly familiar to the show-going American public, writes Frederick Simpich in the *National Geographic Magazine*. He goes on to say that a variety of "wild man," which the world at large has never heard of, exists within 700 miles of the thoroughly modern city of Los. Angeles. He writes:

But right here at home, there dwells a lost tribe of savages whose very name is known to but few of us; for this tribe has never been tamed, "uplifted," or even exhibited. Yet it is older, perhaps, than the Aztecs; it may even be the last living fragment of the American aborigines.

The Seris, these strange people are called, and they inhabit a lonely, evil rock called Tiburon (Shark) Island that lifts its hostile head from the hot, empty waters of the Gulf of Cortez. (Gulf of California it's printed on American maps). And all down this coast the name of Tiburon is spoken with a shrug of the shoulders, for these Seris are thieves and killers. It is even whispered that long ago they were cannibals. However, they did not try to eat us or even hint at it while I was visiting them.

From where we anchored, off the north end of the island, it had seemed quite deserted; but no sooner had we waded from our whaleboat to the beach than two Indians appeared, carrying a flag of truce. Then came others, in swarms, venturing timidly from the mesquite and *palo verde* brush. They were tall men, mostly very slender, with straight black hair; their teeth were remarkably white and sound. Except for a few bows and arrows, all were unarmed. (Later I learned that they had hidden their few old rifles in a neighboring arroyo before showing themselves.)

One picturesque old man, clad in tattered rags, an antediluvian "Stetson,"



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and rope sandals, advanced and asked in broken Spanish for the "Chief" of our party. We shook hands, and then, waiving further formalities, he demanded a drink. Our failure to produce alcohol had an immediate and depressing effect on old Juan Tomas, as he called himself. It also seemed to upset the rest of the tribe, who yapped and chattered excitedly for several minutes.

I was told afterward that previous exploring parties had invariably started negotiations with the Seris by offering whiskey or mescal. Luckily I had brought some cigars, and when the tumult among the "wets" had subsided I produced these and gave them to Chief Juan Tomas. He made no move to pass them around; whereupon the other bucks again broke into noisy, jabbering protest. Then crafty old Juan lit a panetela, took a few puffs, and passed it to the Indian nearest him. He, too, took a puff and passed the cigar on to the next; it finally disappeared in the crowd. But Juan held tight to the box.

After some parley, the Chief agreed to lead us to the Seri village. It lay down the beach half a mile, toward the Sonora side. But when we got there it was not a pueblo at all, as other Indian pueblos usually are.

It was little more than a place in the sand where the Seris ate and slept—just rude, flimsy shelters of mesquite and tules, or *palo verde* brush piled in circles about holes in the sand. Here and there a few big turtle shells were worked in or laid on the brush. No typical Indian huts, no tepees—not even the primitive but substantial "ramadah" of the Pimas; in fact, the abiding place of the Seri is no more of a shelter than the pigs and calves of Iowa find on the lee side of straw-stacks.

The Seri women, carrying bundles on their heads and chattering excitedly, fled up a canyon as we approached their village. But after a few minutes they began venturing back, timidly, curiously.

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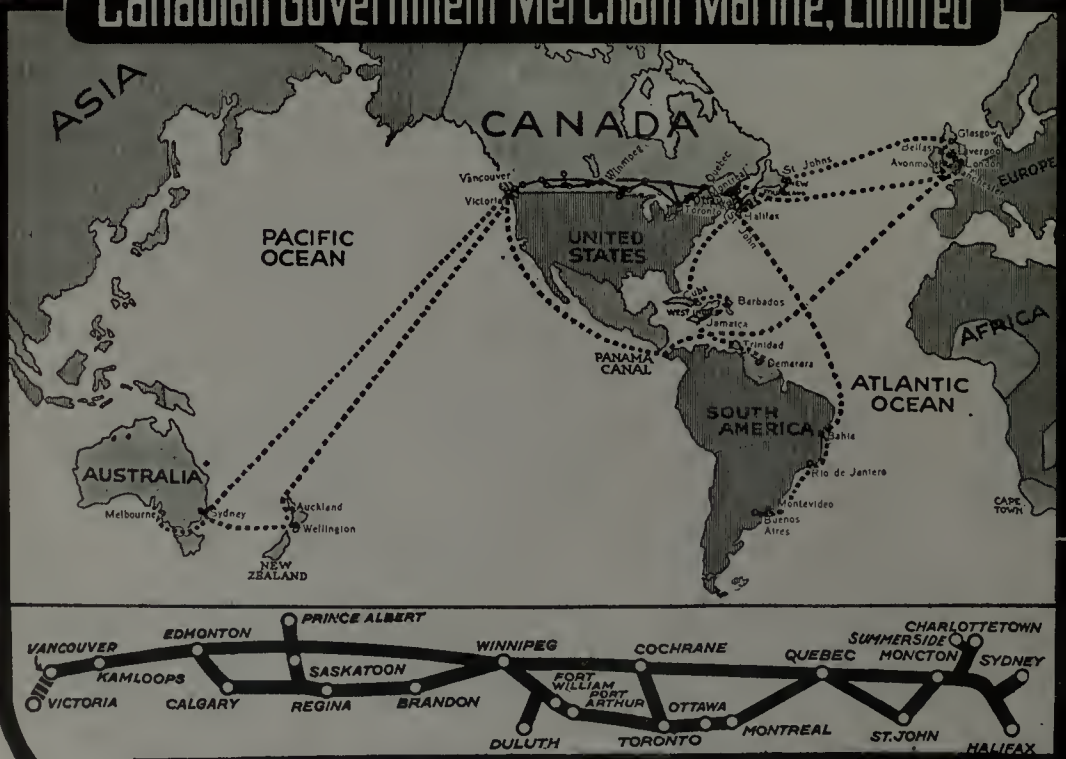

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Industrial Conditions Good in Germany

Strikes Are Ceasing and a Strong Bid For World Trade Being Made

IN dealing with the labor situation in his articles in this magazine, Colonel Maclean made the statement that Germany was stirring up labor troubles in allied countries through the activity of Bolshevistic agents, and that in Germany itself there was less labor unrest than elsewhere. This is borne out by facts that are now coming to light with reference to industrial conditions in Germany. Trade and commerce are beginning to run with a smoothness that bodes ill for the rest of the world. Once again is Germany a dangerous competitor for world trade.

A special correspondent of the Times (New York) sends the following despatch on this point:

"The number of the unemployed has been reduced considerably from month to month. On August 30, 301,000 unemployed were counted in 113 cities. On October 19 only 232,000 unemployed were counted in 117 cities, including Berlin and most of the large places. The Federal Labor Ministry calculates from these figures that there are about half a million unemployed in all Germany, while not six months ago it was nearly a million and a half.

The reawakening of commerce and industry, of course, plays no small part in the recovery of German labor. Certain branches, like the metal and chemical industry, are simply overwhelmed with orders from foreign countries, and districts where these dominate, like the Ruhr Valley, and a number of Saxon districts, have had no strikes whatever in the last four weeks. The manufacturers of Solingen have agents en route to recruit skilled workmen whenever found in Germany because they simply cannot supply all the goods ordered. They and other metal centres will only accept new orders if the buyers agree to pay the prices fixed by the Manufacturers' Association when the goods are ready two or six months hence. If you don't agree you must give your orders outside of Germany."

Getting Literature Into Germany

The Ingenious Methods of Allied Propaganda

IT IS not too much to say that the Allied propagandist had as large a share in the final overthrow of the Germans as the armies had. Ludendorf in his memories bears testimony to the morale-destroying effect of the Allies' efficient propaganda. In fact he almost uses it as an excuse for the defeat of the Germanic forces. In the *Cornhill* for November, Major C. J. C. Street, in an article entitled "Propaganda Behind the Lines," tells in an interesting way how the distribution of leaflets and other propaganda material was effected. He says in part:

Early in 1916, the War Office realized the might of the moral weapon, and cast about to find the personnel wherewith to forge it. A branch of the Directorate of Military Intelligence was created, and known as M. I. 7. b. An Army Order was issued, inviting those officers and men who had previous literary experience to communicate with the new organization. As a result, a more

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or less regular staff of some thousand writers was enrolled, who, as an act of grace, consented to contribute the produce of their pens during such times as they could spare from more active military duties.

An early function of M.I.7.b. was the establishment of *Le Courrier de l'Air*. The needs of the invaded districts had long been felt, and it was realized that a newspaper of Allied tendencies, aerially distributed, was the best way to meet that need. So, after much discussion, the first number of *The Courrier*, as it came to be called, was produced, in the form of a single sheet, some eight inches by six.

It bears the date of April 6, 1917, and carries in its leading column an exhortation that most admirably sets out its aims and scope. *A nos Lecteurs*, it is headed, with a sub-heading *MM. les Patriotes Martyrisés!* But, perhaps, it is better translated.

"This weekly paper will be distributed every week by Allied aeroplanes among our brave Belgian and French friends living in the unhappy territory now in the occupation of the enemy. It has for its sole object the dissemination of the truth about the war. To you, who have so greatly suffered for your country, truth can only bring the assurance that the day of deliverance is at hand. Be sure, my friends, that here you will find nothing but the truth. I, who fall from the skies, have no idea of deceiving you, as the Boche deceives his own people, with fine promises and with vain hopes, false dreams that can never come true. On the contrary, if I seem optimistic, it is because at the present time every event, military or political, assures me that the fortunes of Germany are on the wane. The whole world, from China to the United States, arms itself against the barbarous enemy of civilization. Might is powerless before Right. Truth triumphs over lies.

"Finally, the motto of the *Courrier de l'Air* will always be: Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth!"

The *Courrier* pursued an uninterrupted existence until it reached its forty-third number on January 25, 1918. By this time it had become a very serious thorn in the side of the German *Kommandatur*, and orders were issued that the occupants of any aeroplane brought down while carrying this or other "seditious literature" would be tried by court martial and sentenced to severe penalties. This threat was followed by an example of its execution, and instructions were given that the publication of the *Courrier* should be suspended pending the inauguration of fresh means of distribution. Experiments were set on foot immediately, and as a result of this, distribution by balloon was begun.

Both the Allied Powers and the Central Empires experimented with propaganda projectiles, using the trench mortar as their means of projection. But this system had its obvious drawbacks.

It was not long before the trench mortar as a projector of propaganda, was abandoned in favor of the aeroplane.

This latter weapon seemed at first to have every qualification for the purpose. It could scatter innumerable leaflets from any convenient height, and, owing to the length of time taken by them in falling, their arrival had no visible connection with its flight. But on the other hand, it was felt that the aeroplane was too valuable a fighting machine proper to be employed as a disseminator of leaflets.

It was not until late in 1916 that the free balloon was seriously considered as a vehicle of propaganda. The difficulty lay in predicting within a thousand miles or so where the balloon would come down. It was not until the science of meteorology, urgently impelled by the needs of the Artillery, made its marvellous war-time developments, that balloons could be used scientifically. "Meteor," in the shape of the various meteorological experts attached to the forces, eventually became able to gauge the velocity and direction of the wind at practically any height in any given locality. The rest was simple, as soon as a simple and reliable release had been evolved.

The means of attachment was the solution of the whole problem of the use of balloons, and was as simple as it was ingenious. A length of the orange-colored woven tinder, sold at every tobacconist's for use in pipe-

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lighters, was taken, and one end of it fixed to the balloon. The sheaves of leaflets were strung on cotton tags, as used for binding papers in Government offices. The end of each tag was driven through the length of tinder at calculated distances from the free end. The rate of burning of the tinder was ascertained by experiment, and found to be, say, one inch in five minutes. If the target were twenty miles away, and the wind were blowing at thirty miles an hour, the balloon would be over the target in forty minutes. The tags would then be inserted at close intervals from six to ten inches from the end of the tinder.

Just as the balloon was released, the end of the tinder was held against a lighted cigarette, and commenced to burn. The balloon soared up into the sky, carried rapidly out of sight by the wind. In thirty minutes the first tag burnt through, and the papers fluttered separately to the ground, closely followed by those held by the next tag. By this means it was found possible to ensure a large percentage of the leaflets falling in or around a given target.

Enemy troops and enemy territory were flooded with leaflets, the motive of which was invariably discouragement. The principal line of argument was the necessity of the ultimate defeat of Germany, both politically through the blockade, and militarily, by the ever-increasing pressure of the forces brought against her.

Various means were employed to bring these facts home to the German people, and no less an authority than Ludendorff bears testimony to their efficacy. One example may be given, a cartoon, consisting of two sketches. One of these was inscribed "1914," and depicts Germania, proud and flourishing, driving a donkey cart, the donkey symbolizing the German people, fat and prosperous, the cart vaguely resembling the chariot of Boadicea. In front of the donkey, Germania dangles from the end of her whip a magnificent carrot, labelled *Sieg*. The other sketch was inscribed "1918," and shows the same equipage after four years of war. Germania is now almost a skeleton; seated by her are two bloated figures, the profiteer and a gentleman suspiciously like Hindenburg, weighing down the now patched and rickety cart. The donkey, thinner and more weary than Germania herself, still plods along, with bent knees and staring eyes, fixed now on an attenuated vegetable held out before it, labelled *Ersatz Sieg*.

The result was startling, even to the sceptic, and must have produced a profound impression in Germany.

Failure of Nationalization in Russia

Bolshevistic Measures Have Resulted in Industrial Stagnation

IT IS quite apparent that the methods adopted by the Bolshevist Government in Russia are not working out well. The nationalization of industry has resulted in a serious loss of production and has antagonized the mass of workers in whose interest the change was supposed to be made. Professor I. V. Isaiev tells in *The Economist* the story of the failure of nationalization in Russia.

The workmen's control (embracing all the functions of factory undertakings) was introduced by the detailed decree of the Soviet of People's Commissaries of November 14, 1917—that is, a week after the *coup d'état*. The decree provided for the factory committees, the local Soviets of workmen's control with the participation of the trade union representatives, those of factory committees, etc., the provincial and all-Russia congresses of these Soviets.

In short, a well-thought-out scheme of workmen's control was then drawn up. The proprietors were not entirely removed from participation in the work of the concerns, but their rôle was confined to that of a clerk under the factory committees. The result was complete anarchy in production, a fall in output, and the economic bankruptcy of the enterprises.

Gradually the Soviet authorities began to replace this scheme by a centralized organization for separate branches of all departments of production, and at the same time gradually replaced "workmen's control" by nationalization —that is, substituting the state for the workmen as masters of industry. This process of state organization of public economy was in its main features completed in the course of 1918. A whole system of local and central bodies was established controlling separate branches of industry, such as, for instance, Centrotextile, Centrosugar, Centronaphtha, Centrotea, etc. A body called the Supreme Soviet of Public Economy was placed at the head of the entire structure.

Thus the state became the sole employer, and the whole laboring class was in its pay. The importance of the labor committees in the management of the factories dropped into the background. The organization of the production and the distribution of the products fell to the share of the Soviets of public economy, and at the head of the management in separate factories we see gradually placed hired "experts" with almost dictatorial powers.

Lenine, in his pamphlet *The Direct Tasks of the Soviet Power*, advocates this measure in great detail, although he admits that it is a recoil from the standpoint of Socialism.

What are, then, the results of nationalized industry?

First of all we must indicate the unheard-of increase of staffs of employees in the administrative bodies. For instance, in Centrotexile alone there were 6,000 employees according to the records of the official revision in 1918. The average number of papers—that is, letters, inquiries— coming in was 500 a day, with 207 sent out. Each secretary had to deal on the average with 10 papers coming in and four sent out per day; each typewriter with two papers sent out per day, and so on. One can easily see to what an unproductive expenditure of money that kind of organization leads.

Neither is the matter any better in the purely economic sense. For the second half of 1918 the Centrotexile advanced sums to the amount of 1,348,619,000 rubles for the manufacture of textiles, and yet goods only to the amount of 143,716,000 rubles have been produced, namely, scarcely over 10 per cent.

The same may certainly be seen in the other "Centros."

I am not going to quote figures regarding the reduction of the production, the closing of a whole series of enterprises, and the reduction of the total number of workmen, because it may be argued that these events may not only be the result of the economic policy of "nationalization," but may be the effect of such external causes as, for instance, shortage of raw materials, fuel, etc. I shall only mention that these events have reached quite terrific dimensions.

I would like now to draw attention to some points directly connected with the economic policy of the Bolsheviki.

Payment for labor has grown beyond all measure, and has lost all bearing with purely business expenses and the

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productivity of labor. Thus, for instance, the outlays for the payment of labor and administration in the second half of 1918 grew, in the average, as against those of the first half of the year by 300 per cent., whereas, the purely business outlays have only increased by 50 per cent. on the whole (Isvestia of the State Control, No. 1).

According to the latest information (July, 1919), a workman receives 6,000 rubles a month, although the highest pay according to Soviet decree is 3,000 rubles. This decree, however, is got over by the introduction of a curious system of piecework pay. A certain article requires three hours' time to be made, the factory administration fixes a six hours' time for it, and the workman receives double pay as a premium for double work.

The fall of the productivity of work is shown by the following instances, taken from the report of the Special Commission (January, 1919).

In the Moscow railway workshops the number of workmen in 1916 was 1,192; in 1917, 1,179; in 1918, 1,772—namely, it has increased by 50 per cent. The number of workmen's off-days and holidays is ever growing, making in 1916, 6 per cent.; in 1917, 12 per cent., and in 1918, 39.5 per cent. To each railway car which had left the workshop there was estimated as having been employed in making it in 1916, 0.44 men, in 1917, 13.2, in 1918 41.5.

The Commission believes the reason for the fall of labor productivity to be in the difficulties encountered in the food supply, in their curious conception of what "freedom" meant, in their irresponsibility, careless indifference, in their leaving work to join various committees, etc.

The fall of labor productivity in the collieries is as follows:

The normal amount of work of one man per month is 750 poods (at 36 pounds), in 1916 it was 614 poods, in 1917 448 poods, and in 1918 it fell to 242 poods.

The value of articles manufactured by one workman per day (estimated at an eight-hour labor day and the prices counted on the standard of 1916) was as follows: In 1916, 100 per cent.; in 1917, 75 per cent.; in 1918, 40 per cent.

Similar events are noted in the textile, cotton, cloth, and other branches of industry. The fall in the labor productivity is equal to 20-68 per cent. Just as fruitless and destructive turned out to be their attempts regarding the nationalization of trade, banks, and their agrarian policy.

As a result, nationalized industry gave after the first half of 1919 a deficit of 5,000,000,000 rubles—that is, 44.5 per cent. of its budget (11,000,000,000 rubles), and the railways 4,000,000,000 deficit out of the 5,000,000,000 of its budget.

From these eloquent figures it is clearly seen that the technical and commercial side of nationalization is in a hopelessly pitiful state.

Have the interests of labor been satisfied? Not a bit. The workmen have no share in the management of the production; their economic condition has in no wise improved in spite of the colossal rise in pay, but is infinitely worse owing to the great shortage of articles of first necessity at the markets and the impossible rates for any commodities, all of which are due to the facts given above. Out-of-work is growing, and in Petrograd only 20,000 skilled workmen remain out of a total of several hundred thousand. It may be said that almost the only factories working are those engaged on war work. No wonder then that the strikes and labor agitations do not cease; the Soviet power, which is now the employer, cannot suffer the harming of its interests, and by using punitive measures suppresses discontent with unheard of cruelty. Remember the strikes at the beginning of summer at the Poutilov, Obukhov, and other factories. The recent strike (July, 1919) in the locomotive depots of the Nicholas Railway in Petrograd has cost the workmen several scores of killed and wounded. In general, it may be said that the labor class as such is vanishing in Russia.

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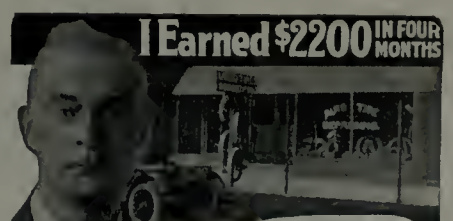

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Send me your name and address on a postal and I will send you, free, my interesting booklet "How to Remember," and unique, Memory Test; also tell you how to secure free my $2.00 book, "How to Speak in Public."

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Stop Forgetting

The Key to Success

productivity of labor. Thus, for instance, the outlays for the payment of labor and administration in the second half of 1918 grew, in the average, as against those of the first half of the year by 300 per cent., whereas, the purely business outlays have only increased by 50 per cent. on the whole (Isvestia of the State Control, No. 1).

According to the latest information (July, 1919), a workman receives 6,000 rubles a month, although the highest pay according to Soviet decree is 3,000 rubles. This decree, however, is got over by the introduction of a curious system of piecework pay. A certain article requires three hours' time to be made, the factory administration fixes a six hours' time for it, and the workman receives double pay as a premium for double work.

The fall of the productivity of work is shown by the following instances, taken from the report of the Special Commission (January, 1919).

In the Moscow railway workshops the number of workmen in 1916 was 1,192; in 1917, 1,179; in 1918, 1,772—namely, it has increased by 50 per cent. The number of workmen's off-days and holidays is ever growing, making in 1916, 6 per cent.; in 1917, 12 per cent., and in 1918, 39.5 per cent. To each railway car which had left the workshop there was estimated as having been employed in making it in 1916, 0.44 men, in 1917, 13.2, in 1918 41.5.

The Commission believes the reason for the fall of labor productivity to be in the difficulties encountered in the food supply, in their curious conception of what "freedom" meant, in their irresponsibility, careless indifference, in their leaving work to join various committees, etc.

The fall of labor productivity in the collieries is as follows:

The normal amount of work of one man per month is 750 poods (at 36 pounds), in 1916 it was 614 poods, in 1917 448 poods, and in 1918 it fell to 242 poods.

The value of articles manufactured by one workman per day (estimated at an eight-hour labor day and the prices counted on the standard of 1916) was as follows: In 1916, 100 per cent.; in 1917, 75 per cent.; in 1918, 40 per cent.

Similar events are noted in the textile, cotton, cloth, and other branches of industry. The fall in the labor productivity is equal to 20-68 per cent. Just as fruitless and destructive turned out to be their attempts regarding the nationalization of trade, banks, and their agrarian policy.

As a result, nationalized industry gave after the first half of 1919 a deficit of 5,000,000,000 rubles—that is, 44.5 per cent. of its budget (11,000,000,000 rubles), and the railways 4,000,000,000 deficit out of the 5,000,000,000 of its budget.

From these eloquent figures it is clearly seen that the technical and commercial side of nationalization is in a hopelessly pitiful state.

Have the interests of labor been satisfied? Not a bit. The workmen have no share in the management of the production; their economic condition has in no wise improved in spite of the colossal rise in pay, but is infinitely worse owing to the great shortage of articles of first necessity at the markets and the impossible rates for any commodities, all of which are due to the facts given above. Out-of-work is growing, and in Petrograd only 20,000 skilled workmen remain out of a total of several hundred thousand. It may be said that almost the only factories working are those engaged on war work. No wonder then that the strikes and labor agitations do not cease; the Soviet power, which is now the employer, cannot suffer the harming of its interests, and by using punitive measures suppresses discontent with unheard of cruelty. Remember the strikes at the beginning of summer at the Poutilov, Obukhov, and other factories. The recent strike (July, 1919) in the locomotive depots of the Nicholas Railway in Petrograd has cost the workmen several scores of killed and wounded. In general, it may be said that the labor class as such is vanishing in Russia.

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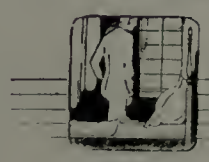

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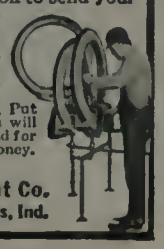

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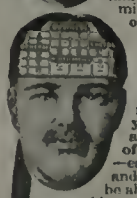

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sand-heaped cockpit the roof of the small cabin was still clear.

"Poor forlorn little boat!" I said. "What in the world do you suppose brought such a mite of a thing to this unheard-of spot?"

"Perhaps she belonged to the copra chap. One man could handle her."

"What would he want with her? A small boat like this is better for fishing and rowing about the cove."

"Perhaps she brought him here from Panama, though he couldn't have counted on taking back a very bulky cargo."

"Then why leave her strewn about on the rocks? And besides—" here the puzzle of Crusoe recurred to me and seemed to link itself with this—"then how did he get away himself?"

BUT my oarsman was much more at home on the solid ground of fact than on the uncharted waters of the hypothetical.

"Don't know, I'm sure," he returned uninterestedly. Evidently the hermit had got away, so why concern one's self about the method? I am sure the Light Brigade must have been made up of Cuthbert Vanes. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die—"

We rowed in close under the port bow of the sloop, and on the rail I made out a string of faded letters. I began excitedly to spell them out.

"I—s—l—oh, *Island Queen!* You see she did belong here. Probably she brought the original porcine Adam and Eve to the island."

"Luckily forgot the snake, though!" remarked the Honorable Bertie with unlooked-for vivacity. For so far Aunt Jane's trembling anticipations had been unfulfilled by the sight of a single snake, a fact laid by me to the credit of St. Patrick and by Cookie to that of the pigs.

"Snakes 'd jes' be oysters on de half shell to dem pigs," declared Cookie.

AS we rowed away from the melancholy little derelict I saw that near by a narrow gully gave access to the top of the cliff, and I resolved that I would avail myself of this path to visit the Island Queen again. My mind continued to dwell upon the unknown figure of the copra gatherer. Perhaps the loss of his sloop had condemned him to weary months or years of solitude upon the island, before the rare glimmer of a sail or the trail of a steamer's smoke upon the horizon gladdened his longing eyes. Hadn't he grown very tired of pork, and didn't his soul to this day revolt at a ham sandwich? What would he say if he ever discovered that he might have brought away a harvest of gold instead of copra from the island? Last but not least, did not his heart and conscience, if he by chance possessed them, ache horribly at the thought of the forsaken Crusoe?

Suddenly I turned to Cuthbert Vane.

"How do you know, really, that he ever did leave the island?" I demanded.

"Who—the copra chap? Well, why else was the cabin cleared out so carefully—no clothes left about or anything?"

"That's true," I acknowledged. The last occupant of the hut had evidently made a very deliberate and orderly business of packing up to go.

We drifted about the cove for a while, then steered into the dim, murmuring shadow of the treasure-cavern. It was filled with dark-green, lisping water, and a continual resonant whispering in which you seemed to catch half-framed words, and the low ripple of laughter. Mr. Vane indicated the point at which they had arrived in their exploration among the fissures opening from the ledge.

The place held me with fascination, but we dared not linger long, for as the tide turned one man would have much ado to manage the boat. So we slid through the archway into the bright sunshine of the cove, and headed for the camp.

AS we neared the beach we saw a figure pacing it. I knew that free stride. It was Dugald Shaw. And quite unexpectedly my heart began to beat with staccato quickness. Dugald Shaw, who didn't like me and never looked at me—except just sometimes,

when he was perfectly sure I didn't know it. Dugald Shaw, the silent, unboastful man who had striven and starved and frozen on the dreadful Southern ice-fields, who had shared the Viking deeds of the heroes—whom just to think of warmed my heart with a safe, cuddled, little-girl feeling that I had never known since I was a child on my father's knee. There he was, waiting for us, and splashing into the foam to help Cuthbert beach the boat—he for whom a thousand years ago the skalds would have made a saga—

The b. y. hailed him cheerfully as we sprang out upon the sand. But the Scotchman was unsmiling.

"Make haste after your tools, lad," he ordered. "We'll have fine work now to get inside the cave before the turn."

These were his words; his tone and his grim look meant, *So in spite of all my care you are being beguiled by a minx*—

It was his tone that I answered.

"Oh, don't scold Mr. Vane!" I implored. "Every paradise has its serpent, and as there are no others here I suppose I am it. Of course all lady serpents who know their business have red hair. Don't blame Mr. Vane for what was naturally all my fault."

"To be sure it seems unreasonable to blame the lad," he agreed soberly, "but then *he* happens to be under my authority."

"Meaning, I suppose, that you would much prefer to blame *me*," I choked.

"There's logic, no doubt, in striking at the root of the trouble," he admitted, with an air of calm detachment.

"Then strike," I said furiously, "strike, why don't you, and not beat about the bush so!" Because then he would be quite hopelessly in the wrong, and I could adopt any of several rôles—the coldly haughty, the wounded but forgiving, etc., with great enjoyment.

But without a change in his glacial manner he quite casually remarked:

"It would seem I had struck—home."

Not a line of his face changed. Indeed, before my most vicious stabs it never did change. Though of course it would have been much more civil of him, and far less maddening, to show himself a little bit annoyed.

I walked away wishing the dynamite would go off, even if I had to be mixed with Violet till the last trump.

FORTUNATELY nobody undertook to exercise any guardianship over Crusoe, and the little white dog bore me faithful company in my rambles. Mostly these were confined to the neighborhood of the cove. I never ventured beyond Lookout ridge, but there I went often with Crusoe, and we would sit upon a rock and talk to each other about our first encounter there, and the fright he had given me. Everybody else had gone, gazed and admired. But the only constant pilgrim, besides myself, was, of all people, Captain Magnus. Soon between us we had worn a path through the woods to the top of the ridge. The captain's unexpected ardor for scenery carried him thither whenever he had half an hour to spare from the work in the cave. Needless to say, Crusoe and I timed our visits so as not to conflict with his. A less discreet beast than Crusoe would long ere this have sampled the captain's calves, for the sailor missed no sly chance to exasperate the animal. But the wise dog contented himself with such manifestations as a lifted lip and twitching ears, for he had his own code of behavior, and was not to be goaded into departing from it.

One day, as Crusoe and I came down from the ridge, we met Captain Magnus ascending. I had in my hand a small metal-backed mirror, which I had found, surprisingly, lying in a mossy cleft between the rocks. It was a thing such as a man might carry in his pocket, though on the island it seemed unlikely that any one would do so. I at once attributed the mirror to Captain Magnus, for I knew that no one else had been to the ridge for days. I was wondering as I walked along whether by some sublime law of compensation the captain really thought himself beautiful and sought this retired spot to admire not the view but his own physiognomy.

When the captain saw me he stopped full in the path. There was a growth of fern on either side. I approached slowly, and, as he did not move, paused, and held out the mirror.

"I think you must have dropped this, Captain Magnus. I found it on the rocks."

FOR an instant his face changed. His evasive eyes were turned to me searchingly and sharply. He took the glass from my hand and slipped it into his pocket. I made a movement to pass on, then stopped, with a faint dawning of discomfort. For the heavy figure of the captain still blocked the path.

A dark flush had come into the man's face. His yellow teeth showed between his parted lips. His eyes had a swimming brightness.

"What's your hurry?" he remarked, with a certain insinuating emphasis.

I began to tremble.

"I am on my way back to camp, Captain Magnus. Please let me pass."

"It won't do no harm if you're a little late. There aint no one there keepin' tab. Aint you always a-strayin' off with the Honorable? I aint so pretty, but—"

"You are impertinent. Let me pass."

"Oh, I'm impert'nent, am I? That means fresh, maybe. I'm a plain man and don't use frills on my langwidge. Well, when I meets a little skirt that takes my eyes there aint no harm in lettin' her know it, is there? Maybe the Honorable could say it nicer—"

With a forward stride he laid a hand upon my arm. I shook him off and stepped back. Fear clutched my throat. I had left my revolver in my quarters. Oh, the dreadful denseness of these woods, the certainty that no wildest cry of mine could pierce them!

And then Crusoe, who had been waiting quietly behind me in the path, slipped in between us. Every hair on his neck was bristling. The lifted upper lip snarled unmistakably. He gave me a swift glance which said, *Shall I spring?*

Quite suddenly the gorilla blandishments of Captain Magnus came to an end.

"Say," he said harshly, "hold back that dog, will you? I don't want to kill the cur."

"You had better not," I returned coldly. "I should have to explain how it happened, you know. As it is I shall say nothing. But I shall not forget my revolver again when I go to walk."

And Crusoe and I went swiftly down the path which the captain no longer disputed.

IX

TWO or three days later occurred a painful episode. The small, unsuspected germ of it had lain ambushed in a discourse of Mr. Shaw's, delivered shortly after our arrival on the island, on the multifarious uses of the cocoa-palm. He told how the juice from the unexpanded flower-spathes is drawn off to form a potent toddy, so that where every prospect pleases man may still be vile. Cookie, experimentally disposed, set to work. Mr. Vane, also experimentally, sampled the results of Cookie's efforts. The liquor had merely been allowed to ferment, whereas a complicated process is necessary for the manufacture of the true arrack, but enough had been achieved to bring about dire consequences for Cuthbert Vane, who had found the liquid cool and refreshing, and was skeptical about its potency.

Aunt Jane took the matter very hard, and rebuked the ribald mirth of Mr. Tubbs. He had to shed tears over a devastating poem called "The Drunkard's Home," before she would forgive him. Cookie made his peace by engaging to vote the prohibition ticket at the next election. My own excuses for the unfortunate were taken in very ill part. My aunt said she had always understood that life in the tropics was very relaxing to the moral fibre, and mine was certainly affected—and besides she wasn't certain that barons wore coronets anyhow.

MR. SHAW was disturbed over Cuthbert, who was not at all bad, only queer and sleepy, and had to be led away

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to slumber in retirement. Also it was an exceptionally low tide and Mr. Shaw had counted on taking advantage of it to work in the cave. Now Cuthbert was laid up—

"You and I will have to manage by ourselves, Magnus."

"Nothing doing—boat got to be patched up—go out there without it and get caught!" growled the captain.

"Well, lend a hand, then. We can be ready with the boat inside an hour."

The captain hesitated queerly. His wandering eyes seemed to be searching in every quarter for something they did not find. At last he mumbled that he thought he felt a touch of the sun, and had decided to lay off for the afternoon and make his way across the island. He said he wanted to shoot waterfowl and that they had all been frightened away from the cove, but that with the glass he had seen them from Lookout thickly about the other bay.

"Very well," said the Scotchman coldly. "I suppose you must suit yourself. I can get the boat in shape without help, I dare say." I saw him presently looking in an annoyed and puzzled fashion after the vanishing figure of the sailor.

Mr. Tubbs and the umbrellas soon disappeared into the woods. I believe the search for Bill Halliwell's tombstone was no longer very actively pursued, and that the trio spent their time ensconced in a snug little nook with hammocks and cushions, where Mr. Tubbs beguiled the time with reading aloud—Aunt Jane and Violet both being provided with literature—and relating anecdotes of his rise to greatness in the financial centres of the country. I more than suspected Mr. Tubbs of feeling that such a bird in the hand as Aunt Jane was worth many doubloons in the bush. But in spite of uneasiness about the future, for the present I rested secure in the certainty that they could not elope from the island, and that there was no one on it with authority to metamorphose Aunt Jane into Mrs. Hamilton H. Tubbs.

THE waters of the cove had receded until a fringe of rocks under the high land of the point, usually covered, had been left bare. I had watched the emergency of their black jagged surfaces for some time before it occurred to me that they offered a means of access to the cave. The cave—place of fascination and mystery! Here was the opportunity of all others to explore it, unhampered by any one, just Crusoe and I alone, in the fashion that left me freest to indulge my dreams.

I waited until the Scotchman's back was safely turned, because if he saw me setting forth on this excursion he was quite certain to command me to return, and I had no intention to submitting to his dictatorial ways and yet was not sure how I was successfully to defy him. I believed him capable of haling me back by force, while tears or even swoons left him unmoved. Of course he would take the absurd ground that the cave was dangerous, in the face of the glaring fact that a girl who had come to this island solely to protect Aunt Jane ought certainly to be able to protect herself. Besides, what right had he to care if I was drowned, anyhow?

But of course I was not going to be.

The retreating tide had left deep pools behind, each a little cosmos of fairy seaweeds and tiny scuttling crabs and rich and wonderful forms of life which were strange to me. Crusoe and I were very much interested, and lingered a good deal on the way. But at last we reached the great archway, and passed with a suddenness which was like a plunge into cool water from the hot glare of the tropic sunshine into the green shadow of the cavern.

At the lower end, between the two arches, a black, water-worn rock paving rang under one's feet. Further in under the point the floor of the cave was covered with white sand. All the great shadowy place was murmuring like a vast sea-shell. Beyond the southern archway spread the limitless heaving plain of the Pacific. Near at hand bare black rocks rose from the surges, like skeletons of the land that

the sea had devoured. And after a while these walls that supported the cavern roof would be nibbled away, and the roof would fall, and the waves roar victorious over the ruins.

I WISHED I could visit the place in darkness. It would be thrice as mysterious, filled with its hollow whispering echoes, as in the day. I dreamed of it as it might have been when a boat from the Bonny Lass crept in, and the faint winking eye of a lantern struck a gleam from the dark waters and showed nothing all around but blackness, and more blackness.

From the ledge far above my head led off those narrow, teasing crevices in which the three explorers did their unrewarded burrowing. I could see the strands of a rope ladder lying coiled at the edge of the shelf, where it was secured by spikes. The men dragged down the ladder with a boathook when they wanted to ascend. I looked about with a hope that perhaps they had left the boat-hook somewhere.

I found no boat-hook but instead a spade, which had been driven deep into the sand and left, too firmly bedded for the tide to bear away. At once a burning hope that I, alone and unassisted, might bring to light the treasure of the Bonny Lass seethed in my veins. I jerked the spade loose and fell to.

I now discovered the great truth that digging for treasure is the most thrilling and absorbing occupation known to man. Time ceased to be, and the weight of the damp and close-packed sand seemed that of feathers. This temporary state of exaltation passed, to be sure, and the sand got very heavy, and my back ached, but still I dug. Crusoe watched proceedings interestedly at first, then wandered off on business of his own. Presently he returned and began to fuss about and bark. He was a restless little beast, wanting to be always on the move. He came and tugged at my skirt, uttering an uneasy whine.

"Be quiet, Crusoe!" I commanded, threatening him with my spade. The madness of the treasure-lust possessed me. I was panting now, and my hands felt like baseball mitts, but still I dug. Crusoe had ceased to importune me; vaguely I was aware that he had got tired and run off. I toiled on, pausing now and then for breath. I was leaning on my spade, rather dejectedly considering the modest excavation I had achieved, when I felt a little cool splash at my feet. Dropping my spade I whirled around—and a shriek echoed through the cave as I saw pouring into it the dark insidious torrent of the returning tide.

How had I forgotten it, that deadly thing, muttering to itself outside there, ready to spring back like an unleashed beast? Crusoe had warned me—and then he had forsaken me, and I was alone.

(To be continued)

Better Late Than Never

Continued from page 32

At the corner of the road he left her lest they should be seen together by any of the St. Omer people. The next day she heard that he had braced up and gone back north again.

NOW, to-night, in firelight dreams, he had come back to her. She remembered how he used to talk in his eager, confident way, before the trouble came. It had always been of what he would do for her when the luck turned. The house he was going to build for her, the wonderful home they would have. She remembered his trapping tales. He had seen once in the wild lands a pair of marvellous black foxes, but had not been able to get them. One day, when the luck turned, she was going to wear black fox instead of cheap, worn furs she had. She smiled in the firelight as she remembered the confidence and pride with which he had spoken. Everything was to be for her, all his world was built on her. She wondered where he was this Christmas Eve, and was roused from her dreaming by the plash of tears on her folded hands.

II

THE boy turned from the window with a heavy sigh. He was a smart, sturdy little chap with Ann's bright coloring, and her heart ached doubly as she saw how heroically he was trying to hide his real feelings. He stuck his hands to the bottoms of his trousers pockets and began to whistle, but, somehow, he could not get the tune straight. Then he took the stove lifter, raised one of the lids and looked into the fire. After he peeped under the white cover spread over the rising loaves.

"Gee, Ann! That cake looks slick," he declared.

She had managed to find materials in the house for a couple of Christmas cakes, not very rich ones, but good plain stuff with lots of raisins in it. To-night she was a bit on edge as to nerves, and she hastily swept her sleeve across her eyes.

"I wish it could have been better, Dave, with icing to put on it, but there it is, the best we have. We'll get the other kind when our ship comes home and brings the money with it. I'd like to have my fingers on the ears of that old School Committee. You shan't be cheated out of your Christmas cake, Dave, any way, though it will have to come late," she promised.

"I don't know that I care an awful lot about that iced cake," he said. "When I was a kid it used to taste pretty good, but when you get older you don't think so much about sweet things. This will be just as good. What's Christmas anyway? Just like any other day, only you fancy it's different. I wonder what's happened to the mail man. Usually he goes by at one, and now it's close on five. Maybe he's passed and I didn't see him. Anyway, it wouldn't make much difference."

"Probably the storm has delayed him," suggested Ann. "Then round Christmas time he's heavily loaded with mail and passengers. The roads too are drifted terribly."

"Isn't it queer the fuss people make over Christmas, Ann?" observed Dave. "Of course it's all bluff. I mean about Santa. There isn't really any Santa, is there? All this talk about him coming round with his reindeer team and climbing down chimneys and filling kids' stockings is just pretending. It's all right for little kids that don't know any better, but I'm on to it. There's nothing in it. I've got past all that now, and never mean to hang my stocking up again."

He began to whistle louder than ever and went back to his seat in the window.

Ann thought it the most tragic heresy she had ever listened to. She knew there were extremely wise people in the world, very moral people, who condemned the "deception" played on innocent, unprecocious children by the perpetuation of the Santa Claus legend, but she did not think a great deal of either their goodness or sagacity. That Dave should, at ten years, abandon hanging up his stocking was, to her, nothing short of a horrible calamity. He was young to become a sceptic. She knew what it all meant. He was trying to ease her trouble. He knew about the holding up of the school money, and what it meant to Ann, and he was putting up an even greater bluff than that of Santa Claus to help her out.

"Of course it's nice in a way to pretend to believe," the young iconoclast went on. "And it's jolly to get things, but what difference does it make whether you get them at Christmas or any other time? If you get oranges and candy, they'll all be eaten the next day, but if you don't get them till New Year, there's all that extra time to think about them coming. I know all about it, Ann, you're Santa, so you needn't worry any more

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about that old stocking fake. It's time I gave all that up. My old sled's pretty good yet, and there's nothing I want so bad that I wouldn't just as soon wait for. It'll be all the better when it comes. Gosh! Ann, I wish I could grow up faster."

"But I don't want you to, Dave," she said, dropping into the chair and pulling him to her lap. The darkness was deeper now, but the glow of the stove very cheery. She put her arm about his neck and drew him to her bosom. "You've been my baby for a long, long time, but I don't want to lose you so soon. It's nice to see you growing up a fine, husky boy, but you'll be a man quite soon enough."

"I want to earn money," he told her. "Then I'll play Santa to you, Ann. I'd just like to be Santa this night, with a pocket jammed full of money. I'd buy you a fine, new dress and a dandy jacket, all fine fur, and a hat, and—oh, heaps of things! You know you are awful pretty, Ann, and I'd like to see you dressed up like the finest lady."

"You silly boy!" she laughed, hugging him closer. "But, Dave, I'm glad you're being so wonderfully brave. I'd have liked to get some things for the table, but I've just eighty-seven cents in my purse, and that will have to spin out till the treasurer pays me. I might have got candies and fruit at the store, they would be glad enough to let me have them, and I think perhaps I ought to have done it, just this once, but you know, Dave, how I hate debt. I remember all the trouble it gave us at home in father's time, and I said then I would never get what I couldn't pay cash for. It's not hard to go without things when you make up your mind to it, except at times like this, so we'll be as happy as we can with what we've got. We have everything we need. I bought a little roast of beef for to-morrow's dinner—of course it isn't turkey ——"

"I don't think an awful lot about turkey," he interrupted. "Beef with lots of gravy and nice mashed potatoes is just as good."

"Then we'll have a pudding with a bit of holly stuck into it. And there are these cakes. I've got some maple sugar left and a few apples. We'll just pretend. Presently we might bring in a few sprigs of green from the bushes round the garden and trim up the place. But, Dave, it's time I got my bread into the oven. Jump up, boy mine, we'll light the lamp and get busy."

MOST of the clouds seemed to have vanished. She lit the hanging lamp, opened the oven door and put her loaves in. Dave hustled into this overcoat and prepared to go out after firewood and holly, peeping out of the window meantime. Suddenly he stopped, one arm in the coat, the other out. There was the sound of a loudly carolling voice on the road. Somebody evidently was pretty full of Christmas cheer, and was letting the snowy world know about it. It was a rollicking song of Noel, an old French song that came with the followers of Champlain from Old France overseas.

"It's the mail man, Philibert!" exclaimed Dave. "There he comes!"

They went to the door and watched the lumbering old sleigh with its pair of horses come along the road, dimly silhouetted against the snowy background. The horses were making heavy weather of it through the high-piled drifts, but time and weather were of no moment, whatever, to Philibert. He lay back in his sleigh bawling his chanson at the top of his not unmelodious voice.

"There, he's going by!" said Dave, in a hushed voice, and there was, to Ann, the least trace of disappointment in his tones. Trees at the corner of the school lane hid the musical traveler for a few moments. "No, he's turning down here!" almost screamed the boy as the song ceased and Philibert addressed some pointed remonstrances to his horses for their lack of intelligence.

And so he was. In a couple of minutes the sleigh drove up to the gate.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Ann and Dave! B'Jour, Mademoiselle. Merr-ee Chreesmas! And Dave, mon fils! Behold Santa Claus! Am not I a fine Santa Claus? See me!"

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And the gay old Frenchman certainly was not at all a bad imitation, lacking the whiskers. His fur cap was snow covered. The long coonskin coat was white about the shoulders. A crimson scarf was knotted about his burly waist. His long moustache was frozen solid.

"Two fine, big package, Mademoiselle, and nothing to pay. Everything paid. Just given to Philibert Gagnon Santa Claus with order I bring them here. The real old Santa, Dave, is very busy this night. Ter-r-rible busy, and the roads are bad—too much snow, so he say to me: 'Philibert, mon brave! Here are two package. You take them to Mademoiselle Gordon of the School of St. Omer—sure—or, by Gar! what will I not do to you!' So I come. Here are the package."

"But, Philibert, there must be some mistake," said Ann.

"Mistek! Non, Mademoiselle. Non! Non! I make no mistek. Here are the package." And he brought them into the kitchen and read off the addresses: "'Mees Ann Gordon. School House, St. Omer.' Am I right, or do I make mistek, Mademoiselle?"

NO, there was no mistake. They were wooden boxes, one quite a chest, the other smaller but more carefully nailed up. Ann had not the remotest notion who the sender could be.

"Once more for the road," said Philibert cheerfully, very proud of his role as Santa.

"I'm afraid I have nothing to offer you to drink, Philibert," smiled Ann. "Only tea or coffee."

"Merci, Mademoiselle. I have drunk many healths this day—out of very many bottles. I will with pleasure drink yours in coffee." And so he did, violating all his Christmas principles. Then off he went into the gale roaring his song of the glory of Noel.

"What can they be, and who can have sent them?" asked Ann, womanlike. Dave, with the practical instincts of his sex, fetched the hammer and screwdriver to solve the problem. On the top of the big box were several parcels, marked, "Not to be opened in Dave's presence." So the laughing boy was banished till they were put out of sight. Then he came back and they investigated further the numerous packages.

There were bags and boxes of candy, oranges, great red-cheeked apples, figs and nuts and crackers for pulling and others for eating. At the bottom, snugly boxed and packed, was a turkey, packages of sausages, and a bag of cranberries. The load covered the table. There was a Christmas pudding and a box of iced cakes. Whoever had sent the things had an excellent notion of what a Christmas dinner should be. There were little wax candles and pretty table decorations. When the last parcel was taken out of the box the two stood back to survey the amazing sight.

"Ann!" said Dave, speaking first. "Is there a Santa Claus after all?"

"I guess there is," she replied.

"Now the other box!" he exclaimed, and they proceeded to open that. There was a suit of clothes and an overcoat, just about the size for a husky lad of ten and under these packages was another box addressed to Ann. It bore the business label of a big firm of city merchants. She lifted the box out and untied the fastenings.

WHEN the cover was removed there were tissue wrappings to be unfolded. Slowly, with fast beating heart and eager eyes, the girl revealed the contents. There was a set of beautiful, glossy black fox furs. She knew something of fur. There was no more beautiful fox in all the country round about than that which lay before her wondering eyes. She carried them into her bedroom and took off her apron and working dress and put on her outdoor clothes. Then she flung the stole over her shoulders, placed the jaunty little cap on her fair head and thrust her hands into the muff. She regarded herself in the glass, Dave dancing about her in ecstacy.

After she had put them carefully away and had stored the other packages, she removed the almost forgotten bread from the oven and prepared supper, Dave's tongue busy, but not more so than her mind.

Scarcely was supper over and the dishes washed than Dave announced that he was tired and ready for bed. It was a confession that he made but once a year.

"Going to hang up your stocking, Dave?" Ann asked, as he appeared in nightshirt after a record-beating undressing.

"You bet!" he answered. The sceptic was coming back to faith again.

SHE went into the little room an hour after he went to bed. He was bluffing sleep, the stocking over the bed rail. She went back into the kitchen to think things over, wonder about them, and do some more dreaming over the fire. She revised her plans for the morrow and laid out Dave's presents, examining each one admiringly, the sled, the handsome suit and coat, the gloves, the rubber boots such as Dave had longed for from the day he first wore real boots, a couple of boy's books and a pair of skates.

Never had Santa Claus, even in their best days, been in a mood so lavish.

"I say, Ann!" a voice called from the bedroom. "I can't sleep, it's too early. Santa won't be coming for a long time yet. Can't I get up again?"

"Yes, if you like, for a little while." she answered, and he dressed and reappeared.

"I've been thinking, Ann," he said, leaning toward the stove. "I've been thinking and I believe I know who Santa Claus is."

She laughed but gave him no answer.

"There's only one person in the world who would be so good to us," he continued. "I bet Jim Davidson had something to do with it. Oh, Ann, you're blushing. That makes it sure."

"It makes it nothing of the kind, and I'm not blushing as you call it. The kitchen's very warm. You talk a lot of terrible nonsense sometimes," she said.

"Who'd be likely to send those furs?" the wise young man observed. "Black fox costs a heap of money, doesn't it?"

"I never bought any, but I believe it does," she said.

"And Jim does trapping in the winter," continued Dave. "And Jim's always been terrible fond of you, Ann. I know it, for when he's home if he meets me six times a day he always wants to know how you are, and he gives me dimes and quarters and sometimes a dollar. I like Jim, but not just for that."

"Cupboard love, you greedy little pig," she teased him.

"No, it isn't. I like him other ways too," Dave defended. "He's fine and big and good-natured. They say he can lick any man for miles around, and he's a great trapper and hunter. I don't care 'cause people do say he drinks more than he ought sometimes. I like Jim, and he sure is awful fond of you. He'd take good care of you, Ann, if he was to get married to you, I bet, and if he knew you hated drinking, I don't think he'd do it any more."

"Dave, you've got nearly as long a tongue as Philibert," laughed Ann. "Of course, I'll never get married. I'll stay here in our little home, and you'll grow up into a man and earn a lot of money, and when I get an old, old maid, you'll be very good to me, and I'll have a dog and a cat and a parrot."

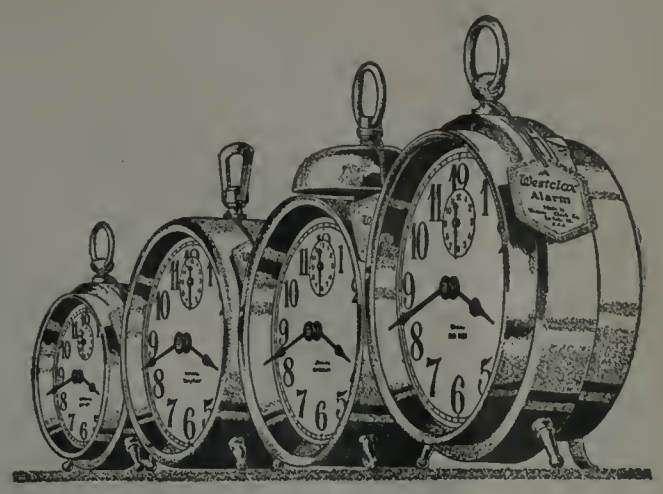
"Do you see any green in my eye?" demanded the small youth with the flip precocity of the twentieth century boy, even in the country. "Besides very likely I'll want to get married myself. I wonder if Jim will ever come back? Did you and Jim have a quarrel, Ann?"

"What should we quarrel about?" she asked.

"I don't know, unless about his drinking. Folks say that it was you sent him away." said Dave.

"Never you mind, Dave, about Jim and me," she replied, gently. "I guess he's all right wherever he is. I think you'd better go to bed. Santa might come any time, and if he found you up he might not be very well pleased."

"Right away," he responded. "I just wanted to talk to you about J——!



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Jiminy, there's Santa coming now. He's coming down the lane. Tell him to wait a minute, I'll be asleep in a jiffy."

HE made a dive for the bedroom, and Ann stood, the color deeper in her face, her ears catching the jingling melody of the sleigh bells. Some neighbor calling to give a friendly season's greeting, most likely. She did not go to the door, but waited—waited. The jingling of the bells stopped. The wind seemed to have lulled, though the snow plashed softly on the window panes. She heard the gate opened, a man's firm footstep on the steps of the veranda, then the knock on the door. She went and opened it.

Jim had come back, and she knew as she looked at him with shining eyes that he had come back in more ways than one. He was smartly dressed, wearing a heavy fur coat and looking prosperous; but she cared little enough for that. It was the clean-cut, vigorous, fineness of the man that made her heart dance.

"May I come in just for a minute or two?" he asked, holding her hand. "Got to the station by the evening mail and drove straight out. Going back to the hotel there presently. Hello, there, Dave, boy. Getting as big as a house. I wonder, Dave, if you'd put on your coat and rubbers on and keep an eye on my horses just for a minute."

"Sure," Dave answered. There was a grin on his face as he went out. He wasn't as young as he used to be, and was very fond of Jim.

"Ann! Ann! it's been an awful long time," said Jim, taking possession of her other hand. "But the coming back is worth it all. You're prettier and sweeter than ever." He dropped her hands, raised his own and placed them on her shoulders. "*I've come back, Ann, both ways, three ways.* Home—something of the man I hope you'd want me to be—and mining luck. I haven't touched liquor since the day you came and pulled me out of hell. You believe it?" He looked straight into her eyes.

"Yes, I knew it," she answered. "I always believed it, hoped it—yes, Jim, knew it. Nothing could beat you if you'd fight, and all these long months I believed you were fighting, so I knew that one day you'd come back."

"Then there's a chance for me, Ann?" he asked. "You know what I mean. I'm making money, plenty of it. I've been building a house this Fall, and it's some house, too, Ann. It's all ready, furniture in, and I want you and Dave to go back with me. Will you come?"

"What do you think I've been waiting and hoping for?" she answered. "Maybe it's shameless to say so right out, but it's true, Jim. Perhaps the school people will let me off at short notice," she laughed.

"It won't make much difference what they want," he replied. "Ann! Ann!"

The rest of the conversation was spasmodic and not very coherent to outsiders.

THEY were drawn back to the present world by the loud whistling of Dave out in the snow. Jim snatched the girl to him again and kissed once more the pretty smiling lips. Then he lifted her left hand and slipped something over one of her fingers, then went to the door.

"Come in out of the cold, Dave. I guess they'll stand all right," he said. "Coming out in the morning to take you both to church. I say, Dave, how'd you like to move house?"

"Gee, you don't mean it, Jim?" grinned Dave.

"Guess I do. Going to have a word for the parson in the morning. Well, I've got to be off. You just ask Ann about it. Are those horses bolting, Dave?" Dave shot out of the door, to find them in a state of placid slumber.

"No, they're not bolting," shouted Dave.

"All right, my mistake," said Jim, having said good-night appropriately.

The two listened till the tinkle of the sleigh bells died out in the distance.

"So you're going to get married, Ann?" observed Dave. "Some Santa Claus, I tell you, Ann!"

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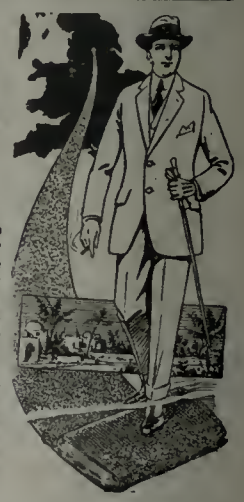

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Continued from page 40

cadences, and some of the words of the song reached mine ear.

"You are my life. You ask me why?
Because my hope is in your love."

Whether Mr. Betterton heard them or not, I could not say. He sat there so still, his slender hands—white and tapering, the veritable hands of an artist—rested listlessly upon the arms of his chair.

"Through gloomy clouds to sunlit skies,
To rest in faith and your dear eyes."

SO sang the sweet minstrel out there in the fast gathering gloom. I went up to the window and gazed out into the open vista before me. Far away I could see the twinkling lights from the windows of St. James's Palace, and on my right those of White Hall. The singer I could not see. He appeared to be some distance away. But despite the lateness of the hour, the park was still alive with people. And indeed, as I leaned my head further out of the window, I was struck by the animated spectacle which it presented.

No doubt that the unwonted mildness of this early spring evening had induced young maids and gallants, as well as more sober folk and gentlemen, to linger out in the open. The charm of the minstrel and his song, too, must have served as an additional attraction, for as I watched the people passing to and fro, I heard snatches of conversation, mostly in praise of the singer or of the weather.

Anon I espied Sir William Davenant walking with Mr. Killigrew, and my Lord of Rochester dallying with a pretty damsel: one or two more gentlemen did I recognize as I gazed on the moving sight, until suddenly I saw that which caused me to draw my head back quickly from the window and to gaze with added anxiety on the listless figure of my friend.

What I had seen down below had indeed filled my heart with dread. It was the figure of my Lord Stour. I could have sworn to it, even though his Lordship was wrapped in a mantle from head to foot and wore a broad-rimmed hat, both of which would indeed have disguised his person completely before all eyes save those of love, of hate, or of an abiding friendship.

What was my Lord Stour doing at this hour, and in disguise, beneath the window of his bitterest foe? My anxiety was further quickened by the certainty which I had that neither he nor the Lady Barbara would allow Mr. Betterton's schemes to mature without another struggle. Even as I once more thrust my head out of the window, in order to catch another glimpse of the moody and solitary figure which I had guessed to be Lord Stour, methought that close by the nearest shrubbery I espied the figure of the Lady Barbara, in conversation with her attendant. Both women were wrapped in dark mantles and wore thick veils to cover their hair.

A dark presentiment of evil now took possession of my soul. I felt like a watch-dog scenting danger from afar. The man whom I loved better than any other on earth was in peril of his life, at the hands of an enemy driven mad by an impending doom—of that I felt suddenly absolutely convinced. And somehow I felt equally convinced at the moment that we—I, the poor, insignificant clerk, as well as my illustrious friend—were standing on the brink of an overwhelming catastrophe.

I had thought to warn him then and there, yet dared not do so in so many words. Men in the prime of life and the plenitude of their mental powers are wont to turn contemptuous and obstinate if told to be on their guard against a lurking enemy. And I feared that, in his utter contempt for his foe, Mr. Betterton might be tempted to do something that was both unconsidered and perilous.

SO I contented myself for the nonce with turning to my friend, and, seeing that he had wakened from his reverie and was regarding me with that look of confidence and kindliness which always warmed my heart when I was conscious of it, I merely remarked quite casually:

"The park is still gay with ladies and gallants. 'Tis strange at this late hour. But a minstrel is discoursing sweet music somewhere in the distance. Mayhap people have assembled in order to listen to him."

And, as if to confirm my supposition, a merry peal of laughter came ringing right across the park, and we heard as it were the hum and murmur of pedestrians moving about. And through it all the echo of the amorous ditty still lingering upon the evening air:

"For you are love—and I am yours!"

"Close that window, John," Mr. Betterton said, with an impatient little sigh. "I am in no mood for sentimental ballads."

I did as he desired, and whilst in the act of closing the window, I said guardedly:

"I caught sight of my Lord Stour just now, pacing the open ground just beneath this window. He appeared moody and solitary, and was wrapped from head to foot in a big mantle, as if he wished to avoid recognition."

"I too am moody and solitary, good Honeywood," was Mr. Betterton's sole comment on my remark. Then he added with a slight shiver of his whole body: "I prithee, see to the fire. I am perished with the cold."

I went up to the hearth and kicked the dying embers into a blaze; then found some logs and threw them on the fire.

"The evening is warm, sir," I said; "and you complained of the heat awhile ago."

"Yes," he rejoined wearily. "My head is on fire and my spine feels like ice."

IT was quite dark in the room now, save for the flickering and ruddy firelight. So I went out and bade the servant give me the candles. I came back with them myself and set them on the desk. As I did so, I glanced at Mr. Betterton. He had once more taken up his listless attitude; his head was leaning against the back of his chair, and I could not fail to note how pallid his face looked and how drawn, and there was a frown between his brows which denoted wearying and absorbing thoughts. Wishing to distract him from his brooding melancholy, I thought of reminding him of certain artistic and social duties which were awaiting his attention.

"Will you send an answer, sir," I asked him with well-assumed indifference, "to the chancellor? It is on the subject of the benefit performance in aid of the indigent poor of the City of Westminster. His Lordship again sent a messenger this afternoon."

"Yes!" Mr. Betterton replied readily enough, and sought amongst his papers for a letter which he had apparently written some time during the day. "If his Lordship's messenger calls again, let him have this note. I must arrange for the benefit performance, of course. But I doubt if many members of the company will care to give their services."

"I think that Mr. Robert Noakes would be willing," I suggested. "Also Mr. Lilleston."

"Perhaps, perhaps!" he broke in listlessly. "But we must have actresses too, and they—"

He shrugged his shoulders, and I rejoined with great alacrity:

"Oh! I feel sure that Mistress Saunderson would be ready to join in any benevolent scheme for the betterment of the poor."

"Ah! but she is an angel!" Mr. Betterton exclaimed. And, believe me, dear Mistress, that those words came as if involuntarily to his lips, out of the fulness of his heart. And even when he had spoken, a look of infinite sadness swept over his face and he rested his head against his hand, shading his eyes from the light of the candles lest I should read the thoughts that were mirrored therein.

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"There came a messenger, too, this afternoon," I reminded him, "from Paris, with an autograph letter from His Majesty the King of France."

"Yes," he replied, and nodded his head, I thought, uncomprehendingly.

"Also a letter from the University of Stockholm. They propose that you should visit the city in the course of the summer and—"

"Yes, yes! I know!" he rejoined impatiently. "I will attend to it all another time. . . . But not to-night, good Honeywood," he went on almost appealingly, like a man wearied with many tasks. "My mind is like a squeezed orange to-night."

Then he held out his hand to me—that beautiful, slender hand of his which I had so often kissed in the excess of my gratitude—and added with gentle indulgence:

"Let me be to-night, good friend. Leave me to myself. I am such poor company and am best alone."

I TOOK his hand. It was burning hot, as if with inward fever. All my friendship for him, all my love, was at once on the alert, dreading the ravages of some inward. disease, brought on mayhap by so much soul-worry.

"I do not relish leaving you alone to-night," I said, with more gruffness than I am wont to display. "This room is easy of access from the park."

He smiled, a trifle sadly.

"Dost think," he asked, with a light shrug of the shoulders, "that a poor mountebank would tempt a midnight robber?"

"No!" I replied firmly. "But my Lord Stour, wrapped to the eyes in his mantle, hath prowled beneath these windows for an hour." Then, as he made no comment, I continued with some fervour: "A determined man, who hates another, can easily climb up to a first floor window—"

"Tush, friend!" he broke in sharply. "I am not afraid of his lordship. . . . . I am afraid of nothing to-night, my good Honeywood," he added softly, "except of myself."

III

YOU certainly will not wonder, dear Mistress, that after that I did not obey his commands to leave him to himself. I am nothing of an eavesdropper, God knows, nor yet would I pry into the secrets of the soul of the one man whom I reverence above all others. But, even as I turned reluctantly away from him in order to go back to my room, I resolved that, unless he actually shut the door in my face, I would circumvent him and would remain on the watch, like a faithful dog who scents danger for his master. In this I did not feel that I was doing any wrong. God saw in my heart and knew that my purpose was innocent. I thank Him on my knees in that He strengthened me in my resolve. But for that resolve, I should not have been cognizant of all the details of those events which culminated in such a dramatic climax that night, and I would not have been able to speak with authority when placing all the facts before you. Let me tell you at once that I was there, in Mr. Betterton's room, during the whole of the time that the incidents occurred which I am now about to relate.

He had remained sitting at his desk, and I went across the room in the direction of the communicating door which gave on my own study. But I did not go through that door. I just opened and shut it noisily, and then slipped stealthily behind the tall oaken dresser, which stands in a dark angle of the room. From this point of vantage I could watch closely and ceaselessly, and at the slightest suspicion of immediate danger to my friend I would be free to slip out of my hiding-place and to render him what assistance he required. I had to squat there in a cramped position, and I felt half-suffocated with the closeness of the atmosphere behind so heavy a piece of furniture; but this I did not mind. From where I was I could command a view of Mr. Betterton at his desk, and of the window, which I wished now that I had taken the precaution to bar and bolt ere I retired to my corner behind the dresser.

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For awhile, everything was silent in the room; only the great clock ticked loudly in its ease, and now and again the blazing logs gave an intermittent crackle. I just could see the outline of Mr. Betterton's shoulder and arm silhouetted against the candle light. He sat forward, his elbow resting upon the desk, his head leaning against his hand, and so still that presently I fell to thinking that he must have dropped to sleep.

But suddenly he gave that quick, impatient sigh of his, which I had learned to know so well, pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. Whereupon he began pacing up and down the room, in truth like some poor, perturbed spirit that is denied the solace of rest.

Then he began to murmur to himself. I know that mood of his and believe it to be peculiar to the artistic temperament, which when it feels itself untramelled by the presence of others, gives vent to its innermost thoughts in mumbled words.

From time to time I caught snatches of what he said—wild words for the most part, which showed the perturbation of his spirit. He, whose mind was always well-ordered, whose noble calling had taught him to co-ordinate his thoughts and to subdue them to his will, was now murmuring incoherent phrases, disjointed sentences that would have puzzled me had I not known the real trend of his mood.

"Barbara! . . . . " he said at one time. "Beautiful, exquisite, innocent Lady Babs; the one pure crystal in that laboratory of moral decomposition, the Court of White Hall . . . . " Then he paused, struck his forehead with his hand, and added with a certain fierce contempt: "But she will yield. . . . . she is ready now to yield. She will cast aside her pride, and throw herself into the arms of a man whom she hates, all for the sake of that young coxcomb, who is not warthy to kiss the sole of her shoe!"

Again he paused, flung himself back into the chair, and once more buried his face in his hands

"Oh, Woman, Woman!" I could hear him murmuring. "What an enigma! How can the mere man attempt to understand thee?" Then he laughed. Oh! I could not bear the sound of that laugh: there was naught but bitterness in it. And he said slowly, muttering between his teeth:

"The philosopher alone knows that women are like melons: it is only after having tasted them that one knows if they are good."

Of course, he said a great deal more during the course of that dreary, restless hour, which seemed to me like a slice out of eternity. His restlessness was intense. Every now and then he would jump up and walk up and down, up and down, until his every footstep found its echo in the violent beatings of my heart. Then he would fling himself into a chair and rest his head against the cushions, closing his eyes as if he were in bodily pain, or else beat his forehead with his fists.

Of course he thought himself unobserved; for Mr. Betterton is, as you know, a man of great mental reserve. Not even before me—his faithful and devoted friend—would be wittingly have displayed such overmastering emotion. To say that an equally overwhelming sorrow filled my heart would be but to give you, dear Mistress, a feeble statement of what I really felt. To see a man of Mr. Betterton's mental and physical powers so utterly crushed by an insane passion was indeed heart-rending. Had he not everything at his feet that any man could wish for?—Fame, honours, the respect and admiration of all those who mattered in the world. Women adored him, men vied with one another to render him the sincerest flattery by striving to imitate his gestures, his mode of speech, the very cut of his clothes. And, above all—aye! I dare assert it, and you, beloved Mistress, will I know forgive me—above all, he had the love of a pure and good woman, of a talented artist—yours, dear lady, an inestimable boon for which many a man would thank his Maker on his knees.

Ah! he was blind then, had been blind since that fatal hour when the Lady Barbara Wychwoode crossed his path. I could endorse the wild words which he had spoken to her this forenoon. A thousand devils were indeed unchained within him; but 'tis not to *her* kiss that they would yield, but rather to the gentle ministration of exquisite Mistress Saunderson.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

More Deaf Than Adders

I

I FELT so cramped and numb in my narrow hiding-place that I verily believe I must have fallen into a kind of trance-like slumber.

From this I was suddenly awakened by the loud clang of our front door bell followed immediately by the footsteps of the serving man upon the landing and then by a brief colloquy between him and the belated visitor.

Seriously, at the moment, I had no conception of who this might be, until I glanced at Mr. Betterton. And then I guessed. Guessed, just as he had already done. Every line of his tense and expectant attitude betrayed the fact that he had recognized the voice upon the landing, and that its sound had thrilled his very soul and brought him back from the land of dreams and nightmare where he had been wandering this past hour.

You remember, dear lady, the last time Mr. Betterton played in a tragedy called Hamlet, wherein there is a play within a play, and the melancholy Prince of Denmark sets a troupe of actors to enact a representation of the terrible crime whereof he accuses both his uncle and his mother. It is a scene which, when played by Mr. Betterton, is wont to hold the audience enthralled. He plays his part in it by lying full length on the ground his body propped up by his elbow and his chin supported in his hand. His eyes—those wonderful, expressive eyes of his—he keeps fixed upon the guilty pair: his mother and his uncle. He watches the play of every emotion upon their faces—fear, anger and then the slowly creeping, enveloping remorse; and his rigid, stern features express an intensity of alertness and of expectancy which is so poignant as to be almost painful.

Just such an expression did my dear friend's face wear at this moment. He had pushed his chair back slightly, so that I had a fuller view of him, and the flickering light of the wax candles illuminated his clear-cut features and his eyes, fixed tensely upon the door.

II

THE next moment the serving man threw open the door and the Lady Barbara walked in. I could not see her until she had advanced further into the middle of the room. Then I beheld her in all her loveliness. Nay! I'll not deny it. She was still incomparably beautiful, with in addition that marvellous air of breeding and of delicacy, which rendered her peerless amongst her kind. I hated her for the infinite wrong which she had done to my friend, but I could not fail to admire her. Her mantle was thrown back from her shoulders and a dark, filmy veil resembling a cloud, enveloped her fair hair. Beneath her mantle she wore a dress of something grey that shimmered like steel in the candle light. A few tendrils of her ardent hair had escaped from beneath her veil, and they made a kind of golden halo around her face. She was very pale, but of that transparent, delicate pallor that betokens emotion rather than ill-health, and her eyes looked to me to be as dark as sloes, even though I knew them to be blue.

For the space of one long minute, which seemed like eternity, these two remained absolutely still, just looking at one another. Methought that I could hear the very heartbeats within my breast. Then the lady said, with a queer little catch in her throat and somewhat hesitatingly:

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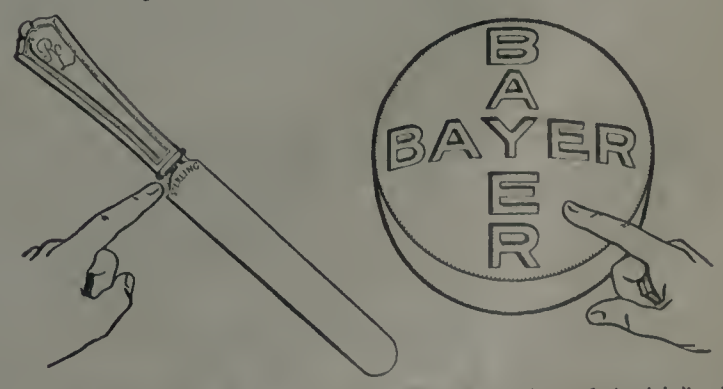

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"You are surprised to see me, sir, no doubt. . . . but. . . ."

She was obviously at a loss how to begin. And Mr. Betterton, aroused no doubt by her voice, from his absorption, rose quickly to his feet and made her a deep and respectful obeisance.

"The angels from Heaven sometimes descend to Earth," he said slowly; "yet the earth is more worthy of their visit than is the humble artist of the presence of his muse." Then he added more artlessly: "Will you deign to sit?"

He drew a chair forward for her, but she did not take it, continued to speak with a strange, obviously forced gaiety and in a halting manner.

"I thank you, sir," she said. "That is.....no.....not yet... ..I like to look about me."

To be continued

--Merrie Gentlemen

Continued from page 22

County Town; another ambling straight on and then, by a sort of practical joke, making a gradual detour to the right and taking you back to the sea again, while a third stole furtively to the right for half a mile where it abruptly dipped and pulled up short at Windbridge, hidden from view below.

To aid distracted travellers, a signpost all bent with age was stuck in the very centre of the cross-roads, with its left arm declaring that the County Town was somewhere near the North Star, and its right that Windbridge lay buried in the bowels of the earth.

Perhaps it was the perplexity of those who journeyed that way, which prompted some philanthropic soul, many decades before, to erect an inn on the spot, where direction and refreshment could be obtained. At any rate, there it stood, all by itself, a fine little stony, door-and-hinges sort of place, with a snug little bar just inside the door, and queer dark rooms hidden all over the place, and pretty little casement windows meant to be looked out of by pretty blue eyes —or brown ones either, for that matter.

Unfortunately, like most of the best little inns of England, The Fiddlers Three boasted an evil past. It is a discouraging fact that wickedness in both families and public houses seems a better foundation than good behaviour; for the gentlemen who write on social reform are always telling us that our oldest families were a bad lot in the time of Ethelbert the Unready, or Boadicea; and certainly the snuggest and pleasantest taverns in deserted spots of the country usually seem to have attracted and harbored all the wandering vagabonds of the district, in the past.

There was no question of it but The Fiddlers Three, when it was owned by Patrick O'Flynn (who was hanged by mistake in 1827, but richly deserved it) was in league with both smugglers and highwaymen. It had been his custom to keep a look-out across the downs and, if he saw travellers approaching, put a light in the Western window to acquaint the gentlemen of the road of the fact. And when the Excise men would drop in for a glass of grog before going down to Perkins' cove to try and catch the smugglers who were known to use it, Patrick showed a red light in an Eastern window—and never a smuggler would be caught that night.

IT was in later and more peaceful times however, that our lonely traveller paused to survey The Fiddlers Three, which was standing apparently deserted and strangely quiet in the drip-drip-drip of the rain. Not a movement could be seen about the inn; not the chortle of a single fowl . . . . not the yelp of a restless dog.

From a chimney at the back of the house a thin stream of smoke was emerging into the soaking air, and walking towards it the traveller came to a covered driving shed where a solitary figure was sitting on a barrel.

"Hello," said the young man, halting his investigations.

The other made no reply, but picking up a stick proceeded to whittle it with

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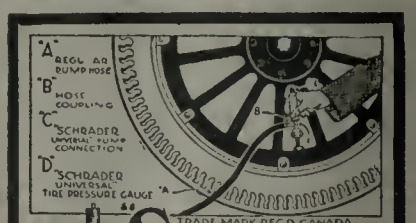

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a knife. He was dressed in a blue smock with pantaloons that were far too large for him but which were tied at the ankles to prevent them getting underneath his boots. Although his face was young, there was a weak beard of several months' growth on his chin, and his large colorless eyes, gleaming from nebulous depths, lacked focus so that his gaze seemed to expand like the rays of a lantern and to surround rather than concentrate on what he looked.

"Hello," said the stranger again.

"Follow the sparks," said the other, pausing in his whittling and speaking in a far-away, breathy voice: "Watch 'em coming from the chimneys . . . . Follow the sparks; they'll lead you to it. What's your name?"

He appeared to lose interest in the question as soon as asked, and carefully examining the stick in his hand, resumed his occupation.

The young man smiled, and putting down his knapsack, sat on an old box in the yard.

"What's your name?" repeated the strange figure without looking up. "If you've got no name they can't bury you. You must have one to put on the tombstone or the coach will never find you."

The stranger sucked at an unfilled pipe.

"Have *you* got a name?" he asked.

"Ah—that I have, Jack Fish . . . . poor Jack Fish. Come here ——" He beckoned to the other and solemnly tapped his own head with the handle of the knife.

"Queer," he whispered. "Something wrong inside. Don't tell no one."

The stranger nodded sympathetically.

"They laugh at me," said the poor fellow, measuring the stick against his arm and frowning profoundly. "They say poor Jack Fish sees things. Ha, ha! They don't be far wrong there. Sees 'em and *hears* 'em too. Do you know where they keep the ghosts of old stage coaches?"

"No."

"Do you know that on Xmas Eve the coachmen and guards, them that s dead, I mean, harness 'em up and ride over the country blowing horns and cracking whips . . . . Did you ever hear that afore?"

The visitor shook his head and the idiot laughed softly to himself, both his voice and shining eyes full of the mysticism of his disordered fantasies.

"Jack Fish," he moaned, suddenly breaking off from his laugh and clasping his head with his hands as though struck with pain. "Poor . . . . Jack . . . . Fish. That's what they call me." He looked up vacantly, then took up his knife and stick once more. "They laugh at me and say I sees things—ah, and *hears* 'em too—but when I meets 'em on a dark night and tells 'em that if you catch the sounds of wheels on Xmas Eve a-grinding on the road, and horses clattering hard . . . . *and if there aint no wheels nor horses neither* . . . . Then I tells 'em that before another Xmas comes they will be dead. Listen ——"

He leaned over to the stranger and his voice was low and had the effect of distance.

"Before another Xmas comes," he repeated, "you're dead. They bury you in a cemetery with your name writ on a stone—but the sparks will find you. They'll follow the sparks. . . . follow the sparks. And when I tells 'em that, on a dark night, they say 'Poor Jack Fish,' but I see 'em hurrying away with their eyes all fearsome, and they never stops until they're inside and locked the doors secure."

WITH a quiet laugh he whittled for a few minutes, while the stranger, noticing that his pipe was unfilled, took a pouch from the knapsack and remedied the deficiency.

"On Xmas Eve," went on the idiot after a few minutes' silence, "the coachmen always comes out of their graves and harnesses up the old Brighton Coach. Then they watches where the sparks goes and comes out of chimneys, and follows them to the graveyards. At midnight they blows their horn and all the merry gentlemen come out of their graves . . . . them as used to smuggle by sea, and them as robbed on the roads by night, and them that was pirates a-cutting men's throats and hanging them up in the sun all day to rot. . . . Merry gentlemen, I calls 'em. And at midnight every Xmas Eve, they gather for some rum and 'baccy and a merry time they has laughing over the days when they was alive. But where do you think they come?"

The stranger shook his head.

"Here," said the idiot, triumphantly, "right here at The Fiddlers Three. I let 'em in. They don't mind poor Jack Fish—I let 'em in."

As if he had wasted too much time already, the half-wit resumed his work with such energy that the air was full of flying bits of the stick; while the stranger, apparently lost in his own thoughts, sat silently puffing his pipe, as the dreary rain covered the roof of the shed and dripped drearily through the cracks.

"Where's Windbridge, Jack?" asked the stranger, after a considerable pause.

"Go along the road," said the other, without looking up, "Roll down the hill, take two turns and a jump and beware of the dog!"

The other nodded. "That's the road there?" he queried.

"Ah," said the idiot, "it might be, if it aint moved. I heard some of the chimneys saying as how they was thinking of moving farther down hill."

"Jack," said the other, abruptly, "where does Josephus Flint live?"

The idiot put down the stick and laughed softly to himself.

"I seen him yesterday on the road," he said, checking his mirth, "all doubled up and snarling like a dog. 'Get away Jack Fish,' he sez, all frighted and shaking his fist at me. 'You bring bad luck.' 'I do,' I sez, 'for the merry gentlemen will have you this very Xmas Eve and take you back with 'em to their graves.' And away he run—down the road with his stick knocking the pebbles all ways, with him yelling as how I lied and the devil was in me, and as long as I stood there laughing, he was going hickety-hump, hickety-hump like as if the grave-diggers was after him."

DURING this recital, the stranger appeared more interested, and at its finish rose and stretched his arms.

"Which is Flint's house?" he asked.

The idiot pointed vaguely towards the road which led to the County Town.

"Follow the sparks," he said.

"Is that it?—where the smoke's coming out . . . . away over the fields there?"

The half-wit looked and nodded his head.

"Perhaps it is," he said, grudgingly, "but the merry gentlemen will have him this Xmas Eve."

The stranger adjusted his cloak once more, and, shaking his hat to clear it of moisture, he replaced it on his head.

"Good-bye, Jack," he said.

But the figure in the smock was gazing at the stick which was by that time little more than the size of a pencil, apparently trying to recall the use for which he had intended it. When he reached the road the stranger looked back, but the poor fellow was sitting there, still lost in some fantastic reverie of his tired, useless brain.

THE dwelling of Josephus Flint lay back from the road surrounded by great trees that kept the place in constant shade. It was a gloomy, lonely house, and even at night, when other places were bright with light, the darkness of the house would be broken only by a single lamp moving about wherever the miserly owner went.

Josephus Flint was not a man to have guests to his home, and in his turn he never visited anyone, so that "The Oaks," as his house was called, was more like a gloomy fortress under siege than a dwelling place for human beings. Yet it was notorious that Flint had money—rumor in her extravagance had it that he was fabulously rich—but be that as it may, his fortune was considerable and grew little less for any spending he might do.

By dint of reaching here and clawing there he had succeeded in acquiring the ownership of nearly all the poorer dwelling places of Windbridge, by reason of which he was able, like a Spaniard tor-

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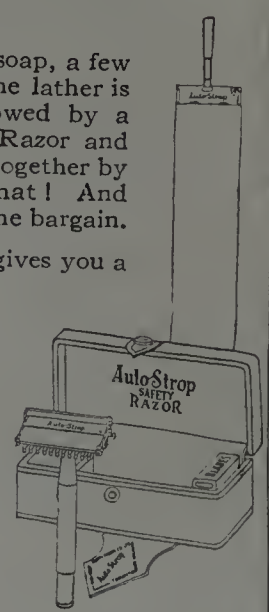

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turing prisoners on the wrack, to squeeze and turn the handle of his power until his name had become a thing of detestation. On the few occasions that he ventured through the streets of the village he was greeted with malignant scowls and muttered imprecations, but they only served to add fuel to the burning flames of his greed and to convince him further of his rare shrewdness.

Perhaps, as has been predicted more than once, he would have been brought to task by some of the more adventurous spirits such as Doctor Jellybud, if it had not been that in addition to his other wealth, the old miser possessed a daughter who inspired an affection which was no less general than the dislike for her father. There was absolutely no reason why a shrivelled, whining, yellow-faced fellow like Flint should have a daughter like Barbara. Eugenically it was all wrong . . . . But there she was and there was no denying her, even if anyone wanted to.

Though she was only allowed from the house on a Sunday morning, or on the very rarest occasions when the choir in which she sang might perhaps be holding some secular celebration, (as even the most serious choirs do every now and then) she always looked as fresh and dainty as if such things as a miserly father and a great, creaky, lonely house were completely unknown to her.

Barbara Flint was not a tall, imposing girl—I don't suppose anyone would ever speak of her as 'Queenly'—on the contrary, her brown curls were just about the height of a man's shoulder (which is the proper height for brown curls to be), and her eyes were a mischievous, twinkling pair of twins that no sooner looked at a man than everything would go out of his head and he would be forced to lower his own eyes. Not that that was much refuge, for it only brought you to Barbara's mouth—a coaxing, tantalizing affair altogether—and as it was quite impossible to look for any length of time at it without completely losing one's presence of mind, it was necessary to leave there too. But whether it was her snowy, rounded neck, or blue-tipped fingers, or her quite bewildering waist, looking at Barbara Flint was very trying for masculine eyes. It wasn't even safe to lower one's eyes to the floor for there were Barbara's ankles—and, as Doctor Jellybud once said . . . . But, then, he was a bit of a dog in his day.

In fact, the only safe way to talk to Barbara Flint was to stare straight at the ceiling—but then who wanted to stare at a ceiling if they could look at Barbara instead?

But there had come a change.

IN a moment of generosity, or whatever ingredient passed for that in old Flint's system, he had allowed her to visit her uncle in Surrey. When the bird returned to its cage the eyes were no longer sparkling but pensive; the tantalizing mouth drooped, and the roses in her cheeks changed to lilies. Gossip speculated; conjecture waxed eloquent; but she confided to no one and it is hardly to be expected that her father, blind with greed to all the pleasant things of life, would notice the loss of the roses from his daughter's face.

Week by week she grew more quiet and thoughtful, but if possible more lovely than before. It is perfectly surprising what a charming effect can be given to a pretty face by its owner thinking . . . . And even more surprising when one remembers how seldom this beauty ruse is adopted by the fair ones of the land.

But, though prettier than ever, Barbara grew more and more like an imprisoned bird pining for the open meadows . . . . like a flower that summer's departing spirit has forgotten to call.

THUS to the gloomy fortress of "The Oaks," with its drooping prisoner, came the stranger of the downs. Walking up the unused drive-way, as still as the tomb, he knocked firmly at the door, the noise startling a whole community of birds into an indignant chatter and bringing an echo from a deserted stable.

After he had repeated the knock a third time he heard a shuffling step with

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an undoing of a chain, the unlocking of a padlock, and the slow withdrawal of a bolt. After this disarmament the door, which creaked horribly in protest, was opened and an old retainer whose hair was so thin that his head seemed covered with cob-webs, peered through the crevice.

"Go 'way," he said in a quivering, cracked voice. "Ye have no business here. Go 'way."

The young man quietly advanced his foot against the door.

"I want to see Miss Barbara," he said.

"Go 'way," repeated the servant, coughing querulously with the effort of speech. "Mas'r Flint's orders: ye be begging, I know. No beggars; no beggars. He has nought to give. Go 'way."

With this hearty welcome the old man tried to close the door but the stranger stopped it with his foot and then, rather roughly, put his shoulder against it with the result that it swung back abruptly, pinning the old servitor against the wall with only his hands and feet showing in convulsive movements like a drowning man struggling to swim.

"Here," said the impetuous invader," "come out, and listen to me. See this half-crown? That's for you if you tell Miss Barbara that Jerry wants to speak with her. I'll wait in this room to the right and if you don't get that message to her at once, I'll crack your old eggshell of a head."

THE servant clutched the coin avariciously, and grinning knowingly, shuffled down the dark hallway, murmuring strange sounds and wagging his yellow head at all angles to assure himself that it was still there and in good working order. The stranger moved into a great dreary room with dingy furniture covered by shabby upholstery, a grate that had known no coal for many winters, a long table in the centre with its contents covered by a cloth that looked like a shroud, and windows where the light was repelled by heavy curtains as though beneath the table cover there was someone lying dead.

With an impatient frown the visitor took in the appointments of the room, and undoing his cloak threw it back over his shoulders where the falling drops of rain still clinging to it made a litle pool in the worn-out carpet.

There was a light footstep on the stairway, a sudden glimpse of dimples, blushes, curls and twinkling feet, and an equally sudden encircling of their owner by a pair of particularly sturdy arms.

"Oh. Jerry," said the young lady, speaking into the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Barbara," said the stranger with his lips compressed against the brown curls.

As neither of them seemed to think that anything more need be said, they might have gone on indefinitely, with her apostrophizing the breast pocket, and him murmuring "Barbara" into the curls (and by no means a pastime to be sneered at either) if she had not been suddenly overcome with a combination of timidity and curiosity.

"Oh Jerry," she whispered, "why have you come?"

"Barbara," answered the stranger, and his voice went all wobbly with emotion, "I couldn't live another day without you."

"Oh, Jerry," said Barbara sighing happily at this outrageous lie, although the young man was naturally honest and wouldn't state what he didn't believe, yet. . . . . well confound it, *you* try holding in your arms, the sweetest little bit of femininity for a hundred miles in any direction and see if hyperbole doesn't creep in somewhere.

"Jerry," said Barbara, looking up at him, and bringing her coaxing lips cruelly near his, "you must go away."

"Never," said the stranger.

At this point conversation ceased—but words are poor things at best, and if a young man in his twenties and a young lady, as fragrant and winsome as Barbara Flint, couldn't find a better medium of expression than language, then the world was made for philosophers and not for lovers.

" . . . . . But you *must*," said Barbara after a lengthy pause, speaking with that sublime irrelevancy of young people who are able to take up the threads of a conversation at any time with an aplomb that would drive a memory expert into a paroxysm of envy.

"If I go away," said the stranger, "you must come too. Listen, Barbara: I tried to forget you, but ever since you visited your uncle I have been the miserablest man alive. I have endeavored to get interested in my farm—I went to town to try and forget. . . . I even thought of going to Canada!"

"Oh Jerry!" said Barbara.

"Yes, I did," said the other stoutly, "Red Indians or no Red Indians, I was going there. But the more I thought of it all, the harder it was to forget you. Oh, Barbara, dear, if you don't want to see me go to the other end of the world and die a miserable bachelor, say that you love me and will be my wife." (And Jacob Funnle in his most dramatic moments never equalled the intensity of the young man's voice as he uttered those words.)

"No, dear," said Barbara, "you must go away." Here she pressed his hand very tightly, as if that made going away any easier. "Father would never consent, for you know I am only nineteen and besides there is no one to look after him."

"Then bring him along, Barbara," said Jerry. "From all I hear, he seems a surly brute—excuse me speaking of your father that way, my love—but when I see this horrible house and think how you are a prisoner in it, I would rather have him come and live with us than let you stay here one day longer than necessary."

"Oh you would, would you?"

THE young people separated swiftly, as Josephus Flint uttered these words in a thin, quivering voice as though the bones in his threat were already losened by death's palsy and rattling in ghoulish anticipation of his approaching disintegration. Having been warned by his faithful servitor who was curiously devoted to the miser, he had crept towards the lovers, feeling every step with his stick before he ventured on it, with the result that he had arrived unperceived and just in time to hear the candid reference to his own charming disposition. He was a wrinkled, biscuit-colored man whose very blood had grown miserly, and, refusing to flow freely through his veins, had left him open to periodical attacks of rheumatism caused by the damp, unaired rooms and the constant shadow in which both his mind and body lived. Although considerably bent from all this, and yellow of skin, a pair of piercing eyes and a strong, hooked nose kept his appearance from senility. . . . . lending an effect of smouldering vitality as a burning coal will often continue to glow when its fellows have become lifeless ashes.

"So you would take me with you," said Mr. Flint, with a horrible rattle, shaking his stick at the uninvited guest, while the old retainer who had acted as informer and had followed him into the room, rubbed his shrivelled hands and wagged his old egg of a head in great enjoyment of the scene. "You would be kindly to an old man just for nothing, eh? Not for his gold—oh no, not for his gold—nor neither for his houses bringing in good rent. . . . " Here Mr. Flint grinned disagreeably, displaying a cracked tooth to the very best advantage. "Bringing in good rent," he went on, sucking a breath in between the cracked tooth and its neighbor with an unearthly whistle, "and they'll bring more too, mark ye. They can't afford to buy and there's no other houses to be had, so they'll pay Josephus Flint more and more. . . . and more. . . . . ."

His voice ended in a cough and with difficulty he regained his breath. There was a cackle of laughter from the aged servant who tremblingly ran his fingers over his colorless lips as though the jest were so good he begrudged the escaping of any of it in merriment.

"Mr. Flint," said the young man

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glancing for encouragement at Barbara's beaming eyes, "I love your daughter. I have loved her now for many months and I cannot live without her."

"Ah—he loves her," sneered the miser but apparently speaking to no one in particular. "He didn't know anything about her being an only child—nothing about her father's money—oh no—nothing at all about the money. Hark'ee, Smithers—hark to him raving about my daughter, and never a word about the money I've scraped and worked and starved and fought for. Hark'ee, Smithers."

Thus appealed to, the old servant opened his mouth wide, and from its toothless interior came a faint, subterranean sound no louder than the meow of a kitten.

"Sir," said the young man, "you wrong me cruelly. I don't need a penny of your money—Barbara is all I want." At which statement the young lady mentioned cast such an affectionate glance upon him that further speech became quite impossible.

"The girl," said the miser, "has no mind of her own. She's only a chit of a thing and thinks as how every monkey-face that looks sweet at her, wants her for a wife. I know your game, young fellow. You've got a smooth tongue that can fool her, but you can't come over Josephus Flint. He wasn't born yesterday—no, nor the day before either. Eh, Smithers?"

"Mr. Flint," said the young man, "I have asked Barbara to become my wife."

"And I tell you," cried the miser, his thin voice rising almost to a scream, "that she'll not have you—and all your sneaking around here won't get you further."

"But," said the young man, biting his lip with suppressed anger, "she can speak for herself. She's old enough to know her own mind."

"Nothing of the sort," cried Flint. "She's a child—a silly, brainless thing as every skulking hound that wants her father's money tries to be sweet with."

"Oh Jerry," said Barbara, wiping a tear from one of the twin jewels, "I think you had better go."

"Never," said Jerry, with a repetition of the before-mentioned hyperbole.

"Her advice is good," sneered Josephus Flint; "the door works both ways and will let you out same as it let you in. So out you go, my strutting peacock, and don't let me see your fine feathers about here no more unless you want them clipped."

"Sir," said the young man, taking a very slight step forward, which so startled Mr. Flint that he staggered back into the arms of old Smithers, "if it weren't for your daughter I'd take you two old devils by the scruff of your necks and drown you like cats in a tub. You're a scoundrel, sir, and when you insult me, and your daughter too, which is far worse, you do so because you know your age protects you."

"Begone," cried the miser, an ugly pallor mixing with the disagreeable yellow of his face. "Begone afore I put the dogs on you."

"Go 'way," bleated Smithers, shaking a long shining finger over Flint's shoulder. "Go 'way."

"Yes, Jerry, dear," pleaded Barbara, "please go. Father will be all right directly."

"Barbara," said Jerry, "come with me. There's no law, written or unwritten, that can keep us apart if you really love me. Get a few things together right now, and I'll warrant that you'll leave the house unmolested."

"Smithers," shrieked the miser, brandishing his stick, "hark to him. You be witness to his trying to abduct my daughter. There's a law for that, Smithers, and I'll have it on him if it takes every penny I've scraped together."

"Mr. Flint," said Jerry quietly—

"Ah—Mister Flint! Mr. Flint!" shrieked the old fellow in a tempest of rage. "That's your song, you parrot, but it will be 'Mr. Turnkey, Mr. Turnkey,' for you, my fine fellow. Breaking into a man's house, assaulting his servant, trying to steal his daughter—there's a law for that. And how do I know that may be only your excuse for robbing the house? . . . . . He was alone here, Smithers! He's been robbing us! He's been robbing—" His voice rose to a scream and ended in a fit of coughing which discolored his face a horrible black, while Smithers slapped him on the back, and crooned toothless mouthings of encouragement and sympathy.

"Sir," said Jerry, "I shall go—but you have not heard the last of me. If Barbara will be my wife, I shall come and take her even if you bar every window and door six feet deep with the gold you've stolen from the poor."

"Libel!" yelled Mr. Flint. "Blackmail! Threats! I'll have the law, Smithers—I'll—"

"Call the law as loudly as you like," said the young man, disdainfully, buttoning his cloak about him and reaching for his hat; "but some of these nights you'll have visitors here that the law can't touch. Watch out, Mr. Flint, that the man who has wronged the living so long, may not be punished *by the dead*."

THERE was a choking sound from the miser; his face was livid, and the rattling sound in his throat seemed startlingly loud. Weak with anger and terror he pulled the collar from his throat to ease the breathing, and, turning helplessly to old Smithers, leaned on his shoulder for support.

"Conspiracy," he said, faintly, ". . . Everywhere. . . . . all against me . . . It's Jack Fish's doing. . . . I'll have the law on him. . . . dangerous. . . . lock him up . . . . They're all against me, Smithers—my own daughter. . . everybody. . . . against me."

"No, they aint," squeaked the old servitor, patting the miser's shoulder with his bony hand, "I aint agin ye, Mas'r Flint. You be a good mas'r to old Smithers these forty year. I aint agin ye."

"Conspiracy," moaned the miser, his whole body trembling. . . . . "They don't come out in the open. . . . They won't fight fair. . . . They try to frighten me, Smithers."

"I know, mas'r," croaked the servitor. "Go 'way." He shook his finger at the young man, "Ye have no business here. Ye be a beggar—that's what ye be. Go 'way."

"Barbara," said the young man, "is it your wish that I go?"

"Yes, yes, dear," said the girl, bravely, "I must stay with father. Perhaps in a couple of years I could see you again."

"But you do love me, Barbara?"

"Oh, Jerry," said Barbara, and burst into tears which the young man checked by vehemently catching her in his arms, imprinting a kiss on her lips, stamping past the two old men and conferring a snap of the fingers on them as he did so, and leaving the house—performing the whole series of actions in a little less time than it takes to record.

As he reached the drive-way, the rain, which apparently had been waiting for him, came down in an absolute deluge. Pulling his hat tight down on his ears, the young man of the downs walked sternly away, the rain splashing off his hat in such torrents that he looked like a figure in a fountain that had suddenly decided to go for a walk.

IT will have been noted by this time that Dr. Octavius Jellybud possessed a deep fixity of purpose. Duty to him was as the magnetic north to the needle of a compass, and just as compelling. When he declared that he was going to see Barbara Flint that day, the entire king's army of horse and foot, who were said to be unequal to replacing Humpty-Dumpty on the wall, would have been just as helpless in preventing Dr. Jellybud from achieving his objective.

Yet, even as mariners, steering by a perfect chart, have been known to run on shoals, the Doctor suffered peculiarly from the diverting cross-currents which beset the human destiny. There never was a family physician who planned his day more ruthlessly; there was probably never one who was so unsuccessful in adhering to his plan.

In spite of his indomitable will he was forced to realize that where Might (in the form of Judge Funnle's house)

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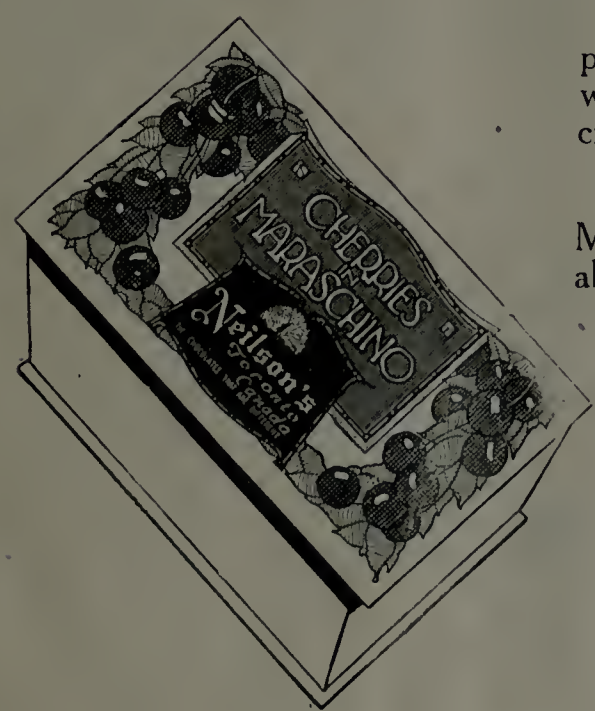

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could not prevail, Treachery (in the person of Socrates) by deserting the straight road of duty for the drive-way of ease and oats, could puncture the strongest armor of inflexibility.

But though temporarily drawn from his course, the Doctor was not the kind of a man to give up without a struggle. At the conclusion of his cribbage game with Funnle he pocketed three shillings, and, resolutely refusing to stay for luncheon, went out to the stable and superintended the harnessing of the indignant Socrates.

Waving his host farewell he climbed into the gig.

"Good-bye, Funnle," he said, indicating to his horse by a "Chck" that he was to proceed. The response very nearly threw the worthy physician by a back somersault into the road. Socrates had bolted forward a full length, and then did a shuffling, music-hall step that gave him a particularly misanthropic look, failing to advance the gig a single yard.

"Now then," said the Doctor, readjusting his hat and shifting himself several inches forward, "none of that . . . . Good-bye, Funnle."

After six repetitions of this spasmodic mode of transit (during which Nero was four times within an inch of having his brains kicked out) Socrates squared well away and, without further mishap, they reached the main road and went bowling along once more towards "The Oaks."

But the troubles of this man of iron will were not yet over. Rain, like dew, has a habit of falling upon the just and unjust alike, as one of our first women barristers remarked during the trial of a much-hounded Jew—a trial in which the young lady modestly assumed the roles of prosecuting attorney, judge and jury; and therefore, just as the Doctor was within half a mile of "The Fiddlers Three," which he had to pass before gaining the road to Flint's house, the storm which had so drenched the young man of the downs, came swiftly upon the Doctor like wrath.

"Hello," said the Doctor, buttoning everything up and covering his head with a rubber cape, "this is very remarkable for this time of year. . . . I am very much afraid we'll have to put in at The Fiddlers Three until it passes."

It was a wise resolution, for the rain was coming down with such force that it was turning the countryside into a net-work of muddy, running streams; and, being joined by a Bolshevistic wind that did its best to blow the Doctor and his gig clean back to Windbridge, progress was extremely difficult. At length, however, the friendly shelter of the driving-shed was reached, and the grinning half-wit helped the practitioner from his pedestal.

With a kindly pat on the shoulder which the poor fellow seemed to appreciate tremendously (for though his brain was half-witted it did not mean that he was half-hearted as well) the Doctor shook hands with the landlord, no less a person than Abraham Fish, who had hurried out to take the Doctor's dripping coat.

OPENING the door for his guest he bustled about, putting new logs on the fire in the coffee room; ordering the buxom cook to prepare a leg of mutton, with some chops, right away; while an exceedingly pretty bar-and-house-maid was told to mix "something warm" for the Doctor, but first to bring some slippers to replace his wet boots. In fact, The Fiddlers Three, instead of being a desolate, deserted tavern as it had looked in the morning to Jerry, was turned into a hive of bustling hospitality; and, as the Doctor sat before the fire with a bowl of tobacco handed from a shelf by the landlord, and noting with approval that the pretty little bar-and-house-maid was squeezing a bit of lemon into the glass of "something warm," Dr. Jellybud felt that except for the three violinists (and after all, that's an awful load of artistic temperament to have hanging around) his lot could compare very favorably with that of Old King Cole himself.

"Horrible weather, Abraham," said the Doctor.

"Very aggravatin'," said the Landlord.

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"Well, my dear," said the Doctor accepting the steaming libation from the daughter of Bacchus. "Here's looking at you."

"Go on with you," said the young woman, blushing most agreeably, and coyly looking at the ground.

The phrase "something warm" is a peculiar one. It might mean a great deal and then again it might mean very little. In these days "something warm" has a geographical quality, signifying quite a different thing in America than it would, say, in Scotland; but whatever Abraham Fish meant when he used that phrase back in the times of which this story tells, the bar-and-house-maid must have given it a very satisfactory translation. Of course it may have possessed only medicinal qualities, and the squeezing of the lemon may have been merely "a gilding of the philosophic pill," but no sooner were the contents out of the glass and inside the Doctor than a gradual glow of comfort began to spread from his chilled feet to the bald spot, about the size of a half-crown, on the very pinnacle of his head. He listened to the logs roaring in the fire-place; he noticed the noiseless and endless activities of the pretty bar-and-house-maid; he smelt the fragrance of broiling chops, percolating gratefully from the kitchen. . . . and a smile of such cherubic sweetness expanded over his plump countenance that if it could only have been put into a stained glass cathedral window he could have passed for a holy painting.

HE was just relapsing into a reverie the burden of which was the thought of how pleasant a thing life was, when the front door was violently opened and a gust of wind, a swirl of rain, and a bad-tempered young man all came in together.

"Damme!" said the Doctor. "Close the door. Come in. Draw your chair up by the fire. Abraham—here's a drowned man for you."

"Can I get something to eat here?" said the stranger, sharply, as the landlord helped to divest him of cloak and hat.

"Directly, sir," said Mr. Fish. "I'll hang your things out in the kitchen for to dry. Your feet be soaked, sir—take off them boots and we'll have 'em dry in an hour. Now then, Nancy—a glass of something warm for the gen'l'man."

With rather a sulky air the young man received these hospitable ministrations, and with a curt "good day" took his seat beside the Doctor, draining his glass restorative without so much as a glance at the officiating Nancy who had assumed her most demure and captivating manner for the occasion.

"Disagreeable weather," said the Doctor.

"Damnable," said the other, staring dreamily into the fire.

"You are a stranger to Windbridge?"

"Yes."

As the stranger did not deign any further information, a silence ensued while The Fiddlers Three rocked and creaked in the gale and the windows were hard put to resist the attacking torrents of rain.

"Visiting about these parts?' suggested the Doctor interrogatively.

"No."

"Just . . . . . ?"

"Yes."

"I see," said the Doctor, who was just as wise as before, but owing to his medical experience had acquired the habit of appearing to understand exactly what everyone meant. To be able to describe one's symptoms to a physician who says "I see," is to experience complete mental relief on the spot.

"Disagreeable weather," said the Doctor again.

"Damnable."

"For this time of year."

"For any time of year," said the stranger.

"But particularly for *this* time of year," persisted the Doctor.

"Well, it's damned disagreeable anyway."

"Exactly," said the Doctor quite convinced that he had proved a knotty point.

"Nice cosy little inn, this," he went on after another lengthy pause as the celestial odor of chops was wafted into the room. "Ever been here before?"

"No," said the young man, "and there'll be two moons in the sky when I come here again."

"Now I gather," said Octavius Jellybud, thoughtfully, "that something unpleasant has happened to you. I knew it wasn't just a bad liver at your age."

THE young man rose to his feet and crossing to the side of the fire leaned against the stone frame, looking musingly into the flames.

"Sir," he said, "excuse my curtness to you; but if you will remember that I crossed these grizzly downs in a drizzling rain, borne up by hope of seeing and claiming for my wife a young woman whom I had every reason to believe looked kindly on me. . . . only to be ordered out of the house by her father and—what is worse—being accused of trying to rob the place. Curse it, sir! If I were older, or he younger, I'd make him eat those words and shake him by the throat until they were well down his gullet."

Doctor Jellybud's face was a study of sympathetic understanding. Possessing a blighted romantic career of his own, he found his greatest joy in the romance of others; and the straightforward story of the young stranger had roused the keenest interest in him.

"But my dear sir," he said, encouragingly, "it will all come right."

"Yes—" The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Even Barbara said we might see each other again in a couple of years."

"BARBARA?" The Doctor sat bolt upright and gripped the arms of his chair. "Are you the lover of Barbara Flint?"

"I was," said the other, "though I did not mean to mention her name."

"I might have known it," cried the Doctor jumping to his feet and striding up and down the room, tossing his coat tails violently as he did so. "You're the chap—bless my soul!—you're the lucky scoundrel that captured our little beauty's heart, are you? I see—I've got it—clear as day—Here's my hand—Jellybud's my name—Doctor Octavius Jellybud—what's yours?"

"Jerry—" began the other, heartily gripping the Doctor's hand.

"Jerry? That's enough," said the practitioner, energetically. "Jerry will do for me—and there's something wrong if you and me, Jerry, won't do for old FLINT!" At which word, delivered with terrific energy, the Doctor took a pass in the air with his right fist, then assumed an "on guard" position that would have won applause in any sporting club in the country.

"Then you know Barbara?" said the young man, soulfully, but finding a melancholy pleasure in the mere mention of her name.

"Know her, my dear Jerry?" The Doctor's frown vanished before the sunshine of his good humor. "Bless your heart—I officiated when she arrived; and as I said to her mother at the time—charming woman, never should have married that obnoxious specimen—I said: 'There'll be tears in Heaven at parting with this lovely little thing.' Which were about the last words the poor soul heard, for she was sick of pneumonia from living in that damp house, and died a few hours later."

Here the Doctor blew his nose with such violence that it sounded like a trumpet.

"I am the miserablest man alive," said Jerry, turning towards the fire with a countenance which lent considerable force to his assertion.

"Tell me all that happened," said the Doctor, resuming his seat, and, as was his professional custom, adjusting the glasses on the end of his nose. "The only difference between whispering a secret down a well, and telling it to a Doctor, is, that a Doctor can't be pumped, so out with it, Jerry."

WITH lips that trembled angrily, the young man recalled his visit; how he had proved that Barbara did love him; how their Eden was invaded by the serpent; how words had flown about like brick-bats. . . . and, in short, he

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told his tale with a manliness and frankness that would have melted the most rugged nature.

". . . Is it fair, Doctor," concluded the youth, "that Barbara and I, who love each other so dearly, should be parted by this curmudgeon who can see nothing for the greed blinding his eyes—is it fair?"

"No sir!" cried the Doctor jumping up and sitting down violently, "NO SIR!"

"I wish you had seen him," said the young man with a mirthless laugh, "when I told him that the dead would get him yet. I guessed from Jack Fish that the old miser was superstitious, but I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him with his jaw quivering and his whole body trembling like a jelly, as if he saw the ghosts in the very room."

"Poor Jack," said Abraham Fish, the landlord, who had joined the two guests and had heard the last remarks. "The silly lad's barmy in the nob. He always holds as how every Xmas Eve the old dead pirates and highwaymen—them as used The Fiddlers Three in the good old days—comes back here for an hour. It's a creepy thing, gents, when the wind's a-howling over them there downs, and the poor boy telling it like as if he hears the dead 'uns hammering at the door. . . . It do be a creepy thing—and Master Flint is that scared that when he sees Jack, he runs away as fast as his crooked old legs will take him."

The Doctor puffed at his pipe, but a trained physiognomist would have noticed that his eyebrows were lowered and his lips pursed up in an expression of deep mental concentration.

"For twenty year now," went on the Landlord, "Master Flint do always come on a Xmas Eve. There he sits in that corner all by himself—and when he thinks as how almost everyone is gone, he sez: 'Fish—a glass of beer for all these gen'l'men, at my expense.' I don't know why he goes for to do it, and most of us would rather drink a glass of physic—beggin' your pardon, Doctor Jellybud—than take anything from that there aggravatin' piece of baggage. But wishes don't get nowhere—and he'll be here this Xmas Eve same as before."

Beckoning them to be silent the Doctor requested the young man and the Landlord to gather close about him. He was almost purple in the face with condensed excitement and his merry old eyes were shining like lamps.

"Listen," he whispered. "Listen to this."

Whatever it was the Doctor said, it must have been very amusing, for at its conclusion all three burst into such a prolonged and hearty laugh that poor Jack Fish came in at the noise, terror-stricken.

"Jack!" cried the jovial Doctor. "Here's a half-crown for you. You've earned it, my boy."

With a gleeful laugh the idiot thrust the coin into his smock and with eyes rolling about in their sockets, left the room muttering and chuckling to himself.

At this point Nancy arrived to announce that the meal was ready, and proceeded to spread a table right where they were (it being the wish of both the Doctor and Jerry that they eat together); after which they set to with such heartiness that Barbara Flint would have been more unhappy still if she would have seen the jolly look on the face of the lover so recently torn from her arms. As for the bar-and-house-maid, she waited on them so dexterously and daintily and joined in their mysteriously boisterous good humor so cheerfully that on three occasions the Doctor insisted upon placing his arm around her—a recognition of her charms which brought such outbursts of guffaws each time from the whole group, that the buxom cook in the kitchen (who hadn't the faintest idea of what was going on) laughed herself into hysterics and had to be restored with a drop of something from the bar. . . . In fact it was such a merry and noisy party that even Nero appeared at the door with the nearest thing approaching a grin ever seen on his super-melancholy visage.

"Then it's decided," said the Doctor, at the end of the meal, apropos of what they had discussed. "You come and stay with me—my sister will be delighted—and on the way home we'll drop in and see Funnle. Abraham—have Socrates harnessed."

A half hour later, with the stranger seated beside the Doctor, the gig started off for "The Briars" once more—and as the rain and wind were behind him, Socrates established a record for speed that is still spoken of in awe by the villagers of Windbridge.

* * *

XMAS EVE.

Windbridge, lying disconsolate for two days in the grip of unseasonable rain, had been transformed into a shimmering, crystal fairyland. Early in the morning snow began to fall, covering the downs in a great blanket of white: clothing the naked trees in soft, clinging garments: embedding cottages in thick hoods: changing green hedges to furry palisades . . And hour after hour the descending, fluttering hosts of snowflakes fell twinkling through the air . . . . . Tracks of passing vehicles were made and obliterated as soon as made . . . . . On church tower, on pinnacles of trees, on creeping vines, the soft encroaching canopy of nature fell, hanging its jewelry on them all.

And when towards night, the storehouse of the skies held no more treasure, the moon appeared and with its alchemy of silvery blue, touched the world with its star-tipped wand . . . . cottage roofs changed to glittering minarets: out on the downs the light of a solitary shepherd's hut became a sapphire glowing in a sea of satin white: the village itself was a twinkling street of little snow-bound palaces for gnomes.

It was Xmas Eve—that strangely gripping season of the heart; a time that means so much to children, and when children mean so much to us; a passing hour when selfishness and greed and carking care fly out the chimneys like poor Jack Fish's sparks . . . . when hearts beat faster, hands clasp tighter; when tears and laughter are nearer the brink, and old scenes and old friends are best. One moment in life's little day when kindly hearts can make a palace of a hut or lack of them turn affluence to poverty.

Far out at the cross-roads, The Fiddlers Three, deep-banked in snow, was all ablaze with merriment. A goodly company of villagers, as was their custom, had gathered for a jovial tankard and the easy badinage of hard-working, well-fed, honest souls. It is true, perhaps, that the conversation was not overdeep, nor dealt with things of metaphysical import. They did not immerse themselves in the Dead Sea of advanced socialistic thought, nor feel the subliminal uprush of those who by some hired medium strive to hitch this world to the next; but they *did* laugh, and they *did* sing, and when they wished each other the greetings of the season they did not mumble nor stumble over them. When they sang a foolish chorus each man did his best to sing louder than his neighbor, and when they passed the hat for a crippled villager, they gave as they sang and laughed—cheerfully, heartily, generously.

Milords and Gentlemen, Senators and Scientists, Presidents and Potentates—is there nothing to learn in these troublesome times from the goodly gathering at The Fiddlers Three?

IT WAS nearly eleven o'clock when those of the villagers who had spouses to consider, left and the inn resumed its normal aspect. The logs were burning low; Nancy had washed and shined every glass in the place, then retired upstairs; when the door was cautiously opened and the head of Josephus Flint appeared in the aperture.

"A Merry Xmas to ye all," he croaked addressing the three invariables who were attending to the last moments of the dying fire.

With good grace they returned the

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wish, and the miser, stamping his feet to shake off the clinging snow, entered and took his customary seat back in the shadows, sitting without a word as his fingers played a querulous tattoo on his chin.

In a few minutes one of the perennials left amidst a chorus of good wishes from his partners, and, hammering the table with his stick, Flint summoned the landlord.

"Fish," he said, with the disagreeable rattle of his throat, "a glass of beer all round for these gentlemen."

"All of 'em?" said the landlord, glancing at the two survivors of the party. As it was obviously a question which did not necessitate an answer, he retired behind the bar and filled three glasses, giving two to the guests and the third to the generous donor, himself.

With a perfunctory "Here's to you, sir," the pair of villagers quaffed the foaming, two-penny draft, and then departed, having achieved the thirsty purpose for which they had remained.

Twenty minutes passed.

The smouldering logs glowed faintly in the fire-place; a solitary candle spluttered, almost went out, revived, drooped, and sent strange shadows playing grotesquely about the room. The inn that had been so noisy was as silent as a tomb set in the great white desert of the downs.

And still the miser sat with wrinkled, yellow brow supported by his lean, clawing fingers, his hungry eyes gazing into the smouldering fire. . . . There was the soft sound of some loosened snow gliding from the roof to the ground. . . . A blue ray of moonlight crept stealthily in through a window. . . . . Over the downs came the howl of a lonely dog.

Midnight.

The miser still sat alone, wrapped in some dream of gold that left him lost to his surroundings.

SUDDENLY his thin blood froze in horror. There was a loud hammering at the outer, kitchen door; the sound of a neighing horse; loud voices uttering strange oaths. He heard the shriek of Jack Fish and the stamp of jingling spurs.

Staggering to his feet the miser reached for his hat and strove to leave the room, but his feet were lead and his trembling limbs powerless to move them. The voices were coming nearer. . . . the door was opening . . . . He looked wildly over his shoulder and with a moan sank to his knees and hid behind the chair he had been sitting in.

There at the door, in the almost total darkness, he saw two hideous faces. They were glowing like flames, as if two satyrs stood grinning into the fires of Hell. Across the brow of the taller one, and embracing his left eye, was a blood-stained bandage. The other's countenance was a murderous, red-bearded one with an open sword-cut diagonally across his face.

"What ho!" bellowed the taller one, and the horror-stricken miser saw that he was dressed in the vile trappings of a pirate, knife, cutlass and all. "Some rum, landlord, and look ye, blackguard—make it boiling hot, for sink me by the head, if that grave of mine doesn't grow more rheumatic every year."

With clumsy, stumbling steps and terrified countenance, Abraham Fish appeared and, taking two bottles from the bar, hurried towards the kitchen. Through the door Flint could just make out the jibbering figure of the half-wit muttering wildly to himself as he sat, cross-legged, on the floor.

"One moment, by Jupiter!" said the shorter ghost, drawing a pair of enormous pistols from their holsters and halting the landlord as he was just leaving the room. "Are we alone?"

"Y-yes, s-s-sir," stammered the landlord.

"Cut his throat," said the pirate in a blood-curdling voice, "throw him down the well."

"W-would you care for a light?" asked the proprietor. Josephus Flint's heart distinctly stopped, then resumed its beat at a greater speed than ever.

"Goggles and Guttersnipers!" swore the shorter ghost, juggling a pistol and narrowly missing a tumble as his enor-

mous spurs interlocked. "Begone and fetch the rum, or hang me to the nearest gibbet if I don't puncture your windpipe."

Not waiting for a second intimation, the landlord bowed low and precipitately disappeared as the pirate drew his enormous cutlass and took a heavy step in his direction.

"Well, Turpin, my lad," he said, putting down his cutlass on the floor and drawing up a chair to the table in the centre of the room. "Are you ready with the dice?"

"Squirks and Skittles!" ejaculated the other, whose costume bore out the fact that he had once been a highwayman, and whose bearded, maltreated face looked blotched and hideous in the meagre glimmer of the persistent candle. "S'death! but my fingers itch to feel the scoundrel's throat."

"Now then," said the other, reaching for his cutlass and laying it on the table. "Let us understand each other *verbatim et literatim*. Three throws of the dice, and the winner of two takes Master Flint along with him."

"*What's that?*" cried the highwayman, jumping to his feet and pointing his pistols recklessly around the room.

"WHAT'S WHAT?" roared the pirate lunging into the dark with his cutlass.

"Slugs and Squashes! Methinks I heard a rattle of some villain's throat."

"Hop aboard me!" cried the pirate, making the air sing with his cutlass, "Where is the yellow-livered scoundrel? I'll carve him! I'll change his architecture!"

In spite of this opportunity for improving his figure, the listener remained hidden, one hand clutching the chair, the other holding his jaw lest the noise of his chattering teeth be heard. After the two diabolical figures had uttered a few more oaths and threats they sat down again, the cutlass was once more put on the table, and the pistols were relodged in their holsters.

"Now then," said the rather stout highwayman, "your deal ——"

"Lash me to the mast!" roared the bandaged robber of the sea, taking a pair of dice from his pocket and shaking them about in his closed hand. "Roll for me, my beauties—roll high for your favorite uncle . . . . what is it—big-Dick?"

"Three!" cried the highwayman, "Three."

The pirate grasped his cutlass but, changing his mind, folded his arms and looked hideously over his bandage as his opponent threw five.

"By my skull!" muttered the seaman, reaching angrily for the dice. "Am I to be thwarted of Mr. Flint's company just as I've at last worked it out so we won't be crowded in my grave? Roll for me, you little angels—roll for your handsome uncle—come eleven . . . . What do you say to that, Jel—Turpin? Eleven it is."

"As to that," sneered the highwayman, "accidents will happen."

For a moment the ghosts glared hideously into each other's faces.

"Roll," said the pirate contemptuously.

"Six," muttered the highwayman, doing so.

"Rake me fore and aft!" roared the pirate, "*vivit post funera virtus*—which means that though the undertaker have you, virtue will emerge triumphant. Give me the dice—this is the time we throw the grappling irons into each other."

"I'm dry as a skeleton," ejaculated the other.

"Well said. What ho! Landlord. What of the rum?"

"C-coming, gents," cried the voice of Abraham Fish, and a moment later he appeared with two steaming glasses which looked extraordinarily like the beverage known as "something warm."

"Boots and Bottles!" said the highwayman taking a sip. "Tell me, rogue—and if thou liest may the saints protect thee. Dost know a fellow by the name of Flint?"

"I d-d-d-o, sir."

"No so much d-d-d-o and more talk," muttered the pirate, fingering his cutlass.

"Where doth he abide, rogue?" asked the portly shade of the lamented Turpin.

"Down the road, a good, a good three-quarter mile from here."

"'Tis well. And tell me, donkey-face—what say they of Master Flint in these parts?"

"Nothing good, your honor. He be very close with his money."

"Ha, ha!" roared the pirate. "Scuttle the frigate! but he'll be closer still when he lies beside me in the grave."

"He was here, gents, only an hour since."

"Gumph and Snuckles!" cried the red-bearded Turpin, drawing both pistols again. "Have we missed the scoundrel then?"

"Enough of talk," said the pirate. "Let's to the dice. Then, when 'tis decided, we'll on to Master Flint's house, drag him out by the heels, and make him answer to a tribunal of ghosts the charge that he has robbed and hounded the poor, tortured the helpless and scoured the lives of his fellow men."

"Hear! hear!" said the highwayman. "For though in our day we've murdered many and robbed a goodly number more . . . . we never yet took money from the poor. And so, my lad, it is your roll—then to the merry gentlemen with good Master Flint between us."

"A last throw," muttered the pirate, shaking the dice. "By the jolly Roger! I never failed at love nor gambling yet. If you love me, my beauties—roll 'em high—if you love me give me my little Flint to fondle and strangle in my mouldy ——"

THERE was a cry and a horrible rattle of a man's throat. With his face so pallid that its gleaming surface challenged the fiery horror of the ghostly visitors, Josephus Flint staggered forward and fell upon his knees.

"Squirks!" roared the highwayman, covering him with both pistols and upsetting a chair by catching it with his spurs.

"Sink me, by Jupiter!" bellowed the pirate, dropping the dice and picking up the cutlass.

"Throw him in the fire!—Stir it up, landlord."

"Mercy!" shrieked the miser, imploring it with clasped, trembling hands. "Awful spirits of the past . . . . have mercy."

"Who is the blackguard?" cried the pirate.

"Wax and Waistcoats!" roared the highwayman. "What's his name?"

"Flint," said the landlord, peering into the miser's lowered face.

"WHAT!" shouted the pirate. "Rake me ——"

"Prime my cocking piece!" cried the highwayman, endeavoring to pull back the firing pins of his pistols, and, considering his life's calling, displaying an extraordinary ignorance of their mechanism.

"Mercy," moaned the miser, "ghosts of the bygone past, mercy."

"What mercy have you shown to others?" said the pirate, noisily sharpening his cutlass against the heel of his boot. "Stand up till I cut your throat."

"I'll make it right!" cried the miserable Flint, shaking and quivering like a leaf in a gale: "I'll pay the money back. Don't bury me alive. . .*alive*"... He fell forward clutching at his throat and coughing.

"Poison him," suggested the highwayman unfeelingly, still deeply engrossed in the obstinate nature of his fire-arms.

"Spirits sent to haunt me from the grave," whimpered the miser, "see my repentance. I have been cruel . . . . I have extorted money from the poor . . . . mercy . . . . mercy . . . ."

"Boil him in oil," said the highwayman, handing a pistol to the landlord to see if he could unravel its complexity.

"Hold!" said the pirate, dramatically, pinning the cutlass into the floor and missing his right big toe by the fraction of an inch. "We must deal with this malefactor *recte et suaviter*. The villain has confessed—he offers restitution . . . . Let us hear him out, for it is *lex terrae* to allow a prisoner to speak for himself before you hang him. Look you, Flint—would'st save thy hang-dog life?"

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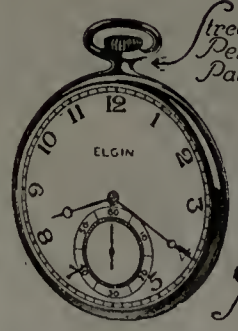

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"Mercy," moaned the cringing miser.

"Very well," said the pirate, adjusting a pair of glasses over the blood-stained bandage. "Turpin—I see some ink and a quill upon the shelf. Pray give it to the hound . . . . good . . . . and now, Master Flint, rise up." He prodded the miser with the point of his cutlass, causing him to squeal like a stuck pig. "Sit down there."

"There," repeated the highwayman, grasping the sorry figure by his shoulders and shoving him so violently into the chair by the table, that every bone in his body was jarred, his teeth meeting with the click one hears when a boxer catches a gaping opponent an "uppercut" on the jaw.

"You swear," said the pirate, "that you will tell the truth. the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so ——"

"Here's the remains of a candle," said the highwayman, carrying the tenacious bit of tallow to the table and thrusting the barrel of an uncocked pistol into the miser's ear.

"Write," said the pirate.

"Take it down," echoed the highwayman.

"'I hereby swear,'" dictated the follower of the black flag, slowly, "'that I have grossly over-charged the following of my tenants'—Landlord, recite the names; and if you value your donkey s ears, leave not *out* one."

"Leave out *not* one," corrected the highwayman.

"As far as I remember, gents," said the landlord, who had apparently grown quite used to his uncanny visitors, "the names are ——"

"Take 'em down, by Venus!" thundered the pirate.

"Ned Clarke," went on the inn-keeper, "Widow McGregor, Sam Heeling, Joe Green, Silas Walker, Brown the chemist, and Martin Sutherland."

"Got that, yellow face?" said the pirate, as the stuttering pen finished its scratchy journey over the surface of a large sheet of note-paper. "Now then, write on—'and therefore I agree to refund one-half of all rents charged for the last five years and further to reduce all rents to one-half their present amount''

With whimpering tears, the miser wrote on for half an hour as the pirate, who was extraordinarily well informed on Mr. Flint's private affairs, dictated his repentance for the usury he had charged, the securities he had stolen on petty loans, and in fact, thoroughly covered the whole avenue of lawful crimes which had made one man's wealth by the misery of others.

"Now sign," said the pirate, sternly.

"In blood," said the red-headed highwayman.

"Ink," corrected the chief inquisitor, motioning his fellow shade to be quiet. "Landlord, sign as witness . . . . good . . . ."

"And now," moaned the miser wringing his hands, "let me home. . . . I'm worn and old . . . . my blood's all chilled and my bones be shaking with the ague . . . ."

"One moment," said the highwayman, "you have a daughter?"

THE miser said nothing, but his shrivelled lips mouthed impotent nothings, his eyes turning weakly away from the horrible bearded face with its glowing sword cut.

"She has a lover," went on the gentleman of the road.

"I deny it," cried Flint; "a villainous jackanapes as wants nought but my money."

"You lie," bellowed the pirate.

"Write," said the late Turpin, sternly.

"Take it down," added his friend.

"'I hereby agree,'" dictated the outlaw of the seas, "'to the immediate marriage of my daughter Barbara to Jerry ——' what's his other name, Turpin?"

"Now damme!" said the highwayman, "I never asked him that."

"It is of no consequence—proceed: 'to Jerry, and to show my joy in such a happy union I herewith endow my daughter with the sum of one thousand pounds.'"

"Mercy," whined the miser.

"Write," said the highwayman, "or we'll slaughter you and let the buzzards have your carcass for their Xmas meal."

"Very good," said the pirate, examining the complete document and replacing his spectacles in their case. "I shall leave this with the local magistrate and .... Listen, Turpin .... I hear the horn. Our time above the earth is finished and the coach is calling us .... Flint—in place of your sordid soul let me advise *mens conscia recti*, and do not forget how brief is the span of life to expiate your many crimes. Take warning, Master Flint, and all of those who live like you, that he who prospers by the misery of others lives after death in constant torture of remorse. Let the spirit of your repentance exceed the act .... For I warn you, should you fail to fulfil this long overdue expiation, that a traveller on the mighty Sahara could more easily escape the rays of the sun than you could avoid the clutch of our ghostly, ghastly, grizzly revenge .... Turpin—away!"

"Lead on, old fellow," said the highwayman, pocketing his pistols and following the high-minded pirate from the room.

Heedless of the jingling spurs, and the excited jabbering of poor Jack Fish, who had been waiting outside in a wild fantasia of delight: heedless of the voices of the departing ghosts mingling with the landlord's and one that sounded strangely like Jerry's .... Flint sat trembling at the table, gazing with unseeing eyes into the eerie blackness of the room.

The obstinate candle uttered a final gasp and went out .... A breath of wind down the chimney stirred the charred ashes of the fire ....

From the downs came the howl of the lonely hound.

XMAS Sunday Morning.

Clanging on the frosty air the old church bell rang out its call to service, and soon the tranquil street, smothered in snow, was dotted with villagers emerging from their cottages. Quietly, as befitted the day, but with hearts brim-full of human kindness, these humble sharers of a simple destiny uttered the old, old Yuletide greeting: and as they made their way through the deep drifts of snow sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight, the pleasant odor of cooking goose and roasting turkey from busy kitchens, reminded them that temporal pleasure would follow hard upon the heels of spiritual exercise.

Even the old church, decked with holly and evergreens, took on a festive look as a golden ray of sunlight irreverently stole in through St. Peter's Window, and rested on the bald pate of the rector, who was in such rare form, when he chanted the responses, that everyone said it was as good as an Archbishop and twice as natural. Though, not to be outdone by the cloth, Jacob Funnle read the lesson impressively and rolled the old Hebrew names about with magisterial dignity.

But the choir was the thing!

It sang so lustily that the sainted windows rattled as if in a gale (Dr. Jellybud singing two notes higher and several notes louder than anyone else) while red-checked girls who sat in the two front rows indulged in the usual pretence of maidenly bashfulness (but made a pretty joyful noise for all that) and tried to keep their eyes off that handsome tenor, George Smith, the chemist's assistant.

The anthem was announced. It was a Te Deum that started with a long note on the organ followed by a dynamic, triple fortissimo, Wagnerian outburst on the word "We." But just as the nineteen members of the choir had come in on a terrific "We" in nineteen variations of the pitch, something happened, and the whole thing came to a sudden stop.

The Rector rubbed his eyes; Jacob Funnle put on his spectables, took them off and wiped them, and put them on again; Sam Heeling turned completely around forgetting all about his organ, while the boy who pumped it walked right into the centre of the chancel where he could get a good view. Only Joe Green who had got away to a wonderful start in the Te Deum went all the way through to "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets" before he realized that he was the only one singing.

Coming up the centre aisle with Barbara (whose absence from the choir had been greatly lamented) on his arm, and Jerry walking on the other side, was Josephus Flint. Behind them, carrying a Bible and looking furtively to each side, was Smithers, the aged servitor.

If The Fiddlers Three had picked itself up and gone for a stroll, or if the church steeple had started turning sommersaults, the inhabitants of Windbridge could not have been more surprised. In absolute silence they watched the old miser, who had never been in the church before, enter an empty pew while Barbara found the place for him in the book, and Jerry stood up beside her so straight and handsome that the spell of the chemist's assistant over the sopranos was broken for ever.

THERE is no saying how long this tableau might have gone on if Dr. Jellybud had not risen magnificently to the occasion. Seizing the anthem book and emitting a stentorian "WE" he started the Te Deum off in so high a key that though the whole pack followed gamely after him there probably never was a choir before nor since that made such faces or such extraordinary sounds, (for the rest of the day most of them could only speak in a whisper); and as for Sam Heeling. . . . as soon as the boy had resumed pumping, he headed the Doctor off in every key known to Christian and Pagan musical composition, failing utterly but establishing an undying reputation for virtuosity and sportsmanship.

Under this extra inspiration the Rector's plea for the collection on behalf of the poor was so eloquent and moving that the women produced a veritable snow flurry of handkerchiefs, and men jingled sixpences together in their pockets hardly able to restrain their eagerness to be up and at the collection bags. When it came the turn of Josephus Flint he put in four half crowns. It's true he was so overcome with giddiness directly afterwards that he was forced to sit down, while old Smithers patted his back and did his best to revive him; but he gave the four half-crowns, for so it is written in the annals of Windbridge.

But when the service was over what a pent-up flood of good feeling broke loose! They shook old Flint's hand and crowded around his daughter as if he were the village's life-long benefactor.

Just as the miser was breaking away from the crowd, Dr. Octavius Jellybud bore down on him and, refusing to accept any excuses, he took the old man off to dinner; the ubiquitous Funnle following close behind with Barbara on his arm, Jerry and Miss Jellybud coming along behind them, and Old Smithers, bringing up the rear, wagging his head and expressing mumbled doubts about the whole business.

WHAT a dinner!

Of course there may have been other Xmas dinners just as sumptuous as the Jellybuds', but to this day whenever the Rector refers to the Babylonian feasts of Balshazzar the minds of the congregation invariably visualize that famous repast at the Doctor's. It is a fact, not a figure of speech, that the table groaned with good things and the more it groaned the louder everyone laughed.

For, even if the viands have been equalled (which I strongly doubt) you would have to search a long time to find a merrier party. At the place of honor was Ned Clarke, his sturdy frame bearing his dignity of years like the fine old Oak he was; opposite him was the Widow McGregor, whose sagacious Scottish comments on the day still live among the before-mentioned annals of the village; then there was Jacob Funnle at one end of the table so full of anecdote and good humor that it was extraordinary where he found room to put the army of good things which he ate; but he had a rival. . . . Sam Heeling was there with his wife, and throw-

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ing off the cares of choir leadership he got off so many side-splitting jokes (most of which had survived the test of time) that it was an absolute miracle anyone got a mouthful down without choking to death. Nor was the Rector far behind Funnle and Heeling, but "got off" one, himself (with considerable prompting by his wife) that made Abraham Fish, who was sitting opposite him, declare he would have made a fortune as an innkeeper.

Out in the kitchen the buxom cook of The Fiddlers Three was in full charge, laughing louder than anyone else, and—since who wants to dine at an inn on Xmas?—there was Nancy the bar-and-house-maid helping to wait on the table, looking as pretty and appetizing as a northern snow apple. And as the Doctor was never a man to do thing by halves, a separate table was set, where poor Jack Fish sat chuckling softly to himself, with old Smithers as a dinner partner, the latter keeping his head cocked to one side listening for the voice of his master and mumbling delightedly every time he heard it.

There was a toast to the lovers, Barbara blushing so prettily that every man grew envious of Jerry on the spot, while Jerry's reply caused the Widow McGregor to whisper audibly that he "wasna' unlike Sandy McGregor hissel' but na sae intelligent looking."

There was a second toast to the Doctor's sister—and was there ever a soul deserved it more than that busy little woman of a hundred household cares? waiting and smiling on everyone. . . . . finding such pleasure in the giving of pleasure. . . . losing herself in the sublime sympathy for others.

There was a third toast for Josephus Flint, and though he did not reply, his twitching features showed he was learning that gold is not the only treasure of his life.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the toast-master, no less a personage than Jacob Funnle, "I give you our host."

Is it anything against the little Doctor—that, as he looked around the group of happy, glowing faces, his twinkling eyes were suddenly dimmed? Was he less a man because his lips trembled slightly when he said how happy it all made him? There he stood at the head of the table, one hand playing with an enormous watch chain and the other stroking the head of the melancholy Nero who was resting his front paws on the table and looking as mournful as if the whole cost were coming out of his personal pocket. . . . There the Doctor stood, and there we shall leave him.

Would, in this first Xmas of Peace, that more hearts swelled up with good will to men, as did that of the sturdy little family Doctor that Sunday many years ago.

L'Envoi

SO this little story of the village by the downs comes to its close.

Flint did everything he promised, and more, but I don't think he ever enjoyed giving. On Xmas Eve, attended by Smithers, he always went to The Fiddlers Three and bought a glass of beer all round, but he made sure to be home before midnight. Sometimes he would go to visit Barbara and Jerry in Surrey and would always have a gift for little Octavius and little Jacob, but he seemed happier in his own dreary home in company with the toothless Smithers who looked upon him as the kindest master in the country.

As to the Merry Gentlemen, carping skeptics have tried to maintain that the ghostly visitors weren't ghosts at all. It has even been said that in the books, for that date, of Willy Clarkson, the ageless theatrical costomier of Wardour St., London, the following items occur:

One large sized pirate complete with cutlass.

One stout highwayman complete with pistols, phosphorus, grease paints, etc.

But the villagers of Windbridge will have none of it.

If you have any doubts, yourself, why not watch the sparks emerging from the chimneys on a Xmas Eve? . . . . . Note the direction of the wind and follow them into the dark. Perhaps you will find the place where they keep the ghosts of departed stage coaches.

If you do. . . . don't fail to look for a yellow gig with glaring red wheels: for it once belonged to the last of the old family doctors.

THE END.

The Thread of Flame

Continued from page 16

richly colored beauty, with eyes so long and almond-shaped that they were almost Mongolian, was self-conscious in the grain—luxurious, expensive, langorous.

My table companions began to gather, turning my attention chiefly on myself. I had travelled enough to know the chief steward as a discriminating judge of human nature. Those who come asking for seats at table he sizes up in a flash, associating like with like, and rarely making a mistake. On journeys of which no record remained with me I had often admired this classifying instinct, doubtless because any discrimination it may have contained was complimentary to myself. To-day I had occasion to find it otherwise.

On coming on board I must have followed the routine of other voyages. Before turning into my bunk for my long sleep I had apparently asked to be assigned a seat at table, and given the name of Jasper Soames. Guided by his intuitive social *flair*, the chief-steward had adjudicated me to a side table in a corner, where to-day my first companion was a lady's maid. The second was a young man whom I had no difficulty in diagnosing as a chauffeur, after whom Drinkwater and the vision of the deck came gaily along together. She probably informed him that I was already in my place, for as he passed me to reach his chair at the head of the table, he clapped me on the shoulder with a glad salute.

"So, old scout, you've got ahead of us. Bully for you! Knew you'd eat like a whale when once you got started. Say, what we'd all like to sit down to now is a good old-fashioned dinner of corned beef and cabbage, instead of all this French stuff." He had not, however, forgotten the courtesies of the occasion. "Miss Blair, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Soames. Mr. Soames, Miss Mulberry; Mr. Finnegan, Mr. Soames."

For the ladies I half rose, with a bow; for Mr. Finnegan I made a nod suffice. Mr. Finnegan seemed scarcely to think I merited a nod in return. Miss Mulberry acknowledged me coldly. As for Miss Blair she inclined her head with the grace of the *lilium Canadense* of the nodding trinity-flower. In the act there was that shade of negligence which tells the worldly-wise that friendliness is not refused but postponed.

We three formed a group at one end of the table—Drinkwater having Miss Blair on his right and myself on his left—while Mr. Finnegan and Miss Mulberry foregathered at the other. The table being set for eight, there was a vacant seat between Miss Mulberry and Miss Blair, and two between myself and Mr. Finnegan. This breaking into sets was due, therefore, to the chief-steward, and not to any sense of affinity or rejection among ourselves.

AFTER a few polite generalities as to the run and other sea-going topics the conversation broke into dialogues—Mr. Finnegan and Miss Mulberry, Mr. Drinkwater and Miss Blair. This seeming to be the established procedure it remained for me to take it as a relief.

For again it gave me time to ask why I was graded as I found myself to be. A man who knows he is a general and wakes up to see himself a private, with everyone taking it for granted that he is a private and no more, would ex-

New Stomachs for Old In 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely remade stomachs—stomachs which have been remade in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicine of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods *correctly combined!*

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he eats. What we take into our stomach to-day, we are tomorrow. Food is the source of all power, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappeared, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental facilities became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Sociey of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 15012, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

The reasons that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once.

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Dept 15012, 443 Fourth Ave.,

New York City.

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days or send you $3.

Name .....

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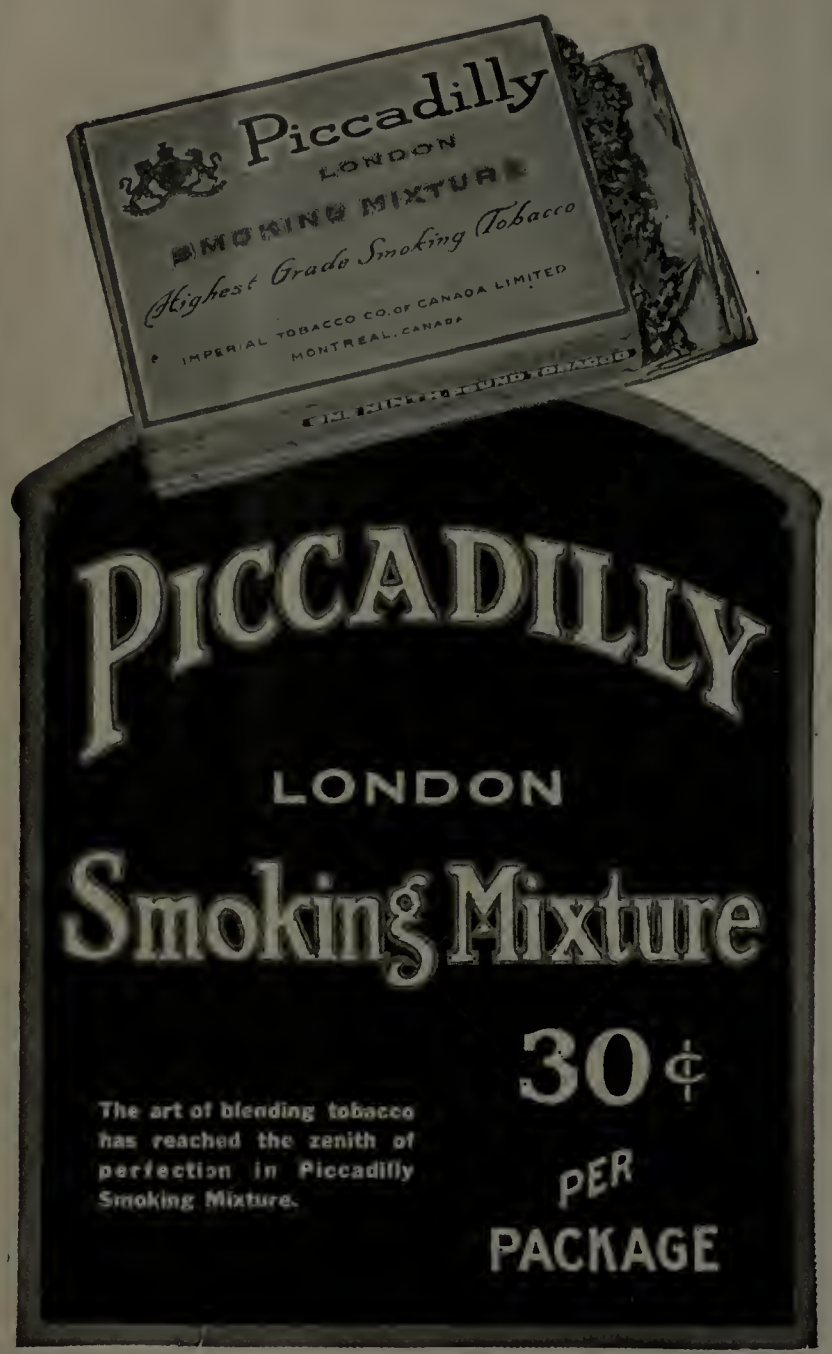

DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL SERVICE

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Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster, the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt, near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3rd, 1919.

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had I done that such a situation could have come about? What had I been? How long was my knowledge to depend on a group of shattered brain-cells?

I had not followed the conversation of Mr. Drinkwater and Miss Blair, even though I might have overheard it; but suddenly the lady glanced up with a clear, straightforward look from her myosotis eyes.

"Mr. Soames, have you ever lived in Boston?"

The husky, veiled voice was of that bantering quality for which the French word *gouailleur* is the only descriptive term. In Paris it would have been called *une voix de Montmartre*, and as an expression of New York, it might best be ascribed to Third Avenue. It was jolly, free-and-easy, common, and sympathetic, all at once.

My instinct for self-defence urged me to say, No; and I said it promptly.

"Or Denver?"

I said, No, again, and for the same reason. I couldn't be pinned down to details. If I said, Yes, I should be asked when and where and how, and be driven to invention.

"Were you ever in Salt Lake City?"

A memory of a big grey building, with the Angel Moroni on the top of it, of broad straight streets, of distant mountains, of a desert twisted and suffering, of a lake that at sunset glowed with the colors old artists burnt into enamels—a memory of all this came to me, and I said, Yes. I said it falteringly, wondering if it would commit me to anything. It committed me to nothing, as far as I could see, but a glance of Miss Blair's heaven-colored eyes toward her friend, as though I had corroborated something she had said. She had forgotten for the moment that Drinkwater was blind, so that of this significant look I alone got the benefit. What it meant I, of course, didn't know; I could only see it meant something.

The obvious thing for it to mean was that Miss Blair knew more about me than I knew myself. While it was difficult to believe that, it nevertheless remained as part of the general experience of life which had not escaped me that one rarely went among any large number of people without finding someone who knew who one was. That had happened to me many a time, especially on steamers, though I could no longer fix the occasions. I decided to cultivate Miss Blair, and if possible get a clue from her.

V

THAT which, in my condition, irked me more than anything was the impossibility of being by myself. The steamer was a small one, with all the passengers of one class. Those who now crossed the Atlantic were doing it as best they could; and to be thrown pell-mell into a second-rate ship like the *Auvergne* was better in the opinion of most people than not to cross at all. It was a matter of eight or ten days of physical discomfort, with home at the other end.

I knew now that the month was September, and the equinox not far away. It was mild for the time of year, and though the weather was rough it was not dirty. With the winds shifting quickly from west to northwest and back again, the clouds were distant and dry, lifting from time to time for bursts of stormy sunshine. For me it was a pageant. I could forget myself in its contemplation. It was the vast, and I was only the infinitesimal; it was the ever-varying eternal, and I was the sheerest offspring of time, whose affairs were of no moment.

Nevertheless I had pressing instant needs, or needs that would become pressing as soon as we reached New York. Between now and then there were five or six days during which I might recover the knowledge that had escaped me; but if I didn't I should be in a difficult situation. I should be unable to get money; I should be unable to go home. I should be lost. Unless someone found me I should have to earn a living. To earn a living there must be something I could do, and I didn't know that I could do anything.

Of all forms of exasperation this began to be the most maddening. I must have had a profession; and yet there was no profession I could think of from which I didn't draw back with the peculiar sick recoil I felt the minute I approached whatever was personal to myself. In this there were elements contradictory to each other. I wanted to know—and yet I shrank from knowing. If I could have had access to what money I needed I should have been content to drift into the unknown without regret.

But there was a reserve even here. It attached to the word home. On that word the door had not been completely shut that a glimmer didn't leak through. I knew I had a home. I longed for it without knowing what I longed for. I could see myself arriving in New York, fulfilling the regular dock routine—and going somewhere. But I didn't know where. Of some ruptured brain-cell enough remained to tell me that on the American continent a spot belonged to me; but it told me no more than the fact that the spot had love in it. I could feel the love and not discern the object. As to whether I had father or mother or wife or child I knew no more than I knew the same facts of the captain of the ship. Out of this darkness there came only a vision of flaming eyes which might mean anything or nothing.

I WAS unable to pursue this line of thought because Miss Blair came strolling by with the same nonchalant air with which she had passed me before lunch. I can hardly say she stopped; rather she commanded, and swept me along.

"Don't you want to take a walk, Mr. Soames? You'd better do it now, because we'll be rolling scuppers under by and by."

For making her acquaintance it was too good an opportunity to miss. In spite of my inability to play up to her gay cheerfulness I found myself strolling along beside her.

I may say at once that I never met a human being with whom I was more instantly on terms of confidence. The sketch of her life which she gave me without a second's hesitation came in response to my remark that from her questions to me at table I judged her to have travelled.

"I was born on the road, and I suppose I shall never get off it. My father and mother had got hitched to a theatrical troupe on tour."

A distaste acquired as a little girl on tour had kept her from trying her fortunes on the boards. She had an idea that her father was acting still, though after his divorce from her mother they had lost sight of him. Her mother had died six years previously, since which time she had looked after herself, with some ups and downs of experience. She had been a dressmaker, a milliner, and a model, with no more liking for any of these professions than she had for the theatrical. In winding up this brief narrative she astounded me with the statement:

"And now I'm going to be an adventuress."

"A what?" I stopped in the middle of the deck to stare at her.

She repeated the obnoxious noun, continuing to walk on.

"But I thought you were a stenographer."

"That's part of it. I'm deceiving poor Miss Averill. She's my dupe. I make use of people in that way—and throw them aside."

"But doing the work for Dr. Averill in the meantime."

"Oh, that's just a pretext."

"A pretext for what?"

"For being an adventuress. Goodness knows what evil I shall do in that family before I get out of it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, well, you'll see. If you're born baleful—well, you've just got to be baleful; that's all. Did you ever hear of an adventuress who didn't wreck homes?"

I said I had not much experience of adventuresses, and didn't quite know the point of their occupation.

"Well, you stay around where I am and you'll see."

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The Ford Sedan will be a constant source of pleasure in the years to come. Make this Christmas the beginning of a long season of happiness by presenting the Family with a Ford Sedan—the car of comfort at a reasonable price.

Sensible men need an extra watch!

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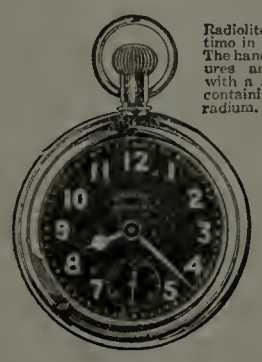
Ingersoll Watches

are accurate, sturdy, good looking and low in price.

Eclipse—a sturdy time-keeper in a handsome, thin model nickel case

¾ Actual Size

Radiolite—tells time in the dark. The hands and figures are coated with a substance containing real radium.



⅝ Actual Size

"Have you wrecked many homes up to the present?" I ventured to enquire.

"This is the first one I have ever had a chance at. I only decided to be an adventuress about the time when Miss Averill came along."

THAT, it seemed, had been at the Settlement, to which Miss Blair had retired after some trying situations as a model. Stenography being taught at the Settlement she had taken it up on hearing of several authenticated cases of girls who had gone into offices and married millionaires. The discouraging side presented itself later in the many more cases of girls who had not been so successful. It was in this interval of depression on the part of Miss Blair that Mildred Averill had appeared at the Settlement with all sorts of anxious plans about doing good. "If she wants to do good to anyone let her do it to me," Miss Blair had said to her intimates. "I'm all ready to be adopted by any old maid that's got the wad." That, she explained to me, was not the language she habitually used. It was mere pleasantry between girls, and not up to the standard of a really high-class adventuress. Moreover, Miss Averill was not an old maid, seeing she was but twenty-five, though she got herself up like forty. All the same, Miss Averill having come on the scene and having taken a fancy to Miss Blair, Miss Blair had decided to use Miss Averill for her own malignant purposes.

For by this time the seeming stenographer had chosen her career. A sufficient course of reading had made it clear that of all the women in the world the adventuress had the best of it. She went to the smartest dressmakers; she stayed at the dearest hotels; her jewels and furs rivalled those of duchesses; her life was the perpetual third act of a play. Furthermore, Miss Blair had yet to hear of an adventuress who didn't end in money, marriage, and respectability.

Having been so frank about herself I could hardly be surprised when she became equally so about me. As the wind rose she slipped into a protected angle, where I had no choice but to follow her. She began her attack after propping herself in the corner, her hands deep in her pockets, and her pretty shoulders hunched.

"You're a funny man; do you know it?"

Though inwardly aghast I strove to conceal my agitation. "Funny in what way?"

"Oh, every way. Anyone would think ——"

"What would anyone think?" I insisted, nervously, when she paused.

"Oh, well! I shan't say."

"Because you're afraid to hurt my feelings?"

"I'm a good sort—especially among people of our own class. For the others ——" she shrugged her shoulders charmingly—"I'm an anarchist and a socialist and all that. I don't care who I bring down, if they're up. But when people are down already—I'm—I'm a friend."

AS there was a measure of invitation in these words I nerved myself to approach the personal.

"Are you friend enough to tell me why you thought you had seen me in Salt Lake City?"

She nodded. "Sure; because I did think so—there—or somewhere."

"Then you couldn't swear to the place?"

"I couldn't swear to the place; but I could to you. I never forget a face if I give it the twice-over. The once-over—well, then I may. But if I've studied a man—the least little bit—I've got him for the rest of my life."

"But why should you have studied me?—assuming that it was me."

"Assuming that that water's the ocean I study it because there's nothing else to look at. We were opposite each other at two tables in a restaurant."

"Was there nobody there but just you and me?"

"Yes; there was a lady."

My heart gave a thump. "At your table or at mine?"

"At yours."

"Did she ——" I was aware of the foolish wording of the question without being able to put it in any other way—"Did she have large dark eyes?"

"Not in the back of her head, which was all I saw of her."

Once more I expressed myself stupidly. "Did you—did you think it was—my wife—or just a friend?"

She burst out laughing. "How could I tell? You speak as if you didn't know. You're certainly the queerest kid ——"

I tried to recover my lost ground. "I do know, but ——"

"Then, what are you asking me for?"

"Because you seem to have watched me ——"

"I didn't watch you," she denied, indignantly. "The idea! You sure have your nerve with you. I couldn't help seeing a guy that was right under my eyes, could I? Besides which ——"?

"Yes? Besides which ——?" I insisted.

She brought the words out with an air of chaffing embarrassment. "Well, you weren't got up as you are now; do you know it?"

As I reddened and stammered something about the war, she laid her hand on my arm soothingly.

"There now! There now! That's all right. I never give anyone away. You can see for yourself that I can't have knocked about the world like I've done without running up against this sort of things a good many times ——"

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh, well, if you don't know I needn't tell you. But I'm your friend, kid. That's all I want you to know. That's why I told you about myself. I wanted you to see that we're all in the same boat. Harry Drinkwater's your friend too. He likes you. You stick by us and we'll stick by you and see the thing through."

It was on my lips to say, "What thing?" but she rattled on again.

"Only you can't wear that sort of clothes and get away with it, kid; do you know it? Another fellow might, but you simply can't. It shows you up at the first glance. The night you came on board you might just as well have marched in carrying a blue silk banner. For heaven's sake if you've got anything else in your kit go and put it on."

"I haven't."

"Haven't? What on earth have you done with all the swell things you must have had? Burnt 'em?"

The question was so direct, and the good-will behind it so evident, that I felt I must give an answer. "Sold them."

"Got down to that, did you? What do you know? Poor little kid! Funny, isn't it? A woman can carry that sort of thing off nine times out of ten; but a fat-head of a man—"

She kept the sentence suspended while gazing over my shoulder. The lips remained parted as in uttering the last word. I was about to turn to see what so entranced her, when she said in a tone of awe, or joy, I was not sure which:

"There's that poor little blind boy coming down the deck all by himself. You'll excuse me, won't you? if I run and help him."

So she ran.

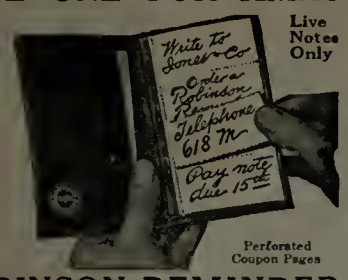
(To be Continued)

Ottawa is Ready for the Worst

Continued from page 25

to-morrow he will have Quebec behind him as solidly as it ever was behind the Plumed Knight. There is also further political significance to all this. The farmers are coming down from the West and from Ontario in force after the next election. Strong Unionists even now admit that the next Premier will smell of the new-mown hay. But if Quebec and the Maritime Provinces fail to come under the farmer epidemic they will hardly be strong enough to control

GIVE ONE FOR XMAS



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68 What Next ?

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the House. They can't tie up to the Unionists. This year's budget vote showed that. They can't cut in with the old line Grits, who are more reactionary than the Unionists. But they may find allies in the Lapointe-Bureau Liberals. You might have noticed that during his recent campaign, Lapointe went out of his way to eulogize Hon. T. A. Crerar. And this, at the time when the old line Liberals had sent McMaster of Brome and Pedlow of Renfrew, away out to Assiniboia to help Motherwell, an old line Grit, lose his deposit to Gould, a Crerar candidate. Just another indication—isn't it?—that the split in the Quebec Liberals is widening? Just another straw that shows which way the wind blows.

That wind, by the way, so close political observers will tell you, is blowing Hon. T. A. Crerar and Ernest Lapointe closer together every day. That's the combination that may form the next Federal Government. They're just about the two biggest men in Parliament. And they both make the kind of appeal that fits the circumstances. Crerar appeals to the farmers. Lapointe is a hero to a people who fall for hero worship even more easily than they become the victims of an epidemic such as is sweeping the rest of rural Canada.

By the way, Sir Henry Drayton, the new Minister of Finance, paid the House a brief visit ere he started out to borrow the money to make his job worth holding. Rather a likely fellow, Sir Henry, if he wouldn't try to look so blamed amiable. However, that's a fault peculiar to new politicians. Sir Henry may grow out of it.

The New Canada and Its Needs

Continued from page 23

at death grips for over a thousand years unable to come to a peaceful understanding when they might just as easily have discovered *The Solution of The Industrial Problem*, and this is how it was done, or rather, how it could be done.

First, they three became thoroughly good-natured and sociable—the L. L., the B. M. and the C. P., and sat about the table and talked and talked and talked about everything but boots, fearing to begin the real business. Then a happy inspiration seized my mind. I called in the Fair Minded Expert, a cheerful person with a keen eye, a clear brain and a sense of humor. To him I explained the situation and our inability to find a starting point.

"A starting point," he said. "Suppose we begin at the end—the end sought, you know," he added with a smile.

B. M.—"And I in the profits of my

L. L.—"Exactly, wages."

C. P.—"Exactly, quality and price."

F. M. E.—"Suppose we say 'Boots' —you make 'em, you sell 'em, you buy 'em," bowing to each in turn. "We all wear 'em, therefore we are equally interested and chiefly interested in the boot business. We all agree?"

L. L.—"Frankly, no! I am interested primarily in the Pay Envelope."

B. M.—"And I in the profits of my business."

C. P.—"And I in a good cheap boot."

"And we all want nothing but a square deal all round."

Chorus (all three) "A square deal."

F. M. E.—"Only a Hun wants anything else. Let us find the square deal. That's my business." And he went at it with enthusiasm and each one being determined to get only that square deal the mists and darkness that usually rise from passions and prejudices did not hide from their eyes the path of right going so that they walked right on with sure, quick tread. Certain principles were agreed upon as fundamental.

(1) All must be equally concerned for the interests of each of the three.

(2) All must be concerned for the product.

(3) All must be concerned for the business.

They began with the business and agreed that:

1. *The Business must be financially*

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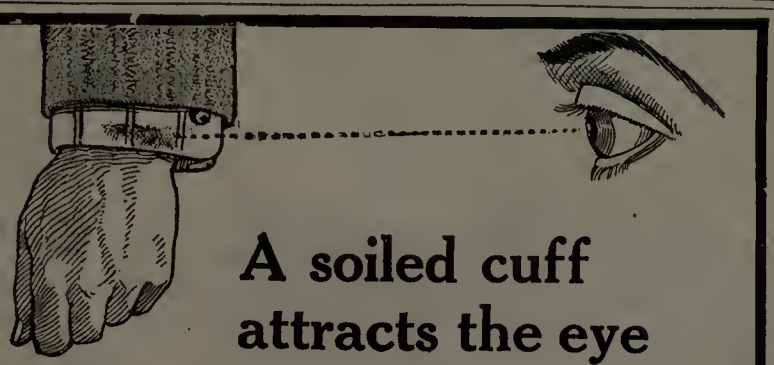

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216

sound. That is, it must pay its way. Anything else is contrary to Fair-play. The Business must be able to provide for the following items among others:

(1) Wages of hand-workers and of brain-workers.
(2) Plant.
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(b) Running of plant, power, etc.
(c) Depreciation of plant.
(d) Insurance of plant.
(3) Insurance of workers against sickness, unemployment, etc.
(4) Raw material.
(5) Insurance of business against failure of market, rise of material, etc.
(6) Expansion of business.

2. *The Business Must Produce a Fair Article.* Apart from all idea of price the article must not be shoddy, scamped, ill-fitting, ugly. The boot must be an honest thing.

F. M. E.—"Tell me, do your people take an honest pride in their product? Mr. L. L., honestly, do they?"

L. L.—"Honestly, they are chiefly interested in the Pay Envelope."

F. M. E.—"What a pity that that beautiful ancient pride in their handicraft is gone?"

L. L.—"Burnt out by injustice and tyranny."

B. M.—"Yes, killed out by . . . ."

F. M. E.—"Pardon me; we agree in deploring the fact, I suppose."

L. L.—"Well, yes."

B. M.—"Most assuredly."

F. M. E.—"I suppose you, Mr. B. M., take a pride in the product of your factory. Honestly, do you?"

B. M.—"Well, to be quite sincere, I am more interested in profits."

L. L.—"And yet you jump on us for . . . ."

F. M. E.—"The truth is, gentlemen, you have both departed from the spirit of good old days when both masters and men thought more of their craft than either pay or profits."

C. P.—"Right you are. A sad departure, indeed."

B.M.—"And what about you," turning to the C. P., "with your everlasting demand for cheap goods no matter what sort they are?"

F. M. E.—"Shall we make it a compact that only sound goods go?"

L. L.—"What about wages? I'd like to hear a bit about that side of it before we go much further. All very well to talk about pride in our craft. What about our wives and kiddies and the chance they have in life? What about . . . .?"

B. M.—"Oh, cut out that old stuff and get . . . ."

F. M. E.—"Yes, let us get down to business again. I take it we all believe in sound goods if other things are arranged on a fair basis. Cheer—oh."

L. L.—"Well, let us get on with the wages and hours."

B. M.—"What about costs?"

F. M. E.—"Wages first."

B. M.—"Why pray? What about my wages?"

F. M. E.—"Certainly, all wages for all workers, hand and brain. And first, a general principle as to wages, namely, *The Business must pay, as a first charge upon the Value of the Product, a Fair Wage to all those who aid in Producing.* A first charge because workmen must live and live in decency and comfort. Workers are human and are therefore the most precious asset to the Business. The wage must be a minimum wage in the first place."

L. L. (hotly)—"And why minimum?"

F. M. E.—"Till we discover how far our product will go. The Business may not be able to carry on long, but while it can carry on it must pay the workers their sufficient wages."

L. L.—"To begin with, eh?"

F. M. E.—"Yes, to begin with."

B. M. (hotly)—"I say, whose Business is this?"

F. M. E. (pleasantly)—"That is a question."

B. M. (in emotional collapse)—"A question? Whose boot factory is that over there? That is a question too, I suppose," with bitter sarcasm.

F. M. E.—"Yes, a very important question."

B. M.—"I put $127,000 into that factory as it stands, my good, hard-earned money. Will you say that factory is not mine?"

F. M. E.—"I am going to give you a nasty jar, Mr. B. M., but being a fair-minded man, you will think it over and will come to agree with me when I say 'No. You do not own that boot factory.' Now, give me five minutes. You don't own a factory at all. You own a piece of ground, a pile of bricks and mortar and steel filled with machinery; but you may have all that and yet have no factory. A factory is an institution by means of which something is made. Your piles of bricks and steel becomes a factory when a man worker goes in and starts a machine going on some raw material. A factory is not a building. It is a result of a co-operative enterprise between you with your building and Mr. L. L. here with his people. So also with your business. You have put money, brains, energy, self-denial into it, but your business does not exist till Mr. C. P. comes and buys a pair of boots from you. Your business is the result of a co-operative enterprise between you, Mr. L. L. and his men, and Mr. C. P. as well, who furnishes you with a market and without whom neither the factory nor the business which you call yours can exist. Not only so, but you must recognize their rights in both the factory and their business which you have been accustomed to call yours; they are not yours; they are the property of the co-operative organization of you three gentlemen here. We may as well put down here and now this elementary and fundamental principle, namely:

"A manufacturing industry is a living organism resulting from the co-operative activity of those who furnish the plant, organization and directing energy on the one hand and those who furnish, on the other, the hand power, craft and operating energy necessary to the production of the article manufactured.

"Therefore, ownership of the industry can properly be said to lie only in the representatives of all parties engaged in the enterprise."

L. L.—"Good for you, old scout, you have uttered a whole mouthful. I can see where my fellows are going to get a fair return for their product."

F. M. E.—"And what may that be, pray?"

L. L.—"Labor, Sir. Ten thousand men's labor without which . . . ."

F. M. E.—"Pardon me, my dear Sir, you have no labor to offer at all. Now give me a moment, please. What is labor? Hand power applied to industry for wages. You may have ten thousand men available for work but you have no commodity of labor until someone stands there offering you wages, and until your men transmute their power into activity for wages. No, Sir. Without the plant, the machines, the organization, there is no boot-making industry, therefore, no boot-making labor. Labor comes into existence when your men take hold of the tools, and start the machines. Your commodity does not exist apart from Mr. B. M.'s plant, and the sooner you recognize that the sooner will this country get to work as it should."

B. M.—"Why! That means that management . . . ."

F. M. E.—"Certainly. Management goes with ownership. But we will talk about that again."

C. P.—"And what about me?"

F. M. E.—"Oh, you!—You're the goat. We will talk about you again. There is a lot to be said about you."

NOTE.—*A third article by Ralph Connor will appear in the next issue.*

Delighted That "Maclean's" is to Appear Semi-Monthly

STRATFORD, ONT.

We all enjoy MACLEAN'S *very much indeed. I consider your special articles not only highly interesting but, what is of greater value, enlightening and educative. I was delighted to hear that you intend starting a semi-monthly issue shortly. With best wishes for your continued success.* A. P.

Unquestionably she has more zeal for public service than ambition for office, which latter trait is possibly responsible for the impression in some quarters that she is entirely "a home woman." "Of course," she says, "I *do* think that a mother's duty is with her children while they are small, but I don't think she should give up everything for them."

Mrs. Drury is quite capable of thinking for herself. "In any outside interests I may have had," she said, "I was perfectly independent of my husband's political life. Party politics never worried me, and it will be the blessedest thing that ever happened the country if women never get tied up with them. We should study these things for ourselves more than we do. I have no patience with a woman voting a certain way just because her husband does—of course I'm not saying they won't, for most of them will." By which we think, for reflection, she meant that people who had learned to think the same on other matters would probably see alike when it came to voting on a public question.

In her home Mrs. Drury is as charming a hostess as she is a practical homemaker and mother, and the hospitality at the Crown Hill farm is known far and wide. As soon as they can get their plans adjusted to it, they will spend part of the year in Toronto, but she says: "We are not going to sell the farm or rent it. We want to be able to turn the key in the lock of the old house, leave it just as it is, and come back to it as early in the spring as we can."

Formerly a school teacher, with the interests of three sons and two daughters at stake in the country, broad minded and practical, with a keen sense of humor to tide over difficult places, the Premier's wife will be a friend to the interests of the home and the school, and the welfare of children, and whatever stumbling blocks Mr. Drury may find in his way outside, he will have a steady support and inspiration at home.

Could You Adopt a Baby?

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

HAVE you ever gone into an Infants' Home and seen the tragedy of the institutional child? If you haven't, imagine a room filled with cots and the cots filled with babies on a day when a mother would have them out in the sun—some crying with special little miseries of their own, for the attendants can only make their rounds at certain hours—the others, who haven't any particular grievance, sitting staring dully about them like little caged animals. They don't even look like other children. No wonder. They have been sitting like this a good deal of the time since they could sit at all, and there isn't any reason why they should have the happy, interested, optimistic twinkle of the child who is loved and petted and surrounded by the warmth and affection of a home.

There was little Duffy, who cried incessantly a weakening, fretful wail. Her face was like a famine picture, and her body a pitiful, knobby little skeleton—a case of malnutrition, the doctor called her, but it was worse than that. One of the unwanted children, she had been starved and probably drugged before she was born, but the spark of life had persisted and Duffy came into a hostile world. No wonder she cried.

"Duffy's always hungry," the nurse explained, and assuredly she looked it. But someone picked her up and the crying eased off until finally, feeling her aching little anatomy held against something soft and human, she settled down with a succession of contented little grunts and began to look about her with a new interest in life. Duffy wanted mothering.

A six-months' old boy waiting for adoption in a Toronto home. Who wouldn't want a baby like this?

This boy has been waiting two and a half years for a home—ever since he was born. The Children's Aid people say his disposition is as happy as his smile.

This is why the people interested in neglected children, the Social Service Commission, the Department for Neglected and Dependent Children, the superintendent of institutions are trying to get the children out into real homes where they will have individual care and affection and all the other blessings that go with a good family life. They know that this is something which the best institution cannot give—its best service is to be a go-between, to provide a shelter for the child whom nobody wants until someone can be found who does want it.

This brings us up to the problem of adoption which, according to the popular opinion, is of all risks and responsibilities possible to human experience, the most appalling. Babies keep you awake nights for one thing—at least they have been known to. They tie you at home terribly, and the care of a baby—well you can imagine what it would be to have someone depending on you day and night. But the woman whose children have grown up and left her thinks with a tug at her heart what a short time they were babies, after all, and she knows that they paid their way in a hundred little ways of their own from the day they were born.

Then someone who isn't afraid of the "trouble" a child would be says: "But what if they wouldn't turn out well? What about their parents and their ancestors for seven generations back?" It's natural that they should be anxious about this—people think quite a lot about the heredity of their own children; so when a child is offered for adoption a thorough search is made of the health,

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mentality and morality of the parents. Just now there are a lot of "flu orphans" of the best stock in the country waiting for homes. One little girl was adopted whose father was a dentist and whose mother had been a High School teacher. They were young, and they didn't have any money ahead. They died within three weeks of each other and there was no friend to take the six weeks' old baby, so she was sent to the Infants' Home. What her mother must have felt at leaving her, any mother can understand—and if there is such a thing as those who have gone on sending a blessing from Heaven, the foster-mother must be receiving one every day.

But there are children in institutions whose birth has not been what it should be—conditions sadder even than the case of the illegitimate child of the unmarried boy and girl. We might naturally fear for the future of some of these children, for which very reason they need help and guidance and protection even more than the others. There are cases where it takes some courage to give your home and your name to other people's children. Always it needs, as the soldier's song says, "a little bit of patience and an awful lot of love." This is why authorities should be infinitely careful about where they let a child go, and it is why some people hesitate about actually taking out adoption papers. Others who do not feel that they can take a child permanently would like to give one a home for a short time.

In order to make the most of these opportunities for the children a plan has been arranged by which a family may take a child for a month or two. This is entirely different from the boarding or "baby farming," carried on by women who use it as a money-making business and which has sometimes gotten children into most undesirable places, as recent investigations in Montreal have shown. The woman who boards babies for money may or may not be a good person to have them, but the woman who takes a baby out of sympathy and love is a pretty safe risk. And even a few weeks of home life sometimes works miracles with a child, as anyone will understand who has taken an institutional child out for an hour or two. The listless, almost stupid look that usually comes from the routine existence of the ward disappears like magic when he gets away from it.

It frequently happens that when a child has been in a home it so attaches itself that the family feel they cannot give it up and they either adopt it outright or the visit goes on indefinitely. In many ways these free adoptions are the more satisfactory. No one is under any obligation, the authorities can keep a closer jurisdiction over the child, and it seems probable that this plan will get more children out of institutions and into good homes, if even for a few months at a time, than the system of regular adoptions alone could possibly do. It may also be that a family who couldn't adopt more than one child could take two or even three and perhaps give them a summer in the country. Even in the case of adoption, people who take one child not infrequently discover that they want a family and come for another, which helps the Department to keep brothers and sisters from being separated.

One day I met a man something past middle age coming out of the office of the Neglected Children's Department, carrying a three-year-old girl. We were entire strangers to each other but he was in that state of elation when one has to talk to someone.

"People may think it strange for us to be taking a little girl," he said. "My brother and I are bachelors—we live on a farm in —— county, but we have a good housekeeper. Last month we came and got a boy, but he had this little sister down here and we didn't feel right to separate them, so I'm taking her back with me now."

But is it worth while? Will they ever be anything but "home children?" This question is sure to come from those to whom the doctrine "Inasmuch," does not seem to go far enough. Anyone who is skeptical on this point should visit Mr. Kelso, Superintendent of the Department for Neglected and Dependent Children in Ontario, and hear the stories of some of the children who have passed through his hands.

"Are these children not worth saving?" he says. "Why we're mixing everyday with men and women who were adopted children and we don't know it. The difference between the institutional child and the child in its own home is only a difference of environment. When I want people to adopt a baby I don't let them see it in the Infants' Home, I bring it to our house and my wife dresses it up in some of our babies' clothes and curls its hair, and the foster-parents see it in our parlor in my wife's arms and they say 'You don't mean that we can have *that* baby?'"

Then he will produce pictures of children photographed at the time they were discovered by the Children's Aid, later after their adoption into a good home and again when they have grown up, and he knows each individual personally—a child is something more than a case to him.

There is a picture of a handsome young man that any parent would be proud of. Something over twenty years ago he was a deserted baby and in order to find a home for him Mr. Kelso had his picture taken and seven hundred prints distributed at the Toronto Exhibition with the explanation that he was for adoption. A visitor at the Exhibition took him home.

A report was sent in to the Department that two little girls in the North country needed protection and Mr. Kelso took a day's journey to find and bring them back. Soon after he found homes for them. That was about twenty years ago. He has another picture of one of the girls now, a sweet-faced, happy-looking woman taken with her husband and baby. They live on an Ontario farm and a few weeks ago he visited them. They met him at the station with an automobile and took him home to a chicken dinner, and he says they have one of the neatest, happiest farm homes in the Province.

One day I met a noticeably attractive, well-dressed woman coming out of the Department offices. "That woman is looking for a little girl," Mr. Kelso said. "Four years ago they adopted a boy. They are wealthy people and are sending him to the most expensive boys' college in Canada. His education alone costs a thousand dollars a year and he should have a bright career ahead of him."

And again there is the boy taken by a noted guide and hunter of the North country and his motherly wife. This boy is not going to any expensive college, but he has learned what honesty and affection and unselfishness mean in a Christian home. He attends the best school there is in the district and if that isn't all we might desire of it, he is getting an education in Nature, and building up a physical perfection that will contribute perhaps as much to his happiness and usefulness. And following his foster-father's footsteps in the hunt and on the trail he should grow into another trusted guide and man of influence in the North country.

THERE are many bright stories like these but there are many other children who are not finding homes—who see nothing but institutional life ahead of them, and who must go out into the world branded as "Home children." The Women's Institutes have sent donations to local Children's Shelters and in other ways showed their interests. One district at least is concentrating on this line of work this year, a most valuable undertaking for Children's Shelters we must have—least until the world becomes a lot more sympathetic and happier in its ways of living. But the new ideal in helping the homeless children is to make the Shelter more and more a clearing-house, trying to get the children out into homes as speedily as possible.

There are other ways too, in those who have had the health of their own children cared for through the School Inspection and clinics especially interested. In Windsor a short time ago a baby was b

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club feet, which, added to the misfortune of being thrown on the mercy of charity, is pretty serious. The matter was brought to the attention of a women's organization, who approached the best surgeon in the city to find what it would cost to have them straightened. The cost of the operation, he said, was ordinarily three hundred dollars. He would donate half of that himself and if they couldn't raise the balance not to worry; he would perform the operation anyway. But the woman got at least some of the money together and enough extra to see that the baby got proper after care in an orthopedic hospital, and by the time the boy is old enough to use his feet, he will be able to walk and run and live like other boys. But what if no one had bothered about it? A few years ago someone told Mr. Kelso about a girl in Muskoka suffering from the cruel disfigurement of hair lip. It was one of the worst cases possible, as it had never had any attention and the girl was sixteen years old. He raised money from private sources to pay for an operation, and the girl brought to Toronto for treatment and she went home with little perceptible trace that there had ever been anything wrong. Cases like this needing financial aid are coming up every few weeks; if we cannot offer homes to these unprovided for children we may be able to help furnish money to have cases like these taken care of.

There is also the problem of the child who has been adopted into the wrong kind of home. "Little orphant Annie" is, sometimes up at five o'clock in the morning and busy till dark at night. And a man sometimes sends to the Home for "a boy to do chores and go to school" when it's really a hired man he wants. If there is an overworked or ill-treated Home boy or girl in your neighborhood don't neglect to notify the Superintendent of Neglected Children for the Province. Your evidence will be treated confidentially.

AND don't fail to keep the warmest place in your sympathies for the child that nobody wants—the homely, the delicate or the unfortunate in some other way. We mentioned the case of little Duffy, the baby who cried all the time, who was so thin that an amateur would scarcely dare to pick her up at all. Yesterday on the street car I met a trim, red-headed girl with this unmistakable bit of wailing misery wrapped in a faded pink institutional blanket in her arms. The passengers were staring and the girl's face was redder than her hair, but she was a social service worker—she had carried other babies on the street cars and she didn't really mind.

"Duffy's being made a ward to-day," she said. "I'm taking her to the City Hall to have the papers made out. Miss ——, one of the richest women in the city, is taking her. Isn't it great?"

Certainly there are some rare Christians in the world.

Secret Devices Next War

Inventions That Would Completely Revolutionize Fighting

SOME extremely interesting material with reference to spies and their methods is given by Major E. Alexander Powell, in the course of a book that he has just issued, "The Army Behind the Army." In addition to explaining many of the devices used during the war, Major Powell devoted considerable space to a mysterious code device, the secret of which is held in the United States. He gives no details but hints that, by this invention, a nation at war could send messages everywhere at will. He writes:

I am not permitting myself to indulge in the slighest exaggeration, when I assert that these devices place in the hands of the United States weapons which would render this country well-nigh in-

Mrs. Knox Says

FOR Christmas, I suggest home-made candies, and give below recipes that are easy and economical to make with home materials. These candies will please the family—grown-ups as well as children—for they are pure, wholesome, delicious sweets, and so attractive that they are particularly suitable for gift-giving.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

FRENCH DAINTIES (CANDY)

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water five minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the coloring tablet found in package. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOWS

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¾ cupful of water five minutes. Put 1 cups granulated sugar and ½ cup of water in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and let boil until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Add soaked gelatine and let stand until partially cooled; then add a few grains salt and 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Beat until mixture becomes white and thick. Pour into granite pans, thickly dusted with powdered sugar, having mixture one inch in depth. Sprinkle with grated cocoanut. Let stand in a cool place until thoroughly chilled. Turn on a board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. This recipe makes about one hundred marshmallows. Nuts, chocolate, fruit juices in place of part of the water, or candied fruits chopped may be added. Dates stuffed with this confection are delicious.

Sugar Saving Suggestion: Syrup may be used in these candy recipes by replacing each cupful of sugar with ¾ of a cupful of syrup

ANGEL CHARLOTTE DESSERT

This dainty dessert will add a happy ending to any Christmas dinner

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water, dissolve in ¾ cup boiling water, and add 1 cup sugar. When mixture is cold, add 1 pint heavy cream, beaten until stiff, ¼ lb. blanched and chopped almonds, ½ dozen rolled stale macaroons, 1 dozen marshmallows cut in small pieces, and 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and serve with angel cake.

This dessert may be made more elaborate by cutting the top from an angel cake or stale sponge cake, and removing some of the inside, leaving a case with three-fourths inch walls, then filling case with mixture, replacing top of cake, covering with frosting, and garnishing with candied cherries and blanched almonds.

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife.

Quantity with Quality in KNOX, the "4-to-1" Gelatine, for each package makes FOUR PINTS of jelly—four times more than the flavored brands.

Send for additional candy recipes and my "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" books. FREE, if you mention your grocer's name and address

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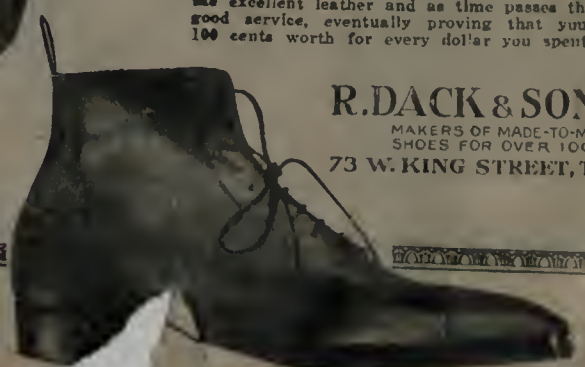

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MAKERS OF MADE-TO-MEASURE SHOES FOR OVER 100 YEARS
73 W. KING STREET, TORONTO

The NORDHEIMER
APARTMENT UPRIGHT

As a Wedding Gift

For the bride who is to live in a modern small home or apartment, the Nordheimer Apartment Upright will prove a delightful surprise, and, while its case is of those dimensions which "fit" a small room without crowding, its tone is of distinctly "grand piano" quality.

As a Birthday Gift

In giving a piano of such high character as the Nordheimer Apartment Upright, you have the assurance that your gift will be a continual source of satisfaction—its beauty of design and richness of tone acting as constant reminders of your thoughtfulness.

As a Christmas Gift

Generally acknowledged to be the "ideal Christmas gift," a piano will create a perfect furore of glad surprise in the home. And why not let your choice of the "make" be as "fortunate" as your decision to give a piano? Why let any consideration weigh against the one great consideration of tone? Why be satisfied with less than the name Nordheimer implies? Choose for the future—secure that certainty of lasting satisfaction which a Nordheimer Apartment Upright ensures.

At $500 this Piano is "Value Unequalled." Transportation added to points west of Ft. William. Write for Design Book "M."

Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited
Corner Yonge and Albert Sts., Toronto

vulnerable in the event of
coming involved in anoth
universal peace is not yet
with the aid of a telescop
invention would prove o
benefit to the United S
event of our becoming aga
war, it is obviously out of
to discuss the principle on
based, much less the details
struction and operation. It
to say that this nation is now
sessor of a system of code trans
which can defy all the experts
world, a message sent by its mean
ing absolutely undecipherable to the in-
ventor himself.

Possibly there is a clue to the secret in Major Powell's description of another invention, unsuccessfully tried out before the successful device was found by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He says:

Another system had as its basic principle the breaking up of the groups of Morse dots and dashes which represented the letters of the message, and routing these mangled fragments over widely separated wires to the receiving station, where they were automatically joined together again, so as to form the message as originally sent. If, for example, it was desired to send from Hoboken to Washington the mes ge, "Transport Leviathan sails June 2 h," it was proposed to make use of two es, one running, let us say, through Hr risburg, the other via Wilmington. The message sent over the Harrisburg wire would be broken up something after this fashion: "t-a-s-o-t-e-i-t-a-s-i-s-u-e-w-n-y-i-t." While the portion going by way of Wilmington would read: "r-n-p-r-l-v-a-h-n-a-l-j-n-t-e-t-f-f-h."

To create still further confusion i the mind of any one who might suc ceed in intercepting one of these set of fragments, it was proposed to su perimpose a "camouflage" messag upon the disconnected letters, th characters of the camouflage messag to occupy the spaces between the char acters of the real message. By an ex ceedingly ingenious device these ap parently inextricably intermixed an unrelated letters were automaticall sorted out at the receiving station an pieced together, like a jigsaw puzzle, so that the message appeared precisely as it was sent.

Going a step further, the inventors of this system proposed by the sam means to instal a system of telephon communication whereby the spok words would be broken up just as Morse characters were divided, cert sounds in each word going over wire and the remaining sounds o another, to be joined together at the receiving station into a perfectly intelligible conversation.

Here again a wholly separate and extraneous conversation was superimposed over the sounds proceeding by each route, so that were either of the lines tapped the listener-in would b rewarded for his pains by hearing torrent of sound which would convin him that he was listening to a com bination of Choctaw, Chinese, the ra ings of John McCullough, and th symptoms of a severe cold. Notwith standing the undeniable ingenuity this system, the Signal Corps exp demonstrated, to the unconcealed as tonishment of the inventors, that the could overhear and understand these crazy-quilt conversations as readily as though they were being held across a dinner table in plain English.

The successful device (which may, of course, use none of the principles involved in the system just outlined) is one of three evolved by Yankee ingenuity from the war, which Major Powe regards as "the most important inv tions, so far as their effect on the pea ful interests of the nation are cerned, which have been produced Morse invented the telegraph, Bel fected the telephone, and M amazed us with the wireless." C them is the radiotelephone, by mea which persons on the ground can verse with aviators; and the other is discovery of Chief Signal Officer Squ that trees can be used as sending a receiving posts for radio messages.

Are you worried about your Christmas giving? If so, read over the 2-col. advertisement on the opposite page.

Women and Their Work

The SECRET *of* KEEPING CHRISTMAS

WISH that in every family this year there might be a revival of old festivities and old customs—that we might have a tree and hang up our stockings, bring in Yule log and invite all of our poor relations, to the very t cousin, to share our feast.

For the things which people really want at Christmas ie are Joy and Jollity; they want to be caught up away m their cares and enter upon a season of light-hearted ı and frolic. And it is youth which sets the pace in these ngs, so here's for an old-fashioned Christmas, ıt will have to do with holly and mistletoe, with ·ols and with shining candles, with family ısts and friendly reunions!

Dickens more than any other writer is the ɔstle of the Merry Christmas. One cannot ıd his books without feeling the uplift of his ɜery optimism. He shows the happiness of the mble. He draws homely pictures of young and united by a common bond of simple pleasure. ıen we read the description of Christmas Eve Mr. Wardle's we see an atmosphere of festivity rth reviving in our homes to-day. Do you nember these particular scenes?

'From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen, Wardle had just suspended with his own ıds a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same ınch of mistletoe instantly gave rise to a scene general and most delightful struggling and ıfusion; in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick h a gallantry which would have done honor to lescendant of Lady Trollinglower herself, took old lady by the hand, led her beneath the stic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and orum. The old lady submitted to this piece of ıctical politeness with all the dignity which be-ed so important and serious a solemnity, but younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued h a superstitious veneration of the custom, or ıgining that the value of a salute is very much ıanced if it cost a little trouble to obtain it, eamed and struggled, and ran into corners, and eatened and remonstrated, and did everything leave the room, until some of the less adven-ous gentlemen were on the point of desisting, en they all at once found it useless to resist any ger, and submitted to being kissed with a good ıce. Mr. Winkle kissed the young lady with the ck eyes, and Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emily; and Weller, not being particular about the form of being ler the mistletoe, kissed Emma and the other female vants, just as he caught them. As to the poor rela-ıs, they kissed everybody, not even excepting the plainer tion of the young lady visitors, who in their excessive ıfusion, ran right under the mistletoe, directly it was ıg up, without knowing it! Wardle stood with his back he fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satis-tion; and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriat-to his own use, and summarily devouring a particularly mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody e."

KNOW that there are men and women so dead to the ancient meaning of Christmas that they treat it not atly different from any other day in the year. A good ner, a game of bridge, a play at night—these are always h them; and they can give a check for charity! As for fun and the feast and the sense of family reunion, they not know what they miss in their neglect of their holiday sibilities. Modern luxury has made turkey a commonce, modern medicine has voted mince pies indigestible, dern philanthropy has stolen from us our right to touch ıds with our less fortunate fellow men. If we give, we st give through certain well-advised channels. In robbing Christmas Day of its great human meaning of good-fellowship, we are robbing it of its divine meaning of good-will. Contrast with this the old-fashioned Christmas described by a woman who has known both kinds and appreciates the difference.

"WHEN I was a child, my Christmas Day began with the night before when I hung my stocking, lean and lank, from the mantel above the sitting-room fire.

"It was my father's joke to tuck in a switch at the top of my stocking, and there were little Christmas apples, round and shining, like wax apples. There was always a package of burnt almonds and many French sweets, and these in spite of the boxes of less delectable candies which I knew I should find later at the foot of the tree.

"In the tip of the toe of my stocking I found each year my Christmas was not in the least usurped by wee heart-shaped locket, a little ring with a blue stone, a round pin with pearls. I still have some of these trinkets and they speak to me eloquently of those mornings when my handsome father and my lovely young mother bent over me for the kiss and hug with which I thanked them.

"Our stockings emptied, we were given a glass of milk and a piece of bread and butter while our elders had coffee, and then off we went in the delicious frosty darkness to early service. Out of that morning walk with my father and mother and big sister arose, I think, my lasting reverence for the mystical meaning of Christmas Day. I wish that every child might duplicate my experience. It was so wonderful to see the stars and to hear the bells. It was wonderful, too, to come into the church all gold with lights, and to listen to the songs about the Babe of Bethlehem and the Shepherds and the Three Kings.

"Coming back to a good old-fashioned breakfast of steak and hot rolls and baked potatoes and to the opulence of our tree, we lost for a moment the sense of the spiritual from our day. Yet, as I look back I am aware that there was no moment that meant so much to me as that of the mystery of the dawn and of the stars, and of the singing in the church.

"The tree had its charm, however, and there was, of course, its subtle connection with Santa Claus, in whom I believed and in whom I still believe, for the old saint belongs to that mysterious world of fancy where dwell all the shadow-shapes of a vivid imagination.

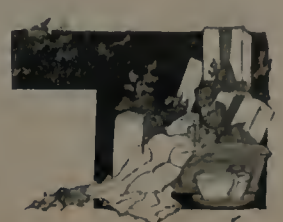
"The part with the Babe of Bethlehem played in my Christmas was not on the least usurped by Santa. We were taught that because Christ was given to us we were to give in turn. The good old saint merely set us an example of generosity."

AND now having brought myself back again to the subject of giving, I shall tell you the story of the Ten Dollar Check and the One Dollar Bill.

The woman who wrote the Ten Dollar Check was very rich and very exclusive, and she had asked a half-a-dozen people as rich and exclusive as herself to dine with her on Christmas Day; they had eight courses, and the things that were served were brought from all markets of the world; so that there was a Russian soup, and a tropical fish, and a salad and a sweet invented by the French chef, and there wasn't a single dish that belonged by tradition to Christmas; nor a single guest who rejoiced because it was Christmas Day.

But the woman who gave the dinner who wrote the Ten Dollar Check felt that she wanted to do some good in the world, and that she ought to see that somebody somewhere had plenty to eat, so quite conscientiously, she sent her check out on the first of December, and it was cashed by the society to which she sent it, and it was spent carefully to provide food for several needy old couples who were glad to get it.

But their gladness was not the gladness of those other old couples who were invited by the woman who spent the One Dollar Bill. You see she had only a dollar, and so she felt it necessary to add to her meagre purchases the richness of love and friendliness. With her one dollar she bought a chicken and made it into a pie, so that with its crust and its gravy it would go as far as possible, and she made a pudding in a big pan, and she set her table in the very best fashion, with a bunch of holly in the centre and she made funny little place cards, because there wasn't a cent to spare for



Chums REGISTERED

Chums' Shoes are especially made for children 3 to 14 years of age.

Chums' Shoes are stylish. They are broad-toed, the soles are flexible and bend with the foot muscles. They are welted, and therefore there are no nails or threads to irritate the skin.

Chums' Shoes protect growing bones and tendons, because they are made to fit normal, growing feet.

Made in button, lace, high and low styles. Buy Chums for your children.

Charles A. AHRENS Limited
KITCHENER, ONT.

Ganong's GB Chocolates
"THE FINEST IN THE LAND"
Wishing You A Happy Realization of Your Sweetest Dreams
GANONG BROS., LIMITED
St. Stephens, N.B.
Makers for 50 years of Fine Chocolates
G.B. CHOCOLATES are packed in many styles.
Ganong's GB Choc
Delecto Assortment
Delecto Assortment

No Other Christmas Gift Like This!

Be sure to read that advertisement on page 119, "Make your Christmas Gift arrive 24 times a year."

gifts, and when her guests came, she gave freely of her smiles and of her charm of manner, so that the weary old faces brightened and the old hearts that were hungry for companionship were warmed by the wine of her welcome.

In this material age, we find it hard to make people understand that souls are often as hungry as bodies, and that there are gifts which money cannot buy.

Then there's the old lady who gets the bunch of red roses every Christmas. She lives in a cheap boarding-house, and there are sensible persons who say that she needs many things more than she needs red roses. But I know that she needs the red roses on Christmas Day, because they have to do with memories of a happier time and with the lover who is dead. And who is it that has said, "If you have but two loaves of bread, sell one and buy for your soul with hyacinths—? Well, my old lady's hyacinths are—red roses.

The First Lady of Ontario

Mrs. E. C. Drury, wife of Ontario's Farmer Premier.

WHEN Mr. Drury, urged to take the Premiership of Ontario, left his colleagues unanswered in Toronto and went home to talk the matter over with his wife, the city press made a note of it. It seemed enough out of the ordinary for that. If they had known the Drurys and their home life at Crown Hill, they would have known that this was the most natural thing for him to do—not just because Mr. Drury has the happy habit of talking things over with his wife, but because, we gather, the wife of the new Premier has a grasp of affairs and a soundness of judgment that make her a counsellor to be trusted.

When a woman is the mother of five children and has done her housekeeping and mothering herself, there is a general tendency of public opinion to take it for granted that she isn't interested in much apart from these, which is just one of the common errors of public opinion. Mrs. Drury is decidedly fond of her home and wrapped up in her children, but it doesn't seem to detract one iota from her interest in *all* the homes and *all* the children of the country. So far as her time has allowed she has taken an active part in community affairs. She has been an enthusiastic worker in the patriotic and community endeavors of the local Women's Institute, though she says, with the demands of her growing family—the oldest is thirteen and the youngest two years old—she has never had time to take the responsibility of holding office. In the last election she worked steadily on the executive of the Referendum Committee. She wasn't at the Hall polling day because she couldn't get away from home but she got dinner for the house for the rest of the workers.

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